

The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

ADVENTURES OF A COLLECTRIX

SIR:—I was accompanying my husband some months ago, on a brief lecturing trip in Pennsylvania, and while he talked to the C. of C. in C—I amused myself in the upstairs lounge of a most attractive little Inn where we were staying, and there on an open shelf, among other books, for all and any to admire, yes, and to pilfer, was my long-coveted copy of "——." That book is as scarce as hens' proverbial teeth, and costs altogether too much money—and there, right before my covetous eyes, was this little green and gold book that I'd been longing for, for years. I'm a Puritan descendant, and never before in my life had I been so urged to theft: the book was small, my pockets capacious, and I was unobserved—but, mark you, I resisted. I sat there awhile, caressing the temptation, and then jumped up and ran downstairs to the desk, where I begged to be allowed to purchase the book. The clerk was not encouraging. It belonged to Mr. H——, the proprietor of the Inn, and he didn't think it could be bought. He consented, however, to telephone Mr. H—— and ascertain his will in the matter. The answer was an uncompromising refusal. I returned to the lounge, put the book back, and sat there brooding. All desire for lunch left me; I was possessed by one overwhelming urge, and that was, by hook or crook, to take the "——" home with me. It was too late for the crook, but was there not, somewhere, a hook—and with what could it be baited? I roamed disconsolately about the lounge—picked up the book again—and then deliberately hid it! I don't know why, except for a sort of dog-in-the-manger rage that possessed me.

As I sat there biting my fingers I saw a tall man walking through the hall, and without taking time to consider, sprang to my feet and accosted him thus: "Are you by any chance Mr. H——?" To my relief, he confirmed my hope. I told him I had been admiring the lounge, the corner cupboards filled with early glass and china, the old Windsor chairs, the admirable taste showed in the decorations, etc. To all this appreciation he showed a maddening indifference. I then led up to the subject of books. What an interesting and surprising collection there was upon his shelves. I was very much interested in books, but especially in ——, and there happened to be in his possession one volume which I very much wished to own but had not been fortunate enough to have acquired. Could he not be persuaded to part with it—for a consideration? No, no, he wasn't interested in selling books. They were just there for the use of his guests. (I could have bitten him with the keenest of pleasure.)

"But aren't you afraid of their being stolen," I persisted, "especially the ——?" It's so small, you know, and the shelves are open." He really was the most stubborn and bored person I'd ever seen. He plainly thought a lunatic had cornered him and he wanted to escape without arousing any violence in the creature. It would have been terribly amusing had it not, to me, partaken in some degree of tragedy. Nothing moved him, and I almost lost my temper. "Well, I've hidden your old book," I announced defiantly, "and now I almost wish I'd pocketed it; nobody would have been the wiser." Incidentally, he was a nice fellow, but fearfully diffident, and I rather gathered that women were his pet aversion. My outburst moved him, however. He demanded to know where the book was, and reluctantly and, be it confessed, somewhat shamefacedly, I showed him.

And all of a sudden he became more than kind; really superbly magnanimous. "I'll tell you what," he said, "now that I

think of it, there was a book removed from the shelves once, a book I particularly valued—a copy of 'Historic Inns on the Lancaster Roadway,' and I've never been able to locate another." I nearly fell on his neck and kissed him, but with admirable presence of mind restrained my emotion to demand, "But what if some one steals it in the meantime?" "Well, to satisfy you, I'll put it in the safe."

That was over three months ago. It has taken me all this time to procure a copy of the wretched "Inns." Last week I obtained one and straightway wrote to Mr. H——, who mailed me the —— and wrote me a most appreciative letter upon receipt of the "Inns"—which really was a very nice book.

P. H. W.

New Jersey.

Auction catalogues are often exciting, but I remember few with such a painful thrill as the Anderson Gallery booklet of some years ago which listed the chair in which Abraham Lincoln was sitting when he was shot at Ford's Theatre. It was a black walnut rocking chair, upholstered in red damask, described as "worn, blood-stained and water-stained." The chair, said the sale catalogue, had been taken from Mr. Ford's house to the theatre for the special use of Mr. Lincoln. The furnishings of the private box where the tragedy occurred were bought by the War Department in 1902 and shown at the Smithsonian Institution, but the chair was never put on exhibition. I do not know who is its present owner.



