

author merely has a good time feeling superior to the Victorians. But in Mr. Whitney's hands it is quiet and sympathetic and penetrating.

*Time Exposure*, with its scene laid in upstate New York, tells of the marriage of a pompadoured miss to a young go-getter of thirty years ago, and it sees her through to a sadder and wiser matron of the present day. Fannie Pardee, who thought that certain things weren't nice, almost lost her resentful spouse to a lush and curving charmer. After that experience Fannie learned, but she never learned quite well enough, never overcame her feeling that "the dark was the place for such things." The atmosphere of pre-war wickedness and voluptuousness is as potently suggested in the book as it was in those unforgettable Hoboken performances of *After Dark*; or *Neither Maid, Wife Nor Widow*; the curves and the sliding eyes, the beery smell of the ratskellers and the Hofbrau houses, it all comes back.

Mr. Whitney has gotten at a second curiosity of the feminine makeup, and that is the settling-down process which overtakes some women when they become mothers. The scene in which Fannie, fulfilled in her baby, finds that she has lost all desire to dance, is very searching. Mr. Whitney has not given us the why of this mysterious state of affairs, and neither has any one else; it is an enlightenment we are all waiting for. The Freudians could probably do it if they would, but they are so busy carving off the toes of life to fit the shoe of the Freudian formula that there are quite a few phenomena they have not had time to consider.

I have one quarrel with the book, which is not perhaps so much with Mr. Whitney as with the "Zeitgeist" which demands that literary works shall be lean and sparing and ascetic. For instance, his descriptions of the country around Canandaigua and of the lake are so warm and happy that it seems rather Puritanical of Mr. Whitney, since he can do that, not to let himself go and do it a whole lot more. American authors are severe with themselves in these days, but when you like the quality of an author's mind you wish that instead of pruning, probably as much as he writes, he would develop the ego of a Proust or a Thomas Mann, who apparently think that their most inconsequential thought or their least felicitous phrase is a gem which must be preserved for posterity. Will some one please start a movement for the return of the dependent clause and of the three-volume novel?

HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH.

Job  
By Joseph Roth  
Viking Press, \$2.50

Far off, in a tiny Russian village, lives Mendel Singer, a simple Jew, with his wife, his three sons and his one beautiful daughter. A single room harbors them all. They live on the weekly handful of kopeks brought by the village children whom Mendel Singer instructs in the Bible. The boy Jonas grows big and fierce, and in no way takes after his family or his race. Sheremiah, his brother, grows foxy and swift with his fingers. Miriam, haughty in her yellow shawl, soon walks in the fields by night with Cossacks from the garrison. Menuchim, the last child, whose birth severs Mendel and his wife from their mutual desire, has a big head, a swollen belly and weak legs. He cannot learn to talk. He is the source of the family woe. No day has been carefree since Menuchim was born, for he seems unsightly, crippled and tragic. The story of Mendel Singer's life, of his migration to America, of his wife's death and his son's death, of his bitterness and his frugal solitude, hinges wholly on the psychology of faith. He lives long in the warm, bright area of his devotion; then, from the stress of pain, he loses it; and again, at the last, a miracle restores him to it. Herr Roth detaches the Jew's life from the life of the world and presents it to you in quiet pictures. You somehow lose the sense of its storms. You do not experience a personal suffering. Yet its deep-seated sweetness holds you fast.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

The Silver Eagle  
By W. R. Burnett  
The Dial Press, \$2.00

The strength and weakness of Mr. Burnett's famous hard-boiled style are nowhere more clearly

shown than in *The Silver Eagle*. For one thing, the novel is a more pretentious offering than its predecessors; the characters represent varying degrees of wealth and refinement, and Harworth, the central figure, is a complex individual whose association with the gangsters is largely involuntary. The story is excellently constructed; the gesture, in the first scene, that eventually causes Harworth's death also leads him to his personal success in social and artistic circles. Indeed, in the last section of the novel, the sense of foreboding, stimulated by the entrances of the ominous Canovi and his associates, almost races with Harworth's growing potentialities of security and happiness.

All this, the excitement and the foreboding, can be set down as representing the best aspects of Mr. Burnett's clipped, pointed style. The very inarticulateness of his characters is made to suggest suffering, or fear, or self-consciousness, depending on the author's manipulation of their silences, and the effect created is one of an extreme nervous tension too great to be put into words. But there is a limit to what silence can be made to suggest, and nervousness and strain as an unvaried literary diet grow slightly monotonous. Mr. Burnett's style seems designed to convey little more; Harworth is as close-mouthed with Louise, the girl he is to marry, as he is with his gangster associates. There is no eloquence, no tenderness, never a moment of self-forgetfulness. Harworth's story is exciting, but his death awakens no deeper emotional response than the interest created by the working out of a deft and ingenious plot.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

