

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

THIS SIDE OF HELL: Dan Edwards, Adventurer. By *Lowell Thomas*. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.

EDGAR ALLAN POE. By *Frederico Olivero*. Turin: L'Erma.

PAN CHAO, THE FOREMOST WOMAN SCHOLAR OF CHINA. By *Nancy Lee Swann*. Century. \$6.

REMINISCENCES BY THOMAS CARLYLE. Edited by *Charles Eliot Norton*. Dutton. 90 cents.

Drama

HAMLET. By *William Shakespeare*. Edited by *Joseph Quincy Adams*. Study Helps by *Claude Moore Fuess* and *Alan Rogers Blackmer*. Houghton Mifflin. 68 cents.

TWO AFRICAN PLAYS. By *R. E. Lloyd Longman's*. Green. \$2.

EIGHT FAMOUS ELIZABETHAN PLAYS. Edited by *Esther Cloudman Dunn*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

Fiction

THE RED CASTLE MYSTERY. By *H. C. Bailey*. The Crime Club. 1932. \$2.

If all detective stories were as good yarns as this the mystery tale would be sure of undiminished popularity. But to be as good as this all writers would have to be Mr. Baileys. They would all have to have a gift for narrative as happy as his, as fresh and fertile a fancy, as wise a regard for the plausibilities of plot, and as sprightly a pen at character drawing. And most of them don't, more's the pity.

But to get down to "The Red Castle Mystery." It's an ingenious and baffling story the greater part of whose action revolves about the drama which plays itself out in and around Luel Castle, where the theft of a silver cup is followed by the disappearance of the boy heir whose fate is predicted in the goblet's inscription:

*Gyf the Luel grail shall yield
No sonne Luel sworde shall wield.*

Battle, murder, and sudden death follow quickly upon the raid on the castle's treasure. Yet Mr. Bailey is not one to pile horror upon horror merely to arouse shudders. Nor does he draw red herrings across the trail. His story moves to a finish, sustaining suspense without the introduction of unnecessary incident or clues devised merely to confuse the reader. It is lively, entertaining, and tense. And Mr. Bailey's expert criminologist, Joshua Clunk, who pursues his way through complications to the accompaniment of snatches of revivalist hymns and a frequent munching of sweets, and Joshua Clunk's smart young assistant Hopley, an engaging and amusing youth with a quick tongue and ready humor, are persons worth meeting.

THE GAP IN THE CURTAIN. By *John Buchan*. Houghton Mifflin. 1932.

John Buchan cannot tell even an incredible story incredibly. That is, we believe, because he makes his characters actual human beings, building up their actuality by such deft and discerning details that when he is ready to turn them loose into his plot the reader is prepared to accept their behavior as the reasonable behavior of such persons. "The Gap in the Curtain" is a fantastic yarn, as fantastic in its way as some of H. G. Wells's early work.

A Whitsuntide house party turns up, among its members five men of unusual ability and sensibility. It turns up, also, a mathematician of international fame, who has a theory about the realm beyond the curtain which he wishes to test out in this extraordinarily favorable medium; a theory that a special cell controlling the sense of time can function so as to give certain prepared subjects a brief, blinding flash of the future at a fixed date. A financier, a politician, a barrister, a soldier, and a charming young man submit to the experiment. They read the *London Times* avidly, concentrating on the sections which concern them most vitally. They diet properly and take some harmless drug. At the end of their psychic novitiate they open the *Times* as of June 10th a year later and read what will happen to them. Forewarned, they go about their forearming, each in his own way.

Five distinct stories Mr. Buchan gives his readers; and five rattling good stories they are. One involves a gigantic financial

enterprise; one an ironic love story, and one an absorbing study of mortal fear. The teller of the story, with whom the experiment has failed, does not have to commit himself as to its outcome, a wise precaution on Mr. Buchan's part!

THERE IS A TIDE. By *Percival Wilde*. Harcourt, Brace. 1932. \$2.

