

[1925, dimanche 15 février]

Read NE book — slept in chair — SL arr. GK & RK there — typed
Herm. — out to Sp. Res. across bridge, Blue Books — RR Cliff H, poems
— Subw. to SL's — GK RK HPL Tiffany — home & bed. [In margin :
chair (Morris) gave out.]

*Lu le livre sur la Nouvelle-Angleterre. — dormi dans le fauteuil
— Loveman donne rendez-vous à Kirk et Kleiner chez
moi — dactylographié L'hermaphrodite de Loveman — on sort au
restaurant espagnol puis passé le Brooklyn Bridge, repassé Blue Books.
Trouvé poèmes de R R Cliff. Métro jusque chez Loveman. HPL avec
Kirk et Kleiner au Tiffany. Maison et dormir.
En marge : Le fauteuil Morris a rendu l'âme !*

Pauvre Lovecraft, réduit à faire le scribe pour son ami — mais au moins ce texte de Samuel Loveman sera publié en 1926, tandis que Lovecraft n'aura jamais de livre à lui publié de son vivant. Et même dans ces notations banales du journal des indications qui valent pour l'écriture. Dans son livret d'une cinquantaine de pages sur les souvenirs de leur vie à deux, Sonia raconte comme souvent Lovecraft, qui écrivait la nuit, s'installait le jour pour lire à sa table et s'y endormait, la tête posée sur le coude. Son fauteuil Morris est un des meubles auxquels il tient le plus, parce que c'est aussi un outil pour la lecture et l'écriture. Plus tard, on verra le rôle que prend son écritoire : elle l'autorise à écrire sur ce fauteuil à bras courts, dossier incliné et repose-pieds. Souvent, c'est dans le fauteuil qu'il dort, sans même aller sur le canapé, qu'il ne déplie qu'aux retours de Sonia. Cette stratégie du corps, des heures et de l'écriture, on va la suivre jusqu'au bout dans Lovecraft. Une latte du fauteuil Morris a cassé, le fond s'effondre, ce sera l'actualité du lendemain que de la faire réparer. Ô feuillets palpitants. Mais en revanche, une nouvelle visite à la librairie d'Haldeman Julius et ses Blue Books, fabuleux exemple éditorial que rend possible la concentration de la grande ville, la démocratisation du savoir, et que le livre dès lors soit un objet commercial comme les autres. Little Blue Book Store, *La petite librairie bleue* : Emmanuel Julius, fils d'un relieur juif de Philadelphie, socialiste, a fondé en 1919 cette collection de pamphlets vendus au départ 25 cts, devenus réellement devenus populaires dans cet amont de la Grande Dépression. Au point qu'en 1923 il en baisse le prix à 5 cts, et il devient même difficile de se les procurer, (*despite their threatened discontinuance*, dit Lovecraft). Une fois de plus, Lovecraft le désargenté craque : *I bought quite a supply* (j'en ai acheté un paquet), mentionnant qu'il s'agit de « titres scientifiques tout récents » — ainsi, dans la production de

petits livres Haldeman-Julius ces années-là, et qui ne sont pas bleus du tout : *Les principes de l'électricité*, *L'homme et ses ancêtres*, *La lune est-elle un monde éteint ?*, *La prostituée et ses amants*, *Les mystères de l'hérédité*, *Apprendre soi-même le français*, *Ce que doivent savoir les jeunes filles*, *Conseils à ceux qui craignent l'athéisme* — des centaines et centaines de titres, puisqu'un *Art d'embrasser* portera le n° 987, *Les fakirs de l'Amérique* portera le n° 1288, et que l'éditeur publiera même plus tard, n° 1366, un *Comment devenir l'auteur d'un livre*. La librairie des Little Blue Books perdurera jusqu'en 1971. Au-delà des pamphlets socialistes, les petits livrets didactiques à la *Que sais-je* avant l'heure (noter, dans la bibliothèque de Lovecraft, un *Savoir utiliser les grands hommes*, dont un des sept chapitres est consacré à Montaigne) — est-ce que ce n'est pas ce que lui-même cherchait dans l'aventure du journalisme amateur ? Dans le *NYT*, évidemment Floyd Collins encore : l'espoir de le rejoindre enfin aujourd'hui — et une pleine page dans le supplément photo hebdomadaire, dont le docteur qui suit la respiration du spéléologue inconscient via liaison téléphonique. La question épineuse de savoir si les milliardaires facilitent la vie de leurs enfants en leur léguant leur fortune. Et, on l'a vu dès hier soir, Lovecraft s'enfonçant dans la lecture du supplément littéraire : mais oui, si c'est une page sur Keats (dont, avec Belknap Long, ils ont récemment vu un médaillon avec mèche de cheveux à la Public Library), une autre sur John Donne, une sur Dickens, qu'on y parle aussi de Gobineau, ou de la nouvelle littérature soviétique : et chaque fois une intervention sur une page entière, bien plus proche du format revue que du format presse. Et que vient aussi à lui le nom de Knut Hamsun.

