

Won't Talk About," is one deeply to interest the thoughtful and catch the attention of the thoughtless—a book of fiery sincerity and of forceful and brilliant execution. Its chapters on "American Fascism," "Uses of Sedition," "Arsenals of Hatred," and the rest are such as to arouse vehement approval or table-pounding dissent. (Personally, I incline to cheer much and to pound a few times, but hard.) Unfortunately, the people who ought most to read what Mr. Aikman has to say are least likely to; but if a Klansman, a Babbitt, or a Fundamentalist does go to bed with a broken leg, steal his favorite magazine and lay the book within reach. It would be an act of good citizenship, though possibly productive of apoplectic complications.

Fiction

THE DEEP SEAM. By Jack Bethea. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$2.

A fine and well-balanced story. From the start the relations of Christine (the wife of a scoundrel) with the superintendent of a coal mine who has caused the scoundrelly husband to be discharged and black-listed seize the attention. The interest holds firm to the end through exciting incidents and startling developments. The knowledge of the coal industry possessed by the author is minute, but he never lets it bore the reader; rather, he uses it as the chosen background for a struggle between good and evil, distrust and faith. Thus we have an "industrial novel" quite out of the ordinary—dramatic and exciting.

CHILD OF THE WILD. By Edison Marshall. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. \$2.

Cast up by the sea on the coast of Hopeless Land, seven-year-old Sam somehow survives, lives among Alaskan Indians, and in due time and after many adventures finds his own folks and downs the general belief that he is "half Injun." Just a fair-to-middling tale of its class.

FIRE BRAIN. By Max Brand. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.

"Red Hawk," the red devil of a Texas valley, is no half-way villain. He shoots, stabs, tortures, holds up stages, acquires hundreds of thousands of dollars. He is so acquisitive that some think he must be a white man. Whoever he is, he sure "gets his" in the end. Mystery, danger, plot, love—and plenty of them.

Biography

MEMOIRS OF LEON DAUDET. Edited and Translated by Arthur Kingsland Griggs. The Dial Press, New York. \$5.

An entertaining and unintentionally amusing book by one of those delightful anachronisms, a partisan of the pretender to the throne of France. M. Daudet,

son of the famous novelist, really wishes to restore the French monarchy, and to turn somebody or other into Henry V, or, maybe, Jean IV, *Roi de France*, with the white flag and gold lilies and all the rest of it. Here he tells of his acquaintance with authors and statesmen and other public characters in France for the past fifty years.

Humorous Poetry

WHAT THE QUEEN SAID, AND FURTHER FACETIOUS FRAGMENTS. By Stoddard King. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.50.

A volume of good light verse is so rare a thing, and such a joy, that we wish highly to commend this one. There are three or four poems in it which we would gladly quote; there is space for only this one:

A writer owned an Asterisk,
And kept it in his Den,
Where he wrote tales (which had large sales)
Of frail and erring men;
And always, when he reached the point
Where carping Censors lurk,
He called upon the Asterisk
To do his dirty work.

At first the gentle Asterisk
Would blush a rosy red,
But, soaked with sin, it soon rushed in
Where Angels fear to tread;
And reveled in the sort of scenes
That run along like this:
"Nothing can matter . . . but our love . . ."
"Her soul was in that kiss * * * * *"
* * * * *

So well the Writer plied his craft,
His work became the rage,
And, by demand, he turned his hand
To writing for the Stage;
But there the Censor was so kind,
The plane of Art so high,
He needed now no Asterisk
To get his rough stuff by.

An outcast and a wanderer
That Asterisk became;
It knew no trade that really paid
Excepting that of Shame.
Within the playwright's busy Den
The fire was warm and bright,
As, with a sigh, the Asterisk
Went out into the night * * *

History

THE WAR FOR SOUTHERN INDEPENDENCE. Vol. VI of A History of the United States. By Edward Channing. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$4.75.

