

"The outstanding love tale of the season."—H. E. Wildes, Phila. Ledger.

by HONORE W. MORROW



# BLACK DANIEL

The Love Story of a Great Man

TO the world he was Daniel Webster, but his intimates knew him as "Black Daniel," handsome, magnetic, impetuous, a loyal friend, an audacious and passionate lover. The great romance of his life was with the lovely and high-spirited Caroline LeRoy, who not only returned his love but aroused him to fresh realization of his duty to his country. The story is fascinating drama, played against the background of America a hundred years ago. By the author of "Forever Free," etc. \$2.50

FRANK SWINNERTON writes: "A marvelous book . . . most exciting, saddening, horrifying and amazing, and full of beauties."

# THE KINSMEN KNOW HOW TO DIE

by Sophie Botcharsky and Florida Pier

THE true experience of a young Russian girl as a nurse in the Great War. Sophie Botcharsky joined the Russian army at the outbreak of hostilities. Through her eyes we watch the first impetuous onslaught, the German attack on Warsaw, the grim retreat. And, finally, the Revolution! Throughout the story runs a warm and moving romance.

Sophie Botcharsky loves people. She has humor and poetic vision. Her book is not only stirring narrative, but an intimate and fascinating revelation of Russian character and life. With a frontispiece portrait. \$3.00

William Morrow & Co., 386 Fourth Ave., N. Y.



If in the midst of realism,  
you long to recover  
Stevenson's magic spell  
---read this:



. . . again the long drawn howl of the wolfhound echoed through the startled street. . . . Dropping my dressing gown where I stood, I pulled on my greatcoat, snatched up my sword-cane and led Felicity noiselessly out of the house. From the alley we saw the watch clatter

# THE WOLF IN THE GARDEN

up the street, their lanterns swinging, their halberds at the slope. We were not fifty yards from my uncle's house when with a low cry, Felicity shrank against me . . .

You will find out more about that fearful night in the eerie romance of witch-hunting days, "The Wolf in the Garden."

"An excellent story, told in the good romantic style, with a lively imagination. It deserves success."—William Lyon Phelps.

by Alfred H. Bill \$2.00

LONGMANS, GREEN

# Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

GEORGE DILLON in "The Flowering Stone" (Viking) and Alan Porter in "The Signature of Pain" (John Day) are two of the younger poets who arrest our attention. Both are beautifully adequate craftsmen. This is Dillon's second book and this is the first of Alan Porter, the latter a volume that has already been fervently acclaimed in England where certain of Porter's work has appeared in English reviews. He is, however, an American, born in Indianapolis and now returned to this country as a student and teacher of Adlerian psychology. Porter's work is more mature by force of scholarship and "tightly knit philosophic thinking," to borrow the phrase of W. Force Stead, one of those who have furnished commendatory verses in a garland hung on the portal of his book. Yet there is still a certain young vivacity to Dillon's poetry that also startles and waylays—a "honeysuckle scent not lost," to borrow his own words in his contemplation of the strangeness of love that does not die—a sense of being deeply pierced by the world's beauty. Dillon occasionally stammers in the vehemence of what he has to say. Porter does not; and, for all Dillon's references to it, Porter has a deeper sense of life's irony. Particularly in the ironies of love he is completely versed, while Dillon is still its rhapsodist. This is said merely to point a difference between the two temperaments, not to express a criticism of either.

To begin with it is stimulating to discover two poets who cherish the high regard these have for language. Both are accomplished in traditional forms—the return from free verse is marked in these changing days; Dillon takes more liberties with rhyme, occasionally with fine success, and I find in him the greater range of rhythm. On the other hand Porter's greater concision and, occasionally, an almost miraculous certainty of accent are superlative gifts. A certain exuberance in Dillon's work shows him the American, while the greater strictness, in general, of Porter's phrase is the sign of his English training. Again in general survey, the epithet of Porter, while more traditional, is often so exact as to awake enthusiastic recognition. Let us examine first what the younger man, Dillon, as I take him to be, expresses in his work.

His book is divided into four sections, of which the second, "Anatomy of Death," seems to me to be the most important. It is composed of seven linked poems. The second of these, in turn, is quite a remarkable address to the mind; but it is the fourth and by far the longest poem that gathers a most striking momentum. In it the "dreamer in a dream" anatomizes death, first defining himself as follows:

But some are naked, or they have  
No habit but the heavy grave.  
They walk unboved, but bear defeat  
Intrinsic in their bodies' weight.  
They do not bleed, but entertain  
Disaster in the circling vein.  
They love and kiss, but they are born  
To love the lion or unicorn—  
All things impossible and perverse.  
They are the spirit's amateurs  
On whom time's clothing sits awry  
And frets like fetters. Such was I:  
Wherefore I studied how to die.

