



# AS I LIKE IT

## By William Lyon Phelps

Psychologists, Personality and Religion  
... Life of Galsworthy ... Sarah Cleg-  
horn's Autobiography ... Sweden's Way  
... A Letter from George Santayana



THERE are so many otherwise intelligent persons who will not read a book if the word *religion* occurs in its title, that I almost regret that Doctor Henry C. Link named his new book *The Return to Religion*. Yet it is a book of such importance, it is so full of wisdom, it is so definitely based on experience, it is so clear and so pungent in expression, that I feel sure not only that every man, woman, and child in America should read it, but I feel equally sure that every reader will learn something from it—except those readers whose minds are imperiously armored by theories against which the artillery of facts can make no impression.

Doctor Link is the Director of the Psychological Service Center of New York City. This organization is officially described as follows: "A staff of psychologists of recognized scientific standing providing an advisory service to individuals and schools on children's behavior and educational problems; diagnosis of special aptitudes, scholastic, mechanical, musical, etc.; analysis of special difficulties in school subjects and their correction; vocational counselling for young people and adults; and counselling on personal problems of adults."

I have quoted that long statement so that my readers may know that this book comes from a trained scientific mind, and not from an emotional "up-lifter." I would say that every page contains horse sense, if I thought horses had any sense.

Doctor Link is between forty and fifty years of age; he has been consult-

ed by many thousands of individuals; and this book is the result, not of any preconceived theories, but of his study of individual cases. He is like a general practitioner, whose knowledge of disease is based on the study of symptoms in innumerable human beings, every one of whom presents a different problem. For while the symptoms of disease may be similar and a normal temperature invariable, there is nothing more complex than personality; and perhaps nothing in the universe more remarkable than personal identity.

For many years I have been an agnostic so far as psychology and psychiatry are concerned; I have always believed that a shrewd business man could make a more accurate appraisal of a youth seeking a job, after an hour's talk with him, than any professional psychologist with a series of formulas.

But this book, in the words of a letter I have just received from the author, in response to some questions I addressed to him, contains "revolutionary doctrines in psychology, not revolutionary to you, but as compared with popular thinking. The 'do as you please' or panacea psychology is so much more palatable to the popular taste ... than ancient, unpleasant truths."

For example: Doctor Link believes that people who are about to be married and wish to live long and happily together, do not need sex instruction nearly so much as they need instruction in unselfishness, consideration, good manners, etc.

In one respect, the journalist Dorothy Dix, the scientist Henry Link, and

the scholar-poet, Professor A. E. Housman, and the Gospels are in absolute harmony. I remember how impressed I was, in reading Housman's lecture *The Name and Nature of Poetry*, by this passage:

"Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life shall find it." That is the most important truth which has ever been uttered, and the greatest discovery ever made in the moral world.

Doctor Link says in his book, "No discovery of modern psychology is more important than its scientific proof that self-sacrifice is the foundation for self-realization."

The following quotations from Doctor Link's book will help to show his trend of thought and should encourage at least a "wish-belief" that may send many to the nearest bookshop.

A personality test shows that successful artists are better balanced emotionally and more extrovert than most people.

Psychological tests show that the successful employer is nearly always less self-centered and possessed of a wider range of unselfish habits than are most of his employees.

Certain plans for social reform have gained tremendous followings because they are based on the psychological weakness in so many people. Insofar as they become a permanent part of the social structure, they will destroy the very people they are intended to save.

Every step in the relaxation of educational discipline and standards accentuates the role of formal education as a wet nurse and encourages the intellectual and moral sucking habits of its pupils.

The mind coupled to religion is not so readily swayed by the passions which, under an enlarged vocabulary, parade as reason.

The intimacies of sex are more easily and more often mastered than the hundred and one less private forms of behavior which can make or break a marriage.

In their quest for happiness, I have told many clients that they would do better to use their heads less and their feet more.

Psychological tests show that people who go to church have better personality traits than those who do not. Children who go to Sunday School likewise.