New York Times, 15 février 1925. Edith Rockefeller sur la piste de 8 419 032 dollars. Le procès financier révèle que son père souhaitait qu'elle le lègue à un organisme de bienfaisance, sous prétexte que la richesse est un mal pour les enfants. Harold F McCormick, son ex-mari, a reçu 30 000 dollars par an depuis leur divorce. Un procès financier venu hier devant la Cour Suprême révèle que John D Rockefeller a légué en 1917 à sa fille, Mme Edith Rockefeller McCormick de Chicago, en 1917, 12 000 parts de la Standard Oil Company de l'Indiana, et que le résultats des dividendes sur ces actions depuis cette période équivaut à 123 824 actions actuelles, estimées selon le prix du marché à environ 8 419 032 dollars. Le procès révèle aussi que Harold McCormick, le mari divorcé de Mme McCormick, bénéficie selon les termes de leur accord d'un paiement annuel de 30 000 dollars par an jusqu'à sa mort, et qu'il a régulièrement perçu cette somme depuis leur divorce. Les comptes, qui incluent les paiements à Mme McCormick et à son ancien mari jusqu'en septembre dernier, indiquent qu'elle a reçu 2 829 377 dollars, et son mari 217 500 dollars. Le souhait de M Rockefeller, de ne pas donner une somme d'argent considérable à des personnes qui ne disposent pas d'assez de discrétion pour en prendre soin, est notifié dans son legs. Le 14 janvier de cette année, M McCormick a poursuivi la Fondation Équité devant la Cour fédérale

d'Indianapolis pour leur interdire le transfert de 123 824 parts de la société appartenant à son ex-femme. La poursuite était aussi faite au nom d'Anita Oser, sa petite-fille de neuf mois, fille de Matilda Oser, fille des McCormick mariée à Max Oser, un maître de cavalerie suisse. La plainte en appel était déposée par la Fondation Équité, qui avait été constituée l'exécutrice testamentaire de M Rockefeller le 3 juillet 1917. Le règlement se fera à l'amiable, Mme McCormick ayant demandé hier à la Cour d'autoriser ou d'interdire ce règlement, comme elle l'entendrait, et que la Cour a imposé à la Standard Oil le versement direct d'un solde de 2 471 dollars en liquide, le reste de la vente de 380 parts pour payer les dépenses des administrateurs de la Fondation. Les défendants, outre Mme McCormick et son ancien mari, sont leurs enfants, Fowler et Muriel McCormick, majeurs. Leur fille Mathilde McCormick, 20 ans, maintenant l'épouse de Max Oser, de nationalité suisse ; et Anita Oser, leur fille, né le 9 mai dernier, enfin la Fondation Rockefeller, l'Institut Rockefeller de Recherche Médicale, et la Fondation Rockefeller pour l'Éducation. La clause du legs inscrivant les vues de M Rockefeller à son propos sont celles-ci : « Je souhaite sérieusement que ma fille, en exerçant le pouvoir supérieur et en percevant un revenu extraordinaire, puisse garder en tête qu'il pourrait être préjudiciable à elle et ses enfants et leurs descendants d'entrer en possession et jouissance d'une propriété aussi grande, avant et à moins qu'ils aient atteint une sagesse suffisante et assez de caractère pour en faire usage avec lucidité, et pour ne pas en souffrir de préjudice, voilà ce qui me motive — et même si je préfère qu'ils en reçoivent juste assez que pas assez. J'ai confiance dans ma fille et son apprentissage de la discrétion s'abstiendra de confier à ses enfants ou à leurs descendants plus que ce qu'elle estime qu'ils aient besoin, même largement, et qu'elle le jugera sage. Dans le but de l'empêcher de faire autrement, je lui lègue le droit d'accorder tout ou partie du legs à une fondation de charité ».

