

## Books of Special Interest

### A Neglected Poet

COLLINS. By H. W. GARROD. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. \$2.  
Reviewed by JAMES MCLEAN  
Harvard University

AFTER Professor Garrod's admirable work on Wordsworth, at once acute and sympathetic, one lays aside this little book on Collins with a feeling of frustration and dissatisfaction. The book is, in Professor Garrod's words, "something between an essay and a commentary," so that it is satisfactory neither as the one nor the other. Collins and his poetry remain, at the end, unaffected, unexplained, uncategorized, unilluminated. Professor Garrod is present throughout, important, dignified, and reassuring. But in the long run, one feels that his little study adds nothing to our profit or our pleasure. Intellectually, he treads water. Critically, he begs question after question. At the end we remain disappointed. The book reveals none of what one may call the excellent, intellectual "window-washing" qualities which so distinguish the work of Professor Grierson, Mr. T. S. Eliot, and Mr. F. L. Lucas. There is the very definite feeling that in this little book we have not any of Professor Garrod's best. It is his third best or fourth best—and Collins, even if he does not merit the best treatment, is as a poet worthy at least of Professor Garrod's second best. Dr. Johnson for all his occasional obtuseness and prejudice shoots far nearer the mark than this.

On page 34, for example, one pauses be-

fore Professor Garrod's remarks about Gray. On page 44, again, one is made uncomfortable by Professor Garrod's conventional manner of treating what he calls "verbal music." Here, if ever, we are on debatable ground and definition, it seems to me, is demanded. Vague and inclusive phraseology crops up again on page 71, where Professor Garrod is criticizing Swinburne's criticism of Wordsworth and where he says, "The truth is that the 'Ode to Duty' is a poem very much inferior to the Immortality Ode—at once less greatly perfect and less perfectly great." Such criticism is slipshod and Professor Garrod errs in his own way as obviously and as extensively as did Swinburne in his.

On the score of personal taste, furthermore, there is ample margin in which to disagree—and completely, at that—with Professor Garrod. His peremptory condemnation in his comments on the "Ode on the Poetical Character" of Collins's phrase (with reference to Milton) "his Ev'ning Ear" is a fair example. To some judges there is an aptness and a beauty in the expression "Ev'ning Ear" which make it perhaps one of Collins's peculiar felicities. In another instance Professor Garrod objects to Collins's phrase "the Mellow Horn"—the mellow horn through which melancholy pours "her pensive soul." Why, I for one, fail to see. Collins, of course, never heard the lovely opening phrases for the horns in Brahms's Second Symphony, but he could not more happily have hit them off.

Most lamentable, however, of Professor Garrod's remarks—and by all odds the most

important of his looser statements—is his remark that Collins's "temperament, if it had less of power than Dryden's, had more of true poetical quality." What in the name of all the Muses does Professor Garrod mean by "true poetical quality"? It is from misstatements such as this, neither artistic nor academic, that Professor Garrod's book suffers.

The book, however, is not wholly bad. There are entertaining pages and some diverting but judicious quibbling. And in the end it sends one back to read again, and with a healthy prejudice in his favor, one of the better if neglected poets of the eighteenth century.

MR. GAY. Being a Picture of the Life and Times of the Author of the Beggar's Opera. By OSCAR SHERWIN. Day. 1929. \$2.50.

There may be many persons who will enjoy this account of the life of a most likable poet. In order to enjoy it they must believe that a constant use of the present tense in recounting past events gives life and vivacity to narrative. They must also be sufficiently naïve to suppose that a satisfactory picture of any age may be given by merely assembling details concerning manners and customs which seem strange or quaint. And, finally, they must be able to accept as a satisfactory biography of a poet a book in which no significant word concerning his poetry is set down. To persons who cannot meet these requirements Mr. Sherwin's book will seem dull, inadequate, and incompetent. It is obviously an attempt to profit by the amazing willingness of present-day Americans to purchase anything classified as biography.

### Journalistic Essays

LABELS AND LIBELS. By the VERY REV. DR. W. R. INGE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. \$2.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDINGS BELL

IN London last summer three Americans were lunching at the Savage Club with one of the more widely known English essayists. One of them uttered words of regret that a series of sermons by the Dean of St. Paul's had been completed before they arrived from the States. The others added their expressions of sorrow. "Do you really wish to hear Inge preach?" queried their host. "How delightfully American!"