He hunts "the quarry unseen, unheard." Upon examination death becomes but "a double dream," he reconciles "The spirit's or the body's care," realizes that the pursuit of vision is never done, and ends with an adjuration to mankind to "endure the dazzling dream unblurred." This is a stirring attempt at a great mystical poem. It does not wholly succeed, but suggests real vision. In the sixth poem of this section there is another remarkable attempt to interpret human lovers to themselves, to follow the physical "from time's vile ruins beyond the temporal." I have space but to quote the following which indicates the drive of the verse:

Here was no idle fetch for breeding woe  
To a woeful house, or pride to a proud estate—  
Not merely tenderness, though that is much,  
Nor the loins' luxury, though that is great.  
Say rather, here was such longing as would  
have known  
A million times more beauty than the body  
could touch.

That betokens unusual insight. There are beautiful poems in Dillon's book. There are "Fabric of Light," "She Sleeps," "This Dream Is Strange," "Who Track the Truth," and others; and several of the sonnets are memorable. The last stanza of the

lyric "Woman without Fear," is one of which any poet of love, living or dead, might properly be proud. But in "Anatomy of Death" this young man has given promise of larger work than he has yet attempted. One is persuaded in it of his growing stature.

To open "The Signature of Pain," after such discussion, is to find Porter's emphasis immediately placed, not upon the dream of love in its ecstasy but upon the fact that

big passions  
Are coarse; by flattery of hands or words  
They lull themselves asleep—and that's no love.  
For love's a combat in the wilderness.  
No two communicate in love. No two  
But curse each other and go clean mad.

These words he puts into the mouth of a lover whom he styles a fool, being "argumentative in love"; and it is interesting to note for comparison that Dillon's poem, quoted from above, ends with the unconscious dream of the lovers thus dissolving who

Would have possessed the sun, the stars, the moon—  
But fell asleep too soon.

The first section of Porter's book is "A Sequence of Love Poems," the initial one having an almost Shakespearian touch. In it there is full maturity of observation. More ceremonious than Dillon's are these poems—and more seasoned with salt; ceremonious, as Porter remarks in "A Plea that Shame be Forgotten,"

Let him that beds a princess fear  
To show himself too free,  
And ceremoniously draw near:  
There should between true lovers be  
An excellent immodesty.

Almost that is the earlier Dean of St. Paul's redivivus! And the changes rung on Marlowe's famous lyric, that follow, to charm to sleep the dragon-eyed intellect, combine modernity with the antique to "build a pragmatic paradise." But "Love in Constancy" would find "Love's honor is no whim."

He makes himself, by prayer and fasting,  
Constant: and love is everlasting.

Then comes the title-poem, in which the man the anatomists would confute, describes the divinity of pain and cries with a great accent:

Mortals, dismembered into time, conceive  
The motion of her presence fragmentary,  
With generation, flowering, and decay.  
In her own royalty she is pure and constant  
She is the fire that burns within the waters,  
Breathes, and by music of its breath creates  
Dancing and trembling in the elements

So pain blends into "The Shining of Peace" for lovers "bitter and most afraid."

"The Window" is a delicately beautiful nine-line statement. The longer "Love's Fragility" and "Valediction" are almost perfectly wrought in their ceremonious measures. Section two, "Intellect and Fantasy," is more various, and the quality which J. Isaacs, in an introductory poem, has referred to as making Porter "in mood and music Coleridge's peer," (while the praise is too high—as it would be too high for anyone living!) is still recognizable in "The Transit of Joy," though "Asaph" is a better poem. The dialogue between the old and new Phoenixes has even greater magic; and the unheeded address of the fire to the white cat dozing by the fireside, a brief interlude, I found wholly delightful. "Museum" is positively eerie, and "The Leopard" (in spite of the inconceivable introduction of Roosevelt) finely eccentric.

There is remembrance of "imperishable worlds" in "When from this Alien Multitude," and starkly stated disillusionment in "The Fool of Faith," a striking contrast of moods on opposite pages. "Summer Bathing" is a reminiscence excellently communicating fond youthful terror, while Hadrian's *animula vagula* and an examination of the "complicated conscience" of Dean Inge are like to become two of my fixed favorites. "Harriette Wilson" is a subtle feminine study and "The Poet's Journey" satisfyingly saline.

The last section contains "Earlier Poems," "Death" and "Three Immortalities" dwell on that clinging to identity that possesses youth in its contemplation of what death may do to the personality.

Mr. Porter's first book will in many ways reward to the lover of poetry.



