

Wedlock

By JACOB WASSERMANN

Translated by LUDWIG LEWISOHN



"His pictures of human souls and their destinies, of the heights and depths that the individual can explore, are sharper than those of Tolstoy and as deep as those of Dostoevsky."—Llewellyn Jones, *Chicago Eve Post*.
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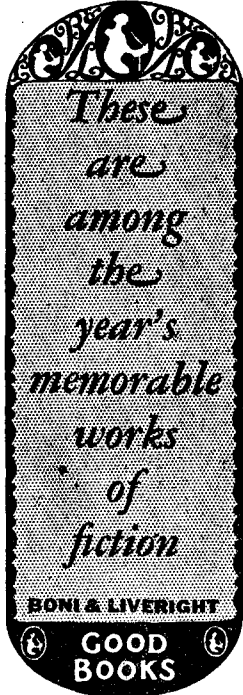
"Publishers and translator have done a great service in introducing Roger Martin du Gard to American readers. For sheer grasp upon character and environment, I do not know the equal of this book in contemporary French fiction."—Samuel C. Chew, *Baltimore Eve Sun*. 2 vols. boxed. \$5.00

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THESE BOOKS ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTORES

An English Letter

By LADY ADAMS

ONE evening in 1903, my professor-husband and I gave a dinner-party in our little house in Hampstead; our neighbor and friend, Dr. Richard Garnett, who had recently retired from the post of Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum was a guest, and sat on my right. My left-hand neighbor, a professor at the Sorbonne, who had come to London to attend a conference, was interested in Browning, and while he and I were talking of him, I noticed that Dr. Garnett looked at me in a surprised, almost a startled way. He made no comment on our talk, but told some interesting tales of Browning, as a boy, walking in the woods, near Dulwich, before dawn.

Next morning, before nine o'clock, Dr. Garnett called. He was most apologetic at taking me from my "household duties," as he called them—I was only reading the *Times*—but he explained that the occasion warranted instant action. He would not sit down—he walked about the room as we spoke—he looked as if he had slept badly.

"I had to come to see you at the earliest opportunity," he said, "and I knew Professor Adams and you breakfasted early."

I asked how I could help him.

"Last night you made a statement in your talk about Browning. I want you, if you will be good enough, to give me your authority for it."

My heart sank. I make so many statements.

"You said, you remember, first in French, and then in English, that Browning had written a French grammar. What was your authority?"

I looked at him. He was unlike himself; his face was twitching, his quiet dignity was gone. He bent over me.

"It was Robert Browning you meant?"

I nodded.

"Oh, yes, if I said it in French, then it would be Robert Browning. But—did I say it?"

He looked at me gravely.

"You said it, and I asked your authority."

And then it dawned on me quite quickly, that I did not know where I had read it, nor when; that somebody might have told me—that, as a matter of fact, I had no authority, and that there was that Great Bookman, hatless, in our dining-room, at the uncanonical hour of nine in the morning—Dr. Garnett, who retired to his own study as the clock struck eight-thirty, every day of his life, and to whom the morning hours were sacred—and that I had no grounds to prove what he evidently considered a surprising statement. He asked me what I had been reading lately about Browning; said that till late the night before he had searched in the Browning Lives—early that morning he had continued his work; he was sure Mrs. Sutherland Orr had not mentioned it, nor Mr. Edmund Gosse; he had not had time to go through Chesterton's *Life*—was it there?

By this time I had recovered myself. I knew it was not in G. K. Chesterton's "Life of Browning." I would have remembered what comments Chesterton would have made on a French grammar, written in Browning's elusive style. But I could not remember where I had read it; still, I was able to assure the dear Bookman that I had, with my own two eyes, seen the statement, in good, English print. I went to his house, and returned, rather chastened, with as many books on Browning as we could carry, and my search began.

And in an hour I had found it—no gossip story at all; he wrote of it himself—to Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, with a certain complacency, and pride—wrote, of "An Elementary French book, on a new plan"—and through the rain I skipped, hatless, but remembering to wrap up the precious volume in my waterproof, and, O! morning of mornings, I was allowed unheralded to run down the stairs to his study, that opened on the back garden, and show him my justification at once.

