

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

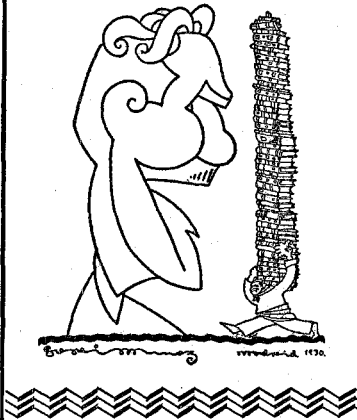


HOME is the traveler, to find that indefatigable and ever-interesting anti-American Stuart Chase again in the limelight, this time with a corking book on Mexico. Why does the Landscaper call Mr. Chase anti-American, do you ask?

Perhaps because he is so violently opposed to the current culture of our country; because a good many years ago he helped to write a book called *Your Money's Worth*, which was a most vigorous assault upon the high-pressure advertising and selling that helped so much to bring us to the crash of 1929. Because, when the rest of the economists of the country, or at least the vast majority, were announcing publicly that with the aid of Mr. Henry Ford we had discovered a new system which guaranteed prosperity for all evermore, Mr. Chase was saying just as publicly that we were headed for disaster; that, indeed, the System just then being worshiped not only failed to guarantee peace and prosperity to all, but that it did not even promise a reasonable measure of human happiness at the top of its efficiency. This merry iconoclasm goes right on in the new book, which is published by

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



Macmillan at \$3, and the full title of which is *Mexico: A Study of the Two Americas*, with many illustrations by Diego Rivera and written with the help of Marian Tyler, who is Mrs. Stuart Chase. Would we have listened in patience three or four years

ago to the argument that the republic to the south of us actually had more to offer us in the way of real civilization than we had to offer it? One is privileged to doubt it. Most Americans of that period would have hooted and jeered, and continued to think that the cause of culture in general would best be served by our taking possession of the country, putting all the Indians on reservations, and turning loose our magnificent exploiters upon the vast natural resources. Now we are more patient. We know there is a considerable amount of unhappiness in this country, and some of us are willing to admit that even in the boom days there was less of real joy than we were led to believe.

A Mexican Village

MR. CHASE went to a village of 4,000 inhabitants, Tepoztlan, and made a study of a people still in

the handicraft stage of development, contrasting their situation with that of the inhabitants of the American Middletown. In most respects he found his Mexican friends living happier, fuller lives; more colorful existences, with less worry. Naturally they have to do without many of the blessings of the Machine Age; not every home has a sunken bath in pastel shades, and there are very few automobiles. There are also very few nervous breakdowns. The striking contrast between Tepoztlan and Middletown is, Mr. Chase says, that the people in the Mexican town live to play, while the people in Middletown live to work. Apparently the Mexicans have never heard of John Calvin . . . There is a temptation to go on writing about Mr. Chase's book, not only because it is excellent reading, done with spirit and understanding, but because its theories find so much sympathy in the bosom of the Landscaper, another anti-American of the same breed as Mr. Chase. But there are other books to be discussed, several of them bearing more or less on the same general problem. Please do not miss Mr. Chase on Mexico. If this sympathetic reviewer found anything to quarrel with in the book it is that so much of what Mr. Chase seems to regard as typically Mexican is just as typically Spanish; there are spots in Spain as blessed as Tepoztlan, and not an Indian in a good many thousand miles of them.

Not a Tourist's Paradise

MORE than one tender-hearted reader has expressed the pious hope that Mr. Chase's exciting book will not start a tourist rush to Mex-

ico. It will undoubtedly arouse interest in the country, but your real tourist is unwilling to put up with the minor discomforts and inconveniences in order to obtain the major spiritual satisfactions. Mexico has in this respect the same protection as Spain; the Mexicans are apparently able to resist any invasions without altering their essential characteristics very much, and this tourists in the large do not like. There is very little in Mr. Chase's book to indicate that the Mexicans are likely to become a nation of innkeepers, and it is the nations of innkeepers that entertain the crowded charabancs . . . Along with the Chase book there is a steady word-of-mouth propaganda in favor of Mexico that has been going on now for several years; one of the Landscaper's good friends, who has worshipped Italy from childhood returned from Mexico not long ago with the startling statement that he had never loved a land or a people so much before. Those who care to pursue the subject further, before taking a train or a ship south, will find a good recent history of the country in *Liberalism in Mexico* by Wilfred Hardy Callcott (Stanford University Press, \$5), a volume that covers the period from 1857 and the new Constitution to the administration of Emiliano Portes Gil in 1929.

A Frenchman on America

IF, BY implication, Mr. Chase lets us know that he is not entirely satisfied with contemporary American culture, there is a foreign critic about who is far more outspoken in regard to many of our idols. This is Georges Duhamel, whose *Scenes from the Life*

of the Future has been a much discussed book in its French version for a good many months. It has now been translated and published as *America the Menace* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2). This is a long way from being another André Siegfried's *America Comes of Age*; Mr. Duhamel did not remain very long in this country and he brought his preconceived opinions with him. His book is sweeping and superficial, but it is interesting because it was written primarily as a warning to his own people of the danger of falling completely under our influence. Perhaps he became alarmed while going about Paris, where the American influence seems to grow stronger and stronger with the passing of the years. At any rate, he is very much upset, and his book will not be read at any D. A. R. conventions this year. It is our standardization that most alarms him, and while we may differ in point of view as much as we like, it would be hard to disprove the general truth of the charges he brings. There is nothing malicious about his criticism; he is honestly frightened of what we may do to the world. On the other side of the question is a small volume, *America We Need You*, by E. Muller-Sternheim (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.75), in which a German declares passionately that we have within our power the control of the world for its own good. This is a very comforting sort of book to read after some of the others mentioned. Those looking for further comfort will find it in *Modern Civilization on Trial* by C. DeLisle Burns (Macmillan, \$2.50), a survey of the industrialization of the world, with a good deal of optimism in its pages.

