

by while their inheritance was taken from them by foreigners, and even actively stimulate the process, would be unbelievable if it were told in other words. If a foreign host of ten or fifteen millions should appear off the shores of New England with battle-ships and all the other panoply of war and display their intention to establish themselves upon the land by force, the natives as a man would rally to the defense of their patrimony. Yet no military conquest could be so insidious and far reaching in its effects as the steady immigration stream of the past half century.

We have been deceived by the illusion of permission. If anyone believes that New England, in any real sense, is still held by representatives of the original Yankee stock, he will find this book at least disconcerting.

Mr. Brewer shows very interestingly how this fateful result largely has been the outcome of an anachronistic survival and distortion of the very Yankee virtues that made New England preeminent in an earlier period. The New Englanders have had initiative, resourcefulness, and energy, but they have not had vision. As far as the physical stock of the region is concerned it is, in Mr. Brewer's opinion, too late to do anything. That conquest must go on to completion. There is still a chance, however, to preserve something at least of the Yankee culture if those who represent it are quick to recognize and respond to their responsibility.

An American Lyrist

LETTERS OF LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Edited by GRACE GUINEY. With a preface by Agnes Repplier. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1926. 2 vols. \$5.

Reviewed by BLISS CARMAN

MISS GUINEY'S letters are not unlike those of her beloved R. L. S., in their freshness and unflinching vivacity. Style was her birthright and permeated her most casual note as it did all her poetry. For this reason these handsome volumes will make easy and pleasant reading for all students of modern American literature, while of course they are of peculiar interest to her contemporaries and acquaintances of the eighteen nineties. Those who knew her will recall her animation her merriment, and see her again in every page of these familiar epistles.

As time and achievement go, Miss Guiney belonged to that much-discussed last decade of the nineteenth century, but in temper and outlook she was not of it at all. She was its best lyrist, as I think, but she could not be said to reflect its interests and points of view at all. Of its irresponsible fantastic freedom, its perversity and love of paradox, she had no trace. Her unconscious love of life and her keen sense of humor would have made her at home in any age; still she found her keenest interest in quite another time and place than her own age and land. She was an out and out American in loyalty, but she was much more at home in England than in New England, and much more nearly akin to the seventeenth century than to the twentieth. In culture, in temperament, in sympathy she seems to have found her most congenial atmosphere in the England of the Stuarts. Their pasts were her hobby, their religion was hers.

The quiet order of English life appealed to her scholastic habits. She loved Oxford and the English Cathedrals. Modern thought, modern science, had no appeal for her. She had a clear and exact mind, loving the details of literary research, but her heart was given to literary treasures of the past, rather than to the vital, if somewhat turgid thought and efforts of the present.

In her own line, Louise Guiney has always seemed to me perhaps the most delightful of American lyric poets. She has a fresh and original voice of her own which would lead one to group her with Emerson and Emily Dickinson among the elder poets. Any profound passion for intellectual adventure, however, such as inspired Emerson, was quite alien to her. She trod the old paths with serene delight and never dreamed of a new trail to the undiscovered wilderness of truth.

To-morrow for the States; for me England and yesterday, truly expressed her temperament, and when she reached Oxford and began research work in the Bodleian Library, she came with her own.

In these letters Miss Guiney makes derogatory remarks about her best known volume, "A Roadside Harp," and much prefers "Happy Ending," a

a final collection of her poetry. Many of her friends, I think, will not agree with her judgment, and "A Roadside Harp" will remain for them one of the choicest books of modern poetry. Until Miss Millay came upon the scene with that incomparable "Harp Weaver" and her "Blue Flag in the Bog," I never found anything to compare with L. I. G.,—though this, of course, is purely a matter of arbitrary taste, which no doubt one should apologize for airing in this way.

Perhaps one may be excused for so emphatic a statement, if it should lead readers of these letters to go to Miss Guiney's poems. She never came into her own as an American poet. During all the last half of her life, she not only expatriated herself from the States, but she wrote nothing which could have kept her name alive in her native land. "Her days among the dead were passed," and she herself quite slipped out of the view of a younger generation. That is too bad, for Louise Imogen Guiney cannot be skipped, when it comes to enumerating our greatest poets. Her output was small, but certainly very choice.