THE NEW YORK TIMES SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1925.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR SMALL HOME BUYERS IN THE SUBURBS

REALTY APPRAISALS AND LAND VALUES

Scientific Appraisal Service is Growing in Importance in New York City.

THE NEW SUBURBAN ROUTES

Proper Utilization of Labor Areas Must be Insured by the Nation.

By JEROME P. DIX.

The growing importance of scientific appraisals in connection with real estate, and the fact that the appraiser is becoming more and more important in the suburban market, is a fact which is being recognized by the public. The appraiser's work is becoming more and more important in the suburban market, and the public is becoming more and more interested in the work of the appraiser.

REVEALS THE NEED OF INTELLECTUALS

Investigator Tells How They, as Well as Manual Workers, Require Good Housing.

CITES EUROPEAN EXAMPLES

Takes View That Estate Trustees Might Invest Funds for Suburban Sites.

According to various local sources, the need for more housing is becoming more and more acute. The need for more housing is becoming more and more acute, and the need for more housing is becoming more and more acute.



CHICAGO FIRM BUYS BIG NEWARK PLANT

Plant Called Upon to Decide the Buyer, Doing in Several Potentially Safe.

Chicago firm has bought a big plant in Newark, N. J., which is being used for the production of various goods. The plant is being used for the production of various goods, and the firm is being used for the production of various goods.

NEW YORK VISION BY 1858 PROPHET

Built That Manhattan Island Would Have 2,000,000 Population in 1850.

PREDICTED MANY BRIDGES

Believed Commercial Activity Would Link North End to Fort Washington.

A widespread New York vision, which is being realized, is that the city of New York will have a population of 2,000,000 in 1850. This vision is being realized, and the city of New York is becoming more and more important in the world.

BUILDING WAVE IN SOUTHERN CITIES

John H. Brennan Says of Large Operations in Florida and Other States.

John H. Brennan, a prominent real estate developer, says that there is a building wave in the southern cities. He says that there is a building wave in the southern cities, and that there is a building wave in the southern cities.

HOME OWNING INTEREST SHOWN BY INQUIRIES

E. F. Russell Says That New Planning Plan Has Attracted Wide-Spread Interest.

E. F. Russell, a prominent real estate developer, says that there is a home owning interest shown by inquiries. He says that there is a home owning interest shown by inquiries, and that there is a home owning interest shown by inquiries.

NEW HOTEL CONSTRUCTION

Improved Hotels Being Built for Historic in Reach the Popular Resorts.

New hotels are being built in the popular resorts, and the improved hotels are being built for historic in reach the popular resorts. The improved hotels are being built for historic in reach the popular resorts, and the improved hotels are being built for historic in reach the popular resorts.

EDITH ROCKEFELLER TO GET \$8,419,032

Accounting Suit Reveals That
Her Father Suggested She
Give It to Charity.

SAID RICHES HURT CHILDREN

Harold F. McCormick, Ex-Husband, Has Received \$30,000
a Year Since Divorce.

An accounting suit filed in the Supreme Court yesterday disclosed that John D. Rockefeller made a trust deed of 12,000 shares of Standard Oil Company of Indiana stock in 1917 in favor of his daughter, Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick of Chicago, and that as the result of stock dividends paid on the stock since that time Mrs. McCormick is entitled to immediate possession of 123,824 shares of the stock, worth at the present market price about \$8,419,032.

The accounting also shows that Harold F. McCormick, divorced husband of Mrs. McCormick, was entitled under the terms of the trust to the payment of \$30,000 a year until his death, and that he has continued to receive this sum since the divorce. The accounting, which includes payments to Mrs. McCormick and her former husband up to September last, shows that she received \$2,829,377, while \$217,500 has been paid to her former husband. Mr. Rockefeller's views as to the wisdom of giving large sums of money or valuable property to persons who had not attained sufficient discretion to take care of it are also set forth in the trust deed.

On Jan. 14 of this year Mr. McCormick filed suit in the Federal court at Indianapolis against the Equitable Trust Company to restrain the company from transferring the 123,824 shares of stock to his former wife. The suit was filed on behalf of Anita Oser, his 9 months' old granddaughter, daughter of Matilda Oser. McCormick's daughter who married Max Oser, a Swiss riding master. Mr. McCormick's suit is still pending.

