

E. V. Lucas (1868-1938)

E. V. LUCAS was an extraordinary man. The massive shouldering build, the slow sardonic moods, the moist evasive eye, a sort of smoldering grimness (like a cornered bull, a friend once described him) were what might have been expected in a great tycoon, an owner of mines and factories, a disinherited marquis or unexpectedly defeated prizefighter. Some albatross hung round his neck, but no one ever inquired and those who read his light and well bred writings were unlikely to guess the savage quality of the spirit. Like many to whom the emetic epithet "whimsical" has been hastily applied, E. V. was

master of protective discoloration. Even his handwriting was a cryptogram. His essays, because they were the merest fooling, will easily be forgotten; not so his incomparable anthologies, guide-books, and the masterpiece—patiently elaborated through so many years—the Lives and Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb.

The old saying would be true in this case: Lucas knew the Lambs better than they knew themselves. Here he found a deep consoling symbolism, in the sister who was intermittently mad and the brother who wore the dreadful mask of comedy. As editor and as understander

Lucas was here supreme. Copious industry to assemble was balanced by beautiful terseness of comment; tingling through to the gristle of the situation.

Hepatic in mien, but ecstatic in vitality, loved and feared and marvelled at, master of the unexpected kindness and the savage phrase, E. V. was a sketch for something very great indeed. He lived hard; punished others as he did himself; to be thought of as a humorist amused him (more than his humor amused his readers) because there is a malicious pleasure in fulfilling simple categories. He was a great business man and (from simple Quaker stock) loved to oscillate from so-

cial grade A to very low company indeed. At both ends of the scale he kept his own counsel. Using the word affectionately, he was a perfect snob. He scarcely ever found anyone good enough to confide what he really thought.

Lowering, witty, of power unsuspected by the casual, he would have humphed with cynical amusement at his obits. Only one as lovingly frank as this would have satisfied his savage passion for the actual and the absurd. In the phrase he knew so well, he was an archangel considerably tarnished, but the gold showed through.

C. M.



E. V. Lucas

SRL 2 July '38

For Mr. E. D. North
from E. C. Johnson

"E. V." Is Dead

EDITH CHRISTINA JOHNSON

operation
✓
E. V. LUCAS is dead. His friends echo the lament of Charles Lamb for Coleridge. For the suddenness of the event, on June 26, makes its finality the more difficult to realize. His last public appearance was, characteristically, at the weekly lunch of the *Punch* editorial staff, just the day before he knew he was to face the ordeal of an operation. In less than two weeks "the largest heart in literary London was still." Three years ago, in his last autobiographical sketch,¹ E. V. wrote: "We ought to go on being well and strong and fit until three score years and ten, and then vanish." It was two weeks after his 70th birthday that he himself "vanished."

On the same day his last piece of writing, "The Wanderer's Notebook," appeared in the *London Sunday Times*. Lucas' love of writing was a life-long passion. It conquered the arduous duties of publisher when, as the head of the London firm of Methuen for 14 years, he remained true to his creative work. As he said, he loved writing and could give precedence to nothing else. In fact his will leaves, subject to various life in-

¹ *The Old Contemporaries*.

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terests, the residue of his property "one-fourth to the Royal Literary Fund, and three-fourths to the Authors' Pension Fund."

E. V. Lucas' own literary output was colossal—33 pages of the British Museum catalogue are required to list his more than 100 books. If, as some authority remarked recently, genius is excess of energy, E. V. was richly endowed. Much of what he wrote was of the transient nature of daily journalism, but for his contribution in two fields he may lay claim to immortality, if one may be so bold as to risk prophecy: he was a born essayist and a natural scholar. ✓

Of his essays and sketches, a small but substantial quantity—rare and individual in its essence—will remain. He had the keenly observing eye of the essayist, who is essentially the poet of prose. Out of the familiar stuff of everyday experience he picked the matter of his essays, indicating its significance in comment rich in literary content and alive with the pleasure of recognition. He wrote always with a certain felicity, but in his best work there is the final mark of genius in the cunningly turned phrase, the adroit use of familiar ✓

The American Scholar

words. There is not only the sudden illumination of meaning that captures the reader's attention but the richness of implication that stirs endless associative currents in imagination and memory. His prose, singularly pure in quality, unmarked by mannerisms or tricks of style, carries less risk of being "dated" than the work of many of his more popular contemporaries. Its effects are produced mainly by directness, concentration and understatement.

E. V. could be as unsparingly analytical of an idea or a personality as the most forceful of our modern realists, for he had a certain quality which Mr. Frank Swinnerton calls, in his brief but brilliant tribute,² "harsh justice." E. V.'s record of his first impression of the poet Swinburne illustrates this dynamic realism:

This, my first sight of Swinburne, I am not likely to forget, since various other preconceptions instantly crumbled away. For one thing, though he was as short as I had supposed, his body was by no means the inconsiderable affair that, from many testimonies, one had thought it. On the contrary, it was marked by solidity, and below the waistline was not less ethereal than that of many a trencherman who had never written at all or anything but prose. His face, too, which was highly colored, bore further signs that materialistic interests were not outside his scheme of life. The eyes were fixed and mirthless. Above the eyes, however, all was different and magnificent—a dome, lofty and aloof as one could ask, curiously like Shakespeare's. His hair, a ruddy grey, was thin;

his beard, the same color, was fuller than I had expected. But his whole person was informed by prandial intentness. It had neither vivacity nor spiritual suggestion.

Again, E. V. could be finely meditative and philosophical, as well as direct and intense—as in his comment upon the funeral of W. J. Craig, the English Shakespearian scholar, whom Lucas memorialized and immortalized in his essay, "The Funeral."

I found myself meditating . . . how melancholy it was that all that storied brain, with its thousands of exquisite phrases, . . . should have ceased to be. For such a cessation, at any rate, say what one will of immortality, is part of the sting of death, part of the victory of the grave, which St. Paul denied with such magnificent irony.

The words might have been spoken of himself. The firmness and strength of his own prose derived from the scholar in the essayist.

His was a "natural" scholarship, the product of years of concentrated reading: at the British Museum ("my real Alma Mater") while he was still a reporter for the *London Globe* and, for a few short terms, at London University where he came under the influence of its professor of English, W. P. Ker. E. V. sometimes deplored his own lack of a classical education but many a university professor might well have envied him his richly stored mind. His knowledge was encyclopedic in its range and amazingly exact and de-

² In the (*London Observer*), July 3, 1938.

"E. V." Is Dead

tailed. Yet he was never pedantic. His was humanized erudition.

When commissioned by Methuen & Co. (in 1900) to edit an edition and write a new biography of Charles Lamb, E. V. in his investigations instinctively employed the scientific methods of a modern research scholar. He visited in person every place in England known to be associated with Lamb's life and history, interviewed those who owned letters or manuscripts of Elia, read all that had been written by and about Lamb and, so far as possible, what Lamb had read. Consequently he had a knowledge and understanding of his subject such as no previous editor of Lamb had possessed. Yet such was his characteristic modesty that even today the full significance of E. V. Lucas as a scholar is far from being recognized.

This work in nine volumes, published over a period of years from 1902 and running into more than one edition, established Lucas' reputation as the preeminent authority on Charles Lamb. It was the first climax of a long literary devotion, originating in his early youth and persisting as the dominant motif in his life. But a second and more dramatic climax came in 1935 when, through the joint efforts of the houses of Dent and Methuen the letters of Charles Lamb, collected and edited by Lucas, were published in three volumes. This triumphant edition, the result of years of effort to

overcome the obstacles of copyright ownership and costs of publication, was the consummation of E. V. Lucas' scholarly achievement. In recognition of this work Oxford University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Letters in June 1936. Other notable honors had come to him: election to the select group—never more than 50—known as Companions of Honor; the degree of Doctor of Laws from St. Andrews University; appointment to the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments. But the Oxford distinction was E. V.'s greatest academic triumph.

The three-volume opus contains 1,022 of Lamb's letters, some 50 or more never before published. As a result of E. V.'s further investigation of manuscripts in England and the United States—which he canvassed from north to south and east to west in a special visit for that purpose early in 1934—the editors' notes from previous editions were carefully revised and corrected. The chronological arrangement of the letters, and the expansion of the notes by the addition of more detailed references to many of the personalities who formed the Elian circle, are in accordance with the editor's aim to make these volumes constitute a new biography of Lamb, definitive and intimate because recorded by Elia himself.

