

AS I LIKE IT

By William Lyon Phelps

Swift's Letters and *Gulliver's Travels* . . .
Dean Inge, Autobiographer . . . The Nov-
els of Pearl Buck and James Hilton . . .
Notes on Courage, New Words, Enduring
Authors

To students and lovers of English literature a discovery of the first importance has just appeared in a volume of about 250 pages called *The Letters of Jonathan Swift to Charles Ford*, edited by David Nichol Smith, Merton Professor of English Literature in the University of Oxford. "Their intimacy has always been known, but how intimate they were is only now revealed by a series of fifty-one letters by Swift, the existence of which none of his editors or biographers would seem to have suspected."

Swift was devoted to Ford, fully trusted him, and these letters reveal their affectionate intimacy; Swift for once took little care of his style, wrote informally, so that we see him more naturally than almost anywhere else except in the *Journal to Stella*. These letters, the first of which was written Nov. 12, 1708, and the last June 22, 1736, are taken up mainly with small details; but most fortunately they also contain new information on one of the greatest books ever written, *Gulliver's Travels*. A number of letters from Ford are included, and the editor says, "Swift and Ford must have written to each other well over a hundred letters, and of these we have sixty-nine." The last portion of the volume contains poems by Swift and by Ford printed from the original manuscripts, letters to Ford from Gay, Pope, Parnell, Bolingbroke, and the Duchess of Ormond. There is a good index.

Professor Smith's introduction of forty-seven pages is admirable, and the book is well-shod with footnotes. I regard this as one of the most important

additions to literary history that have appeared in the twentieth century.

Gulliver's Travels was published in October, 1726, became immediately the talk of the town, and has been a best-seller for more than two hundred years; but the date of its composition has been in doubt, many having believed it was written before 1720. These letters prove Swift was working at it in 1721, and that it was finished in 1725, when he began his transcription.

The most important fact, hitherto unknown, that we learn from these letters is that the fourth book of *Gulliver*, containing the Houyhnhnms, was written before the third book. On Jan. 19, 1724, he wrote, "I have left the Country of Horses, and am in the flying Island, where I shall not stay long, and my two last Journyes will be soon over."

On Aug. 14, 1725, he wrote, "I have finished my Travells, and I am now transcribing them; they are admirable Things, and will wonderfully mend the World."

The account of the manuscript (in another hand) being secretly left at the printer's is one of the most thrilling anecdotes in literary history. Ford's interleaved copy of the first edition, with his corrections, is described in these letters. It is an interesting fact that they appear exactly two hundred years after the first authentic edition of *Gulliver*, published by Faulkner in 1735.

This book strengthens the well-known description by Addison of Swift—"the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age."

Dean Inge's *Vale* is purely English in its combination of dignity and humor. I suppose the English best know how to combine profound learning, unassuming austerity, sincere reverence, with irresistible humor. I have immense respect for the quality of the Dean's mind—and his observations on human nature often make me laugh aloud. Never was there a more infelicitous nickname than the *gloomy* Dean. Perhaps it came from his candor in facing disagreeable facts. He has struck an exact balance between Stoicism and Christianity; his stoicism is mellowed by Christian faith and his faith is toughened by stoicism. He reminds me in his old age of Matthew Arnold's line: "His soul well knit, and all his battles won." There is not the slightest sign of what he thinks may be in store for him. He resigns from the Deanship because "it is far wiser to retire before the inevitable decline of one's powers becomes manifest to the outside world."

He will not respect anything or anybody unless he believes they deserve it.

The sacred character of the monarchy was not easy to believe in when the king was not a picturesque Stuart, but the absurd William IV, with a head like a pine-apple. . . . The Great War has made the world permanently *unsafe* for democracy. None of our institutions, certainly not the Church, has lost in prestige anything like so much as the House of Commons. In the few countries where popular government still survives, the elected governors are either despised or hated, or both. . . .

Habit soon becomes second nature—and, for that matter, nature is only first habit. By the time he is a bishop, it is no effort to him to be dignified, fatherly, and cautious. By the time he is a judge, he looks, even in his bath, as wise as a stuffed owl. By the time he is a

cabinet minister, he looks as if he had been born in a frock-coat.

Humbly I thought I had invented that last remark. I said of a distinguished and very able lawyer, that he had been born in a cutaway coat.

I do not covet Dean Inge's position, his influence, or his fame. I covet his education, his brains, and his serene calm. For in some astounding fashion, by a secret beyond my powers of conjecture, he has overcome the world. He has overcome the world not by withdrawing from it—for he is not an ascetic—but by remaining in the center of mundane activities. Those who wish to have their courage strengthened will find this a heartening, cheerful book—all the more so because of its recognition of difficulties.

Finally I wonder what was in the Dean's mind when he wrote the following sentence on the third page.

I cannot understand how any one can wish to write an autobiography, unless, indeed, he wants to leave a flattering and by no means honest self-portrait.

He proceeds to write one of the best autobiographies I ever read. Every page is autobiographical both in external happenings and in inner revelation. Only he says more in 127 pages than most autobiographers say in a thousand.

A House Divided, by Pearl S. Buck, is a magnificent conclusion to the trilogy, of which the first two novels were *The Good Earth* and *Sons*. I have never read more purely objective fiction. This was what most impressed me when I first read *The Good Earth*. I am certain that if that novel had been published anonymously, no reader would have known whether the author were a man or a woman, a Christian or an atheist, a pacifist or a militarist, an optimist or a pessimist, a conservative or a radical. The story is as impersonal as the outdoor nature it describes. It is elemental rather than elementary. The chief character is the Earth; yet the human beings who struggle with titanic and at times irresistible forces are astonishingly real.

Sons, the author's favorite among all her novels, could not possibly have made the sensation in the literary world caused by its predecessor; for the shock of surprise could not be repeated; it could merely have the effect of a strong

army bringing up reinforcements. It is, I think, fully as fine a work and justified our faith in the author. When *The Good Earth* appeared we knew that an hitherto unheard of writer, coming from an unsuspected quarter in the Far East, where no one was looking for literary masterpieces, had immediately taken her place in the front rank of living novelists.

