

The BOWLING GREEN

Trade Survey

"NIGHT CAP and sandwiches in the Elizabethan Smoking Room" said the steamship company's folder. Colatine and Old Quercus were enjoying the night cap, but Q. was shamed (after so excellent a dinner a few hours before) to call for his usual bedtime victual. It would not have been tactful: for Colatine, the Sales Manager, this was the Bicar Hour. Indeed they are the oddest of travelling companions: one has to eat himself to rest with platters of eggs and sausage; the other reaches his necessary nescience by starvation and soda.

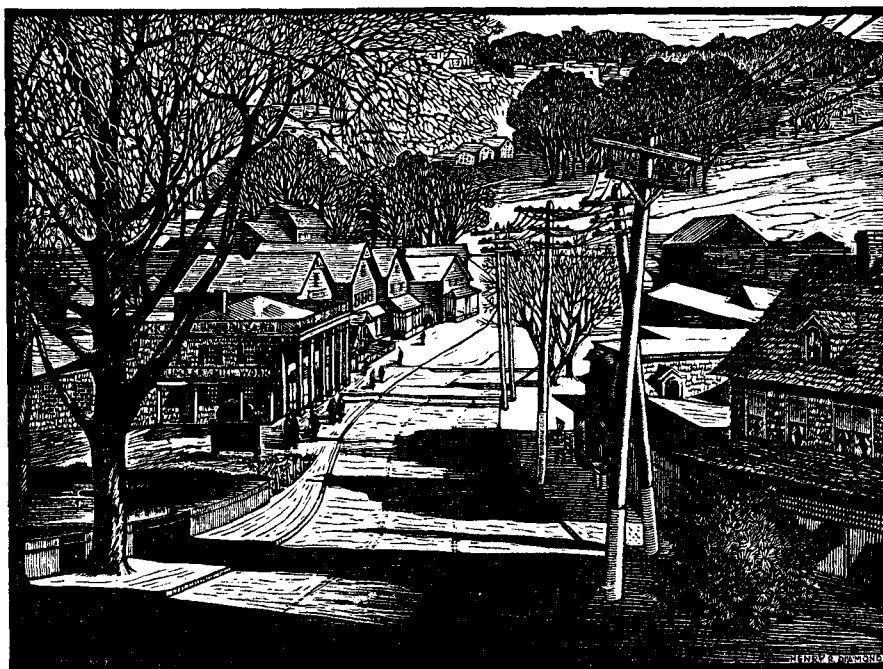
As he evaporated, towards 3 A. M., it occurred to subconscious Q. that the ship was exceptionally quiet. Dimly, faintly, like thoughts of Eternity or next year's Income Tax, he heard a great far away Gabriel sending his soul through the invisible. But he paid no heed. His is a confiding heart. Before turning in he had thoroughly conned the geography of the ship; the route to the nearest lifeboat; the two lifebelts under Colatine's bed; then dismissed all doubt. This time, he had thought, we'll go to Boston by boat; get a night's sleep beyond the possibility of railroads; be at the old Parker House by breakfast time. Fog was something that had not occurred to him. So it was a shock when Colatine seized his foot and shook him awake at 8 A. M. "Well, Penurious," said the publisher, "we're anchored outside the Canal and it looks like we'll be here all day."

Except that Quercus missed a handsome professional engagement that afternoon, the first in a long career of chrysostom that he has ever failed, it would be hard to imagine a pleasanter day. After a hasty eruption of radio messages the passengers all settled down to enjoy their unexpected vacation. There was horse-racing in the main companion, dancing in the stern lounge, excellent Complimentary Luncheon served by the company, and capacity business at the bar. "7½ times round the promenade deck makes a mile," says the folder, and Colatine and Quercus made several such, always amused by a sort of New England precision in the sign over a doorway, CREW'S ACCESS. The *Acadia* is a natty ship, built at Newport News and designed by Theodore E. Ferris. She is not an excursion steamer but a genuine liner (403 feet long, 61 feet beam) with bulkhead construction in excess of the International Convention requirements. Whatever momentary inconvenience it caused we heartily approved the master's caution in not attempting to proceed in fog. And we swiped a little blue glass stirring rod from the smokeroom as an affectionate souvenir.