His life-long association with the writings of that earlier essayist

The American Scholar

earned for Lucas the affectionate titles, "the modern Lamb" and "the reincarnation of Elia." He himself was embarrassed by the comparison, for no one more thoroughly appreciated Lamb's genius. Most similarities between the two writers are merely superficial, but it is interesting to note that each expressed himself by choice through two closely related forms, the essay and the letter. E. V.'s own publishers will soon give the reading public an opportunity to catch that more intimate and complete portrait which his letters afford. Unique in form as well as content, they are concrete evidence of the debt we owe him for having preserved for our generation incomparable examples of "the gentlest art."

REVUE AND REVIEWS BY TRAGOS WITH SKETCHES BY BATT

CHARLES LAMB

WE are close on another centenary of a celebrated literary figure, that of Charles Lamb, who died in December, 1834, and already have had Mr. A. C. Ward's *EVERYBODY'S LAMB*, done by George Bell in an illustrated edition at 10s. 6d., which we reviewed in our Christmas number: a handsome selection made of his life and works in 554 pages. A further Ward volume is now issued by Methuen at 6s. called *THE FROLIC AND THE GENTLE: A STUDY OF CHARLES LAMB*, more of a life and a general estimate and summary of his living, without the letters or extracts; and also a smaller volume done by E. V. Lucas with Methuen as publishers (5s.), *AT THE SHRINE OF ST. CHARLES*, stray papers collected for the purpose also of estimation, Lucas having written a full two-volume biography in 1905 as well as having published books on Lamb's friends.

Both of the new volumes are as good as expected. Ward's *FROLIC* is really a condensed life for the man in the street, who can get all he wants to know from this volume and form his own opinion on it without pedantic direction. Whether influenced by Carlyle, who thought Lamb "a pitiful, ricketty, gasping, staggering, stuttering Tomfool," or not, there is material here for a saner and more free judgment.

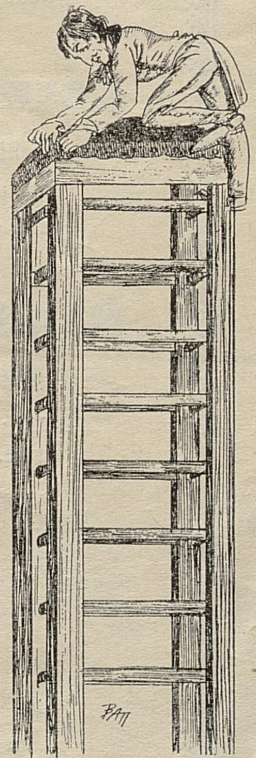
If one is not attracted by Lamb's writing, no opinion of him is worth forming, since he was in fact all that Carlyle left on record, though he visited him at Enfield as a guest and should have shown better taste in putting it down. In addition to that, Charles had been for a short time in his youth in an asylum, 1796—which is better than ending in one like Nietzsche, Comte, Dean Swift and others; but it is a blow for the eugenists! His sister murdered their mother with a carving knife, wounded her father badly with a fork, and when at intervals of her life she had also to return to the asylum, Charles, walking cheerfully off with her and being aware that the institution provided no comfortable strait-jacket, carried one under his arm. Neither married and both lived very happily, Charles dying before his sister, though they had arranged it the other way round. Mary survived him for 13 years, and was

twenty-two years older, not 12 as appears by a slip here, when she died.

As it happened, both Charles and Mary were particularly gifted. While the former made the immortal *ESSAYS OF ELIA*, his sister manufactured the equally lasting *TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE*, and all the time Coleridge of the *Ancient Mariner*, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, George Dyer, Moxon, the publisher, Barry Cornwall, Hazlitt, and others noted and far less noted people, were in and out of the house. All but Dyer, who actually as mad as a hatter and as blind as a bat, had walked into the New River from Lamb's house in Colebrook Row, Islington, thought it worth while to write his life or to continue talking about him.

We do not suppose any man with a love of literature cares in the least what others think of Lamb, but this is a recommendation to cultivate further the acquaintance of one who when De Quincey called for him at the office climbed down circularly from his exceptionally high stool, remarking that he would be round in a minute, greeted his senior director who admonished him for being late by crying stammeringly, "but see how early I go," and who could hiss his own play, "Mr. H." harder and more meaningfully than any of the audience disliking it. He may be worthy of more notice in their spare time.

* * *
Cicely Hamilton, whose recent appraisements of Modern Germany, France, and Italy, have been valuable, now writes *MODERN RUSSIA* (Dent, 7s. 6d.), illustrated by photographs.



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Daily Telegraph
June 27th 1938

THE

Obituary

MR. E. V. LUCAS

GRACEFUL ESSAYIST OF
GREAT VERSATILITY

AUTHOR OF NEARLY 100
BOOKS

Mr. E. V. Lucas, long famous as one of the world's most graceful essayists, died in London yesterday at the age of 70.

A prolific writer, whose books numbered nearly 100, he was above all a disciple of Charles Lamb. Yet it was as no mere imitator that he gained the affection of his readers.

His style, natural, quite unforced, polished, clear, confidential, erudite, was that of a master. It gained for him the unstinted admiration of great critics and it remained as fresh to the end as it had been at the beginning.

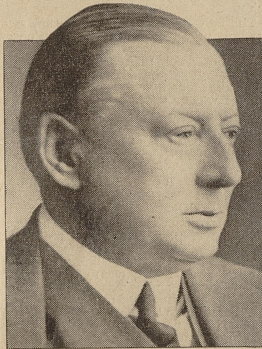
He was extraordinarily informative in his writings, but never didactic, and his versatility was astonishing. With it went delightful humour.

The tedium of writing never affected him. Smoothly and without apparent effort or exhaustion he used his pen and never dictated, for, as he confessed, he "liked" writing.

MANY HONOURS

Oxford honoured him with a D.Litt. and St. Andrews with an LL.D. In 1932 he was made a Companion of Honour.

For ten years he had been a member of the Royal Commission on Historic Monu-



Mr. E. V. LUCAS.

ments, and in 1933 he became a member of the Crown Lands Advisory Committee. He was also chairman of Methuen and Co., the publishers.

Edward Verrall Lucas was born of Quaker stock and when he was 16 became an apprentice to a Brighton bookseller. There he took every opportunity he could of familiarising himself with the contents of a big circulating library.

It was this interest in literature which induced an uncle to leave him £200 with which he was enjoined to attend lectures at University College, London, for as long as the money lasted.

"E. V. L." had just exhausted his funds in this way when he went on the staff of the "Globe." He had previously had some experience as a reporter on the "Sussex Daily News" and his engagement on the "Globe" lasted for several years.

"SUNDAY TIMES" ARTICLES

Later he went on the "Academy," after which he joined "Punch." Then began his long association with the "Sunday Times," wherein appeared his widely read column, "A Wanderer's Notebook."

His article in yesterday's issue on "Compleat Anglers" was characteristically charming.

Nearly 40 years have passed since he published "The Open Road," and in 1903 appeared his extremely popular skit—in conjunction with C. L. Graves—entitled, "Wisdom While You Wait."

The next year there followed "Highways and Byways of Sussex," which in 1936 he revised and enlarged.

"Listener's Lure" followed, and at the same time he began his "Wanderer's" books, which as the years went by embraced London, Holland, Paris, Florence, Venice and Rome.

PROLIFIC OUTPUT

But "E. V. L.'s" output was so prolific that it was difficult to keep pace with him. Year after year fresh volumes were turned out—sometimes three or four in a twelve-month. Notwithstanding this he carried out his duties as literary adviser and a director of the Methuen firm.

When in 1924 he succeeded to the chairmanship on the death of Sir Algernon Methuen, he went on writing with only slightly diminished vigour. He produced "The Colvins and their Friends" in 1928 at the express wish of his friend, the late Sir Sidney Colvin, and in steady succession came books of essays.

In 1932 he wrote a highly entertaining volume of reminiscences, "Reading, Writing and Remembering," and among many other books he produced after much labour the first complete edition of the letters of Charles and Mary Lamb, which added considerably to the fame he had already gained as a Lamb authority.

Mr. Lucas leaves a wife and one daughter, Mrs. Audrey Scott, who is married to Mr. Harold Scott, the actor and producer. Mrs. Scott is a playwright and an authority on the cinema. She has just written a novel, "Old Motley," which is shortly to be published.

A Modern Lamb

E. V. LUCAS'S death will be regretted throughout the English-reading world because he was the master of a literary form in which few writers excel. There are so many good English novelists that it can truly be said about many of them "They never would be missed." There are, however, not so many great English essayists that E. V. Lucas can be easily spared.

Like Lamb, whom he so ably edited, he possessed a dry and delicate humour; and his place in English letters is assured along with Lamb.

His writings told of his wanderings in many cities. What a pity that on this final adventure he cannot take his pen with him to sketch the by-ways of the New Jerusalem!

