

## SOME RECENT FICTION

### A Violent Blast

DUKE HERRING. By MAXWELL BODENHEIM. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. \$2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS book is remarkable as being a violent loss of temper sustained through two hundred and forty-two pages. It is a full-length portrait of a writer of expensive pornography, to whom his creator denies the least trace of redeeming humanity. One may as well quote from the jacket:

Duke Herring's religion is a constant effort to disembowel other people while he shields his own skin with every variety of posturing, insolence, condescension, and falsehood. Rejected by almost all women, he concocts a fable in which they are slaves whom he disdains to patronize.

Such a creature simply defeats satire; he could be sketched on a thumbnail, at most, and once he is sketched, there is nothing more for the author to say about him. The result of saying the same things about him over and over to the length of a novel is only to make the reader feel that perhaps the creator does not regard the creature as so merely contemptible as he would have us think.

One cannot help guessing that the reason that Mr. Bodenheimer spends so much time and energy flogging a dead horse is that he is actuated by personal animosity. It is only a guess, but there are various indications that seem to identify Herring with a living writer, and certainly no one could describe an actual person in such terms unless he was furiously angry with him.

This fury gives the book its only praiseworthy quality, an abundant vigor. The ability to remain violently angry for so long a stretch is remarkable, and if the anger were a little more controlled, something might have been made even of unpromising material, as the insulted Summoner in Chaucer makes a masterpiece of hate out of a dull anti-clerical fabliau. Unfortunately Mr. Bodenheimer has as little of the virtue of restraint in his manner as in his matter. His choice of words was always unusual rather than careful, and in this book his style is blown to pieces in the magnitude of his explosions. There are phrases like "a pinnacle of basilic glee" and "otherwise he would take on a basilisk smallness," at which one cannot help wondering whether Mr. Bodenheimer does not choose his words purely by ear; and the style as a whole is so cacophonous and pretentious as to be almost unreadable. For a fair sample:

Mr. Herring was inviolable to people who tried to match his verbal sarabands and salmagundis, and to those whose repartee was macaronic, or belatedly stumbling. On the other hand, undressed sallies into the midst of his wordy arabesques had the ability to disconcert him.

After all, Mr. Bodenheimer must have had a great deal of pleasure out of this book; he must not complain if nobody else does.

### A Love Idyll

WORLD WITHOUT END. By HELEN THOMAS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1931. \$2.50.

FOUR years ago there appeared this author's book "As It Was," her own love story, beginning with her first meeting with her husband, a young English poet who was afterward killed at Gallipoli, and ending with the birth of her first child. "As It Was" is reprinted in the present book, which takes up the story of their married life, going on to his last leave, and the parting that was to be absolute.

"As It Was" is an integral part of "World without End," and the more valuable part. It is an exquisite and unique piece of work. With the utmost frankness and tranquillity it relates the progress of a happy love, its consummation upon Wandsworth Common, and an idyllic country honeymoon, during all of which the lovers defer marriage, like the lords of the earth that they are, until it shall be convenient for them. They are as straightforward as

Romeo and Juliet, yet almost as shy and childlike as Daphnis and Chloe; the course of their love goes forward as slowly, as delicately, and as irresistibly as the sweet unfolding of the northern spring in England or New England. All this is told with an honesty that defies convention as little as it obeys it, and a candor that recalls the Latin meaning of the word "shining whiteness."

The second, or new, part of the book is in every sense less happy. Life cannot be all honeymoon, even for people who are loving, courageous, and sensible; and it is likely to be especially hard for those who are poets and poor. But if it were only circumstance that caused the trouble in the latter part, we might still feel the same intimate sympathy with the writer's unhappiness that we felt for her happiness, and the book might preserve its singular value as an intimate revelation. But we are no longer admitted to complete intimacy; we are told either too much or too little. We are told enough to make it clear that "David," the poet, was sometimes extremely difficult, but we are not told fully of the difficulties. The value of "As It Was" was its perfect candor; in "World without End" we feel that the author, from the highest motives, is not being perfectly candid with herself. She shirks avowing to herself how much she blames her husband; but if she wishes to shield him, she tells too much. "World without End" is a sad record of poverty, half-concealed quarrels, and happily remembered reconciliations, disappointments, and fresh hopes. As a human document, it lacks clarity and perspective; as a work of art, it falls from the plane of the idyll, without attaining the depth of tragedy; it remains simply anticlimax.