Sons, if such a thing be possible, is even more Chinese than *The Good Earth* or *A House Divided*; it is a revelation of the Chinese people and of the way they look at, receive, and accept vicissitudes; its intensely human quality as distinguished from its national quality, is perhaps its greatest triumph.

The hero of *A House Divided* is, quite naturally, a young man of disposition and tastes and temperament opposite to those of his warlike father. Over-emphasis begets revolution in the family as well as in communities. There are usually reasons why the duckling seems ugly, why the younger generation so often seems incomprehensible. He is perhaps the most sympathetic character Mrs. Buck has ever created; and one of the most interesting features of this third book is the sojourn in America, the contact of Eastern and Western civilization; and it seems to me that the portrayal of American college life and the American family is eminently fair.

This trilogy is a masterpiece; and while it was in course of publication, between the second and third parts came Mrs. Buck's novel *The Mother*, where an individual represented the type better than I have ever seen it done in sculpture. That book also is filled with striking incidents. I shall never forget the bell of the blind girl which I missed almost as much as the family did.

To those who wish to read novels that combine an admirable literary style, exciting incident, and dependable historical information, let me recommend the stories of our accomplished American writer, Honoré Morrow. Her latest book, *Yonder Sails the Mayflower*, is a fine illustration. We learn facts that I am sure many well-informed people did not know. And we have a ripping story, with living characters. The painstaking research on which this

tale is founded has not in the least diminished its value as a novel. The subject will interest every American and the treatment will interest everybody.

Now in November by Josephine Johnston, shows such a command of style, such an autumnal beauty of tone, that I hope the author will write a novel with more substance. The characters here are wraiths and the suicide unconvincing. Reading the book is like listening to a Chopin nocturne.

Two more books by Alan Villiers, now Captain of the *Joseph Conrad*, will be eagerly read; *Whalers of the Midnight Sun* is primarily intended for young readers, but all persons are young while reading tales of the sea; and *Last of the Wind Ships* is filled with beautiful pictures. I suppose Captain Villiers is doing more than any other living man to keep alive the romance of the ocean. Curiously enough, after rounding Cape Horn safely seven or eight times, he was shipwrecked in New York harbor.

One of my favorite British novelists is Helen Ashton, and I confidently recommend her latest story, *Hornet's Nest*. The modern hero is the surgeon, who takes the place held by the knight in the Middle Ages, by the Medicine Man among the Indians, by the clergyman in colonial New England. In shining white armor he fights Public Enemy Number One, and his skill in combat has developed so amazingly in recent years, it is no wonder that he receives (except from Bernard Shaw) universal reverence. Helen Ashton is either the daughter of a physician or has been assistant in a hospital; she writes out of fullness of knowledge. Furthermore her view of life seems to come from sympathy and understanding. She is deeply wise. The characters in this book are alive. She is able to command the undivided attention of the reader without the slightest touch of sensationalism.

It is unfortunate that A. G. Macdonell wrote his latest book, *How Like an Angel*. I read his *England Their England* with such delight I thought he could not write badly if he tried. I still recommend that book as one of the best for reading aloud; it is packed with humor and shrewd insight. But *How*

Like an Angel is painful in its desperate struggle to be tremendously funny. Its ineptitude is depressing.

Norman Archibald's *Heaven High, Hell Deep* is "another book about the war" but differs from the majority in being continuously interesting. Every one who begins it will finish it. It is a straightforward account of experiences in the air. There is no sentimental nonsense and no disillusion. He tells us what he saw and how he felt. The fact that this is the first book he ever wrote adds, I think, to its sincerity. There are no literary devices; it is like informal talk or like a letter home to a member of the family. Furthermore, there are no superfluous chapters. Every page carries the reader along.

It is interesting that this book in prose should have appeared almost simultaneously with Leighton Brewer's *Riders of the Sky*, a narrative poem describing the author's war adventures in the air service. The two books are unlike in style, but very similar in their objective sincerity. They should be read as a continued story.

I regard Percival Christopher Wren as the nearest to Dumas of all living writers of romance. *Beau Geste* was a masterpiece. I have read all his books with intense interest; the latest is certainly one of his best—*Sinbad the Soldier*. I do not need to say that it is filled with thrilling adventures; we take that for granted. But its chief character is an astonishing person whom I shall not forget. I cannot help asking two questions—How did the author learn the details about Mecca? and what has become of Sinbad's delightful friend and companion who lent such charm to the first quarter of the book? I hope we shall have another story about him.

Good detective stories are *Legacy of Death*, by R. A. J. Walling; *The Wooden Indian*, by Carolyn Wells; *The Clew of the Forgotten Murder*, by C. Kendrick; *Crime at Christmas*, by C. H. B. Kitchin. And just as I had come to believe that Oppenheim could not write indifferently, I read *The Spy Paramount* and found it dull.

Miss May Harris, of Thornfield, Ala., writes me an interesting letter about Henry James, which contains much penetrating literary criticism.

I was much interested to read in the last SCRIBNER'S, your appraisal of the manner, "early" and "late," of Henry James. It is very nearly time, is it not,—at the pace we go—for an adequate "perspective" of his work to arrive—a sort of spectroscopic view that may resolve the man and his work into such elements that he who runs may read!

To one outside reader—(outside the field of critical reviewing) no formula has ever been necessary to establish the spirit of good faith an author can radiate to a reader. I liked him because he interested me, and I began liking him in my early teens—when my taste was sufficiently unformed for his "quality" not to be apparent. And I began on certain of his books that I would now put far in the secondary scale in a list of his novels. They are the only ones of his novels I have never cared to read a second time—*The Bostonians*, *The American*, and *Princess Casamassima*. And yet, I believe, if I should, unbelievably, find them in a ship's library, I would let the "best sellers" remain on the shelves, and try these half-forgotten volumes instead!