In this country the estimate in which Dr. Inge is held seems a little different from that common in his own. Over here it is commonly supposed that he is a leader of the intellectual life of his people. Over there they regard him as a clever popular journalist. Over here he is looked upon as a philosopher of parts. At home he seems to most of his own people more of a "columnist." Here he is supposed to be a preacher of distinction; but in London he is regarded as rather a dull talker. There is a certain epigrammatic utterance of the commonplace about most of his work which the British deem a bit unseemly in decanal speech, although quite all right in a penny paper. The British suspect dealers in verbal pyrotechnic. They have never quite taken seriously even Mr. G. K. Chesterton, despite his more than occasional profundity. A man of wisdom in British estimate ought not to sparkle. In the case of the Dean of St. Paul's, there is more than a suspicion in Albion that he has the sparkle without, as a rule, any real depth at all. We Americans take the Dean very seriously. When he last visited New York, hundreds of the city's leaders turned out to a great banquet in his honor, and listened with much respect to a speech which for thoughtfulness and penetrating comprehension would have disgraced a schoolboy. We Americans love titles, ecclesiastical and otherwise. A Dean of St. Paul's must be a mighty man! Dr. Inge is not so great a figure at home. He writes pseudo-science and demi-philosophy and jingo patriotism for the papers; and that is most of it.

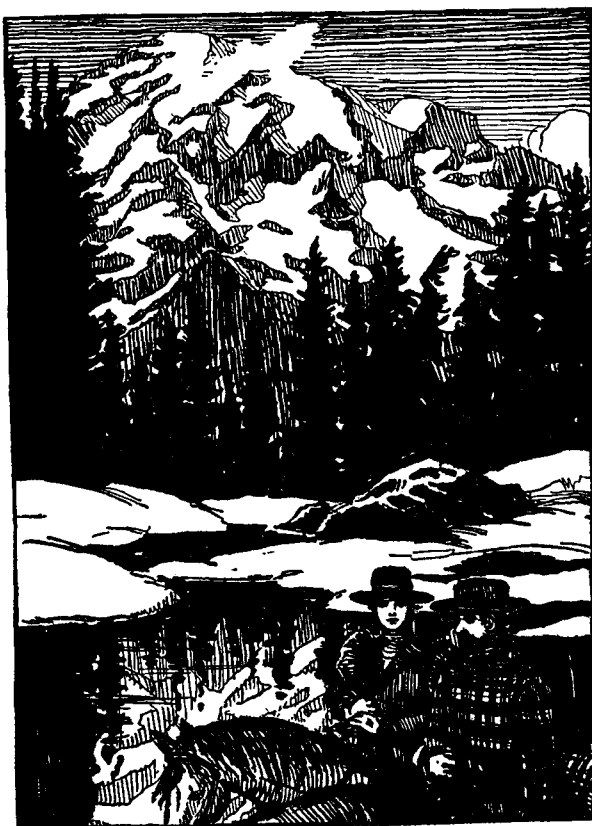
If anything can disillusion his American worshippers it will be this "Labels and Libels," just out. Here are a number of his journalistic pot-boilers, dignified by a cloth cover. It is hard to imagine anything less worth reading, for instance, than the "prognostications" which make up the middle seventy-five pages. The one about Catholicism ignores Catholicism as a religion and plays on a "Guy Fawkes Day" sort of fear of papal political ambition. Protestantism is pretty poor stuff, but destined, he thinks, to survive, because it is Nordic. As for education in the year 2000, it is going to be "democratic," which this supposed anti-democrat most surprisingly thinks is a great virtue. The political world in A.D. 2000 will be dominated by America, and a United States of Europe would therefore be a good thing; only of course it is impossible. The dole is going to impoverish and degrade all social life; but nothing, to be sure, can be done about it. Marriage is in a bad way, and growing worse; but the Dean is of four or five contradictory minds about what should be offered by way of diagnosis or remedy. Democracy is a bad form of government; but all that can be done is to shake one's head. Eugenics will work wonders. The Dean ignores the fact that there is nothing at which humanity more instinctively rebels than external regulation of sex-relationships on scientific principles. And, finally, the globe is shrinking because of the radio and television. That is a most original observation!

The essays on religion are a little better. The Dean is in them mostly a courteous and reticent gentleman. But they, too, stay usually very near the surface. The best thing in the volume is the initial essay, a plea for large-minded desire to appreciate the positive and commonly-held elements in religion and not to focus attention upon elements that are decisive; "to personalize sympathies and depersonalize antipathies." That paper is in the vein of the better of the "Outspoken Essays." Significantly, it was written ten years ago—before the daily papers began to get in their deadly work.

