

goes through the ultimate flourish of dying to rescue the picture of his departed wife from the depredations of the Yanks, what happens is true enough to a mood and we can accept it uncritically.

Incidentally, Mr. Boyd succeeds in conveying a clear-headed notion of what the Civil War was about, of the little-understood spirit underlying the bare issues. The story is told from the Southern point of view—and so well that the unwary Yankee reader finds himself on occasion forgetting what he read in school-books. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A PEDDLER IN AFRICA

If the reader's appetite be stirred for novelties after these sound, nourishing, traditional dishes, he will find it a-plenty in "Trader Horn." But it won't be a case of pastry after roast beef—rather, a course of under-done leopard steak.

The story of Alfred Aloysius Horn (the man, we are told, is real but not the name) is a saga and a circus, with crocodiles basking in the sun while the industrious tick-birds are picking their teeth; dwarfs and cannibals and gorillas and bull elephants, rifle-shots and spears. Here are Cecil Rhodes, sleeping off the effects of too much prickly-pear brandy on a shelf of rock by the waterside, while a crocodile licks his chops below (I am sure that Mr. Horn's crocodiles lick their chops); the blue-eyed "Nina of the joss-house," ruling as white goddess of the Isorga tribe; nice old African grandmothers, who have outlived their generation, being pitched head-first into the river by their dutiful next of kin.

Trader Horn first came into the ken of Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, who edits his story, on the stoep of her African home. A broken-down itinerant peddler, he came to sell her pots and pans, and stayed on to talk of trading, fighting, exploring and love-making in the raw Africa of earlier days. Whether his narrative is true is about as important a question as whether the crocodile in "Peter Pan" really swallowed the clock. My own guess is that honest Trader Horn has told the truth, the whole truth, and more than the truth.

Whatever his method, Alfred Aloysius Horn succeeds in conveying the spirit of primitive Africa—"Africa, Ma'am, Africa—as Nature meant her to be, the home of the black man and the quiet elephant." Also, he achieves a gorgeous word-picture of himself—and Mr. Horn is a person worth knowing. He can tell you, being a blood-brother of the cannibals, that they are a moral and admirable people. He can discourse at length on the habits of elephants and gorillas. He can chronicle the medicinal properties of the white juice of the cricket, and how to draw the poison of a snake bite by applying a lighted pipe and puffing hard. He can even make some very sagacious remarks on America, such as this one:

"If a book's to be sold in America, you must keep your eye on the novelties."

Assuredly, Trader Horn missed his vocation. No, not that of a writer, but a showman. With his genius for superlatives, he would have painted the tattooed man. His story of how he and his South American friend, after rescuing the white goddess of

the Isorga, tossed a coin (a gold coin, of course) to see which of them should marry her, is a triumph of rococo art.

It is well that *Trader Horn's* story is published as set down by himself, rather than embodied in a romance of some one's else writing. His type of book must be lived, not written. Published by Simon and Schuster.

A FRAIL FIST AGAINST A MASSIVE DOOR

Another story of Africa—but what a different Africa!—is presented in Olive Schreiner's posthumous novel "*From Man to Man*." This is the tame Africa of plantations and towns, of silent farmers, patient wives, monotonous fierce heat. The book is as intensely feminine as "*Trader Horn*" is masculine, and it offers a frail beauty in place of the lavish grotesqueries of *Horn*.

There isn't a man in the pages of this book who seems more real than a caricature, or a woman who isn't convincingly alive. The father, stooped over his volume of Swedenborg, is a remote figure, seldom on the scene. John-Ferdinand, with his beautiful whiskers, his delicate susceptibilities and his exaggerated piety, is, one suspects, a more comical figure than the author intended him to be. But "the little mother" and her daughters, the determined Rebekah and the innocent Bertie, are characters who could have been drawn only by a woman. Nowhere has the separateness of a woman's world been more subtly portrayed.

"*From Man to Man*," with its timid plea for the rights of woman, its Victorian melodrama of the girl

who was undone by her innocence, and its quaint didacticism, is a hopelessly old-fashioned book. Its wistful minor key will hardly be heard in the clamor of a world that has gone far beyond its once pioneering propaganda. Yet there is about it a gentle beauty that richly justifies it, a delicate and insistent vitality that reminds one of a very frail fist pounding against a massive door. After all, childhood, love and birth are not old-fashioned themes, and in portraying these Olive Schreiner excelled. Published by Harper & Brothers.

BARNUM, GREELEY AND THE BEECHERS

It is an interesting nineteenth-century parade that Constance Mayfield Rourke passes in review before us in "*Trumpets of Jubilee*." At the head of the procession is that grim soldier of the Lord, Lyman Beecher. A picturesque man of action, this Mr. Beecher, for all his absorption in theology. When he isn't setting a conversational snare to trap a soul into salvation, there are grumbling parishioners to be handled; invaders, like the revivalist Finney, to be repelled, lest they impudently lead the flock off to their own brand of redemption; heresy-hunters to be met in the church conclave for a stand-up fight.

One can still see the flash in the old puritan's eyes as he remarked, on his way to meet two members of the fold who were rejoicing to find themselves in a state of grace,

"The two Miss Candys have false hopes, which I am now going over to destroy if I can."

The picture of Lyman Beecher on his death-bed, still imperious, im-