

A Letter from London

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

THIS month, I am not really in a position to write about the English book world. I have spent most of this last month out of the country, in Germany. I can tell you more about German bookshops than I can about our own. But why shouldn't I say something about these German bookshops? I will. I will say first that they make me feel ashamed of my own country. There are so many of the German bookshops, to begin with. Every little town seems to have at least one or two. And bookshops in Germany are really bookshops; they do not disgrace the dignity of letters; they are filled with good editions of good authors; they are attractively set out; they suggest that both the proprietor and his customers care about books, real books. The very recollection of them makes me blush.

One or two things are worth noticing. The first is the incredible popularity of Galsworthy in Germany now. I think I saw more of Galsworthy's works displayed than the combined total of any other three authors, German, English, American, or French. The greatest German novelist of today is, in my opinion, Thomas Mann. I am not sure that Mann is not the greatest living novelist. If there is a post-war novel of greater intellectual force, more vivid, more memorable, than Mann's "Magic Mountain," all I can say is that I am not acquainted with it. And I thought I should find these very dignified and intelligent looking German bookshops crammed with the works of Thomas Mann. But not a bit of it. For one Mann there were a dozen Galsworthys. This is very odd, for not only is Galsworthy a foreigner, but he is not, in my opinion, Mann's equal. On the other hand, there was a noticeable lack of translations of other English and American authors. Galsworthy was first, Edgar Wallace next, Shaw third, and the rest nowhere. I noticed one or two rather forlorn Wells, Bennetts, and Walpoles, that was all. If I saw a single Conrad, it has escaped my memory. It is true, of course, that many Germans read English and become acquainted with us in the Tauchnitz Library, which has done good service to continental readers of English, though I must confess that I can never understand by what criterion, either of literary quality or popularity, the Tauchnitz editors choose their books. Meanwhile, I wish somebody would examine and report on the amazing growth of Galsworthy's fame everywhere during the last few years.

Let me admit at once, though, that the German craze for Galsworthy, though surprising and somewhat out of proportion, is not silly, whereas the fuss here a year or two ago about Feuchtwanger and his "Jew Süß" was profoundly ridiculous, for Feuchtwanger was an obvious second-rater and those critics of ours (and some of them were men of mark) who started the fuss ought to have been ashamed of themselves. Probably there is some truth in the observation of a cynical friend of mine, who holds that in our more perfervid literary circles there always has to be some "foreign fraud" held up for admiration.

I have returned to find that the Spring season is by no means drying up. I missed the actual publication of Humbert Wolfe's "Celestial City," but it seems to have excited the critics of contemporary verse (no bad thing, that, and Wolfe nearly always manages to do it) either to extravagant praise or downright abuse. I have not been able to give it the serious attention that I hope it deserves, but a hasty reading suggests that it contains, as usual with Wolfe, some fine lyrics, but is not very successful as a piece of narrative in verse. There is a certain fizziness, a soda-water quality, about Wolfe's poetry that makes a sustained achievement very difficult for him. He is an immensely clever and attractive person, but as a very brilliant and hard working civil servant, a reviewer and occasional critic, a witty diner-out, he must lead a kind of life that puts every obstacle between him and a solid long poem.

In biography, Edmund Blunden's long expected life of Leigh Hunt is attracting most attention. It is, of course, a very good piece of work, but, rather surprisingly, a little deficient on the critical side. What Blunden does makes plain is the character and baleful influence of Hunt's wife, who drank hard, borrowed unscrupulously, and alienated half his friends. Bookmen should make the acquaintance of "A Hundred Years of Publishing," which is the history of the famous house of Chapman and Hall, written by its retiring managing director, Arthur Waugh, himself an excellent critic.

Chapman and Hall were, of course, Dickens's publishers; they published Trollope and many another giant too; and for years George Meredith was their reader; so nobody can say that their history was not worth recording. Arthur Waugh, father of Alec and Evelyn, and a man of books if there ever was one, has done his work very well.

