



As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



How many of my readers, I wonder, are familiar, not merely with the name, but with the contents of one of the greatest books that ever proceeded from the mind of man—"The Anatomy of Melancholy," by Robert Burton? The first edition appeared in quarto in 1621. There were a sufficient number of intelligent readers to make it instantly a best-seller. Other editions, and these all in folio, followed hard upon the first: 1624, 1628, 1632, 1638 (the last the author saw), 1651-2 (the last to receive the author's corrections), 1660, 1676 (in double column).

Then the book seemed to disappear from view. The cold, hard, sophisticated worldliness of the early eighteenth century, the citified and (so they thought) more intellectual atmosphere of an age that called enthusiasm vulgar, an age that hated mysticism, imagination, passion, romanticism, and anything and everything obscure, had no use for Burton's quaint humor and fantastic queries. Thomas Hearne, in his "Remains," wrote on January 23, 1734:

No book sold better formerly than Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," in which there is great variety of learning, so that it hath been a commonplace for filchers. It hath a great many impressions, and the bookseller got an estate by it; but now 'tis disregarded, and a good fair perfect copy (altho' of the 7th impression) may be purchased for one shilling, well bound, which occasion'd a gentleman yesterday (who observ'd how many books, that were topping books formerly, and were greedily bought at great prices, were turn'd to wast paper) to say,

that Sir Isaac Newton (he believ'd) would also in time be turned to wast paper; an observation which is very likely to prove true.

That it was a "commonplace for filchers" remained long after Hearne wrote: Sterne, in "Tristram Shandy," stole copiously from the "Anatomy"; I would say he stole shamelessly, if he had not done everything shamelessly. But a contemporary of Sterne, the great Doctor Johnson, paid Burton the highest compliment of which he was capable. The Reverend Doctor Maxwell told Boswell that Johnson said "The Anatomy of Melancholy" was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise. Now with Johnson, getting out of bed was a major operation.

In 1776 Johnson said to Boswell, "Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' is a valuable work. It is, perhaps, overloaded with quotation. But there is great spirit and great power in what Burton says, when he writes from his own mind." The Doctor, as usual, found the fitting phrase. "Great spirit and great power" are surely prime characteristics of the Anatomist.

In the nineteenth century, which in so many ways resembled the seventeenth, Burton "came back" with a vengeance. His book was reprinted again and again, and the early editions rose to fancy prices.

And now I salute one of the youngest publishing firms in New York for their

courage in undertaking an entirely new edition of this immortal work. They have published an attractive volume of over a thousand pages, well printed, with an excellent index. And the important feature of this edition, to quote from the title-page, is "Now for the first time with the *Latin* completely given in translation and embodied in an *All-English text*." This noble undertaking is edited by Floyd Dell, a man of the world, and Paul Jordan-Smith, a man of God, a happy partnership, for Burton was both.

Editors and publishers must face the ghost of Charles Lamb, who said, "I do not know a more heartless sight than the reprint of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic old great man, to expose them in a winding-sheet of the newest fashion to modern censure? What hapless stationer could dream of Burton ever becoming popular?" But the dream has come true.

It is an interesting fact that Burton, who spent his life in a college room, should have known so much about human nature and should have viewed its weaknesses with so tolerant and charitable a mind. He is the proof that the sins, passions, virtues, weaknesses, fortitudes, whimsies of men and women can be learned from books even better than by observation. If you don't believe this, read "The Anatomy of Melancholy." See what he says about women's clothes, about the follies and tragedies of love, about the insanity of jealousy, about outdoor and indoor recreation, about dancing, fishing, and chess-playing.