Liberalism is too often the result of an indiscriminate releasing of a person from the traditions of the past without substituting an adequate set of restraints for the future. Children who are liberal with their parents' property and Liberals who are free with the lives and property of society stem from the same source.

The strategic time to teach children to subordinate their impulses to higher values is when they are too young to understand but not too young to accept.

One of the most important and most interesting books of this and of the next few seasons, is *The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy*, by H. V. Marrot. This volume contains 819 pages, is copiously illustrated with portraits, and deals faithfully with the private life and literary career of its subject. A disarming preface describes how the author came to write the book. In or about the year 1913, when he was a boy at school, he read for the first time a volume of Mr. Galsworthy's Plays. This led him toward other books by the same author, and within a few weeks he had read *The Man of Property*, and says candidly, "I cannot overrate its effect on me."

Later he came to know his idol intimately, and a close friendship began which lasted till Mr. Galsworthy's death. I am not in the least astonished that familiarity increased reverence; for it was my own privilege to know Mr. Galsworthy, and wholly apart from his fame as a writer, he was certainly one of the finest characters, one of the most high-minded and unselfish men I have ever seen.

Young Mr. Marrot has done well to allow the story of the author's life to tell itself in letters and journals, and Mrs. Galsworthy naturally plays a large part in the biography, for if it had not been for her, he might never have become an author. The letters from his contemporaries are often extremely interesting: here is a characteristic note from H. G. Wells, written before Galsworthy's name was known to the public.

Nov. 16, 1900.

My dear Galsworthy,—

It was kind indeed of you to send me your book and I have read it with very keen interest and pleasure. I think it shows a really fine sense of effect and the figures (of the older men especially) finely modelled and drawn. I don't know whether I quite fall in with the central antithesis. You see I'm an

extensive sceptic, no God, no King, no nationality—and among other things I don't believe in this "Artistic Temperament." I've never met it to recognize it—conceivably because I haven't the necessary ingredients for its sympathetic recognition. I've a strong belief that the artist is just one sort of practical man and differs—if he differs at all—from other sorts of employed pre-occupied men in his relations to women only in the fact that his work frequently stimulates his imagination in that direction. . . .

The autobiography of Sarah N. Cleghorn called *Threescore* is in prose, but assuredly the best things in it are her poems, for she not only has the poetic temperament—she is a poet of distinction. I am very glad she chose to include so many of her verses. I have, however, read every word of the book with interest and with admiration for the spirit of the author, though I do not share all of her views. One of the most interesting chapters describes her all too brief year of study at Radcliffe, with her pen-portraits of her teachers. "Doctor Santayana's glowing and serene young face is what I best remember about the one semester when he conducted our little course in philosophy." I am very glad that she remembers Mr. Lewis Gates so well; he was one of the most able teachers of English literature in America, and his ill health was a severe loss to the world of literary scholarship. I knew him, I think, as intimately as any one, and I can vouch for the accuracy of the following description:

Anybody at Radcliffe (or Harvard) was considered lucky to have courses with Mr. Gates. Though contemptuous of the arts which are supposed to make one so, he was exceedingly popular. He was fair, slight, pale, nervous and weary-looking; cool and critical in manner, extremely impersonal, with quiet literary ardors, which his students came to share, and an obstinate, scrutinizing sincerity which I think was the basis of his fixed hold on the young.

Some years ago I said in these pages that the most civilized country in the world was Sweden. My opinion is strengthened by a new book called *Sweden: the Middle Way*, by Marquis W. Childs, who is the Washington correspondent of the *St. Louis Times Dispatch*. I know nothing of economics, for everything that I was taught in college (and we had the best teachers in that subject in America, Sumner and Hadley and Schwab) is now changed into something not rich but strange. Mr. Childs's book deals mainly with the economic situation in Sweden; distribu-

tion of wealth, profit-sharing in business, housing, pensions, liquor traffic, etc., etc. It is an immensely interesting book and I only wish the author had had time to discuss culture and the fine arts and such matters. For I remember when I was in Sweden in 1911, that the city of Stockholm had a larger number of theaters in proportion to the population than any other town in the world. I hope that the attention of Americans may be drawn to the facts in this book, and as several hundred copies are being sold every day, it may be that we shall learn something to our advantage.