Fiction is plentiful rather than exciting. Has Miss Sackville-West's "The Edwardians" reached you yet? Strictly considered as a novel, it is not very good, for the people in it are hardly real and the action is somewhat preposterous; but, on the other hand, it does what it really set out to do, that is, give a picture of the smartest Edwardian society and life in one of the grandest of the old English country houses, superbly well. Miss Sackville-West's rather formal prose, and its constant ironic undertones, is put to good service in the many fine descriptive passages; and the account of the Coronation, magnificently done, provides the right climax. If the book does not have a considerable success, both with you and with us, I shall be greatly surprised. And I have just read what seems to me the most promising first novel of the year, "Other Man's Saucer," by J. Keith Winter. Arnold Bennett has just told us that a book by a young writer cannot possibly be strong and original unless it shocks everybody, or nearly everybody. (I know what he means, but nevertheless, I think he is talking nonsense, and you have only to glance at a history of literature to see that I am right. This business of shocking people belonged to a certain period, the Shaw-Wells-Bennett epoch, and that period is now over. There is now no further necessity for the author as irritant, not in this country at any rate.)

Keith Winter should be a young author after Bennett's own heart, for in this one short novel, he succeeds in producing almost the maximum number of shocks. It is a study of a sensitive youth whose mind becomes warped because he too, like the reader, receives a number of shocks. We see him at home, with his queer scatter-brained family, at school, and then at an Oxford that is created simply out of the most unpleasant elements of the real Oxford. If the writer had introduced his very ugly sexual episodes and all the extraordinary violence of action and language (for these youngsters hurl themselves at one another's throats at the least provocation) merely to startle the reader into attention to himself, he would not be worth discussing, but quite obviously, to my mind, he has been entirely sincere, working out a theme that is very important to himself. It is a very young book and sometimes topples from the tragic into the absurd, but there is no doubt about its unusual intensity and queer vividness. Unless the author is like one of his own characters, and either murders somebody for fun or commits suicide out of boredom, we shall hear of J. Keith Winter again as a novelist, and probably hear a great deal too. Look out for him, but do not blame me if you are shocked.

My friend, Frank Kendon, the poet, has written an autobiography of his childhood, which has been published with an introduction by de la Mare, by the Cambridge University Press. I have a right to mention it here, if only because it has been very prominently and enthusiastically noticed this last week. It is beautifully written, and all the impressions of childhood have been caught and recorded in the most vivid and truthful way. It is a very quiet book, by the most modest man I have ever known, and no doubt it will create little stir in the noisy book world. Nevertheless, I say here and now that the book is a little classic, something done once and for all and done beautifully, and I advise everybody who cares about childhood and good prose to get hold of it.

The death of W. J. Locke was not unexpected, for he had been in very bad health for some time. There was little or no real creative impulse behind all his later stories, which were made on a formula, and there was not much beyond good craftsmanship and pleasant, easy writing in them. For years and years, he was what we should call now an unsuccessful highbrow, and then he suddenly became a very successful lowbrow. He never quite succeeded in breaking into the spacious, healthy country of the broadbrows, where there is good writing, tragedy, and fun for everybody. But almost to the last, he had what most of his colleagues in the popular magazines never dreamt of, a certain distinction of manner, as if his stuff were haunted by a ghost from the fastidious 'nineties.

Galdós's Reminiscences

MEMORIAS. Por BENITO PÉREZ GALDÓS. Obras inéditas, Vol. X. Prólogo de Alberto Ghirardo. Madrid: Renacimiento, 1930.

Reviewed by WILFRED A. BEARDSLEY
Goucher College

THESE "Memorias" are the tenth posthumous volume of Benito Pérez Galdós, edited by the South American writer, Alberto Ghirardo, and they appear in the tenth year since the death of the author. They were written under tremendous difficulties; Pérez Galdós was already old, blind, and impoverished. His work during the last few years of his life had to be done by dictation, and he was still working on these "Memorias" the day before he died.