And this vast heterogeneous "case-book" of human nature has a serene and splendid mind over it, like the Divine Mind over this crazy world. When the subject is of transcendent importance,

the style automatically rises to meet it; when he discusses matters that seem trivial, his humor comes into play, but it is invariably based on common sense. For example: who should and who should not play chess? I played my last game of chess at the age of fourteen, with Herbert S. Bullard of Hartford. He beat me, I smashed the board, and never played again. The reason I never took it up in later life is given by old Burton. I am waiting to play chess when I shall go around the world on a sailing-ship. Yet I have been tempted. Years ago George Santayana gave me a beautiful travelling chess set, with cleats on the feet of the men; and the late Frank B. Tarbell, Professor of Greek in the University of Chicago, always travelled with a collapsible chess-board in his pocket, and worked out problems alone. He tried to arouse my interest, but I feared the game as a reformed man should fear drink. Listen to Burton:

Chess-play is a good and witty exercise of the mind for some kind of men, and fit for such melancholy ones, Rhasis holds, as are idle, and have extravagant impertinent thoughts, or are troubled with cares, nothing better to distract their mind, and alter their meditations, invented (some say) by the general of an army in a famine, to keep soldiers from mutiny: but if it proceed from overmuch study, in such a case it may do more harm than good; it is a game too troublesome for some men's brains, too full of anxiety, all out as bad as study; besides, it is a testy choleric game, and very offensive to him that loseth the Mate. William the Conqueror in his younger years, playing at Chess with the Prince of France, (Dauphiné was not annexed to that Crown in those days), losing a mate, knocked the Chessboard about his pate, which was a cause afterwards of much enmity betwixt them. For some such reason it is, belike, that Patricius, in his Schooling of Princes, forbids his Prince to play at Chess: hawking and hunting, riding, &c. he will allow; and this to other men, but by no means to him. In Mus-

covy, where they live in stoves and hot-houses all Winter long, come seldom or little abroad, it is again very necessary, and therefore in those parts (saith Herbastein) much used. At Fez in Africa, where the like inconvenience of keeping within doors is through heat, it is very laudable, and (as Leo Afer relates) as much frequented. A sport fit for idle Gentlewomen, Soldiers in Garrison, and Courtiers that have nought but Love matters to busy themselves about, but not altogether so convenient for such as are Students. The like I may say of Claude Boisiere's Philosophy Game, D. Fulke's Metromachia and his Ouranomachia, with the rest of those intricate Astrological and Geometrical fictions, for such especially as are Mathematically given; and the rest of those curious games.

An excellent criticism of the great book was written by one of my undergraduate students in 1901, Mr. F. Mortimer Clapp. He compared it to the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris.

The Anatomy of Melancholy is the Notre Dame of literature. It is the multifarious expression of a nature as quaint, fantastic, various and mocking as that which created, stone by stone, with infinite labor, that great edifice. The Anatomy is cathedral in its proportions, its unity, its multiplicity, its harmony in an infinitude of details, its size. And of all Cathedrals it is most like Notre Dame in the wild, grotesque, fantastic yet intense life that conceived it and made in it a dwelling-place. They are strange counterparts in two domains of art. All the gloom dusted with sunlight, all the intricate carving, all the mockery, all the unexpected and strange in Paris cathedrals exist also in this gothic of literature,—from the high places of contemplation, whence we behold humanity creeping a dwindled race, to the musty gloom of vaults that never see the sun; from the leering gargoyle on the loftiest spire to the benign figure of some twilight saint in a forgotten corner of dust and quietness. There is behind both an abiding, governing spirit; in them multiplicity never loses itself in vagary, but moulded by a master hand every minutia adds unchangeably to the total effect. Behind this book is the controlling grasp of a mighty mind, high, calm, serious, sustaining with ease this ponderous weight of learning,

this length, this complexity. The very construction of the book, the perfect distribution of the forces that produce the whole effect is nothing less than a triumph of architecture.

