

Argentine Literature

By HERMINE HALLAM HIPWELL

LOOKING back on the literary production of the last twelve months it may well be said that never before have novelists, poets, and essayists, been so busy in Argentina. The publishing houses have poured forth a continuous stream of paper bound volumes, by known and unknown writers, bidding fair to rival within a very short time the avalanche of new books which yearly smothered reviewers in America and Europe.

The reasons for this sudden activity are various, the most important being the wholesale translation of foreign works, particularly light, semi-adventurous novels, and the ever increasing number of magazines as well as the very fine Sunday supplements of the leading dailies. A taste for reading having thus been encouraged among lower and middle-class Argentines it is only natural that the rising generation of authors should promptly respond to it. It is quite true that the taste is as yet neither very elevated nor discriminating, but the taste and the demand for reading matter are there, a powerful stimulus to the young writer out to conquer the world.

Among the considerable list of best sellers published this season it is interesting to note that only a few of Argentina's foremost novelists figure, the majority of the authors in favor at the present moment being comparatively young and unknown writers.

On glancing through the year's most salient novels there is immediately noticeable a greater attention to plot than is usual with Argentine novelists; a fact well worth commenting on when it is considered how utterly lacking in even the most elementary plot were most of the distinguished novels published in this country during the last decade.

More subjective in their attitude to life than Anglo-Saxon writers the Argentines will always remain, since the very syntax, the long, involved sentences and flowing periods, incline the writer to lay undue stress upon his slightest observation. The public, however, is slowly becoming tired of morbid dissections and lengthy analyses, hazy atmospheres, and neurotic characters, and insists on being entertained by stories which will hold its attention from start to finish. In most countries such a state of affairs would justify sharp criticism but here, in Argentina, where until very lately literary activity was confined to a small group of authors with an extremely limited circle of readers, all the arts, including literature, are in a state of transition. That this new taste of the public's is being gratified by the rising generation of writers is quite clearly shown by the latest novels. There are one or two notable exceptions, the most important being "Zogoibi," by Enrique Larreta.

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The book purports to be a detailed and careful study of a young Argentine landowner, Federico de Ahumada, a weak, romantic, dreamer incapable of anything save vague longings for the unknown and therefore glamorous life of Europe's most famous capitals. He lives on his *estancia* in the heart of the *pampa* lands, surrounded by a little court of friends and toadies, while the girl to whom he is secretly engaged dwells a couple of miles away from him under the guardianship of three maiden aunts who resent the young man's suit. This resentment leads Ahumada to dally with a mysterious woman, the wife of an American in the vicinity. Dalliance is followed by passionate avowals of love, furtive meetings in a deserted hovel, and finally by tragedy when Ahumada stabs by mistake the object of his first tenderness come to reproach him for his faithlessness.

There are some fair descriptions of the *pampa* in the book, a clever character sketch of an Andalusian priest ruling his mixed and rebellious flock of *gauchos*, half-breeds, and immigrant laborers, with a firm yet gently humorous kindness, and the rest is but a medley of lurid and highly colored pictures of life on what must have been a rather remarkable *estancia*. Unfortunately the writer of this very mediocre novel is a man who in the past has produced very able work and moreover belongs by birth to one of the leading families in Buenos Aires society. These facts seem to have influenced the outlook of local critics who one and all declared the book to be a masterpiece.

Far more interesting, and in its way representative of the work being done by some of the younger novelists, is Luis María Jordán's pleasing novel, "La Bambina." This book is an accurate and delicate description of life in one of the small fishing

villages on the South Atlantic coast. The principal character in the novel is Maria Teresa, the young, city-bred wife of the leading store-keeper, a rough, uncouth, and hard working, Spaniard. She is the daughter of honest, conscientious, laborers but during the year of frenzied love when she had been the adored girl mistress of a boy belonging to a wealthy family, she has known all the refinements of civilization, and life in the village is at first heart-breakingly difficult. How she learns to appreciate the calm monotony of the life about her, the manly qualities, the tenderness and sincerity of her husband, how the past recedes until it is little more than a glamorous dream, are ably told by the author who has depicted in Maria Teresa a type not uncommon among the Argentine lower classes. The writer's style is clear and forceful and the account of the gossiping, bickering, community with its various nationalities, both clever and exact.