## The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply by mail.

J. A. H., Somerville, Mass., says, "In a magazine this summer I found, subverted to the purposes of advertising, the following synopsis: 'You may remember the story which tells of a blacksmith in a little English village . . . how a certain old novel fell into his hands . . . and how in the long summer evenings, his work over, he would sit upon his anvil and read the book aloud to the assembled villagers. When at last, after many an evening's reading, the hero and heroine were brought together and their future happiness assured, the villagers were so delighted as to break into loud shouts, and procuring the church keys, set the parish bells to ringing in their jubilation.' What I would like to find is the story of the blacksmith and his reading, if it exists outside the imagination of the copywriter. The utter belief and complete loss of self in the story heard is a quality we all need to recapture in these days when we know too much about possibilities, probabilities, and processes of story and book making."

I HAVE sometimes marvelled at the outburst of relief on the part of the blacksmith of Slough and his friends, who, when they had assured themselves in the course of their nightly reading that young Pamela the serving maid was really going to marry the master, could express their delight in no less circumscribed fashion than by ringing the church bells.

I say I marvelled, for anyone could have seen with half an eye that she was bound to get him; not an earthquake could have made her let go. But the burghers of Slough had so taken the part of Pamela that, once certain of Virtue's Reward, only campanology could express their feelings. Oh, well, who would not take an interest in a little maid who bought "two pretty enough round ear'd Caps, a little Straw Hat, and a Pair of knit Mittens turn'd up with white Calicoe," and "when I had 'em all come home, I went and look'd upon them once in two Hours for two Days together."

For the book is, as you have already recognized, Samuel Richardson's "Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded," of which the *Gentleman's Magazine* said in 1741 that it was "judged in Town as great a sign of Want of Curiosity not to have read 'Pamela' as not to have seen the French and Italian Dancers," and if you would bring back the stir and bustle it created, you have but to go through Amy Cruse's "The Shaping of English Literature" (Crowell) and in the chapter "The Novel-Readers" see how "at Slough the blacksmith, having procured a copy, read it aloud to the villagers who gathered around his fire to hear it, and when the book was finished and Pamela married they were so transported that nothing could stop them from going to the church and ringing a joyous peal upon the bells." The books of Amy Cruse are not so well known here as they should be; she has a way of correlating the literature of a period with its social life, so that you see what the audience had to do with the product. This was the first one to be published here; then came "The Englishman and His Books" (Crowell), a delightfully amusing record of what people read in the early nineteenth century—not only bookish people—and now comes the best introduction to English literature for the use of a child that I yet have seen: "The Golden Road in English Literature" (Crowell). This is a large volume with many colored pictures; the story puts each famous book into its appropriate social setting, so that one moves steadily through the course of English history as well as that of literature; the style is straightforward, without condescension, but ingratiating. It gives children what Taine gave older readers, a general sense of the continuity of literature in England and a desire to go on reading great books from which so many quotations are made.

T. H. R., New York, asks if there is some work on economics that will give a young person some idea of the general principles involved in budgeting and investing out of a salary. He can get this idea from more than one text-book, but I have just been reading a little book called "How to Spend Your Money," by Ernest McCullough (Cape-Smith), which presents it simply, clearly, and in positive rather than negative advice—as one might guess from the fact that the title is not "How to Save Your Money." There are chapters on such subjects as investment of rent money, banks,

savings and bonds, real estate and stocks, and the language is non-technical. There is a new edition of Stuart Chase's "Your Money's Worth" (Macmillan), which fits in here; the price is now one dollar, so if there is anyone in the country who has not yet read this famous and provocative work, he can get his money's worth for less money.

W. C. M., Cincinnati, O., asks about a book that preserves and communicates some of the charm of Edinburgh. I never saw a photograph of the Athens of the North that gave the least idea of what it looks like; this may be the reason why Americans emerging for the first time from the underground station of the "Flying Scotsman" look about them wildly, blinking complete disbelief. Nothing could, they think, be really so fiercely, lyrically lovely as what they see, looking across the cleft that cuts the city. The book whose pictures give me the best idea of Edinburgh is not illustrated with photographs but with sixteen color plates by Katharine Cameron: it is Flora Grierson's "Haunting Edinburgh," a Bodley Head publication sold here by Dodd, Mead, and the text, beautifully printed, is worthy of the pictures. Not to make a reading-list on the city, which would overcrowd this column, I cannot leave out "The Perambulator in Edinburgh," by James Bone (Knopf), with pictures by E. S. Lumsden; "Edinburgh," by R. L. S. (Scribner), an edition with colored pictures; and Elizabeth Grierson's "Things Seen in Edinburgh" (Dutton), a little book often used as a guide and reminder on the spot.

C. B., Erie, Pa., asks for a book to serve as a course of study on Modern Drama or on Modern Poetry, for a group of twelve young women. "A Study of Modern Drama," by Barrett Clark (Appleton), is comprehensive, clear, and planned with this purpose in mind. "Ten Modern Poets," by Rica Brenner (Harcourt, Brace), is excellent for young people; the poets are both English and American and of types so diverse that each young seeker may find his own.