As Burton said the last word on chess as an indoor sport, this is what he said on an outdoor sport, fishing:

Fishing is a kind of hunting by water, be it with nets, weels, baits, angling or otherwise, and yields all out as much pleasure to some men as dogs or hawks, when they draw their fish upon the bank, saith Nic. Henselius, speaking of that extraordinary delight his Countrymen took in fishing, and in making of pools. James Dubravius, that Moravian, in his book on fish, telleth how, travelling by the highway side in Silesia, he found a Nobleman booted up to the groins, wading himself, pulling the nets, and labouring as much as any fisherman of them all: and when some belike objected to him the baseness of his office, he excused himself, that if other men might hunt Hares, why should not he hunt Carps? Many Gentlemen in like sort with us will wade up to the Armholes upon such occasions, and voluntarily undertake that, to satisfy their pleasure, which a poor man for a good stipend would scarce be hired to undergo. Plutarch, in his book On the Cleverness of Animals, speaks against all fishing, as a filthy, base, illiberal employment, having neither wit nor perspicacity in it, nor worth the labour. But he that shall consider the variety of Baits, for all seasons, & pretty devices which our Anglers have invented, peculiar lines, false flies, several sleights, &c., will say that it deserves like commendation, requires as much study and perspicacity as the rest, and is to be preferred before many of them. Because hawking and hunting are very laborious, much riding and many dangers accompany them; but this is still and quiet: and if so be the angler catch no Fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the Brook side, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air, and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow flowers, he hears the melodious harmony of Birds, he sees the Swans, Herons, Ducks, Water-hens, Coots, &c., and many other Fowl, with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of Hounds, or blast of Horns, and all the sport that they can make.

I hope that if there are any of my readers unfamiliar with the "Anatomy," these extracts will incite their curiosity; that they will buy the book and read it, for, as George Saintsbury says, it is "a perpetual refuge and delight."

A new novel has come out of Soviet Russia, and its appearance in English is hailed by the following exclamations: Stephen Graham says it caused him such whole-hearted laughter that he felt a new hope for Russia. He thinks it is written in the vein of Gogol's "Dead Souls." Mr. S. P. B. Mais says it is far funnier and "infinitely more vivid" than Gogol's book. Clemence Dane has read it three times and is fascinated. Gerald Gould, Hugh Walpole, and J. B. Priestley praise it. This immortal and astounding masterpiece is called "The Embezzlers," is written by Valentine Kataev, and translated by L. Zarine. Apart from a mild surprise that the Soviet government should permit its circulation in foreign countries, for it shows that government officials to-day are as shameless swindlers as they were under the Tsar, I found it a dull record of alcoholic sprees. It seemed to me about as funny as a dunghill. There is nothing in the book that could possibly harm any one; it is simply a succession of stupid attempts at booze-humor. If any English or American author had written it, it would have received no attention except a yawn. As for comparing such a novel with the work of Gogol, one might as well compare the jocosity of the saxophone with a violin in the hands of Heifetz.

E. van Emery has written an excellent biography, "Muldoon," with a preface signed by Jack Dempsey. Muldoon is an astonishing old man. In his younger days a champion wrestler, he appeared in dirty, draughty theatres at one-night

stands, and the terrible exposure, the late hours, and the various bodily injuries he received so depleted his vitality and shortened his life that at the age of sixty he could have beaten most men of thirty in a rough-and-tumble fight. His body at seventy looked like Greek sculpture. Well past fourscore now, he is vigorous in frame, alert in mind. After his fighting championship contests were over, he was wise enough to capitalize his knowledge of health and physical fitness. He opened one of the most famous restoration-resorts in the world, and had as pupils Elihu Root, Roosevelt, Taft, and many others. Mr. van Emery's admirable book tells us about this, and gives us an excellent appraisal of Muldoon's personality and character.