It is not too much to say that for four years, since the appearance of *The Fountain* in 1932, British and American readers have been looking forward to Mr. Charles Morgan's next novel. As he is the drama critic of *The London Times*, he has not much leisure for continuous composition except in the late summer; but even if all his hours were his own, I think he would not produce as rapidly as most novelists, for, like George Moore, he finds his chief delight in corrections, elisions, revisions, and re-creations. I wish all writers took their art and the public—but, after all, people must work in the way that is natural to their own temperament.

Well, here is the new novel, *Sparken-broke*, and it resembles many other novels of the nineteen-thirties, in being very long, 551 closely printed pages. The end of the story is given in the first six words of the first sentence of the first page. This does not in the least detract from the interest or the suspense; it makes the development of the hero's character and the progress of events all the more absorbing, even though, like God, we see the end from the beginning. For it is not the plot that has significance in this novel; the plot is the oldest and most conventional; will the heroine lose her virginity?

And so far as the men are concerned, they also are (but only in their relationships to the heroine) stock figures; they remind you of what George Moore in *Evelyn Innes* said of the two pictures in the Dulwich gallery. Safety and security and peace on one side, excitement and joy and agonizing tragedy on the other.

The real interest in this story is in its mystical implications, its penumbra



Rome, Feb. 16, 1936

of eternity, and in the austere and solemn beauty of its literary style. I think more of the author's *obiter dicta* than I do of the fate of his characters. No novelist of our time has more "high seriousness" or is more noble in his view of creative art. Possibly his appeal would be more universal if he had more humor; possibly the book would gain in flexibility. No writer is more economical with his humor; for that he has it is proved by this passage, which is the only bit of humor I remember in the whole book.

At five o'clock next day, the dead man's sister, Mrs. Lindt, reached the house. Partly of her own nature, partly because she had been married to a Swiss watchmaker, she was persuaded that the rest of the world was irregular and incompetent, but she had none of the martial airs of a managing woman. Her weapons were quietness and unswerving certainty. "You will always find, my dear, that if one has *knowledge*, there is no need to raise the voice." Against uncommonly stubborn resistance, such as the undertaker's, she threw in her only rhetoric. "Allow me," she said, "to know best." "Undertakers," she observed afterwards, "are always very wilful men, spoiled by the laxity of their clients."

And the enormous advantage men have (in the past) had over women, where the agony of separation or even the time between episodes, neither crushes nor dulls, has never been better stated than in this passage, where the girl is speaking to the man she loves:

... "You see, you have two lives, haven't you? And what happens here, in this room, is a kind of—I mean," she said, struggling for her words, "that whatever happens to you, you can say: 'Still I've got my work,' just as if a man had two houses and one was burnt down and he said: 'Still I've got my other house.' I've only one house," she added. "Do you understand now?"

*The American Army in France*, by General James G. Harbord, is not another book about the war. It is the continuously exciting story of a great drama by one of the chief actors. General Harbord does not love war; but he naturally rejoices that he was called on to play so important a part in it. No great surgeon *wants* a man to have a cancer; but he does want those who have a cancer to give him (rather than a rival) a chance. There are few historical works that so perfectly and completely fulfill the intention of the writer. General Harbord tells us exactly what happened "over there" and of what he saw with his own eyes. Although the hero of the book is not himself but Gen-

eral Pershing (for loyalty is one of his most admirable traits) it is impossible to read these pages without having an immense respect for the ability, integrity, and unassuming modesty of the writer; and every American must feel pride and satisfaction.

The dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel *Ethan Frome*, by Owen Davis and his son Donald, gave to the New York stage one of the best productions of the season. The play is now available in book form; and every reader will feel the growing tension, realizing that it will become intolerable. Mrs. Wharton has contributed a prefatory note, where the first sentence is a masterpiece of irony.

Not long ago, a friend, fulfilling one of the most sacred and cherished privileges of friendship, sent me the report of a lecture on American fiction in which the lecturer had done me the honour to include my name.