Suit a Friendly One.

The accounting suit was filed by the Equitable Trust Company, which was made trustee when the deed was executed by Mr. Rockefeller on July 3, 1917. The action is friendly, since Mrs. McCormick filed her answer yesterday asking the court to "approve or disapprove the accounting as the court sees fit," and that the court direct the delivery to her of the Standard Oil stock and a balance of \$2,471 in cash, remaining from the sale of 380 shares of income stock to pay the expenses of administering the trust.

The defendants other than Mrs. McCormick and her former husband are their children, Fowler and Muriel McCormick, who are of age; their daughter, Matilda McCormick Oser, now 20 years of age, the wife of Max Oser, a Swiss; Anita Oser, her daughter, born May 9 last, and the Rockefeller Foundation, the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research and the General Education Board.

The complaint also names as defendants John D. Rockefeller Jr., Cyrus H. McCormick, E. Parmelee Prentice, son-

DIGGERS NEAR ROOF OF COLLINS'S PRISON; MAY ENTER IT TODAY

Shaft Should Go Through
Between Entrance to Cave
and the Victim.

THEN TUNNEL WILL BE DUG

Rescue Forces Are Full of Hope,
Though Some Doubt Man
Is Now Alive.

TALK FROM SHAFT TO CAVE

This Test Convinces Workers They
Are Close to Breaking Through
the Barrier.

Special to The New York Times.

CAVE CITY, Feb. 14.—"The diggers in the rescue shaft are within striking distance of the roof of the cavern where Floyd Collins has lain a prisoner for fifteen days. They expect to reach him sometime tomorrow."

This was the official statement issued late today by the leaders of the rescue party which has been sinking a shaft for the last nine days, during which the entombed man has been without food or drink.

In issuing the statement it was made clear that much depended on the accuracy with which the engineers have gauged their plans. A test, however, made during the day, indicated that the shaft had been driven truly and should drop into the cavern, where Collins lies wedged, at a point between the entrance to the cave and the man.

There seems to be little ground for the belief that Collins is still alive. No whisper of the conviction of physicians that he has passed on under his great trials is permitted to reach the workers. They are repeatedly told that Collins is alive and it is up to them to save him.

When the question whether Collins could reasonably be expected to be alive was put to Dr. William Hazlett of Chicago, who is to be the first physician to attend Collins when he is reached, the doctor said:

"Well, we are going ahead on the theory that he is alive. We have to keep up the morale of the workers, otherwise they might slacken in their efforts."

He refused to go beyond that.

Talk From Shaft to Cave.

The announcement of the rapid progress of the shaft was made in an official bulletin issued by Brig. Gen. H. H. Benhardt, M. E. S. Posey, representative of Governor Field, and H. T. Carmichael, the engineer in charge. The bulletin read:

H. T. Carmichael and Albert Marshall, a miner, went to the bottom of the shaft and held distinct conversa-

Sardonic, Savage, Sainly John Donne

His Life Embraced Most of the Sins and Virtues of
Human Character

JOHN DONNE: A Study in Discard,
By Hugh F. A. Pauset, 318
pp., New York: Harcourt, Brace

JOHN DONNE is no less than a point of time in the long and miraculous development of English literature. He stands four-square, sardonic, sometimes savage, twisted by an unearthly exaltation at moments, a tabernacle in which the body and the spirit have seized upon one another in a fierce mystical embrace. Of course, he is Elizabethan, distantly akin to Chaucer, but in his essential self he is more than this; he is representative of the merging of the Renaissance and the new era that intellectually followed it. Foremost of the so-called metaphysical poets, he rises head and shoulders above Craswell, Vaughan, Herbert, Marvell and Lord Herbert of Chertsey in intensity of thought and troubled awareness of mood. The sweetness of the Elizabethan lyrics is almost wholly absent from his work, for Donne's personality, consciously or unconsciously, was set against this multifarious flow often so beautiful in itself and which crystallized into a definite front-pattern

critical and biographical data to distinct purpose. Ties, too, his book to much shorter, less effective, and it moves with the singleness of purpose of a thesis. There is ample reason for this, for Donne was a singular phenomenon whose manifestation resulted from an inward struggle that tore him until those later years of his life when he found some peace in the Anglican Church. Outwardly he was many things, but these differing aspects sprang from a single source and that source was the struggle between body and spirit, the continual warfare of two demons, sacred and profane. Mr. Pauset calls him

"a genius physically and intellectually 'poisoned,' one who ranged almost every scale of experience, and upon each struck some note—harsh, cunning, arrogant or poignant—which figures down the rest of those in a great who have times when they are as blooded, cynical and gross, a thinker, a mathematician, a seer brooding through a flux of things, a saint aspiring to the celestial harmony."