When Muldoon stripped to the buff, he looked so fine that he was for a long time employed on the professional stage in Shakespeare's "As You Like It," where he naturally appeared as Charles the Wrestler. Charles is often represented as a cowardly braggart, who gets what has long been coming to him from young Orlando. As a matter of fact, if one will read the play without any pre-suppositions, one will see that Charles is a splendid fellow, modest and kindly, who comes to Oliver out of the goodness of his heart, thinking that Oliver loves his brother. Incidentally he makes a charming speech, in cultivated, euphuistic prose. It is only after his mind has been poisoned by the black-hearted Oliver with lies about Orlando that Charles speaks so roughly to the romantic hero. I had the pleasure of seeing Muldoon on the stage, with John Drew and Ada Rehan, and he was a thing of beauty. It rather galled him to be thrown publicly night after night by a man of John Drew's physique, and upon one occasion (so Mr. Drew himself told me)

Muldoon was thrown so hard that he yelled with terrific intensity something not in the text, which almost called for a merciful curtain.

Zona Gale's new novel, "Borgia," is short and contains more cerebration than most novels three times its length. Zona Gale, Thornton Wilder, and W. B. Trites seem to be the only modern novelists who consider space and time. The vast majority of works of fiction read as though they had never been revised. Every superfluous word seems precious to its author. Turgenev, "The greatest artist since the Greeks," wrote all his novels at immense length and then revised them so drastically that when ready for publication they were about one-fifth their original size. He respected both his art and his readers. Part of the extraordinary skill of Thornton Wilder is shown in his genius for concision.

The same is true of Zona Gale. There is no excess baggage in "Borgia." The heroine is so interesting that her deeds, words, and thoughts command our attention; which is fortunate, for the book is so closely written that if one's attention wandered, one would have to begin again at the first page. This novel came out of a first-rate intellect; if I were to find any fault with it, I might say that the sentences are almost too carefully constructed; the author seems so afraid of conventional phrases that there is a strain (as in the later work of Henry James) to say things as no one had ever said them. But in view of the sloppy and slovenly style characteristic of most books, we may be grateful to Zona Gale.

Burns Mantle's invaluable handbook, "The Best Plays of 1928-29," must be placed with its predecessors as a most

useful and accurate record of the contemporary American stage.

Eva Le Gallienne has apparently won her long and hard fight, and the victory belongs to her alone, for it was a victory won in the face of indifference and opposition. The Civic Repertory Theatre on Fourteenth Street, more easily accessible than some in the theatre district, is regarded by many as holding metropolitan primacy. People do not go there from a sense of duty, hoping to improve their minds, and expecting to be bored. They go because they want to go, because they know they will see a fine and interesting play presented and acted in an adequate manner.

Her example has been followed in Chicago. In the autumn of 1929 Mr. Fritz Leiber opened in that city a repertory theatre, and gives a Shakespearian cycle, which at this moment seems to have every prospect of success.

The best play in New York this season is the best of last season, "Journey's End," the finest war-play since Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." Another admirable spiritual play is by John Balderston, called "Berkeley Square," the hint for which was taken from a magnificent fragment left by Henry James called "The Sense of the Past." Had Mr. James lived to finish that novel, it would have been one of his best. From it at all events has come a beautiful tragic-comedy, in which that accomplished young English actor Leslie Howard is doing the finest work of his brilliant career. Margalo Gillmore and Valerie Taylor add conspicuously to the strength of the cast. It is pleasant to observe that so distinguished a drama is playing "to capacity."

Mr. Leon M. Lion, the famous actor-manager of London, who has a chapter all to himself in Mr. Stuart Hodgson's

new book of characters, "Portraits and Reflections," came over in September to produce in New York a great London success, "Many Waters," by Monckton Hoffer. I was present at the first night of this play in London in the summer of 1928, and it was the most important play of that season. Miss Marda Vanne, the young actress from South Africa who took the leading rôle in London, came over to New York. She is an admirable artist, and a charming and cultivated woman. The play opened well here, and then after about a month seemed sure to share the fate of many other plays slain by the crisis in stocks. It was saved by the Church and Drama League. After the announcement had been made that the play would be withdrawn in two weeks, the leaders of the organization just mentioned bestirred themselves, with the result that not only was the run of the play continued but it has now been moved to a larger auditorium. Thus we see there are in New York many intelligent people.

