

VICKI BAUM's *Martin's Summer* (Cosmopolitan, \$2) brings out with fetching force the fact that the behavior of men and women around bathing beaches is the same the world over. Nothing takes place in this novel, which is so much summer reading in contents as well as in title, that might not have happened with equal logic anywhere in the United States, from Sunset Beach, dammed-up from Lake Lynn in West Virginia, to the million-dollar boardwalk off the Jersey Coast. If there be a single difference, it lies in the fact that Dr. Martin Heil gives his swimming lessons at Fraunsee for a few cents per struggle, while his American colleague would have charged more and done less. Otherwise our gifted author, whose *Grand Hotel* richly deserves translation, lets us down with a menu based on the attempts of a hotelful of women to catch a single man who is more interested in his own business than in their idle wiles.

Martin, having invented a non-inflammable film, sends his agent to this country to have it patented while he ekes out a living by acting as life guard and swimming instructor at the Petermann Hotel on Ladies Lake. Martin is as handsome as handsome can be, and when his brown muscles swell, hearts heave from the front piazza, the boathouse—in fact, from any place where women of all ages and marital complications, or unattached ambitions, chance to be. There is no predicament into which he does not fall before Meyer returns with the best of news. But Meyer returned just in time. Martin nearly died from blood-poisoning brought on by a scratch on a rusty nail, a wound inflicted while diving to recover a deaf-and-dumb *habituée* of Petermann's. And despite a whole summer of waiting for the good news, the book closes with a note of doubt in Martin's mind: Which is better? Half starving while waiting, or growing fat with a young wife who will in time be an old wife, and a business which in time will be a big business?

The United States, with the exception of the stretch from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, is entirely surrounded by water. This means thousands of beach miles. Every state has lots of lakes; Minnesota alone has fifteen hundred of them. This means fifteen hundred bathing resorts. Where there is no lake the Chamber of Commerce puts in a swimming pool. This means another resort. At each of these and all around the country Vicki Baum's *Martin's Summer* could well be placed, along with Gideon Bibles, tourist guides, and the *Christian Science Monitor*. For reading matter is as essential a part of a resort as are towels. And Vicki Baum's novel, apart

from being quite amusing, is informative and uplifting. It shows men what women are like; and women what men dislike—an excess of attention, and rusty nails.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

"SIMPLE PETER CRADD," the newest novel from the prolific pen of E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little Brown, \$2), is rather a radical departure from the accustomed vein of "the prince of story tellers." Said to have been written solely to gratify a long standing ambition of the author, it nevertheless lacks none of the Oppenheim best-selling qualities. The story concerns itself with an English leather-goods salesman whom we discover at the age of forty-six saddled with a nagging, unappreciative and uninteresting family and on the verge of bankruptcy. Without warning he inherits three hundred thousand pounds from an almost forgotten cousin in Australia. He divides it with his family, leaves them to their own devices and invades the English countryside to pursue his spiritual education. "The good life" unfolds itself to him under the guidance of the vicar's charming sister. This lady he eventually marries when the nagging wife of his unhappy past would have her freedom. The story is told with the usual Oppenheim skillful craftsmanship. It holds one's interest and can be heartily recommended for light reading. It does seem, however, that after an author has written a hundred and fifteen novels he would have learned to avoid such mechanical inaccuracies as referring to the same lady's hair as being three different colors within ten pages. He also has a way of seating a lady on a couch and a few minutes later he has her shift about in her "chair." Perhaps one grows careless after so many years of doing the same thing.

BERNICE WHITEMORE.

"THE SHORTEST NIGHT," by G. B. Stern (Knopf, \$2.50). G. B. Stern, trying her hand at a mystery story, shows us Fred Poole, dead in bed the morning after his return to Villa Aloes, where Sophia Framlingham was entertaining a houseparty of young people from London. Prunella and Paul had been out on a mysterious errand that night. The cup of tisane found by Fred's bed—had it been brewed by Rumples, and did it contain poison? And how about the remark Nancy heard Lal make over the telephone? Presently the much grander houseparty next door, which includes a half-Russian motorboat racer, an M. P., and Prince Lemburg-Boissy, becomes involved, and the plot swirls, thickens and slowly clears, leaving us with an impression of much good dia-

## Educational Opportunities in PRIVATE SCHOOLS and UNIVERSITIES

### CHERRY LAWN SCHOOL

A Progressive Boarding School. Boys and girls, 10 to 18. Elementary, college preparatory. Large faculty, limited enrollment. 27 Acres, farm, lake, gymnasium, open-air classes and sleeping porches.