Here is a history of the Civil War at once readable and just. If any Northern historian can ever write of this war so as to be acceptable to fair-minded Southerners, Professor Channing has done it here. Such rabid fanatics as that Daughter of the Confederacy who re-

cently declared that Lincoln's true purpose in the Emancipation Proclamation was to set the Negroes on to assault Southern women would naturally be pleased with nothing short of the speech of the excited secessionists in Charleston in 1860. But to a Northern reader this book seems to be written without bitterness; to grant many of the Southern contentions; and to be the work of a genuine historian who seeks only the truth.

ANDREW JACKSON'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE BRITISH; OR, THE MISSISSIPPI TERRITORY IN THE WAR OF 1812. By Mrs. Dunbar Rowland. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.50.

This is an expansion of a lesser volume issued in 1921 as one of the publications of the Mississippi Historical Society. Most of the campaigning was against the civilized Indians, who, being better treated by the English than by their American neighbors, constituted a danger during the War of 1812. The Battle of New Orleans, though fought after the conclusion of peace, restored a lost prestige to American arms and gave Jackson his well-deserved fame as a soldier. The book fills in many details lacking in general history.

Travel

MY AFRICAN NEIGHBORS: MAN, BIRD, AND BEAST IN NYASALAND. By Hans Coudenhove. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.50.

"One may read whole books about tropical Africa without feeling its atmosphere with the intensity impressed in a second by the mention, for instance, of a crocodile basking in the sun on a sandbank by a lazy river; or of a solitary elephant standing under a mimosa tree in an expanse of *Sansevieria*, spraying itself with red laterite dust; or of lemurs dancing a fandango on the top of a cocoanut palm in the full moon of Zanzibar." It is not necessary to read much more than that sentence to know that one has in hand a book of distinguished quality. Except for a few months in England in 1898, the author has not been outside of Africa since 1896. Quite satisfied with his exile, he has intensively cultivated the acquaintance of the natives, and of the mongooses, baboons, and ravens of which he writes with so much interest and charm. If there is any fault to be found with the book, it is the somewhat unnecessary profusion of stale foreign phrases. And the title of Count Keyserling's book is not "The Traveling Diary of a Philosopher."

A TROPICAL TRAMP WITH THE TOURISTS. By Harry L. Foster. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$3.

Mr. Foster has frequently favored the public with his impressions of travel in the tropics from the view-point of a lit-

erary bum, and this volume is neither worse nor better than the others. On this occasion Mr. Foster acted as shepherd for a flock of tourists through the Caribbean and across South America, and on those pages where he is not being a guide-book seems depressed by the character of his charges. He will have the sympathy of any who have experienced the American tourist in group lots, and those who are contemplating such a cruise as he describes will probably enjoy the book.

War Books

FIX BAYONETS! By John W. Thomason, Captain U. S. Marine Corps. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3.50.

Captain Thomason contrives to revive in these informal essays emotions long dormant—the agonizing sense of impending death when the soldier lies helpless under shell fire, the ecstasy of the assault, the atavistic lust to kill. This is no military *vade mecum* of a Jomini, nor does it faintly resemble the works of Bernhardi and other protagonists of war for its own sake. The author is neither propagandist nor apologist. He is quite simply intent on describing the mental and physical reactions of soldiers in battle. The book can be easily read in an evening, and once begun one does not lay it aside unfinished. Fully as interesting as the text are the illustrations drawn by the author during campaign. Like his prose, they ring true. He portrays Marines and Senegalese in bayonet attacks, soldiers firing, throwing grenades, marching in serried column along the poplar-lined route. This Captain of Marines better than any of his American contemporaries catches the spirit of the man who advances across a stricken field to kill or be killed, and the fascination of war that makes it one of the two supreme emotional experiences. This he has done without apparent effort, displaying the ease not of a technician but of an artist. Without minimizing the horrors of the battlefield, the sights and sounds and smells unholy, or idealizing his characters he manages to convey an impression of the moral greatness of the common man transcending death itself. "Fix Bayonets!" is a triumph of realistic exposition, a book of exceptional distinction.

Miscellaneous

THE LIBERTY BELL: ITS HISTORY AND SIGNIFICANCE. By Victor Rosewater. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.75.

A plain but readable story of the history and traditions of the bell that rang out the proclamation of the birth of the United States; well worth the perusal of all who have visited or hope to visit the old State House in Philadelphia.

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