Mr. Wilde would have accomplished more if he had attempted less. His book, though unified by reference to the life of Horace Trundell, is an omnibus rather than a novel; parts of it are very good, but their effect on the reader is largely nullified by injections of material distinctly less good. The first section, and on the whole the best, is the history of Horace Trundell's rise from boyhood in a decadent Connecticut village to the presidency of Federated Utilities, Inc.—a story half satiric and half compassionate. Section Two takes up Horace Trundell's father-in-law, George Cushing, and his career as a Florida realtor from small beginnings in Jacksonville in the late 'seventies to his death in the Miami hurricane of 1926. Naturally there has to be some account of the Miami boom, and here Mr. Wilde quotes extensively, with credit, from T. H. Weigall's "Boom in Paradise." Granted that Weigall is the best man to quote on that topic, these long excerpts

(Continued on next page)

The First Authentic Biography of Love's High Priestess



SAPPHO OF LESBOS

Her Life and Times

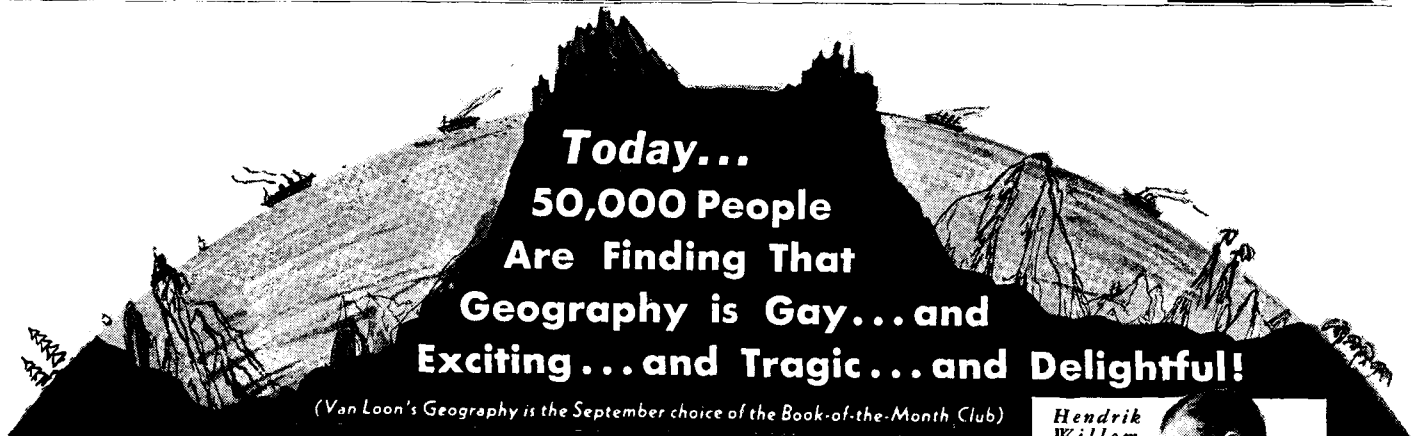
What was she like—this strange dark girl of Lesbos, the passion of whose poetry still burns after 25 centuries? "Weigall's book is the first complete and detailed biography of Sappho. Its clarifying treatment, its judicial spirit, and its study of Sappho's poetry and personality make it a noteworthy addition to biographical literature."—*N. Y. Times*.

Illustrated. \$3.00.

By **ARTHUR WEIGALL**

Author of "The Life and Times of CLEOPATRA"

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY



(Van Loon's Geography is the September choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club)

Australia is bounded on the west by so-and-so. The principal exports of New Zealand are thus-and-thus. The annual rainfall of Brazil is such-and-such.

THE old geography text-book we used in school was chock-full of musty facts such as those. But there wasn't a word in it about the real story of Geography—the fascinating drama whose hero is man, and whose setting is man's living quarters, the Earth.

That drama is unfolded—is made the Epic of Earth which it rightfully should be—in this new book by the author of *The Story of Mankind*. He makes us see the Earth as it really is—not an uninteresting, flat colored map—but a little ball freighted with the dreams and hopes of 2,000,000,000 people, hurtling unimaginable distances through space, yet behaving with finer precision than any instrument contrived by man.

He makes us see it relatively—immense to our little selves, yet a grain in a world of universes. His own magnificent illustrations portray it not as a simple surface but in three noble dimensions. Mountains higher than the Himalayas buried deep in great oceans. Continents themselves plateaus above the water. The crust of the Earth as full of holes as a sponge. In a word, the world as it really is.

Van Loon's Geography has also been designated September choice of the Scientific Book Club. The jury which made the selection consists of: Professor Kirtley F. Mather, Harvard University; Professor Arthur H. Compton, University of Chicago; Professor Edwin G. Conklin, Princeton University; Professor Harlan T. Stetson, Ohio Wesleyan University; Professor Edward L. Thorndike, Columbia University.

