

American way of life, to the accompaniment of gags and wisecracks. Amusing black and white sketches by Paul Galdone add to the reader's entertainment. —JOHN COUNROS.

*NEVER DIES THE DREAM*, by Margaret Landon. Doubleday. \$2.75. This is the story of India Severn, head of Jasmine Hall, who had lived in Bangkok twenty-five years, ever since she left her native Chicago. Financially and socially, Jasmine Hall was a stepchild of the Mission Board. For one thing, its students came from homes of middle- and lower-class Siamese families. For another, India gave shelter and care to all sorts of waifs and strays in distress. She submerged herself in the tangled lives of her Siamese proteges. She was a Good Samaritan and a bad politician.

But this is the story, too, of Grace Rutherford, a politician versed in "the social aspects of Christianity." Grace, principal of Wattana Academy, "concentrated on the better type of girl," Rutherfordese for daughters of upper-class Siamese families. Grace warned that the depression-cramped Mission Board would take appropriate action if India persisted in "casting pearls before swine" and "running a hostel for fallen women." Included in one or other of these categories were two extra-curricular residents of Jasmine Hall, both maladjusted daughters of marriages between Siamese and Westerners.

Grace's mounting disapproval changed to vicious enmity when India's charity sought out tragic young Angela Suksamran, American widow of a Siamese prince. She used her influence to have Jasmine Hall closed and India reduced to a humiliating status in the Mission colony. On the spiritual plane, Grace, in destroying India's material world, destroyed herself.

"Never Dies the Dream" can hardly escape unfair comparison with Miss Landon's earlier "Anna and the King of Siam." India Severn is, in effect, an Anna without a King. And yet, lacking any such engaging focal personality as Anna's royal pupil, "Never Dies the Dream" is as rich as its predecessor in magnificence of color and interplay of racial minds, richer even in the everyday drama of human relationships and psychological conflict.

—ANN F. WOLFE.



ROBERT M. MACGREGOR, of Theatre Arts Books, deserves thanks for having restored to circulation "Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw: A Correspondence," edited with necessary notes by Christopher St. John (\$5). He deserves thanks because this is one of the most fascinating collections of letters ever published, one that may well prove as enduring as the correspondence of Walpole and Madame Du Deffand, which has been described by Lytton Strachey as that of a monkey and a cat. There is quite a bit of monkey in Shaw, too, but no cat in Miss Terry.

It is hardly possible to like Shaw well while reading his letters, and it is certainly impossible not to love Ellen Terry while reading hers. Two remarkable characters emerge with perfect clarity from this interchange, each a self-portrait drawn by the writer. On one side—at least at the height of the correspondence, from 1896 to Shaw's marriage—is an extraordinarily clever, vain, male flirt, delighted with his own intellectual exhibitionism and determined to toy with a lady's affections by post, while steadfastly refusing to meet her and pretending that it is she who is holding him at a distance. On the other side — throughout the correspondence — is a great-hearted and open-hearted woman who is ready to admire without limit and play the pupil to a superior master, while longing for love and understanding in return. On the one side is an intelligence that finds it hard to stop posing and posturing and maneuvering for victorious positions; on the other side is complete sincerity, without defenses, and a knowledge of life that goes deeper, perhaps, than intelligence alone can reach. On the one side is great warmth. On the other—much light but little heat.

Yet these two very different creatures were, for some three years, necessary and valuable to each other. Each turned to the other for release, comfort, encouragement, and pleasure; and if Shaw had a double share

of pleasure—for he obviously loved his own letters no less than he loved Ellen's—there is still no doubt that she was a great gainer by the association. Unless I misread the evidence, she began to see through him very quickly and ended by seeing through him entirely. ("You know everything. You know nothing. You are a great man. You are 'a silly Ass.'") She failed to find in him the sincerity she sought and she must have discovered that he could be a bigger and more annoying "baby" than Irving. She must have been disgusted at times by his coyness. But she found enough in him to make her affection and loyalty unwavering, and if she saw through him it was no more than he did himself. The peerless critic was not fooled, even by GBS. He knew his weakness in relation to women and he stated it when he wrote: "It is not the small things that women miss in me, but the big things. My pockets are always full of the small change of love-making, but it is magic money, not real money." Imagine anyone but Shaw being able to palm off this kind of "magic"—or counterfeit—money on Ellen Terry! But he did it, thereby scoring not the least of Shavian triumphs. And in the process, I think, she made a better man, more of a man, than he had been when he first sat down to write to her. She, too, had her triumphs, off-stage as well as on.