Clara Viebig, despite her advancing years, continues to write. Her latest novel, "Die mit den Tausend Kindern" (Deutsche Verlagsanstalt), is a tale of social conditions in Berlin. Its characters are drawn from the working classes which the author knows intimately.

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In America it won the unanimous vote of the judges as the Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for June, and 100,000 copies have been printed in the first edition.

*Christopher Morley in The Saturday Review of Literature says:*

"I should like to see it sell a million copies. It is, to me, the greatest book about the War that I have yet seen; greatest by virtue of its blasting simplicity. . . . The quiet honesty of its tone, its complete human candor, the fine vulgarity of its plain truth (plainly and beautifully translated) make it supreme. . . . I regard any mature reader who has a chance to read this book and does not, and who, having read it, does not pass it on among a dozen others, as a traitor to humanity."

## ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE



Here at last is the great War novel for which the world has been waiting. Its author, a young German of French extraction, enlisted in the infantry as a boy of eighteen and served on the Western Front throughout the War. In this book we see the life of the common soldier in all its phases—in the trenches, behind the lines, in hospital, at home on leave among civilians. It is a book of terrible experiences, at times crude because of the necessity of telling the absolute truth, at times rising to an almost incredible degree of tragedy, and at times relieved by humorous incidents and examples of rough good-comradeship. It will shock the super-sensitive by its outspokenness; it will leave no reader unmoved.



*The Manchester Guardian says:* "Not until this year has the written word communicated the direct, immediate experience of the War itself. Surely the greatest of all War books. What makes it all the more impressive is the simplicity, the integrity and the strength of character that are its foundation."

*T. P.'s Weekly says:* "Here is the greatest of war-books, the epic of the infantryman, the saga of the Western Front! I cry 'Comrade' to this writer who has interpreted the soul of the common soldier and exposed the tremendous horror and heroism, the incredible fury and folly of war."

*The London Sunday Chronicle says:* "The most wonderful and terrible book that has come out of the War. At last the epic of the lowly soldier in the line, the true story of the world's greatest nightmare."

*The London Times says:* "It has certain of the marks of genius which transcend nationality. There are moments when the narrative rises to heights which place it in the company of the great, nor are these always scenes of battle or horror. Herr Remarque is undoubtedly a great writer."

*Walter Von Molo, President of the German Academy of Letters, says:* "Let this book go into every home that has suffered no loss in the War, and to every home that had to sacrifice any of its kindred, for these are the words of the dead, the testament of all the fallen, addressed to the living of all nations."

*Bruno Frank in Das Tage Buch says:* "It is unanswerable, it cannot be evaded. It does not declaim, it never accuses, it only represents, and every word flowers in truth. Out of his common grave speaks the Unknown Warrior. . . . Let it make its way over the whole world."

*Erich Koch-Weser, Minister of Justice, says:* "Of all descriptions of the War that I know, this is the most powerful. I repeatedly put it away from me, because it moved me beyond measure, but always took it up again, because it held me irresistibly under its spell."

*Redakteur Stohr says:* This novel is the greatest war-book that has yet been written. . . . The man in the trenches, the 'tommy', the under-dog, at last speaks out. Word for word it is his speech and his thought."

Translated by A. W. Wheen. \$2.50 at all Booksellers

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## A Child's Book Friends

By MITTIE HOLT NICROSI

BEING the youngest of the family, little time or thought was given to what or why I read. I doubt if the family even knew that I read in those early years, for a popular débutante sister thirteen years older than my small self and her ensuing marriage (a gala event, which brought inexpressible joy to my heart, for I was the "flower girl" bedecked in accordion-pleated organdie and pink rosebuds) quite naturally took the house, the time, and attention of, everyone in it.

My first literary memories are of a bright red booklet thrown into our yard one hot summer morning. It advertised in vivid colors a certain type of brick newly put upon the market and, marvel of marvels, it contained a persuasive story in rhyme of "Three Little Pigs" who went out into the wide, wide world to seek their fortunes and one by one met an old gray wolf who "huffed and puffed" 'til he blew down the houses of the first two little pigs, but not that of the third, which was constructed of the brick advertised.

"The Three Little Kittens" who lost their mittens, a battered copy of "Mother Goose," and a very old child's story of the Bible, whose queer print I could not read, but whose pictures held me in fascinated horror, were the first books that I remember.