MEMORIES OF OLD CRICKETERS

E.V.'s LAST BOOK

"A Hundred Years of Trent Bridge." Edited by E. V. Lucas. With a Coloured Frontispiece by Sir William Nicholson and twenty-eight other illustrations. (Privately printed for Sir Julien Cahn, Bart.)

BY A. R. V. BARKER

Barely a week ago an American guest of mine told me that he had just come across the writing of an Englishman which delighted him above everything he had previously met. I was surprised to find the writer was E. V. Lucas, not because of his enjoyment, but because he had not met him before. I envied him the feast that he was promising himself, for he had read but little. Surely I did not think that to-day I should be reading what must be the last work of that brilliant pen. Although this little book he has edited, and to which he has contributed his own writing and his own enjoyment of life and cricket, is only privately printed, and therefore limited in its circulation, one could wish for no better place to say farewell.

* * *

It is hard to quarrel or to remember bitterness when the sound of ball on bat is in our ears. Memories of old cricketers revived in this little book are of their pleasant idiosyncrasies or of their great and happy feats, and, if we can chuckle over the habits of Old Clarke, so, too, must E. V. have chuckled when he wrote of him: "His

eating habits were also idiosyncratic—or so I hope. When playing, he had for lunch only a bottle of soda-water and a cigar, but in the evening he ate a whole goose." What a hullabaloo such a diet would cause to-day in those strange columns which thrive on creating trouble out of the very dust on the ground and whose writers have often, it would seem, acquired their knowledge of the game from a faulty correspondence course!

* * *

Soda-water and/or goose Old Clarke knew his stuff and, though ever to be remembered for his bowling, he had a shrewd word to say about batting: "Lay your bat on top of the ball, and don't pull your bat from the ground up to it. That is not cricket. The bat was made to play the ball." What would he or Alfred Shaw have had to say but a few days back—for surely their spirits must have been there wondering at the triumph of the bat over the ball? One can imagine the snorts of him who once said: "If I were to think every ball the other side wouldn't make a run." Or the contempt with which that master of length

The Times
June 27th 1938

THE TI

Obituary

MR. E. V. LUCAS

ESSAYIST AND MAN OF LETTERS

Mr. E. V. Lucas, essayist, man of letters, and ultimately a publisher, died in a London nursing home yesterday at the age of 70. Edward Verrall Lucas came of Sussex Quaker stock, quiet, if not drab, personalities, as he said himself, who either banked or brewed. Perhaps he was proudest of his relationship to Lord Lister, the great surgeon; but it was from A. W. Verrall, the classical scholar, and from Jeremiah Whiffen, the translator of Tasso, that Lucas inherited his love of literature and his devotion and triumphant patience.

Lucas, who was educated at private schools, had the bright and elusive type of mind that does not flourish under a schoolmaster. In his reminiscences, "Reading, Writing, and Remembering," he spoke with regret of having left school at 16 to be apprenticed to a Brighton bookseller. This, however, was a most fortunate circumstance, for that bookshop had a circulating library with an enormous stock of books no longer in circulation, many of them dating from the eighteenth century, and there he laid



the foundation of his extraordinarily wide and profound knowledge of things out of the way in literature.

After serving his apprenticeship for two years, he joined the staff of the *Sussex Daily News*, then edited by Mr. Harry Bone. He was happy in his work; he loved Brighton as it was in those days, and he would probably have remained there had not one of his uncles "acquired a concern," as the Quakers say, for his nephew's future. This uncle gave Lucas £200 in order that he might go to London and attend lectures at University College as long as the money lasted.

Lucas came to London in 1892, and from the first he was a devoted admirer of W. P. Ker, Professor of English literature at University College. In "London Beginnings," a fascinating chapter in his book of reminiscences, the remarkable list of his friends includes, in addition to Ker, persons like the Colvins and Sir Walter Raleigh. It is easy to understand how they were attracted by a young man so modest yet so witty, so unassuming yet so serenely self-confident. Editors such as Harry Cust, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Algernon Locker, of the *Globe*, thought well of him, and in 1893 he joined the staff of the latter paper. Among his earliest publications was a little book of verse, called "Sparks from a Flint," which bore no author's name. About this time also he received his first commission for a book from the Society of Friends. It was to write a memoir of Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet and friend of Charles Lamb. It led a few years later to a commission from Reginald Smith, of Smith, Elder, to edit some newly discovered letters from Lamb to the Lloyd family. Then came an invitation from Methuen and Co. to write a new life of Lamb, and to bring out a new edition of his works.

Lucas may perhaps be best remembered as the greatest authority on Elia; but his work was as manifold in kind as it was great in quantity. His insatiable interest in all kinds of life and his never dulled power of enjoyment poured out of him weekly, almost daily, in the Press, and in books of many kinds. He was a regular contributor to *Punch*, and used to take the editorial chair when Owen Seaman was away on holiday. Wide reading and definite tastes made him a master of the anthology. His travel books combine the keenness of the explorer with the learning of the historian. With or without Mr. C. L. Graves he produced a series of brilliant little satires, beginning in 1903 with "Wisdom While You Wait," a mock at the advertising methods adopted to sell the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," and culminating in "Quoth the Raven," in which the bitter exposure of shams and pretences of War and post-War, is a contrast to the mellow, genial tone that pervades his work as a rule. In 1909 Lucas brought out "Anne's Terrible Good Nature" and other stories for children, and "Over Bemerton's," still the most popular of all his novels.

Two years later Lucas published "Mr. Ingleside," but when "London Lavender" appeared in 1912 it was clear that he had discovered a new medium for his exquisite and graceful genius. It is not one story, but a dozen stories, and in them appear old friends from "Over Bemerton's" and "Mr. Ingleside." "Landmarks" (1914) is not a novel, nor is it an autobiography. Yet there are touches in it that suggest a real life; we feel that it was not the hero, Rudd Sergison, but E. V. himself who was taken to the great cricket match and had the glory of a conversation with Mr. A. N. Hornby. But the book has neither the beauty nor the wise sympathy of "Rose and Rose," with the two adorable women, and Dr. Greville with his calm brain and warm heart. There is a beautiful quality in "Rose and Rose" that makes it perhaps the best of all Lucas's work, and more to be treasured than those already mentioned or "Advisory Ben," "Windfall's Eve," and "Verena in the Midst." Lucas next became a playwright, and *The King's Visit* was played at the Palace Theatre in 1912, and some years later *The Stone Star* was produced by the Leeds Art Theatre. He entered on a new phase, and proved most successful in it, when, after having been long connected with the firm of Methuen, he became its chairman.

Lucas was an enthusiast for cricket, and compiled a record of early cricket called "The Hambledon Men." He was a member of Sir James Barrie's team, the All-Ireland (God Help Us), with J. C. Smith, Will Meredith, George Meredith's son, Conan Doyle, H. H. La Thangue, and E. A. Abbey, and his friendship with A. E. W. Mason began at a cricket match. He was a member of many clubs, and Max Beerbohm once drew him in character as a member of the Athenaeum, discussing

theology with a Bishop, at the Garrick Club with single eyeglass and Sir Squire Bancroft, at Brooks's as the personification of prosperity with cigar and protuberant shirt front, at the Arco Club in soft collar and flowing tie, and at the National Sporting Club as the very moral of a "fancy-loving gent" in company with a battered but resplendent champion. And more clubs would have to be added to bring the pictures up to date. But there was truth in this kindly and amusing satire, for E. V. found something in all men with which he could sympathize, some common meeting place for every human soul. Of the man himself it can be said that all the charm, the tolerance, the generous warmth and sympathy to be found in his writings were in Lucas's own heart. Bitterness of tongue was not unknown in him; and his taste in friends was as definite as his taste in pictures, books, or wine. But he could love better than he could hate, and his staunch, wise, laughing spirit will be surely missed.

Lucas was hon. D.Lit. of Oxford; hon. LL.D. of St. Andrews; and in 1932 he was made a Companion of Honour. Since 1928 he had been a member of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments, and from 1933 a member of the Crown Lands Advisory Committee. He was married and had a daughter.

July 16 1915
Lucas

E. V. LUCAS

Memories of His Schooldays

Sir.—After reading the tributes to E. V. Lucas by Max Beerholm and others, I took from a bookshelf a little "Birthday Book" of the kind beloved of schoolboys half a century ago, and there in an unformed schoolboy hand under date June 12, 1868, is the signature "Ted Lucas."