R. B. to E. B. B.

(Post-mark, September 17, 1845)

One final word on the other matters—the "worldly matters"—I shall own I alluded to them rather ostentatiously because—because *that would be the one poor sacrifice I could make you—one I would cheerfully make, but a sacrifice, and the only one: this careless "sweet habitude of living"—this absolute independence of mine, which, if I had it not, my heart would*

starve and die for, I feel, and which I have fought so many good battles to preserve—for that has happened, too—this light rational life I lead, and know so well that I lead; this I could give up for nothing less than—what you know—but I *would* give it up, not for you merely, but for those whose disappointment might react on you—and I should break no promise to myself—the money getting would not be for the sake of it; "the labor not for that which is nought"—indeed the necessity of doing this, if at all, *now*, was one of the reasons which made me go on to that *last request of all*—at once; one must not be too old, they say, to begin their ways. But, in spite of all the babble, I feel sure that whenever I make up my mind to that, I can be rich enough and to spare—because along with what you have thought *genius* in me, is certainly talent, what the world recognizes as such; and I have tried it in various ways, just to be sure that I *was* a little magnanimous in never intending to use it. Thus, in more than one of the reviews and newspapers that laughed my "Paracelsus" to scorn ten years ago—in the same column, often, of these reviews, would follow a most laudatory notice of an Elementary French book, on a new plan, which I "did" for my old French Master, and he published—"that was really an useful work!"—So that when the only obstacle is only that there is so much *per annum* to be producible, you will tell me. After all it would be unfair in me not to confess that this was always intended to be *my* own single stipulation—"an objection" which I could see, certainly—but meant to treat myself to the little luxury of removing.

From

"The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett." 1845-1846. Pages 207-208; Vol. I.

I thought that that would be the end of it, that he would chide me in his gentle way for saying "Grammar" where Browning said "book," that he would again apologize for disturbing me in the morning; in fact I thought that the incident was closed. His excitement grew; he asked me to mention the fact to nobody—he demanded my permission, however, to tell Professor Hall Griffin, who was, at the time writing his "Life of Robert Browning." Later, he told me how interested Professor Hall Griffin had been, and how he was trying to run it down, unsuccessfully. And I know that Dr. Garnett searched in the B. M., in the most careful and knowledgeable way. Then, Mr. Hall Griffin died, and I never heard if Mr. H. C. Minchin, who completed the "Life," went on with the search. There is no mention of the "French book" in the "Life." And then our friend died, and when I wrote a little "Memory" of him in the Garnett number of the *Bookman*, I felt that my lips were unsealed, and that the literary trifle that had escaped his keen eyes, might be mentioned at last.

Several people wrote me on the subject, but I had nothing to say, except that for some reason the fact had never been commented on by any of his biographers. Nor, for that matter, by Miss Barrett; she never alludes to the French book, in any of her letters. Yet the fact that her Robert had written a book—hack work, if you like, but still a book that made him feel that he had a bread-and-butter-for-two kind of talent ought to have impressed her to the extent of mentioning it in a P. S., one might think. But no; that incident was closed, almost as soon as it began. He never referred to it again. I wonder if her indifference to his "talent" hurt him. Quite probably it did.

The late Mrs. Hugh Walker, wife of Professor Hugh Walker author of "The Greater Victorian Poets," took up the search. She spent much of one summer in the British Museum, leaving no book unturned in her efforts to get that Elementary French book into her hands. But no French Grammar—or Elementary French book—published in 1835 bore the name of Robert Browning on the title page, and no book was published then by any French Master that tallied with the instructors of the young Robert. Other searchers have told me that they found no trace of laudatory or any other kind of reviews in the papers and magazines that praised or condemned "Paracelsus."

"It is our guess for the Pulitzer Prize for 1926."
Harry Hansen

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Doubleday, Page & Co.

