



As I Like It

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



ENGLAND is an alluring and inexhaustible subject for the traveller, the pilgrim, the sojourner, the spectator, the philosopher; and it is not a matter of wonder. Whatever may befall the English in the future, they are the greatest people since the Romans. Their very faults are those that make for domination. This island of the North, a garden of flowers surrounded by fogs, where the trees have the luxuriance of the tropics with the air of a windswept heath, where the softness of the haze and the green depth of the meadows make "sunny France" look barren—this island has the loveliest countryside in the world. As William Shakespeare said,

This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England.

When Shakespeare called England a fortress built by Nature against infection and the hand of war, no foe had successfully invaded England for five hundred years and none was to invade for three hundred years to come. It was an accurate description.

A few years ago a Frenchman wrote a book called "In What Does the Superiority of the Anglo-Saxons Consist?" and a Frenchwoman said that England and Germany and Scandinavia were masculine countries, whereas France and Spain and Italy are feminine.

But of all the books I have read on England—books that have described the

island historically and topographically, books that have attempted to psychoanalyze the English people—I award the palm to a volume, published this year and written by a German painter born in Berlin, whose mother was an Austrian. This book is called "England, the Unknown Isle." The author is Paul Cohen-Portheim and the translator Alan Harris.

It was a fortunate thing for England and for Mr. Cohen-Portheim that he happened to be painting in England on August 4, 1914. He was interned; and lived to write this book, for which he was foreordained by ancestry, birth, breeding, and education. His family is of Spanish-Jewish origin. As a child he had French and English governesses and attended a polyglot school at Geneva; he is a truly civilized citizen of the world, at home anywhere and in most languages of Europe. He himself says his books are an "attempt to destroy prejudices people cherish about each other, not by polemic, but simply by showing things as they really are, or at least as I see them. I live between Paris, London, Berlin, and Vienna and go to Italy and Spain very frequently and like them all."

This book has been received with applause by English critics; it is the most favorable and sympathetic work on the British temperament written by a foreigner. But its praise is highly intelligent; like a truly great critic, he loves what he chooses to describe; his interpretations are founded on ardent affection.

He begins by discussing the climate, the countryside isolation, and emphasizes properly the word *park*, because that is more characteristic of English scenery and English life than of any

other country. The all-pervading effect of the sea on the dim, misty landscapes and on the character of English boys; the illogical British mind, with its love of facts and disregard of theory, so absolutely contrary to the Russian. The only question an Englishman puts to a new suggestion is *Will it work?* The Constitutional Monarchy, with the greatest individual freedom and with a king more firmly seated on the throne to-day than ever in the Middle Ages. The tremendous effect of sport on the English temperament—and how the English love of sport is making a conquest of the Continent and affecting a change in mental attitude.

The English love of solidity has been pointed out by many writers, and especially by Price Collier. They love everything that is solid and unpretentious. No one can read an English book or a newspaper without seeing the word "sound"; a sound wine, the sound defense of a tennis-player. It is the roast beef they love and not the sauces. They are suspicious of anything covered up.

Mr. Cohen-Portheim is impressed by the aristocratic temperament of English politics and society, where for so many years the gentleman has ruled. Social classes are distinct, which makes for contentment and perhaps for more stability all around, though of course he is forced to admit that the future may be very different from the past. I am afraid that what he says of the Lady is truer of the nineteenth century than of the twentieth.

The conception which England has developed of the Lady (a quite untranslatable word) is absolutely determined by mediæval notions. The conception is a very important one, because the Englishman's whole ideal of womanhood and his attitude to women altogether have been affected by it. The Lady stands on the pedestal on to which the Troubadours lifted her. . . . She is an ideal; in other words, she does not exist and probably never did; she is in any case unfit for life and,

if she did exist, would drive any man to distraction in five minutes; yet she has remained the English ideal woman. English art has created no figure of the type of Manon Lescaut, Carmen or Marguerite Gauthier; instead it has produced Rossetti's Blessed Damozel, Thackeray's Amelia and Shakespear's Cordelia.