Yet with all these extraordinary handicaps, the work is literally pervaded with a delightful whimsicality. At first, the casual reader is likely to think the material a trifle "thin," but it is not long before its very good nature and lack of pomposity appear little short of heroic.

Probably Pérez Galdós, though almost equally famous as novelist and dramatist, will be chiefly remembered as the writer of the series referred to by the critic, Romera-Navarro, as "the most ambitious undertaking in the Spanish novel"—a *comédie humaine* no doubt inspired by Balzac, and of which the great realist would have every reason to be proud. These are the famous "Episodios Nacionales," and considerable light is thrown upon their local color and inspiration by these "Memorias." For example Pérez Galdós was present in Barcelona at the time of the Revolution which overthrew Isabel II. He was in Madrid when General Prim, hero of the Revolution, entered the capital. Not long afterward he saw the corpse of Prim being carried to church.

These were most dramatic—and tragic—moments, and without question contributed toward making Pérez Galdós the serious social writer which he became. He began with dramas in verse and in prose, but did not try to put them before the public until years after making his reputation as a novelist.

"A Sentimental Voyage"

VISAGES DE LA SUÈDE. By CHRISTIAN DE CATER. Paris: Plon, 1930.

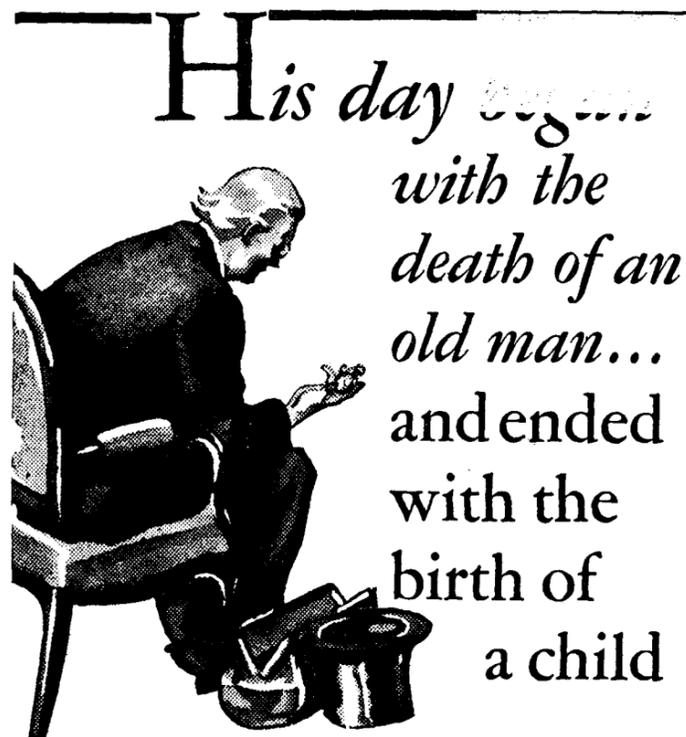
Reviewed by WILLIAM LEON SMYSER

INSPIRED by the renaissance *voyageur* tradition, Christian de Caters has visited Sweden. His canvas, in "Visages de la Suède," is much broader than that of Maurice Bedel, whose "Jérôme" won the Prix Goncourt some seasons ago. He attempts a composite picture of cities, industries, handicrafts, forests, folklore, and flirtations. Though this be not fiction, it is travel with a spice of romance and sentiment.

It is with regret that Caters takes his leave of the Värmland district where he has paid homage to the country of Ekeby forges and of Selma Lagerlöf, yet two days later he is happily motoring through a rival district, the Dalecarlia, with a charming Swedish miss by his side. She wants to know why French girls must always go about chaperoned. The passage is typical. This author, like Bedel, has carried with him into the foreign northland *le culte de la jeune fille*. Cyclists, of a precarious virtue, follow strenuous courses across the peninsula. Two girl canoeists pass on an unknown lake. Before her hut in Lapland we make the acquaintance of a winsome yet self-sufficing school-marm, exiled among semi-savages whom for the six sunny months she teaches.