Except for 7½s round the deck, and visits to the Elizabethan Room and the Radio office, the two Trade Surveyors spent the day reading. So they had no occasion to test the advice of a humorous young daughter who had remarked "There'll be beautiful women and dancing on that boat, won't there?" To which Old Q. observed cautiously "Even if there are, Mr. Colatine and I won't know them." "Don't you worry a bit," she suggested. "Go right up to them and say Hi, Toots!" Admittedly there were anxieties in late afternoon as we crept delicately toward Boston Harbor. For Q. had a date to speak at the State House at 7.30, in the very hub and axle of New England, the absolute center of the codfish ball. This indeed Penurious did not wish to miss; nor to have to send any more radios at 21 cents a word. We docked at 7.10, and made it.

Time abbreviated thus, Quercus lost several pleasures he had counted on. Particularly he wanted to visit Lauriat's new quarters. That famous bookstore has moved down to Franklin Street, where it will have opportunity to encourage trade

of a more leisurely and connoisseuring sort than on crowded Washington. Colatine, himself an alumnus of Lauriat's, went there and returned with enthusiastic report; also with his vowels gently flattened by the unconscious return of his old Boston accent which is rarely audible in New York. Visits to the Paakeh House always do that to him. Meanwhile I had the delight of a call on Edwin Edgett, veteran literary editor of the *Transcript* and one of my earliest friends and tutors in the profession of journalism. It was good to find him young and alert as ever in the narrow crannied office where for so many years he has compiled shrewd and generous judgment on books. It was equally a pleasure to note the ancient wire-rope



LONG ISLAND VILLAGE. Woodcut by Henry R. Diamond.

elevator in the *Transcript* building still at working service. It is the only one I know of still in existence; Mr. Edgett calculates that if all the ups that have been handed along that wire cable were added together the old cage would be at least half way to the Moon. He has promised to send me, for reproduction on this page, a photo of his crowded corner through which, in more than thirty years, something like 150,000 books have passed for review.

Another renewal of an old friendship was a salute to Joe Jennings, the anchor and capstan of the Old Corner Bookstore, where he has been for 52 years—since he was a boy of 16. Is it Boston's famous diligence in literature that keeps her bookmen young? Neither Joe Jennings nor Edwin Edgett seems to have shed a hair since Quercus first knew them 22 years ago. And in the adjoining room the steadfast tradition of the trade was being carried on, where Colatine (in the role of Saint George) was locked in struggle with Joe Jennings's buyer, whose name happens to be Arthur Dragon. If Colatine were again to refer to the psalter, for a rueful description of Mr. Dragon, he would probably borrow the rubric *Adhaesit pavimento*, he keeps his feet on the ground.

Quercus's own quotation for the present time would come a little later in the same psalm (119th)—*Appropinquet deprecatio*—which might be translated by the book trade as *Inflation Ahead*.

The Survey also had a chance to visit booksellers known previously only by pleasant hearsay: the Personal Book Shop at 95 St. James Avenue, opposite the enormous John Hancock Life Insurance Building. It is as small, intimate and alluring as its neighbor is vast and formal, and I think that John Hancock himself, whose name has become synonym for personal penmanship, would be more likely to loiter in the bookshop than in the citadel

of premonition. And in Wellesley there was the famous Hathaway House which has done so much to collaborate in that college's love and support of the Muses. Miss Geraldine Gordon, manager of the shop, has given the front room, her most valuable selling space, entirely to the poets. This shop alone has kept many a versifier's work in print. The poets' readings held every year at Wellesley, on a fund perpetuated in memory of Katharine Lee Bates, have been a constant flow of influence upon the young devotees. One who had almost forgotten having been a poet, and supposed that everyone else had forgotten it too, was gratefully moved and thrilled to be summoned to that platform. In Wellesley at least Don Marquis's saying is not so: that publishing a volume of verse is like dropping a rose-leaf down the Grand Canyon and waiting for the echo.

All my life I'd been hearing about the Boston and Albany route, but never had occasion to travel it before. It begins by passing under the Massachusetts Avenue bridge where I am pleased by the tablet in memory of Edward Everett Ginsberg, whose combination of names is a sociological palimpsest. Miss Louella D. Everett,

who is Public Friend Number 1 for all quotation hunters, has her workroom near there and happened to be looking down the street some years ago while the actual dedication of the tablet was taking place, with flags, music, and oratory. It so happens that under the Massachusetts Avenue bridge is a favorite loitering place for locomotives, which pause just there and exhale fumes. From her vantage in a high window Miss Everett could see a lounging B. & A. monster gently nearing the arch, all ready to vent surplus of combustion. Her heart ached for the celebrants, but there was nothing she could do. She still remembers their dismay, and blackened faces, as gas and smoke strangled them in the midst of the pious exercises.

