

his five associates in Kentucky. The indictment charged conspiracy to violate the National Prohibition Act by withdrawing liquor under fraudulent permits. The defendants, including Congressman Langley, were convicted. Each one was given two years at Atlanta and a fine of \$10,000. At present, however, they are free, awaiting another trial, as they appealed to a higher court. Congressman Langley has been re-elected to his seat in Congress. I was told that because he voted "dry" he had the support of the "drys."

I interviewed Commissioner Roy A. Haynes. He said:

"Prohibition in the United States has progressed marvelously. Drunkenness has almost disappeared. Any honest observer will tell you that there are no longer any drunks to be seen anywhere. Of course there may be some people who

have so far forgotten themselves that they have taken a drink of whisky, but these constitute a smaller group as compared to the larger one composed of those who uphold the law."

Recognizing this as a set speech which is evidently given out to all interviewers (I have read it in several papers), I asked him if he thought that the prohibition enforcement agents were actually efficient and trustworthy.

"They are the most loyal group of men who ever worked for this country," he replied. "There never was a more high-grade group of law enforcement officials anywhere."

After hearing the Commissioner start on the "with one fell swoop we cleaned up this whole country" speech, I gave it up.

His latest enforcement move is to start this July, when \$50,000 will be spent on prohibition posters to be placed

in public buildings. In some parts of the country enforcement agents will have to keep a watchful guard to keep the posters unmarred and in place.

The sum of my interview with Wayne B. Wheeler, of the Anti-Saloon League, was his statement: "Things are going ahead faster in solving the problem of National prohibition than they were with State prohibition. And conditions will continually get better. We'll step into the districts where they are electing 'wet' officials and shake things up. It won't be long before we get enough dry votes to pass the Civil Service Bill."

All in all, conditions in Washington were quite discouraging. Hope seems to center in the magnificent energy of Assistant Attorney-General Willebrandt and the workmanlike way in which General Lincoln C. Andrews has undertaken the enforcement task.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

"Foiled Again!" Hissed the Villain

Reviews by R. D. TOWNSEND

ABOUT this time of year the canny publishers, aware that summer is not just the best time to sell novels of serious social purpose, provide a flock of exciting detective tales to fill corners in the vacationers' kit bags. Five such stories, well adapted to the purpose of keeping one awake over the camp-fire, have alighted on this reviewer's desk. Three of them are by writers whose names are not usually associated with crime and conspiracy, and perhaps this fact shows that (following the example of Eden Phillpotts, the distinguished novelist of Devonshire) the novelists, like the publishers, are finding good summer grazing in the fields of sensationalism.

If you found at the end of the first chapter of a story that a girl, late at night, followed by a man she distrusted, had knocked at a strange door, and it was opened by a young man who stammered, "You can come in if you like; but there's a dead man in the house, and it looks as though I'd murdered him," do you think you would rest until you knew just who the murderer was? I trow not. "Mrs. Fuller"¹ seems to me the most satisfying of these five stories, not so much as a criminal puzzle, but as em-

bodying a singular and well-sustained situation. Its people are not dummies (in the average detective tale murder is about as emotional an affair as gum chewing), its love story is engaging, its incidents are well told, and in Judd, the butler, we have a capital character. Yet the writer is not a practitioner in this branch of literature. Marguerite Bryant is best known as the author of "Christopher Hibbault, Roadmender," a serious and thoughtful study of industry and character.

So with Archibald Marshall's "The Mystery of Redmarsh Farm."² The manner of writing retains the urbanity and ease of his "Exton Manor" and "The Cliftons," but there is crime, mystery, wrong imputation of sinister motives, intricate following of misleading clues, enough to shock permanently the gentlemanly and lady-like characters who so genteelly entertain us in the author's earlier and more sedate books. The purveyors of crime and detective yarns may well note that their branch of fiction is none the worse for an infusion of courtly style and well-presented characters and dialogue. Some addicts may cry, "A little more jazz, Mr. Marshall,"

yet he has turned out a satisfactory specimen of plot story.