There is a progression and rise in

A rotten state, and hope of gain.
Or to dislodge me from the queasy
Or being loved and loving, or the
Or honour or fair wealth,
as he writes in a poem shortly before he puts England behind him for a time.

A little while before Donne went to sea and immediately after his re-

Donne
the
Pensioner.

Donne
in
His
Youth.



A Portrait of Donne on His Death Bed.

of convention. "Intensity," as Mr. Pauset points out in his "John Donne: A Study in Discard," "was the keynote of his career." It was this intensity to explore the realities of life, this unusual stripping of veils from accepted ideas, this disinterestedness of carnality, that sets Donne apart from his fellow-writers and fashions him into a point of time from which a movement in English letters certainly starts.

Although there has been a deal of matter written about John Donne, some of it obviously arising not so much as he reacted to the life about him as he never been set down with that explicitness and critical acumen which such an impressive figure would seem to warrant. Sir Edmund Gosse's two-volume "Life and Letters of John Donne" comes the nearest to filling this void, and any writer about Donne must necessarily consult it for biographical detail and much important comment, but with critical deficiencies on the part of the author the study is not complete. Mr. Hugh F. A. Pauset is obviously indebted to Mr. Gosse's book, but not so much so as to invalidate the unique interest of "John Donne: A Study in Discard." In the first place, Mr. Pauset is more profound and his work is more tightly knit. He explores the personality of John Donne with a high degree of impartiality, combining

this description that is paralleled in Donne's life and that is quite consistent, and it is that thread that Mr. Pauset follows in his book. He calls it "A Study in Discard," and the discard is that eternal conflict between heart and angel that is intellectual man's portion in this world. Thus in this new study we find four parts entitled, respectively: "The Savage," "The Pensioner," "The Penitent" and "The Frenchman." It is so the Donne's life divided. First there was the youth in London giving vent to his unbridled lusts, wallowing in the festivities of his time but never forgetting of the essential nothingness of what he was doing and incanting himself with a cynical self-estimation. From the very first he possessed candor and a brutal honesty. He never tried to delude himself about love or pagan pleasures, and an intense contempt for the flesh quivered in the white heat of his mind. That mind could detach itself and observe the futilities of the flesh with an ironic eye. It was out of the exaltation and ferment of being, exhibited in Donne's earlier days and lyrics, those poems and minutes so sensual and savage, that the first apprehensions of a vague Platonism began to manifest themselves. Donne ran the gamut and he weaved it. It was this weariness that sent him to sea to fight Spaniards, this weariness

turn from the campaign his life was vexed with an illicit liaison with a married woman, the effe of a crime. It was to her that some of his most savage poems were written, the one beginning "When by thy scorn, O murr'ress, I am led," for instance. Mr. Pauset declares: "It was through the agonized errors of sex that Donne rose to the sublimities of religion," and this is doubtless true, although there is no doubt that his marriage and the degree of happiness which it accorded his mind also played some part in this turning of the eye toward God. This marriage to Anne More brought hardship into Donne's material existence, for he lost his place as Lord Keeper's secretary through it, he was flung into prison for marrying a minor, he was persecuted by his father-in-law and he was rendered penniless and faced with years of fierce struggle to earn his daily bread. But after the first hectic months this marriage mellowed his position. How sadly arrogant are those lines written to those who desired to separate him from Anne:

For God's sake hold your tongue,
and let me live;
Or chide my play, or sue for place,
My five gray hairs, or my feeble pen.

With wealth your state, your mind
I take you a course, and you a place,
Observe his Honour or his Grace;
Or the King's real, or his stamp'd face.

Contemplate what you will, approach,
do you sell let me love,
Alas! Alas! who's injured by my love?

What melancholy, alas, have my
What melancholy, alas, have my
What melancholy, alas, have my

Who says my tears have overflowed
his ground?