Nevertheless, "As It Was" keeps its charm; it is only to the readers who already know that book that this volume will be a disappointment; to those who do not, it should be a discovery and a delight.

### Lord of Finance

SHOE THE WILD MARE. By GENE FOWLER. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. \$2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

AFTER a somewhat lugubrious and conventional beginning Mr. Fowler's book gets into its stride with a description of the rise and apogee of the millionaire financier, Adam Brook, otherwise known as "The Little Napoleon of Pine Street." While this character is not perhaps the last nor the last word in fictionalized American magnates, he is nevertheless better done than usual, and with a saving touch of humor too often omitted in such portraits. Less impressive than Mr. Dreiser's predatory monsters of finance, he is more true to life in his excessive vanity, conceit, and snobbishness. The best thing in Mr. Fowler's admirable book, in fact, is the most ridiculous episode of all—the adventures of Adam Brook as an M.F.H. This is caricature, to be sure, but performed with diabolical skill and remarkably successful comic effects. Can such things be? Alas, as any resident of Long Island who has seen the local country gentry attempting to combine business with pleasure can testify, such things are.

Less successful is Mr. Fowler's effort to provide his book with a thesis. The fact that middle-aged millionaires do occasionally marry beautiful young wives with whom they are unhappy may be true enough, but in this case both the parties to the marriage are so distinctly abnormal sexually that Adam Brook's failure to conquer his wife's affection is not to be wondered at. Instead, one can only wonder at his despair, and his blindness in failing to perceive the ample opportunities at hand for finding a Patient Griselda of the sort he really wanted to share his millions.

After a long digression into the fate of the wife and her prizefighter lover the author returns to Adam Brook at the end of his career. While this digression contains some of the best writing in the book, it materially detracts from the effect of the whole by taking the reader's attention and sympathies away from the central character. The end is logical but something of an anti-

climax after the highly emotional death scene which precedes it.

The matter of "Shoe the Wild Mare" is varied, but it is nearly always original and interesting. Mr. Fowler's writing has humor, force, and a clear descriptive power, backed up by a supreme knowledge of American life at the present time. He is also crude, sometimes to the verge of unbearable vulgarity, but in this case the subject is suitably illuminated by these spotlights of glaring and uncomfortable truth, while such methods are well in tune with today's fashions.

### The War Mind

HIGHER COMMAND. By EDELF KOEPEN. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. \$2.50.

IT is growing difficult to appraise the war books that have poured from the presses in an apparently inexhaustible flood since "All Quiet on the Western Front" fished the murex up. They bring the same overwhelming evidence against the war; they experience a common difficulty in managing the vast forces with which they have to deal, like the difficulty a painter would find in painting an earthquake; and after one has read three or four, they run together in the memory, with not much to choose among them. So far as its narrative is concerned, "Higher Command" runs close to the type. Its hero is called up at the beginning of the war, he experiences the inevitable sufferings of mind and body, but continues to serve admirably, rising steadily in rank, until almost the end of the hostilities; then he suddenly refuses to shoulder his new responsibilities of commanding other men to kill and be killed, and his refusal is charitably diagnosed as shell-shock.

The chief distinction of "Higher Command" is that it is interspersed throughout with scrap-book clippings from official proclamations and orders, news items and letters to editors, advertisements, and all sorts of documents, each with its source given. These illustrate the mind of the time, especially the civilian mind, and the picture they make is a truly appalling one. It is made up of hysteria and sexual excitement, extravagance and profiteering, the hate, so much more poisonous in the cities than in the trenches, the deeply blasphemous sermons and religious appeals, of every sort of evil passion, and every sort of noble emotion in slavery to the baser. Such a collection of documentary proof of the effect of war on the mind, of the way one's own mind may be expected to go mad if there is another war, is obviously of the highest value as a corrective. The book ought to be widely read, and one's only regret about this part of it is that there is not more of it.

It is to be hoped that the fact that this material is included in a novel will gain it more readers than it would otherwise have; if it were not for this consideration, the scrap-book might better have stood alone. Unfortunately, readers who would be attracted to the book because it is a story are apt to be put off by the translation, which in the narrative part is deplorably wooden; the private soldiers talk either in a stilted and bookish rhetoric, or in a conscientious colloquialism that is even more stilted and bookish. Thus one of them says

"They'll dot you one on the snout if you don't draw in your nob again. . . . Not so loud, you young fool. Do you fancy that the chaps over yonder have no cars?"

