

## The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

### A BALANCED RATION

THE TIME OF MAN. By *Elizabeth Madox Roberts*. (Viking.)  
THE LAST FIFTY YEARS IN NEW YORK. By *Henry Collins Brown*. (Valentine's Manual.)  
SEVENTY YEARS A SHOWMAN. By "Lord" *George Sanger*. (Dutton.)

*W. T. M., Newark, N. J., asks for several books on the history and development of Freemasonry.*

"A CONCISE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY," by Robert Freke Gould (Macoy) of which a new edition was published in 1924, costs six dollars; "The Beginnings of Freemasonry in America," by Melvin M. Johnson (Doran), contains a reference to all that is known of freemasonry in the western hemisphere prior to 1750. "Builders: a Story and Study of Masonry," by Joseph Fort Newton, is in the National Masonic Library published by Doran: so is "Great Teachings of Masonry," by Le Roy Haywood, and the same author's "Symbolical Masonry." The custom of presenting a Bible to each new member on joining a Masonic Lodge has led to the preparation of the "Oxford Bible for Masons" (Oxford University Press), an edition especially for such presentation. It contains an alphabetically arranged Masonic Concordance with thousands of passages relating to Masonry, illustrations, maps, presentation pages, and an article by the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, "The Bible and Masonry;" the text is the Authorized Version.

*M. C. F., Augusta, Maine, seeks what general books on theosophy would be useful in a reference library, and E. H. C., Howard Beach, N. Y., asks what important books on theosophy have recently appeared.*

"ELEMENTARY THEOSOPHY," by L. W. Rogers (Theosophical Book Co., 2006 N. Sayre Ave., Chicago) is a popular introduction, and Mrs. Annie Besant's "Daily Meditations on the Path" (Theosophical Press, 826 Oakdale Ave., Chicago) is widely read. The most important recent publication is "The Theosophical Movement: 1875-1825," published last year by Dutton (\$5).

*M. L. G., Toppenish, Washington, asks for books on the literature and art of South America.*

A. L. COESTER'S "Literary History of Spanish America" (Macmillan) is still the most important and comprehensive work on its subject: it covers the countries one by one (without Brazil, of course) from their literary beginnings to the first decade of this century; it not only names but tells enough about distinctive works to give an idea of the scope of South American fiction and poetry to one who does not read Spanish. Isaac Goldberg's "Studies in Spanish-American Literature" (Brentano) gives more detailed treatment to a selection of the most distinguished writers of the present day. "Some Spanish-American Poets," by Alice Stone Blackwell (Brentano), gives translations of high merit. Moses's "Spanish Colonial Literature in South America" is one of the publications of the Hispanic Society. There are not many translations of contemporary novels, at least not many in print: a recent one is of Aluizio Azevedo's "A Brazilian Tenement" (McBride), the story of the making of a Brazilian millionaire.

If this group has any acquaintance with Spanish, there are school editions (Ginn) of Blasco Ibañez's "Vistas Sudamericanas" and a collection of "Cuentos de la America Española," edited by A. L. Coester, fifteen tales from nine countries. I do not know of anything in English about contemporary South American art: for this I think you would have to ask (through, or with the approval of, a United States Senator or member of Congress) the Pan American Union, Washington, D. C. A club will find an interesting combination of history and biography in Robertson's "Rise of the Spanish-American Republics as told in the Lives of their Liberators" (Appleton), and, in Stella B. May's "Men, Maidens and Mantillas" (Century), a travel record ranging so many countries that it would be use-

ful in planning the course of study as well as a pleasant help in carrying it out.