Yes, but Shakespeare also created Doll Tearsheet, who was real, in refreshing contrast to the sentimental specimen of our contemporary novels. Defoe and Fielding knew their business also. Although Mr. Cohen-Portheim makes many excellent remarks about English literature, he is not always so accurate there as he is when on more familiar ground.

As to the gentleman and the lady ruling politics and society, we must somewhat offset his remarks by the late Harold Begbie's books, where it is written that if England does share the fate of ancient empires, it will be because the ruling social class has not seriously lived up to its responsibilities, but is composed of grown-up children looking for amusement; and by the depressing picture of aristocratic English society given by V. Sackville-West in "The Edwardians," where the ladies and gentlemen are shown as not only unfit to govern but unfit to live.

The exact antithesis to English ideas in government and in social life and behavior is found to-day in Soviet Russia. No wonder the Russian Communists hate England worse than they hate any other country; they would destroy England, all England's cathedrals, all the English countryside, all English ideals and manners without a qualm. There can be no compromise between the Russian and the English way of life; and there need not be, so long as they let each other alone. "English ideals for the future lie far more in the direction of anarchy than of communism."

If equality meant levelling up, it

would be well; but true equality invariably means levelling down, and is therefore fatal to two good things, liberty and development. Equality is the death of opportunity; whereas liberty, with all its drawbacks, never extinguishes the flame of hope.

The English country gentleman, his house and the way he lives constitute, at their best, the highest achievement of English civilization, the finest flower of aristocratic culture certainly, perhaps of the whole culture of the white races. In order that the minority may have such a good time, the majority has to have a distinctly less good one, and the aristocracy is the privileged minority of the English people . . . but leaves open to everybody the possibility, and consequently the hope, of rising to that privileged class.

He states that England has conquered the world in the ideal of masculine and feminine beauty; all other nations try to look like the English. I think this is largely owing to the popularity of tennis, football, and other forms of sport. A man playing in a tennis tournament wearing a full black beard would look absurd; and a woman's speed depends partly on having a panatella shape. All this has come about within twenty-five years.

The English model has become supreme everywhere, and everywhere, consciously or unconsciously, people are striving to copy it. . . . From England came the type of the slim clean-shaven athletic young man, to which even the old gentlemen there go on conforming.

The clean-shaven type is really American; the beard and the mustache lingered longer in England. The Arrow-collar young man, the magazine-cover type has conquered Europe. And how Stephen Leacock hates this beardless face!

What has become of the lover with the *belle barbe*, or even the *moustache soyeuse* whom we meet in Maupassant, Bourget, and Marcel Prévost, or the typical young German officer or barrister, stiff and bristly-moustached? The young men in all countries, except in remote

backward districts, all look exactly alike—like Englishmen, that is—and the women do not look very different. As late as the last generation the continental comic papers were full of the Englishwoman without bust or hips, who wore severe clothes hardly distinguishable from her husband's and walked with a firm step instead of tripping along; today Woman's World knows but one desire, to be slim.

Our author observes that the English industrial cities all look exactly alike—Manchester, Birmingham, etc. There is no such difference as exists between Munich, Dresden, and Leipzig. But the English cathedral town is unique, and exists only in England. "England gets her living from the Birminghams, but the Canterburies have her heart."

What he says of Oxford and Cambridge should interest every intelligent American.

The chief thing an Englishman demands of people in leading positions is that they should be gentlemen, not that they should have specialized knowledge . . . the gentleman is a specialist in the art of ruling, which is the aim and object of the young Englishman of the upper class. . . . They are not so much places of instruction as training-grounds. . . . The valuing of personality above knowledge is a fundamental thing in the English character; an Englishman does not want to know what a candidate for the job has been taught, but what sort of a person he is—the opposite extreme from the usual German attitude.