17th year  
September 23, 1931—June 18, 1932  
Address the Registrar  
GRACIE STREET DARIEN, CONN.

### GREENBRIER COLLEGE

120th Year. Accredited Junior College and High School for Young Women. Also Music, Art, Dramatics or Secretarial Courses. Social Training.

Outdoor life at 2300 feet above Sea Level. All recreational activities, including Horseback Riding, Tennis, Golf, Basketball and Swimming in the famous White Sulphur Springs Pool.

All-inclusive rate, \$675 year  
FRENCH W. THOMPSON, PRES., BOX 25,  
LEWISBURG, WEST VIRGINIA

### JENNINGS SEMINARY

A School for Girls in an ideal Suburban Location, 37 miles from Chicago.

Accredited Preparation for College. Small classes under college-trained teachers.

Domestic Science, Secretarial, Art, Music, Dramatics, Physical Education Courses.

Outdoor sports, Basketball, Swimming. Unusual advantages at Moderate Cost.

ABBIE PROBASCO, PRINCIPAL, BOX O,  
AURORA, ILLINOIS

### MITCHELL SCHOOL

Specializing in the education of boys under 17. Specially trained staff.

20 miles from Boston. Wholesome atmosphere. Healthful location. Spacious grounds. Complete modern equipment.

All athletic sports. Horsemanship. Camp Skylark in Summer.

A. H. MITCHELL, DIRECTOR, BOX A,  
BILLERICA, MASS.

### PERKINS

#### School of Adjustment

Scientific understanding and education of Children of Retarded Development.

Unsurpassed Home and School Equipment on 72 Acre Estate.

Medical Direction. Experienced Staff. Tuition \$2000.

FRANKLIN H. PERKINS, M. D., BOX 59,  
LANCASTER, MASS.

### WESLEY COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

Fully Accredited. Thorough preparation for any college. Excellent Business, Music and Art Courses.

Modern Gymnasium, Swimming Pool and Athletic Field.

Endowment permits rate of \$500. Co-educational.

CLARENCE A. SHORT, M. S., PRESIDENT, BOX T, DOVER, DELAWARE

### SCHOOL OF NURSING of Yale University

A Profession for the College Woman.

The thirty months' course, providing an intensive and varied experience through the case study method, leads to the degree of Bachelor of Nursing.

Two or more years of approved college work required for admission. A few scholarships available for students with advanced qualifications.

Address: THE DEAN  
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Write direct to any of these schools for more information about the character and experience of their faculty, excellent equipment and their varied program of sports.

If you need further discriminating advice, write to Porter Sargent, 11 Beacon St., Boston, Mass., who for the last fifteen years has been helping parents solve their educational problems.

logue and an interesting play of character, supporting a plot which is no better than it should be. We wish that more of the mystery stories we read were written with Miss Stern's competence and lightness of touch. But we'd rather Miss Stern didn't write them.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

**"THE Delicate Situation,"** by Naomi Royde-Smith (Harpers \$2.50).

This unusually charming novel is for a special audience. Its leisurely tempo, romantic atmosphere and, especially, its subtle irony will not please all readers. A more appropriate title could not have been found. In the phrase—a delicate situation—an era is implied. For the setting of the story of love and betrayal we have a country community in Victorian England. The chief characters are those which the Victorian novelists have taught us to expect to meet in such a setting. Miss Lena Quibell, retired governess, and Miss Christina Martin, former curate's sister, keep the Library and Emporium in Queen's Beaton. Miss Quibell tactfully keeps in touch with her former pupils. Miss Martin censors the reading for the town, covering in black those novels which had best not be read by ladies, and cherishes the fact that she is the only person in town who is privileged to bow to the unpopular lady of the castle. Into the resigned and placid lives of these ladies comes lovely Mary Paradise. She is Miss Quibell's niece, and it was her mother's weak and heedless act which, years before, closed the door of Miss Quibell's life. The fascinating libertine who has already been seen, off-stage, by Miss Quibell and others of the story, steps out into the full light close behind Mary Paradise; and Miss Quibell's scarcely acknowledged bitterness as well as the timidity of the two spinsters in the face of a delicate situation are the deciding factors in Mary's touching and tragic downfall.