We've all heard of the Gulf Stream. But how many know its actual exciting story? What is the tide? Van Loon explains it in these words: "all day and all night a broad strip of water several hundred miles wide following the moonlight." Vaguely we realize that things are always happening to the Earth's cracked and wrinkled old face. Van Loon, using the simple analogy of six clean handkerchiefs and a smooth table, enlightens us completely. And he helps us to understand air-currents with a plate of soup.

It is a book which will make your morning newspaper's headlines mean a great deal more to you. It is a geography that reads like literature—a geography that will make history!

About the Maps and Pictures

THERE are 172 illustrations, 22 of them in color. They are just as revolutionary as the prose itself. All, of course, are drawn by the author, combining information, wit and satire in the fashion for which he is famous on two continents. There are numerous maps, the first you have ever seen that are *really fun to look at*. They show oceans in all their depth, land in all its variations.

The jacket itself is folded double, opening to a large and beautifully colored map of the world which is a grand thing for framing. Price \$3.75 At All Bookstores.

Hendrik Willem Van Loon, historian, world-traveller, artist, humanitarian, says:

"We are all passengers on the same planet and we are all of us equally responsible for the happiness and the well-being of the world in which we happen to live."

COMPASS POINTERS from Van Loon's Geography

"History is the Fourth Dimension of Geography." *Titla Page*.

There is a tribe of Red Indians in Northern Africa. *Page 92.*

A Portuguese navigator who lost his bearings upset the entire course of Japanese history. *Page 371.*

After 1870 the Paraguayans had to revert to polygamy to get their country repopulated. *Page 492.*

Australia's trouble is rabbits. *Page 397.*

The greater part of our bill-of-fare is of Asiatic origin. *Page 290.*

A change in the fashion of wearing corsets was directly responsible for our knowledge of the Arctic. *Page 174.*

During the Middle Ages, when people went travelling they took out their window panes and put them in a safe. *Page 193.*

VAN LOON'S GEOGRAPHY

The Story of the World We Live In
written and illustrated by the author of "The Story of Mankind"

544 pages; 22 four color illustrations; 150 pen and ink illustrations

Simon and Schuster Publishers
386 Fourth Ave., New York City

ANNOUNCING A NEW NOVEL BY

Julian Green

The famous American novelist who writes in French. Author of *The Dark Journey*, Harper Prize Novel; and *The Closed Garden*, Femina Prize Winner and Book-of-the-Month Club Selection.

The Strange River

"A strange book, often beautiful. The world of Julian Green is set before us by a real artist."—ANDRÉ MAUROIS

HARPERS



JUST PUBLISHED:



MARIE GRAND DUCHESS OF RUSSIA

author of *EDUCATION OF A PRINCESS*
(the non-fiction success of 1931)

continues the story of her
dramatic life

A PRINCESS IN EXILE

Illustrated \$3.50 • THE VIKING PRESS
In Canada: THE MACMILLAN CO. of CANADA, Ltd., Toronto

**American and English Critics
Join in Recommending**

LADY CAROLINE LAMB

By ELIZABETH JENKINS

"Elizabeth Jenkins rescues the personality of that frail, gay, gallant, boyish girl in a rare biography."—*Lewis Gannett in The New York Herald Tribune.*

"Miss Jenkins undoubtedly has the power of vitalizing her material."—*London Times.*

With 4 illustrations
\$2.75

and

CITY OF ENCOUNTERS

By THOMAS BURKE

"No finer pages have been written about London."—*Daily Telegraph (London).*

"The reader can rest assured that he will not regret roaming London with Thomas Burke."—*The New York Times Book Review.*

372 pages
\$2.50

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, Boston

The New Books Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

and the résumé of history give this section somewhat of the flavor of a hasty newspaper rewrite. There is further the account of Mrs. Trundell's career as a plagiaristic poetess published at her own expense, which may be true to life but is likely to impress the reader as crude caricature; and some not very interesting chapters on the alcoholic floundering of Horace Trundell's children and his own downfall. In the end Trundell came to the conclusion, with which the author seems to agree, that everything would have been different if he had married the right woman; but it seems unlikely that so deeply pigmented a leopard could have changed his spots merely by mating with a different leopardess.