Equally interesting to the student of Argentine novel-writing are the works of Hector Olivera Lavié, and his latest collection of long short stories entitled, "La Edad de Amar," is a very fair example of this author's style. Lavié in his earlier books proclaimed himself a harsh realist, and though traces of his at one time uncompromising attitude are still to be found in the present volume they have been toned down until they are little more than a sharp flavor imparting vigor to his observations. Of the four stories which go to make up the book perhaps the best is "Fernanda," a delicate study of devotion and sacrifice. In "La Captura" the author gives his reader a vivid description of the capture of a bandit in the grass lands of Corrientes.

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Totally different from the foregoing books is Hector Blomberg's "Los Pajaros que Lloran," another of the season's successes. This book contains a series of sketches dealing with the neighboring republic of Paraguay during the years immediately following upon the war with Brazil and Argentina. Those were days when no able bodied man was to be found in the whole length and breadth of the land, when women and children led the last attacks upon the enemy, and whole provinces kept themselves alive on oranges and forest fruit. Days of heroism, terrible because of its utter futility, of sacrifice which gained nothing but an exhausted peace, of ruin visiting a land which once, under the rule of a tyrant, sought to rival the luxury and magnificence of Europe's oldest and most powerful nations. And of those dreams all that is left are unfinished palaces, opera houses, and cathedrals, primeval jungle encroaching upon what once were pleasure gardens and, in the depths of the forests, the white skeletons high up in the trees, the survivors of pitched battles whom fear had driven to take refuge high above the ground and hunger mercilessly killed while the writhing snakes watched and waited and the jaguars prowled underfoot. Those far off days whose influence is still felt in Paraguay are stirring described by Blomberg to whom all the melancholy of a race which Fate has unceasingly pursued appears by reason of its tragic history lit up fitfully by acts of glorious heroism and noble sacrifice.

A review of the year's books would be incomplete without mention of two distinctly clever volumes of critical essays, both by assistant editors of *La Nación*. "El Burro de Maruf," by Arturo Cancela, the author of the "Tres Relatos Porteños," deals with philosophy, pedagogy, and politics, from the point of view of a clever writer a trifle disdainful of his public, delighting now and again to point out his own superior intellectual accomplishments. "La Asamblea de la Bohardilla," by Alberto Gerchunoff, is a delightful collection of historical sketches, satirical and delicate, in which the author displays all the treasures of his paradoxical yet wholly pleasing style.

In attempting a life of Jesus (Paris: Flammarion) written in the first person Henri Barbusse has set himself a task which from its inception was foreordained to failure. To make his Christ live up to the nobility of His sayings in the Bible was more than he could hope to do, and yet in making his life of Jesus autobiographical he challenges comparison with the language of the New Testament. Moreover, no biographer of Christ is a free agent; any divergences from the Biblical text are at once apparent, and are sure either to shock or annoy. One or the other, this book will inevitably do.

New Books from Beacon Hill

"Gone" Chinese!

* SUN AND MOON

by VINCENT H. GOWEN

The passionate history of an English girl whose father "went" Chinese. The author has an astounding fund of knowledge of Chinese life. \$2.50

THEIR TRADITION

By Guy Rawlence

"A great aunt—probably the greatest aunt in fiction—is the supreme figure. A wonderful creation."—*Punch*. \$2.00

* BROTHER JOHN

A Tale of the First Franciscans

By Vida D. Scudder

Particularly appropriate during this celebration of the seventh centenary of St. Francis' birth. \$2.50

THE SECRETARY OF STATE

By Stephen McKenna

The second volume in Mr. McKenna's masterly trilogy of life in changing England. \$2.50

* AN AMERICAN SAGA

By Carl Christian Jensen

One of the most important autobiographies in years. Hardly to be matched in fiction. \$2.50

* AN AIDE-DE-CAMP OF LEE: The Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall

Edited by Major General Sir Frederick Maurice

"The most important work on General Robert E. Lee since the appearance of General Maurice's earlier volume."—*Editorial in the Richmond (Va.) News Leader*.