*D. H. T., Lansing, Mich., asks for practical books on child-training and child psychology which would be helpful to the mother of a pre-school-age child.*

THERE have been not a few admirable contributions to child psychology within the past decade: I have spoken of several of them in answer to various correspondents. But the best of them have been rather for psychologists than for mothers; though in Stern's "Psychology of Early Childhood" (Holt), one that interested me especially, a mother is one of the collaborators. Now comes "A Practical Psychology of Childhood," by Jessie Chase Fenton (Houghton Mifflin), sound in principles and sensible in advice, which is detailed and non-technical enough to be within the grasp of any young mother: it is even conversational in tone. Beginning as soon as breath begins, the impulse of play, language, the use of the senses, the gaining of muscular control, are considered with the steps in the development of intelligence and the emotions. It is thus both a study of psychology and a practical guide for training, and covers the first two years. An earlier book full of good advice is "The Health of the Runabout Child," by Dr. William P. Lucas (Macmillan), which covers the period "from mother's lap to the school gate." "How We Think," by John Dewey (Heath), is a book that has set many a parent to thinking: another that has performed this feat is Ernest H. Abbott's "On the Training of Parents" (Houghton Mifflin), essays presenting some of the principles of bringing up children.

Now that we are speaking of children before they go to school, there is a new handcraft book for boys and girls as young as five or six to use with a parent's assistance; by seven they may use it alone: this is "Your Workshop," by Edna Plimpton (Macmillan), the first in what is to be a series of work and play books. For little girls learning to read before they go to school nothing is better than the charming "Little Lucia" series by Mabel Robinson (Dutton), and of these there is a new one, "Little Lucia's School," just out, with a pony in it. These may be read aloud over and again, with the usual result that the child finds herself first "reading along" and then really reading. I have had reports of this book from a number of grateful parents.

There is a new magazine *Children*, 353 Fourth Avenue, N. Y., whose prospectus looks promising and whose editorial staff, consultants, and advisory board hold distinguished names. It is to help in all parental problems.

*P. K. T., Hollywood, Cal., asks if there is a book dealing with misleading cases of circumstantial evidence.*

THIS calls for special research under the direction of a law librarian, but the layman will find enlightenment on the nature of evidence in Lord Riddell's essays, "Some Things That Matter" (Doran). Fiction makes use of this quite often; the best example I know is a strange and exciting murder mystery story making a great sensation now in England, "What Really Happened," by Marie Belloc Lowndes. This opens with the judge's charge to a jury of ten men and two women: point by point he goes over the evidence against the woman in the dock: as the address, just before its last words, breaks off for a recess, the story turns back several months and with a phrase of the judge for each chapter heading, tells, without attempt to mystify, just "what really happened." You learn in no time just who did kill the man and why. Then the story comes back to the court-room, the jury goes out, and with sickening suspense you hear them go off on one false lead after another, interpreting the evidence according to their temperaments and experiences. The strain is not relaxed until the very last sentence on the last page: if all detective stories were about people as real as these one would be worn out with sympathy. Another extraordinary use of misleading evidence is in the trilogy by Oliver Onions now, I rejoice to see, recast into one long but furiously interesting novel called "Whom God Hath Sundered" (Doran). This came out at about the same time as the "Clayhanger" and

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# There Is No Reward

other than the satisfaction of knowing you are rendering valuable assistance in the development of a worthwhile enterprise when you find it convenient to supplement the work of the circulation department by finding new readers for THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

This reward, however, has been sufficient to interest many of our *Character* Subscribers. When renewing their subscriptions last month they suggested several practical ways of introducing THE SATURDAY REVIEW to those who have never seen it.

One important suggestion was for our readers to interest their booksellers in telling all of their regular customers about the REVIEW. The bookseller will not only get a commission on the subscriptions which he obtains but he will also find that his business will be improved by having more of his patrons reading THE SATURDAY REVIEW

Of course, most booksellers are well aware of this now and send us the names of new subscribers regularly but your favorite bookman may be one who hasn't thought of these possibilities.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW would be an interesting topic of conversation the next time you go to buy a book.

*The Saturday Review*  
of LITERATURE

25 West 45th St., New York City



### FEDERAL WATER-POWER LEGISLATION

By *Jerome G. Kerwin*  
Assistant Professor of Political Science in the University of Chicago  
A review of the great fifteen-year struggle for water power legislation that would conserve this great natural asset for the benefit of the people. The author surveys the physical, economic and legal aspects of the problem, especially the constitutional questions which so agitated Congress. A brief consideration of the progress of water-power development is taken up with special emphasis placed upon the Muscle Shoals controversy.