Our old cook filled my eager ears with "Uncle Remus" stories as I sat on the kitchen steps being "a good chile, an' not under foot." "Diddie, Dumps, and Tot" came next, especially attractive to me because I knew people who had known the real Diddie and the old plantation near Selma, Alabama, where the scene is laid. My own summers were spent on an old plantation, so every scene was a familiar joy, every experience was mine, in spite of the difference in the years. For I had a black "Mammy" and a little colored girl named Willie to play with; together we swung on Muscadine-vine swings and spent many happy hours in the old barn jumping from a high loft into mounds of sweet hay.

Equally dear and the exact opposite in every way was my copy of "Little Women" handed down to me from my Great-aunt Linda, who was New England itself to me and to everyone else in Montgomery who knew her. It was printed at the University Press of Cambridge and was illustrated profusely with pen and ink sketches by Frank T. Merrill. Of the many beautiful copies in the bookshops to-day none is as charming as this old copy of mine and I have never seen a child who did not love its pictures.

The other Alcotts followed "The Five Little Peppers." And "Toinette's Philip" and "Lady Jane," by Mrs. C. V. Jamison, gave a new vision and were my next loves, as enjoyable to me now as they were then. New Orleans lives and breathes in these pages; the old priest, Père Josef, Mammy Toinette, and Grande Seline, whose pralines were the best on the Rue Royale; Philip, courteous and gay, rescuing the dog Homo, and his sad little mistress Dea, who wandered about the streets selling charming little figurines, all of them modelled by Pauvre Papa from characters in Victor Hugo's novels. Here were streets with such delicious names as Rue des Bons Enfants, Ursalines, and St. Charles; the chapel of St. Roch, with its queer votive offerings, and a real Mardi Gras. George W. Cable's books read later on gave me no clearer picture of the old city, its atmosphere and customs, than these two charming books. But "The Little Colonel" held a treasured place in the affections of every Southern girl by reason of the familiarity and complete naturalness of characters, scenery, ideals, personal behavior, and customs true to every Southern home. Without sermonizing, they exerted a subtle influence that had a way of making the average girl want to be worthy without analyzing the reason for it.

I loathed the reading of Dickens and still do, but I enjoyed the stories told me by my Great-aunt who loved Dickens's works, just as I enjoy them in retrospect to-day after the actual reading is over. Thackeray and Scott I adored. "Cranford" was and is a joy. Hawthorne's "Marble

Faun," "House of Seven Gables," and "The Scarlet Letter" (think of a child reading "The Scarlet Letter" in those days!) rubbed covers with the "Vicar" and "Mamselle's Secret" on the shelves of an old-fashioned corner book-stand that stood in my bedroom to which I carried all the books that I enjoyed the instant that I discovered them, for once they crossed the threshold of my room they became mine. "The Alhambra" and "Canterbury Tales" crowded Rab Burns and Lord Byron into a corner with Owen Wister's "Virginian," "Robin Hood," "Swiss Family Robinson," and "Lorna Doone."

Sprinkled thickly through the years was a varied assortment picked here and there at will, with no guidance of any kind. "Huck Finn" was the only book banned by my Great-aunt, who would not tolerate in the house such an example of bad manners coupled with bad behavior. I can see her now flinging into the flames of my fireplace a cherished volume slipped to me by my brother and hidden for weeks under the mattress of my bed. At this time I succeeded in getting a liberal education in "Diamond Dicks." My brother had a splendid workshop, built especially for him in our back yard, and here he kept, secretly of course, a really remarkable library of "Diamond Dicks," which it was my delight to borrow. I made a wonderful discovery soon after this; it was an old trunk in the attic filled with paper-back novels by Ouida, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, and Augusta J. Evans. These novels had the same effect that the movies of to-day have on young people.

"Alice in Wonderland" and a book called "Little Mr. Thimblefinger," by Joel Chandler Harris, were early acquaintances that vied for favoritism with "Two Little Confederates," "In Old Virginia," and "A Captured Santa Claus," by Thomas Nelson Page.

"Emmy Lou," "Mrs. Wiggs," and "Lovey Mary," and "Sandy" were friends with "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Mother Cary's Chickens," and the "Bird's Christmas Carol." "Sara Crewe," "The Secret Garden," and "Two Little Pilgrims Progress" (a story of the Chicago World's Fair) were my favorites of Mrs. Burnett's books.

