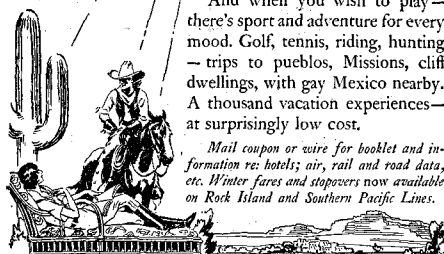


BASK in warm dry, all-winter sunshine

Let yourself relax in the rays of our warm desert sunshine... they'll melt away your cares and worries. For winter days are golden days of leisure in Tucson.

And when you wish to play—there's sport and adventure for every mood. Golf, tennis, riding, hunting—trips to pueblos, Missions, cliff dwellings, with gay Mexico nearby. A thousand vacation experiences—at surprisingly low cost.

Mail coupon or wire for booklet and information re: hotels; air, rail and road data, etc. Winter fares and stopovers now available on Rock Island and Southern Pacific Lines.



TUCSON Sunshine-Climate Club ARIZONA

1101-D Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona
Please send me the free "Sunshine Booklet"

Name _____

Address _____

**Now Only
One Dollar**

FEAR

By JOHN R. OLIVER

Thousands of readers troubled with big fears and little fears have found peace and comfort in this book. If you have any worries, read it today.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY • NEW YORK

Home in New York

The Parkside, opposite Gramercy Park, is home to those who like charm and quiet, and smartness without sophistication. All rooms are single, cozy size bedrooms—with that inviting air of a guest room in a private house. A few connecting rooms. Roof terraces and pent-house solarium devoted exclusively to guests. A delightful dining room, where good food, skillfully cooked, is deftly served. Comfort, restfulness and modern convenience prevail. Centrally located, and not expensive.

Rooms \$15.00 to \$22.50 weekly
\$2.50 to \$3.50 daily
(Single rooms only)

The Parkside

Eighteen Gramercy Park

SOUTH
COR. E. 20th St. and IRVING PLACE
New York
Gramercy 5-6000

torical figures but the ordinary types have already taken on the aspect of heroes moving from one romantic episode to another.

Now comes Evelyn Scott with a bitter antidote for this pabulum. Bringing fully as much sympathy for her people and pride in her country as the most patriotic maker of fables, she approaches her theme with vast knowledge and awesome understanding. She writes of the life as it was, chronicling truthfully the great moments and the petty incidents. That the story turns out to be a calendar of mean vice rather than an epic of valorous virtue is less her doing than might be supposed. In that turbulent, anarchic epoch of the Civil War, when every man's life was a negation of the religion he professed and a conflict against the mores he held just and proper, sin was irresistible and inevitable. Miss Scott presents it in just that way.

The scope and character of her subject matter force a nervous disorder on the fourteen hundred pages of throbbing prose in which the author tells the tale of fifty years of American life. To read it is a somewhat difficult but genuinely thrilling experience.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO.

Man's Coming of Age

Woman's Coming of Age
Ed. By
Samuel D. Schmalhausen
and V. F. Calverton
Liveright, \$3.75

Reading along in this voluminous symposium, one becomes increasingly aware that it has not come off quite as the editors had planned. There is, first, a tug of war between the editors and the invited contributors. The editors had decided (as the title indicates) that women were in transition, in revolt against men and monogamy and motherhood. But the contributors, blandly oblivious of this stirring program, proceeded to demonstrate, by application of both historical and scientific perspectives, that women were not changing at all, that they wanted not freedom from their age-old obligations, but rather the right to pursue them in peace, with the aid and sympathy of men. This is particularly stressed by the feminine contingent of contributors, which brings us to our second point of tension—the differences of opinion between the men and the women writers.