Cloth. Pp. 396. \$6.00

### GOVERNMENTAL METHODS OF ADJUSTING LABOR DISPUTES

By *Ting Tsz Ko*  
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Paper. Pp. 219. \$3.75

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### Poetry

WILD PLUM. By *Orrick Johns*. Macmillan. \$1.25.  
EMBERS. By *Melancthon Woolsey Stryker*. New York: Ernest Dressel North.  
THE INDEPENDENT POETRY ANTHOLOGY. 1926. Saugus, Mass.: Parker. \$2 net.  
PANDORA. By *Agnes Yarnall*. Dorrance. \$1.75.  
FLOTSAM. By *Clara Miehme*. Dorrance.  
VON LOHR AND OTHER POEMS. By *Alonso Brown*. Dorrance.  
PERSHING SQUARE AND OTHER PHILOSOPHY. By *Helen Runyon Belknap and André de Soos*. Privately printed.  
EAST WIND. By *Amy Lowell*. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.25.  
AUGUSTAN BOOKS OF MODERN POETRY. Edited by *Edward Thompson, Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, Percy Byssie Shelley, Robert Bridges, John Keats, Rabindranath Tagore*. Stokes.  
FEW, BUT ROSES. Selected and arranged by *Alfred Brickell*. Brentanos. \$2.

### Religion

LIFE OF OUR MASTER CHRIST JESUS. By *SEPTINA BAKER*. San Francisco: California Press, 1925.  
This is a well written and well printed life of Jesus for children and other simple-minded persons. Nearly half the book consists of verbatim scripture quotations from the four Gospels. The explanations are intended "to awaken and hold the reader's interest, give correct setting to words and actions, and connect historic events." The author's viewpoint is one of consistent reverence and piety almost sentimental. The applications are in terms of a modern emphasis upon "pure thought," upon Jesus's humanitarian healings. They indulge in the usual idealizing and spiritualizing of the rugged literalism of the ancient records. The book does not undertake to discuss the many open historical or critical questions in the life of Jesus.  
THIS BELIEVING WORLD. By *Lewis Browne*. Macmillan. \$3.50.

### Science

THE MAMMOTH. By *Bassett Digby Appleton*.  
HOW INSECTS LIVE. By *Walter Housley Wellhouse*. Macmillan. \$5.  
THE MARVELS OF CHEMISTRY. By *A. T. McDouglass*. Pitman. 75 cents.  
PHYSIOLOGY AND ANATOMY. By *Harold Gardiner*. Pitman. \$3.  
THE NEW NATURAL HISTORY. By *J. Arthur Thomson*. Vol. II. Putnam. \$6.  
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## Points of View

### The "Best" Books

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

May I make a brief reply to the question asked in your issue of December 19th by John M. Kline of Glasgow, Montana? This omnivorous reader seems to have undertaken a serious quest—the search for good literature, but perhaps his question is not as serious as he makes it seem. He wants to know whether he, and other serious searchers, lack discrimination, or whether there is something wrong with the critics.

Whatever else we may not know about "good literature," we know that it is uncharted. It is seldom indeed that any two readers will agree as to the worth of a given writer, or a given book. It is to be expected that the critics will also have diversified estimates.

This very question came up but last night in a library where several people were discussing literature. It was, strangely enough, the librarian who was speaking of Sinclair Lewis as a modern genius, but an oldish person who has been a publisher's reader for many years soon set this estimate at naught by classing Mr. Lewis as a mere pamphleteer. The sum of the conversation was the conclusion reached, that it takes years and years for either readers or critics properly to classify literature.

Without doubt the critics are forced by reason of their employment to grind many cheap, superficial, and tawdry books through their mills. Mr. Kline might be advised that his error seems to be in following too closely the opinions and estimates of book-reviewers. He must not expect that any single critic will agree with his personal standards and values. He should also remember that those who search for the best literature, are continually disappointed. The very fact that one has high standards makes the quest endless. If a person could be content with reading, and leave appraisal to critics!—but Mr. Kline has proven himself, as many a reader is, a critic as well.