All of Ernest Thompson-Seton, the beloved "Jungle Books" and "Kim," and a set of books by Paul du Chaillu describing explorations in Africa, kept me enthralled for weeks. "The Little Minister" and "Jane Eyre": one by one they come back to me with a feeling that draws me to the book-shelves to search for these old friends, these books that never failed me when I sought their company.

## Reviews

MUSIC FOR YOUNG CHILDREN. By ALICE G. THORN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. \$1.25.

Reviewed by FANNY R. HAMMOND

MISS THORN, a gifted musician and teacher, shows in this book her understanding of the child mind. As the excellent introduction by Patty S. Hill states, each child should be treated as a separate unit in the general plan, and its interests and development carefully studied and as carefully guided. The book urges the teacher to become acquainted with the child's natural musical tastes or lack of them, and with its knowledge of song and folksong. Once the child's previous musical experiences are known, the teacher has a basis on which to work, and, as is pointed out, it is the slower, less experienced groups which need the most careful help and special training. Dramatic play, musical games, the making and use of simple musical instruments, all are emphasized. Lists of songs and song books are given and, as the book states: "The most beautiful and artistic songs in our possession to-day are the folk songs, because they are a real expression of a common, vital experience." So these songs are used wherever possible and the child begins to store away in its mind treasures which will be a lasting heritage.

Rhythmic activity is given its just due. For young children it is important that musical ideas come this way, through bodily activity. The music for this work should be carefully adapted to the varying ages of the different classes, and care should be

taken that the child is not unduly stimulated in his emotional life, a point too often overlooked. And much is made in this book of the child's sensitiveness and the grave mistake it is to ridicule or even notice the clumsiness of his attempts. The writer urges the encouragement of honest effort, the stimulus produced by the good example of older children, and the benefits of wholesome social contact among children; also she marks the need of helping children to develop their own ideas and tastes rather than those of others.

The making and using of simple musical instruments form a valuable part of the child's musical education, and ways of manufacturing these are explained. Unconsciously the child learns the use and value of instruments, which knowledge later will enable him to distinguish tones and families in concerts and orchestras. This brings us to the last part of the book, which dwells on the joy for both teacher and pupil in musical excursions. Here the importance of offering only the best is emphasized and also the inspiration for children in music performed by another child or by an artist young enough to belong, in a way, to the same world they themselves inhabit.

All in all, the book is one which it would be well worth while for the teacher in the subject to study carefully, and especially those teachers whose privilege it is to bring music to the school children of to-day.

ABDALLAH AND THE DONKEY. Told and Illustrated by "Kos" (BARONESS DOMBROWSKI). New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. \$2.

Reviewed by ANNE H. VANCE  
New Haven Bookshop

BARONESS DOMBROWSKI has written and illustrated with whimsical artistry the tale of a Bagdad merchant and his donkey, which depends on a number of amusing tricks to hold the interest of its youthful readers.

Like Daudet's papal mule, Abdallah's donkey had *pair bon enfant*—until he ate the bit of rotten pumpkin which the blackbird with green eyes and strange headgear had imbued with magic power. Abdallah, not satisfied with submission and loyalty, had prayed that his good donkey be given human intelligence, that he might be more than mere beast of burden, a partner in his joys and sorrows as well. This thought, pious in itself, was responsible for devastating changes in the humdrum existence of master and beast.

The whimsy of tying her characters by strips of bright-colored cloth to the initial letter of a chapter seems to give particular pleasure to the author, as she has twice used the trick. Says Rumswiddle, "The artist tied me to the big T and I am afraid I must stay here until the end of the chapter." Abdallah scolds, "You wicked creature! . . . Why did you not kick and buck? Are you my donkey, or the artist's jackass?" (Was there ever a more satisfactory name for a donkey than "Rumswiddle"?—a name to swish through one's teeth, as delicious a combination of sounds for a small boy to conjure with as could be thought of.)

The author gives warmth and color to the lively narrative by descriptions rich in Oriental atmosphere, the booth at the annual bazaar, the trappings of the Cadi and the lovely Ameera, and the garden with coffee under the orange tree.

One cannot wonder that Rumswiddle was content to be the "artist's jackass," for the artist certainly wins the day in this pleasant little book. She knows her animals always, whether they be elephants in Africa in another of her books, or a donkey in Bagdad between these pages. She knows her Bagdad merchant, too, and can depict his sharpness or his servility by the turn of an eye, or the gesture of an Oriental hand.

The book is a pleasant size for children to hold, the type is good, and the short, pithy chapters will serve as excellent reading at a sitting for the restless boy.