Perhaps it is stretching things a little to call Mr. McKenna's "An Affair of Honor"³ a detective story; yet, as a matter of fact, thousands of amateur detectives, urged by the press, besides the police force and at least one High Constable, are in this story engaged in the search of defiers at Oxford of the English law against dueling. A lady's name had been lightly aspersed; defiance and challenge followed; "in the gray dawn," as customary, the combat took place, and one man was wounded (accidentally). We do not violate confidence if we state that the slandered lady was the late Queen Elizabeth. In short, England fell to the spoofing of these Oxford lads. All very clever; but one of the chaps says that a "rag" isn't very funny in cold type—nor, one may add, is it quite substantial enough to make a book. Mr. McKenna's Sonia novels more fairly represent his talent.

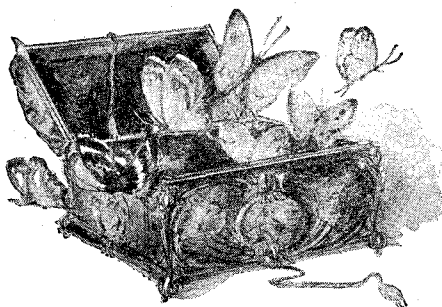
Mr. Fletcher has an enormous following of readers. He is a clever inventor of mysteries, but not more so than several others. Where he scores is in the quickly moving action of his crooks and their pursuers and the originality of his devices; in this new tale of his, for instance, we find costly art treasures concealed in a stuffed goose.⁴ The subject

¹ Mrs. Fuller. By Marguerite Bryant. Duffield & Co., New York. \$2.

² The Mystery of Redmarsh Farm. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

³ An Affair of Honor. By Stephen McKenna. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.50.

⁴ The Annexation Society. By J. S. Fletcher. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$2.



Her mind was crowded with beautiful stories, shut in; like butterflies in a box

A STRAIN of music, the smell of wet lilacs, the sight of a new bright ribbon above an aging face—these came to her as impressions, but they stayed with her, and grew, till they almost hurt, shut in so tight and no door to open.

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is novel, and is said to have a basis in a newspaper headline about a supposed conspiracy to steal famous works of art. One doesn't exactly believe in the band of criminals, but we admire their agility and like exceedingly the boyish Jimmie Trickett, who hunts the super-villain, escapes alive, and incidentally wins a charming girl. Here action is everything and probability is nowhere.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim* is really the dean of living fiction criminologists. I don't know how many novels he has written; thirty-four, including this new one, have been reviewed in *The Outlook*; probably we have missed a few. Always he builds up his plot deliberately and develops it skillfully, and he rarely fails to mystify us in whole or in part. Here, for instance, the reader may partly guess the solution, yet (unless he "peeks" or is abnormally astute) he will find a surprise. There is an Oriental and mystic element in the plot; and the evil influence of one of twin Chinese images, the Body and the Soul—or, as we would say, the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—more or less excuses the wrong-doing of those into whose possession the Chinese Mr. Hyde came. Even so, there seems a bit too much indifference to temple violation, robbery by force, repudiation of a pledge of honor, burglary, and so on. But these little acts were those of a brave and titled young Briton, who simply had to be the hero of the story! Carping aside, the book is absorbing as a plot story and should keep almost any one awake over camp-fire, or even after a strenuous day of golf.

* Fallen Idols. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.

The New Books

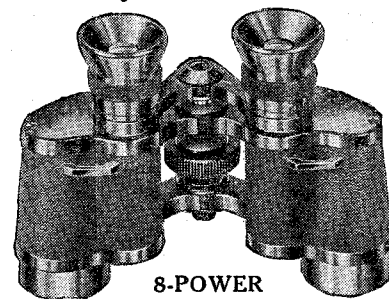
BIOGRAPHY

SUN YAT-SEN AND THE CHINESE REPUBLIC:
By Paul Linebarger. The Century Company, New York. \$4.

Great indeed would be our gratitude to Judge Linebarger did this book fulfill the magnificent promises of the cover blurb; for this blurb invites us to expect a masterful biography of one of the most fascinating, enigmatic, and important personalities of recent times; the living man against the authentic Celestial background. But the book does not fulfill those promises; it is, in fact, a woeful disappointment.

Mr. Linebarger became interested in the revolutionary movement in China when he was Circuit Judge in the Philippines, 1901-7. After resigning that office, he became "somewhat active in Dr. Sun's support;" but he does not vouchsafe particulars as to the nature or

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