The Youth of Germany

ANNE MERRIMAN PECK has written a highly interesting book on one of the European movements that is giving color to a whole civilization in *Young Germany* (McBride, \$2.50), which is a story of the famous Youth Movement. Fortunately for the success of this plan, Germany is still in a state where simple pleasures are possible, where hiking and camping and swimming are all inexpensive, and where sports of most sorts may be indulged in within a quarter of an hour of the centres of great cities. There is nothing more striking about the Germany of today than the health and vigor of the young people, and the Youth Movement has played no small part in this situation. There might be a Youth Movement in Mexico, if one were needed, but anything of the simplicity of the German scheme would be out of the question for us; we are much too advanced, even in our present poverty-stricken condition to enjoy simple healthful ways of spending time in which very little money is involved. Miss Peck's book is written from close observation, and is well worth reading.

Some Books on Russia

ANY current discussion of such matters as civilizations and cultures is bound to lead sooner or later to the Russia of the Soviets, and the presses continue to grind out books on this subject. One of the newest of the journalistic volumes is *Seeing Red* by Eve Garrette Grady, the subtitle of which is *Behind the Scenes in Russia Today* (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, \$2), which is distinctly anti-

Soviet. Mrs. Grady had her chances at observation as the wife of an American engineer in the employ of the Soviets; she was invited to leave the country because, it is reported, a joke about Stalin appeared in an article of hers. Mrs. Grady was intensely annoyed by the Russians, and is unwilling to grant them very much of anything. She makes a great to-do because a friend of hers was arrested in a public bath for using soap; the *Landscaper* read a day or two ago of a seventeen-year-old girl who was arrested at Coney Island because the shoulder strap of her bathing suit slipped down, and not only arrested, but imprisoned. It seems to this observer that Mrs. Grady was temperamentally unfitted to make a real study of life in Soviet Russia, and that her book is prejudiced and superficial, but it should be a great comfort to those who are sure the Russian experiment is doomed to complete failure.

After these comforting assurances, those who can stand a bit of a fright might turn to *The Soviets Conquer Wheat* by Anna Louise Strong (Holt, \$2), which is a first-hand account of the first great wheat harvest under the collective system of farming. Miss Strong, a well-known American journalist, is quite frankly in favor of the Soviets, but her book is carefully written, and whatever statements she makes are susceptible of proof. News reports are that this year's harvest will be far greater than the first, about which Miss Strong writes so graphically and dramatically, and the bearing of this stupendous experiment upon the daily life of a whole section of the American public — the wheat-growers — gives everything she

says a direct emotional appeal. The sheer size of the collective movement and its vast sweep, together with its potentialities for the future — there is, for example, the Soviets' plan for cotton growing in Turkestan on an enormous scale — make the book exciting reading.

The Breshkovskaia Diaries

THOSE who are interested in the historical side of the Russian situation will find two highly interesting books available just now, one of them *The Hidden Springs of the Russian Revolution: The Personal Memoirs of Katherine Breshkovskaia*, edited by Lincoln Hutchinson (Stanford University Press), and the other, *The Real Romanovs* by Gleb Botkin (Revell). The Breshkovskaia memoirs, which make fascinating reading, have been brought out under the auspices of the Committee on Russian Research of the Hoover War Library of Stanford. Mr. Botkin's book has for one of its most important features a long discussion of the Anastasia problem. There is not the slightest doubt in his own mind — he knew Anastasia and the rest of the royal family in Russia — that the young woman whose presence in New York a few years ago aroused so much controversy, is the daughter of the Czar, and he explains most interestingly why the remaining Romanovs and other Russian aristocrats turned their backs on this pathetic refugee. This is an intimate personal narrative that will hold the attention of any one who picks it up; it appears to have no small historical value, and is certainly highly readable. Mr. Botkin is a novelist of attainments; his family in Russia was associated

with the ruling house for generations. He brings out many points in connection with the history of the Romanovs that will be new to most readers; the book is worth reading for the extraordinary chapters on Anastasia alone.

Miss Cather's New Novel

TWO novels seem to be dividing the attention of the serious-minded followers of fiction at present, and one of these, *Hatter's Castle* by A. J. Cronin, has already been commented upon at some length in these columns, as it was well on its way to a world-success when the Landscaper left England some time ago. It is now being translated into most of the languages of importance and is certain to sell into the hundreds of thousands. It is a striking example of the uncertainty of the publishing business; the author is a Scotch doctor, and it is a first book, a long, rather melodramatic and tragic sort of novel that would hardly be expected to arouse a great deal of interest during a time of depression. It had an extraordinary press in England, but this does not always mean large sales. Very apparently, the book has the mysterious something that makes people want to read it, and talk about it. The other novel mentioned is, of course, Willa Cather's *Shadows on the Rock* (Knopf, \$2.50), a story of Quebec in the early days of its settlement. It goes without saying that any novel by Miss Cather is a major event in any publishing season; there is no doubt that a great many people will find pleasure and satisfaction in the lovely prose of *Shadows on the Rock*, and in its beautiful descriptions. It is his-

torical tapestry wrought with all possible artistry, Puvis de Chavannes frescoes in words. This much for the credit side. It is a paler and less dramatic novel than *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. Is there significance in the fact that Miss Cather has done these two historical studies in succession? Is she abandoning the contemporary scene altogether for this sort of tapestry-weaving? If so, for all the beauty of the books, some of us will feel a definite loss. However, even if she plans to retire to an ivory tower, what issues from it will be stirring to the soul, and the Landscaper is not one to quarrel with the production of things that hold their own beauty, however much he may wish that all the good novelists might come to the aid of their country . . .