With 19 illustrations and 8 maps. \$4.00

DISRAELI

By D. L. Murray

"This is the best short biography of Disraeli that has yet been written, and it would be difficult to write a better."—*The Liverpool Post*.

"A first-rate piece of work, vividly imagined, soundly planned and admirably written."—*Philip Guedalla, author of "Palmerston."* \$4.00

* POOLS AND RIPPLES

By Bliss Perry

Delightful essays on fishing, written with enthusiasm and rare humor. \$2.00

* HANDMADE RUGS

By Ella Shannon Bowles

Describes the history, types, colors and methods of making rugs by hand. 38 illustrations, including 4 in color. \$3.00

* IRIS IN THE LITTLE GARDEN

By Ella Porter McKinney

An enthusiastic book by an authority on iris. \$1.75

*Indicates "An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication"

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

Publishers, Boston

The Best of the New Books

THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

By Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard

Third Large Printing

This enthralling story of America's making has been unanimously acclaimed as the "ideal history for the layman." William Allen White calls it "a history that any citizen can read without boredom—the kind of history that sensible, practical men can read." Wars and politics of the usual history are displaced by a balanced account of our national growth and culture. No one who wants to understand his age can afford to miss this book, which is not so much a history as it is a piquantly fresh interpretation.

2 vols., illustrated, \$12.50

A New Poem by Edwin
Arlington Robinson

Tristram

Fifth Large Printing

"The greatest poem that has yet been written in America" has, through its sheer quality and beauty, won an immediate place on every important best-seller list in America. You'll find no more satisfying reading in the bookstalls.

\$1.50

The Life of the Author of "The
American Commonwealth"

James Bryce

By the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher

"Admirable biography... The work is exceedingly well done. Many pages are deep with charm... All throw a white light on the author of *The American Commonwealth*."—Claude G. Bowers in the *New York World*.

2 vols. \$8.00

Autobiographies

By William Butler Yeats

The story of Yeats' life which "offers such a variety of riches that I can hardly see how anyone could fail to enjoy it. This is a book to own, to read, and read again."—*New York Evening Post*.

\$3.50

Your Money's Worth

By Stuart Chase and
F. J. Schlink

The amazing revelations of this book take you behind the scenes of Big Business and Advertising and show you why you rarely get value for what you pay. It is recommended by Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, Dorothy Canfield and other noted critics. To Be Published July 5.

\$2.00

This Believing World

By Lewis Broune

Eighth Large Printing

The story of the great religions of mankind presents "the entire procession of the world's faiths upon one canvas, illuminated with order and clarity." Will Durant, George A. Dorsey and other noted authors and critics have recommended this as one of the most fascinating and valuable books ever written.