FORTY GOOD MORNING TALES. By ROSE FYLEMAN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. \$2.

Reviewed by LUCY T. BARTLETT

PERHAPS it is not so strange that one who is only an "aunt" should not until now have discovered Rose Fyleman. But having discovered her I mean to pursue her, to see if her Good Night Tales are as wispy, as airy, as altogether delightful as are her tales for Good Morning. Without doubt she has the story-telling gift. Her imagination works as lightly as the thistle-down which the old lady of one of these tales put into her bread; it leaps as nimbly over time and reality as did the Hoppaway to Ampstead. Any child with any imagination will hug this book to her heart and

find fresh fields to roam in. And as for any child without imagination, if there is one, she surely will have at least a small seed planted within her, which with proper cultivation will eventually come to flower.

It is part of Miss Fyleman's charm that she does not write down to her readers; she makes no effort to have only thoughts in one syllable. There are allusions which no child can grasp, precisely as there are happenings daily in children's lives which mean nothing to them but out of which come by suggestion those things which are real. "Why go abroad for your winter sports?" would convey no exciting suggestion to them, however it may stir longings in their elders, but Mrs. Moodle sliding down stairs on a tea tray is something they can well comprehend. I know, for I tried that particular story on four of them today. From a certain gleam which came into their eyes I fear they comprehended it only too well. What this and a few others of these tales should have added to them is a WARNING—"This was all very well for Mrs. Moodle, but I shouldn't advise your trying it yourself!"

The very thin little girl, the girl who tried to walk on the ceiling, with disastrous results, the last little pea in the pod, who escaped the caterpillar and other ills because he was so little and ill-favored—a delightful variation of the old "youngest son" plot—these should soon become as familiar as the King who did like "a little bit of butter on his bread," or James, James, or even Winnie the Pooh.

The publishers recommend these tales for children "eight to eleven." I should begin somewhat earlier, seven, or even six. When I asked a small person of eight recently, one with whom I often have intellectually stimulating conversations, what she was reading now, she replied, "Vanity Fair." Fortunately her tastes are catholic and broad, and she was one of those most carried away by the adventures of Mrs. Moodle.

In her illustrations Erick Berry has managed to catch some of the delightful qualities of the stories.

THREE POINTS OF HONOR. By RUSSELL GORDON CARTER. New York: Little, Brown & Co. 1929. \$2.

Reviewed by T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

ONCE more have some optimistic publishers gone gunning for the remarkable, and come home unhappily with the commonplace. This is the book which was awarded the \$4000 prize in the *Boys' Life*-Little, Brown & Company competition. Perhaps it is not to say that these gentlemen regret having had to throw such an expensive rainbow 'round Mr. Carter's shoulder, for they have secured an honest and fairly interesting working-out of their conditions: a story based on the principles of the Scout Oath and Law. But they certainly have not bagged a distinguished story or even an exceptional one. Surely for \$4000 they should have been able to pick up something of style, some humor, or grace of phrase, or beauty of description, or acuteness of characterization if these qualities could be come by through awards and stipulations; but this book lacks them all.

Rodney Owen, the hero, is a very decent fellow, sturdy, sincere, and pleasantly unconscious of his twelve attributes: a Scout is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, etc. Having assimilated Foch's doctrines of conquest, he leads his basketball team to victory, only to have the triumph darkened by his mother's death. The gloom of this tragedy clouds the rest of the book and is rather severe for a juvenile, nor does the maternal influence have the effect its author probably intended. Rodney is bent to a dead person's wish, and years after her death, at eighteen, he is still tearfully getting letters, through an uncle, from the grave. It is not attractive.

Rodney's wage-earning efforts are well told. He gives up one job because taking money from the Reds is hardly in keeping with Point of Honor No. 1. He supports his uncle, which takes care of No. 2. He saves one fisherman from drowning, and another from burning, and is fortunate enough to be picked up at sea by a U. S. destroyer. He convalesces to find himself an appointee of the President's to Annapolis.

The best of "Three Points of Honor" is its honest and unpriggish hero, and the worst is his unconvincing fate. One feels that Rodney would be out of place and unhappy as a naval officer. Even the author has doubts about it. In forcing this boy to his mother's antiquated ambitions, Mr. Carter has scarcely done a good turn for boys. The anatomy of the book is wrenched, which explains why the flesh lacks liveliness. Compared with other scout books which have appeared recently, this book is greatly inferior. It is not the kind to be reread.