As I said, he interested me in those early days, when I pursued this serial *The Bostonians* through some old bound volumes of—was it SCRIBNER'S?—on the shelves of my aunt's library; but I did not begin to admire him until a later day. Still, I wanted more, and found on other bookshelves, *Daisy Miller*, and *Roderick Hudson*, and that book which those who do not like him, always praise—*The Portrait of a Lady*. This excellent piece of work has, at least, of all James's books, never been "caviare to the general." It struck, one might say, the bull's eye of public appreciation for all time. It marked a high standard of intent and execution and balanced the question of *Daisy Miller* to the admiring world. It was sincere craftsmanship—but can we not imagine Mr. James, after "pulling it off" desiring, from the changing and circumflex circumstance of his observation of human life—behaviour, manners, sentiment—to mirror other phases, as an anatomist of the heart must, with the growing enrichment of his greater experience.

His *Portrait of a Lady* belongs in the cool, high gallery of a lost period. It is indeed a shining thing; but it is not more perfect to me than certain others. There is his portrait of Madame de Vionnet (as "lost" in her tragic fineness, her charm, as Willa Cather's masterpiece!) who, in a book that is so subtle, so profound a study, that all the characters might be "portraits"—even "Jim"—hangs like some French prototype, in her frailty, her charm, her unforgiven and unforgettable allure!

And is it possible to forget *The Golden Bowl* (where Mr. James in all his sounding of human nature went deepest!) in which two women—neither essentially cruel—fight out their bitter duel. . . . I read this particular book often (for to re-read great books of fiction is a delight to some of us) and I think it one of the greatest of those of the closing years of the Victorian age. When we put beside it *The Ambassadors* and *The Wings of the Dove* and—in less degree, perhaps, *The Awkward Age* and *The Spoils of Poynton* (and so many wonderful short stories!)—we have in our own right, as Americans, as strong a bid for literary immortality, as England has in *The Forsyte Saga*.

In response to her question "Is it possible to forget *The Golden Bowl*?" I can only say I have found it impossible to remember it. But I am quite willing to believe it is my fault, because

I read it only once. I think I will read it again. I firmly believe she is right in placing Henry James among the immortals; he was a man of genius and will never be forgotten. I am distressed to hear her say she has never cared to read again *The American*; and I will now make the following bargain. If she will promise to read again *The American* before the first of January, 1936, I will reread *The Golden Bowl* before that date. I can remember only four novels that are flawless works of art, impeccable, with no blemishes and no omissions. They are *The Scarlet Letter*, *Madame Bovary*, *Fathers and Children*, *The American*.

The number of novels that James Hilton, author of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* has written, is given variously as six, seven, and eight. He has produced thirteen, and in this order.

1. *Catherine Herself*. 1920.
2. *Storm Passage*. 1922.
3. *The Passionate Year*. 1924.
4. *The Dawn of Reckoning*. (American title, *Rage in Heaven*.) 1925.
5. *The Meadows of the Moon*. 1926.
6. *Terry*. 1927.
7. *The Silver Flame*. 1928.
8. *Murder at School*. 1931.
9. *Knight Without Armour*. (American title, *Without Armor*.) 1933.
10. *And Now Goodbye*. 1931.
11. *Contango*. (American title, *Ill Wind*.) 1932.
12. *Lost Horizon*. 1933.
13. *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. 1934.

The numbers refer to the order of writing, and the dates are those of publication in England. *Murder at School* appeared under a pseudonym, Glen Trevor. It is his only experiment in detective fiction.

Numbers 1, 2, 6, 7 have not appeared in America.

His first novel, *Catherine Herself* was written during the war when he was 17 or 18 years old. The author was twenty years old when it was published and thanks to George Matthew Adams, a collector of first editions, I am able to print an extract from a review that appeared in *Ladies Field*:

This very remarkable first novel, it would be equally remarkable if it were a last novel by a novelist in the first rank. The characters are illuminated from within, they are phosphorescent, giving out light instead of moving in a "lime focus." They are like radium in a dark room—If this heroine had been created, this novel written, by an author in the limelight, or a Russian, it might have been hailed as a masterpiece of human revelation and psychological realization.

Knight Without Armour was written in 1929, and published in 1933, and Mr. Hilton, who at my entreaty, furnished me with the above information as to dates of publication, believes that the novels that he feels are of any real consequence began with that. All information about him is of consequence, for he is in the front rank of living English novelists.

George Bushnell Martin of New Haven, Conn., writes me an interesting account of seeing and hearing Dickens.

I saw him and heard him read selections from his humorous and other stories at Hartford in 1867 or 68, having driven up from Middletown when a student at Wesleyan. He read from manuscript, standing on a platform in a large hall (in the afternoon), a large, wholesome looking man with graying hair and whiskers, a business suit, and perhaps a fancy vest across which from pocket to pocket dangled a large gold watch chain with a huge locket hanging in the center. I have never seen one like it, before or since. His voice was commonplace but English and distinct. I shall never forget my enthusiasm and the enthusiasm with which he was greeted by the crowded audience. I am now nearly 89 years of age and many years have passed since I listened to him. I shall never forget it, although memory clouds somewhat as we go on in this world of hopefulness and mystery.

A former pupil of mine, Norman B. Beecher of Clearwater, Fla., correctly believing that Courage is the rarest quality in public life, sends me the following interesting information.

... During the war, and again for some three years after it I was in the government service. A large part of my time was spent with various committees of both the House of Representatives and the Senate in looking after matters of proposed legislation. The greatest lack, it seemed to me, was courage. As one representative frankly said to me, "I know that I ought to vote for this bill, but I simply haven't the courage." He differed from many of the others only in his frankness.

One curious, but almost universal effect of lack of courage is unwillingness to act for fear the action taken may be wrong, even though it may be quite certain that inaction is wrong.

Fear of being thought a fool prevents many a worth while action. I have always tried to

ignore that fear, and take a chance where there is any possibility of success. Perhaps it was an experience as a young law clerk which started me in this direction. My employer had a case which was in a very parlous way. I suggested to him a certain course, which I admitted had but slight chance of success. "The judge will think you a fool," he said. I finally induced him to let me try. Some days later my employer came into the office and said, "You have won the case. I knew you were a fool. I had no idea the judge would be."