CHAIR IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS SHOT

THE TWO MORIARTIES

SIR:—"Gasogene" is right—damn him!—about the date of Queen Victoria's death. I had hoped that the error (discovered in the publishers' office just too late to correct) would escape public notice. It is being corrected in the second edition, now printing; and the London edition (Nicholson & Watson) will not carry it—I have attended to that.

Before Miss Priscilla Anderson (of Smith College) writes to the Baker Street Irregulars about me, I hasten to expose another error, and present a very curious problem. Miss Anderson points out, in a charming letter, that on page 141 of *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*, I assert that neither Holmes nor Watson knew that Moriarty's name was Robert—the name given him by William Gillette in the stage play, *Sherlock Holmes*. Whereas, Miss Anderson reminds me, both Holmes and Watson knew the professor's name very well indeed; it was James, as recorded in the *Adventure of the Empty House*, along toward the end of which episode Holmes remarks that "Professor James Moriarty . . . had one of the great brains of the century."

The communication upset me more than, in my reply, I allowed Miss Anderson to suspect. But tracing back the source

of my error, and finding it, I have come upon the curious problem referred to. My error arose from a line in the first paragraph of *The Final Problem*, in which it is set forth by Watson that his hand has been forced . . . "by the recent letters in which Colonel James Moriarty defends the memory of his brother."

We have then the unique problem of the Moriarty brothers, James and James, both clearly of record.

When was the Doctor right—when he wrote that line in *The Final Problem* or when he quoted Holmes in *The Empty House*? It may be argued that Watson, at the time of the earlier episode, was distraught; writing, as he was, of his friend's death (as he supposed) in Switzerland: yet at such a time would he not have been particularly careful?

And it is to be remembered that he was also distraught at the time of the *Adventure of the Empty House*: he had just received his friend back from the dead!

Which occasion would be more likely to plunge him into error—death or resurrection?

Or were there really two brothers Moriarty, each of them named James?

Chicago.

VINCENT STARRETT.

THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS

Of course it is for the study of just such savory problems that the BAKER STREET IRREGULARS propose to meet together. One of the most soundly documented Holmesians now comes forward with a suggested Constitution for the club. It runs as follows:—

ARTICLE I

The name of this society shall be the Baker Street Irregulars.

ARTICLE II

Its purpose shall be the study of the Sacred Writings.

ARTICLE III

All persons shall be eligible for membership who pass an examination in the Sacred Writings set by officers of the society, and who are considered otherwise suitable.

ARTICLE IV

The officers shall be: a Gasogene, a Tantalus, and a Commissionaire.

The duties of the Gasogene shall be those commonly performed by a President.

The duties of the Tantalus shall be those commonly performed by a Secretary.

The duties of the Commissionaire shall be to telephone down for ice, White Rock, and whatever else may be required and available; to conduct all negotiations with waiters; and to assess the members pro rata for the cost of same.

BUY LAWS

(1) An annual meeting shall be held on January 6th, at which those toasts shall be drunk which were published in the SATURDAY REVIEW of January 27th, 1934; after which the members shall drink at will.

(2) The current round shall be bought by any member who fails to identify, by title of story and context, any quotation from the Sacred Writings submitted by any other member.

Qualification A.—If two or more members fail so to identify, a round shall be bought by each of those so failing.

Qualification B.—If the submitter of the quotation, upon challenge, fails to identify it correctly, he shall buy the round.

(3) Special meetings may be called at any time or any place by any one of three members, two of whom shall constitute a quorum.

Qualification A.—If said two are of opposite sexes, they shall use care in selecting the place of meeting, to avoid misinterpretation (or interpretation either, for that matter).

Qualification B.—If such two persons of opposite sexes be clients of the Personal

Column of the SATURDAY REVIEW, the foregoing does not apply; such persons being presumed to let their consciences be their guides.

(4) All other business shall be left for the monthly meeting.

(5) There shall be no monthly meeting.

ELMER DAVIS.

Another nautical picture which has drifted into the Folder is Captain Howard Hartman's sea chest, made by him from what he describes as a "portable cabinet" used by Robert Louis Stevenson aboard the schooners *Casco*, *Equator* and *Tiahieva* and at his home on Waikiki Beach. We forgot to ask Captain Hartman what kind of a cabinet. At any rate it was discarded by R. L. S. aboard the *Tiahieva*, where Hartman served as mate. Captain Hartman refabricated the material as the photo shows.