A Variety of Fiction

THERE are a number of other novels to select from, and the variety is wide, as usual. Those who have followed the career of Willie Maddison, the poet-hero of Henry Williamson's tetralogy, *The Flax of Dream*, will be interested in the revised version of the third part of the long story, *The Dream of Fair Women* (Dutton, \$2.50). Mr. Williamson has completely rewritten this story of the period immediately after the World War, and has improved it in its organization and style. Maddison's love affair with a married woman, who is as faithless to him as she is to her husband, makes what plot there is to the tale. It has the usual descriptions of nature and discussions of animal life that mark this author's writings; the Landscaper's objection to it is its sentimentality. Maddison is not a

satisfactory protagonist for a drama as sweeping as this, for the very simple reason that he is defeated from within, and is not the victim of circumstances beyond his control. Any student of psychology might have known from the novel of his boyhood, *The Beautiful Years*, that his chances of standing up the world were small, and however hard Mr. Williamson tries to convince the reader that Maddison is a sort of Christ-Shelley, destined to lead the world into brighter times, he can not escape the charge that his hero is guilty of the awful sin of self-pity. Maddison and Eve, his mistress, are given to dissolving into tears a little too often for most of us, also.

And More Novels

A good, solid, thoughtful novel from the other side of the Atlantic is *The Pastor of Poggsee*, by Gustav Frenssen (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50), the story of a German parson in Holstein between the fateful years 1914-1920. In short, a war-book, if you like, but of a very unusual sort, and well and interestingly written. *Silver Trumpets* by Lucille Borden (Macmillan, \$2.50), is a romance veiling a violent attack upon the Soviets, and especially upon their anti-religious activities. As a novel it is fair; as propaganda it is weakened by the emotional state of the author, and also by the reader's knowledge of the futility of her attack. *Seven Days* by Andreas Latzlo (Viking, \$2.50), is a novel of life in Berlin, in which the lives of several families of varying social importance become entangled, a swift-moving and readable tale of scandal and tragedy. An important fictional study of Jewish

life in America is David Pinski's *The Generations of Noab Edon* (Macaulay, \$2.50). Mr. Pinski is a distinguished writer in Yiddish. In his novel he has attempted to show the life of three generations, acting upon and being acted upon by America. The first generation suffers a breaking down of old ideals, the second is caught in the lust for material gain, but the third regains a spirituality that has something in it of the ancient Jewish tradition, and more, perhaps, of modern social justice. It is an interesting and successful attempt to set down a family history against an environment at first alien, and steadily becoming more home-like, until family and environment are one.

God in the Straw Pen by John Fort (Dodd, Mead, \$2), a young Southern novelist whose development the Landscaper has followed with keen interest, is a story of a religious revival in a Georgia community, which while set down in another period, might have happened last week. No doubt Mr. Fort has had some first hand experience in revivals, as most of us have who come from his part of the country; he knows the subject. The novel is well done, good reading, and indicates that its author is developing rapidly. His first published work of fiction was the usual autobiographical story, and had little else except the quality of the writing to distinguish it, but he seems to be on his way now. A light-hearted, but shrewd story of American youth, is Emily Hahn's *Beginner's Luck* (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, \$2), the first novel by the author of *Seductio Ad Absurdum*. A solid piece of English fiction, with homely quali-

ties, is *The Bending Sickle* by Cecily Farman (Morrow, \$2.50), with its background shifting from the Victorian to the Edwardian and down to the Georgian period. It centres around the character of a woman, who realizes her destiny through her father, her lover and her younger brother.

Two Good Novels

AND not to be overlooked in the rush is Edward Thompson's *A Farewell to India* (Dutton, \$2.50), which is a brilliant novel of somewhat the same significance as E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*, in that it is an interpretation of the Hindus and the English in their relation to each other. It is a novel of contemporary India, with some of its most striking passages concerning Gandhi; any intelligent person interested in India will find it worth reading. It is also by accident that another of the better current novels wandered down to the end of the fiction section. The book referred to is *New England Holiday* by Charles Allen Smart (Norton, \$2), which is a first novel of very decided power, the story of a week-end where seven young people are present, each facing an emotional crisis. These are very real young people, not the kind one meets in the magazines, and Mr. Smart has handled his problems of character with real skill. His book has the advantage of many advance blurbs from distinguished people, which is not so unusual. But it deserves the ballyhoo, and this is somewhat out of the ordinary. He has hit upon a technique which is unusual, and he handles it with a marked degree of success.

A Zweig Novelette

TWO novelettes and a book of short stories remain to be commented upon. One of the novelettes, Stefan Zweig's *Amok* (Viking, \$1.50), has made its appearance recently upon best-seller lists, which is an unusual state of affairs. It is the story of a physician in the East, who, worn out with lack of society of his own kind, meets a white woman, and runs amuck, bringing ruin to himself and the woman, a violent bit of tragedy superbly handled by the author, who seems to have unusual skill with this difficult form of fiction. The other novelette is by Thomas Burke, and is called *The Flower of Life* (Little, Brown, \$2). It tells the story of Jane Cameron, who is introduced to us entering the work-house, and a touching bit of narrative it is. The collection of short stories is Ben Hecht's, and is called *The Champion from Far Away* (Covici-Friede, \$2.50). It is evident that Mr. Hecht finds time from his controversy with Maxwell Bodenheim to turn out some excellent short fiction. The latest chapter in the Hecht-Bodenheim feud, in case you have overlooked it, is called *Duke Herring* (Liveright, \$2.50). It is a reply to Mr. Hecht's *Count Bruga*. Neither book is of any greater importance than the controversy itself, it might be added. But Mr. Hecht can write short stories.