Picture after picture of his earlier and later days at the Friends Public School at Saffron Walden rose before me. A round bullet head, jauntily poised on a slender neck, that had a trick of turning from side to side with the quick movements of a bird. A figure almost feminine in its slender, graceful outline quite in keeping with the limbs whose suppleness masked an unexpected strength. Brown hair, a complexion full of colour and small, almost dainty features, an expression of humorous disdain for us youngsters (I was four years his junior)—such was the "Ted" Lucas of fifty-four years ago.

Even then his literary bent had begun to show its direction. I wonder if the paper that he read on "Charles and Mary Lamb" in our literary and debating society is still extant. To compare it with his later writing on the same subject would be interesting.

I have spoken of his physical strength, unlooked for in one of his delicacy in feature and figure. Together with Howard Brooks, son of Edmund Wright Brooks, of Grays, Essex, he set up a first wicket record of over 200 that has never been beaten at Saffron Walden—I think it was against the Grammar School. These, and many other recollections, are evoked by that signature "Ted Lucas."

J. FLINTON HARRIS.
Northampton.

Cricket Prouess

Sir.—It may be of interest to recall that E. V. Lucas was at school at Ackworth, and later at Saffron Walden, both Quaker schools. I have before me a copy of "The Natural History Journal," a magazine circulated among the Quaker public schools. The date is October 15, 1884. The Saffron Walden cricket averages are given and include these interesting items:

Batting				
Times	Highest			
Innings out	Runs score	Avg.		
H. Brooks	15	2 416	188	32
E. V. Lucas	9	9 174	32	19
Bowling				
O.	M.	R.	W.	Avg.
E. V. Lucas	24	23	188	60

E. V. L. was second in batting and first in bowling.

H. C. HUNT.
Worthing.

A Lover of Lamb

Sir.—It is only natural that those who wrote of Mr. Lucas in your last issue should, fresh from their loss, dwell exclusively on such of his writings as expressed most intimately his rare and unusually engaging personality. For their tributes all admirers of his genius must be grateful. But I miss, in the accounts I have read, any adequate recognition of the importance of his work in connection with Charles Lamb. Yet surely that work is, of all that he undertook, most likely to be permanent.

When, with Sir James Barrie, he undertook to organize, in 1913, the Books and Manuscripts department of the last Red Cross Sale at Christ's, I was privileged to act as his secretary. Among the treasures sent to us was a sheaf of Lamb's letters, three in number. These were new to Mr. Lucas, and he asked me, "as a personal kindness to myself," to copy them for him. This, needless to say, was a labour of love.

I imagine that between that date and the publication of his edition of the collected Letters they were constantly, despite a hundred avocations, in his mind. In the completion of his task he ransacked the libraries of England and America, and must have spent years in the elucidation of his material. Has any English classic fallen into abler or more sympathetic hands?

The three volumes of Lamb's letters, annotated by a kindred, a similar spirit, go as near perfection as the most sanguine critic could demand. Open any one of them where you will, and you will find yourself admitted to intimacy with two master minds. Here, I submit, and in the "Life," E. V. Lucas built his own best memorial, monumentum aere perennius.

Farnham. H. C. MINCHIN.

His Magical Pen

Sir.—The passing of E. V. Lucas will bring a sense of almost personal loss to readers and friends of the SUNDAY TIMES—the news coming sadly over the air to many who had that afternoon been wandering with him in imagination beside the banks of Dove.

The mantle of Elia, descended on E.V.L., became a rich and embroidered robe worn with the grace and assurance of a connoisseur of life, an aristocrat of letters. Others will more fitly and authoritatively appraise his genius, record his achievements, recognise his worth—but he must not pass without the need of some spontaneous tear from those who have loved his literary musings and the man they enshrined.

R. E. COTTERILL-WOODS.
Chichester.

Beautiful Green

Sir.—May I, as did Mr. Desmond MacCarthy in his informed appreciation of Mr. E. V. Lucas last Sunday, draw on my memory for a choice example of the latter's easy and accomplished prose?

I cannot recollect the title of the article in which they appeared in your columns, but the following sentences have remained in my memory as among the most beautiful from his urbane pen—

What are the most beautiful shades of green? All, I suppose. There is the green of the shallow sea over patches of sand as seen from a height; such as you have from the garden of the Eden Hotel at Cap d'Al, for instance; or, crossing the Channel in an aeroplane, as you approach or leave the coast near Le Touquet. This is a sparkling translucent green as different as can be from the green of mulchito, which is sullen and opaque. There is the green of the young beech leaves, so tender and limpid, and the green of old ivy, dark and austere. There is the green of the rellines and shutters at Zaandam, in Holland, and the green of aquarium tanks. There is the Lincoln green of Robin Hood's jerkin and the green of Lindrum's table. There is the gossamer green of olives among the rocks and the opaque green of seaweed. There is the shimmering green of the alder and the mature and satisfying green of an old shagreen case. There is the silver green of the white bean in a wind, and the sinister green of a cypress guarding the tomb. There is the mistral green of a Cotee and the inflexible green of a Cézanne.

Sidcup. F. R. L.

Publisher Circular
July 2nd

Edward Verrall Lucas

Publisher and Author

It was with great regret that we heard of the death on June 26, at the age of 70, in a London nursing home, of that outstanding personality, Mr. E. V. Lucas, famous man of letters, author, and chairman of the publishing house of Methuen & Co., Ltd.

Mr. Lucas has written about 100 books in all, including over thirty books of essays. The first of these was "Fireside and Sunshine," published in 1906, which deals chiefly with domesticities. Among other volumes one may quote: "Saunterer's Rewards," "English Leaves," "French Leaves," "Lemon Verbena," "Visibility Good," "Traveller's Luck," "A Rover I Would Be," "Loiterer's Harvest," and the most recently published "All of a Piece" and "As the Bee Sucks." "Adventures and Misgivings," now in the Press, will appear this autumn.

Mr. Lucas has written of places from Japan to Pimlico and on to New York; of dogs and cats and birds and fish ("If Dogs Could Write," "No-Nose at the Show," "The More I See of Men," "... And Such Small Deer"); of pugilists and pictures and apples; of "Encounters and Diversions" in all quarters of the globe; and last, but not least, of Charles Lamb ("At the Shrine of St. Charles" and "The Best of Lamb"). In fact, it is impossible to mention "E. V. L." without remembering that he was the greatest living authority on Charles Lamb, and that not long ago he completed the gigantic task of editing, in three large volumes, the complete "Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb." One also remembers gratefully the wonderful series of "Wanderer" volumes: A Wanderer in Florence-Rome-Venice-Holland-Among the Pictures-and London. In this connection, "London Afresh" is written in such a way that it will constitute a permanent guide to London.

Occasionally Mr. Lucas has been induced to write about himself—"Reading, Writing and Remembering" and "The Old Contemporaries." But perhaps he really preferred to write about other people—sometimes imaginary, as in his novels—"Mr. Ingleside," "Over Bemerton's," "Genevra's Money" and "Rose and Rose," to quote only a few.

The Times, in its issue of June 27, had a very fine biographical tribute to Mr.



MR. E. V. LUCAS

Lucas, and said, *inter alia*:—"Lucas, who was educated at private schools, had the bright and elusive type of mind that does not flourish under a schoolmaster. In his reminiscences, 'Reading, Writing and Remembering,' he spoke with regret of having left school at 16 to be apprenticed to a Brighton bookseller. This, however, was a most fortunate circumstance, for that bookshop had a circulating library with an enormous stock of books no longer in circulation, many of them dating from the eighteenth century, and there he laid the foundation of his extraordinarily wide and profound knowledge of things out of the way in literature.

After serving his apprenticeship for two years, he joined the staff of the *Sussex Daily News*, then edited by Mr. Harry Bone.

Lucas came to London in 1892, and from the first he was a devoted admirer of W. P. Ker, Professor of English literature at University College. In 'London Beginnings,' a fascinating chapter in his book of reminiscences, the remarkable list of his friends includes, in addition

to Ker, persons like the Colvins and Sir Walter Raleigh. It is easy to understand how they were attracted by a young man so modest yet so witty, so unassuming yet so serenely self-confident. Editors such as Harry Cust, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Algernon Locker, of the *Globe*, thought well of him, and in 1893 he joined the staff of the latter paper. Among this earliest publications was a little book of verse, called 'Sparks from a Flint,' which bore no author's name. About this time also he received his first commission for a book from the Society of Friends. It was to write a memoir of Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet and friend of Charles Lamb. It led a few years later to a commission from Reginald Smith, of Smith, Elder, to edit some newly discovered letters from Lamb to the Lloyd family. Then came an invitation from Methuen & Co. to write a new life of Lamb, and to bring out a new edition of his works.

Lucas may perhaps be best remembered as the greatest authority on Elia; but his work was as manifold in kind as it was great in quantity. He was a regular contributor to *Punch*, and used to take the editorial chair when Owen Seaman was away on holiday.