What he says of the sentimentality in songs and films is penetrating.

The sentimental song is always the most successful one, and the American film, which represents the zenith of sentimentality, is first favourite all over the world. . . . Fear of "cheap" sentiment is simply fear of giving way to the feelings in people who are not inwardly sure of themselves, while sentimentality is a symptom of health and unsophisticated simplicity. . . . Sentimentality is much nearer to great art than critical intelligence is, because both are matters of feeling originating in the unconscious. There is an immense difference of quality, but none of kind, between Shakespeare's or Goethe's or Schiller's characters and those of popular sob-stuff. . . . Sob-stuff for the most part comes only from want of tact in

handling emotional material, a want of which the masses are not conscious.

Later on he returns to the social question, and the domination of England.

Today social life is English, as in the eighteenth century it was French; . . . the whole of Europe has afternoon tea as a matter of course; one dresses for dinner as a matter of course, as one has one's bath in the morning . . . in short, conducts his whole existence *à l'anglaise*. That is how things stand in Berlin, as in Rome, Paris or Buenos Aires; it is the triumph of England all along the line. . . . The English ideal, which is a mixture of comfort, smartness, sport and open-air life, is the universal ideal today because it seems the most attainable one—is there a single reigning Royal Family that lives in any other way? It has ousted all other, killing the French ideal of the *salon* and the *boudoir* and *esprit* in France, the German ideal of the officer and the ideal of the Bohemian artist.

In one respect he seems to be mistaken. Speaking of the grandeur and luxuries of modern hotels with their private baths, etc., he says all this was invented in England; that on the Continent they are "English importations adapted to English habits and made their way through the efforts of English visitors." If the Continent had waited for its sanitary plumbing, its private bathrooms, and its luxuries in hotels for the English, it would be waiting still; and so would England, where they did not originate. It was the U. S. A., the most comfortable country on earth, which brought all these things into both Great Britain and the Continent. The American traveller expects to be warm indoors even in winter; he expects to go to bed in the night whether on a train or on a steamer; he expects to have plenty of hot water at any moment. One reason why the English drink so much tea is because it is the only form of central heating that they understand.

In literature his taste is sound; he admires immensely Browning, Hardy, Meredith; he sees the difference between

the Kipling and the Sitwell ideal; he knows that in poetry the English are always wealthy, or as he finely expresses it, "English poetry seems to enjoy an everlasting summer." It is therefore rather surprising that he makes the slip, "Ireland has given Great Britain many of her greatest poets and writers," for while this is true of writers, it is not true of poets; no one can name a single poet of the first class that Ireland has contributed to English literature—I mean a poet who ranks with Keats or Wordsworth.

Finally, our author's hope that the English ideal may not be lost is also his hope for the world and for everything that makes for civilization. Early in the book he says:

This England and the English of today, the figure they cut in the world, their lives, ideas and activities, are of the greatest possible consequence for the whole human race.

And at the end:

In short, the English ideal is considered old-fashioned and out of date. It may be that its day is over, but I do not think so: other countries have often in the past apparently left England behind by a sudden jump forward, but a little time showed that this development by jerks had no permanence, and there was England, which had been plodding steadily on, ahead once more!

One thing is certain: the British Empire will last just as long as its spiritual basis remains a living and effective force and no longer; but the end of it will also be the end of the worldwide rule of the White Man.

This continuance of British ideas and ideals depends of course not on Britain's enemies, but on the British themselves. Mr. Cohen-Portheim speaks of the high morality of Oxford and Cambridge students; but compare that with Miss Lehmann's "Dusty Answer," where exactly the contrary is stated. Is it to be Kipling or Aldous Huxley? Tennyson or James Joyce? Dickens or Norman Douglas? Perhaps even the English will not real-

ize the greatness of their country until they have lost it; as a man does not realize the happiness of health until he has lost it. If the social aristocracy live up to their responsibilities, there will be little to fear. Thus, all the English people should read this book. For the English, who are only amused by denunciation, and attack and hate, will listen attentively to judicious praise. And every American should read this book and think about it, because the basis of our civilization—our stability—is the same as England's.