I wish there were space to recount the B. & A. run in detail, for it goes through charming hilly country; still, in mid-March, white with snow. It gives a pretty glimpse of Cambridge, that little Athens by the shining Charles, where the red, blue and green cupolas of the new college houses have sprung up—but where sober Georgian brick has been used in such vast quantities that one turns to the campanile of the Roman Catholic Church almost with relief. It takes you through West Newton, which Santayana enigmatically remarked "extends all the way west to the Pacific," and then close beneath the Hathaway House Book Shop at Wellesley. What was most important to me, it got me to Albany in time for a modest ceremony in which the Bowling Green was naturally and sentimentally interested. It was the rechristening of a friendly little bookshop at 225 Lark Street, which two young women have taken over and named the *John Mistletoe*. I can't resist mentioning, hoping to catch Mr. Ripley's eye, that their names are Miss Foote and Miss Hand. May they never have occasion to quote the old catch written by John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

An English Skippy

THE DEMON IN THE HOUSE. By Angela Thirkell. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1935. \$2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I HEAR that Mrs. Thirkell's former novel, "Wild Strawberries," was most amusing. I mean to procure it because, certainly, the present book is one of the most diverting I have read in a long time. The portrait of Tony Morland, the small English boy, is wholly convincing and hilarious. He is as English as Percy Crosby's "Skippy" is American, but their dreams, projects, and the importance of their affairs have a common denominator.

Tony's bosom friend and foil, "good old Donk," Master Wesendonck, is also priceless. Once only he speaks, the rest of the time he plays the mouth organ. Stoker, the middle-aged maid; Laura Morland, the mother, with her perpetual visions of Tony dying or maimed; George Knox, the celebrated biographer, with his extraordinary tangle of speech; Adrian Coates, his son-in-law, to whom Tony demonstrates his complete oarsmanship; the vicar's small daughters, Rose and Dora; the young Miss Coates, aged eight weeks and three days; and a number of other characters, notably Doctor Ford and Sylvia Gould, all play their well-characterized parts in the saga of Tony's holidays, Easter, the Half-Term, Summer, and Christmas.

Once, in England, I encountered a man-of-the-world who stood slightly higher than my knee, a personage of astounding self-possession. I should not be at all surprised if he eventually became Prime Minister. He expatiated to me upon the more scientific novels of H. G. Wells, such as "The War of the Worlds," and contributed his own theories and philosophy. Upon the ensuing picnic he gave such a dignified exhibition of the proper way to punt as to make me feel quite ineffectual. Tony is something like that. To the admiring little daughters of the vicar he is personage, save for the perpetual argument between him and Dora as to the respective merits of the imaginary countries, Dorland and Morland. He is also a constant menace to his mother's peace of mind, particularly in regard to the bicycle acquired by him during the Easter holidays. Her love for her youngest, shot through with horrible fears and ensuing wrath, should be deeply appreciated by all mothers.

The best thing in the book is Tony's flow of conversation, usually beginning with the forestalling gambit "I know." Mrs. Thirkell has perfectly transferred to paper an utterly convincing idiom. I shall not spoil the reader's pleasure here by recounting the many small episodes, including the vaccination of young Miss Coates, which furnish the background for Tony's behavior and dicta. Through much of the book one finds oneself merely quietly smiling, but certain crucial moments beget unforced and exuberant laughter. At least, they did with me. The busy mind of a small boy is sometimes almost incredible in its evolutions. Tony's is often so. And with all his utter self-confidence, his boasting, his mannish superiority to the young ladies of the story, and even to his mother, he is a sympathetic character. He is seldom to blame for anything in his own mind—but most of us were like that. His intention is always to be helpful to a blundering world of adults. He exasperates and even infuriates the male element of this world with his ready advice. "Good God, Anne, [exclaims George Knox] that boy is like Prince Giglio. He could address an army for three days and three nights without the faintest difficulty, on any subject!"

I add Tony to my list of really great child characters, a list which includes a number of younger people out of Booth Tarkington, some from Kenneth Grahame and "E. Nesbit," "Skippy," "Helen's Babies" (Budge and Toddy), "Diddie, Dumps and Tot," and so on. I shall reread "The Demon in the House" as often as I can. For Tony's mastery of life must appeal to every male. He is the undaunted spout-climbing sparrow!