Lucas became a playwright, and *The King's Visit* was played at the Palace Theatre in 1912, and some years later *The Same Star* was produced by the Leeds Art Theatre. He entered on a new phase, and proved most successful in it, when, after having been long connected with the firm of Methuen, he became its chairman.

Of the man himself it can be said that all the charm, the tolerance, the generous warmth and sympathy to be found in his writings were in Lucas's own heart. Bitterness of tongue was not unknown in him; and his taste in friends was as definite as his taste in pictures, books or wine. But he could love better than he could hate, and his staunch, wise, laughing spirit will be surely missed.

Lucas was hon. D.Litt. of Oxford; hon. LL.D. of St. Andrews; and in 1932 he was made a Companion of Honour. Since 1928 he had been a member of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments, and from 1933 a member of the Crown Lands Advisory Committee."

MONDAY, JUNE 27, 1938.

EDWARD LUCAS, 70, BRITISH ESSAYIST

Noted Writer Was Head of the
Methuen Publishing House—
Is Dead in London

WROTE LAMB'S BIOGRAPHY

Also Known for Contributions
to Punch and Humorous
Pictures of Americans



EDWARD V. LUCAS

Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES.
LONDON, June 26.—Edward Ver-
rall Lucas, essayist and head of the
publishing house of Methuen & Co.,
died here today following an opera-
tion. His age was 70.

Coming from old Sussex Quaker
stock, he was apprenticed to a
Brighton bookseller. Later he spent
a period on a provincial newspaper
and then came to London to seek
his fortune. He gained experience
under two famous editors—Harry
Cust of The Pall Mall Gazette and
Algernon Locker of The London
Globe. Mr. Lucas then obtained
commissions from the Society of
Friends, among which were the
writing of memoirs of Bernard Bar-
ton, Quaker poet and friend of
Charles Lamb. He became a regu-
lar contributor to the magazine,
Punch, and took the editorial chair
in the absence of Owen Seaman.

Mr. Lucas was an enthusiastic
cricketer and compiled a record of
early cricket which he called "The
Hambledon Men." He was a mem-
ber of Barrie's famous team which
included J. C. Snaith, Will Mere-
dith, George Meredith's son; Conan
Doyle, H. A. La Thangue and E. A.
Abbey.

"A Twentieth-Century Lamb"

Mr. Lucas was a born essayist, a
twentieth-century Lamb. He was
neither so robust as Lamb nor so
emotional, but had the same curios-
ity about the seemingly usual, the
same amusingly eccentric type of
learning. His urbanity reminded of
Addison, too. But this fusion of
Lamb and Addison in the writer of
personal essays made for a kind of
preciosity, a detachment from real-
ity and a fancifulness that was ut-
terly out of keeping with our times.

He was a sprightly writer, anec-
dotal and clever. His way of say-
ing things was often more impor-
tant than what he said. For years
his essays were widely known to
readers of Punch and to all who
were charmed by the enthusiasm of
his seventy-odd books. He was less
concerned with what he was writ-
ing about than the simple act of
writing.

It was Mr. Lucas's bent for the
essay form that induced him to
write the two-volume life of Charles
Lamb, and again it showed that he
not only wrote travel books but
biography like an essayist. The
humorist in Mr. Lucas was always
to the fore, and in his "Wander-
ings and Diversions" he described
Americans thus:

"Americans are people who pre-
fer the Continent to their own
country, but refuse to learn its lan-
guages. It is to Paris that, as a re-
ward, dead Americans go who were
good in life; but one can also meet
Americans who must have arrived
under false pretenses."

Aided by Quaker Uncle

A Quaker uncle launched him on
his London career. The uncle, a
shipowner, meeting his nephew one
day on the street, said: "Edward,
I owe thee five pounds." The
money put him "on the road" and
in addition to what he later earned
at The Globe of London, enabled
him to study at London University.

It was there that he, the friend
of literati, formed his lasting friend-
ships with W. P. Ker, Professor
of English Literature, and A. E.
Housman, one of England's great
poets, from whom he heard lec-
tures in Latin. When, more than
three decades later, he opened his
treasury of letters in his "Post-Bag
Diversions" the index read like an
abbreviated edition of an English
Who's Who. Elizabeth Asquith was
in the A's, Barrie and Arnold Ben-
nett in the B's, Galsworthy and
Gosse in the G's, Hugh Walpole and
Edgar Wallace in the W's. They,
and in addition many notable
friends, acquaintances and admir-
ers, had written to the author.

When, in 1920, Mr. Lucas wrote a
series of articles for The London
Times on Americans and America
he had much to say about them but
avoided the tactlessness of express-
ing surprise that he did not find
Americans unappreciative of litera-
ture and art in general.

In 1935 Mr. Lucas's three vol-
umes "The Letters of Charles and
Mary Lamb" were published here.

He was a Companion of Honor,
a member of the Crown Lands Ad-
visory Committee, an Hon. LL. D.
of St. Andrews University and Hon.
D. Litt. of Oxford. His clubs were
the Beefsteak, Bucks, Garrick and
Marylebone Cricket Club.

E. V. LUCAS

BY FRANK SWINNERTON

On the surface, E. V. Lucas was a wit, a gourmet, and one who relished good company. At bottom, he was a grimly unhappy man. In between these two extremes he was shrewd, superbly kind, and implacable. No man had finer taste in letters or painting; and no man, among friends, offered richer talk. He listened darkly but unfrowningly, with almost sack-like relaxation. He gave his mind wholly, and did not hesitate for an answer.

He spoke, hardly moving his lips, in a deep voice that astonishingly suited and softened the slightly bitter benignity of his matter; and a smile, both indulgent and ironic, hardly ever left his face. He had an extraordinary gift for affection, as well as an extraordinary need of it; and he sensitively understood and protected all the simplicities of his friends, who gratefully adored him. No man was richer in friendships than he.

This fact may explain to some of Lucas's readers a discrepancy between his reputation and his visible performance. He was first of all a great friend, punctilious in every detail of personal relationship, and gloriously kind. At a little distance from friendship, but below it, came his work as publishers' reader, as bookman, and as editor and biographer of Lamb. All this, in its variety, was of distinguished value. His knowledge of books was very wide; he had read in poetry and belles lettres, and zestfully remembered, more than the majority of bookworms crawl through in a lifetime.

He had also an extensive acquaintance with modern French literature, in which he sought a wit rarely found in current English. And although his lesser commentaries upon life and travel often wanted force, and his novels always failed in shape and importance, the work he did upon Lamb was excellent, and when it was allowed scope the harsh justice of his mind could produce an overwhelming effect. There was never a more scathing picture of life at The Pines than Lucas's. A single book in such a vein would have made him immortal.

He did not write that book. He played upon the surface, possibly through dread of his own pain. No reader, therefore, can appreciate his greatness; for his greatness lay in conversational criticism and in the intimacies of friendship. There he was supreme. He knew so much, was so unshockable, and in his grimly tender way was so responsive to the essential quality of his companions, that they rested upon his sagacity and spoke their hearts. His continued friendship was thus either an immeasurable compliment or a sign of unlimited mercy.

Well, his friends are poor men to-day. They know that the largest heart in literary London is still. They will never again receive letters of which each succeeding line was shorter by an inch than its predecessor. They will never be summoned by E. V. to eat saddle of mutton or drink champagne at one or other of his many clubs. E. V. himself will no more extol the grandeurs of dogs or the great game of cricket.

He will be seen no longer at the Oval, at Hove, or at Tunbridge Wells, where he could judge a batsman at the end of half a dozen overs and say whether or not he would one day play for England. His unprinted knowledge of life, books, and human beings ceases to be available. But memory will live long and with poignance among those who familiarly heard his thick voice ploughing through wit and wisdom, and who treasured his affection as a mark of uncommon esteem. His work was sometimes slack and trivial; but the man himself was a Man.

E. V. Lucas

If ever there was an irreplaceable it is E. V. Lucas, who with characteristic good manners has made a quiet and unassuming farewell to the age that he enriched. He would have wished no farewell trumpets and certainly no eloquent tears. He would have asked—and not in vain—that when two or three of his many friends met they would remember him with affection and with a lightening of the heart.

It is as difficult to convey E.V.L. to those who did not know him in person

Shaw would have viewed much of the bowling. That same Shaw who, on a yachting trip bowled all forty people, passengers and crew, in the course of one hour.

* * *

And so we go down the list of heroes to our own day, to Larwood and to Voce and to those two sons of great Nottinghamshire names, Hardstaff and Gunn, to finish with a talk the author had but recently with H. B. Daft, at the end of which he asked him: "If you had your time over again what would you be?" If I had my time over again I should be a Nottinghamshire cricketer."