"For a Frenchman," Christian de Caters decides, "it is easy to make love to a Scandinavian, because the men of this country have never learned the gentle art of paying compliments."

But since a sentimental voyage cannot interpret all of Sweden, "Visages de la Suède" does well to emphasize the new industrial age in Scandinavia, and to record a miracle of machinery and high tension which has brought sudden prosperity to a land which three generations ago was obliged to see its best sons emigrate. Sweden's forests now pass through sulphite baths to be bleached white for the twentieth century's news print. Sweden's mines supply the world's best steel. Christian de Caters has drawn the full portrait of a people at work and at play.



His day began with the death of an old man... and ended with the birth of a child

Doctor SEROCOLD

by Helen Ashton

Between 2:30 a. m. (the death of the doctor's partner) and 11:45 p. m. (the birth of Mrs. Perkins's baby) you join an old-fashioned physician on his daily round of an English village. With him you explore the interior of many lives. For this novel is a page from the day-book of Doctor Serocold, whose pa-

tients bring him not only the ills of their bodies but the ills of their hearts, their secrets as well as their symptoms. Arnold Bennett says: "I recommend this book without reserve." Frank Swinnerton says: "It has given me real delight." \$2.50
DOUBLEDAY,
DORAN

Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for July

Children's Books in Holland

By HENRIETTE HENDRIX-HOLST

ONCE upon a time children had to be good. They were praised for virtuousness, and they were told that virtue always met its reward in the end. Those of us who are old enough to remember this golden age, know that the books of that period corresponded with these—now incredible—ideas.

Holland had a writer who grew lyrically enthusiastic about honest boys and industrious girls. His name was Hyronimus van Alphen, and I have always believed that his parents, in giving him that Christian name, must be held responsible in some way for the eccentricities of his later life, as no one with the name of Hyronimus could have been anything but superlatively honest and clean and brave and gentle and unselfish and virtuous in every respect.

Strange to say, his poetry still lives, but this may be chiefly due to the fact that a later generation satirized it and set it to music. We still sing the song of Cornelis, who had broken a windowpane whilst playing ball, and went straight to his mother to tell her of his misdemeanor, and was forgiven because of his honesty; of Jantje, who was tempted to steal a few plums from his father's pet plum tree, but who overcame the temptation and whose obedience later met its reward in the form of a handful of plums.

Naughty children had to learn such poems by heart, and I imagine that the revolt made them naughtier than ever before. By the time Ellen Key made her influence felt all over Europe, and also Holland dared to accept other theories than those of Hyronimus the Good, writers began to assert that children should live unhampered and develop their original individualities; but soon the modern ones among them glorified the naughty child, ridiculing the goody-goody boys and girls, who always learnt their lessons, always washed their hands before meals, and always spoke in a gentle, respectful voice to their elders, and in the end always turned out bad.

The story of the little Dutch boy who put his thumb in a hole in a dyke and thus saved his country from a flood, is not known in Holland. In the land of water and dykes every child would understand that such a thing is impossible, and the charm which the story has for foreign children would be lost to them.

When I was young, the jolliest books in Holland were the translated ones. We read all of Jules Verne, much of Mark Twain, and Dumas's "Count of Monte Cristo" might have been more by thousands of pages and still enjoyed. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was as popular in Holland as "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." The best original Dutch books were—and still are—those with an historic background. Our sea heroes, De Ruyter, Tromp, and Evertsen figure in many of these. Jan de Witt, the statesman who fell as an innocent victim of murder,—as is also described by Dumas in "La Tulipe Noire,"—is a well-known and beloved hero of Dutch children, and Piet Hein, who conquered the Armada and brought home the "silver fleet" from Spain, still lives in the hearts of our youngsters. Willem Andriess is the favorite author of most of these books.