Thomas N. Crosby of Omaha, Neb., asks me a question I cannot answer with accuracy or assurance—"What authors of our times, in your opinion, will be known and read in (say) seventy-five or one hundred years from now?" Among living British writers I suggest Kipling, Barrie, Housman, Shaw—and I throw the field open now to my readers; they may select from any country, but I think nominations should be confined to those who are yet alive.

As I am not in the least afraid of coining new words, I am always glad to hear of similar undertakings on the part of my readers. David Stone Kelsey of Middletown, Conn., writes,

... you touch upon the cultured uses of such words as learned vs. LearnED, with sound sense. ... Mrs. Kelsey and I have for 20 years been referring to our three sons and two daughters—all college bred—as our *daughters*! Why isn't that better than three awkward words?

In every comeback too, the "returns" have been favorable. And you, I know, could make it a go! I dare you.

And you know the other blanks in our English: having parents for father and mother—we yet have no one word for brother and sister—*ad lib*. What say?

Some years ago I discussed the question of a word for Brother and Sister, but I am willing to reopen the subject.

THE FAERIE QUEENE CLUB

Edwin Duval, a Junior in the High School at Ventura, California, was so

impressed by the poetical contribution with which the Reverend Doctor Hooper R. Goodwin joined, that he immediately began to read the poem. He has now finished it, and enters with flags flying.

I am informed by Doctor Howard Lowry of the Oxford University Press that on the eve of the royal wedding in London, the B. B. C. broadcast throughout the country a reading of Spenser's *Epithalamion*. This should interest the Club.

My discussion of the hot-gospeller in Thornton Wilder's *Heaven's My Destination* drew the following interesting letter from Magnus Seton, now in New York.

Many years ago when I was a boy living at a boarding house in Tasmania, one of the guests was an American revivalist. This man went around with a rubber stamp imprinting on all loose papers "Jesus only mighty to Save." One day I noticed my laundry had all the shirt tails similarly marked. Other men the same. The landlady viewed this as a harmless eccentricity till she found the preacher had got access to the laundry and had stamped the starched lingerie of the women in like manner. Then the storm broke but the preacher replied God had directed him to this course "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

Some time ago, I was gratified to be informed that on an examination paper I was credited with the authorship of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*; and now Doctor Wm. Marshall Trench of Albany, N. Y., writes:

In the midst of reading final examination papers at the New York State College for Teachers, I've just run across the interesting and illuminating statement that Mary Lyon Phelps founded Mt. Holyoke. Does this admit me to some one or other of your numerous clubs?

It does: you are admitted without conditions to the FICTION STRANGER THAN TRUTH CLUB.

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE WITH NAMES OF AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

Those marked with an asterisk are recommended for reading clubs.

**The Letters of Jonathan Swift to Charles Ford*, ed. D. N. Smith. Oxford. \$6.

**Vale*, by Dean Inge. Longmans Green. \$2.

**A House Divided*, by Pearl S. Buck. John Day. \$2.50.

**Yonder Sails the Mayflower*, by Honoré Morrow. Morrow. \$2.50.

Now in November, by Josephine Johnston. Simon and Schuster. \$2.

Whalers of the Midnight Sun, by Alan Villiers. Scribners. \$2.

The Last of the Wind Ships, by Alan Villiers. Morrow. \$4.

**Hornet's Nest*, by Helen Ashton. Macmillan. \$2.50.

How Like an Angel, by A. G. Macdonell. Macmillan. \$2.

**Heaven High, Hell Deep*, by Norman Archibald. Boni. \$2.50.

**Riders of the Sky*, by Leighton Brewer. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

Sinbad the Soldier, by P. C. Wren. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

Legacy of Death, by R. A. J. Walling. Wm. Morrow. \$2.

The Wooden Indian, by Carolyn Wells. Lip-pincott. \$2.

The Clew of the Forgotten Murder, by C. Kendrake. Wm. Morrow. \$2.

Crime at Christmas, by C. H. B. Kitchin. Harcourt Brace. \$2.

The Spy Paramount, by E. P. Oppenheim. Little Brown. \$2.

The novels of James Hilton. Little Brown, Wm. Morrow. A. H. King, etc.

The novels of Henry James. Scribners.

Behind the Scenes

● About SCRIBNER Authors. . . . Comment on Erskine Caldwell's "Kneel to the Rising Sun" by Harry Hansen and other readers. . . . Answering "The Church Builds Battleships" and other February articles.

THE novel which brought William Faulkner his first recognition in this country, *Sanctuary*, was written in three weeks. Then his publishers wouldn't print it, so while working in a power plant, on a night shift, he wrote *As I Lay Dying* with a wheelbarrow for a table, and finished it in six weeks. One gathers that the interest in this book, both here and in England, gave his publishers courage, for *Sanctuary* appeared soon after. A new book, *Pylon*, comes out this month. A great many of his short stories have first appeared in SCRIBNER's.

John Cowper Powys is an Englishman who has lived in this country for thirty years, and seen more of it than most Americans ever do. He has travelled it back and forth and up and down as a lecturer for years, and yet unlike many other lecturers he has lived in it and felt it, as his article "Farewell to America" clearly shows. He is the author of many books of which *Wolf Solent* is perhaps the best known, and a new book *Art of Happiness* is coming out in April.

Major John W. Thomason, Jr. is in danger of becoming so well known as an author and artist that his other very real profession of soldiering is not given its due consideration. On the other hand, in almost everything Major Thomason writes it is more than evident that he is a thorough and widely read student of military history and in "The Case for the Soldier" this is especially true. What you cannot read between the lines is that he served through the war in the 5th Regiment Marines, 2nd U. S. Division; and in the occupation of the Coblenz bridgehead afterwards; also ashore in Cuba and Nicaragua and China; and at sea with the special-service squadron. He is the author of *Fix Bayonets* and *Jeb Stuart*.