His reference to me (I quote from memory) was to the effect that *Ethan Frome* had some chance of surviving, though everything else I had written was destined to immediate oblivion. I took the blow meekly, bowed but not broken, and mindful that, though in my youth it would have been considered a discourtesy to fling such a verdict in the face of a faithful servant of English letters, other times (and especially other races) have introduced new standards of manners on my country.

A little book that should interest lovers of English literature has just appeared, sponsored by the Facsimile Text Society, and issued from the Columbia University Press. It is *Juvenilia, or Certain Paradoxes and Problems*, by John Donne, reproduced from the first edition (1633), with a bibliographical note by R. E. Bennett of Ohio University. This work is in prose, but some of the titles of the Paradoxes, as they appeared more than three centuries ago, will attract the judicious reader. "That women ought to paint," "that old men are more fantastic than young," "that only cowards dare die," etc.

#### LETTER FROM GEORGE SANTAYANA

Just before writing my extended comments on *The Last Puritan* which appeared in the March SCRIBNER's, I wrote to the author and received the following reply, which is so interesting and important that I am deeply grateful to him for permission to share it with my readers.

Dear Billy—

Your letter about *The Last Puritan* was one of the first that reached me, but I have put off thanking you for it until others began to come, so that I could have a certain background on which to place your judgment, other than my own necessarily internal or *a priori* view; because the hardest thing for an author, especially when he has lived as long as I have with his characters—45 years—is to conceive how they will seem to other people, when conveyed to them only by words. I have pictures, quite as distinct as memories; and my characters *speak to me*, I don't have to prompt them. This doesn't contradict the fact which you mention, and I point to in the *Epilogue*, that these characters speak my language, and are in some sense masks for my own spirit. On the contrary, that makes, or ought to make, them more living, since they are fetched from an actual life, and only dressed, as an actor on the stage, for their social parts. And I think you are partly wrong, like so many other critics, when you suggest that my characters are ghostly and not "living." Even the admitted literary character of their talk is not incompatible, as poetry is not incompatible in the drama, with individuality in tone and temper. Of course, I don't always succeed; yet I think, if you drop all preconceptions or clichés, you will find there is a good deal of individuality in the way my characters talk, within the frame of what you might call my *metre*. It is my writing, but it is their sentiment. Only the book is very long, it can't leave distinct images if not allowed to settle. The great point is, as with poetry, to get the mind docile and free for suggestion, and then the dramatic spell will work. At least, that is what I can't help feeling, and what is confirmed by various witnesses. One notices Mrs. Darnley's special speech; another tells me he can *hear* Rose talk; . . .

However, that isn't the point that matters most in the book or in your letter. You say I don't love life, and that faith is necessary. Very true: I don't love life unconditionally; but I enjoy the "mere living," (as Browning has it) when I am in good health, which is most of the time; and I enjoy the episodes, unless I am rudely prevented from doing so. If you have my *Dialogues in Limbo*, and will look at pp. 156-161, you will find Socrates and me defining the matter exactly. It was Oliver, not I, who didn't love life, because he hadn't the animal Epicurean faculty of enjoying it in its arbitrariness and transiency. He was a Spiritual man, incapacitated to be anything else, like Christ, who wouldn't be a soldier or athlete or lover of women or father of a family (or, even, though I don't say so in the book, a good believing Christian). Now that is a tragic vocation, like the vocation of the poet: it demands sacrifice and devotion to a divine allegiance: but poor Oliver, ready for every sacrifice, had nothing to pin his allegiance to. He was what the rich young man in the Gospel would have been if he had been ready to sell his goods and give to the poor, but then had found no cross to take up and no Jesus to follow. Faith, as you say, is needed; but faith is an assurance inwardly prompted, springing from the irrepressible impulse to do, to fight, to triumph. Here is where the third sloppy wash in the family tea-pot is insufficient. And without robustness an imposed intellectual faith wouldn't do: it would only make a conventional person. You say you can't understand how I seem to hold my own in the world without faith, and almost without the world. It is quite simple. I have the Epicurean contentment, which was

not far removed from asceticism; and besides I have a spiritual allegiance of my own that hardly requires faith, that is, only a humorous animal faith in nature and history, and no religious faith: and this common sense world suffices for *intellectual satisfaction*, partly in observing and understanding it, partly in dismissing it as, from the point of view of spirit, a transitory and local accident. Oliver hadn't this intellectual satisfaction, and he hadn't that Epicurean contentment. Hence the vacancy he faced when he had "overcome the world."