Stories of Real Life

THERE are a few books about that are true narratives more or less in the form of novels. One of these, *God Have Mercy on Me!* is by the author of *No Bed of Roses*, and continues that

tragic and sordid story of the life of a prostitute; another is Pauline Leader's *And No Birds Sing* (Vanguard), the story of a girl who lost her hearing at an early age, and who suffered many other handicaps, but who would not let any of them defeat her, a really stirring personal narrative; and still another, is *Caviar for Breakfast* by James N. Gifford (Sears, \$2), which is an account of the reputed goings-on in high society in New York and Palm Beach. Mr. Gifford is said to have gathered his material as a tutor in the homes of the very rich. The trouble is, of course, that reading about their lives is as dull as the lives themselves, and no more need be said.

For those who wish to escape their troubles by burying themselves in books about other times and other places, there are several promising volumes at hand, among them *A Yankee in Patagonia* by Robert and Katherine Barrett, with a foreword by Rockwell Kent (Houghton Mifflin, \$4), the tale of one Chace, from Taunton, Massachusetts, who became a sailor, sheep-herder, and many other things, and who finally settled in the distant country named in the title. This is a book rich in adventure and local color. Then there is *The Great Plains*, to come nearer home, by Walter Prescott Webb (Ginn, \$4), a full, rich story of the settlement of the West, and a notable addition to recent literature of the American frontier. And *The Road to Oblivion* by Vladimir Zanzinov, with the collaboration of Isaac Don Levine (McBride), a wild and thrilling book about Far Siberia, filled with fresh information, and containing many tales as strange as Ossendowski's,

but apparently more accurate. The mercury frequently falls to 95 degrees below zero in this curious land, and a pleasant place it is to think about in the middle of a New York summer. Then there is Alvin S. Harlow's excellent *Old Bowery Days: The Chronicles of a Famous Street* (Appleton, \$5), a rich and racy chapter from the history of New York, fully illustrated from contemporary prints, and excellent reading, and for the more serious minded, *Caribbean Backgrounds and Prospects* by Chester Lloyd Jones (Macmillan), a complete account of the situation in the northern part of Latin America, with especial respect, of course, to relations with the United States.

Our Monkey Ancestors

THE Landscaper's own book-of-the-month from the miscellaneous division is Dr. Ernest A. Hooton's *Up From the Ape* (Macmillan, \$5), an admirable account of man's relationship to the lower animals, packed with information very unpedantically imparted. The anti-evolutionists will not enjoy it, and if it has not yet been censored in some of our Southern States, it will be. But it is as interesting a book on this general topic as any one might wish, and very good indeed for straight reading. Its agreeable lack of dogmatic statement is one of its principal charms. Another of the miscellaneous volumes that is worthy of attention is Lewis Browne's *Since Calvary* (Macmillan, \$3), an interpretation of Christianity from the Crucifixion down to the present—at least as far as the anti-Soviet campaign against religion. This book sets forth the liberal point of view, as those who

know Mr. Browne's other volumes, such as *This Believing World*, will know, but its bias is not too strong, and its author has a great deal of skill in covering a large amount of territory.

A New Life of Osler

THE biography shelf is not exactly creaking and groaning this month, but there is a new and delightful life of a great man available that ought to go far to make up for the lack of quantity. This is *The Great Physician: Sir William Osler* by Edith Gittings Reid (Oxford University Press, \$3.50), a brief and very readable account of the career of this splendid human being. The author knew Dr. Osler and his family well, and she has done a rounded portrait of the man within the limits of her short book, which is not meant to conflict in any way with the big Harvey Cushing biography, but which may lead many to read the larger work. There is a volume of Osler essays just now published, for those who wish to discover another phase of a many-sided mind; the title is *The Student Life and Other Essays* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2). Supremely important, of course, to all students of international affairs is the first volume of von Bülow's memoirs, *Memoirs of Prince von Bülow, 1897-1903* (Little, Brown, \$5), a brilliantly written volume

packed with historical matter and filled with sketches of interesting human beings as well. It is perfectly frank, and its style alone would make it stand out among memoirs, even if its substance were not so important. Much new Whitman material appears in Clara Barrus's *Whitman and Burroughs: Comrades* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5), including a great many unpublished letters of the poet, and the book also furnishes a vivid picture of the entire American literary scene between 1850 and 1900.

A Book about England

SPACE grows short, but the Landscape can not quite be closed without some mention of a fine book on England called *England, the Unknown Isle*, by Paul Cohen-Portheim (Dutton, \$2.50). The author is a young Austrian who was interned during the War on the Isle of Man. Speaking as one who thinks he knows a little about the English, the Landscaper found this book extremely good, intelligent and understanding, and penetrating. Then, for those who can envisage the day when air-planes will be as thick as Fords, Juan de la Cierva, the young Spanish inventor of the autogiro, has told its story in *Wings of Tomorrow*, with the help of Don Rose (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, \$2.50) and a thrilling story it is.