Selma Robinson, whose book of poems is called *City Child*, is also one herself. She was born in New York City and still lives there. She went to the public schools and later did newspaper and publicity work for regular jobs while her poems and stories were

appearing in nationally known publications. She is Mrs. Howard Markel.

"For me the word 'pre-war' evokes always a memory of midsummer afternoons. A mimosa bush grew at the garden door of my parents' big sitting room in their country house. Brick steps, warm in the sunlight, led down from the wide shady room into the hot garden." It is a man with this memory of his childhood for background that Mr. Hearst is trying to run out of the country for his "communistic" utterings. The paragraph sounds more like the childhood reminiscences of a nostalgic White Russian. Yet it is probably a good deal because of this very sympathetic background that John Strachey's writings and lectures have reached a degree of popularity in this country which worries Mr. Hearst. In "Should I Be Deported?" Mr. Strachey explains his stand in a plea for free speech.

In June, 1916, in the midst of the war, W. Chapin Huntington was sent to Petrograd as Commercial Attaché of our Embassy. In 1917 he witnessed the March revolution and in the following November the Bolshevik revolution under Lenin. He lived there for a year longer and has never given up his interest in Soviet economic development and for the past ten years he has made it a major subject of study. His knowledge of the Russian language gives him access to Soviet newspapers and in a month in Russia recently he travelled three thousand miles, inspected factories and institutions and talked with people everywhere.

Stephen Bonsal's far-flung career as a newspaper writer and war correspondent began when he was twenty years old. He left his Goethe studies at Bonn, and became a correspondent for *The New York Herald* for which paper, within five years, he had covered Europe, Asia, and Africa. Much has he seen and known—"manners, climates, councils, governments." At a time which many people feel parallels closely the present political situation in France, Mr. Bonsal himself saw the rise and fall of "A Man on Horseback" and describes it here.

Even to list the achievements of Ida M. Tarbell would put a biographical note into the article class. So let it be said only that this woman, born on a pioneer farm seventy-six years ago has accomplished more in her lifetime, and in what are generally considered their fields, than most men, and still was not an advocate of woman's suffrage. She wrote the revolutionary *History of the Standard Oil Company* in 1904 which resulted in the breaking up of the Standard Oil Monopoly by the Supreme Court. She edited *McClure's* in its "muck-raking" days with Lincoln Steffens and S. S. McClure. She wrote a famous biography of Lincoln and another of Napoleon. But what she always wanted to be was a botanist. Instead she has written nearly every day of her life and still writes on a schedule in her apartment in New York.

Hamilton Basso was born and brought up in New Orleans, went to Tulane University and worked as a reporter on several newspapers. He lived a year in Aiken, where he gathered the ideas for his new book *In Their Own Image*. He is the author of a biography of General Beauregard and of a novel, *Cinnamon Seed*.

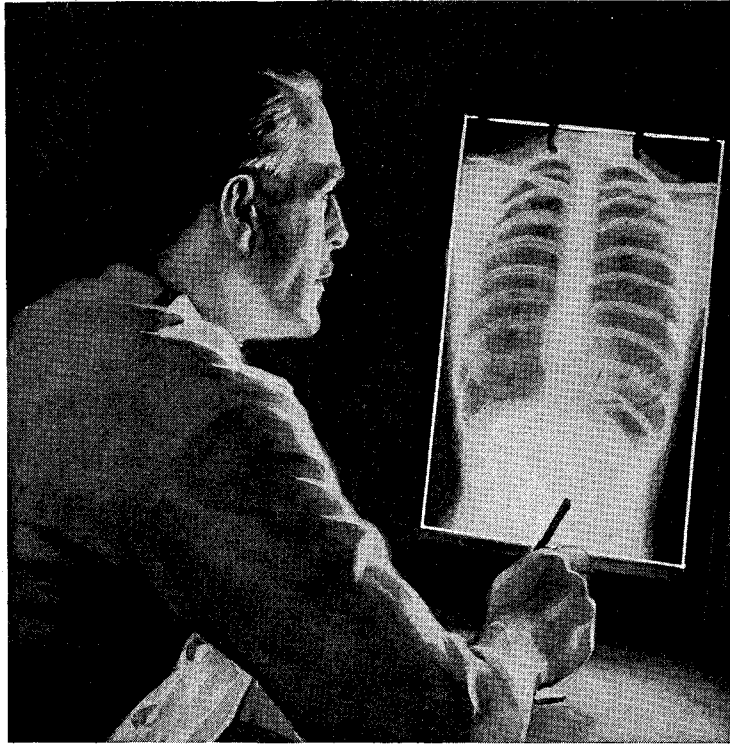
The author of "Dementia Economica" teaches general literature at Stanford University. Albert Guerard has one "message"—a crusade against unreasoning nationalism in every form; and one hobby, city planning. He has published ten books, eight in English, two in French. The best known is *Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend*.

Katherine Gauss Jackson was brought up in a college town which many people consider a disadvantage but she does not. She went to public school in Princeton, N. J., and to Smith College. Since graduation she has worked at newspaper and magazine editorial jobs.

Bergen Evans was born in Franklin, Ohio, but went to grade school in England where his father was in the consular service. He came back to Ohio for his high school and college training and is now an instructor in English at

(Continued on page 16)

Fight Tuberculosis with modern methods



If there are hidden shadows of the disease, they are revealed by the penetrating eye of the X-ray.

THERE were fewer new cases of tuberculosis in 1934. The deathrate from this disease in this country was lower than ever before. But this good news from those who are resolutely fighting tuberculosis should not blind one to the fact that about 70,000 persons died last year from tuberculosis and that it is still the leading cause of death between the ages of fifteen and forty-five.

When the suspicious symptoms begin to appear—undue fatigue, chest pains, loss of weight, a cough that hangs on, blood spitting—no time should be lost in getting an expert diagnosis. The value of such early diagnosis, aided by laboratory tests, X-rays or fluoroscope, is reflected by the increase in the number of complete recoveries.