The men have chosen to regard sex as a purely scientific matter, of no emotional consequence save excitement and the pursuit of novelty. Such a concept must lead to the conclusion that monogamy is an absurdity, and Mr. V. F. Calverton says just that. Yet, in her essay, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, a noted feminist, describes monogamy as "the

highest personal happiness." Mr. Calverton's paper is, in fact, a vigorous declaration of all that the women contributors negate, just as vigorously. He is delighted that women have at last become the equals of men because birth control has freed them from the "threat" of pregnancy, and has shifted "the emphasis in sex life from its procreational aspects to the recreational." But women do not desire to be free of pregnancy, nor do they care to consider sex as "recreational." Mary Ross writes: "Most women, I believe, desire both marriage and children." Dora Russell asks that pregnancy be regarded not as a threat and an ugly interlude, but as a thing of beauty and a privilege. Rebecca West demands the right to have children, declaring it to be an experience "strengthening and stimulating to both mind and body." And Miss Gilman, again, writes that sex for recreation must lead to "every degree of disharmony, all extremes of disease and vice, and such frequent unhappiness in mating that it is the commonest joke. What is there which leads us to believe that it is normal and advantageous?"

One is led, here, to a most interesting conclusion. It having been demonstrated in many of these essays that man has consistently fashioned women in conformance with his own desires, for his own uses, one wonders whether the new freedom clarified by some of these male prophets is not just one more wrinkle of the old game. Curiously, we find a hint of this in Mr. Schmalhausen's paper on the "War of the Sexes." He writes, speaking of man's hypocrisies: "His most recent and most subtle way is to grant her [woman] equality sexually and then to use her sex more light-heartedly and trivially—with her sportsmanlike consent—than he has ever dared to do before." Out of our own mouths are we condemned!

THE symposium, then, is at war with itself. Its title is faulty and might better have been worded "Man's Coming of Age," for certainly it is his point of view that must change. Those writers who would press a brainless and extravagant liberty upon women are no more in sympathy with her real desires than are those bigots who would keep her from any liberty whatever. Both are bent upon creating instruments for their pleasure. The women who have written for this volume indicate that they know the true from the false freedom, and it is their writings, plus the papers by Havelock Ellis, J. M. Robertson and Huntington Cairns, which form the valuable portion of the book.

N. L. ROTHMAN.

More Biographies

Blaine of Maine, His Life and Times
By Charles Edward Russell
Cosmopolitan, \$5.00

Power and Glory, The Life of Boies Penrose
By Walter Davenport
Putnam, \$3.00

Sheridan, A Military Narrative
By Joseph Hergesheimer
Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00

The battle of Bull Run, on July 16, 1861, found Philip Henry Sheridan, a lieutenant of infantry, subduing the Indians in the Columbia River country; James G. Blaine, thirty-odd years out of his Pennsylvania cradle, carefully eschewing musketry for New England politics, and Penrose but a babe in the arms of rich Philadelphians. The next fifty years lifted them all, in turn, to the pinnacles—Sheridan in the army and Blaine in national, Penrose in Pennsylvania, politics—which today, with the best American biographical pickings already gobbled up, mark them for those who insist on writing biographies. This is especially true of Sheridan, an able soldier but nothing else. In that respect, Mr. Hergesheimer has fortunately stuck to the battlefield. Yet if his is the last word it is nevertheless a dull one.

Much more can be said of Blaine, the Al Smith of 1884, and of Penrose, a Philadelphia ward neophyte of that year. The Republican party never attracted and rewarded two more diverse types—Blaine, the spellbinder and “the plumed knight,” upon whose every move ambition was writ, Penrose the boss who has as his monument that monstrous phrase, “Pennsylvania politics.” Between them we have in all its sordidness the story of the G. O. P., from Lincoln, whom Blaine supported, to Harding, whom Penrose advised. In his portrayal of Penrose Mr. Davenport presents the man himself, which is saying that his product does not lack in color. If Mr. Davenport’s fault is in staying in shallow water Mr. Russell’s is in going in over his head. *Blaine of Maine* is a ponderous volume because Mr. Russell devotes chapter after chapter to the broad sweep of national affairs which, moreover, he obviously misunderstands. Not in every case, of course, but often enough to cause one to distrust probably more of his conclusions than may be justified.

DON WHARTON.