H. R. G., New York, is taking a family to France for a year's "economic vacation." "We plan to rent a small place and do our own work with the aid of a *femme de ménage*. Is there a good, simple cookbook on *la cuisine bourgeoise*? English preferred, but French if necessary." There is an excellent one in English, which can be used just as well on French or American soil; reading the recipes is enough to set up a case of Gallic nostalgia. It specializes in what this establishment calls "good old family fillers," like onion soup. It is "French Home Cooking," by Claire de Pratz (Dutton). This correspondent, in exchange, sent me for inspection copies of two directly useful aids to the study of French without a teacher: "Apprenons la Grammaire (seul et sans peine!)," by Tribouillois and Rousset (Delegrave, 15 Rue Soufflot, Paris), and "Some Stumbling-Blocks of the French Language" (Librairie Hachette). The latter is for those who are past the rudiments but still boggle over matters quite simple if you get them right side up. For instance, there are several pages of things you had better not say (in red) with the "little more but how much it is" that makes what you should say instead, and in another chapter you are shown how to distinguish between *une serviette propre* and *ma propre serviette*, or between a *histoire vraie* and *une vraie histoire*. Another good point is the inclusion of ten pages of names of popular types and characters continually mentioned in French books, newspapers, or oratory, but less well known in other countries; knowing these, brightens spots in French discussion otherwise dark.

D. M. B., Pittsburgh, Pa., says: Among the collections of letters for D. B. C., Brookline, Mass., I wonder if you have considered E. V. Lucas's "The Friendly Craft." Possibly this is now out of print, but it is one of the most interesting compilations of the kind I have ever found.

D. M. B. adds "David Blaize" to the school list—as several others have done, and goes on:

I'm so glad to learn of the publication of "The Complete Stalky," which for some reason I have missed and which will now promptly be added to my library—it will be so nice to have all the stories about this very old friend in one cover.

## New MACMILLAN Books

HAMLIN GARLAND

# COMPANIONS ON THE TRAIL

By the author of A SON of the MIDDLE BORDER

This book is the story of Mr. Garland's literary pilgrimage from 1900 to 1914. He presents a faithful, delightful record of the enthusiasms, fashions, and developments of American literature, art and culture in that age without jazz. The celebrities of the time walk, talk and sparkle through his pages, for he met and knew almost everyone of importance and recorded their words and his impressions. Anecdotes and tales of his own adventures are also sprinkled liberally through the narrative. This intimate view of the decade before the World War will entertain you. \$2.50

## MAHATMA GANDHI

at Work; More of His Own Story

Edited by C. F. ANDREWS

This second volume of Gandhi's autobiography shows him at work forging and testing the weapon of passive resistance by which he has become one of the most powerful leaders of the world today. \$2.50

## New Novels

## ONE NIGHT IN SANTA ANNA

By THOMAS WASHINGTON-METCALFE



This is a pure adventure yarn of the first water. Aloysius O'Callaghan, genial Irish millionaire with vast interests in South America, his young wife, Captain Strongbow, a Latin-American politician, and a decadent writer and artist, are entangled in a mesh of circumstances which will entertain you to the end. \$2.00

## THE GOLOVLYOV FAMILY

By M. E. SHCHEDRIN

Prince Mirsky, in his history of Russian literature, writes: "The Golovlyov Family is a book that places Shchedrin in the very front line of Russian realistic novelists." Translation by Natalie A. Duddington. \$2.00

## New Poetry

JAMES STEPHENS

MARY HOXIE JONES

STRICT JOY

ARROWS

and Other Poems

OF DESIRE

The author of *The Crock of Gold* displays all the most characteristic qualities of his gift of song. \$1.25

This collection will introduce American readers to a new poet who has a fresh lyric gift and a sensitive ear. \$1.50

## Best Sellers

STUART CHASE

LEWIS BROWNE

MEXICO

SINCE

In collaboration with MARIAN TYLER

CALVARY

"He has made a unique and invaluable contribution to current enlightenment."—Ernest Gruening in *The Saturday Review*. \$3.00

"Those who liked *This Believing World* will like *Since Calvary* even better."—*Saturday Review*. \$3.50

## Important New Books

## ROME and the ROMANS

By GRANT SHOWERMAN

A survey and interpretation of Roman life and institutions which aim to give the reader an understanding of a great civilization in which modern culture is rooted. Approximately two hundred illustrations. \$5.00

## ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN, Editor-in-Chief

With the publication of volume V, the *Encyclopaedia* has become more definitely useful for every student in the broad field of the social sciences. If you have not already subscribed for the complete set of fifteen volumes, order it today and receive each volume as it is issued.

Price \$7.50 per vol.

Obtainable at all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ~ 60 Fifth Ave. ~ NEW YORK