Mr. Lion is the producer of John Galsworthy's plays in London, and acts in them as well. I shall never forget his interpretation of the leading rôle in "Justice." He is a theatre-director like Winthrop Ames, a gentleman of high intelligence and high ideals, identified with the finest things in art.

Have you ever tried onion soup? At a dinner given in New York by Mr. Lion, the proceedings opened with onion soup, which I tasted for the first time in my life. In describing it I am forced to use the language of Emerson: *Onion Soup is not poetry, it is religion*. To use a better-known but detestable phrase, I am now "sold" to onion soup until death do us part.

The first night of "The Channel Road" by the critic Alexander Woolcott

and the adroit playwright Mr. Kaufman was the most interesting opening night I have seen in New York; and this, alas, not on account of the play, which I thought had little merit, but because of the audience. "Everybody" was there, including all actors and actresses who were for the moment unattached; and what a good time we had between the acts!

The best thing Alexander Woolcott has done recently is to revive (in publication) that marvellous chapter on the general practitioner in "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." This is now issued as a separate little volume, and Mr. Woolcott's Introduction is a work of literary art, one of the most persuasive pieces of writing I have seen in a long time. The fact that he should write it at all is to me a pleasant surprise; but I am not surprised that he has done it well.

The Shuberts deserve loud applause for reviving "Die Fledermaus" with the title "A Wonderful Night." It is a gorgeous production on a revolving stage; and the waltzes of Johann Strauss are entrancing.

Three of the most tremendous successes of New York, a sell-out at every performance, are "Strictly Dishonorable," "June Moon," and "Bittersweet," the last named an operetta by Noel Coward. I have immense respect for Brock Pemberton, the producer of "Strictly Dishonorable," and my hope is that the prodigious takings of this diverting but quite unimportant fluff will enable him to produce something worthy of his ability. "June Moon" I had supposed would be enormously amusing, coming as it does from one of my favorite authors, Ring Lardner. The best things in it are what Mr. Lardner has written on the theatre programme.

The truly significant fact, however,

about "Bittersweet" and "A Wonderful Night" and the New York revivals of Victor Herbert, De Koven, etc., is the suggestion that the upstart crowd, beautified with the feathers of light opera (I refer to Musical Comedy), may be nearing the end of its usurpation, which has lasted nearly thirty years. What a boon it will be if light opera should really revive us again!

The acting of George M. Cohan in "Gambling" is a marvellous display of all the resources of a great artist. I shall never forget it.

William Gillette, beloved of all who know him, is on a farewell tour. He has left his cats in his Mousetower on the Connecticut River, and has returned to the stage as Sherlock Holmes. His appearance in New York was greeted by a public demonstration; he was presented with a manuscript book, containing letters from a hundred persons prominent in various forms of activity—Calvin Coolidge, Arthur Conan Doyle, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Daniel Frohman, Francis Wilson, college presidents, priests, ministers, rabbis, theatre-managers, and actors. When this farewell tour is over, he will return to his Connecticut Castle and will (I hope) immediately begin to write another detective novel.

Some twenty-five years ago I was talking with James Whitcomb Riley about the future of American poetry; and it must be remembered this was before the Renaissance which brought into action a new Edwin Arlington Robinson, a Robert Frost, a Vachel Lindsay, an Edna St. Vincent Millay. Mr. Riley said the only American poet of importance was a neighbor of mine at New London, Anna Hempstead Branch. I

soon agreed with him. Well, after a long silence, in which she has been engaged in unselfish work of another kind, Miss Branch puts forth a volume of original verse of striking quality, "Sonnets from a Lock Box." If any one doubts her remarkable talent, one reading of this small book will abundantly convince.