Later, Kieviet with "Dik Trom" and Van Abkoude with "Pietje Bell" came forward in an entirely different manner, pure fiction, and they were both so successful that they had to write sequels and similar stories to satisfy their youthful audience. Both Dik and Pietje are delightful creations; naughty rascals, but with the traditional heart of gold. They have been responsible for many an adventure in school life with disastrous results, but all the same their influence on children cannot have been harmful.

Top Noeff—now one of the foremost novelists of Holland—began to write at the age of sixteen, and her first book, "School Idyls," made her famous. It was followed by several others, all about adolescent girls and meant for them, although girls of ten and twelve are enthusiastic about them too, and many adults thoroughly enjoy them.

She has the gift of being extremely witty and at the same time full of sentiment, and she is unsophisticated enough to look upon everything in life with the eyes of a child. Her books—novels as well as juvenile literature—have been translated into many languages and read all over Europe, but strange to say, they have never appeared in English.

Heyermans, the famous playwright, somehow had the idea that all adults remain children in a way, and several times he set down to write stories for big children. I remember one of these, written about thirty years ago, when the possibility of flying in airplanes was only hinted at, in which he described a family who secretly flew over



Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

their town at night always returning before sunrise. But one night, whilst picnicking on the platform of a church steeple, a half-burnt cigarette set fire to the wings that were made of silk, and they would have starved, if they had not been discovered by chance. Like Jules Verne he wrote about improbable but not impossible events, which in many cases have become realities. In a more recent imaginary story he ventured on the field of surgery with its almost alarming process of enterprises: a doctor who replaces sound eyes for sick ones. Thus "Joep's Strange Adventures" gives us the story of a blind millionaire, who suddenly finds himself looking at the world through cat's eyes!

But gloriously realistic and at the same time poetic and altruistic, as he always is in his dramas—"The Good Hope" played by Eva le Gallienne is a good example of these qualities—he showed himself in his last books, "Little Dream King" and "Little Firefly," the latter unfinished and published after his death a few years ago. I do not quite know whether little or big children will appreciate these most. "Little Dream King" is a poor child, born lame, the idol of his parents until the advent of the baby sister, "that horrible creature without teeth or hair, that was biting his mother." The sequel is the story of this baby sister, when both have become orphans, and this book is as pathetic and beautiful as the first.

A sister of Heyermans lives in this country, the widow of Dr. Houwink of St. Louis, together with Lilian Sanders she is responsible for the fine translations of several of Heyermans's plays. Now, together with her daughter Eda, she is translating some of the above-mentioned books.

A very novel and excellent way of writing about a boy's life is exhibited in a book by Theo Thyssen. It is mostly imaginative. The most commonplace events become interesting and worth while because of the boy's trips into an imaginary world where things happen as they might happen but never do. How he describes the tragedy of having to wear a new suit made out of Grandma's old wintercoat, and how he makes the best of it, is a delightful story, and the book is full of similar instances.

On the whole, the juvenile literature now produced in Holland is ever so much more entertaining and amusing and therefore also more interesting than that of one or two generations back; it has a fine undercurrent of feeling, not too obvious, and that is just what children love.

Reviews

THE WORLD'S FAMILY. By HELEN CORKE. New York: The Oxford University Press, 1930.

Reviewed by JOHN BIRD

THIS book is a brief survey of the world's peoples from earliest times to the present day, apparently intended for children ranging from about nine through the early teens. It is aimed, in fact, at rather older readers than is V. M. Hillyer's more extended "Child's History of the World," and at ones considerably younger than those who would fully enjoy Van Loon's "Story of Mankind." There is a place for such a book. "The World's Family," however, even allowing for its brevity, falls far short of the Van Loon standard, and at no time approaches to the unusual excellence of Hillyer.