Now what I mean by "the love of life" is expressed by Sacha Guitry in his dedication at the beginning of his *Souvenirs*.

*A La Mémoire  
De Celle  
Qui m'a Fait  
Ce Don Magnifique  
La Vie.*

Mr. Santayana's next letter, exactly one month later, written from Rome on March 16, brings up a most interesting subject for discussion. Furthermore, he makes the specific suggestion that I discuss it in *As I Like It*.

An important element in the *tragedy* of Oliver (not in his personality, for he was no poet) is drawn from the fate of a whole string of Harvard poets in the 1880's and 1890's—Sanborn, Philip Savage, Hugh McCullough, Trumbull Stickney, and Cabot Lodge: also Moody, although he lived a little longer and made some impression, I believe, as a playwright. Now, all those friends of mine, Stickney especially, of whom I was very fond, were visibly killed by the lack of air to breathe. People individually were kind and appreciative to them, as they were to me, but the system was deadly, and they hadn't any alternative tradition (as I had) to fall back upon: and of course, as I believe I said of Oliver in my letter, they hadn't the strength of a great intellectual hero who can stand alone.

Well, I knew some of these men very well, especially Hugh McCullough and Philip Savage; I also knew Moody (by far the ablest of them all) fairly well, though not intimately. In addition to these, there were two other young writers, David D. Wells, novelist, and Lloyd McKim Garrison, who would have been a writer and publicist, who also died young. It is astonishing to think of all these brilliant youths, who, like the University Wits of exactly three hundred years earlier (in England) flashed out at the beginning of what looked like great careers.

Hugh McCullough I remember well; his Commencement oration at Harvard was on the character of Romeo, whom he defended against the charge of being effeminate, saying he was all virility. The next year I remember him saying

that peanuts were very good for insomnia; he himself was always full of fun and high spirits. He was, however, very angry when the *Century Magazine*, after accepting a poem he had written, insisted on changing a line in it. McCullough had written, "And in the west the waning moon is low" or something like that. The editor called his attention to the fact that the waning moon is not seen low in the west at the time described in the poem, to which the young poet replied that he would put such and such a moon wherever he so and so pleased, to which the editor replied that he might do that in some magazines, but not in the *Century*, so it was changed from waning to weary.

Young Mr. Savage taught me a good lesson which I never forgot. He gave a party in his rooms in Holworthy one evening, and as he held out a box of cigars toward me, I asked "Are these cigars mild?" and he replied "I haven't the slightest idea." That is the last time I ever inquired into the nature of any proffered gift. On that same evening there was a graduate student who appeared to be socially extremely active. "Who is that?" asked Savage. I told him. "He seems to be a person of considerable ease."

If Mr. Santayana means by the "system" the intellectual atmosphere at Harvard in the eighties and nineties, all I can say is that I found it inspiring. It is true that most graduate students in English were required to spend most of their time in minute linguistic studies; but as I refused to do this, I enjoyed my life there immensely.

But if he means the atmosphere of Boston, that might be a quite different story. I knew very little about that. Boston meant to me the theaters, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the Spring visit of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Lewis Gates and I used to walk back from Boston to Cambridge after midnight; those were great nights for me.

The eighties and nineties were not favorable to young American poets. Perhaps it was because the great poets were dying and the new ones seemed comparatively insignificant. Longfellow, Emerson, Rossetti, and Thomson died in 1882, Arnold in 1888, Browning in 1889, Tennyson, Walt Whitman, and Whittier in 1892, Christina Rossetti and

Holmes in 1894. Edwin Arlington Robinson produced his first two volumes in 1896 and 1897—but it was not until the years just before the World War that the renaissance of poetry began.