Mr. R. S. Warner, writing from a sick-bed in the Massachusetts General Hospital, "reduced by surgery and the implacable good humor of nurses," corrects me for mentioning (in the November SCRIBNER'S) "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho" as the work of "the Kingsleys." It was a bad break, for I did know that Henry had nothing to do with these books, yet I made the error just the same. The only good thing about it is that for a moment such a blunder diverted the mind of a man from his physical sufferings. He adds, concerning my remarks about my dead classmate, the Honorable William Kent, and his fondness for outdoor life, "You speak of Will Kent. In 1899, I threw a baseball as if from the plate to 2nd base. He plugged it in the air with a 30-30 Winchester bullet." I can well believe it; Will Kent was a good second to the great Doctor Carver.

Commenting on my allusion to John Howard Bryant, the brother of William, Mrs. S. W. W. Schäffle writes me from Atlantic City:

Reading "As I Like It" in my new magazine, I ran across a friend of years ago. In the winter of 1888-89 while in St. Augustine, Florida, where we had gone to make our home, we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. John Howard Bryant and his son from Princeton, Ill. They remained through the winter. He gave me a copy of his own poems, doubtless the volume you mention; many were poems of family or local interest. Unfortunately a fire in the storage house where our goods were stored took that with everything else so

we have left but a memory. I asked him if there were others in the family having this gift of poetry and he said yes—a brother who died in youth was more gifted than any of them. Thinking you might be interested to learn a little more of this modest, kindly, old gentleman, I ventured to write.

Professor H. H. Carter, of Indiana University, writes of the F. Q. Club:

In the year 1908 I was stimulated by you to read all of the *Faerie Queene*. If I remember correctly, your Faerie Queene Club was organized that year. I wish to report to you that my oldest daughter, who is sixteen years old and in her senior year of high school, last summer completed the poem. She gave oral reports of the various books to me and has, I think, as fair an understanding of the poem as might be expected for one of her age.

Mrs. I. K. Phelps, of New Haven, a physicist and doctor of philosophy, calls our attention to an awkward sentence in an advertisement of the Book-of-the-Month Club: "During the year, you will receive reports (in the News) upon from 200 to 250 books." Mrs. Phelps quite properly objects to the use of "prepositions in squads," saying it is not an uncommon sight in the daily press, but none the less objectionable.

How many of my readers have heard of "The Poetry Review," published at Featherstone Buildings, London? This blessed month of February the Poetry Society, of which this Review is the organ, completes its twenty-first year. Among the presidents have been G. K. Chesterton, Lord Coleridge, and Sir J. Forbes-Robertson. "The Poetry Review" is an excellent periodical, and I had the pleasure in the editorial office in London of meeting not only the staff but Professor Olivero of Milan, who had published in that magazine a notable and highly interesting appreciation of the writings of Thomas Hardy. The Review, unlike some others, has fought a good fight and

kept the faith. I recommend it to Scribnerians, and suggest that they make a personal call on the editors when in London.

In discussing a certain novel, I mentioned the fact that when I was a boy we had family prayers morning and evening. This remark drew a letter from Arthur F. Allen, of Sioux City, Iowa:

"When I was a boy," you say in SCRIBNER'S, "we had family prayers both morning and evening." How well I remember that custom. My father was a farmer in northern Illinois at a time when farm work was begun early in the morning and not ended until late in the evening. It was a severe and exacting regime. We did not observe the custom of morning *and evening* prayers, but in season and out of season we had morning prayers, immediately following the breakfast repast. My father was the descendant of a long line of pious ancestors; my mother's ancestry was Huguenot and her father was a clergyman. The Bible was read and studied and believed and revered in our home. Sabbaths were observed, and the children went to church and Sunday School, and also to prayer meeting when old enough.

It was by this method, together with compulsory attendance at Sunday School for what seemed a long term of years, that I acquired familiarity with the Bible that has served me well in life.

The custom of family prayers was a good custom and has much to commend it. It is the misfortune of the present generation that the custom has passed and that nothing of equal worth has taken its place.