CAPTAIN HARTMAN'S SEA CHEST

THE BOSWELL PAPERS

The last two volumes (17 and 18) of the great *Boswell Papers* are now in the hands of the fortunate subscribers, thus completing (except for the Index volume now in compilation) this extraordinary work. It is a lasting monument of human comedy and one looks forward with eagerness to its eventual publication in popular form also. It is a monument not only to Boswell himself but to the owner of the documents (Colonel Ralph Isham), the printer (William Edwin Rudge), and the editors and experts who collaborated. After the lamented death of Geoffrey Scott, Professor Frederick A. Pottle took charge. The Acknowledgments rendered by Professor Pottle in the final volume markable tribute to one of the youngest of 18th-century scholars:—

"To Helen Cohan" (says Professor Pottle) "I acknowledge indebtedness that amounts to co-editorship. Every word in these 18 volumes has passed under her scrutiny. She reads Boswell's hand better than anyone else in the world, and she can read it through any number of layers of superimposed ink. I think that it will be of interest to the subscribers to know that after six years of work on the Boswell Papers, she is still only 24 years old."

SPICED ROUND

SIR:—We have here at Nashville a noble dish known as *Spiced Round*, which appears on the market every Christmas, and then only. It is prepared by the butchers from large cross-sections of rounds of beef. Holes are bored into the meat and these holes filled with ropes of suet which have been rolled in spices. The meat is then pickled in brine and cooked by boiling in a tight muslin bag. It is served cold in thin slices, and the pink meat, be-gemmed with the little circles of spiced suet, is a dish for the gods.

I have heard all my life that spiced round is peculiar to Nashville, but I have also been told that it is known and served in Philadelphia. Did you ever encounter it there?

STANLEY F. HORN.

Nashville, Tenn.

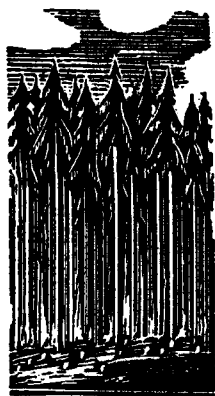
No, our only experience with that worthy viand was in Nashville, at a lunch in Uncle Alfred's cabin at The Hermitage (Andrew Jackson's old home). And our first thought was, what a nice title *Spiced Round* would be for a book of poems (or essays) by one of the many young writers of Tennessee.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The late Stella Benson, according to *John O'London's Weekly*, packed much adventure into her life. She wandered over Mexico, shot tigers in India, narrowly escaped death in a West Indian earthquake, did X-ray work in a Pekin hospital, and ran a shop in Hoxton.

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A Controversy of Science and Faith

CARDINAL NEWMAN AND WILLIAM FROUDE, F. R. S.: *A Correspondence*. Edited by Gordon Huntington Harper. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1933. \$2.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDINGS BELL

THIS volume, the product of scholarship and discrimination, and beautifully printed and bound, is certain to be of interest to three groups of readers.

The first is of those who are interested in the man, John Henry Newman. Increasingly he stands out as one of the greatest figures of the nineteenth century—not only a master of style and a skilled dialectician but also of singular sincerity, charm, and strength of character. Any letters which reveal him more clearly, as these do, are welcome. His correspondence was voluminous. There are 70,000 letters on file at Edgbaston alone; but few, surely, can be as charming as these to and from the scientist and sceptic who was one of his best-loved friends.

Secondly, the letters back and forth show how beautiful a thing controversy may be between gentlemen. Here were two great minds which, from a common start at Oriel, diverged more and more as years went on. Each felt obliged to seek to correct what he deemed the serious mistakes of the other. Neither succeeded, though indirectly Newman triumphed, inasmuch as one by one Froude's wife and children came to believe their father mistaken, and joined Newman's Church. Despite the personal grief Froude felt at this, he still continued the friend of him whom he deemed wrong in his whole approach to the problem of finality in truth. Such a correspondence seems next to impossible between Americans, especially of today, for we are wont to love only those who agree with us; and avoid controversy with those for whom we care, lest we cease to care for those with whom we have controversy. How much more noble these men were! Both stand out as great gentlemen, and their friendship—unsentimental, full of a deep respect which prevents the sacrifice of integrity—is both classical in purity and also motivated by religion, in the best sense of the word. Mr. Harper has felt this; and by skill in editing and restraint in comment, he has skillfully revealed it.