Notes of a Cosmopolitan

BY BARBARA E. SCOTT

MEDITERRANEAN cruises for the coming season are in the forefront with their usual popularity. Luxury, the ease of graceful living, the pleasant interchange of social amenities, the perfect service rendered by liners covering these cruises, and the richly colorful and ever varying backgrounds of the countries circling this enchanting sapphire sea are perpetual magnets. Year after year the charm of it all grows more potent. This winter, though welcomes are always cordial, you will probably receive an even more genuine greeting, for times have not been too flourishing for those who depend on the tourist trade. Things are about fifteen per cent cheaper in Spain and France than they have been, and even Italy is toeing the mark by doing away with many of those incomprehensible "special" taxes that have annoyed and dismayed travelers there for the past few years, and it is now possible to travel in that country about as reasonably as in France.

Morocco of the Moors

SAILING through the Mediterranean is one thing, and sailing around it is quite another. Touching first at Morocco, before you quite reach this sea of romantic memories, all the mystery of the ancient Moors seems to whisper to you through vistas of shadowed arcades, in the gleam of gay tiles, breeze-tossed fountains and latticed minarets piercing the heavens' own blue. Through Casablanca's streets moves a motley crowd of Mohammedans wrapped in their flowing *djellabos* (outer garments) of violet, coral, garnet and yellow; they tread softly in sleek slippers, rubbing shoulders with an occasional French officer in azure blue, or being elbowed by a swaying group of French jackies making the most of their shore leave. Over fine roads, which in the past fifteen years the French have built all through

Morocco, you may motor over to Rabat Salé, the residence of the Moroccan Sultan, or go on farther across the desert to Marrakesh and prowl around the Djemaa el Fna, an immense open tract in the centre of the town where mountebanks, dancers, story tellers and snake charmers vie with the merchants for your attention with their little shops, scarcely more than booths, where all manner of colorful native fabrics and wares are for sale. Shaggy camels kneel contentedly in close proximity to huffy little Fords, the quiet of the desert which seems part of their stately comings and goings in no way ruffled. If you linger, you may see an Arab *caïd* or chief ride into the golden dust in stately fashion on some hunting expedition, his falconer riding close to his horse's heels with half a dozen hooded falcons perched on his shoulders.

Algiers and the French Riviera

BACK again on shipboard, the fun of recounting adventures and exchanging experiences with fellow travelers is part of the joy of it all. Everybody has seen and done something different. You just have time for a few letters home, another quiet night at sea, when Algiers in all its dazzling whiteness gleams on the low African shore. From secret coves along the Algerian coast, the Deys once unleashed the pirates on the on-coming Christians and exacted heavy ransoms, but today in the bazaars we select our own precious plunder and stagger back to the ship laden almost as heavily as pirates with our trophies. From Algiers, where we have found the inimitable French touch, we push off for Ville Franche, where, with real French soil beneath our feet, we drink in the glories of the Riviera in springtime. Nice with its dazzling jewel shops, its gracious promenade, its quaint restaurants and smiling sunshine lies on one hand, and

on the other, a drive through vistas of beauty sets you down at the broad door of the world's most sought-out casino at Monte Carlo, and you present your identification card, obtained before you left the ship, otherwise you might be condemned to wander through the deserted gardens and never bend above the smooth green baize tables and hear the black mustached croupier hiss in the smothering silence, "*Messieurs, mesdames — faites vos jeux!*"

From Naples with her lazy blue bay and energetic volcano, you will go to Pompeii, follow again the faltering steps of Lydia, the sweet-faced blind girl of Bulwer Lytton's novel, through the once-ash strewn streets of the famous Roman city, and marvel at the work of the tireless excavators.

Into the Strongholds of Hannibal

AFRICA again. This time to Tunis, where the native city in its strange picturesqueness is set apart from the European section just as it is in Algiers. How flat the houses seem. . . . How narrow and shadowed the streets. The scent of burning charcoal drifts lazily through the still air. Hundreds of camels shamble along to the market. Their bells tinkle lightly, but they grunt. In the *souks*, or markets, we tread on the very toes of the Orient. Each *souk* is devoted to a single trade. Which will you visit first, the market for perfumes, for carpets, or jewels? It won't matter. You will linger long in each one, and buy and buy and buy, until some one whispers in your ear that this is really just about the beginning of things, and you must save something to spend in Cairo that has a few bazaars of its own, not to mention a good many delightful side trips along the Nile which will include our old friends the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

Old Frontiers Against Islam

IT MIGHT seem hard to jump mentally from one land to another on a cruise like this did they not all dovetail so perfectly in their histories. You simply must include them all, or lose the thread of the story. After Egypt, it seems inevitable that you find

out something more about the Holyland, when immediately you begin to question about the Turks and Istanbul, so long known to us as Constantinople. Then the shuttle weaves back to Malta, England's Mediterranean naval base, where at Valetta we see the lovely mediæval city built by the Knights of St. John with its ramparts, fortifications, and bastioned terraces that once withstood the on-rushing tides of the Moslem armies in their attempted attack on Christian Europe. We descend into early Christian catacombs, neolithic caves, and wander among the ruins of Phoenician temples and Roman villas. The tides of battle swing over to Spain and we trace its path clearly across the gentle island of Mallorca, where loveliness is gently removing the scars of battle, and, as a character seasoned by adversity glows with particular tenderness, so shines this loveable island near the Spanish coast, a magnet to all who know the Mediterranean.