All through these delightful letters are clearest traces of the writer's charming and valiant spirit. R. L. S. himself had not a more courageous and gay demeanor in suffering the slings of outrageous fortune.

This is a sentence she flings into a letter between parentheses, "By the way, I must tell you my income from 'litterachoor' in printed books for 1907 is exactly one shilling. Fact. Hooray!"

And again referring to her own efforts and general aim, "I haven't purpose enough to steer a bee across a dust-bin, such as might lie between him and the rose-beds in the garden. 'To travel is better than to arrive': that's my device."

A Lawyer in the Church

LANFRANC. A STUDY OF HIS LIFE, WORK AND WRITING. By A. J. MACDONALD. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926.

Reviewed by MERRIAM SHERWOOD

THIS is the first life of Lanfranc in English. So it is quite fitting, even imperative, that it should be written in a thoroughly scholarly manner. The book is stiff reading, for it presupposes an intimate acquaintance with English history—and, more particularly, with Church history—of the time of the Conquest. The style is simple, dry in places, possessed of a certain quaint individuality, and without the least affectation.

Picturesque incidents of a legendary or half-legendary character are introduced into staid and learned discussions of this or that circumstance in Lanfranc's life in a refreshing and spontaneous way.

An illustration of this is the account of the incidents which led up to the meeting of William of Normandy and Lanfranc. Lanfranc was one of the Churchmen who expressed disapproval of the marriage of William with his cousin Matilda. The Duke heard of this and dispatched his chaplain Herfast with a magnificent retinue to Bec, where Lanfranc was at that time prior. "William's choice of an intermediary," says Mr. Macdonald, "was unfortunate.

Herfast did not possess the first qualification of a courtier—correctness of accent and charm of address. The Prior saw at once that the royal chaplain "knew nearly nothing," and he determined to turn the whole situation into a joke. He placed an alphabet in the Chaplain's hand and asked him to read it aloud, avoiding his wrath by the grace of his own Italian facetiousness. But Herfast returned to William in high dudgeon, stirred up his resentment against the Prior, and persuaded him to order Lanfranc to leave Normandy.

As Lanfranc was departing from the abbey, in compliance with the Duke's orders, he met William on the road. The Prior's horse was lame, and he was attended by only one servant. At first the Duke took no notice of him but finally he changed his mind and beckoned Lanfranc to his side. The stern monk had a quick wit. "At thy order I turn my steps from your duchy," he said to William, "hindered by this useless quadruped. Give me a better horse so that I may fulfil your order." The Duke laughed, and the result was that Lanfranc's native wit brought about his reinstatement at Bec and a life-long friendship with the future King of England.

It is a very interesting though not lovable character that Mr. Macdonald draws for us. The in-

terest lies in the peculiar sort of Churchman we find in the great archbishop. For Lanfranc was by profession a lawyer—and an exceedingly brilliant one—until nearly middle life. His whole career in the Church was colored by the legal method in thought and policy. Born in Pavia, about the year 1000, he studied both Roman and Lombard law and became a teacher and the greatest legal authority in his country.

Lombardy, however, torn by the strife between Emperor and Church, was a precarious place to live in, and Lanfranc, as he was nearing the pinnacle of an enviable career, left his native land to seek a new life in France. Possibly there may be some undiscovered motive in this brusque change of direction on Lanfranc's part. The old writers make mention of a yearning towards a piety that was never the most pronounced characteristic of the Lombard jurist. Perhaps it is fair to assume that they were telling the truth and not merely whitewashing the character of the man who died Archbishop of Canterbury. After some wandering, while teaching or studying in various cathedral schools, he finally became a monk, at about the age of forty, in the monastery of Bec.

Mr. Macdonald thinks that his decision was brought about by the political status of Normandy: "There was no scope for a master of legal forms before the master of arms had drilled the wild baronage into order. The interests of the Normans were divided between the military and the religious life."