Much of this farrago will bore you, but much is veracious and entertaining; Mr. Wilde has some shrewd comments on the decadence of New England villages and on the building up of Florida. Especially is he valuable as a historian working in that not very familiar field, Florida before the boom; he makes you appreciate the truly colossal effort that had to be expended on this barren strip of sand before it could become the raw material for a realized vision of paradise; and in George Cushing he has faithfully drawn the typical developer—resilient and undissuadable, making optimism serve for honesty; a man who did much evil which is interred with his bones while the good that he did lives after him. The monument of the George Cushings is the habitable Florida of today.

THE MATCH KING. By Einar Thorvaldson. Macaulay. \$2.

AMERICAN RAILROADS. By Winthrop M. Daniels. Princeton University Press. \$1.50.

NO MORE ORCHIDS. By Grace Perkins. Covici-Friede. \$2.

RAIN ON THE ROLLS. By Morgan Cunningham. Vanguard. \$1.75.

MARRIAGE LICENSE. By Cecil Strange. Covici-Friede. \$2.

RAMONA. By Helen Hunt Jackson. Little, Brown. \$3.50.

TWO SOLDIERS AND A LADY. By H. S. Reid. Dutton. \$2.50.

ONE GENERATION AWAY. By Leslie Gordon Barnard. Holborn House.

THAT GIRL FROM NEW YORK. By Allene Corliss. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2. net.

BEWITCHED. By Alice Williamson. Kinsey. \$2.

THE MIDDLE CHILD. By Eleanor Morse. Kinsey. \$2.

SUNSET. By Frank Morison. Century. \$2.

THE VALLEY OF WANTED MEN. By E. B. Mann. Morrow. \$2.

THE TURNPIKE. By Helen Van Valkenburg. Pegasus. \$1.75.

HURDY-GURDY. By Margaret Bill Houston. Appleton. \$2.

THE CLOVEN-FOOTED ANGEL. By Maurice Dekobra. Macaulay. \$2.

REGIMENT OF WOMEN. By Clemence Dane. Macmillan. \$1.75.

HUSBANDS AND LOVERS. By Leslie J. Swabaker. Vanguard. \$2.

SIX WEEKS. By Lawrence Saunders. Covici-Friede. \$2.

FORWARD FROM BABYLON. By Louis Golding. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50 net.

THE MISTRESS. By Gideon Clark. McBride. \$2 net.

GREAT DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE WORLD. Edited by Joseph Lewis French. Boni \$1.

OH CYNTHIA! By Norma Knight. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.

MORTIMER BRICE. By Robert Hichens. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.

WHISPERING VALLEY. By Robert Ormond Cade. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.

THE LAST OF WISDOM. By Eleanor Chase. Sears. \$2.

ISLAND GIRLS I LOVED. By Bassigny Gerard. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50.

OBLOMOV. By Ivan Alexandrovitch Goncharov. Dutton. 90 cents.

JONATHAN WILD. By Henry Fielding. Dutton. 90 cents.

GUÐRUN. Done into English by Margaret Armour. Dutton. 90 cents.

ITALIAN SHORT STORIES. Edited by Decio Pettello. Dutton. 90 cents.

GREENHORN. By Paul King. Macaulay. \$2.

FORLORN ISLAND. By Edison Marshall. Kinsey. \$2.

LAST LOVER. By Kelsey Freeman. Greenberg. \$2.

THE TARTAR SLAVE. By Oscar Doyle Johnson. Stratford. \$2.50.

Miscellaneous

AN ARCHITECT MUSES. By William Roger Greeley. Beacon Press. \$1.60.

GOVERNMENT—NOT POLITICS. By Franklin D. Roosevelt. Covici-Friede. \$1.

A POCKET DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH RHYMES. By Walter Ripman. Dutton. \$2.50.

THE PURCHASE OF THE DANISH WEST INDIES. By Charles Callan Tansill. Johns Hopkins Press. \$3.50.

COQUETRY FOR MEN. By Horace Corn. New York: Arrow Press. \$2.

GREEN GROW THE LILACS. By Lynn Riggs. French. 35 cents.

THE LURE OF THE CLOCK. By D. W. Hering. New York University Press.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD? By Wilhelm Roepke. Dorrance. \$1.25.

THE NEWGATE CALENDAR. Arranged by B. Laurie. Putnam. \$2.