New Zealand's First Official Welcomer — Pelorus Jack

NEW ZEALAND first captured my imagination and interest through the story of a great white whale — Pelorus Jack. When I heard the tale of this silvery monarch of the deep, he had for thirty years been acting the rôle of self-appointed host to all who approached Wellington by way of the sea. He claimed as his domain several miles in the stretch of water between French Pass and Pelorus Sound, full in the path of all passing steamers plying between Wellington and Nelson, and swimming out to meet them, both by day and by night, escorted them proudly through the blue waters, leaping, diving, swiftly swimming with an easy grace, until his welcome had become a tradition with every sea captain who made these ports. If the ships slowed down or stopped, Pelorus Jack was off like a flash, diving fathoms deep and disappearing. At night he left a glittering trail of green and gold in the phosphorescent sea. The strange thing about this whale was that he was always alone. Many thought that his color, which was a bluish white, caused him to be ostracized by his own kind whose skins are generally dark. Others accused him of being a pub-

licity hound who liked having his picture snapped from the sides of the ships by eager passengers for whom a glimpse of Pelorus Jack was a part of their anticipated itinerary. Those of a practical turn of mind surmised that he might be hungry, and that cuttlefish and tidbits from the ships were responsible for his unfailing welcome. But even food could not lure him from his own waters. After a while, though he had been shot at many times and seemed to bear a charmed life, the Government came to his aid and he was protected by an Act of Parliament. This proved him to have been something more than a fish story, as did his picture which was sent me later. Even in the legends of the Maori there was a Pelorus Jack, though to them he was known as *Kaikai-a-Ware*, who swam the same waters, meeting the high-prowed war canoes of the Maori warriors, and as joyfully piloting them home.

Surely one need never hesitate to visit a country that has for so long had an official welcomer. We may feel that our welcoming committees, which have become so essential in these days of air flights, are modern, but Pelorus Jack shows us that even these have long been the custom in New Zealand.

Forests Free from Fearful Things

SPREAD out on the map, New Zealand cuts very much the same figure as its motherland, though she is about a seventh larger than Great Britain and tremendously more sunny. She boasts most of the same race, too, with but four per cent of the native Maori. Her climate is much like that enjoyed by the countries skirting the Mediterranean Riviera, but with Oriental perversity New Zealand has her spring in September, October and November and her winter in June, July and August. Another thing about this country that is most pleasantly appealing to visitors is that you may go into her deep, luxuriant forests where the growth is almost tropical, and never see snakes, dangerous beasts, nor ever fear a fever-laden miasma, for there are none. After having just listened to the tales of a traveler who ventured into the jungles of Malaya where cobras crept about unsuspected in the grass, or curled themselves up for comfort beneath

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your pillows or sought the privacy of your bureau drawer, the forests of New Zealand became someway doubly precious and commendable. Why there are even certain species of ground-feeding birds there that have lost the power to fly because there were none of the usual enemies to creep up on them and tempt them to fly for their lives. New Zealand forests are particularly appealing because of the evergreen ferns which lend their softness to the vistas, some of them growing like great trees to a height of fifty feet or more. Forests are jealously cared for by the state because of the kauri pines, mammoth trees which are considered the world's largest timber yielders. How valuable they are may be deduced from the fact that in 1814 a military detachment was sent from England to procure kauri spars for the Royal Navy.

When New Zealand Was "Long White Cloud"

IN ONE way New Zealand is practically unique. She is one of the few countries

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in the world that has encouraged her native population, the Maoris, instead of wiping them out. Though the Maoris were not the original inhabitants of the islands, they had been in New Zealand for many centuries before the British landed on her shores, and had given her the graceful Maori name *Aotea-rea*, or Long White Cloud. With the arrival of white settlers, however, dark clouds gathered and there was bitter fighting between them until a treaty — the Treaty of Waitangi — was finally made with the native chiefs whereby the sovereignty of New Zealand was voluntarily ceded to Britain, but the whole of the land was left in the possession of the chiefs and their tribes, or such of the white settlers as had bought land from them. From this basis a better understanding and broader appreciation of each other was inevitable, and now, instead of the Maoris joining the vanishing races of the earth, the population of this interesting people is on the increase and a distinct renaissance is taking place in the revival of their ancient arts and crafts. For the Maoris are Polynesians, of the same race as the Hawaiians and Tahitians, that group of picturesque people who have so curiously combined the qualities of warrior and poet, sea rover and artist — who are hospitable, ceremony-loving, punctilious and withal so gently happy.

With the Maoris in Rotorua

ON YOUR visit to New Zealand you will want particularly to see something of the life of the Maori, and this desire will take you sooner or later to Rotorua in North Island where in remote districts they still retain many of their ancient customs. Though most of the Maoris now wear the clothes of the *Pakeha* (the white man), the women have not forgotten the art of weaving which has been their occupation for generations. Looms are of the most primitive character, but the robes which they fashion are wonderfully woven. They weave their fabrics from the long leaves of the flax plant, and even the preparation of the flax is no easy bit of work, for the long stiff green blades must be scraped and bleached before the process can be started. Dyes are made from

the bark and leaves of certain trees, and though their colors are rich, they lack the garishness often associated with primitive peoples. There was a time when the gentle art of tattooing must have kept most of the population extremely busy, either doing the work or being the patient, for the Maoris are most plentifully covered with these fearsome designs, but the fashion is changing and now only a few women in the outlying districts indulge in this beautifying process. Maoris love to dance and sing and the special pride of the younger women is the *Poi* Dance which is often performed to the rhythmic melody of a melting love song. When it comes to the men, however, sterner stuff is evident and it is not difficult to discern that their dances have been evolved with an eye to sport and to the development of more martial instincts; they usually dance the *Haka* with loud chants, much stamping of the feet, and a genial slapping of the sides as a ceremonial dance of welcome when we of the outside world find our way to their villages. And you may be sure that your welcome will be a rousing one.