When did my cold's around Spring
remover?

When did the boots which my veins
fill?

Aid on more to the dingy bill
Soldiers find years, and I suppose find
out still

Efficient was, which paria move,
Though she and I do love.

During the years following his marriage, hard years until his father-in-law forbade him and made a yearly grant of money to him. Donne had various occupations. Eventually he secured a patron in Robert Drury and it became a somewhat easier matter. All this time the question of the religious vocation was rising in his mind, unconsciously at first, but the time came when it loomed up as a pertinent and vital thing to him. In the work of these years, as Mr. Pauset points out, in unconscious preparation for the Anglican ministry is evident. When Donne did

make the move the personage who preached the Word of God was not the famous Dean who was yet to evolve. Mr. Pauset pictures Donne so well at this culminating step in his life that the description deserves to be quoted.

The figure who mounted the pulpit in those early days of his ministry was not the spectral divine, the emaciated, almost sardonic, mystic who was later to hypnotize his audience by the reverberations of his eloquence, the intensities of his imagination and the apocalyptic force of his voice. He was a man, despite the ravages of ill health, still in his prime, his head indeed touched with gray, but in face and carriage retaining that air of buoyantness, almost of carelessness, which we have remarked in the young man. Arrived in vestments and sanctified by the sense of an august occasion, his appearance must have been singularly striking, suggestive indeed some challenging John the Baptist or one of Drury's wealthy evangelists. At the same time he did not forget the courier in the priest. There was a "sacred fatuity" in his address, which if it "beggared men to amuse," also gratified their vanity. His learning was least digested, but the crabbed style of his correspondence, no less than the singular conceits of his poetry, could scarcely have prepared his friends for the richness of eloquence which he was speedily to achieve, pungent, rhythmic, varied and, even in its passages of scholarly argument, strangely sinuous and compelling.

Mr. Pauset points out that the

poet and the prose writer came together in the pulpit and that in this conjunction each stimulated the other's faults and wadded the virtues, thus presenting Donne at his best. The "habot thinking" Donne was at last sumptuously apparelled, the rough edges of his too maculate temper rounded by reverence and softened by faith. "In a horror sense this may be true, the ensemble of the man, for instance, being more perfect, but in a more precise application Mr. Pauset would seem to be but partially right. Certainly nothing in Donne's later years, fine and inspired as they were in an aura of sardonic religious passion, may be brought forth to compare with some of those earlier poems, with "Go and Catch a Falling Star," with "I Long to Talk With Some Old Lover's Ghost," with "The Ecstasy," and with "Sweetest Love, I Do Not Go for Worshippers of Thine."

There is a peculiar interest in the work of John Donne today, and the reason would seem to be because of a metaphysical bent in some of our contemporary poets. T. S. Eliot, for instance, or Eliot's disciple, the influence of Donne is quick today and it is an influence to be devoutly welcomed. Donne brings awe that, candor, that fierce emotional intensity, that aristocratic and intellectual passion that infused into the body of poetry, vivifies it and gives it new blood. Mr. Eliot has pointed out that the poets of our civilization must be difficult because our civilization "comprehends great variety and complexity, and this variety and complexity, playing upon a refined sensibility, must produce various and complex results." Donne, of course, can hardly be a contemporary guide, for his civilization was a different thing from ours, but he can emanate an atmosphere, he can illustrate the intense and sometimes intolerable beauty of intellectual inspiration at its whitest heat. Mr. Pauset, it may be related out, is particularly successful in conveying to his readers the spiritual atmosphere through which Donne moved, and if at times he grows a little dreary in his exposition it is only because he is so entirely immersed in his subject and anxious to reveal all facets of it to an audience that is composed of general readers as well as those favored specialized students who long ago realized that John Donne is one of the major figures of the later Elizabethan era.

The Churches at Rome

THE CHURCHES OF ROME. By Roger Thyne, illustrated, 480 pp., New York: R. P. Dutton & Co.