* * *

If E. V. Lucas had been asked that question the answer we should all have liked, and most surely should have got, would have been: "If I had my time over again I should be E. V."

June 27th

cele

POSTAGE IN U.K., CANADA,
AND NEWFOUNDLAND .. 1d.
OTHER PLACES ABROAD 1½d.

**E. V. L.
DEAD**



E. V. LUCAS,
essayist, humorist, travel-
writer, expert on Charles
Lamb, died yesterday, aged
70. Appreciation by Robert
Lynd on Page Seven

An Apostle of Hard Work.

The key to EDWARD BOK'S amazing career was not genius, although that had its important place, but unflagging industry, coupled with remarkable skill in thinking things out in advance.

Like many another boy before his time and since, he had to quit school and go to work in his early teens. Like most of these he resolved to get an education outside school hours, but, unlike most of them, he did not let the matter rest with good intentions. As soon as he got settled down to his work as office boy in a telegraph office he went to a library and looked over the subjects it might profit him most to study. He hit upon biography as the proper thing, sagely reasoning that the successes and failures of other men might afford wise counsel for the regulation of his own career.

Typical of his whole life was his method of acquiring shorthand. As a youngster he had decided to be a newspaper reporter. Many excellent reporters do not bother to learn shorthand, but that was not BOK'S way. Deciding stenography was essential, he set out to learn it in a night school which offered two evening classes a week. He had four evenings to spare, so he found another school that had classes on the other two evenings and took both courses. If the Einstein theory of relativity had been propounded in those days and if he had deemed a mastery of it essential to the proper performance of his job as reporter it is quite likely EDWARD BOK would have found a way to devote two or three other evenings to the study of higher mathematics.

No doubt thousands of other boys with as much industry and ambition failed where he succeeded. Numerous capabilities go into the making of a character such as his. Vision, decisiveness, observation, pertinacity, fancy, sound coordination of body, mind and spirit, all enter into the human equation. But the foundation of it all was an almost illimitable capacity for hard and patient labor.

N.Y.SUN

E. V. LUCAS

BY FRANK SWINNERTON

On the surface, E. V. Lucas was a wit, a gourmet, and one who relished good company. At bottom, he was a grimly unhappy man. In between these two extremes he was shrewd, superbly kind, and implacable. No man had finer taste in letters or painting; and no man, among friends, offered richer talk. He listened darkly but unfrowningly, with almost sack-like relaxation. He gave his mind wholly, and did not hesitate for an answer.

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This fact may explain to some of Lucas's readers a discrepancy between his reputation and his visible performance. He was first of all a great friend, punctilious in every detail of personal relationship, and gloriously kind. At a little distance from friendship, but below it, came his work as publishers' reader, as bookman, and as editor and biographer of Lamb. All this, in its variety, was of distinguished value. His knowledge of books was very wide; he had read in poetry and belles lettres, and zestfully remembered, more than the majority of bookworms crawl through in a lifetime.

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E. V. Lucas

Essayist Of The E. V. LUCAS—MAN WHO COULD NOT GIVE UP HIS PEN

Mr. E. V. Lucas, the author and essayist, died in London yesterday, aged 70, as reported on Page One.

By ROBERT LYND

IT is strange that a man with E. V. Lucas's gargantuan appetite for writing should have done his best work in the form of the short essay.

It is almost certain that it is as an essayist and as the biographer and editor of Lamb that he will be chiefly remembered.

Many people who knew his work only slightly were under the impression that as an essayist he specialised in sentimentalism of an oversweet kind. Lucas was no sugary sentimentalist, however. Much of his wit and humour had the flavour of a fine dry white wine. He looked on life with the wry smile of a man-of-the-world philosopher on his lips.

He seldom gave himself away in his essays. He wrote rather as an observer than as an autobiographer.

He had so many interests—books, painting, travel, theatres, dogs, cricket, food and wine, and entertaining his friends—and such an accumulation of odd facts in his memory that his essays remained fresh and full of matter till the end. Few men could set forth a collection of curious facts with an easier and more unobtrusive grace.

HE LOVED WIT

His friends liked Lucas the man even better than Lucas the author. He was an extremely good and amusing conversationalist and loved wit in others. His dinners for men only, with such men as J. M. Barrie and Anthony Hope in the company, revealed him as the perfect host.

Only a man of exceptional energy could have found time for so many pleasures and for so much work as author, editor and publisher. The truth is, however, Lucas scarcely regarded writing as work. When he became chairman of the firm of Methuen, I asked him about a rumour that he was giving up writing. "My dear fellow," he said, "I can't give up writing. I love writing."

It is said that at one time it was his ambition to be editor of "Punch." This must be one of the very few ambitions that he failed to achieve.

WRITER WITH TEN TALENTS

Edward Verall Lucas, C.H., was born of a Quaker family in Brighton in 1868.

The combination of his range of miscellaneous knowledge and enormous literary output—he has been described as having possessed all the ten talents—was without parallel in his generation.

He published more than 60 books. In addition to countless articles, and the list of his works covers 33 pages of the British Museum catalogue.

It was typical of him that, notwithstanding all his other interests, he remembered as one of his greatest moments his election, at the age of seven, to the Sussex County Cricket Club. Cricket was a lifelong passion, and to Sussex, his native county, he was devotedly attached.

Fortunately his parents did not persist in their intention of making



Ronald Walker, News Chronicle
Muriel Howlett, who is to be
going aboard the Cor

him a nurseryman, and he went to University College, London, working there under the tutelage of W. P. Ker.

On returning to Brighton he worked on the "Sussex Daily News" for a short time, and at the age of 23 went to London on the staff of the "Globe," on which he served for seven years, writing the literary gossip both for that paper and for the "Academy."

It was during these early years that he began his study of the secrets of Charles Lamb, the first complete edition of whose letters he finally edited in 1935.

His first book, "The Open Road," was published in 1909, and from that time onward scarcely a year passed without at least one book from him—novels, essays on travel, on painting, on books, on celebrities, on food, on plays and verse, and books for children flowing from his pen.

"PUNCH"

The lightness of his style and his humour attracted the attention of "Punch," and in 1904 he was appointed to its staff, ultimately becoming assistant editor.

His association with Messrs. Methuen, Ltd., began early, and in 1923, on the death of Sir Alexander Methuen, he became chairman of the company.

Although never well known as a dramatist, he wrote, under the pseudonym of F. W. Mark, the successful wartime production "Business as Usual."

CHEERS IN COMMONS

In 1928 he was made a member of the Royal Commission for Historical Monuments, and in 1933 a member of the Committee to advise the Commissioner of Crown Lands. The announcement in the House of Commons of this latter appointment was loudly cheered.

He was the friend and in many cases the intimate of everybody of note in the literary world of his day. In his early youth he had dined with Swinburne.

He was made a Companion of Honour in 1932.

Editorial Comment: Page Ten

GIRLS' 130 MILES ON HORSEBACK

Carrying a message from the Lord Mayor of York to the Mayor of Coventry, three girls rode into Coventry on horseback on Saturday, having completed the 130-mile journey in two days.

They were Miss Betty Bulmer, aged 19, daughter of a York rector, Miss Olive Megginson, 18, and Miss Hazel Parker, 16, farmers' daughters. They were returning the visit of the three girls who rode from Coventry to York in May.

The girls, after delivering their message, took part in the Coventry carnival, which was attended by 100,000 people in the war memorial park.

Hair-Raising

A snake three feet long glided into a Luton (Bed's) hairdressing saloon. Mr. Charles Inglis, the proprietor, who was shaving a customer, seized a broom and pinning the serpent to the floor decapitated it with a pair of scissors.

The snake, believed to be foreign, is thought to have taken passage to this country in a consignment of fruit received by a Luton greengrocery firm.

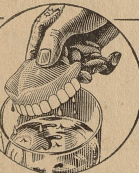
RESULT OF "PEOPLE"

CONTEST No. 5.

The correct ages of the seven people were as follows: Mr. A—37; Miss B—42; Mr. C—38; Mr. D—31; Mrs. E—40; Mr. G—42. In this contest the aim is to score as few points as possible—each point being lost for each year by which an estimate of age differs from the correct age. The following three competitors submitted the following estimates to point the seven estimates: A. BIRD, 74, Clonkey Old Road, Bolton; B. H. W. WOODS, 12, Wrenby Close, Raynes Park; R. O. WISEMAN, 31, Warwick Road, Bolton's Strid, Bolton. The game is now being played by the public. The game is now being played by the public. The game is now being played by the public.