A Buried Treasure  
By Elizabeth Madox Roberts  
The Viking Press, \$2.50

The patient drama of the inarticulate achieves a certain dignity, perhaps because of its contrast to the elaborate lives we know. When a rheumy old farmer and his wife discover a pot of gold and silver coins under a rotting stump in one of their fields, the scene is laid for upheaval. Andy, who has never managed to do anything but keep out of debt, sits fingering his treasure, sits mumbling to himself, sits guardedly by his pot, assuring his wife that he always was a lucky man. Meanwhile Philly, polishing the coins one by one, plans a new roof for the chicken-house, a silk dress for her own cousin's daughter, Imogene, and maybe even a wedding for Imogene, with cake. But a pot of gold and silver coins cannot be treated casually. It must be stowed away where no covetous eye can catch its gleam, where no bold fingers can reach it. So Miss Roberts tells how Andy

and Philly hide the pot, how they almost lose it, and how its discovery brings about Imogene's wedding. Once, in her images of this backwater community, Miss Roberts strays from a simple reality to show you a hen laying its egg in a dark corner, then pecking open the egg and sucking the contents. For the rest, her book flows along its narrow channel, carrying its weight of inarticulate, choking feeling, through a lonely, human landscape.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

### Behind the Blurbs

**The Romance of French Weaving**  
By Paul Rodier  
Stokes, \$10.00

A magnificent Christmas present for any one interested in tapestries and textiles, written by the head of a French firm famous as manufacturers of hand-woven fabrics. The book is exhaustive and superbly illustrated, and is also very entertainingly written, including much interesting historical material, so that it will appeal to the general reader as well as to the collector.

**Companions on the Trail**  
By Hamlin Garland  
Macmillan, \$2.50

Through the pages of this continuation of Mr. Garland's reminiscences pass the figures of Mark Twain, Henry James, St. Gaudens, Roosevelt, Burroughs, Macdowell, Tarkington and scores of others active in American literary and artistic life in the first decade and a half of this century. Garland traveled and lectured all over the country; he enjoyed meeting people, and he met and talked with hundreds; these expanded excerpts from the diary he kept add another—and probably the most interesting—chapter of the record of American life begun in *Trail Makers of the Middle Border*.

**Sins of America**  
By Edward van Every  
Stokes, \$5.00

Further revelations of the moral corruption of the land of the free, taken from the pages of the old *Police Gazette*—which, in *Sins of New York*, has already provided us with some horrifying glimpses into our more recent national past. This new volume contains accounts of the Beecher-Tilton case, the disappearance of Charlie Ross, the death of Jesse James, and a hundred minor scandals, together with hundreds of illustrations from this robust grandfather of the tabloids. Of them all we perhaps like best that scene of revelry in Rockland, Ill., where the climax of a riotous evening is the onion game, "all the rage at Western social gatherings," in which "the gentlemen are required to kiss all round the circle to discover the young lady who has bitten an onion."

WALTER R. BROOKS.

## Notable Recordings

AMONG the records which have been piling up while this column had to be omitted for the last couple of weeks, transcriptions of the classics have been much the most notable. Right at the top of the list is the Philadelphia Orchestra's playing of Bach's *Fugue in G Minor* as arranged and conducted by Leopold Stokowski. On the reverse of the twelve-inch disk they perform the Bach Choral Prelude—*Christ lag in Todesbanden*<sup>1</sup>. I have never heard such good recording. Stokowski's recent intensive study of radio and phonograph work has borne magnificent fruit. On no account should anyone miss hearing and buying this remarkable record.

Bach is given another brilliant interpretation by Joseph Szigeti in the unaccompanied violin solo, *Sonata No. 1, in G Minor*<sup>2</sup>. His tone and pitch are clear and accurate and great feeling and comprehension are apparent throughout with utter absence of mannerisms or affectations. This is an imported recording on two twelve-inch records and it is sincerely to be hoped that the Columbia Company will find the demand sufficient to warrant their having made this fine work more available in this country.

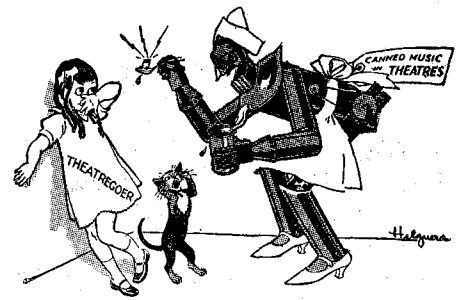
Proceeding chronologically, the next outstanding new disks are those of Willem Mengelberg and his Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam performing the Beethoven *Lenore Overture No. 3* sufficiently well to evoke very favorable comparisons to the various previous recordings of this much played work<sup>3</sup>. It is on three sides and the fourth is filled out with the same composer's *Ruins of Athens: Turkish March*.

A bit more modern, in fact, for its time, very advanced is Borodin's *Symphony No. 2, in B Minor*, which is given us by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Albert Coates<sup>4</sup>. Mr. Coates plays this highly nationalistic symphony with a great deal of spirit, but the recording is not up to the standard set now in Camden by Stokowski. But it is only in comparison with that that it suffers and many phonograph libraries should have a place for it on account of the infrequency with which it appears on programs.

Another neglected work is César Franck's *Psyche, Symphonic Suite for Orchestra*<sup>5</sup>, and it is a pleasure to recommend the delicate playing of it by Gabriel Pierné and the Orchestra of the Concerts Colonne. Its somewhat tenuous moods are accurately caught and depicted in this album.

O. C.-T.

1. Victor 7437.
2. Columbia 67989/90.
3. Columbia 67987/8.
4. Victor Album M 113.
5. Columbia Album No. 164.



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