Waitome Caves and Glow-worms

ALL through New Zealand, from one end to the other, are to be found scenes of beauty and interest. Auckland has a museum which houses a large collection of grotesque carvings, war canoes, implements, weapons and what-not that have to do with the Maori. Not far from Auckland by motor you come upon a group of limestone caves at Waitome among which is that one quite unforgettable lighted by countless hosts of glow-worms whose eerie light is reflected from thousands of glittering spears and sparkling fingers that we so unromantically know as stalagmites and stalactites. (Do you remember which is which?) This cave is one of the most strangely beautiful sights in the islands.

Throughout this part of the country are great thermal springs. At Rotorua, the chief town in the section, laid out and managed by the Government Tourist Department, there is a most popular spa, a magnificent bath house where the waters may be taken, tennis, golf and endless op-

portunity for fine hunting and fishing. Within walking distance are a number of Maori villages where life goes along as it did centuries ago, and you may watch a Maori meal being boiled in a quaint basket dropped into the deep hissing hotness of a sulphur spring. The geysers and sputtering steam vents all over this region are forever reminding you of Yellowstone, and just about the only thing you miss to complete the illusion are the hungry little cinnamon bears.

Wellington, because of its central situation, was made the capital of the country in 1865 and has grown to be the natural business center. But railroads and fine motor roads lace back and forth in the islands, making all points of interest readily available to the traveler. Officers of the Government Tourist Department, who have a thorough knowledge of local conditions and take a keen pride in their land, will help you plan itineraries, make reservations for hotels, trains, steamers and motors, and stand ready to be generally helpful in assisting you to see and do everything you desire while in their country, and all this is quite without charge of any kind.

Where New Zealand Comes First

NEW ZEALAND, as a country, has done much to promote the well-being of her people. She was the first country to establish universal penny postage; the first to institute non-contributory old-age pensions; the first British country to give women the parliamentary franchise; the first country to establish State coal mines, and State fire, life and accident insurance; the first to institute a scheme for the State to advance cheap money to settlers; and the first country to institute compulsory conciliation and arbitration to prevent strikes and lock-outs. In fact, New Zealand is a very pleasant country in which to live because there are no slums and little real poverty.

Bermuda — Where The King's Flag Flies

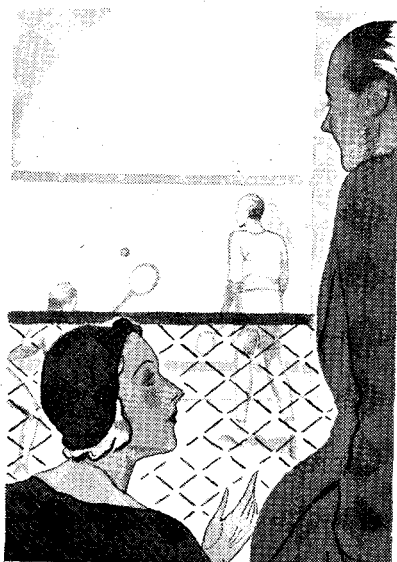
AMERICANS have been trying to exhaust the delights of Bermuda for a good many years now, but they are getting no-

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where with it. Time and time again they make their reservations and off they go to this alluring isle. Each time they return they are a little more enthusiastic than before, torn between the joy of sharing it with others and the desire for keeping it all to themselves. It is not too far away, yet it is, wholly different from these United States of ours. It wears the happy mien of the true British colonial possession. Formality and informality are balanced to a nicety. Its climate is what its devotees are forever bragging about. No matter if it does rain occasionally, the rain is different. You feel about rain down there the way the Scotsman does about his mist. Then, is it sailing or swimming that comes next in the long list of its attractions for you? It hardly matters. Diving through the surf that breaks along Bermuda's velvety beaches is, like diving through the clouds into the interminable blue of the sky. You don't mind how deep you go. And when you feel the tiller of a sailboat firm in your hand, and the breeze picks up the sail, whether it be in the sun of a fresh day or the silvery path of the moonlight, you don't mind how far you go.

Bermuda, being an island, is always expectant. There is forever the possibility of sighting a sail somewhere on the horizon. Ever since Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday enjoyed their little sojourn on an island, islands have worn an engaging air. They are intimate and cozy. You can get around them pleasantly. In Bermuda you waken long forgotten talents and ride a bicycle, or else you take the bull by the horns and learn. Peddle gaily and with not a care in the world over miles and miles of fine coral roads, with never the ghost of an automobile horn to wreck your contentment. Even the horses seem to step lightly.

Peaceful little white cottages nestle down in the security of real English gardens. The beloved Irish poet, Thomas Moore, peopled them with fairies, for we find that when he caught sight of these same white houses, he said, ". . . my shortsightedness always transforms them into temples, and I expect to see Nymphs and Graces come tripping from them." It may not be shortsightedness with us, but something about Bermuda sets it gently apart — an island of romance.

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bearish. As Standard Statistics points out, the Government's estimate of the cotton crop, placing the yield at over 15,500,000 bales, makes futile any hope of improvement in the statistical position of the fibre, since the present rate of consumption is only about 13 million bales per year. Even allowing for some expansion in use as the result of low prices and general business recovery, it is obvious that the 1931-32 crop year will end with a record carry-over. Under these circumstances, it is probable that cotton prices will seek even lower levels than are now prevailing.

Because of the hopeless outlook, the Government suggested that the farmers should destroy one third of their crops, but the Government must have had its fingers crossed when it made this suggestion because even it must know that such a plan could never be carried out. Cotton belongs with construction: these two great industries are not yet on the road to recovery.

Railroads

RAILROAD bonds, after being weak during most of August, showed a tendency toward improvement during the closing days of that month. This improvement occurred simultaneously with a renewal of rumors that the Interstate Commerce Commission would grant at least a part of the railroads' petition to increase freight rates. It is becoming increasingly apparent that a collapse of railroad credit is threatened unless something is done to increase their revenue. Unfortunately I have no inside information regarding the plans of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is expected to meet around the middle of next month. Great pressure will be brought to bear upon it to do something for the languishing carriers. What they principally need, of course, is something to carry.