### A Merchant of Cathay

THE BOOKS OF THE EMPEROR WU TI. By WALTER MECKAUER. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1931. \$2.

Reviewed by ELEANOR VAN ALLEN

A SLIGHT novel—oriental fantasy of the purest dye—this is the story of Shu Yee, affluent merchant of Nanking, who, desiring spiritual perfection after material success, seeks the books of the scholar-emperor Wu Ti. He traces them even to the distant grave of another sage, that he may obtain the key of all knowledge. In traditional "East of the Sun, and West of the Moon" manner, follow the adventures on his journey to Poyang lake to dedicate a shrine for long life, to the woman who had sixty-

seven grandchildren. Oriental metaphors and the embroidered ways of Chinese phrasing overburden the narrative style, though they often produce good effects. Funny incongruities replace humor and enliven descriptions of characters and scenes. Bits of solid Confucian philosophy mingled with amazingly intricate fancy, suggest lightly the fascinating depths of the Chinese mind and imagination. The complicated ritual of hospitality, all the other elaborate customs depicted, peculiarly convey China.

The characters are melodramatic types. There is Ta Yu, the deformed magician, who saves them all from evil spirits, and Pan Chi Fu, the sage whose daughter the merchant marries. It is Lu Tsun's wise saying which wins the emperor's favor for his father, humble Shu Yee, till later he brings disgrace on his own house. Bitterly does the old man resent his daughter's betrayal by a low-caste, on the eve of her betrothal. Savagely she celebrates mock marriage with the corpse of her lover, burning herself alive in a forest hut.

There is a good deal in the tale of the barbaric pageantry of Puccini's legend opera of China, "Turandot." Platitudes abound, and some of the usual discussion about civilization, the old and new, the East vs. West, creeps in. On the whole, the book is remarkably oriental in spirit to have come from the pen of an Occidental, a German at that.

### A Quandary . . .



L. A. G. STRONG

So much has been said in praise of L. A. G. STRONG since the publication of his two most recent books, THE GARDEN and THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN, that it is difficult to know

just what to quote for you as an introduction to him, but it is a pleasant quandary. For instance, *The Bookman* said in a recent article on Mr. Strong, "No figure among the post-war generation of poets and novelists shows greater promise of sustained literary achievement. . . . He writes with the sincerity and courage which mark the true artist." And about THE GARDEN (\$2.50) which is a delightful novel of Dublin before the war, a book with grand dialogue and even better humor, Percy Hutchison said in *The New York Times*, "A very rare book indeed." And then there is one more remark which really should not be neglected—Laurence Stallings in the *New York Sun* said of the stories and vignettes which make up THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN (\$2.50), ". . . clouds no larger than a man's hand—but somewhere behind the field there must be gathering the tempest of a great writer." But, of course, the best possible introduction is for you to read one of Mr. Strong's books and form an opinion of your own.

Your bookseller has these books



ALFRED A. KNOPF · N.Y.



## Points of View

### A Librarian Muses

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

The Bodleian library, Oxford, has been making me and the West feel extremely young and insignificant. Its staff manual for 1931 is a four-by-five-inch booklet in discreet dark blue paper covers; no one glancing casually at its soberness would ever imagine the disturbing quality of its ninety-five pages of microscopic print.

My library, perched on the ragged western edge of California, has always seemed to me an august institution, to be venerated as "old"—and now I find it, in spite of its fifty years or so, positively adolescent, all elbows and unexpectedness. We, for instance, have no "invigilators." I don't even know whether that word is quite proper in the mouths of ladies. Yet it must be a highly respectable word, for page nine of the Manual announces that on January 12 "Invigilators for the Law and Maitland libraries to be detailed." And do we sanctify Friday, January 30, with the single line "Banking-book to be fetched"? In a horrified whisper, I confide to you alone that we have not yet achieved the dignity of a banking-book, and, if we ever do, it will probably be an unpleasantly efficient loose-leaf kind that will never, with pomp and circumstance, have to be "fetched" from anywhere.

Nor, I am afraid, shall we ever arrive at such a foreordained stateliness of routine as the Bodleian follows. Just as we get around to it, someone will tear us up by the roots, in good American fashion, and reorganize us, as someone is demolishing our rather wistful old vine-covered buildings of the 90's so as to "modernize" our campus with insolent staring rectangles of white stone. We shall never achieve a "Calendar—monthly, weekly, daily," with the second of March dedicated thus: "Fire-buckets to be refilled. Placards 'In case of fire' to be revised." (And—pleasant mystery!—what significant rearrangement of syllables is found after revision?)