Since Dr. Trudeau blazed the trail fifty years ago and proved that “consumption” could be arrested, untold thousands have been re-

stored to health by following the treatment of fresh air, sunshine, nourishing food and REST.

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Phonograph Records

By Richard Gilbert

● Sumptuous edition of *The Art of the Fugue* commemorates the 250th Anniversary of Bach's birth. . . . Scholarly arrangement for string quartet by Roy Harris and M. D. Herter Norton makes recondite work widely accessible. . . . Chamber music of Mozart and Beethoven. . . . Haydn's "Farewell" symphony.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH was born, March 21, two hundred and fifty years ago. The twentieth century, most observers will agree, has not yet given evidence of a musical productiveness which will rank with the Golden Age that cradled Bach and Handel. On the other hand, few will gainsay the unprecedented universality of attention lavished today upon the classic creations of the former. Bach has had other days, but not even the renaissance nurtured by Mendelssohn a century ago will approach in magnitude the swell of adulation impelled a decade or so back with the shout of the moderns, "Back to Bach." And this trend—which, after all, is something of a fashion—has become extremely confusing. Bach, for all the praises chanted in his honor, remains an esoteric composer. The bulk of his greatest work is yet comparatively unknown outside the musical profession.

At any rate, Bach is being served in conspicuous style this year. It is most encouraging to count among the many gestures of reverence a goodly number of substantial deeds which, in the end, will do more for his music than the mountainous density of literary encomiums thrown up for the occasion. First among these sincere reflections of devotion must be counted the enterprising labors of M. D. Herter Norton, Roy Harris, the Roth Quartet, and the Columbia Phonograph Company to provide us with an accessible edition of the glorious but hitherto recondite *Art of the Fugue* (*Die Kunst der Fuge*).

The Art of the Fugue was written by Bach during the last year of his life. In it he has summed up, not by rules but by examples, the final shape of the fabric of polyphony. Fourteen fugues, in every variety of treatment, expose the possibilities of counterpoint with a homogeneity, an expressiveness and an exhaustive thoroughness unsurpassed in the history of music. Bach left no indication of the instruments he intended using for the performance of

this work; his final heritage was never finished—interrupted, according to Forkel, by the failure of his eyesight. The work has been arranged for small orchestra (Wolfgang Graeser) and, in various editions, for piano, both four and two hands, none of which is really satisfactory, all of which have been very rarely heard.

To quote the transcribers of *The Art of the Fugue*:

" . . . Our transcription is based on the text of the *Bachgesellschaft* edition of 1878 (Vol. XXV, prepared by Rust from comparative study of the Berlin autograph and the original edition of 1750–52) with reference, however, to Graeser's edition (1926, XLVII) and to David's edition (1928), which last gives a fresh study of the Berlin autograph.¹

"We believe the string quartet the most suitable medium for *The Art of the Fugue* because it conveys the music in its simplest form—it was originally written in four voices and only very slight adjustments between the voices are necessary in such a setting—the character of the material and the tonality itself (D minor) being particularly fitted to the stringed instruments, while the homogeneous tone quality makes it possible to penetrate with more subtlety than with any other instruments the peculiar beauty of this music.² There is no music of Bach for the string quartet (which is the more surprising when Forkel says that Bach himself played viola in such combinations), and we believe that this setting not only will make *The Art of the Fugue* more directly and more generally accessible but will also offer quartet players a new and most absorbing field of activity, the contrapuntal texture offering unusual problems, the solution of which is most satisfying.

"Our principal contribution, of course, lies in the indication of tempi and dynamics. The tempi have been determined by the nature of each piece, by the development of its melodic contours. We favor on the whole an interpretation of Bach which gives room for the singing, articulated discourse of the voices.

"The dynamics have been indicated on the principle of bringing out the form of the

¹ These and following notes were supplied the reviewer by M. D. Herter Norton previous to the publication of the article, *The Art of the Fugue*, by Roy Harris and M. D. Herter Norton, in *The Musical Quarterly*, April, 1935 (G. Schirmer, Inc.) to which the reader is directed for a more thorough analysis of Bach's work, and the problems in transcribing it for string quartet.

² The tonic, dominant and sub-dominant of the tonality of D minor provide the tones to which three out of the four strings of the violin, viola, and 'cello are tuned.

piece, by use of appropriate contrast in the architecture of tonality. Of necessity they have been arrived at in part through the sound-qualities of the quartet, but in relation to the range-volume and character of each piece.

"We have not attempted to set up any new theoretical order in which the fugues should be studied or played. Graeser and David each with equal sincerity and conviction have suggested quite differing schemes. We have adhered to the arrangement as given in the *Bachgesellschaft*, in which the fugues fall into a sort of natural order with the exception that we have restored the great final unfinished fugue to what appears to be its proper place at the end of the series. We have not included the canons, the musical value of which and their significance in the whole scheme are still matter for speculation, nor the four-voiced fugue of *Contrapunctus XIII* which Bach himself made for two pianos."

Ten discs (nineteen record faces) are required for the recording of *The Art of the Fugue* (Columbia set No. 206).³ In making this invaluable document, members of the Roth String Quartet have not spared themselves infinite attention to detail and painstaking preparation. More than two hundred hours were devoted to rehearsal and recording under the personal supervision of the transcribers. The result, measured by every æsthetic and technical requirement, proves an outstanding contribution of the phonographic epoch, providing as it does in a readily accessible medium a consummate interpretation of music, the rarest and loftiest, the most eloquent and technically exhaustive ever created by Bach.

II

The current stream of Mozart recordings is augmented further this month by an intensely thought out and finely finished reading of the first piano *Quartet in G minor* (K478) by Artur Schnabel, pianist, and Messrs. Onnou, Prevost, and Maas, violinist, viola player, and 'cellist respectively of the Pro Arte Quartet (Victor set No. M251). This deeply felt work, streaked with moments of gloomy pathos and demoniacal defiance, dates from 1785. The ele-

³ The score of the Harris-Norton transcription for string quartet is published by G. Schirmer, Inc., New York, N. Y., 1935.