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Teeth become poorly white:
Gums Natural colour:



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Put the cap of the tin with 'Steradent' and pour the powder into a glass containing sufficient warm water to cover the dentures. Scrub well. Put in your dentures and leave white your dentures, or overnight. Take them out and rinse thoroughly under the tap. All stains vanish! Dull, dingy teeth become 'live', lustreous, natural-looking. 'Gums' regain their wholesome colour. Denture preserver 'Steradent' is the best denture cleanser ever produced. It is harmless to dentures. Price 1/-, Double size 2/6. At all chemists.

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An English Essayist and Lamb Expert Grows in Years

By Edith Christina Johnson

THE seventieth birthday of E. V. Lucas, June twelfth, will find him at work on another book, or more likely just having completed the one he mentioned in a recent letter and promised to send me when it was finished. I have long lost track of the number of his works, but someone told me three years ago it was then close to one hundred. For he'd rather write than do anything else in the world, and a great many of us hope he'll continue to provide us with his essays and plans for at least another decade.

But I don't think E. V. (so his friends affectionately call him) really likes birthdays. He mentioned the date of his birth in Who's Who since 1902. And he certainly does not like the seventy years he will be on June twelfth. But I know he likes remembrance on such difficult occasions, for he's very human under his rather bristly exterior. And his is a most appreciative and generous spirit.

If they give him a literary party in London—it's quite an English custom on one's seventieth—he'll want the speeches to be clever and pointed (he once wrote an essay on Bore) and he won't want to make a speech himself, though he'll utter plenty of bon mots before the evening is over. One of his friends who had his seventieth two years before E. V. wrote me at the time, "We didn't ask E. V. to speak, he hates speeches, you know. We just let him talk."

A Pungent Talker
And his talk will be meaty, pungent, cryptic, with its sudden turns and springs to catch the unwary. But it's never mean or malicious; you laugh with him when he neatly "takes you in," and he chuckles most contagiously if you happen to be smart enough to catch him by understatement or repartee. He loves puns and riddles and cartoons; that's natural enough for one who has been for decades a member of the inner circle of Punch. Two of his best friends are Max Beerbohm and A. P. Herbert. E. V. composes riddles of his own and suggests caricatures, though he would never draw them.

which was almost painful in his youth. And he would like too "to have been acted." But he has to console himself with being the friend of actors and playwrights—and cinema critic for Punch!

You feel the flavor of E. V.'s personality as soon as you meet him, but you find him a very difficult person to describe. He has so many sides, and such baffling and surprising contradictions. A famous cartoon of him by Max Beerbohm, "The Six-Club Man," suggests this protean quality. You will find the original sketch on the wall of his outer office at Methuen's in the Strand. Here we have (1) E. V. at the Garrick—monocle, evening dress, stuffed shirt manner; (2) E. V. at the Athenaeum—spectacles, long white beard, socratically wise expression; (3) E. V. at the Savage—arty, flowing tie, wide-brimmed hat, long loose jacket; (4) E. V. at Brooke's—sophisticated, nonchalant, smoking a long cigar; (5) E. V. at the Burlington Fine Arts—conservative. John Bull, refusing to be impressed by the ardent and cadaverous enthusiast who has button-holed him—(6) E. V. at the National Sporting Club—bowler hat, loud sporting vest, smoking a pipe and looking as hard and tough as the huge branny champion to whom he is talking.

His Likes and Dislikes

His likes and dislikes are strong; naturally you feel flattered when you discover that you are one of the "likes." You will know it even at that first meeting, for if you look steadily into those searching, critical rather sharp eyes, you will catch a quizzical gleam in their depths, and soon you will see the shy smile lift the corners of his mouth, and a subtle current of mutual understanding will travel through the brief exchange of comment. Then you will find yourself talking to him, and somehow your talk will be cleverer than it has ever been before, and you will realize what a flattering and sympathetic listener he is, and how well you really know each other. And it will seem perfectly natural for you to drop in for frequent visits, and find that no matter how busy he must be, there is always time for you in his book-lined study on the busy Strand.

A Contrast in the Worlds of Life and Letters



E. V. LUCAS

E. V. in his letters. He is unusually reticent about himself in his talk—talk that bristles with ideas and sparkles with the zest for living. E. V.'s letters explain the essayist; the letter and the essay have always been literary first cousins. The form of his letters, as delightful as their content, suggests the "arty" side of his nature. For his personal letters he has a special envelope with the flap so narrow that he can write the address on the flap side and partially seal the letter with the postage stamp. Inside, the left-hand margin incrosses with the letter. In his letters and in his autobiographies—particularly that last poignant supplement in dialogue form, "The Old Contemporaries"—you find the E. V. of "My Cousin the Bookbinder," of "The Funeral" of "Dorcas," the E. V. who is full of the milk of human kindness, and who rarely lets his left hand know what his right is so generously giving away.

Head of a Publishing House

On the rare occasions when, alone with him in some favorite club or restaurant, he begins to talk somewhat the way he writes—in "Reading, Writing and Remembering," for instance—he will tell you how he works, how his week is planned. You will then begin to understand how he has managed to write nearly one hundred books and at the same time travel all over the world and manage the business of a large and prosperous publishing house (he has been head of Methuen's since 1924). From Tuesday to Friday he lives in London where his Rolls-Royce and his English chauffeur enable him to crowd much experience into a day. From Friday to Tuesday he is deep in the heart of Sussex; here he does his writing. Traveling and writing go hand in hand, for E. V. turns all experience into his essays and articles. Many of these appear weekly in his "Wanderer's Notebook" in the London Sunday Times.

As he talks you will feel the quality of his well-stored mind. You will remember that he is the "Wanderer's" guide through most of the capitals and art centers of Europe, that he is the English authority on Charles Lamb, at whose shrine he has worshipped ever since his uncle gave him a copy of the Essays of Elia when he was fifteen, that the British Museum is his "real Alma Mater" though Oxford two years ago honored him with a Doctor of Letters degree. But you will feel too the attention of the perfect host, and one who is a connoisseur of food. The waiter's respect is that of recognition of a fellow-artist. Your saddle of mutton or your salmon trout—two of his favorite dishes—will be perfectly prepared and served. Your champagne or hock will be to E. V.'s better than the king's taste. And if it is June, you will have English strawberries, huge, luscious, juicy ones. And he will prepare them for you himself. It is a rite with him, this proper "impregnation of the strawberry with the sugar."

Strawberries and Cricket

You can't really know E. V. unless you share his taste for strawberries. They were his consolation on his sixty-ninth birthday last June. He ordered them before going to a cricket match in Sussex, to be sure, he wrote me, they would not be sold out. "I find entering my seventieth year a disquieting performance, and bewildering too, for I can't imagine what I have been doing with all the time before it." Perhaps the tributes of his friends on his seventieth birthday may give E. V. some idea of how well he has spent his time.

E. V. LUCAS

Tributes to His Memory

The *Sunday Times* mourns the loss of Mr. E. V. Lucas, who died on Sunday last in a London nursing home at the age of seventy. For over fourteen years his articles on this page under the heading of "A Wanderer's Notebook" had been one of the most popular features in the English Press. The last appeared on the morning of his death. It was in type three weeks before, for "E. V.'s" writing was always done ahead of time when he arranged early in June to be "out of the paper" during July he finished his *Sunday Times* work for the month, and—for such was his practice—we should, but for his illness, have received before the planned holiday began an article for the first Sunday in August. Alas! the Wanderer's Notebook will not be reprinted.

Mr. Lucas was a model contributor. Though he wrote thousands of articles, we never saw one from his pen that showed signs of haste; there was nothing careless or slipshod; and, however good the copy, he was never satisfied till he had revised the last proof and knew that it exactly fitted the column.

Below we print tributes to "E. V.'s" memory from Mr. E. V. Knox, the editor of "Punch," Mr. Max Beerbohm, and Mr. Desmond MacCarthy.

HIS LOVE OF LETTERS AND LIFE

By E. V. KNOX

I have been asked to write what follows, I think, because "Punch" loses as much as the *Sunday Times*, now that E. V. Lucas is dead. For a long time he contributed more to "Punch" than any other single writer: he kept up his articles to the end, and he was hardly ever absent from the gathering at the Round Table that forms part of our weekly routine.

It is not easy to exaggerate the charm of a writer who loves letters and loves life, and can express his appreciation of both with equal skill. This it was "E. V.'s" most certainly, and if the objector says: "But surely there are plenty of writers who have that talent," I would answer: "The talent is not always so genuine as you suppose, and it was 'E. V.'s' at a date when it was (oh, very much) rarer than it is today."