There is nothing wrong with the taste of those who choose to always be guided by the desire for the best that literature holds, but they must not expect that either readers or critics will agree with them when it comes to a list of "best books." Perhaps some day readers and critics will wake up to the impossibility of ever putting literature into any permanent classification. Where is there a *littérateur* who would privately select his reading, draw his personal estimates, from a list of books that have lived longest? Yet most of us are agreed that this one test of "Time" is an important one in judging literature!

No! there are too many other factors to be taken into consideration. Why not be content with liking one book for what it gives us, one author for what he offers, and forget the verbose attempt to settle the impossible question as to who is right and who is wrong?

I wish I could give Mr. Kline a more direct answer to his question. He seems to have read a great many books that many readers can call excellent, yet the writer was surprised that he failed to appreciate some of the Russian writers. One must know that the editors of book reviews are critics, just as readers who follow the reviews are critics! If a reader wasn't a critic, he would have scant preference for "best" books, but would be content with any.

The "serious question" needn't be so serious when we remember that there is something wrong with the critical and discriminating reader who expects to find the "best" in literature, and then have every-one else agree with him.

Perhaps the situation is improved when we consider the pleasures along the way, such as Mr. Kline's youthful worship of Dickens, his liking for Pepsys, or Poe, and the purely personal joy that each one of us gets from a discovery of a book to his exact liking.

F. GARDNER CLOUGH.

### An Amusing Confusion

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

A year or two ago I read a short but amusing account of how the novels of J. M. Barrie and Bertha M. Clay became confused before publication in paper covers. Some of Bertha Clay's saccharine tales passed as the work of the author of "Sentimental Tommy," and visa-versa. Probably this will aid Mary Crowell, who inquired

about "A Tillyloss Scandal" in the August 14 issue of the *Saturday Review*.

R. E. WOLSELEY.

Evanston, Ill.

### More on the Scholastics

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

While Mr. Durant (in your issue of July 24) shows admirable candor in characterizing as a prejudice his conviction that the Scholastics do not belong to the history of philosophy, his statement about "the difficulty of finding in that philosophy sufficient material of contemporary interest to educated men," ought not to pass unchallenged. Let me mention three such points of interest:

(1) In the realm of political theory, Gierlier's chapter on mediæval political theories translated by Maitland is now the center of the liveliest discussion among those who regard themselves as the most advanced political thinkers. If Mr. Durant's familiarity with mediæval philosophy were really liberal he might have been interested in the fact that the theory of representative government, challenged today by dictators as well as writers, is mediæval in origin. The ancients had nothing like it.

(2) That scholastic metaphysics has tremendous interest for contemporary thinkers who are not Catholics is beautifully shown in the chapter on Theism in Professor Sheldon's book on "The Strife of Systems." I venture to add that Mr. Durant would have understood Spinoza better if he paid more attention to scholastic and Renaissance metaphysics.

(3) It seems hardly necessary to refer to the high praise for the scholastic contributions to logic made by modern radicals like Mill and Huxley. I shall only add that as the scholastics shaped our logical terminology and what passes as common-sense philosophy, they should be of interest to people who really want an intelligent understanding of why modern thought is confused. Possibly Mr. Durant's aversion for mediæval philosophy—doubtless due to an overdose of theology—might be softened if he turned to that excellent manual of scholasticism, the poetic rendering of St. Thomas's "Gamma Theologica" which is known as Dante's Divine Comedy.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

### The Defence Rests

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

However great the importance of Scholastic philosophy, I realize that the *Saturday Review* cannot be expected to open its columns indefinitely to a discussion of this single topic. Fortunately no long reply is called for by the letter of Mr. Richards, in which he asserts what I never thought of denying—that mediæval philosophy was theoretically regarded as an introduction to sacred theology and that Aquinas was "a devout son of the Church"—and denies what I never thought of asserting—that mediæval cosmology was identical with that of Aristotle, on which it nevertheless was based, and that the specific supernaturalism of the Scholastics was identical with the transcendentalism of other systems which nevertheless equally sought ultimate principles of explanation beyond nature. The charge that I indulge in special pleading on behalf of the Scholastics is likely to be highly amusing to those acquainted with my own philosophical views. Mr. Richards is right in one particular and one only. He accuses me of being ignorant of the fact that scholasticism based its philosophy upon the "unquestioned datum" of revelation. I am not only ignorant of it but am likely to remain so, since no such fact ever existed. Not one of the fundamental tenets of Scholasticism—not its theory of being, not its theory of knowledge, not its theory of universals, not even its arguments for the existence of God rested either directly or indirectly upon this "unquestioned datum." "To assert the contrary is to be ignorant of or to ignore" the tenets in question; in fact, it is "little short of presumption."