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE COLOR-PRINTS OF HIROSHIGE. By EDWARD F. STRANGE. With 52 plates, 16 in color. Stokes. 1926.

This large and handsomely illustrated book on Hiroshige marks a considerable advance on its predecessors. It presents besides the familiar landscape prints, the fan designs, the presentation cards, original sketches, and a very full, if far from complete list. It also settles certain disputed points. From now on the second and third Hiroshige are documented characters, though we are only at the beginning of their list. Mr. Strange's book is indispensable to the collector. It also offers much that is attractive to every person of taste. The criticism has not much color, but is just and sympathetic. The unusual degree of landscape realism in Hiroshige—a trait which early commended him to European amateurs—is regarded as almost entirely of Hiroshige development, apart from European influence. Similarly the influence of Hiroshige on Whistler and the French Impressionists is minimized. Your reviewer finds these views confusing. Surely the strong resemblance between Hiroshige's color patterns and those of the finest French *vues d'optique* is not wholly coincidence, and the French transparencies are older. A chief drawback to the collecting of Hiroshige prints is the poor paper and printing. Clearly he worked for a lower public than that of Hokusai and Kunisada. The writer has seen one of the finest Hiroshiges, *The Eagle*, pasted on the outside of a teabox. We have, then, as Mr. Strange duly points out, a great artist dedicated wholly to popular imagery, almost a unique phenomenon in the history of art.

A COLLECTION IN THE MAKING. By Duncan PHILLIPS. Washington, D. C.: Phillips Memorial Gallery.

EARLY AMERICAN WALL PAINTINGS, 1710-1850. By Edward B. Allen. Yale University Press. \$7.50.

Belles Lettres

DREAMS AND DROLLS. By Arthur Machen. Knopf.

A SHEPHERD. By Heywood Brown. Rudge.

THE HAPPINESS OF OUR GARDEN. By Mrs. William Lovell Putnam. Rudge.

CHAUCER AND THE MEDIEVAL SCIENCES. By Walter Clyde Curry. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

LUIGI PIRANDELLO. By Walter Starkie. Dutton. \$3.

SELECTIONS FROM POE'S LITERARY CRITICISM.

Edited by John Brooks Moore. Crofts.

Biography

MY LIFE AND TIMES. By JEROME K. JEROME. Harpers. 1926. \$4.

Mr. Jerome begins with a story about a group of men who used to dine together in his Bohemian days. Two of them, Mr. Blind and Mr. X, bought a perambulator together in expectation of two babies, but Mrs. X produced twins and refused to let either of them be a footstool on the floor of any perambulator, while Mr. Blind refused to sell his half of the perambulator unless at the price of a whole perambulator. They were still disputing when the gas went out at twelve o'clock, and the company adjourned to the rooms of Philip Bourke

Marston, on the Euston Road, who was blind and wrote poetry. There Jerome announced that he was going to write a truthful and unreserved autobiography and call it "The Confession of a Fool." All agreed it was an admirable title, but doubted if he could write a book of the requisite ruthless veracity. Apropos of this, he once asked Mark Twain about the absolutely honest reminiscences which he was rumored to be writing. Mark replied "Quite true, I am going to speak of everybody I have met exactly as I have found them," and added "that he might, before he left London, be asking me for a loan and hoped, if he did, that I would not turn out to be a mean-spirited skinflint."

Mr. Jerome's memories are full of good stories, but his life was not all cake and ale. He was born in 1859. His early experiences were varied, but somewhat hard. Chapter II. is "I Become a Poor Scholar," Chapter III. "Record of a Discontented Youth." Of several years the chief thing he remembers is loneliness. He became an actor, then a journalist, then a school master, and at length drifted into a solicitor's office. For years he wrote stories, plays, essays, and for years nothing came of it. His first book was published in 1885. "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" and "Stage Land" were written for periodicals. Both sold well, and his literary career got under weigh. It was the career largely of a dramatist, editor, and lecturer. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is the play that is most remembered now. The last Chapter is the "Looking Forward" of a man of sixty-seven, his attitude of mind toward religion and the personal prospect.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK. By Temple Bodley. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.