*The Delicate Situation* is an extremely skillful piece of work. The plot is one which is, today, rarely taken seriously. But Miss Royde-Smith does take it seriously and obliges her readers to do so, too. She invests her characters, even to the Byronic hero, with reality, evokes for them quite definite sympathies and antipathies. She adopts, simply and affectionately, the Victorian point of view, with all its absurdities; leaving the irony which lies between the lines of her book to be put into words by her readers. Even her language is mid-Victorian with its stilted copy-book quality and delicate affectations. We have had, recently, a number of excellent novels in the Victorian form, long,

melodramatic, thickly populated with type characters. And we have had some fantasies, quaint and amusing, in the Victorian manner. But *The Delicate Situation* is not quite like these. One might say that it is the record of part of her life as seen by Miss Lena Quibell, a mid-Victorian lady, and that Miss Quibell was born before her time, of it, but able to stand off and look at it.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

### The Week's Reading

**"CLIVE,"** by R. J. Minney (Appleton, \$5). The bare outline of the life of Robert Clive is romantic. From obscure beginnings he rose to great heights; and from those heights was thrust or fell or leaped, according to the



From "Chin Chin Chinese Man" by Frances Nowlin Head (Dutton)

way one reads his character and story. An unmanageable boy, trained for nothing except clerking, he was sent out to India and there became a great soldier, a statesman and the actual founder of the British Empire in India. He made an enormous fortune and was dishonorable in his dealings with the Indians; so that he was hated by both the high-minded and the low. Partly disgraced and generally discredited, he took to drugs and died, perhaps a suicide. Mr. R. J. Minney, a young English historian, has written a long biography of Clive, far less impressive, for all its detail, than the meagre outline of his story without embellishments. This reviewer sees no occasion for a new biography of Clive. Only eager students of Anglo-Indian history could care for details of his military campaigns and political dealings and double-dealings. Except for elaborations there is nothing in Minney's book which cannot be found in Macaulay's essay on Clive. Not a little of Macaulay's high-flown rhetoric has found its way with few changes into Minney's book. If you want to read about Clive, this reviewer recommends Macaulay rather than Minney. Minney's *Clive* is ponderous, dull and badly written. A man who writes on one page—"It recoiled from their bad livers and their

gorgeous liveries, their tawny complexions and their tarnished reputations"; and on another "—he was a little peeved that no official note of praise or gratitude was sent him,"—may be a good historian but is certainly a bad writer.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

**"HALF-WAY,"** by Cecil Roberts (Appleton, \$3.50). The reader should go at least half-way in *Half-Way*, in order to get Mr. Roberts' account of what he saw and heard in war-time. Here for once he gets out of his egocentricity, exhibitionism and diletantism. He describes vividly the end of the war and the entry of the Allies into German territory. The picture he gives is, as he says, one of "delirious acclamation of victorious troops by a starved, ravished, but uncowed people on the one hand, and the mute witnessing of humiliation by the Germans on the other." Apart from that and from a few amusing anecdotes, the average reader will fail to feel interest in the annals of the author's acquaintance with famous people—writers, actors, statesmen and social notables. To Mr. Roberts his memories of people met, places visited, and the like, are of course important and entertaining as are also the remarks of the notables about himself. But, with the exceptions noted, there is surprisingly little of permanent general interest, considering the author's varied experiences as schoolmaster, journalist, editor, novelist, lecturer and traveler.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

**O**F BOOKS on great musicians there is no end; it may justly be said that their quantity is exceeded only by their lack of quality. We have many formidable tomes, of the type known as "scholarly," which smell of midnight oil and aim to include even the slightest facts; valuable solely as works of reference. There are also monographs much less voluminous, striving rather to make the musician's greatness manifest to the reader. This is a far more difficult achievement; to succeed, the author must not merely be a scholar, but also an artist capable of true rapport with his subject; able to see the forest as well as the trees, and, above all, having the literary, dramatic and imaginative gifts to evoke, in his pages, a living man. Such books are scarce. We have Vincent d'Indy's immortal *César Franck* and Ernest Newman's *Hugo Wolf*, the latter, unhappily, out of print. Romain Rolland has failed through the obtuseness of his personal philosophy. Now, however, there has appeared a new biographical study well worthy of a place beside those of d'Indy and Newman. This is