\$3.50

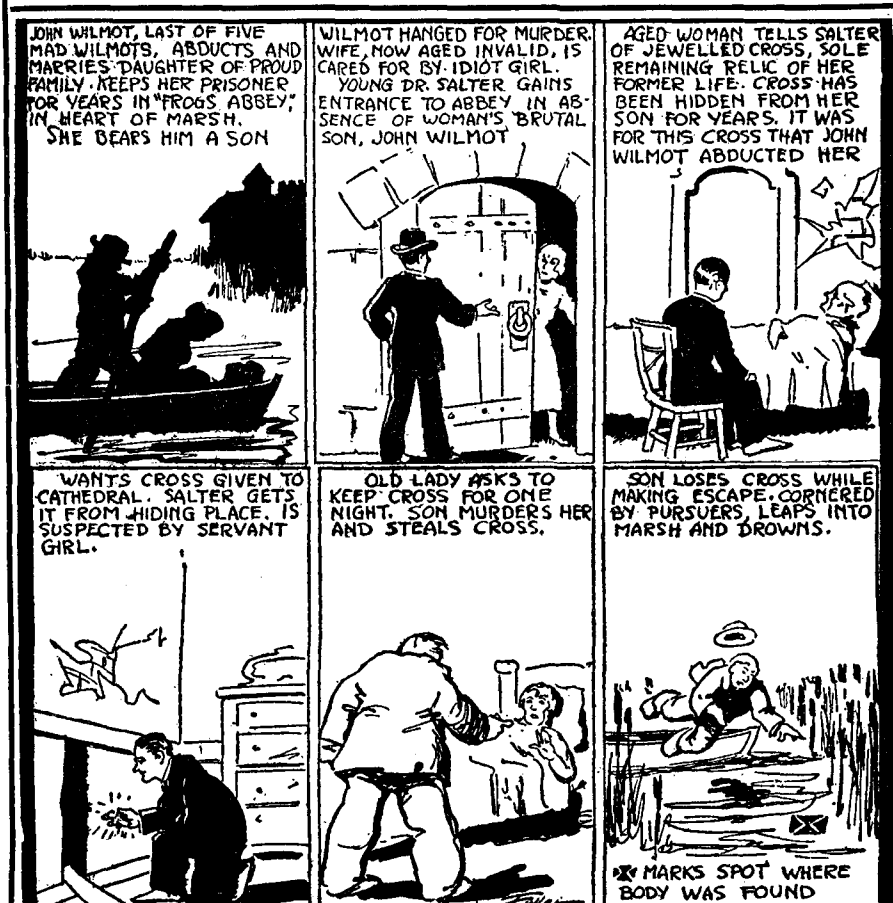
The Macmillan Company

New York

A Dutton Detective Story

A SECRET OF THE MARSH

By Oliver Warner \$2.00



A unique and unusual review of this new detective story,
drawn by Fuller, a feature artist of murder scenes.

Points of View

Skeat to Murray

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Since the world is said to be now exulting in the completion of the Oxford Dictionary (though I have not yet received my copy of the finishing section), somebody ought to revive the verses W. W. Skeat sent to Murray.

Murray, you remember, did all the work of editor-in-chief himself on the first volumes. Then he started Bradley in to be responsible for the letter E. Bradley finished E and went on with F. When Murray finished D he decided that instead of taking up G he would let Bradley have the FG volume to himself and would begin on H. Thereupon Skeat wrote:

*I'm glad you are done—so I hear you say—
With words that begin with D,
And have left H.B. to be Glad and Gay
With the Glory that waits on G,
While you laugh Ha, Ha! defying fate,
As you tackle the terrible aspirate,
The H that appals the Cockney crew,
Lancashire, Essex, and Shropshire too.
For they cannot abide the Hunter's Horn,
And hold e'en Heavenly Hosts in scorn.
And I fear there are some who could hardly
say*

*Why you didn't give Hat when you worked
on A,*

*Whose utterance leaves a doubt between
The human Hair and an Air serene,
The Harrow that creeps and the Arrow that
flies,*

*The Heels where chilblains are wont to rise
And the nice fat Eels that are baked in pies!
We all rejoice, this New Year's Day,
To Honor and Happiness, Hope and
Health—*

I would you were nearer to Worldly Wealth.

Of course Skeat knew the whole world of scholarship would echo the wish that the work was nearer the end of the alphabet. But Skeat could not have foreseen that he was defining the end-point of the whole; that after X and Y and Z had for years been in hand, the word *Worldly* would hold off to the very last instalment.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

Gertrude Bell

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

It chanced that of late I have been trekking through Syria and Iraq with Gertrude Lowthian Bell, in "Syria, The Desert and The Sown" and "Amurath to Amurath," delighting in her quick personality, keen vision, sound learning, her passion for ancient beauty, her delicate awareness to peoples and individuals. Gertrude Lowthian Bell's pamphlets and other books are more especially pabulum for Near and Middle East archeologists, and scholar-enthusiasts. The volumes I have mentioned are meant for every true lover of life and letters.