Among the new biographies, one of the best and most entertaining is "Schopenhauer—Pessimist and Pagan," by V. J. McGill. The enormous and ever-widening influence of Schopenhauer comes not from his thought, but from his style; he was one of the greatest writers of all time. Germany, so great in music and in lyric poetry, has produced few masters of prose—Goethe, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche are the best; whereas France has more expert *prosa-teurs* in her history than any other nation. The Molière joke was nearer the truth than the poor fathead thought. Schopenhauer wrote his one great book between the ages of twenty-six and of thirty; and he is the best writer among all philosophers with the one exception of Plato. His style has a grace, a flexibility, a charm rare indeed in German. He has wit, humor, audacity, and all the gifts of a mind at once profound and alert. But if you look in histories of philosophy, or indeed in the Encyclopædia Britannica, to see the comparative space allotted to Schopenhauer and to the man he detested above all others living or dead, Hegel, you will see what the authorities really think. Schopenhauer is amusing too, because it is difficult to find any other great writer so utterly and wholly selfish, so conceited, so petty, and

so mean. It is remarkable, after reading his most exalted passages, where he urges us to live the life of noble and ascetic renunciation, to remember what he was. Yet how magnificent his genius! and how profound his insight into literature, music, and art!

By the way, the frontispiece-portrait of this volume, new to me, is as brilliant as the philosopher's own style. It is well called "Schopenhauer Triumphant."

P. C. Wren
Has done it again!

Major Percival Christopher Wren, my favorite story-teller since Dumas, author of "Beau Geste" and other romantic delights, has written another marvel in "Sowing Glory," describing the adventures of a woman-soldier in the French Foreign Legion. It professes to be a true narrative; do you really believe it? For my part, I don't care whether it is true or not. I want him to begin at once on the necessary sequel to it, and when he has that off his hands, to write for me the sequel to "Soldiers of Misfortune." I can never have too long a book or too many books from Percival Christopher Wren.

Pearl S. Buck's "The Good Earth" is a simple and majestic novel, reminding one of Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil." Its style is almost Biblical in its straightforward advance. The book will flatter many old men, yet women seem also to admire it. Every novel I read of a foreign country written by one who lives there makes me more content than ever to live in the United States of America. (Pearl S. Buck should use her Chinese name.)

Next to the biography of Napoleon, I like Ludwig's "Schliemann" best of all his books. When I was a boy in the High School at Hartford, I remember our great teacher, Winfred R. Martin, who invariably talked over our heads, thus

giving us an idea of a world of thought and scholarship which lay beyond our horizon, but which beckoned—I remember his asking one of us Morons “Do you know what is going on in Mycenæ?” and the boy did not know or care. Mr. Martin said with emphasis “Doctor Schliemann is digging there.” This was greeted, I regret to say, with some merriment, as if we had said, “Who the — is Doctor Schliemann?” But he proceeded to tell us; and in me he aroused such curiosity that I read “Troja.” Few men have led a more romantic life than Schliemann, and as is natural, Mr. Ludwig makes the most of it. I wish I understood Schliemann’s method of acquiring a foreign language.

Dornford Yates’s “Adele and Co.” is bewitching—one of the most diverting tales I have read in some time. It is a combination of mystery and mirth, horror and humor.

Harry Leon Wilson’s “Two Black Sheep” is inferior as a novel to his “Lone Tree,” but it is emphatically worth reading for its unashamed merriment, and for its American language.

Professor Joseph J. Reilly, in addition to his admirable selections from Cardinal Newman, called “The Fine Gold of Newman,” has made an excellent anthology, called “Masters of Nineteenth Century Prose,” from Wordsworth and Coleridge to Pater and Stevenson. A useful book for college courses and for reading clubs.