As for March 3rd, it is awe-inspiring. On that day are "Orders to be sent:—

1. For taking away and cleaning mats.
2. For cleaning windows of H and both Bodley staircases.
3. For cleaning windows of Camera basement, reading room, and dome.
4. For cleaning gutters on roof of Bodley.

Perhaps, though, the climax isn't reached until March 30, when "The H closed for cleaning until April 4."

Bodley would be appalled at our casual, routinized cleaning. Not for an instant could we close anything for mere varnishing of corridors, painting of walls, or scrubbing of windows. On the contrary, we sidle along a narrow, as-yet-unvarnished lane, or store up countless years of bad luck as we stagger, loaded with books, beneath ladders and workmen and buckets of paint; or, as happened to-day, a cheery janitor, poised bird-like on a window-ledge far above, shouts into the sacred quiet of the graduate reading room, "Look out there, lady!" as a moist and nimble sponge eludes him and hurtles dripping downward. There is a certain éclat achieved by closing.

All evidently cannot be accomplished with thoroughness in five days, for on April 4 a grand general order of "Matting to be swept" stands by itself. One vision miles of matting, with industrious janitors being carried by their ceaseless brooms on into a tiny perspective at dusk.

May seems to start with processions, not, as with us, of garlands and May queens and gambolings on the green, but of most solemn import. Not for Curators, Regular Staff, Senior Assistants, Junior Assistants, and Boys, a gay casting off of winter dullness. No—rather an additional gloom and sobriety of demeanor, as befits their falling into line and, with measured pace and slow, conducting the "Annual inspection of furnace-vaults." Surely, when that is finished, they kick up their heels and frisk? Though even the Boys may feel more surprised than most, when they consider that prizes are "awarded every December for good conduct, industry, and intelligence during the past year." What with educational tests and measurements, the Curators should be informed of how vain is the offering of a reward for intelligence.

On May 23rd is a mystery. "Perustration." Just that. No more. When will an American library, even if university, come to such stature? (I dare not use the dictionary, lest the nimbus of that word be

heartlessly torn away. It is too tinct with awe to be indelicately shorn.)

And then—the first indication of a rise in temperature, indicative of youth and life beneath the grave demeanor of age. On May 28, "All windows and ventilators to be closed at night. 'Eights' celebrations to be watched for." As in the approved gangster picture, we see vigilant janitors, or even perhaps special watchmen, crouched at points of vantage within the gates, ready to pounce retributively on too-exuberant celebrants. How stale and unprofitable to watch all night in vain!

On July 2nd, "Dusting begins." Has there been, then, no dusting until now? Our housewifely soul shudders. We are superior at this point; some janitor or other flaps an indolent oily cloth around our precincts almost every day. True, if one too carpingly stoops to look at surfaces against the light, he (but usually "she") observes large areas of pristine dust. Yet a janitor was there with his cloth; we saw him. Can it be that English singlemindedness is more effective?

September sees the matting again thrusting up its unruly head. On the 7th, "Order to be sent for taking up, beating, and relaying Bodley matting." Would linoleum, we venture to inquire, be so insistent on its rights?

Comes, in November, the height of excitement for Bodley. The 2nd is dedicated so: "Watchmen to be engaged for Nov. 5." Dimly, in this land of dons, gringos, and the Japanese question, we call to mind English history 4 A B, and wonder confusedly, Guy Fawkes? It seems to me that it was Guy Fawkes. Something about effigies and bonfires. More profitable, perhaps, to turn again to Nov. 5. "All windows and ventilators to be closed at night. Watchmen to patrol from 7 until 12." Would not incipient mischief-makers respect the gray hairs of Bodley's head? We long for elucidation. As well try throwing fire-crackers at the Rock of Gibraltar, as attempt the granite impassivity of my library. No student would be so mad.

After November 5, the Calendar sinks into the quiet senescence of December 1, "Fire-buckets to be refilled" (evaporation, or sudden insatiable thirst?) and "Dead slips of July-Dec. 1931 to be cleared away."

At least so we thought, until coming to the next part of the inexhaustible Manual, which, without any warning, begins all over again with "Monthly, weekly, and daily routine." Here we skip gaily from one light-minded detail to another. On the first day of every month, "Contents of scrap-boxes to be dealt with." Every Monday, "Bodley clocks to be wound and set." At nine A. M. daily, "Bodley's bell to be rung," and at the same identical moment, "First trolley starts to Camera." Those would be mystic words, were not a careful diagram appended. "At dusk," which is specified, to obviate all janitorial dispute, as being at five o'clock, "Camera roof to be patrolled. Camera to be lighted up. Camera furnace to be banked up."