Miss Bell, as you remember, died in her beloved Baghdad July 11th last year. Curiously enough, the very day news of her passing appeared in New York newspapers, I was spending the morning with a woman who had seen not a little of her in Haroun's and Feisal's capital. She told me of her first glimpse of her in the Foreign Office of Iraq, where the seal of this new kingdom was in the process of choosing. The choosing appeared to be in the hand of Miss Bell, for when an English gentleman mildly suggested that the King might have an opinion on the subject, she replied very firmly that she "was quite sure His Majesty would prefer her choice."

There was also a little tale of high tea in the Queen's apartments, where nevertheless Her English Ladyship seemed to command the board, and an epic story of a great gathering of Arab Sheikhs at Baghdad,—her dream and deed.

Perhaps more than any other non-Arab, Gertrude Bell was versed in the lore and politics of the Northern Arab tribal units. As traveller, spy, government official, she had won the admiration and friendship of their sheikhs by matching ancient proverbs and quoting poets of The Ignorance, about many a coffee-redolent camp fire. The Iraqi Arab and English officials leaned upon her knowledge, tribal ties and astuteness, when it came to steering the newly launched ship of state.

Some think Gertrude Lowthian Bell's finest bit of achievement was putting-over the Kingdom of Iraq, her tireless devotion to its welfare and place in the Great Society. Yet she will be held longest in remembrance, not as Nation-Builders, but Friend Extraordinary to the Arab people, and after that,

as linguist, archeologist, traveller, and author.

How many care to remember that before she turned to the Arabic language, lore, and literature, Miss Bell was known as a Persian scholar? Do they care to remember her translation of Hafiz, with its fine comparison of the Persian poet and Dante? The late Professor Edward G. Browne of Cambridge calls her translation "the most skillful attempt to render accessible to English readers, the works of this poet" and "poetry of a very high order."

But if you blindly eschew Hafiz, if you have taken upon yourself a vow never to read a volume which bulks 359 pages, as I must confess "Amurath to Amurath" bulks, so be it. But really, it is a pity that any man should miss "Syria, Desert and Sown," when his heart also might leap "at the sight of such lonely and unravished beauty."

MARY FLEMING LARABEE.

Lincoln University, Pa.

Notes on a Review

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of June 11 there is an unsigned review of my anthology "The Answering Voice, One Hundred Love Lyrics by Women." The article contains some appreciative comments, some criticism, and one or two inaccuracies. The critic seems to assume that this is a new book. It was published in 1917, as the copyright proves. As the present edition was brought out in a new format and by a different publisher, a few copies were sent out for review. The publisher assures me that a letter stating that the book is a reprint was furnished to each publication receiving a copy. This letter as well as the date of the copyright seems to have escaped the notice of the critic, who takes me to task for the omission of Elinor Wylie and Leonora Speyer, and for using too little of the work of Edna Millay. Elinor Wylie's first book, "Nets to Catch the Wind," did not appear until 1921, four years after "The Answering Voice," and the first books by Edna Millay and by Leonora Speyer also post-dated the anthology. If a new and enlarged edition were published, I hope that I should be allowed the privilege of quoting from their work.

In a book containing only one hundred poems by sixty-six authors, as mine does, it is inevitable that the whole field of English and American literature cannot be covered. As very few memorable love poems by women were written in English before the middle of the last century, that date, as the foreword states, was made the starting point. Two or three fine older poems were admitted as exceptions. The reviewer regrets the omission of certain poems written before the middle of the last century, "The Land o' the Leal," "Ca' the yowes to the knowes," and "My Mother bids me bind my hair," and says: "It is perhaps kinder to attribute their absence to Sara Teasdale's carelessness rather than to her taste." These poems are well known to all lovers of poetry, being in every large anthology, and as they fell outside of the strict limits that I had set myself, I reluctantly omitted them.