Diary of a Provincial Lady
By E. M. Delafield
Harper & Bros., \$2.50

Dryly, neatly, with decorum and with a certain excellence, this provincial English-woman lines up the small events of her days. Her anxieties and irritations, her pride in her children, her impatience with Robert—her inarticulate spouse—and her baffled effort to eke stimulus from an unseasoned existence—these, lie bedded beneath the schooled restraint of her consciousness. She allows herself neither

temper, temperament nor self-pity. Her weapon of compensation is her wit. You feel that, with this matter-of-fact yet sharp-edged comment upon the humdrum personalities about her, she bolsters the burden of her boredom. The cook and Mademoiselle, who daily jar the tenor of the household, the Vicar’s wife, and the blowsy, busybody neighbors all come alive, like one-line drawings, at her briefest word. While Miss Delafield surreptitiously flavors the diary with what is perhaps too highly developed an irony for so circumscribed a character as this provincial lady, she none the less builds for you, upon a basis of tiny, external detail, a personality and an environment, complete. When the prosy Robert complains, one night, that writing a diary is a waste of time, your heroine writes, at the bottom of the page: “Can Robert be right?” Neither she nor her story is pretentious. The book is wholly simple, demurely wicked, and most precise.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

Behind the Blurbs

An Innocent Criminal
By J. D. Beresford
Dutton, \$2.00

Picture the dismay of young Mallinson who, poking around in the garden of his new house, uncovered a skeleton hand wearing a diamond ring. Two years earlier Gaunt’s daughter had disappeared from that house. Had Gaunt perhaps killed her? But Mallinson is in love with Gaunt’s other daughter, so he decided to say nothing. Unfortunately, like many country dwellers, he had a neighbor with a spyglass, and the whole darned thing came out, with much unpleasantness for every one concerned. A well-built, interesting story by a competent novelist.

A Jade of Destiny
By Jeffery Farnol
Little Brown, \$2.50

‘O d’s j a g g e r s, a woundily wordy tale, this! Reacting from the stereotyped romantic style, the author has adopted a strange jargon, modeled somewhat on the ornament-loaded prose of M. P. Shiel, which, instead of being picturesque, becomes rather boring and misleads him into strange misuses of the language. It is the story of a plot against the young Earl of Aldrington and his red-haired sister, foiled by the swash-buckling Jocelyn Dinwiddie. Stripped of its frills and furbelows, we believe it would be a very good story.

Phantom Fingers
By J. Jefferson Farjeon
MacVeagh, \$2.00

Further adventures of Ben, vagabond and ex-sailor, who gets mixed up this time with a gang of murderers. Escaping from them, he finds himself with a pretty girl in the coal bunkers of a ship bound for Spain. To

YALE

William Archer

By Charles Archer

All that was best on the English stage during the late nineteenth and early twentieth century was bound up with William Archer. G. B. S. wrote at his death: “I returned to an Archerless London.” *Illustrated. Price \$5.00*

The Crosses and Culture of Ireland

By Arthur Kingsley Porter

The iconography of the tenth century crosses which were among the “most remarkable manifestations of medieval art,” is here deciphered by an expert, and the stories of the sagas and legends are beautifully told. *Illustrated Price \$15.00*

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
NEW HAVEN · CONNECTICUT

THE REAL ROMANOV

By GLEB BOTKIN

Exiled With Royal Family

Illustrated. \$3.00. A REVELL BOOK

them presently enter the 1st and 2nd murderers, and a little later, the 3d. When they got to Spain we lost count. The Spanish countryside teemed with them. But Ben and the girl, cleverly dodging knife and bullet, foil them and rescue the kidnapped heiress. We’d have liked the story better if Ben hadn’t loomed quite so large in it. He’s funny, but not in such unrelieved quantities.

Two Black Sheep
By Harry Leon Wilson
Cosmopolitan, \$2.00

Let the blue-blooded chauffeur, Lucien de Pouvonac, tell us in his amazing English how he and Geo. Dorsey, jewelry salesman, created the Princess Lucio Calvina out of the waitress, Stella Grimes, put her over on Hollywood, and got her a \$7500 a week contract from B. P. Golsper. Hollywood gets well kidded, but the kidding is incidental to the story, as it should be. A swell yarn, with at least one good laugh on every page.

Creeps by Night
Selected by Dashiell Hammett
Day, \$2.50

The best collection of shudders we have seen in a long time. Not only are all the stories good, but they are all new—none of them have ever before been published in book form. The omission of the old stand-bys—which we have in our library anyway—