

mines in Bolivia is well told in *Moonlight on Snow*, by John Vlett, (McBride, \$3.50). Simon, the builder of the empire, his first tin claim in a desperate effort to save his meagre life-savings \$250. The development of the industry and Patino's rise to wealth and power, make an almost incredible biography, comparable only to those of some of our own rugged individualists of the nineteenth century. Occasionally some mention of the Bolivian Croesus creeps into the newspapers; here is the whole stirring story.

TION

Veil of Lucifer, by Maurice L. Knopf, (Knopf, \$3.00), is a historical novel of the once-in-a-thousand type. It concerns the Italy of the fifteenth century, when Cesare Borgia was bringing that country under one leadership—his own, and his own ends. The story progresses with a peasant youth for its hero, a decent, average human being, deceived like all average people, and finally given the light. It is a brilliant picture of the times, honestly told and a top-flight piece of fiction.

There is a division of opinion on *The Walls of Jericho*, by I. Wellman, (Lippincott, \$2.00). Two readers attempted it and nominated it as trash. The third reader reports it decidedly ordinary fare. It concerns small, unimportant people in a small midwestern town, trite situations, all whipped together to make a dish for undiscriminating appetites. So it's hold on the best seller list.

With a novel twist, *The Fiesta at Anderson's House*, by Scott Graham Williamson (Holt, \$2.75), is a realistic portrayal of whites and Puerto Ricans in San Juan. Repulsively human in spots, it maintains a compelling interest as Williamson sends his central figure from friend to acquaintance, inviting all to the forthcoming fiesta. That is the climax, accompanied by a hurricane which matches the scene and characters in violence. Not for delicate nerves, but a powerful story.

Andromeda, by Jacland Marmur, (Holt, \$2.75), is a tramp steamer out of Singapore, with her crew and a few passengers. It is a breezy sea tale, with love interest, a Japanese submarine, excellent characterization and tense moments, all combined to make a smoothly developed, well written yarn.

A dainty, slightly fantastic little story is *Mr. Whittle and the Morning Star*, by Robert Nathan, (Knopf, \$2.00). It is the chronicle of a college professor and his involuntary misunderstanding with his wife, his talks with God, and a couple of situations that temporarily upset the even ways of his life. Pleasant reading, with a touch of symbolism.

Rather a disagreeable story, and still one that holds the attention, is James M. Cain's *The Butterfly*, (Knopf, \$2.00). It tells the troubles of Jess Tyler, a farmer in a rural West Virginia district, bizarre domestic woes, love, murder and sudden death. Cain can fascinate his readers, and he does in this newest of his novels. For some reason he prefaces his book with a sharp at-

tack on Eastern book critics and an explanation of why he was impelled to use incest for the motivating theme. The incest angle being chimerical, his story needs no such apology. In brief, it is typically Cain—heady and strong.

Children of Vienna, by Robert Neumann, (Dutton, \$2.75), is one of the things we don't like to read because we don't like the facts of misery and horror brought close. The children are the riffraff youth of a war ruined city, boys and girls, inured to life's worst angles. This is what war does to the younger generation, and it is tragic.

MISCELLANEOUS

A courageous examination of present day morality, in the larger sense, is made by Henry C. Link in *The Rediscovery of Morals*, (Dutton, \$2.50). Dr. Link considers the reasons for race prejudice, particularly here in America, blaming a lack of strong religious conviction, and pointing out that in many cases the causes lie in economic or social roots. Regardless of religious beliefs, there is a wealth of suggestion worthy of consideration by intelligent people.

Lecomte du Nouy writes to some what the same purpose in *Hun Destiny*. (Longmans, \$3.50). Nouy is a scientist and devotes considerable part of his book to biological and materialistic side man, in order to prove that there must be something more—the spiritual, if you like—for man's *raison d'être*. His is a scientific approach to the evolution of man, culminating in the conclusion that the fundamental tenets of Christian morality are the essential needs of people today.

Those who enjoy old time wit and humor will find smiles in *National American Humor*, edited by Jan R. Aswel, (Harper's, \$3.75). This compilation covers samples from Benjamin Franklin, Mark Twain, Artemas Ward and others, many lesser known.

Modern Woman: The Lost Sex by Ferdinand Lundberg and Marjorie F. Farnham, M.D., (Harper \$3.50), is an up-to-date clinical discussion of woman—and men—largely from the Freudian angle. Lundberg is a writer and lecturer and Dr. Farnham supplies the medical information from her experience and study of psychiatric cases.

A wealthy man was showing an acquaintance about his tremendous estate.

"Beautiful lawn," murmured the visitor.

"Ought to be," his host said. "Had the whole thing brought here as sod at \$1 a square foot."

"And those trees!" the visitor exclaimed. "I've never seen more perfect specimens!"

"Had 'em transplanted," his host confided. "Cost me \$2000 each."

"Ah," the visitor sighed, "what God could have done if He'd had all your money!"

—Landaster Unionist