"The World's Family" is based upon the familiar but perfectly good idea that all peoples throughout history are to be regarded as part of one great family. It is rather old-fashioned in manner, reminding one of the "Little Cousin" books. There are good chapters in it, some where they might least be expected. Sargon and Hammurabi, for instance, emerge clearly from their setting. The earlier chapters dealing with the hunters, nomads, shepherds, and the first tillers of the soil are perhaps the most satisfying. Here the problems of selection have not weighed too heavily upon the author.

One wonders whether the method of suppression really helps children towards an understanding of the world family. We learn of Mohammed, just as we learn of the Christians, that he was remarkable for worshipping but one God. We are not informed that he founded the rival religion of

Islam. Later on the Franks are found, quite incidentally, to be at war with the Mohammedans. This is not presented to us as a war between religions, and for all we are told no Christian might have laid down his life fighting for the true cross in the Holy Land.

Miss Corke avoids the Scylla of too much detail only to founder in the Charybdis of condescension. Turning to the passage on Shakespeare's World, the child reader will find an excellent sketch of the dramatist and his stage. But at the end of it he is slapped in the face with the following:

People took two hundred years to find out that the poor lad from the country, who could not act, was a supreme genius, and a child of the human family whose name and record will be treasured for ages.

Do you understand why? You are not old enough to understand why. It is quite likely that you would not enjoy reading Shakespeare's plays. But some day, with good luck, you may go to see one of them performed, and then you will have taken the first step towards answering your own question.

It is a sorry expedient to add Shakespeare's plays to the already long and wearisome list of mysteries about which children are warned that they are not old enough to know. Judged by that standard what chapter in this book would survive? This passage deserves to be incorporated in a handbook "How Not to Write for Children." It stands for the awful negation, the everlasting *Don't* and *Mustn't*, which Kenneth Grahame has so rightly made fun of as the Olympian attitude of reproving elders.

WHEN I WAS A GIRL. Collected by HELEN FERRIS. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1930. \$2.50.

MISS FERRIS has culled from the autobiographical records of five distinguished women those portions which may be supposed to have a shaping influence upon the youthful reader at the same time as they offer her interesting annals. She has chosen two American women—both, as it happens, from the Middle West—Jane Addams and Janet Scudder; an Austrian, Ernestine Schumann-Heink; Marie Curie, a Frenchwoman who was born in Poland and who outranks all the others in the importance of her achievements, and Etsu Sugimoto, a Japanese, who has attained to a position on the teaching staff of Columbia University. Of the selections from their chronicles she has formed a book full of fascinating material which should prove both an encouragement and an inspiration to girls standing on the threshold of maturity.

To the autobiographical chapters Miss Ferris has prefixed brief introductions summarizing the careers of the chosen group and adding some general comment upon its members. We cannot but feel that Miss Ferris is too condescending in these notes, that she has infused too much of an "uplift" intention into them and has thereby written down to a public which if it is old enough to read her volume with appreciation is old enough to draw its own conclusions from its narrations. Nevertheless, her book is one which should, and is sure to command attention.

The John Newbery Medal, awarded annually by the section for library work with children of the American Library Association for the most distinguished children's book of the past year, was recently presented to Rachel Field for "Hitty, Her First Hundred Years." The medal is named in honor of John Newbery, an eighteenth century publisher and bookseller, who was one of the first publishers to devote attention to children's books. It is the gift of Frederic G. Melcher of New York City. Only citizens or residents of the United States are eligible to receive it.

Miss Field is the author of "Taxis and Toadstools," "Eliza and the Elves," and other stories, plays, and poems for children. Among those who have won the medal in former years are Hendrik Van Loon for "The Story of Mankind," Hugh Lofting for "The Voyages of Dr. Dolittle," Dhan Gopal Mukerji for "Gay-Neck," and Will James for "Smoky." Last year the medal was given to Eric P. Kelly for "The Trumpeter of Krakow."