Fifth Avenue Buses

are Carrying
More Passengers
Than Last Year

● This is also a fact in the month of February, although some people thought that the Madison Avenue buses would take passengers away from the Fifth Avenue buses.

● It is quite evident that Fifth Avenue bus passengers know what they are paying ten cents for—a comfortable, seated ride. That is what they want and they are willing to pay for it. A large percentage of bus passengers come from the highest income rated sections of the City.

● The Fifth Avenue buses are rightly called "The Shoppers' Motor." During the past 12 months 284,294 passengers were carried to the Wanamaker store by the Fifth Avenue buses; 366,918 passengers were carried away from Wanamaker's. A survey made by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company a few years ago when the coaches were carrying only 46,000,000 passengers a year, showed that based on a month's tabulation the buses delivered to

	passengers per year
Lord & Taylor's	378,000
Altman's	423,000
McCreery's Fifth Avenue Entrance	233,400
Best & Co.	184,500
Franklin Simon & Co.	134,700
John Wanamaker	284,294

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ments of passionate emotion, wistful sadness and turbulent vibrancy with which Mozart could pervade his most formal and austere pieces should impress themselves upon the most casual listener. Schnabel and the string players employ much penetrating insight and musicianship for the publication of this beautiful work; the recorders have missed nothing of the light and shade and delicate interplay of the instruments, and the result is really an extraordinarily haunting experience no disc collector should care to avoid.

The list of recorded Haydn symphonies is not, unfortunately, a lengthy one. Hence the recently issued *Symphony No. 45 in F sharp minor*, played by the London Symphony Orchestra, Sir Henry J. Wood conducting, fills a particular gap in the repertoire. Characteristic of this master's beguiling humor, the symphony was written—so the tale goes—to convince Prince Nicolaus Esterhazy, Haydn's patron, that the members of the orchestra were in dire need of a holiday. To accomplish this end Haydn wrote the work as the last piece in a concert program. He appended an extra movement in which "so soon as the musicians finished their individual parts, they took up their music, blew out the candles and retired, until there were two instrumentalists left, with Haydn conducting them. The music declined to a whisper, and they too extinguished the candles and departed." The composer's little conceit was not lost upon his patron; the players got their "leave" the following day. Sir Henry is at home with the "Farewell" piece, and its buoyant, lusty measures are convincingly projected. The serenely innocent ending may lose much of its original point in this invisible performance, but the work as a whole, clearly recorded, provides a welcome addition to the scant list of Haydn symphonies for the phonograph (Columbia set No. 205).

The thirteenth string quartet of Beethoven, considered by many his greatest chamber music essay, has been re-recorded by the Budapest String Quartet (Victor set No. M157). This Quartet, in a former engraving, omitted the finale. Not only has this movement been restored here but, on two separate discs (Victor Nos. 8586 and 8587), will be found the complete *Grosse Fuge* with which Beethoven originally intended to conclude this, his op. 130 quartet, played by the same group. This new recording of the B flat major quartet, and of the fugue, op. 133, is exceptionally lucid and admirably balanced.



Even
STOKOWSKI
marveled!

NO one more intimately knows the process and the progress of Victor Recording than Leopold Stokowski. No one is more exacting in the making of a record; no one more critical of the finished disc. Yet even he, when he heard the new Philadelphia Orchestra recording of

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S FIFTH

was delighted and amazed. For like a crystal ball that condenses color and sharpens detail of everything it reflects, this superb recording gave back to the conductor something approaching his own ideal performance; a quality of brilliance, warmth and clarity impossible even in an actual performance. If such a statement seems exaggeration, we invite you to hear this incredibly beautiful recording, available today at your dealer's.

PARSIFAL, ACT III *A Symphonic Synthesis*

Of the reverent yet humanly passionate poem that Mr. Stokowski has made of certain music from Act III of Wagner's *Parsifal*, it is difficult to speak with restraint. *Parsifal* may be, as someone has said, a work of "exquisite moments and interminable half-hours", yet in these two records there is nothing but the potent distillate of Wagner's genius; a synthesis of all the elements that make *Parsifal* a wonder of mystical loveliness—that made Wagner not merely a personage, but a force in the world of music. The recording is worthy of the music and of the orchestra.

ASK TO HEAR ALSO

Bach—Concerto in D Minor (Piano)
Edwin Fischer with Orchestra

Mozart—Piano Quartet in G Minor
Artur Schnabel—Messrs. Onnou, Prevost and Maas

Beethoven—Quartet in B-Flat Major, op. 130
Budapest String Quartet

VICTOR RECORDS



RCA Victor Division
RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc.
Camden, New Jersey

BEHIND THE SCENES

(Continued from page 236)

Northwestern University. His articles have appeared frequently in nationally-known magazines.

When war was declared in 1918 Owen Francis enlisted and discovered for the first time, he says, that there were other people existing in the world, which, much to his surprise, took in more territory than the Monongahela Valley where he was born and brought up. His first real reading was done in a hospital in Lakewood after his return from France, for he had gone to work at eleven as "pull-up" boy in the steel mills and had never been out of the mills till his enlistment. *Crime and Punishment* decided him to be a writer too. While writing on the side he has worked on labor gangs, road gangs, as a cantaloupe picker, as waiter and bus boy, as newspaper and publicity man and as salesman for spark plugs. He has now sold many stories and is in Hollywood writing for the movies.

The author of "Wild Horses Run" grew up in Oklahoma. "Moseyed quite a bit over the West, from Texas to Montana and the coast but head always back to West Texas and New Mexico. That's the country, all right," says Forrester Blake. His book *Riding the Mustang Trail* comes out this spring.

THE publication of Thomas Wolfe's new book, *Of Time and the River* on the 8th of March gives us the opportunity to point with pride to some excerpts from a recent number of *The American Spectator*, written by Richard Sheridan Ames.

WOLFE, WOLFE

The American reader, fooled so often by his critical Cassandra, is himself loathe to acclaim an incipient fine talent which appears quietly without incriminating kudos.