AT ONE informal and informing, Mr. Thyne's book on "The Churches of Rome" ought to add variety to the pleasure of any tourist to Rome who is interested in its ecclesiastical art and architecture. For home-staying students of those subjects and for an occasional general reader it will also be a satisfying book. Perhaps it owes something of its interesting quality to the fact that its author at first carried on for his own entertainment the work which ended by becoming a book. He was visiting the Roman churches, studying their architecture and history, and he began to jot down in his notebook all manner of bits of information about them, until gradually he got together such an amount of interesting material that it seemed worth while to give it structural form and fill in all the

vacant spaces and so make a book of it. Included are accounts and descriptions of thirty-four important churches, in addition to St. Peter's, the method of the author being to narrate the history and tradition of the building and of its patron saint, then to go on to an account of its architecture and of whatever it may have of artistic decoration in the way of painting, sculpture, mosaic, giving attention also to the human interest that lies behind each artistic object. It is this constant bringing forward of the human factor that gives an interest to Mr. Thyne's volume that greatly enhances its value. He is also critical in his comments on the artistic quality of the buildings and their contents and decorations. In a preliminary chapter there is a brief survey of the Christian church edifice developed from its early simple forms to the magnificent pines of the Renaissance period.

MELANCHOLY PLIGHT OF A WRITER WHO HAS LOST HIS TROUSERS

Or Why Henri Murger, Author of "Scenes de la Vie de Boheme," Could Not Adjourn to a Neighboring Cafe.



Knut Hamsun's Story of a Country Town

SEGEI FOSS TOWN. By Knut Hamsun. Translated from the Norwegian by J. S. Scott. 368 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

[illegible][illegible]

Two tender comedies are played out against this background. The first is occasioned by the lawyer's maidservant, Florina, who has an ingenuous custom of permitting herself to be seduced and then collecting cash for a child which never materializes. A traveling salesman falls

for Florina, and then, to prevent the latter from informing his sweetheart, he instituted a blackmail fund. Florina, doubting, informs the fiancée, anyhow. The salesman, who has just then become engaged to a more promising heiress, is so delighted when Florina's malice ends the first complication that he doubles the payment out of sheer

The second is of the love of Willatz Holmsen, a musician and the young lord of the manor, for Mariane Holmensen, the half-Mexican daughter of the great Tobias. This love fluctuates, germinates and eventually fructifies, off-stage, outside the compass of a sphere of action that comprises only the *scène* itself.

remains rooted to the town itself.

As stated, the town of Sardis is not a "dead" town, and the reader; so convincing is the atmosphere of provincial limitation and frustration that the book takes rank with the best of the American regional novels. "Main Street" was an "American Negroless Town." Like "Main Street," this book has a muted, almost morose, quality of realism; unlike it, this message is reactionary. There are notable passages on the subject of mediocrity, such as the following: "mediocrity, democracy, commerce. For the colorless life of his town, and can only present an already *premeditated* reaction of the nobility to their old prerogatives, the utter overthrow of socialism and a relapse into a sentimentalism as dead as the dogwood, and as easy to recreate as that recalcitrant bird."

To Americans, the following pas-

The men from old habit, are collected down by the former wine-bar. Wine and beer are forbidden now—but it wasn't forbidden to buy naphtha and hair-wash for inward application; nor was it forbidden to meet a bosom friend at the wine-bar and give him a pull at a bottle out of one's pocket. But it was different from the old days. * * *

town through a year of the community's life. He shows us love-making and death, drunkenness and piety, greed, malice and generosity. He presents a portrait gallery of rich and poor, shrewd and simple, lovable and disagreeable personages. He exposes the sham values of much modernity, and suggests, while never directly stating, a new morality. The novel is significant, interesting, of life in the place of life's cheap conveniences. He unites a gift for profound observation with a deep knowledge of his people. But the history of any small town is, as 'Spoon River' so graphically maintained, really a series of epitaphs and epitaphs. He varied the form, but he never found a strong central point for focus and necessarily arrives nowhere. Even

Odysseus finally fetched up near Penelope; even the egregious Bloom returned to his wife; the haphazard *Odyssey* of Hamsun's hamlet shows only that the paths of ingloriousness lead likewise to the grave, and that human beings are very much the same on the coast of Norway as they

are in Ithaca, Dublin or Gopher Prairie. And surely that point could have been established in less compass than a hundred thousand Scandinavian words.