THIRTY FATHOMS DEEP. By COMMANDER EDWARD ELLSBERG. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1930. \$2.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

YOU can't keep a good man down, not even a deep-sea diver like Commander Ellsberg. In his tremendous narrative of the raising of the S-51, "On the Bottom," Commander Ellsberg revealed a remarkable mastery of the art of straightforward literary action. This book is an adventure story of very high order, in which deep-sea diving, its technique, its perils, its personnel, play a dramatic part, entwined with Spanish gold, pirates, and plenty of gore.

One day young Bob Porter picked up an old Spanish book in a Boston bookstall. In it he read how the galleon *Santa Cruz*, laden with the gold of Peru, went down a league south of El Morro Island, rather than fall prey to Drake and the men of the *Golden Hind*. Bob's enthusiasm was fired and his uncle financed a treasure hunt on the *Lapwing*—a modern treasure hunt commanded by a Navy salvage officer, with four Navy divers, compression chambers, diving-stages, and all the paraphernalia of "On the Bottom." That was where the *Santa Cruz* lay—in thirty fathoms.

There follows a virile narrative of one of those bitter struggles with the sea, to write of which Commander Ellsberg's experience has admirably equipped him. There are dangers, anxieties, broken hoses, the "bends," tunneling, under-water acetylene torches, complicated by a couple of renegades in the crew, and an attack by a modern pirate craft, manned by the riff-raff of Guayaquil, which is sunk, after a thrilling battle on the high seas for the possession of \$5,000,000 worth of Spanish gold. It's a good yarn, well told. It will appeal to boys of every age up to seventy-three.

THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW FOREST. By CAPTAIN F. MARRYAT. Edited by MAY MCNEER. Pictures by LYND WARD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. \$1.75.

Reviewed by ELINOR WHITNEY

A STORY such as this which has stood the test of time and appeared in various editions from the year of its appearance, 1846, is a difficult book for a reader to view with a critical eye. Either he must accept it passively and with respect for its longevity overlook what he may consider its deficiencies or even absurdities, or else he may take the bull by the horns, a fitting metaphor to use in connection with this particular book of the New Forest teeming with just this kind of animal, and try to say what he really thinks of it. The fact that it has just appeared in a series of children's classics is perhaps an excuse for searching for the qualities that have made it live, and have caused it to be given to a very modern illustrator to interpret it in pictures.

I find it hard to believe that this book will have any appeal to the modern boy and girl. The story because of its quaintness and naïveté arouses a certain warmth in an older person, particularly if the person has any memories of an earlier reading which always lend a charm. From an artistic standpoint the illustrations may be fine, but what there is in either text or illustrations for a younger reader I am at a loss to discover.

The story of the Beverly children, cared for by a kind and loyal verderer of the New Forest after their father has been killed fighting for King Charles and their home burned, is a strange mixture of realistic detail and far-fetched romance. Edward, the eldest child, was between thirteen and fourteen and yet his language and actions would certainly place him at twenty-five. Humphrey the second was twelve, Alice, eleven, and Edith, eight, yet after a year's training before old Jacob died, Humphrey became a most efficient and far sighted farmer, and the girls successful poultry-raisers, cooks, and dairy-maids. The realistic detail has to do with the hunting, trapping, and catching of the animals of the forest and the performance of household duties, while imagination provides heroic rescues, the outwitting of enemies and bandits, and the finding of hidden treasure. The children under the force of circumstance become models of intelligence and industry. Perhaps no one device in the story serves as a better example of the blending of fact and fiction than Humphrey's meticulously prepared pit which caught in turn a young bull for food, a gypsy boy for a farm-hand, and a villain who sought to take Edward's life. This edition has had some details and repetition removed, but even with dead wood cut away the reader wonders where is the green wood of Captain Marryat's New Forest.