Nevertheless, *Look Homeward, Angel* has gone through six large editions since its publication in 1929 and Thomas Wolfe's more casual prose has practically subsidized SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE during lean years (says Mr. Ames). His major germination *Of Time and the River*, an immense novel of 450,000 words, may at length introduce our only young writer of any considerable stature to a wider public.

Wolfe, whose powerful, often ungainly prose placed him at once among the generic novelists of tradition, has not lacked individual praise. Speaking before the Nobel Olympians at Stockholm in 1930 Sinclair Lewis said: "Thomas Wolfe, a child . . . whose one and only novel, *Look Homeward, Angel*, is worthy to be compared with the best in our literary production, a Gargantuan creature with a great gusto for life." And Percy Mackaye termed Wolfe's shorter work "quintessential poetry."

He is that *rara avis*, a modern author who

writes, who writes diligently and enormously from a kind of inner solitude. Gertrude Stein didn't hatch him. He is indigenous to America and lives—of all prosaic places—in Brooklyn. His pre-nuptial liaison with letters was placid, for he did not learn about life from the insides of a shark or the small talk of Pamplona aficionados. He has been mercifully reticent about himself, and if his first novel grazed in the pastures of autobiography it did not come to a full stop beside a narcissus pool nor was its general objectivity blemished.

One magazine has referred to the "incomparable richness" of Thomas Wolfe's work. Even his poorest pieces have vitality and his best, like "No Door," were conceived by a prodigious, untrammelled imagination and executed with such robust energy that one is forced to ponder again the source and resources of genius—an uncommon procedure in these days when we have flung at us the most provocative examples of what genius certainly is not.

While the critics are sorting out the infant Whitmans and dolling up Iowa's Engle to be America's Rupert Brooke, Thomas Wolfe has the field of the traditional novel almost to himself. He projects no new formula and invents no dewy patois. He seems content to portray character, a love of earth and sky, and the troubled souls of men, all built into an impressive edifice by a poet's integration.

Can he be the real thing, at last?

WE expected some response to the Erskine Caldwell story, but frankly we hardly expected a deluge. Harry Hansen started it in his column when he said among other things: "Like Harriet Beecher Stowe, Erskine Caldwell does not deal in pastel tints. He seems to be writing an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the share-cropper." Next month we shall publish excerpts from the many letters which are still coming in, both pro and con. In the meantime only this:

GREEK TRAGEDY

I don't often express in writing my feelings about things I read in magazines. I have just read Erskine Caldwell's "Kneel to the Rising Sun" and it has moved me so deeply that I want to say so. This story was called to my attention by some much-reading friends who found it only horrible and regretted they had read it. They compared it with two stories, "The Mother" and "The Scare Crow," by Vardis Fisher, which also picture in vivid language the cruelty of man to man. I therefore began this story expecting little more than a long-drawn out account of docking a dog's tail! When I read the last words spoken by a man fainting from hunger who however had seen poor, heroic Clem shot down in cruelty he could not resist—"No I am not hungry" I closed my eyes and wept! And I almost never shed a tear.

Nothing I know in recent stories has for me the depth of pathos this story carries. I can compare it only with a to me favorite Greek tragedy, "The Bacchae" of Euripides. A young prince suddenly crowned king would resist a corrupting god. But the god can compel his father, mother, sisters, citizens to turn against him, mistake him for a beast, swing him from a tree top, cut him down, chop off his head and go with it in triumph to the city he would have saved! But these women

see their sin and are softened. Arch Gunnard, I suppose, thinks he has done a good job in ridding the country of poor Clem, a Negro who would have fair rations!

Can Erskine Caldwell treat his materials in such a way that even Arch Gunnards must hear him? If so such work would be worth more than all essays on share-croppers.

W. P. CLARK,

Professor of Latin and Greek.

Missoula, Mont.

THERE have been many comments and several newspaper editorials on Doctor Colony's article, "The Church Builds Battleships."

FOREIGN MISSIONS

I am reluctant to rush into print, but the article in the February SCRIBNER's by Doctor Colony, "The Church Builds Battleships," moves me to protest.

To keep within reasonable limits of space I go directly to my protests.

1. I protest against the assertion that the primary aim of Missionary effort is the rite of baptism.

The idea that God is at all satisfied when a man has been persuaded to accept baptism, if he is then left in ignorance, squalor, and disease, seems to me almost blasphemous; and I do not see how any one whose religious thinking is not set in a matrix a thousand years old can hold it.

As a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church Doctor Colony, in every service he conducts, repeats a prayer. I doubt if he prays it, for in that prayer are these words: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

The will of God is not done on earth while men, women, and children are left in the ignorance and darkness that blight body and soul and are denied the light which Christian civilization can offer them.

2. I protest against the statement: "Medical and educational missions were a most skillfully conducted advertising campaign to sell Jesus to the 'heathen.'"

During my ministry I have come to know many missionaries, preachers, teachers, physicians, and surgeons, and nurses.

To say that those men and women count their sacrificial work as mere bait to catch and so baptize "heathen" is to insult a multitude of the most devoted followers of Jesus that are on earth today.

They are followers of a Master who "went about doing good," who healed the sick, fed the hungry, and had compassion on the multitude and gave so much of his time to teaching that one of the commonest titles by which he was addressed was "Teacher," and *who baptised no one*.

3. I protest against the assumption that if Foreign Missionary Societies would stop spending money on their work, an equivalent amount would be withdrawn from the building of battleships. This does not stir me in just the way the others did. It is not a matter for wrath but for Homeric laughter.

Does Doctor Colony believe that if all Foreign Missionary Societies should drop all their educational and medical work, the various countries where that work is carried on would immediately take it over and finance the operations by cutting down their expenditures on army and navy?

In truth Doctor Colony should have sent this part of his article, not to a sober and serious magazine like SCRIBNER's, but to *Judge* or *Life*. There it would have been in its proper setting.

M. S. FREEMAN.

Chattanooga, Tenn.