THE BOOK OF FATE AND FORTUNE. McBride. \$2.50 net.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SWORDS IN THE HISTORICAL COLLECTION OF THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM. Smithsonian Institution.

UNITED STATES REFERENCE PUBLICATIONS. 1932 Supplement. Compiled by Jerome Kerr Wilcox.

BUILDING A GIRL'S PERSONALITY. By Ruth Shonle Covan and Jordan True Covan. Abingdon Press. \$1.50.

PATTERN AND PATCHWORK: A Book of Crossword Puzzles. By Lt. Col. H. G. Le Mesurier. Oxford University Press. \$1.25.

THE MISSION TO SPAIN OF PIERRE SOULÉ. By Amos Aschbar Ettinger. Yale University Press. \$4.

HISTORICAL SCHOLARSHIP IN AMERICA. Long & Smith.

THE FOUNDING OF AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES BEFORE THE WAR. By Donald G. Tewksbury. New York: Teachers College, Columbia University.

THE PRICE OF PROHIBITION. By Malvern Hall Fillitt. Harcourt, Brace. \$1.

THE SCIENTIFIC DREAM BOOK. By Jonathan B. Westfield. Brewer, Warren & Putnam. \$2.50.

SAPTAPADARTHI. By Garumurti. Madras, India: Theosophical Publishing House.

COMPLETE CHEERFUL CHERUB. By Rebecca McCann. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

ABILITY IN SOCIAL AND RACIAL CLASSES. By Roland Clark Davis. Century. \$1.75.

KOSMOS. By Willem de Sitter. Harvard University Press. \$1.75.

THE FRENCH CATHEDRALS. By Hélène Fouré. Boston: Humphries. \$2.50.

MAJOR UNITS IN THE SOCIAL STUDIES. Edited by Charles W. Waddell, Corinne A. Seeds, and Natalie White. Day.

RESPIRATION IN PLANTS. By W. Stiles and W. Leach. Dial. \$1.50.

THE CRAFT OF WRITING. By Percy Marks. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.

I LIKE THE DEPRESSION. By Henry Ansley. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.

LET'S START OVER AGAIN. By Vash Young. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50.

OLD DRURY OF PHILADELPHIA. By Reese D. James. University of Pennsylvania. \$6.

EMERGENCY WORK RELIEF. By Joanna C. Colcord, William C. Koplavitz and Russell H. Kurtz. Russell Sage Foundation. \$1.50.

ENGLISH PAINTING. From the Seventh Century to the Present Day. By Charles Johnson. Dial. \$5.

DOWN THE GARDEN PATH. By Beverly Nichols. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.

THE UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Edited by Henry Cecil Wyld. Dutton. \$10.50.

DEMOCRATIC IDEAS IN TURGENEV'S WORKS. By Harry Hershkovitz. New York University Press. \$1.50.

ESSAYS IN SCIENCE AND ENGINEERING. Compiled by Frank Montgomery. Long & Smith.

ECLIPSES OF THE SUN. By S. A. Mitchell. Columbia University Press. \$5.

THE DISTRIBUTIONAL SYSTEM OF CONTRACT BRIDGE. By Victor R. Smith. Dodd, Mead. \$2.

NOUVEAU LEXIQUE. By H. N. Adair. Scribners. \$2.50.

Notes of a Rapid Reader

We have all heard of the picturesque and valuable work of the district nurses in the southern mountains which have already supplied material for several novels.

Ernest Poole has written a description called *Nurses on Horseback*. (Macmillan, \$2.50) * * * Bassigny Gerrard an ex-

artist, an excellent photographer, French at least in origin, visited the lovely island of Bora-Bora in the South Seas where Polynesian life is still not primitive but at least not utterly spoiled. His adventures there, mostly amorous, are retailed in *Island Girls I Loved* (Harcourt, \$3.50) a book of very considerable charm and with descriptions which are the fruit of a well trained and observant mind resulting from experiences esthetic as well as sensuous. This is certainly among the better books about the South Seas. * * *

We should note also a book recording the results of an extraordinary clinical examination, scientifically controlled and elaborate and highly specific in its information. *A Thousand Marriages: A Medical Study of Sex Adjustment*, by Robert L. Dickinson and Lura Beam has a foreword by Havelock Ellis and is published here by Williams and Wilkins Company, Baltimore, Md., sponsored by the National Committee on Maternal Health. It is a technical book primarily intended for medical readers but there is so much immensely important human material in its researches that it should be recorded in this magazine.