One word more: the critic speaks of "the grossly disproportionate preponderance here of the American women poets over their English contemporaries." There are one hundred poems in all in the book. Thirty-two of these are by English and Scotch women. There are also poems by Irish women and one by a Canadian. I have just come upon a sentence from the Rev. Alexander Dyce, quoted by J. C. Squire in the delightful preface to his anthology, "A Book of Women's Verse" (Oxford 1921). The sentence reads: "The inglorious toils of compilation seldom excite the gratitude of readers." And happening upon this at a time when it seemed to fit my mood, it occurred to me to see how Mr. Squire had dealt with the difficult question of the proportion of the work of British and American women. His anthology is not limited to any one theme, and he has included authors from Anne Askew (1520-1546) down to the date of publication, 1921. One hundred and seventy-nine poems by seventy-nine poets are included in Mr. Squire's book. Out of this number only seven poems by five poets are by Americans! The five American poets singled out for this distinction are Anne Bradstreet, Phoebe Cary, Rose Terry Cooke, Julia Ward Howe, and Emma Willard!

SARA TEASDALE.

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE PEOPLE AND THE BOOK. Edited by ARTHUR S. PEAKE. Oxford University Press. 1925. \$3.50.

A series of fifteen essays on the Old Testament by outstanding British scholars renders a valuable service to any who wish to know the latest developments in the study of the Hebrew scriptures. There is condensed into this single volume a vast amount of information, but it is quite readable rather than encyclopedic. Special attention is paid to the relation of the Old Testament to other cultures, in history (by H. R. Hall), in religion (by A. Cook), and in language (by G. R. Driver). Four essays deal with the religion of Israel in its development (W. F. Lofthouse, A. S. Peake, W. E. Barnes, W. O. E. Oesterley). The relation of the Old Testament to the New Testament and to the religious development of mankind is dealt with by G. H. Box and R. H. Kennett respectively. An admirable essay on Hebrew Psychology—the kind of thing which is not to be found anywhere else—is contributed by H. Wheeler Robinson. There are papers on the methods of Old Testament study by T. H. Robinson, J. E. McFadyen, G. B. Gray, and the late I. Abrahams. Abrahams wrote on the Jewish Interpretation of the Old Testament. Professor Gray's paper was his presidential address before the Society for Old Testament Study. It is this Society whose members supplied all the essays and it is to Professor Gray's memory that they are dedicated.

Education

THE STORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By ALGERNON TASSIN and ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE. Macmillan. 1927. \$2.

This book was originally published four years ago, after the papers of which it is composed had appeared from week to week in serial form. The new edition is attractive, with decorations by Maurice Day and others. For young and even for older readers here is a sound and interesting primer of our literary background. The story ends with the end of the nineteenth century. The twentieth is not touched. We should think that this book would be an excellent one introduced into schools to acquaint growing minds with the vista and perspective of our native letters.

Fiction

LEOPATRA'S PRIVATE DIARY. By HENRY THOMAS. Boston: The Stratford Company. 1927. \$2.

The blame for this be upon Mr. John Erskine's head, though he had, actually, nothing to do with it. This is not, to us, a very satire. Any sly naughtiness about it owes us cold. Cleopatra may be interpreted by us moderns, but, frankly, we found her a awful bore. Mr. Erskine himself could have done her a thousand times better, with great deal more subtlety, and, of course, with a certain amount of scholarship in the ring. But we do think that "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" suggested that somebody should resurrect Cleopatra for the roundlings, and here she is. We suppose it was inevitable, but her resurrection in this instance is not a success. We should then turn to John Kendrick Bangs.

EDDING. By MELVIN P. LEVY. New York: The Unicorn Press, 5 East 57th Street. 1927. \$2.