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MACMILLAN

Why Lee Lost Gettysburg

(Continued from first page)

powerless when the body is riddled with shot.

For all the excellence of Dr. Freeman's historical analysis and grasp of military technique, he seems to miss this fundamental reality. Placed beside it, the contributory factors which he traces with such skill appear to have less significance than he attaches to them, although they are not insignificant.

The first of those factors is the redistribution of commands, in May 1863, necessitated by Stonewall Jackson's death at Chancellorsville. The two over-large army corps of the Army of Northern Virginia were reorganized as three; while Longstreet remained at the head of the First, the Second was given to Ewell, and a third created for A. P. Hill. Ewell had been Jackson's lieutenant in the valley campaign until wounded at Groveton, and had now returned to duty after losing a leg. Sentiment and seniority dictated his selection, as Dr. Freeman remarks; his inherent lack of initiative had been hardened because "experience with Jackson had schooled him to obey the letter of orders and not to exercise discretion." Dr. Freeman argues that "Lee had never had an opportunity of discovering this lack of self-confidence in Ewell," but such an argument does not do much credit to Lee's capacity for gauging men, or recognize his responsibility for informing himself by indirect inquiry.

Lee's system of command, with its large latitude deliberately given to the chief subordinates, made it of the highest importance that they should be men of exceptional initiative, if they were to fulfil their part in the type of operations he exploited. Yet, by a curious paradox, Lee was inclined to be conventional in the process of selection for command. There are numerous examples of this tendency, notwithstanding his sympathetic tolerance of independent minded assistants.

Lee's own misgivings over the reshuffle of commands were expressed in a letter he wrote at the time, a letter which expressed the hope that the new commanders would improve with time, and concluded with the reflection—"Rome was not built in a day, nor can we expect miracles in our favor." Yet without allowing any time for them to settle down, he built on these foundations the boldest of all his plans—the invasion of Pennsylvania. And put it into execution barely a fortnight later.

Supplies were lacking, and so were horses, while those that he had were "mournful beasts"—the transport of the Confederate Army looked to one Federal officer like a "congregation of all the crippled Chicago emigrant trains that ever escaped off the desert." The Confederates pinned their hopes to the chance of remedying these deficiencies on arrival in hostile territory. And, as has happened so often in military history, the commander's vision of success outraced his perception of the difficulties as the test came near. Lee's biographer tells us that as he reviewed his forces before starting "his confidence in them was greater than ever," and quotes a divisional commander, General Heth—"The fact is, General Lee believed that the Army of Northern Virginia, as it then existed, could accomplish anything." It seems clear that Lee was, for the moment, exalted by this offensive spirit above the plane of realities. He was as patient as ever when Longstreet dwelt upon them, but it was the patience of a man who is not listening.

By his thrust into Pennsylvania, past the flank of the Army of the Potomac, he counted on drawing this army after him, in a hurried attempt to interpose between him and the target offered by Baltimore and Philadelphia. General Trimble later quoted him as saying:

They will come up, probably through Frederick, strung out on a long line and much demoralized, when they come into Pennsylvania. I shall throw an overwhelming force on their advance, crush it, follow up the success, drive one corps back on another, and by successive repulses and surprises, before they can concentrate, create a panic and virtually destroy the army.

Then, pointing on the map to Gettysburg, he said—

Hereabout, we shall probably meet the enemy and fight a great battle, and if God gives me the victory, the war will be over...

The actual words may not be exact—although they are the less suspect since the main prophecy was unfulfilled—but they ring true to Lee's purpose and mood.

His design was shrewdly conceived, if its essential elasticity was impaired by

strength of his preconception of the enemy's submissive part. The first crack appeared when he learnt on June 28th, from one of Longstreet's scouts, that the Union Army, now under Meade, was already north of the Potomac—close on his heels and close to his communications. The effect was the greater because Lee had received no news from Stuart, who had been temporarily left with the larger part of the cavalry south of the Potomac, to watch and worry the Union Army. Stuart, inflated by the offensive spirit, had stretched the liberal discretion given him so far that he tried to burst through the hostile army when unable to ride round it, and aimed at fighting troops instead of wagon trains. But if Stuart deprived Lee of the services of the larger part of his cavalry by becoming thus embroiled, Lee failed to make the best of the remainder.