In the thirty pages of Staff Regulations, "Mr. Rowlings (Bodley janitor)" seems to us to have the least enviable job—"Charge of door and control of visitors." He it is who, five minutes before closing, must also "see that all members of the staff have left." Must needs a combined pugilist and silver-tongued orator apply as janitor in my library, if his duties were those. Friendly dogs push open our low swingdoors with their wet noses, or curl up obstinately in the main aisles of reading-rooms. Shall we let them stay and thump their tails, or drag them yelping to the nearest exit? Small boys roller-skate in and out of our classic pillared entrance, floored with smooth resounding marble. Students rest their heads upon their books and snore. Gentle old ladies crackle paper bags and eat the sandwiches they pull therefrom.

If we only had a hoary tradition or two! We are so demnition young that we stand aghast, but helpless, before essentially simple situations. We should, I know, Deal Firmly with them; but we, alas, being rather young ourselves usually end in spasms of chortling. Something like page ninety-five of the Manual would give us tremendous stiffening of the spinal column "Chief Bodleian Benefactors."

Bodley, Sir Thomas (1545-1613)

Casaubon, Meric (1599-1671)

Marsh, Narcissus, archbp. of Armagh (1638-1713)."

Lacking that, —————

C. D.

### Request for Light

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

Professor Norman Foerster's discussion, Toward a New Scholarship, which appeared in your issue of July 25, 1931, is a highly gratifying presentation of a point of view which must sooner or later be adopted. In his paper, Professor Foerster gets down to brass tacks in his criticism and also in his constructive suggestions; and I for one am very grateful to him for so doing.

At the same time I have one criticism to make, and that is of the attitude of mind which permits Professor Foerster to write: "In answer to those who hold that the ancient languages, especially Greek, can be dispensed with, we may declare, with the humanist Guarino, that 'those who are ignorant of the Greek tongue decry its necessity, for reasons which are sufficiently evident.'"

By a combination of bad luck and bad management, I am one of those who are ignorant of the Greek tongue; and I know a great many people who are likewise ignorant of it. Yet I do not know that we decry its necessity. If we have objected to the study of Greek, it has been pretty largely on the ground that there are other studies which, in this day and age, may better be pursued. There is so much that we ought to know about; there are so many languages in which wisdom has been preserved; there are so many writers and teachers to-day who ought to be considered, that it seems, often enough, that the time necessary for learning Greek as it must be learned cannot be afforded.

And when we present our arguments, we are met with just such a reply as this sentence of Professor Foerster's. It does not help us much. I should be very glad to know just why the study of Greek is absolutely essential to the cultured man; but I cannot find out. The classicists, the humanists, will not tell. They adopt something of the Christian Science attitude: "But you don't understand."

When Thomas Henry Huxley became convinced that a study of the natural sciences was essential to the cultured and educated man, he did not hesitate to devote his life to explanation and exposition of his belief. He presented all the reasons that he could think of, and presented them in a way that all men could understand, without condescension, without contempt. He converted thousands.

It would be helpful, I think, if some of those who insist that a classical education is essential would devote their time and energy to giving the reasons for their belief, as Huxley gave the reasons for his. We who do not know Greek may perhaps have time to learn it, if we find out why we should. Certainly, if Professor Foerster is right, no one could contribute more to the New Scholarship than one who would play Huxley to classical education.

S. A. Nock.

Munich, Germany.

### In Answer to Mr. Marsh

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

Some time ago I read Robert Herrick's articles entitled "Dreiseriana" and "The Necessity of Anonymity" and rejoiced. Now, in your issue of August 1, I read Mr. Fred T. Marsh's disapproval of these articles and find it hard to take quietly.

Mr. Marsh complains of Mr. Herrick's lack of appreciation of the type of realism to which Dreiser treats his readers, of the "fantasies and Freudian psychology," of such "Simian gossip" as one finds in "Cakes and Ale," and offers instruction to this effect: "An admirer of Hardy . . . would admit the value and importance of the realistic movement." "In autobiography, Dreiser was preceded by Rousseau" (this as a defense impregnable around Dreiseriana). "Simian gossip" has always bulked large in scholarship and criticism.