Another new edition given us by Theatre Arts is "Stages of the World: A Pictorial Survey of the Theatre" (\$4.75), revised and enlarged, with an introduction by Aline Bernstein. The survey, consisting of 110 plates with explanatory notes, depicts the development of stages and scenic art from the days of the theatre of Dionysus at Athens down to "Death of a Salesman" and the work of Jo Mielziner and his contemporaries. This is an attractive, informative volume, two-thirds of which is devoted to the modern stage, with its increasingly imaginative designers who have come close to proving Miss Bernstein's proposition: "A stage may be limited in space, but there is no limit to what a designer can make an audience believe is there."

Eric Partridge's "Dictionary of Effective Speech" (Grosset, \$1.49) is a valuable guide to correct speech and writing which deserves shelf space beside Fowler's famous "Modern English Usage." —BEN RAY REDMAN.





# The Pearls of Publishing

## Deserving Books of 1949: Part V

ALL THE returns are now in from SRL's poll of publishers to uncover deserving but neglected books published in 1949. The final tabulation shows that an even dozen works have been named by more than one publisher:

"The Golden Warrior," by Hope Muntz (Scribner's), five votes.

"Guard of Honor," by James Gould Cozzens (Harcourt), three votes.

"The Witness," by Jean Bloch-Michel (Pantheon), three votes.

"Ceremony of Innocence," by Elizabeth Charlotte Webster (Harcourt), two votes.

"The Golden Apples," by Eudora Welty (Harcourt), two votes.

"Last of the Conquerors," by William Gardner Smith (Farrar, Straus), two votes.

"The Man Who Carved Women from Wood," by Max White (Harper), two votes.

"Napoleon: For and Against," by Pieter Geyl (Yale), two votes.

"North African Prelude," by Galbraith Welch (Morrow), two votes.

"The Pilgrimage of Western Man," by Stringfellow Barr (Harcourt), two votes.

"The Twelve Seasons," by Joseph Wood Krutch (Sloane), two votes.

"Two Worlds and Their Ways," by Ivy Compton-Burnett (Knopf), two votes.

For the record, late last year SRL invited leading publishers to nominate

two deserving but insufficiently appreciated books issued during 1949—one published by their own house, one by another firm. They need not have been "flops." They might have received excellent reviews and good sales, but still have failed for some reason to achieve the public response they merited. Replies were received from seventy-five publishers, who nominated a total of 116 books. These we have been publishing serially [SRL Nov. 19, 26, Dec. 17, Jan. 7].

In the final group of nominations, printed below, the phrase "published by us" is used to indicate the house with which the person making the nominations is associated.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

*Published by us:* "The King Nobody Wanted," by Norman F. Langford, is a vivid narrative, in which the characters of the Gospel story are as alive as your next-door neighbor. Careful scholarship has produced an almost perfect paraphrase of the Biblical accounts of the life and teachings of Jesus. The fine artistry of John Lear, a new color process that gives a velvety depth to the pictures, and detailed research lend the illustrations real distinction. Written for older children, this book can hold the interest of any age, with its age-old story.

*Published by the Beacon Press:* In "The Reconstruction of Humanity"

Pitirim A. Sorokin again performed a great service for free people. He destroyed our faith in Mammon and our hope of an easy return to a high material standard of living. He confronted the false leaders of the people with their failures and the failures of their policies as revealed by the hard facts of sociology and history. He went beyond the symptoms to a diagnosis of the disease as a sickness of the affections—we love Mammon. He is too honest and too great a scientist to deal with palliatives. There is only one cure: a basic reconstruction of humanity on an ideational (spiritual) faith. The neglect of this book proves its thesis, that this is a materialistic age. A continuation in this neglect will presage the destruction of our age.

JAMES M. SCHUCK,  
WESTMINSTER PRESS.

*Published by us:* "Elmtown's Youth," by A. G. Hollingshead, released in May, was widely reviewed in all types of newspapers, serious journals, church magazines, and on the radio. The book, based on a study made in a typical, small Midwestern town, shows the effect of America's class system on our youth. The picture is not pretty and demonstrates convincingly that the social position of the adolescent's family affects his behavior in school, on the job, in the church, and in his social life.

The book breaks down the notion that democracy actually exists in practice. It serves to point up the necessity of improvement in our American system to eliminate undemocratic class barriers. Certainly this is a subject of vital importance to parents, educators, clergymen, social workers, and employers. Yet the book, despite the fact that it is well-written and authoritative, is only now in a second small printing. It seems to me that a book of this type merits a sale of at least 25,000 copies. Remember "Middletown"?

E. P. HAMILTON,  
JOHN WILEY & SONS, INC.

*Published by us:* We feel that "Three Novels," by Karel Capek, should have won wider recognition because its lofty concept of good and evil proceeds from the lives of intense and pathetic human beings and because it is a product of the best thought and feeling of all times, exquisite in narrative form and pregnant in meanings.

ELIZABETH PHINNEY,  
A. A. WYN, INC.

*Published by us:* "The Land of Italy," by Jasper More, is the first guidebook to Italy published in ten years, or so we are told by a customer who found