It was here far more than in any real similarity of manner or mental equipment that he followed Hazlitt and Lamb. The common essayist is often now, was often then, in method extremely bookish in his outlook on life. How should it be otherwise? It was his wont to bully or to threaten with culture the recalcitrant mind. And for that reason in the early years of this century one can remember—it is not too much to say—the thrill of a new book or a new collection of Essays from the pen of E. V. Lucas.

They were hailed with delight in quiet homes not yet surfeited with the easy presentation in cheap and newspaper of the lighter and more genial side of living, not yet surrounded (on earth and air) by persuasive arbiters of taste and connoisseurs of right thinking—right thinking about modes and manners, about travel and art and recreation. It was possible in those days to spend one's leisure happily with E. V. Lucas for a guide—and with almost no one else, because he so obviously enjoyed the good things he was showing, and not merely the act of showing or the feeling that his readers were "there to be improved."

We had our stern and upright teachers, our doctrinaires, and our elegant aesthetes; but quite other was this companion, never discourteous, making no parade of his learning, and desirous always, it seemed, of escorting us in idle hours to the woods and pastures where we were most willing to follow him. I do not think that obscurity or mysticism ever pleased him any more than scholarship or pedantry; nor that high passion moved him much; but here was a man as ready to talk about quaint books as about cricket, as ready to show us a Flemish picture as to point out that the sound of the crunching of good breakfast toast should be like "the thunder in July." If this was a schoolmaster he taught us to play truant every day.

E. V. Lucas, by the compulsion of the celebrity which he gained, got to know men as well as he knew books and as well as he loved life. He was shy. And he was sensitive, I think that struck me most of all the first time that I met him—outside his printed works. It was natural for an author to be shy; not so natural for a man already famous, a member of I don't know how many clubs, versed in affairs, and appreciative of the art of good living.

The shyness came, I think, from the fact that he was always a kind of stranger among men who had the blessing—or curse—of a more formal academic education than his own. He did not like this little barrier, easy though it was to upset. And since he was sensitive he would not—as others who have felt this sort of shyness might have done—carry it off by treading roughly on other men's views. He could be sardonic, cynical, but you felt his satire and his cynicism were a kind of armour protecting enthusiasts and sentiments which had been too often assailed.

With some justice, I think "Over Bemerton's" has often been called his best book, as I believe it was also one of the most popular of that long succession of novels, "travelogues," essay-collections, books about books, and books about pictures that are credited to his name. In "Over Bemerton's" the method is as characteristic of the author as the matter. His net "Mr. Falconer" returned to England after thirty years exile in such a bookish city as Buenos Aires? Who then is to be more easily excused if he jives over a bookshop and talks to us so often about books? Or whom could it be more expected that he should laugh at and be sentimental about Londoners? And what more natural than that he should meet so strange a character as Mr. Dabney, the journalist who "interviews himself" and runs a sane, fearless and vitriolic newspaper containing no advertisements—the *Svenaralia* of Fleet Street—a man with whose outspoken comments on the follies and abuses of the day "Mr. Falconer" (but ever so gently) disagrees?

E. V. Lucas had the seeing eye; he collected oddities; he was a great admirer of life. He would have preferred, I think, that it should consist of all the beautiful, all the homelier, all the simpler things. Since it did not he went on collecting; but his first enthusiasm made him loth to express on paper (except for a few topical skits) anything but the happier part of experience. Mr. Max Beerbohm has told us charmingly that every man is at least a host or a guest, and that he himself is the latter. E. V. Lucas was a host. He was met at his ease in giving us pleasant things; and his hospitality was unbounded.

A MEMORABLE COMPANION

By MAX BEERBOHM

I am saddened by the thought that I shall not see my dear E. V. again. But this sounds egoistic. Whose dear E. V. was he not? He was loved by many thousands of people who had never met him, and by all the hundreds of people who had. Nor were these hundreds few, for though when first I knew him, he was not very gregarious, he became immensely so in later years. In all kinds of company might one hope to encounter that feline, that judicial head; those eyes which always rather reminded one of an elephant's, so solemnly and yet so wittily sagacious were they; that smile which might with a shade of difference have been a scowl—an amicable scowl. In any kind of company he "held," though never was a man less anxious to do so. He was there to observe and to listen, he was there for passive enjoyment, wonder if anybody ever heard him "hold forth"? I should have liked to have



From the gallery by J. Kerr-Lindsay

that treat, though it would have startled me. E. V. must, I think, have written in the course of his life a greater number of words than he spoke. Not that his oral gifts were less great than his scriptural. He merely did not exercise them so much. Perhaps it was his Ginkgo blood that inspired this choice. He was essentially a quietist, as had been his forbears in a world less noisy than ours. I never heard him raise his voice in approval or disapproval. I never saw him lean forward to emphasise a point, I don't remember that he had any gestures. The vivacity was in what he said; and the tranquil, almost gloomy way in which he expressed his fun was a part of the good sweet. He was a wonderful, a memorable companion.

WRITING TO GIVE PLEASURE

By DESMOND MacCARTHY

We who are filling "E.V.'s" column this Sunday—it is sadly like filling his grave—are in danger of repeating the same things in different words and he would never have approved of overlapping.

E. V. Lucas had in him the makings of a first-rate satirist; but he had a great reluctance to inflict pain. He could have easily been had he chosen, the most cruel of gentle writers.

Something, too, about the ease of his accomplished prose I must say. He was one of those delightful writers who wrote *inconspicuously* well. I must draw on memory; but perhaps this example will serve. He is describing his hero (characteristically a tired British Museum dealer) on a voyage now napping in a deck-chair, now, as he says, "watching the horizon rhythmically rising above the tuff and sinking below it." These words suggest perfectly the motion of a ship. Almost every page he wrote exhibited this quiet adroitness in the use of common words.

Once, it is now many years ago, he asked me to one of those good dinners he loved to give his friends, where the food and wine were always excellent and the company congenial. When at last the chairs began to empty, he beckoned me to bring my glass round and to sit beside him. Then, gazing in front of him with that glare in his eyes and in that husky, deliberately humorous voice, which his friends will always remember, he said, after nudging his knees a little under the table: "I admire your writing, but you don't admire mine." I was surprised, embarrassed and delighted.

"No, no," I protested, "for instance, do take that description of your visit to Soho-burbs you wrote in 'The New Statesman'—I thought it perfect!" But left he only snook his head and turned his cigar between his lips. Then, to my relief and admiration, he went on: "You Irish fellows have no sense of form. Your own essays stop; they don't end. They contain very good things, but they finish without leaving a feeling of completeness. I recognised the truth of that criticism at the time. And I have kept it in mind since—at least to the point of reprinting as little of my work as possible. But it also had the effect of drawing my attention to one of his own rare merits. However casual, short, scrappy, discursive one of his essays or articles might be, it had an air of being somehow complete.

And that brings me to the substance of his writings. It was quite true that at the time of that dinner his favourite themes and way of handling them were

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Continued from preceding column

It interesting to me. But as time went on, and as more books were written by people who wanted to give me pain, or me good, or thrust their private troubles at me, while fewer and fewer seemed to be writing to give me pleasure, I began to appreciate E. V. as more and more. He was a restful, alert travelling-companion, whether on the by-paths of literature or history, or in England or on the Continent. His company was never insistent, he let us free to share—that was all, and he did not necessarily *his* impressions. The skill in which his humour or his intellect moved round an object without reminding you of its painful implications attested, I think, to an immense sensibility in himself to pain.

Thus he was cheerful without beingarty; tender without being mawkish. His knowledge was wide, miscellaneous and accurate. He was, so I read him, well acquainted with pain, disappointment, shame and disgust, that he sympathised with our need of rest and distraction; and very modestly and skillfully he used his wit, his frequent high spirits, his sound commonsense and his responsibility to provide us with that relief. He invariably wrote out of an amiable and censorious part of himself; not to make a good impression, but because he was aware that the world was full enough of misery.

LONDON WE

AT FULL PITCH — THE
SIR ERNEST SWINTON
— SIGNORA MAMELI —
ARE CLINIC — PICTURES

BY “

as it would be to explain the scent of a flower to a man born without the fifth sense. He had a quality which can only be called a spiritual fragrance. He was like lavender in any place that he visited.

Some, though not all, of him was given to the world in his books. These conveyed the lover of verse, of good company, of the open air and of all the curiosities of the human heart. They showed, too, the ubiquity of his interest and his acquaintance with much that was memorable, and a great deal that was unknown in the Arts.

But neither in novels, nor articles, nor in anthologies was E.V.L. fully disclosed. If you wished to find him as he was, look round upon the faces of the friends that he has bereaved. *Si monumentum requiris circumspice.*