Thirdly, the nature of the controversy is important. Is religious truth absolutely to be known, or is a scientific scepticism in regard to dogma a necessity? Froude was a very great scientist, not at all irreligious, indeed a theist, but a true sceptic, even about science. He has a quiet and proper contempt for scientists who believe in the finality of alleged "scientific laws." Probability is the only guide. Can Newman explain why such a mode of thought is not correct in religion? Newman saw the importance of the problem as few Roman Catholics have ever seen it; the "Grammar of Assent" is his answer to Froude. Without Froude's opposition it would not have been written. That it is an inadequate reply, seems plain enough now; but it was a step toward an apologetic in the development of which long strides have been taken since the Cardinal died—particularly under the patronage of Cardinal Mercier. Nowadays, unhappily, the camps to be reconciled are little given to one another's society. The Froudes and the Newmans no longer speak enough to one another. Froude was an eminent scientist, deeply interested in theology; Newman a theologian vastly concerned with the significance of scientific method. The play of mind on mind in these letters is, therefore, of a significance greater than personal.

Further, the letters reveal Newman forging out the early draft of what later, under challenge, was to be the "Apologia." One sees him "going to Rome." As never before, one understands the dark and difficult road he had to tread. And finally, one gets new corroboration of his opposition to the defining of Papal Infallibility, and his sense of what really was involved therein, in a letter to Mrs. Froude shortly

before the Vatican Council: "If anything could throw religion into confusion, make sceptics, encourage scoffers, it will be the definition of this doctrine." One feels that Newman did understand the scientific mind. It was largely Froude's difficulties which impelled the Cardinal to his opposition to the Vatican decree.

Oxford on Money

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT MONEY. By nine economists from Oxford. Edited by G. D. H. Cole. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. \$3.

Reviewed by JOHN STRACHEY

LIKE all books either written or planned by Mr. G. D. H. Cole, the present volume is both informative and well designed. When the reader has finished it he will have a pretty good idea of what the younger generation of British economists is thinking about.

For although the book was designed to deal exclusively with monetary problems, its authors found that they were soon involved in a statement of their general economic position. Of some of them, at any rate, it would not be unfair to say that, intending to write a treatise on money, all they have achieved is a description of modern financial practice in Britain, America, and Germany. Now an account of how the British commercial banking system works, and a comparison of it with the American, French, and German systems, such as Mr. Radice gives us in Chapter V; a corresponding account of central banking by Mr. Harrod; of foreign trade and exchanges by Mr. Vallance; and of the long-term capital market in different advanced capitalist countries by Mr. Mitchison, will all no doubt be useful to business men who need some acquaintance with modern banking and financial practice. But they throw very much less light than might be supposed on the crucial economic problems which face the world today.

Nearly all the readers of Mr. Cole's book will come to it with one pressing question in their minds. Though they may not have formulated it quite clearly, what in fact they will want to know is whether these experts believe that our present economic system, viz., of the private ownership of the means of production and the exchange of the products by means of the market through the medium of money, can continue to function without catastrophe. They will want to know whether the present and undeniable troubles of the world are due to incidental faults in this system, which can be put right by appropriate reforms: they will want to know in particular if they are due to a defective functioning of the monetary system which can be put right by proper changes in central banking or commercial banking technique. They will want to know, in a word, whether it is the defective functioning of money that is upsetting capitalism, or whether, on the contrary, there are inherent defects in capitalism itself which are upsetting the functioning of money.

These questions are of the utmost importance. For, if it is true, as all schools of monetary reformers (such as the economists who now direct the policy of the American Government, for example) allege, that the appalling crashes of capitalism are not due to the private ownership of the means of production itself, but to an incidental and remediable defect in the functioning of money, then no one but a lunatic would advocate the difficult and far-reaching process of dispossessing the capitalists. For, in that case a simple monetary remedy, which would not excite a tithe of the opposition, would be available.

But if, on the other hand, present monetary disorders are but the symptoms of fundamental troubles caused by the fact of private ownership itself, then to spend our energies in attempting to abolish the symptoms while leaving the cause of the disease completely untouched, would be a dreadful waste of human effort.

Inevitably these are the questions which we must ask any group of economists who consider themselves qualified