Lytton Strachey’s “Portraits in Miniature” is a volume of reprinted book-reviews and essays from periodicals. They are very brief and equally entertaining. This distinguished caricaturist with the pen has fittingly dedicated the work to the distinguished caricaturist with the pencil—and everybody knows who that is.

The Harvard University Press deserves credit for giving a facsimile of one

of the most mysterious works in all literature, the First Quarto of “Hamlet,” published in 1603, of which only two copies are known.

To leap from Pegasus to the bucking bronco, let me recommend “Sun Up, Tales of the Cow Camps,” by the irrepressible and inspiring Will James. The frequent illustrations are beguiling; I should think it would be easier to run a one-hundred-yard dash on a tight rope than to stick on the back of one of those convex ponies. To me indeed there are no gentle horses, as there are no elementary mathematics.

“Everyman’s Encyclopædia,” in twelve volumes, is really a marvel of book-making. As Marlowe remarked, “Infinite riches in a little room.” About eight hundred pages in each compartment. A handy set. What a fine Christmas present to almost any one!

I am glad that the Englishman W. W. Jacobs, the Beloved Shipman, has collected fifty-eight of the best of his short stories in one convenient volume of about seven hundred pages (illustrated), called “Snug Harbour,” for an Omnibus Jacobs is a very good thing to have.

And I am also glad that the beloved American Joe Lincoln has capecodified some of his tales in one yeasty tome, “All Alongshore,” which is a silo of mirth.

Ernest Weekley, who knows more about words than any other man except H. W. Fowler, has produced a dainty *mignon* of ninety-four pages, called “Cruelty to Words; or, First Aid for the Best-Seller,” which will convict many popular writers of sin.

Three good books reissued cheaply are “Fear” by Oliver, “A Preface to Morals,” by Lippmann, and “Your Money’s Worth,” by Chase and Schlink.

Readers of this column may remember the Conversation Club of Augusta,

Ga. One of its most valuable members was J. T. McCall of Montreal, who died on the first of July, 1931. I mention him here "for the strengthening of hearts." He was cheerful, calm, considerate; one would not have guessed that he had ever suffered. A friend, sending me the column notice in the Montreal newspaper, adds:

The clipping relates his achievements in business and other walks of life, to my mind his greatest achievement was the magnificent spirit he showed in the face of almost unparalleled misfortune . . . then he lost a son in the war. A short time after the war his eldest son was drowned in a canoeing accident after serving throughout the war. A few years later he nearly lost his youngest son with typhoid and a year after marriage his third son contracted T. B. and is now at a sanatorium. Yet Mr. McCall bore it all without the slightest trace of bitterness. Instead it made him most wonderfully sympathetic and kind to others when they were in trouble. For several years now he had practically retired from business to give his services free as the treasurer of the Montreal General Hospital. He was the very finest type of the successful business man.

In a recent number, I spoke of certain contemporary poets as English, whereupon I received the following charming letter with a woman's postscript:

I nearly got mad at you. Poets of England! William Butler Yeats, A.E., Padraic Colum, James Stephens. Didn't they teach you any geography at Yale?

Sincerely,
MARY GILSEMAN.

P. S. But then I might have been mad if you had left them out.

H. C. Force, of Seattle, Wash., sends interesting information on the Seattle Repertory Playhouse. It is the third season, and the first year in their own theatre. They have about 1,500 subscribers at five dollars a year, which gives them a guaranty fund. The remarkable thing of the 1931 season is the popularity of "Peer Gynt." It has been played for over three months to capacity houses from

the start; more than 12,000 people have seen it, and applications for seats have come from every town on the Pacific coast.

Pailleron's perennially diverting comedy, "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," celebrated this year its fiftieth anniversary, it having first appeared in 1881. The Parisian newspapers and critics paid well-deserved tributes. This charming play has been translated into many languages. (I heard it in Swedish at Stockholm.) It has the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, for affectation and bores are always with us.

