

important and excitatious addition to the history of the march of empire and the conquest of trade which have, so to speak, put us more than slightly on the map.

Mr. Dulles in his *The Old China Trade* offers a work of some magnitude. He gives us the thoroughly documented story of the confusion in which the merchant seamen of the young republic found themselves immediately after the signing of the treaty which marked England's acceptance of American independence; of how, to solve the problem of opening new trade routes, they drove their absurdly small ships, manned by absurdly young crews, around the Cape of Good Hope and later around the Horn, and continued, until 1844, with the utmost courage and audacity, to build up our enormously rich commerce with China. After that date, treaties with the Flowery Kingdom gave our Oriental trade the benefit of diplomatic relations and ushered in a new era—with which Mr. Dulles does not concern himself. Very wisely he has confined his research and his narrative within a certain, and always fascinating, period, with the result that here we have not only a record which will be of priceless assistance to the student and an inspiration to the writer of adventure fiction, but the casual reader will be entranced by the amazing true tale which Mr. Dulles tells, the sheer romance of the thing—preposterous, unbelievable.

Aside from its more serious intent as an authentic slice of American maritime history and the clarity of its style, the book imparts the odor of sandalwood and tea and spices, and the tang of those high, bright winds which must naturally blow around so good a tale of the sea.

In *The Santa Fe Trail* Mr. Duffus has produced a saga of moving life and color which must have caused him some pains to hold always within bounds. Tracing the record of the men who followed the first faint paths across prairie and desert, the facts, flaming with import and glamour, al-

most run away with themselves. Yet Mr. Duffus plays no pranks with history. From the sixteenth-century Conquistadors who wound their long way up from the Caribbean, and the French and later the American traders and wanderers—restless souls, hungry for land, seeking gold and avid for the stark, desperate adventure of facing the unknown miles and dangers that lay between the eastern states and the old Spanish town of Santa Fe lying drowsy and seductive under the southern sun—down to the laying of those iron and steel trails which annihilated one brand of life and enterprise only to institute another equally infused with vitality, the author of this enthralling record presents at once an historical document and a panorama filled with men, women and events—exciting, significant and unforgettable.

Mr. Duffus writes with an unerring sense of both the national and the human drama, and he employs a fine balance between such imagery as fills his literary chinks and the facts upon which he builds his book.

ARISTOPHANES' *LYSISTRATA* *A New Version by Gilbert Seldes* (FARRAR & RINEHART. \$2.00)

THIS modernized edition in "a language suitable to our own time", of Aristophanes' comedy-masterpiece has, since its gorgeously pictorial presentation on both the Philadelphia and the New York stage, called forth a hurricane of gusty and ribald laughter and an equal amount of shocked criticism.

Just offhand, we would venture to say that it is a trifle late to criticize *Lysistrata* per se, realizing that the dramatic critics of 411 B.C. probably used up a good many wax tablets and parchment scrolls trying to decide whether this uproarious piece of political satire—in which the patriotic women of Greece deny themselves to their husbands until the latter shall agree to put an end to the war—was worth-while propaganda for a lasting world peace or just another bit of phos-

phorescent mud from the Athenian Great White Way. In either case, or both, it really doesn't seem as though anyone could do anything about it now except to join in the man-sized mirth of the thing, and to compliment Mr. Seldes upon the unawed and robust use to which he has put his classical education.

LYNN ANDERSON

ROADSIDE MEETINGS by *Hamlin Garland* (MACMILLAN. \$3.50)

NUMBERS of these "meetings" have appeared in THE BOOKMAN, whose readers will welcome the volume with its additions. Mr. Garland saw the twilight of many gods: Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Edward Everett Hale, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, of the elder age; Edwin Booth, unduplicated on the stage; William Dean Howells, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, James A. Hearne, John Hay, Eugene Field, F. Hopkinson Smith, Will Carleton, Thomas Nelson Page, George W. Cable, Edgar W. (Bill) Nye, Walt Whitman, "old and poor" at Camden; John Burroughs, James Whitcomb Riley, Bret Harte, Stephen Crane, Joaquin Miller, Henry B. Fuller, Henry George, Edward MacDowell, Theodore Roosevelt, Richard Watson Gilder, S. S. McClure and many another of lesser note. These were in the main casual contacts, each of which left something worth remembering behind. Furthermore there are personal chapters of interest to those who would travel vicariously the dusty road of letters. May I presume to say that he met Stephen Crane at the "Sign of the Lanthorn Club", not "Lantern" and that it was located in William, not "Williams" Street?

DON C. SEITZ

OCEAN PARADE by *Fritjoff Michelson and Leon Byrne* (MCBRIDE. \$3.00)

HERE is a rough-and-tumble true yarn of the sea, sailors, and ports that batters its way to the front rank of books for those who like their adventure raw. Two San Francisco reporters left unfinished copy in their typewriters and set out to see the Orient from the rusty fo'c'sle of the freight ship *West Wanderer*. They have come back with a first-hand tale of sailors and Eastern "sailortowns" destined to curl the hair of first-cabin tourists.

Decks slippery with vodka, Three Star Hennessy and the blood of Gargantuan brawls; run-ins with Japanese policemen; a fo'c'sle full of Chinese girls in Shanghai; hours trapped in a Buddhist temple; the rescue of a wrecked junk and its starving crew—these are just skimmed from a welter of deep-drinking, hard-fighting, loud-laughing adventures.

Once in a while the authors may be suspected of stretching a point to make a good story better, but they never sentimentalize. A freighter is a rough place; Oriental waterfronts are rougher, and the picture they make could never be called a pretty one. But it is full of gusto—the kind of reading that makes one's pulses thump. The sailors of the *West Wanderer* are a crew worth knowing: Vodka Charlie, Frank the Bruiser, Stewart the Squealer, Thor, the hard-case Swedish mate who had it in for "those educated guys". Their names may sound like fiction but the men are the real thing. One would look a long while to find a better picture than this of the miscalled "wooden men" who man the iron ships.

WILLIAM HOWELL WELLS