This group of young Harvard poets should have lived ten or fifteen years later.

The most famous passage in the *Apocrypha* and one of the best in the Bible is of course in the First Book of *Esdras*, giving the account of the speeches of the three young men, each attempting to maintain what he believed to be the strongest thing in the world. The first said Wine is the strongest: the second, the King: the third said Women are the strongest but above all things Truth beareth away the victory.

Robin Flower, Deputy Keeper of the manuscripts in the British Museum, happened to hear me read aloud the passage from *Esdras*, when he was on a visit to the United States last autumn. He told me there was an old Irish folk-tale (Mr. Flower teaches the Irish language at the University of London) that contains a story quite similar to the one in *Apocrypha*. I asked him for it and after his return to England he was kind enough to send it to me. Before reading it, I suggest that one reads again the passages in *Esdras*, beginning at the third chapter. Here is the Irish folk-tale:

There was a famed king over the Greeks, Solomon his name. Now a king of his subject districts made a great feast for him. Great drunkenness got hold of them. The king had them in distrust. "Do ye watch over me tonight," said he to three of the faithful of his people. "It shall be done," said they. In this wise did they keep the watch with a barrel of wine beside them and a serving lad holding a torch to them. Everyone of them was making pleasure for his fellow. "Well now," says one of the three, "'tis well for us. We give thanks to our master. Well is it with the bodily senses. They have bliss save for one thing. The feet have bliss, for they are outstretched without movement. The hands have bliss serving the body. The eyes have bliss beholding the food. The noses have bliss to smell it. The lips have bliss to taste it. But one thing there is that hath no bliss, that is, our hearing, for no one of us hears pleasant speech from another." "A question, whereof shall we hold discourse?" "Easy to answer, let us seek what power is mightiest on earth."

"I know it," says the warrior of the Romans, "it is wine. For wine it is that hath bemused the host so that they lacked sense and reason and became daft and drunken and so fell in slumber under the feet of their foemen."

"A good point," said he of the Greeks, "but

it likes me better to say that greater is the power of the prince to whom the wine has been given. A prince is mightiest of men. Man is most deserving of worship of all the creatures. 'Tis his power that has made us to be without drunkenness or sleep though we are drinking wine."

"Good," says the warrior of the Hebrews, "the creatures given there are excellent." Nemias-serus was his name, that is, Nemias the slow.

"More like to me it were," says he, "that woman's power is greater. 'Twere no marvel were ye reminded of that on the morrow."

So they abide till morning. "Well now," says the king, "what was the discussion that ye held last night?"

"'Tis this of which we held discourse, what power is mightiest on earth."

"I said," quoth the warrior of the Romans, "the power of wine."

"I said," quoth the warrior of the Greeks, "the power of the king."

"I said," quoth the warrior of the Hebrews, "the power of woman."

The queen was at the king's side. His gold-en diadem was on the king's head.

"Wine is strongest," said one. "The king's power is strongest," said another.

"What, have I then no power?" said the queen, striking her hand upon the king's crown so that it fell upon the floor.

"Slay her," cried they all. The king looked aside. The queen smiled. At that the king smiled straightway.

"The woman shall take no harm," said the king. "Behold now," says Nemias-serus, "her power is strong." "'Tis true," said the king.

Mightier is the power of woman than any power. For in her brow sits her devil that goes with her and wards her and hath power to prevent that all of evil that she doth be accounted to her for blame.

Professor and Mrs. Edward Capps and Professor and Mrs. Leslie Shear, all of Princeton, are having an exciting time directing the archaeological excavations in Athens. In February Professor Capps wrote me:

Athens is very much as usual, except for the almost complete absence of tourists, and it would be an ideal time for tourists to be here, for shopping is peculiarly attractive, since the merchants are crazy to sell something, even at disastrous reductions in price. The Grande Bretagne goes on as usual, with the same efficient service.