I wish that I owned the gift to write a tribute to the praying fathers and mothers of your generation and of mine—such a tribute as they deserve. They were sturdy Christians, resolute and fearless. Their faith was strong within them. Their conviction was unshakable. There was strength in their moral fiber.

Where is their like to-day? Can you show me a home where the Bible is read, where family prayers are said and wherein there dwells either a praying father or a praying mother? I know of no such homes.

I am grateful for this letter, but in response to the last question I can show

Mr. Allen many a home where family prayers are still observed. *Sursum corda!* Remember that Elijah in the Old Testament and John the Baptist in the New Testament became despondent, and almost lost hope, faith, and courage. If gold rust, what shall iron do? Elijah was "very jealous for the Lord God of hosts," sincerely believing that he was the only surviving believer, and that when he died God would not have a friend left. The still small voice informed him there were seven thousand steadfast believers, that his own place would be taken by Elisha, and that there was no reason for

despair. Many good Christian people to-day are unnecessarily depressed. There are vast numbers of the faithful who express their faith not only in their lips but in their lives. Many exhorters are in an undignified haste to convert the world. I once heard an earnest evangelist, who is now in a place where he is more familiar with the facts, utter this frenzied call to action—"God's extremity is man's opportunity"—which seems to me now as it did then the most blasphemous thing I have ever heard from the pulpit, and it is not without serious competition.



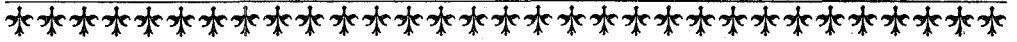
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THE FIELD OF ART

Some Recent Additions to the Literature of Art

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



THE camera is the antithesis of the brush—a mechanical means of recording a fact, where the brush facilitates an individual's interpretation of that fact. Yet to the criticism of art photography is of immeasurable value, the handmaiden of that mode of scientific, documented research which came into existence only in comparatively recent times. The interest—and the value—of the whole literature of art has been enormously enhanced since processes of illustration were brought to a high pitch of excellence. Fifty years ago, when those devoted authors, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, published their "Life and Times of Titian," they had to be content with pitifully inadequate wood-engravings as accompaniment to their text. What would they not have given for the photogravures and half-tones that have since been made available! Especially would their labors have been aided in the first place by the photographs on which such plates are based. In the modern art library photographs are indispensable. I have thousands of them myself. They are at once a boon, and, on the other hand, a burden. They are formidable devourers of space.

It is a problem with which students all over the world have to reckon and publishers have taken account of it. Hence the appearance in Germany of the invaluable "Klassiker der Kunst," those innumerable red-covered octavos in which this or that master's works are chronologically arranged, in good half-tones, with a certain amount of prefa-

tory text from a competent hand but with the emphasis placed upon the illustrations. Hence the similarly precious volumes, dedicated to periods rather than to masters, bearing the imprint of the Propylaen Verlag of Berlin, and the publication in England, at the Bodley Head, of Mr. Calvert's delightful "Spanish Series." I had thought that Germany in particular was going to hold the palm indefinitely in this matter, but it is not so. I reckoned without the Pegasus Press, whose publishers in this country are Harcourt, Brace & Co.



What the scholar always needs is apparatus, data, the materials of his subject placed at his elbow in manageable compass. Besides his own classified scrap-books he needs more reproductions, and then more reproductions, with every last bit of information procurable. The function of these things is to check his memory of objects seen, to acquaint him as far as possible with others he has missed on his travels, to fortify him, in short, in the pursuit of facts. It is this need that the Pegasus Press has set out to supply. It has many strings to its bow, reprinting, for example, the first book printed (in 1514) on the Roman alphabet. It appeals to the bibliophile, to the calligrapher, to the man of letters, as well as to the connoisseur. It is, among other things, on the side of fine typography. In its "Bodoni Editions" of Poliziano, Dante, Michael Angelo, and so on it makes use, by the authority of the Italian Government, of