For the reader desirous of deciding between my opponents and myself, who yet has no time to go directly to the Scholastics, I append a brief list of easily accessible and authoritative recent works which may be consulted with profit.

"Scholasticism Old and New," by Maurice De Wulf.

"History of Mediæval Philosophy," by Maurice De Wulf.

"Cosmology (The Greeks and the Aristotelian Schoolmen)," by John O'Neill.

"Ontology, or the Theory of Being," by P. Coffey.

"Epistemology: or the Theory of Knowledge," by P. Coffey.

"God and Intelligence," by Fulton J. Sheen.

"Mont-St. Michel and Chartres" (essay on Abelard), by Henry Adams.

The defence rests.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

### Literary Crudities

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

The using of smart assertions to take the place of reasoned argument, is so large a part of the capital of the sophomore minded literary critic, that it is time wasted to indicate errors in the fabrication of straw men, such as the statement of one of your contributors, June 26th, that the Pilgrim Fathers were Puritans, a fact unknown to them, as was likewise the idea that they were suppressed sensualists, or, strangest of all, aristocratic ancestors.

It gives a pleasant sense of superiority to believe, or at least to assert, the belief that the alleged virtues of former times were based on hypocrisy, foreign to our present broad minds, and the less one is hampered by information, the easier is such philosophy to express. But one who claims "a certain training" in literature and languages of former times, should be able to use his own with skill, and while posing as an "intellectual" (whatever that adjectival noun may be) to mock the crudities of the multitude, should not indulge in the crudities of the beginner in English composition, by manufacturing and distorting words and phrases to avoid the trouble of learning to express an idea with words already in good use.

"Intellectual" is bad enough when used as a noun to define anyone able to write a little piece for a newspaper, but how about such a barbarism as "intellectualize"? It only needs another syllable, making "intellectualization" to run the whole circuit with successive suffixes from noun to adjective, to noun and verb, and back again to noun.

Writing becomes a tenuous art at best when devoted to criticism of a critic of ephemeral writings. With so little to express there is less excuse for not devoting more effort to the forms of expression.

HENRY WELLES DURHAM.

Managua, Nicaragua

### Readers' Guide

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"Jacob Stahl" trilogies, and for some reason never received in America the attention from the public that it deserved. It is now worked into a single narrative: in the original version the first volume told the evidence in the case of a mysterious murder, the second how it really did come to pass and why the man who did it regarded it as an execution, and the third how it affected the life of a woman who held the secret. Evidently the public is growing better informed on the psychology of evidence. A woman physician in a London court lately swore that she would tell "approximately the truth."

### The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

#### Brief Mention

THE array of fiction before us this week, which takes up half of our book-shelf, is decidedly miscellaneous and not particularly distinguished. A new publisher, David Graham Fischer of Hollywood, furnishes two volumes with quite garish jackets. The first, *Jimmy Starr's* "365 Nights in Hollywood" does not (let there be no mistake about that!) contain stories which De Maupassant might have written, as announced on the jacket-flap. The scrappy tales are rather illiterate and rather dull. "Shadows of the Valley," also a David Graham Fischer Publication, is by Clyde W. Hightower. It is a pioneer story quite badly written and of no importance. Let us therefore turn to three books brought out by the Macaulay Company. "The Phantom Clue" by Gaston Leroux (\$2) presents the indefatigable Joseph Roulettabille once more. The story is on a par with Leroux's many former mystery tales. "The Bandit Prince" by Sessue Hayakawa, screen and stage star, is what one might expect from this energetic Japanese, a highly-colored and melodramatic romance.