FIFTEEN TALES

*OVERHEARD. Fifteen tales by Stacy
Anthonier. 296 pp. New York:
Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.*

DOKEAN LANKERS once observed that "after-dinner stories resemble 'chain-smoking'—one lights the other"; Stacy Aumonier's *Fifteen "mavericks" scrippet a stimulating analogy* and as inferior grade of tobacco; taken one at a time, they are not so bad; taken together, they assume the character of a pulmonary disease, and show quite clearly that a short story at its best is not worth much more than the time you spend on it, and that a book of short stories, not unified by any one central idea, is of all publications the silliest and most annoying. How many people read religiously these "best short stories" anthologies, the *Masters of the Short Story*? How many really feel that the inevitable "best short stories" anthology is the summit of literature?

Stacy Amerider suffers, moreover, from overzealous and ill-advised puffing. Rebecca West, Clemence Dane and James Douglas unite in applying to his work as a whole so many adjectives that are barely appropriate to only one of the collection, "The Friends," which has previously appeared in book form, and which is apparently thrown in as make-weight to a set of rather thin and unsatisfactory writings. Again, the book is marred by such carelessness as "they poured (sic!) over the rules" and "that last morning, when we walked along the plague (sic) again!").

So far, as structure goes, "Overheard" is a curious blend of irony and smartness; but whereas a de Maupassant exerted his irony on the bourgeoisie, and a Galsworthy on the aristocracy, D. Henry applied his smartness in the famous "whip-crack" endings. Mr. Aumonier elaborates a smart plot, and undercuts it at the end with a flourish. He is a master of the effect of balance scale, and the petits fours. Thus, "A Persistent Mother" is a rather ill-bred caricature of middle-class snobbery, and ends with the rueful admission that snobbery persistence is "the kind of spirit that has built cities, founded colonies and enlarged empires."

It is the life of ease that dulls one and breeds temptation. Give this boy a chance. You have given him everything else, but they have always been the wrong things. Don't let him go to Paris, let him go to where here are great open spaces, and life is a battle to sur-

This sort of thing is all very well for the evening papers, and as good a stuffing for waste time as crossword puzzles or cigarettes, but is hardly worth putting out or consid-

ering in many more portentous circumstances. Themes which straddle the Channel, ambidexterously, give us an ironical little study of England and France, a little of the French farce, tragedy, comedy, farce, the grotesque, are juggled with skill rather than handled with reverence or solemnity. The author's attitude toward monism will return to the level of a substantial distinction that marks his little study of intemperance in France. The author's attitude toward the now fourteen second-rate stories like "One Thing Leads to Another" and "Freddie Finds a Hint" is not far different. The author is not comically Mr. Aumerson's best, but the reader will be inclined to relegate to the same form of fiction to the same habits.

LAST OF THE ASHOVERS

DUCDAME. By John Cowper Powys.
438 pp. New York: Doubleday
Page & Co. \$3.

THOSE who hold that much read-
ing, especially if it be of a critical
and scholarly nature, is likely
to disturb seriously if it is not actually
sterilize, any creative impulse, must
be infuriated by the refutation of
John Cowper Powys. There are few
writers so inveterately committed to
"adventuring among masterpieces,
and few who write so easily. If there
is a writer who has been more
drawn from his contacts chiefly
in a more direct and unadorned
manner in style and heroic
proportions in content, he has at
least contributed a vitality and a
complexity of expertly handled subtlety
and recognitions that are equal to his

A cursory glance would indicate that Mr. Powys has enlisted the glamorous countryside, the moldering churchyard of buried Ashovers the lingering feudal spirit centric

CONCERNING JONAH

JONAH. By Robert Nathan. 212 pp.
New York: Robert M. McBride &
Co., \$2.

ANOTHER End Testament story is that this tells of a coat of many colors which was envied by those who did not possess it; the same narrative how Potiphar's wife snatched the coat from the owner of this coat in course of wooing him; one is not informed whether the garment was the same in both cases, though, knowing the thriftiness of the people, it is probable to believe it was. Nevertheless, the garments in which Anatole France arrayed his beautifully austere ideas were plucked ragged at the hem when he lived, and the hem of the dead man's ascetic garb was substituted to adorn the merely sensual beauty of the Mme. Potiphar.

Robert Nathan has taken the life of Jonah the Prophet as the basis of his little brochure. So cleverly is a skill for constructing passages of verbal beauty fitted to a flair for satiric epigram that one is attracted to his work by the varied colors of his prose, only to be disappointed by the thread-bare quality of his ideas. In fact, the only idea which emerges from this volume is the statement, promulgated blandly as the words of