No less a critic than Robert Morss Lovett *The New Republic* was complimentary to Mr. Levy's earlier novel, "Matrix." The present one, "Wedding," has for us extraordinary flashes, such as the reverie upon the crucifixion that assails Edward in the core of the holy figures, and Chapter Seven, concerning Norma. There is the usual preoccupation with unimportant and rather stylish detail which seems to be such a feather in the cap of our naturalists old or new. On the other hand some of the frankness is significant. The story is averagely dreary and experimentally muddled. There is no use of structure, and at times the style is tentative. Which may or may not be the new and great method in literature" of which the jacket flap speaks. Our guess is that it isn't. Mr. Levy is often far too preoccupied with trivialities, far too laborious over nothing very much. The story of

Edward's father in Chapter Three really comes to nothing very much, and Edward trifling with a Cummings book thereafter is pathological but uninteresting. Sherwood Anderson is really responsible for such empty soap-bubble writing, even though he is also a master. He has often indulged himself in dumb brooding that was altogether too dumb, and he has infected his disciples with it. But we return to Mr. Levy's flashes of power and sympathetic insight. They are occasional only, but in them lies our hope for him.

MOSQUITOES. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. Boni & Liveright. 1927. \$2.50.

First let it be said that Mr. Faulkner has a remarkable literary gift. He can write. At times he can write with extraordinarily acute observation. His "Soldier's Pay," we understand, was a good war novel. "Mosquitoes," though dealing with people most of whom we detested, has some remarkable passages. As to the characters, the young men, the nephew and Pete, are very good. Jenny and the niece, especially in their conversation in the cabin together, are a decided success. Jenny is, in fact, a triumph. Gordon, the artist, starts in the foreground and then the writer forgets him till the end, comparatively. Some of the more serious conversations bored us, and Mr. Faulkner has the bad habit of intruding gratuitously irrelevancies more than tawdry. He also keeps repeating a sentence describing Jenny's sex-appeal (to use modern parlance) at which we groaned. It is florid, not particularly true, and certainly not worth repetition. Mr. Talliaferro's frustrated amorosness also becomes rather a burden. With the other human mosquitoes the author deals

with adequate differentiation on their four days' dreary yachting trip. The wastage of life in futility, the futile beauty of youth, the oppression of adult triviality, emerge strongly. But the book is wistful and poetic as well as sophisticatedly cynical and naturalistic. And often the conversation is extremely good. The vulgarity of these people is convincing. The italics and the intermittent drift into fine writing tend to be oppressive. And yet, for all our strictures, we recognize a real pulse of life in the book. It is distinctly a cut above the average novel.

EVELYN GRAINGER. By GEORGE F. HUMMEL. Boni & Liveright. 1927. \$2.50.

Mr. Hummel's earlier work has been the kind that one remembers dimly. Always with that remembrance was the feeling that some day he would write an important novel. But with "Evelyn Grainger" doubt sets in, and substantial success for him seems much further away than it did upon the publication of, say, "Subsoil" or "A Good Man." There are two tremendous difficulties in his path: his inability to create a narrative that moves economically and purposefully, and his over-emphasis upon sex and sexual matters of all sorts. Mr. Hummel not only indulges in esthetic crudity; he violates the canons of good taste. After a few hours with "Evelyn Grainger" this reviewer read chapters in Rabelais and Ben Hecht and felt himself by contrast in a fresh, rain-clean, sunny world.

The novel is the pseudo-realistic chronicle of a woman's life with two husbands and a lover, a life that is struggling to find some rational and emotional basis for happiness. The prefix "pseudo" indicates a realism that is more faithful to prevailing prejudices and current notions than to the constant stream of life itself. Mr. Hummel's effort to portray a woman's inner

being is pale and distorted when compared with the accomplishments of either Frank Swinnerton or Ellen Glasgow; the reader with perceptions will feel that this novelist tackled a job for which he was unfitted. The net result is a novel of some scope and probable honesty, the monotony and obesity of which are only temporarily checked by Mr. Hummel's interest in things better left unmentioned.

THE BAD SAMARITAN. By JUSTIN STURM. Harpers. 1927. \$2.