Points of View

"I Rise to Remark"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

I suppose every once in a while almost everybody who reads *The Saturday Review* feels impelled to write a letter to the Editor, because of something he has encountered in its pages. There is always something, you know, bound to produce that effect. Mostly, I imagine, these impulses are repressed and so the Editor never knows anything about them. Which is perhaps as well, as he is thereby spared many inflictions which, even though the editorial capacity must necessarily be unlimited, would without doubt increase the tedium of his task.

As a rule, therefore, I make manful and successful efforts at repression. But sometimes they fail. This is one of those instances and in consequence I find myself punishing my Underwood.

Firstly. In the very readable "leader" on Barrie, by Arthur Colton, in a recent issue, I find it stated that "there were two early plays, apparently not successful, 'The Professor's Love Story' (1895) and 'The Wedding Guest' (1900)."

Shades of Thespis! I have been waiting for Professor William Lyon Phelps to be heard from, but as he remains silent, I will have to substitute (a very poor one) for him.

"The Professor's Love Story" apparently unsuccessful! Why, the mere mention of its name will bring a happy reminiscence to a host of playgoers of the Gay 'Nineties, whose memories of it are of the fondest description. It was played with memorable success, on both sides of the Atlantic, by the late E. S. Willard, at that time the most popular and successful British actor who devoted himself to "polite comedy." It was given to crowded houses, as I recall it, wherever it was produced and considered a choice morsel of its kind. In the company assembled to support Willard for the American production, the feminine lead was played by Miss Marie Burroughs, at that time a vision of loveliness and one of the most expert comedienne of her day; and the performance, as given by Willard, of the enamored professor, and his innamorata, as given by Miss Burroughs, was applauded in that remote—and now apparently forgotten—period as one of the most delectable of things theatrical. Today, of course, it wouldn't make the grade. Even the sub-debs and the sophomores would find it naive and futile, the wisdom of the world having enormously increased in the intervening decades, together with the equally enormous improvement in taste. However, of one thing you may be sure. If the now-ennobled author has preserved the records of his royalties, they will be found to show that "The Professor's Love Story" did its bit in setting him up financially.

Secondly. In another recent issue I find a review of a recent book on Hugh Thomson, which is entitled "A Skilled Entertainer" and is contributed by William M. Ivins, Jr. Mr. Ivins is an authority upon such subjects as illustration, I believe, while I can pretend only to an obscure position in the ranks of those who used to enjoy illustration before it died an unnatural death—making it necessary, nowadays, if one desires to collect, or even to own, cherishably-illustrated books, to acquire, as a rule, those published when we were very young. Or, at least, considerably younger than we now are.

After reading what Mr. Ivins has to say—in his urbane and kindly and indulgently condescending way—I have become conscious of an uncomfortable feeling. I have quite a considerable number of illustrated books of which I am fond, bearing the signatures of illustrators of all kinds and many different nationalities. Among them are quite a few with pictures by Hugh Thomson. And, as I say, I had always been fond of them, in a perfectly carefree, confiding, and innocent sort of way. But now I can be so no longer. Hugh Thomson, Mr. Ivins tells me, was not "a draughtsman of merit." Alack and alas!—he "never learned to construct a figure or to draw a valid hand, or foot, or face." Awful, isn't it! But that is not all. "None of his figures has any weight or solidity" (Query: If this be true, what, oh what, is to be said of those of Eric Gill?). And to descend still farther into the depths, "Composition was something of which he had not the faintest conception."

I look sorrowfully at the volumes I

have been pulling down, bearing the legend, "Illustrated by Hugh Thomson," and a feeling of sadness comes o'er me that is akin to pain. Poor Hugh Thomson! Poor me! Here for y'ars and y'ars, ever since, in fact, the Elegant 'Eighties, when "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways," which is dated 1888, came out, I have been, in an unimpassioned but nevertheless sincere way, a worshipper at the Thomson shrine. Only to find out, in the chill day that has succeeded his departure, that this attitude definitely classifies me as—must I write it?—one of those "well-educated, inartistic people of all kinds" whose tastes, in illustration, are preoccupied with the "surface of life" and, while "false to thought and fact" are "true to sentimentality and artificiality."