GOTTFRIED KINKEL AS POLITICAL AND SOCIAL THINKER. By Alfred R. De Jonge. Columbia University Press. \$1.75.

STORIES OF AUTHORS. By Edwin Watts Chubb. Macmillan. \$2.50.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. By Himself. Translated by Mary Howitt. American-Scandinavian Foundation.

ERNEST DEWITT BURTON. By Thomas Wakefield Goodspeed. University of Chicago Press. \$3.

MEMOIRS OF THOMAS HOLCROFT. Oxford University Press. 30 cents.

NELSON THE MAN. By A. Corbett-Smith. Little, Brown. \$2.50 net.

ONCE A CLOWN, ALWAYS A CLOWN. By De Wolf Hopper. Little, Brown. \$3 net.

Education

NEW SCHOOLS IN THE OLD WORLD. By CARLETON WASHBURNE. Day. 1926. \$1.75.

This very informative little book is a first-hand informal study of the remarkable group of European schools which under the influence of men like Saunderson, Ferrier, Decroly have introduced beside the crystallized methods of older systems experiments some of which have had remarkable success, Streatham, Hill, Marlborough, O'Neill, and Bedales in England, Uccles in Belgium, Cousinet's work at Arcis-sur-Aube, Glarisegg in Switzerland, the public experimental schools at Hamburg, and institutions in Czecho-Slovakia are the subjects of the successive chapters. The book is critical, comparative, and explanatory, and though

intended only as a descriptive essay is of real value not only to American parents who wish to place their children abroad, but to the increasing number who feel that something is wrong with the standard education of children and wish to know what is being done about it. It is clearly and simply written.

Fiction

THE MAN WHO CANNOT DIE. By THAMES WILLIAMSON. Small, Maynard. 1926. \$2.50.

Mr. Williamson, whose "Run Sheep, Run," a tale of shepherding in the mountains of central California, deserved and received high praise, has here turned to a theme that is a world away from that idyll of the Sierras. The boldness of its conception is arresting. Not many writers would dare try to project against the American scene, from Revolutionary days till our own, an American equivalent of the Wandering Jew. That is just what Mr. Williamson essays, and it is hardly remarkable to find that he has fallen short of success.

Such a story, to approach success, must create at the very outset a satisfying illusion. It may be as artificial as the illusion in "Dorian Grey," or as *outré* as the 333 illusions in "The Wild Ass's Skin," but it must be a reasonably complete and convincing world. Mr. Williamson's rather hurried narrative fails to convince us of anything. We are not persuaded of the actuality of his hero, Pentland, who at thirty-eight finds himself suddenly rendered immortal by a Philadelphia scientist; are not persuaded that this death-proof hero moves in a real world. Indeed, one of the most disappointing aspects of the book is the thinness and fatness of the intermittent glimpses of the vast panorama of social change between 1780 and 1920. The mystical and philosophical passages carry with them a sense of strained effort, and the emotional scenes are once or twice bathetic. The reader brings away from the book a sense of a grandiose design, of some highly effective bits of writing, and of some interesting gropings into metaphysics, but of general failure. Mr. Williamson's strength, for the present at least, is greatest when he keeps his feet solidly upon the ground.

HALF A SOVEREIGN: An Improbable Romance. By IAN HAY. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. \$2.

Did Major Ian Hay Beith have a guilty conscience when he described "Half a Sovereign" as an improbable romance? The novel certainly is improbable, much in the same way as Chesterton's "The Man Who Was Thursday" is improbable. We surely do not need to add, however, that there the similarity ceases. After the first part of "Half a Sovereign" has been a pleasantly farcical narrative of a Mediterranean cruise on a private yacht, it becomes a tale, still a little farcical, of reincarnation and spiritism. Thereupon, for us, the novel lost its clear charm and felt its way, slow and fumbling, through a hopeless fog. Other readers may perhaps find themselves in sympathy with both divisions of the tale. Of one thing, nevertheless, there is no doubt: the novel breaks in two, there being little discernible reason why the two halves should have been published as one continuous whole. Major Beith is too accomplished a novelist in the lighter moods for us to forgive a lapse into such crudity. Is it possible that his plot languished to the

(Continued on next page)

The AMEN CORNER

THE HOLIDAY season brings its trials, but yields compensations. A friend who signs himself Thersites, but who is more genial than his Shakespearean original, writes us this tragical-comical, but not unwelcome, epistle.