The unexpectedly early appearance of the Union Army came like a pull on the Confederate cord and brought Lee round to meet a threat that he could not accurately locate. One may think that this state of blindness demanded more caution than Lee showed when he encountered the enemy's head at Gettysburg on July 1st: especially in view of his comment on hearing of their change of command—"General Meade will commit no blunder in my front, and if I make one he will make haste to take advantage of it."

At first, it is true, he kept the brake on, discouraging a subordinate's ardor with the remark, "No, I am not prepared to bring on a general engagement today—Longstreet is not up." But he suddenly reversed his attitude when the arrival of further divisions of Ewell's and Hill's corps on either flank of the enemy's advanced force led him to seize the local opportunity. The enveloping line swept forward and the Northerners were hurled back through Gettysburg to the ridge behind, leaving "nearly 5,000 bewildered prisoners" in the assailants' bag.

This opening success was intoxicating. Lee's eyes fastened onto the hill just south of the town and at the northern end of the ridges—they suggested to him that if he could seize the hill he would dominate the enemy's new position. As Hill reported that his men were exhausted and disorganized, Lee sent Ewell discretionary orders to press the advantage "if practicable." But Ewell's troops were also in some confusion, and he availed himself of the discretion to wait until his third, and fresh, division arrived; when it did, Ewell still hesitated. So evening came and the opportunity passed.

Up to this time, Lee appears to have been justified in his aim, if not in his orders. As Lawrence has truly remarked—"if there is one military maxim of universal value, it is to press hard upon a rout." But once the pressure was relaxed, and the enemy was in a strong position with a night's grace for recovery and reinforcement, the whole situation was changed.

Soon after Lee had attempted to initiate

the evening "push" by Ewell, Longstreet rode up—his leading division was still some six miles distant. After a careful survey of the enemy's position on the ominously named Cemetery Ridge, he suggested, as he had done before the invasion began, that Lee should combine offensive strategy with defensive tactics—"throw our army round by their left, and we shall interpose between the Federal Army and Washington. We can get a strong position and wait, and... the Federals will be sure to attack us."

In condemning this suggestion, Dr. Freeman quotes General Maurice's recent opinion that such a move "would have been wildly rash." But we may reasonably attach more importance to General Meade's view, at the time, that Longstreet's proposal was not only "sound military sense" but the step he feared Lee would take. The absence of the larger part of Lee's cavalry certainly handicapped such a move, but Stuart was hourly expected, and did in fact arrive next day.

Lee, however, replied to Longstreet: "If the enemy is there, we must attack him." Longstreet countered—"If he is there, it will be because he is anxious that we should attack him—a good reason, in my judgment, for not doing so." The experience of two thousand years of warfare suggests that this was even more sound military sense.

Lee, however, "displayed not the slightest intention of changing his plan." Yet, significantly, Colonel Long of his own staff returned, during the discussion, from reconnoitering the front of Cemetery Hill, and reported that it was occupied in considerable force by a well-posted foe. "An attack," he said, "would be hazardous and doubtful of success." Lee then rode over to see Ewell, and asked if he could renew his attack next day; but even General Early, who had lived up to his name while the opportunity remained, now declared that by the morrow an attack on the heights would be mostly costly and dubious. Lee then thought of bringing Ewell's corps further to the right—as a precaution lest "the enemy may come down and break through"—but gave up the idea on hearing that there was a chance of Ewell seizing Culp's Hill on the extreme left.

The main attack, on the right, was to be made by Longstreet. Lee was anxious to launch it as early as possible but seems to have refrained, according to his habit, from giving explicit orders. Dr. Freeman casts repeated reproaches on Longstreet for not hastening, yet elsewhere, somewhat inconsistently, speaks of the "weary columns" of his leading divisions.

Early next morning, fresh enemy reinforcements were seen moving into position on Cemetery Ridge, and when Longstreet saw this he again urged Lee to consider a turning movement in preference to an almost direct attack. But Lee was not to be dissuaded, although he decided to shift his line of advance further to the right. Longstreet's two leading divisions were



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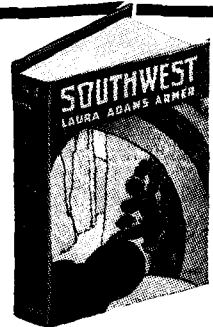
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