My colleague, Professor George H. Nettleton, writes of the anniversary performance:

I went to the gala performance at the *Comédie*, a memorable and highly zestful evening. Upstairs they had on exhibition, from Madame Pailleron's collection and elsewhere, of memorabilia of all sorts, from pictures of the individuals in the earliest cast and cartoons of them as they soon became widely celebrated in their different rôles, to newspaper reviews and letters to and from Pailleron during the days when people buzzed with curiosity as to what individuals, if any, were specifically hit by Pailleron's satire of the society and literature of the times. The *Comédie Française* was at its best that night, for the play was admirably cast and every one, actors and audience alike, entered into the spirit of the occasion with the most contagious jollity. In these days when the world is blue as indigo over stock market depressions it's reassuring to be reminded what store the French set by the enduring values of literary and dramatic art. Of course, one has to admit that many a man now-a-days no longer has the means to buy theatre tickets, even at the modest French prices, but with every *strapontin* and nook of the *Théâtre Français* filled full for such a gala performance, and everybody crowding in the entr'actes to see the theatrical memorabilia on exhibition in the lobbies, the *Théâtre* triumphed over the *Bourse*.

From James Keddie, of Boston:

While I am "at it," as they say in Scotland, may I make a comment on a suggestion made

in "As I Like It"? Some time ago you were suggesting the use of "amn't I?" instead of "aren't I?" Did you know that "amn't I?" has been in use in Edinburgh these many years? And here's a curious thing: When an answer expected is "no," the question becomes a double negative. "I am not a member of your staff, amn't I not?"

From Mary Goyer, of Belfast, Ireland:

Your correspondent mentioning "thon" does not say anything very instructive about it. It is used here a great deal.

An old man heartbroken over the untimely death of a young one might use that expression but it would be "thon fella" not feller which I think comes from the States.

From Doctor Herbert Clarke, of Syracuse, N. Y.:

... current offense—confusing the two verbs, *flout* and *flaunt*. Perhaps you will say that only ignorant persons do this. But in last week's "Literary Digest" a professor in Chicago University, Wm. E. Dodd, is quoted as saying, "This is an invitation—to *flaunt* the law." Evidently what he means is *flout*.

From Doctor E. H. Jenkins, of the Conn. Agricultural Station, New Haven:

Referring to the note on *Torshend* in the JUNE SCRIBNER, Miss Susan Ward, a sister of Reverend William Hayes Ward, who was once a teacher on Cape Cod found the word *Torshon* in use there. My old house on the Cape was near the reservation of the Marshpee Indians. A woman, descendant of a Hessian soldier and a pure Indian, served as cook and for general housework in our family. She often called a little child in the family, of whom she was very fond, "My dear little Torshon."

From Professor Willem Harmans, of Arrillaga College of Music, San Francisco:

Those who, on your recommendation, have bought Mr. H. W. Fowler's "Modern English Usage" will doubtless be very grateful to you. . . .

Under "Kale," for example, it is mentioned that the corresponding Southern English word is "borecole." But "borecole" is nothing else than the anglicised Dutch word "boeren-

kool," which means "peasant's cabbage." To this the German equivalent is "Braunkohl" which makes not much sense unless one comes to the conclusion that this is merely a corrupted form of "Bauernkohl."

Furthermore I would like to draw your attention to the word "galimatias" which I find classed among the French words. Concerning this the author is at all events in excellent company, for even the voluminous Oxford Dictionary, not to mention other works of reference, considers this word as being French, without, however, committing itself on the subject of etymology. Now, as you may know, the Germans prefer to spell this word "Gallimathias," and as regards its origin I am giving you (in a literal translation) the opinion offered by Doctor Rudolf Kleinpaul in his book "Das Fremdwort im Deutschen" (Leipzig, G. J. Göschen), where he relates the following anecdote: A lawyer, who had to defend a man accused of having stolen a rooster, is alleged continually to have blundered in his Latin speech by saying now "Gallus Matthiax" and then again "Galli Matthias," whence the probable origin of this mysterious expression. Doesn't that sound plausible?