Alas the day! Does Mr. Marsh suppose that crass realism is an end in itself? Does he really not know that Hardy made use of realism as a medium through which to reach deeper things? (Mr. Dreiser never does!) Can he be unaware that an author who inspires his readers to nothing better than an inquisitive craning of necks is neither scholar nor critic? That it is the biographer's, no less than the novelist's, business to interpret character, never to make of it a show for the vulgar? Does he really not understand Mr. Herrick's reservation: "but the naked school of self-confessors should be sure before stripping for the public that they have underneath something to reveal which is significant"? Really not? "Mr. Herrick's criterion," says he, "is one of taste and taste only." Only! Yet the remark should not

be startling, for taste was of no consequence to Jean Jacques; nor is it to be expected to be of consequence to those who think him worth imitating.

The complacency of Mr. Marsh's belief in the Rousseaus and the Dreisers is matched only by the cocksureness of his prophecy regarding the place of the current period in letters: "possibly," he assures us, "the most significant decade in our literary history." Significant it will undoubtedly be, in the same way that a swamp is significant to the walker across country. The generality of its prose writing has shown no insight into anything but deeply physical urgings and prompting, its characters have felt no compulsion toward the fulfilment of any but Freudian desires, have had no thought of conflict with these same Freudian desires where they ran counter to the demands of loyalty, altruism, fairness—now "out-moded," to be sure. If ever old Aristotle needed proof of his dictum that no plot is a worthy one unless the protagonist be a man of noble stature, a man "magnanimous," these significant 'twenties have provided it. It is time and past time that we gave ear to old Aristotle.

This heat over Mr. Marsh's article must seem as astonishing as the remarks that kindled it, but I plead disappointment. Mr. Herrick's criticism had given some hope, long looked for, of a turning away from the trend of this "most significant decade." Mr. Marsh's letter arouses impatience. The Rousseauistic and the Freudian have been with us too long.

ANNE SOPHIAN.

Star Lake, N. Y.

### Arnold Bennett

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

In your issue of May 2, Mr. Francis Hackett writes: "I always liked Arnold Bennett immensely." These words perfectly express my own sentiments, and I wish to thank Mr. Hackett and you for the most satisfying estimate of Bennett and his work I have yet come across. Many of the notices published on this side left one with a sense of inadequacy, but after reading Mr. Hackett's tribute it is not difficult to believe that his review of "The Old Wives' Tale" gave most pleasure to the creator of the authentic masterpiece.

Although he repudiates the idea that literature is autobiography, Bennett's writings appealed to me—despite his possession of what he called "the invaluable, despicable journalistic faculty of seeming to know more than one does know"—because one constantly caught glimpses of his real self: naïve, and with a most engaging capacity for looking on the world as if he were seeing it for the first time. My acquaintance with his work started with a series of articles he contributed to a London weekly entitled *The Savoir Faire Papers*, some of which were republished in his "Pocket Philosophies." I remember his advice about collars—dear ones he did not recommend—and the wise apportionment of a young man's income. He had this in common with Cobbett, who also gave "Advice to Young Men," that he had a plentiful endowment of sturdy common sense and a copious command of pithy English.

In "The Regent" (I think) he describes the embarrassment of the hero after taking a suite of rooms at a fashionable London hotel, when the manager asks if his valet is to sleep in the suite. He gets over the dilemma by remarking that in case he takes ill during the night, it would be better to have his valet with him. Touches like these strike me as autobiographical. The average author would not envisage such a situation.

"Milestones," his most successful play, doubtless owes much to his collaborator, Mr. Edward Knoblock, but "What the Pubic Wants"—a satire on "stunt" journalism—was capital fun especially to anyone who has been on a newspaper. "Sir Charles Worgon," whom Bennett satirized, heaped coals of fire on the author's head by giving him a commission for a serial in one of his weeklies. "The Great Adventure," a play based on his novel "Buried Alive," I saw in Glasgow. Criticisms were invited from the audience (in writing). One of them was frank to a degree—if I remember aright. The remark was made that the essential Arnold Bennett was brutal. The critic, a lady, I think, probably meant to convey that Bennett was a realist. At all events, the shaft went home, and not long before his death Arnold Bennett paid a tribute to his Glasgow audience as being the most alert and quick-witted he had encountered.

Unlike Thrale, Bennett both marked the minutes and struck the hours. Alas that his hour is gone!

WESTWOOD OLIVER MACNEILL.

Ashton, Gourock, Scotland.