"The Secret Love House" by Maraven Thompson is fairly amateurish and banal. Much easier to endure is Frank K. Rich's "Caleb Peaslee" (Altemus. \$2), the rather simple tale of a rugged rural type, the kind of book that presents one with homespun aphorisms. Francis Grierson, with "The Lost Pearl" (Clode. \$2), gives us a fairly good detective story, and one of his former ones, "The Limping Man," was called "one of the best mystery stories I have read in some time" by Professor William Lyon Phelps. "The Strange Adventure of James Shervinton" by Louis Becke in the collected edition of the works of Louis Becke, completes our aggregation of fiction. It is a volume of one of the many collections of short stories by this writer who knew the Pacific as few have ever known it.

Turning from prose fiction we come next upon "A Treasury of Verse for School and Home," selected by M. G. Edgar and Eric Chilman, illustrated in color, and published by Crowell at \$2.50 net. The choices in this anthology are not extraordinarily original, but the book will doubtless satisfy the average person. We are a little tired, nevertheless, of collections that reselect all the old favorites. We are also a little tired of exhumation of every scrap that the late Edgar Saltus wrote. A new instance of it is "Victor Hugo—Golgotha," published by Pascal Covici of Chicago "in an edition limited to 310 numbered copies printed upon Inomachi Vellum, eighty copies of which contain an original cancelled check of Edgar Saltus." The italics are ours! Can bibliomania further go? In the preservation of rarities out of the literary past, how different is the spirit of the Oxford University Press. They have just brought out at \$2.50 a fifteenth century secular play by Henry Medwall, edited by F. S. Boas and A. W. Reed. This is "Fulgens and Lucrez," chastely bound in imitation vellum, with a facsimile of the last page of the unique copy for a frontispiece. And, in this general connection, we may mention Arthur Murphy's "The Way to Keep Him" published in the series of "English Comedies of the 18th Century" of the Oxford University Press. These small, green paper-bound books retail at thirty-five cents apiece and are excellently printed. Also in the field of modern belles lettres, Margery Williams Bianco's "The Apple Tree" (Doran), a fable for children beautifully decorated by Boris Artzybasheff, should find a prominent place. Slight as the book is it is written with rare delicacy of fancy.

For outdoor excursions "Trails and Summits of the Green Mountains" by Walter Collins O'Kane (Houghton, Mifflin. \$2.50), is a thorough and appreciative pocket-guide. And those interested in garden and greenhouse may like to get Montagu C. Allwood's "Carnations" (Scribner's. \$4.75). This is an imported book, recording a life's work with Dianthus and its hybrids, liberally illustrated and covering every phase of carnation-culture. Two business books that should particularly appeal to women are "Gift and Art Shop Merchandising" by Grace P. T. Knudson (Little, Brown. \$2), and "Tea Room and Cafeteria Management" by R. N. Elliott (Little, Brown. \$1.50). Both books are distinctly valuable to anyone starting either of these ventures, as so many do today. They go into all the details that are vital to the businesses and present valuable advice.

The last three books on our shelf are "The Best Letters of Thomas Jefferson" selected and edited by J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50), which aids us in comprehending more accurately the real statesman and man; a book from Otto H. Kahn, our modern American financier, who has gathered together his speeches and written contributions into a volume "Of Many Things" (Boni & Liveright. \$3). (It serves to emphasize his interest in Art, the Opera and the American Stage as well as in large industrial enterprise and international affairs), and, last, from the American Educational Press, New York, a collection of brief articles, by forty distinguished men, under the general title "Achievement: How it Is Won." The contributors are of all kinds,—John Hays Hammond elbows John J. McGraw, Charles M. Schwab, Fred Stone, etc., etc. Which completes this survey of our special shelf for another week.

Charles Dickens's first manuscript, "Stratagem of Rozanza," dictated when he was sixteen to his mother, has come back to England. The author signed himself C. J. H. Dickens, a reminder of his full name, Charles John Huffham Dickens, which he never used in later life.