Certainly, Lanfranc did not retire into the cloister in the usual sense of the term. He entered the Church with the practical purpose of carving out a fresh career. Beginning as a teacher at Bec, being made subsequently abbot at Caen, he thought at first to pass the latter half of his life building up schools and studying. This was not to be. In 1070 he was chosen by William the Conqueror to occupy the see of Canterbury.

Lanfranc's career proved that the later years of middle life may provide opportunity for an entirely new orientation both of habit and enterprise in a man of sufficient resolution and adaptability. He was not less than sixty-five when he arrived in England, but he achieved a success and reputation which are denied to most men in the prime of life.

It was a hard task that confronted Lanfranc, yet one better suited to his genius than any he had hitherto undertaken. He had shown himself an able teacher, by far the most brilliant jurist of his time, and he had a wide reputation as a scholar. But it is as an organizer and executive that he did his best work. He accomplished for the English Church what William did for the Kingdom. Every reform he instituted was for the purpose of centralizing the Church government in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury. His legal ability plus his common sense brought him success in this. We do not find in him the religious zealot but a practical man of affairs endowed with a remarkably keen intellect.

And yet, Mr. Macdonald has drawn for us a solemn and somewhat tragic figure. The archbishop whose renown crossed the frontiers of the nations stands alone. He outlived his friend and patron, the Conqueror, and proved to be too independent to work in perfect harmony with most others. Besides, he was neither Norman nor Saxon, but an Italian alone in England. This circumstance may have accentuated the natural coolness of his disposition. We have in Mr. Macdonald's biography the portrait of an impressive but unappealing man.

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HENRY SEIDEL CANBY Editor
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT Associate Editor
AMY LOVEMAN Associate Editor
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY Contributing Editor

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The Moth and the Flame

THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS. By ELLEN GLASGOW. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. \$2.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THERE is still such a thing, thank heaven, as civilized novels which are neither stale or dull. Amidst acrobatic experiments in syncopated narrative and sophisticated refinements of saying too much well, they do not get their due from the knowing ones of the bookish world who are too busy with adolescence or decadence to waste time in maturity. Yet they are still being written, and are likely to remain as the most satisfying replica of our culture. For no matter how jazzed the age or how incoherent the philosophy of a new time, the men and women who do more than drift giggling, weeping, or moaning upon the rapid current will be subjects for a narrative more solid than impressionism and more significant than a reporter's tale.

Yet to qualify for the civilized novel requires a good deal more than taste and control of the medium; in fact the merely cultivated novel is, and always has been, one of seven deadly bores of literature. The novelist must have everything of insight, fire, awareness, originality that the boldest experimenter or the wildest rhapsodist possesses, and be able to turn them all to the uses of interpretative art. This is not too weighty a preface to introduce so distinguished a novel as Miss Glasgow's "Romantic Comedians."

I know that "distinguished" threatens to become one of those "reviewer's words" which carry a hint of exaggerated praise or perfunctory exaggeration, but I am using the word in its specific sense of successful differentiation. Miss Glasgow, whose last book had power without great distinction, has here taken that ancient situation, the old man's darling, and with ease and mounting strength of story lifted it out of Virginia, out of pathos, out of satire into a breathing portrait that is as modern as it is human.

The old have had a bad time of it in recent literature. No one takes them seriously; especially when they are passionate. "Wicked old men" and crusted or absurd old women have held the stage. It has been youth's fling in literature. What is choice in Miss Glasgow's novel is her equal grasp of the ironic pathos that waits upon both youth and age. "The Romantic Comedians" is indeed an old man's story, the story of Judge Honeywell, perfect product of Virginia Victorianism, but it is his story only because of his passion for his twenty-three year old wife, and her passion given elsewhere, her repugnance, her sacred egoism, her irony could have no better advocate and mouthpiece if the novel were dedicated to the frustration of youth. The judge has endured for thirty-six years "the double-edged bliss of a perfect marriage," he has put far behind him an earlier passion of his youth for Amanda, the perfect product of Virginia Victorianism in its feminine aspect, who waits for him now, still regretting, still hoping. But he seeks youth as Ponce de Leon the spring, humbly, rewarded for a thousand sacrifices by a single lovely emanation, and is frustrated and abases himself and still the intoxicant he cannot drink dazzles his judgment, sweeps everything but his principles aside.