On the night of the twenty-second, Shear will again entertain the School people in celebration of the beginning of the sixth cam-

paign of excavation in the Agora. We shall think of Annabel and you, and drink your health in the strongest and best that would seem appropriate to toast those so beloved over here.

This campaign opened with a bang by the discovery eight feet down a well next to the Theseum, of a magnificent bronze shield bearing the inscription

#### ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΙ ΑΠΟ ΛΑΚΕΔΑΙΜΟΝΙΩΝ ΕΚ ΛΑΦΥΡΩΝ ΠΥΛΩΝ

You recall, with your marvelous memory, that in July, 425, the Athenians, led by Kleion and Demosthenes, took captive the two hundred and ninety-two surviving Spartans who were devastating the island of Sphacteria, and brought them to Athens, holding the poor devils prisoner on the Acropolis, and decorating their finest buildings with the Spartan shields. Pausanias saw a whole string of them on the Painted Stoa in the middle of the second century after Christ.

The shield we found is beautifully decorated, and though badly corroded and dented is capable of restoration. It is a swell shield, and I prefer to attribute it to no common soldier of the 292, but to the famous general Brasidas, for Brasidas led the Spartan fleet against the Athenians on the island, and as he dashed his ship against the shore, intending to land, he fell wounded by many missiles, and dropped his magnificent shield overboard. As Thucydides said, this was set up as a trophy. Where he does not say, but Athens was the only place where as many people could gloat over this fine bit of booty.

#### THE FAERIE QUEENE CLUB

Cecil W. Lewis, a student at Teachers College, Conway, Arkansas, has just completed the reading of the entire poem.

Mrs. Wm. M. Kenyon of Minneapolis sends me a good epigram written by the famous improvisatore Theodore Hook (1788-1841). It concerns one of the oldest tea-houses in the world, Twining; and Mrs. Kenyon saw the epigram recently in this very ancient shop of Twining and Co., the tea-merchants on the Strand. I shall certainly pay it a visit on my next journey to London.

On looking up the Twinings, I find that Richard Twining (1749-1824), the Head of the tea business on the Strand in the eighteenth century, came from a very old family. His half-brother Thomas was a distinguished scholar and translated Aristotle. He was a first-rate critic, spoke several languages with ease, and was a master not only of the theory and history of music, but played the violin, harpsichord, organ, and "the new piano-forte." His letters to his tea-brother Richard are said to be full of interest—I must look them up. He seems to have been one of the best letter-writers in the golden age of epistolary masterpieces. The Twinings were a very remarkable family.

Well, here is Hook's epigram on the

#### HOUSE OF TWINING

It seems in some cases kind nature hath planned

That names with their callings agree;  
For Twining the Tea-man that lives in the Strand  
Would be Wining deprived of his T.

The former Cockney pronunciation of *Wining* for *Whining* is now (alas!) almost universal in the best English society.

From the astronomer James Stokley I have received the following good story. Last winter he was present at some public entertainment where there were several musicians and speakers, etc. The presiding officer came forward and made the following announcement, reading from a paper so that he would be sure to make no mistakes. "I have been asked to announce that we are soon to have the pleasure of hearing a great musician. Unfortunately this does not seem to give his name. He is a zimbalist, whatever that is. No doubt you music-lovers know what it means."

#### TITLES OF BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE, WITH PUBLISHER AND PRICE

*The Return to Religion*, by Henry C. Link. Macmillan. \$1.75.

*The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy*, by H. V. Marrot. Scribners. \$5.

*Threescore*, by Sarah N. Cleghorn. Smith and Haas. \$3.

*Ethan Frome*, dramatization by Owen Davis and Donald Davis. Scribners. \$2.50.

*Sparkenbroke*, by Charles Morgan. Macmillan. \$2.75.

*The American Army in France*, by Major General James G. Harbord. Little Brown. \$5.

*Juvenilia, or Certain Paradoxes and Problems*, by John Donne (reproduced from first edition 1633, with bibliographical note by R. E. Bennett). Columbia University Press. \$1.60.

*Sweden: the Middle Way*, by Marquis W. Childs. Yale University Press. \$2.50.