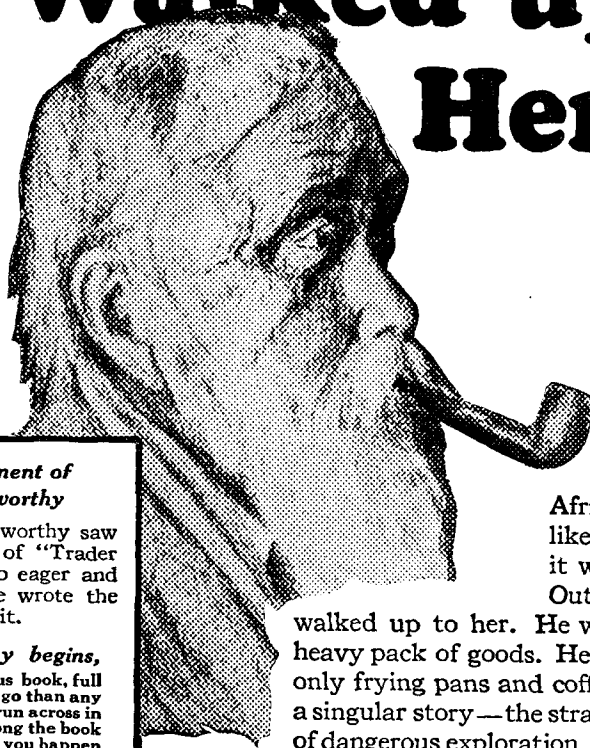
We were, at first, mildly amused by this light novel. It was rather graceful and pleasant, though it leaped from point to point with what seemed to us extraordinarily large gaps in between. Still, the silly touches weren't so bad. But it blew up in the stretch. Having got his hero and heroine in love, the author had to solve the problem of the heroine's husband, and what a fist he made of it! The ending strikes us as preposterous, nothing less. Mr. Sturm can do a passage such as the love-lorn swain's outing with a girl who is only present in his own fantastic mind quite freshly and charmingly. He sometimes labors his little jokes, to be sure, but his pen is lively. But that ending! So Dick bought the stock back did he? And has anything the author ever said led us to believe that Dick could possibly have the money wherewith to buy it back. Not a thing. Mr. Sturm's trouble—or one trouble—is a flagrant omission of connecting links. He doesn't know how to construct a novel. Aside from that we like his touch on some of his material.

PEACOCK HOUSE and Other Mysteries. By EDEN PHILLIPOTS. Macmillan. 1927. \$2.50.

Tales of horror and mystery may be so hauntingly inexplicable as to leave the reader speculating and shuddering long after the book has been laid aside. Or, like

(Continued on next page)

this Old Man Walked up to Her Door!



The Excitement of John Galsworthy

When John Galsworthy saw the manuscript of "Trader Horn" he was so eager and absorbed that he wrote the introduction for it.

Mr. Galsworthy begins, "This is a gorgeous book, full of more sheer stings than any you are likely to run across in a day's march among the book shops of wherever you happen to be."

What Trader Horn Found Out:

The dramatic story of the red-headed woman who was priestess at the joss-house.
What cannibals do with old ladies.
How the story about elephants' cemeteries came into being.
How to join the terrifying native secret society called Egbo.
How a witch doctor was killed to the amusement of the surrounding crowds—
—and a thousand other weird and wonderful vignettes of this extraordinary man's existence.

ONE day Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis was sitting on the porch of her house in South Africa. She thought that this was a day like other days. She did not dream that it was a day she would never forget.

Out of the quiet a strange old man walked up to her. He was a straight old man bearing a heavy pack of goods. He looked as though he were bearing only frying pans and coffee pots for sale. In truth he bore a singular story—the strangest story of romantic adventure, of dangerous exploration, that has burst upon a hungry world in a generation. Mrs. Lewis put a pen in his hand and he wrote and wrote; and then he talked while she wrote. And between the two came this indescribable book.

When first we gazed upon it, we thought it should be called adventure, then exploration, then fiction, then biography. But it is all of these—yet none of these.

It's a story of a Rip Van Winkle who awoke from a sleep in Africa and after his awakening told a tale more marvelous than Marco Polo's.

TRADER HORN

Being the life and works of
ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN

an "Old Visitor" . . . the words written by himself at the age of seventy-three and the life, with such of his philosophy as is the gift of age and experience, taken down here and edited by Ethelreda Lewis. At All Bookstores.