From D. W. May, of Benton City, Mo.:

In the March SCRIBNER, W. H. Sage, Jr., of Schuyler, Virginia, in the expression "Toby struck" brings to mind vividly those old mugs that carried the face of a very ugly old man. Perhaps the word "mug" for an ugly face had the same origin.

In Virginia, in the eddies where the stream of life has hurried past, more obsolete words are still in good usage than in any other section. There the word "female" is applied without derision. I recall one day in The Office of Experiment Stations, Washington, some fruit was passed about which the old char woman, a Virginian, declined with "Don't disfigure yourself for me Mr. Beal."

Thurman McRae, aged eighteen, of El Paso, Texas, a town I have always wanted to see, has just finished reading in that locality the entire "Faery Queene," and is admitted to full membership in the F.Q. Club, and "yet there is room."

During the past summer the FANO CLUB has flourished abundantly. New members are Josephine E. Buchanan,

Vassar '31, Beatrice Chinnock, Vassar '31, Betty Jean Buchanan, of Appleton, Wis., Maria P. Biffami, of Casa Guidi, Florence, all of whom joined July 20; Victor H. Sutro, Yale '28, who joined June 29; Philip A. Brégy, Carolina H. Brégy, their son Lawrence M. Brégy, all of Philadelphia, who joined on July 31; and "yet there is room."

When this issue appears, the Metro-

politan Opera House will be about to begin its annual sessions of delight; of which I naturally enjoy Wagner the most. In comparison with Wagner, most previous Grand Operas are really Comic Operas.

I saw a new book advertised called "Colossal Blunders of the War." I wonder if it mentions the most obvious and most colossal blunder?

Names of books mentioned in this article, with the publishers.

"England the Unknown Isle," by Paul Cohen-Portheim. Dutton. \$3.

"Schopenhauer—Pessimist and Pagan," by V. J. McGill. Brentanos. \$4.

"Sowing Glory," by P. C. Wren. Stokes. \$2.

"The Good Earth," by Pearl S. Buck. John Day. \$2.50.

"Schliemann," by E. Ludwig. Little, Brown. \$3.50.

"Adele and Co.," by Dornford Yates. Minton, Balch. \$2.

"Two Black Sheep," by H. L. Wilson. Cosmopolitan. \$2.

"Masters of Nineteenth Century Prose," ed. J. J. Reilly. Ginn. \$2.

"Portraits in Miniature," by L. Strachey. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

"First Quarto of Hamlet." Harvard Univ. \$4.

"Sun Up," by Will James. Scribners. \$2.50.

"Snug Harbour," by W. W. Jacobs. Scribners. \$2.50.

"All Alongshore," by Joseph Lincoln. Coward, McCann. \$2.50.

"Everyman's Encyclopædia." Twelve volumes. The set, \$30.

"Cruelty to Words," by E. Weekley. Dutton. \$1.

"A Preface to Morals," by Lippmann. Macmillan. \$1.

"Fear," by J. R. Oliver. Macmillan. \$1.

"Your Money's Worth," by Chase and Schlink. Macmillan. \$1.

But to the Lover, Beauty

By ROBERT NATHAN

BUT to the lover, beauty is his love,
His heart's dear mistress ever at his side;
She is the blue bright wind of heaven above,
The light of evening on the valleys wide,
She is the sea, she is the swifter tide
Of narrower waters, and the forest green;
In all his courses, beauty is his guide,
She goes before him, she is heard and seen,
And has a body. Let the lover tell
Whose voice he hears in music's sweetest part;
He knows the face of beauty, knows it well,
She is his friend, the treasure of his heart,
Which on the earth like benediction pours
A light he loves, a spirit he adores.