# Behind the Scenes

About Scribner authors . . . What they say . . . Is the next war impossible . . . Other comments on Roger Burlingame . . . Newspaper comment on Consumer Cooperatives . . . V. F. Calverton and Southern Culture

**H**UMAN Waste in the Colleges," in the September, 1934, issue, by John R. Tunis, described the Pennsylvania Study of the Carnegie Foundation, showing the effects of a college education on thousands of present-day undergraduates. In this number, in "Twenty-Fifth Reunion," Mr. Tunis attempts to find out just what 500 men have done since 1911 with a college education. He has been thinking and working over these records for more than a year, and has been working at them intensively for the last three months. He has been assisted in gathering material by two classmates, Alexander Wheeler, secretary of the class, and L. L. Winship, editor of *The Boston Globe*, and by W. H. Wheeler, 1910, vice-president of the Cosmos Press of Cambridge, printers of the Class Report.

Marlise Johnston, whose stories have appeared in SCRIBNER's from time to time, says: "I have done all the conventional things—like having my tonsils out and getting married—and none of the thrilling things like getting shipwrecked or exploring pyramids. I was raised in the Middle West and am now living in Boston where I get along fairly well by being hypocritically humble about being raised in the Middle West. . . . 'This, My Wedding Day' is also the title of a short novel I'm writing."

It is rare these days to find men—and especially a man and his wife—who have forsaken "civilization" to

live in and explore the least known and farthest corners of the map. But **Desmond Holdridge** and his wife are doing just that. They go almost everywhere by boat, for Mr. Holdridge has been a seaman since he was seventeen. Last September he wrote "Adventure in Tropical Living" which tells of their life on the island of St. John, in the Virgin Islands. "Salt Island's Event" is the story of another of the little-known and isolated posts in this group of islands. Since then he has been having adventures among the Indian tribes in Brazil, which he knows well. It is his fourth trip to that part of South America. His second trip was made for the Brooklyn Museum, and the results of the third, spent mapping the unknown stretch between the Rio Branco and the head of the Orinoco, were published by the American Geographic Society. We hope to hear more of his present trip soon.

The more that people in high places in the sports world are in the public eye and public print, the more their background and personality become exaggerated and distorted. It is refreshing and revealing to have "Education of a Tennis Player" from **Helen Wills Moody's** own pen.

**Leland Stowe**, winner of the 1930 Pulitzer Prize for the best example of foreign correspondence of that year, ex-vice-president of the Anglo-American Press Association of Paris and for many years Paris correspondent of *The Herald Tribune*, is now on *The Herald Tribune* staff in New York City. It is his business to know what is what in the present political picture and in "Six Men and an Elephant" he gives his preview of the Republican Convention in June.

**Anthony Brunell** was born in 1902 and was thus young enough to miss the World War and what he calls "all the nonsense about lost generations." He practised structural engineering in New York all through the years of the Great Boom and had a hand in the designing of many of the skyscrapers of that era. "Flags Aloft" is the first of his stories to appear in SCRIBNER's.

**Struthers Burt**, wherever he is, whatever he is doing, is, like a true novelist, always aware of and interested in the people among whom he is living. His last article, "Wanted—a Butler," which appeared in the March issue and was quoted editorially from New York to Louisville, to the coast, and back again, was his commentary on certain Americans typified by a group who summer on parts of the Maine coast. "The Wood Choppers of Nass" is a sketch of quite another type. Mr. Burt who is at present at his home in Southern Pines, North Carolina, writes: "Next to the Irving Place Burlesque, the present fight between Hoover and Landon is the most revealing show in the country. It is certainly stripping the boys to the bone."

Studies of the cosmic rays have various by-products and "Oxford and Chicago: A Contrast" is one of them. **Arthur H. Compton's** cosmic-ray work has caused him to travel extensively from his home base in the Ryerson Physical Laboratory at the University of Chicago. This "has brought me into close contact with university life not only in Europe and the United States but also in the countries bordering the Pacific Ocean. The immediate occasion for writing this article was my experience as Eastman Visiting Professor at