Oil

THE recent action of the Governor of Oklahoma in curtailing the production of oil in his State has attracted a great deal of attention from financial observers. The price of crude oil has stiffened, and with it the prices of oil securities. An almost complete shut-down of the wells in East Texas and

also certain areas of Oklahoma has occurred, Standard Statistics points out, a situation which is rapidly creating a shortage of daily production. It is also expected that drastically curtailed output in East Texas will be ordered by the State Commission, when the fields resume production several weeks hence. The extension of these more favorable trends probably will result in a materially higher level of oil prices than those recently in effect.

Foreign Situation

WE CAN now look upon Mr. Hoover's moratorium move with enough perspective to form some opinion of its value. There is no doubt that in a negative sense it was a highly important move. Without it, Germany would have collapsed completely, and the rest of Europe suffered severely. European conditions are still serious, however, and if another crisis should occur it is unlikely that we could again produce a plan that would save the day. The situation in England is almost equally serious. The new coalition Government will have to solve that most disagreeable of problems — an unbalanced budget — before confidence in the pound is fully restored. In the face of this European situation it was generally expected that the foreign trade figures for July, published by the Department of Commerce, would show a sharp falling off of imports and exports. But, as the *Annalist* points out, nothing of the sort occurred. On the contrary, the average daily value of our exports, adjusted for seasonal variations, was \$7,011,000 as against \$7,019,000 in June, \$7,060,000 in May, and \$7,185,000 in April. Thus, while our exports dropped to the lowest level of the entire post-war period, they did so by a very narrow margin and indeed have remained remarkably steady for the last three months. Imports also gained, allowing for seasonal variation, and were at the highest level since last December. These foreign trade statistics do not, of course, prove that the foreign financial crisis is having no effect on our foreign trade. It is unquestionably too early for the full effects to be felt. But inasmuch as the crisis itself was merely the culmination of conditions which had been developing for some time, the absence of a July decline in

exports may for the time being be considered favorable.

Bonds

IN SPITE of the fact that abnormally low interest rates have prevailed throughout the year, bond prices are at approximately the same level as January. It is felt by many that few things would do as much to improve confidence and business as a strong bond market. Its failure to materialize can only be added to the bearish side of our ledger.

Stocks

A YEAR ago, it is now clear, a great many directors of large and important companies were "short against the box." It has been remarked that some of them would have closed down their factories entirely, if necessary, in order to get their stock back at lower levels. It is of great importance now to ascertain whether the majority of these men have covered their short positions. If so, they are once again long of their companies and are going to do everything in their power to make a good showing. If this has taken place the situation is materially different from that of last year; the short position in the market is weak and the trend is likely to be upward.

I think the best way for the outsider to judge the technical condition of the market is from a chart. A number of charts of market averages are published. These have shown that beginning with the peak of the 1929 bull market, the peak of every important rally has been lower than the peak of the previous one. A line may be drawn along these peaks and taken as the trend line of the bear market. If this trend line should be penetrated, a change in trend would be indicated and the conclusion might safely be drawn that the greater part of executives had bought back their stocks. This, in my opinion, would be one of the most bullish things that could happen, all other statistics notwithstanding.

Conclusion

IT IS my opinion that the autumn seasonal upturn in business will not mark the beginning of important recovery. Therefore I feel that there is no need for haste in accumulating securities for the long pull, although I should continue to hold those of sound com-

panies and add to commitments in the utility field on important setbacks.

NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

(Continued from page viii)

OUR TIMES

Battling the Crime Wave. By *Harry Elmer Barnes*. Boston: Stratford Company. \$2.00.

The new scientific treatment of criminals is presented here in terms for the general public. The author cites the deficiencies of the police and the brutality of the third degree among the obstacles to successful handling of crime, and attacks capital punishment as a deterrent of murder.

The Making of Adult Minds in a Metropolitan Area. By *Frank Lorimer*. New York: Macmillan and Company. \$2.00.

An analysis of community needs in adult education and the results of research into individual cases make this a study of value to educators and students of thought.

Golden Days of Soviet Russia. By *Adolf Carl Noé*. Chicago: Thomas S. Rockwell Company. \$2.00.

As a member of a Soviet commission on coal mining, Dr. Noé traveled widely in Russia. He presents without prejudice his findings on conditions there and lets the reader draw his own conclusions.

The Little Green Shutter. By *Brand Whitlock*. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.

The author believes that the Eighteenth Amendment has taken the place of the green shutter, as a shield to drinkers.

Looking Them Over. By *Jesse Homer Barnhardt*. Boston: Stratford Company. \$2.00.

Current topics in various fields are treated with serious thought but with humor of expression.

FICTION

Man of Miracles. By *Maurice LeBlanc*. New York: Macaulay. \$2.00.

An account of the daring exploits of an eccentric man — with thrilling innovations in the realm of mystery.

Two Men in Me. By *Daniel Rops*. Chicago: Thomas S. Rockwell Company. \$2.00.

In four short stories man's struggles against his environment is attributed to a second personality which desires more action and achievement than the dull order of life affords.

Snug Harbour. By *W. W. Jacobs*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

A collection of fifty-eight short stories about characters who make very entertaining company.

VARIED OTHERS

The Golden Thread. By *Pbilo M. Buck, Jr.* New York: Macmillan Company. \$4.00.

The story of the tradition of thought is traced from ancient Greece to the present day, with its perplexity of spirit.