What shall I do to be saved? Must all my Thomson books go into the garbage can? Dare I run the risk of leaving them exposed to the view of all and sundry who, penetrating the nooks where they nestle, will henceforth cast haughty glances upon them and, at the same time, size me up as one of those etc., etc.? Mr. Ivins intimates, in none too indirect a way, that "the verdict," after all the important witnesses have been examined and their testimony weighed, is "all against everything that Thomson did," despite the fact that it "gave keen pleasure to a very large number of the nicest people in the world." You observe what he says—it is everything, everything. Nothing is held out. The condemnation is complete. Nor is there a particle of consolation for me in the fact that I do not and never did figure among the nicest people in the world. Far, far from it.

You will therefore understand, dear Mr. Editor, the surging nature of my emotions and the unsuccessfulness of my efforts to repress them, which have resulted in this communication. Truly I never thought it of Hugh Thomson. In fact I never dreamed of it! Not until Mr. Ivins had revealed the awful, blasting, humiliating truth, even though he has adorned it with many kindly expressions and almost-palliating facts.

There is only one thing that I find it difficult to reconcile with his other statements. That is Mr. Ivins's characterization of Thomson as "a skilled entertainer." How, oh, how, could he be a skilled entertainer, when he could not draw; could not compose; and could not make a picture? For just those things were what he was paid to do—and not only paid, but supposed to. No amount of "gentle comedy in a profusion of pretty clothes and nice old-fashioned things" could have put him over, could it, were that the case? No—there must have been something else. Is it possible that Mr. Ivins has overlooked something? Or that he has failed to perceive it?

Mr. Ivins, as I said before, is an authority, and I am the reverse. So I feel my temerity in venturing to address the Editor in this matter. I feel that I ought—that I really ought—not to disagree with Mr. Ivins. And yet I do. The main reason for this is also a sufficient one, it being that I am neither well-educated, nor inartistic, nor nice. Therefore I wish to say that many of Hugh Thomson's illustrations are well-composed and well drawn, and that he could make a picture which has a special individuality of its own and a quality of life. That many of his figures have weight or solidity—especially his figures of horses, of which he was a master—and his landscapes were often delicious. Probably he knew this himself and that was one thing that made his life the happy one which Mr. Ivins describes. Well, it should have been for he deserved it. We are assured by the most learned propagandists that neither art nor illustration (it is still a matter of debate, I understand, whether illustration is or is not art) can be didactic. Their mission is not to teach, but to give pleasure to the beholder. Thomson gave a great deal of it—and, quite possibly, to persons of other classifications than those enumerated in Mr. Ivins's review. So having thought it all over, I have determined to hold onto those Thomson books a bit longer. When they go into the garbage, it will be at the hands of either the liquidator or the heirs-at-law, but not those of,

JOHN HERVEY.

4641 Dover Street, Chicago.

BERNARD SHAW has given £1,988, part of the proceeds of the publication of the letters between himself and Ellen Terry, to the Ellen Terry Memorial Fund.

BEVERIDGE AND THE PROGRESSIVE ERA

Claude G. Bowers

The author of "The Tragic Era," "Jefferson and Hamilton" and "Party Battles of the Jackson Period" tells the dramatic story of a fighting statesman and his colorful contemporaries during the lustiest, gustiest period in recent American politics.

"It is difficult for me to write dispassionately of this enthralling book."—*John H. Finley in the Times*.

"Brilliant and most readable."—*Oswald Garrison Villard in the Herald Tribune*.

"It is very unlikely that the Pulitzer award judges will have to look any further for a work worthy of their laurels this year."—*William Soskin in the Post*.

"Everywhere lively and fresh, with a vigor which matches the exciting events which Mr. Bowers records. . . . Here is history at first hand. . . . No fiction could be more dramatic."—*Carl Van Doren* Illustrated, \$5.00

ARE YOU LISTENING?

By J. P. McEvoy

"Mr. McEvoy has created with amazing fidelity the very breath of life of the broadcasting studio. Each character is definitely individual. All have the full flavor of reality. It is funny—very funny. And there isn't a false note in his treatment of this half-mad world."—*New York Times*. \$2.00

PEOPLE OF THE SERPENT

By Edwin Herbert Thompson

This story of the author's forty years' study of the mysterious culture of the Mayas of Central America. "A true story of scientific adventure and one of the best of its kind in modern times."—*R. L. Duffus in the Times*.

Illustrated, \$3.50

Send to 2 Park St., Boston, for Bulletin of New Books

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

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