The story has been written a hundred times, but not often I think with the ironic insight and uncanny sympathy for both girl and judge of Miss Glasgow. Her Annabel is really lovely, her Judge really fine, her situation involves twists and throwbacks which belong specifically to this age of moral transition. The Judge's twin sister, shapeless, jolly, concealing the respectability of her shady career on the continent because her reputation makes her heroic to the youngest generation—she too is not a new character but strong in her significance, for she is the spirit of sinister wisdom whispering at the Judge's ear, "all your life long you have lived by convention, you have denied yourself beauty." This is in short a story of the moth and the flame, but a moth willing, hoping it is not too late to be burnt, a flame of egoism so unconscious of duty as to be almost innocent.

"The Romantic Comedians" is not a philosophical novel: outwardly it is as much a study of contemporary society in its narrower sense as one of Mrs. Wharton's. In execution, control, lucidity it is much like, almost too much like, Mrs. Wharton, although Miss Glasgow has not that final touch upon manners which distinguishes the other woman

novelist. But inward there is an extraordinary depth and poignancy which is better than philosophy because it is *ad hominem*. The theme of youth and age begins it, but the novel goes much further. It deals with the cruel impact of generation against generation when passion which is so much more ruthless than love is the tensioned wire between them, with the deep tragedy of moral self-questioning when a man who has lived by principle asks why he has lost his chance of vivid life, with the deeper, biologic tragedy of physical desire renewing and remounting in the male and turning like a compass toward its south of new fresh life able to satisfy and continue. And there is more than a hint that an almost Brahmanistic relinquishment of self, which, in two strange flashes of absorption in Godhead, is revealed to the Judge himself but withdrawn, would in a cruder story be the moral of the mess into which life can so readily draw us.

But there is no moral in "The Romantic Comedians" except the irony which sharpens as the need and the use of pathos diminishes. The lovely Annabel has run off to life for fear she will lose it and one sees her future, but how argue with egoism! The Judge has aged ten years—but whose fault was it but his own? He expected duty, gratitude in return for favors that passion dictated. He has learned what has always been known—which is in a sense the enduring formula for novel and drama. And what good is learning! The nurse who waits upon his sick bed is "sympathetic and young, obeying her feminine instinct in every exquisite gesture. . . . 'This is the woman I ought to have married. . . . Spring is here,' (he thought dreamily), 'Spring is here, and I am feeling almost as young as I felt last year.'" There is nothing new in this either, but when a mind as subtle and as civilized as Miss Glasgow's looks at our generation there are new things to be said, new thrills, new beauties, a new kind of tragedy. Only the irony is old.

Casements on Success

THROUGH MANY WINDOWS. By HELEN WOODWARD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1926. \$2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DENHARD

WHEN a woman not only admits, but emphasizes her lack of pulchritude, she usually expects to be contradicted. But when she insists that neither had she any sense of style or individuality in dress, the reader wonders what manner of woman is this.

Helen Woodward has written one of the rarest of books—a scrupulously honest autobiography. Perhaps she has been needlessly ruthless in her self analysis. Certainly, in view of her accomplishments, whatever "handicaps" she suffered were of little, if any consequence,—even the facts that she was "a woman, a radical and a Jew," engaged in a business that "seethed with fury and risk," in the days when there was something undignified about a woman competing with men on any basis. They may have militated against her in her early job hunting days when she was an ambitious, but dreadfully incompetent stenographer, but after she discovered her extraordinary genius for selling things, it mattered little to those who employed her what she thought, what she was, or what she wore.