"Neither the drab mediocrity of December weather, nor the dyspeptic depression that follows our saturnalia, can render inarticulate my delight in the new *Oxford Book of Eighteenth Century Verse*.⁽¹⁾ A crotchety and perverse old man, I do not share the present general admiration for that thoroughly uncomfortable and frequently vicious century; I prefer a less barbaric Victorianism. But bad sanitation and doubtful morals sometimes lead to good poetry, and your D. Nichol Smith, a peerless anthologist, has made the best of it. My gratitude is grudging, but sincere."

IT HAS been stated upon good authority that in the study of every dignified Oxford "don" and every illustrious American scholar there is a hidden book shelf full of well-thumbed detective stories. (Humanists regard this as a hopeful omen for the future of education!) Be that as it may, it is not often that the august scholars who preside over the Oxford University Press place their hall-mark of approval upon that most moving of all fictional forms—the classic thriller. *Crime and Detection*⁽²⁾ is a small pocket volume with a tastefully striking jacket that promises excitement within. Elderly ladies, and austere heads of families, who may not wish to flaunt their sin in public, may remove this brilliant outer husk, and, hiding behind the sedate olive green binding, revel in the inventions of Conan Doyle or G. K. Chesterton, while seeming to be engaged in a sedate study of the essays of Carlyle!

THE OXONIAN, who boasts a select acquaintance among sprightly seniors at Vassar, has received the following comment on *English Women in Life and Letters*,⁽³⁾ couched in a style which speaks well for Boston and Poughkeepsie.

"I have been perusing the unfortunate lot of ladies in England before the nineteenth century with a great deal of amusement. Did you notice Defoe's idea for the women's college? He would have it constructed so that the entrance for gentlemen, who would divert the young ladies from more serious pursuits, would be very difficult. I was glad to know that the eighteenth century ladies had the same weakness as we of the twentieth! The illustrations are priceless, and prove at last that some one in England has a sense of humor."

UNLIKE the daily columnist, we do not need to seek for asterisks to fill our final ems. . . . On the contrary we must, like a breathless messenger, gasp out all our news in fragments. . . . (Each trio of periods shall represent a fresh sally of thought) . . . We cannot, like Grant before Richmond, sit on this line all summer . . . An Englishman named Knowles, by the way, has written an interesting book on the Civil War.⁽⁴⁾ Lee and Jackson are his heroes and the book is more exciting than most novels. . . . English writers show renewed interest in our Civil War; the Oxford Press is about to publish an original study of *The Military Genius of Lincoln*⁽⁵⁾ by Brigadier-General Ballard. Its conclusions are daring, and may excite controversy. . . . Lincoln, says General Ballard, was, all considered, the great strategist of the Civil War.

But Oxford tastes are not wholly belliose. To counteract these military studies, the Press has prepared a circular of Books on Religion, which has more than a theological interest. Write the Oxonian for it at 35 W. 32nd Street. . . . Fowler's *Modern English Usage*⁽⁶⁾ continues to sweep the market; it has now conquered the critical minds of college teachers of composition. Yale, Princeton, Chicago, Northwestern and others will use it. . . . Later, we hear, the book will appear in leather—an admirable gift! . . . Our colleagues are just returned from Boston, where the Modern Language Association has held its annual frolicsome assembly, so we have heard much talk of linguistic potentates there gathered. . . . May the erudition of each have a balancing sense of humor!

Just as every little Liberal has his little Con-ser-va-tive!

—THE OXONIAN.

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