Starting from scratch, self dependent, untrained, without influence, Helen Woodward became the most successful woman in the advertising business and the first of her sex to win a commanding place in a field completely dominated by men. She applied her peculiar talent for writing advertising to a diversity of commodities, ranging from baby foods to pickles. She sold a new line of beauty preparations to credulous women at fabulous prices by calling it youth and surrounding it with atmosphere. She made fashionable—and expensive—a garden variety of dress fabric. But her biggest work was done in the most difficult of modern commercial enterprises—the mail order book business. Of the vast army of "coupon signers"—those who purchase books by clipping and signing coupons in advertisements—a large proportion was lured into the category by Mrs. Woodward's persuasive pen. Millions of sets of Ridpath's History of the World, The Brady Civil War Pictures, O. Henry, Stevenson, and Mark Twain were sold through her copy. Publishers still regard her as a wizard whose magic defies analysis and imitation. As a result she made a great deal of money and learned a great deal about people.

The autobiography of such a woman should bristle with axioms, advice, wall mottoes, and self glorification. A woman who can break through prejudice and antagonism, who can defy the conventional and traditional, should leave a decalogue of success for the edification of generations of aspiring men and women. But "Through Many Windows" is not that kind of an autobiography. Mrs. Woodward obviously agrees with her husband that there are no rules for succeeding. She never did the accepted thing. She was never punctual. She sought no ready made niche and fashioned none for others to usurp. "The moment everything in a job looked secure, I left the job. The moment in any business contact I saw peace and safety, I broke that contact. All the time the love of fighting, of change, of chance pushed me away from safety and security."

Many people and many phases of modern life illuminate Mrs. Woodward's book. Often she subordinates herself completely to the little dramas which she introduces. She is utterly candid. No apologies for employing methods which separated the gullible from their money, no gushing excuses for selling to the credulous things they did not really want and scarcely could afford, soften her narrative. Her book is not an exposé, though the reader may gasp at many of her anecdotes of the days when subscription sets were sold on the basis of weight and bindings, rather than contents. Whatever her opinions of the fatuous millions whom she exploited, she permits her reader to form his own estimate of the average American intellect. Here is a straightforward recital of what happened to her, what she did, and what she learned of life during twenty-five colorful years. The reader forgives her occasional lapses into dogma, he overlooks a certain jerkiness of style, he refuses to quarrel with assertions that almost beg for rebuttal. They are characteristic and integral components of a vivid personality.

"Through Many Windows" follows no pattern, conforms to no style. There is some raw meat—some pills minus the sugar coat—some kicks which leave their impress. But also, there is a buoyancy and animation that make delightful reading. Don't give this book to the ladder climbers. It is almost certain to make a frightful hash of many beautifully planned careers.

A Saga of Middle-Age

TAMPICO. By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

IN spite of its tropical title and setting, "Tampico" is at heart a saga of the sere and yellow leaf. For all its accoutrement of feud and fever, of sudden deaths and ery loves, it is a novel of retrospect. The long, long thoughts of youth telescope into insignificance before these longer, longer thoughts of forty. It is the story of Napoleon turned Hamlet in the fortieth year of his life.

The novel opens with the return of Govett Bradier to Mexico, and this opening is one of the best bits in the book, for it is heavy with prescience and promise. Even before Bradier himself realizes it, the reader senses that there is something wrong in this world of heat and oil. Bradier's is a return, after a year and a half's absence forced upon him by tropical malaria, to a locality which he has largely made, and where in the process he has made himself. He is a power in the oil world and a legend in Mexico at forty. He is a man who has always taken what he wanted when he wanted it, and if ugly methods were necessary—well, ugly methods were necessary. He had worked hard, fought hard, and lived hard, and had been loved and hated and respected with the same intensity. Then at forty after his illness all this had slipped beyond him some way, it had lost its savor, and he was through with Mexico for good. Why, then, had he come back? To secure another man's wife.

Vida Corew, the other man's wife in question, is a typical Hergesheimer heroine; her scarlet lips have left their tell-tale mark on lovers, cigarettes, and coffee-cups. What a gallery he has portrayed for us in the way of women! They are urgent creatures made for love, but complex, and sophisticated, with strange withdrawals into citadels protected by their lacquer-layered beauty and the narrow sword-blades of their wit. Understanding more than they can ever know, they press upon events and men, eager to sacrifice the future and