

The New Books

Juvenile

(Continued from preceding page)

JOBS FOR GIRLS. By HAZEL RAWSON CADES. Harcourt, Brace. 1930. \$2.

If you are interested in books to give to a girl who is beginning to think about what work she shall enter—or to one you wish would think about it—"Jobs for Girls" is well worth your consideration. For Miss Cades knows girls. As editor of the *Twelve to Twenty* pages of the *Woman's Home Companion*, she is in touch with many hundreds of them. And in the writing of this book she has drawn not only from her knowledge of the personal problems and desires of girls, but from her own significant experiences and contacts in the world of affairs as well.

In selecting twenty-two fields of work which hold opportunities for young women, she has carefully chosen a variety which are of interest to girls of contrasting talents and interests. And to a description of the opportunities in these fields, she adds practical suggestion and observation, much of it presented in the actual words of women of achievement in each. "Getting a Job,"

"Keeping a Job," "Dollars and Sense in Clothes," "Are There Too Many Nurses?" "Book Lovers' Business" are typical among her chapter titles.

We like Miss Cades's frank approach. She tells what special training is necessary, what is optional. There are difficulties and obstacles everywhere. She does not wave them aside. And without effervescence, she describes the fascinations to be found along the way and the personal satisfactions which a girl may conceivably find.

And we like especially her informal style. The same touch of intimacy and practicality and appreciation of the individual girl's problems which made girls welcome Miss Cades's first book, "Any Girl Can Be Good-looking," is to be found here.

We cannot but regret, however, that Miss Cades's first chapters have more of a textbook flavor than any of her others. Her analysis in the opening chapter, "Are you looking for a job?" is thorough and practical—but a list of questions which a girl should ask concerning herself and what she wishes to do is not calculated to catch the interest of a girl unless she happens to be concerned with just that—looking for a job. And one cannot but feel that if, instead of this opening, Miss Cades could have used some of the vivid narrative material in

which her book abounds, she would have assured for it a wider audience.

ANIMAL'S OWN STORY BOOK. By ELLEN C. BABBITT. Century. 1930. \$1.50.

Despite Miss Babbitt's undoubted success in her previous work with folk tales, we think this latest book of only mediocre worth. Perhaps it is the difference in content between American and Hindu lore that makes "The Animal's Own Story Book" seem thin and pointless in contrast with the "Jataka Tales." Certainly there is no fault to be found with the English, clear, simple, direct. All the traditional ingredients of a good rendering of folk tales are here; all, that is, except the final spark that gives them life.

Perhaps an honest compiler with respect for her sources is not to be blamed if a story goes off in smoke, has no particular point, brings in extraneous elements. Surely she is not to blame, but we must hold her responsible for claiming that the stories are worth our attention in the first place. And perhaps they are. Certainly they will not hurt your child. Possibly they will give him pleasure. But they are not the real thing, full of flavor and conviction, that one hopes to find in the traditional beliefs and superstitions of one's native land. They are tame, adequate reading matter for second and third grade children, better adapted in format to being read to the child than by him, since the type is rather small and closely spaced. Margery Stocking has done some attractive silhouette illustrations, the book is well made and not expensive, but we cannot recommend it with any genuine enthusiasm.

SUN-UP ON THE RANGE. By FREDERIC NELSON LITTEN. Illustrated by ALBIN HENNING. Appleton. 1930. \$2.

This story for boys goes right ahead with no lost motion. The action centers around the Circle ML cattle ranch in the Dragoon Mountains country of Arizona down near the Mexican border. Martin and Barney Lane own the ranch and also operate a mine out in the hills. Both Mexicans and Americans interfere with the Lane prosperity. The cattle disappear, revolutionary bandits raid the ranch premises, and owing to the loss of the cattle and the delay in the mine production a mortgage is about to be foreclosed.

The two brothers put up a courageous fight to keep their holdings. A rather large number of personages take part in the struggles. The entire ensemble, of characters and settings, is an excellent piece of work and thoroughly Arizona. And the action never flags, the plot is devious but well sustained, and if at the end, where the brothers win out, the author appears to tire out just a trifle, the reader will have had full value for time or money spent, regardless. But—"Buenas dias" instead of "Buenos dias," Mr. Litten? "Malo hombres" instead of "malos hombres," sir? Let us serve the American youth with good Spanish, even border Spanish, as well as with good writing.

THE HEROES. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Illustrated by HELEN H. KIHM. McBride, 1930. \$2.50.

The Victorians had their enthusiasms, but they always colored them to fit their moral precepts. They dictated to the past as dogmatically as to their own epoch. If Charles Kingsley chose to write about early Spanish America or ancient Greece, he did it with a conscience. In this book he is specifically rewriting the old Greek legends to make suitable reading for his children. He calls it "The Heroes" "because that was the name the Hellenes gave to men who were brave and skilful and dare do more than other men." That is true and sound, but he cannot leave it there. He must point his moral and so his final result is always thoroughly un-Greek except as to the actual facts.

Even with these he has a way of sidestepping difficulties that he cannot explain, which is as exasperating to us as it would have been to a Greek. Our children surely will have little patience with a story teller who refuses to tell to the end what he has begun. The attempt to make the primitive vigor of these legends fit in with the Victorian conception of morality must seem forced even to a child.

The amazement is that the stories remain fascinating in spite of their coating. There is a glorious vitality about them that cannot be downed, and Kingsley knew and loved his Greek language. His prose is always musical and is often beautifully suggestive of the original Greek:

and behold, instead of falling, he floated and stood and ran along the sky. He looked back, but Athens had vanished, and Hermes; and the sandals led him on northward ever, like a crane who follows the spring toward the Ister fens.

The story of Perseus is perhaps the most successful because it is more adaptable material for children. The book is well printed and illustrated, and its glorious epic material survives on the whole being "done over" in red plush.

THISTLE INN. By KATHARINE ADAMS. Macmillan. 1930. \$2.

Miss Adams's books for girls have been popular because of a certain spontaneity and liveliness in the young people in them. They have been stories in which young people abound, young people of different countries meeting and forming friendships against an Old World background, France, England, Sweden, and Ireland. This latest one is somewhat different. It is of Scotland at the time of the return of young Charles Stuart, Bonnie Prince Charlie. Three young people of the story are earnest advocates of the lost cause and strong hero worshippers. These are Cherry, a will-o'-the-wisp of a girl who, in boy's clothes, carries messages hither and yon and is in the thick (nowhere very thick) of the undertaking; Elspeth, who is "marked for service" in a mysterious way, and her young boy cousin Glenfinnan, who enlists with the young prince and gives such service and devotion that he is rewarded by knighthood.

To call the story in any sense historical would be absurd. The girls and young Glen are filled with a fervor and a desire "to do and dare," but the Stuart struggle is not presented clearly or fully, nor is the young prince "with gold locks flying," a vivid character strongly appealing as an object of loyalty and ardent support. If the young people know what they are doing and daring it is more than the reader does, and their seriousness and struggles result only in sentimentality. The Prince comes upon Glenfinnan on the battlefield and says to him, "You are but a bairn. How comes it that you are here?" Glenfinnan answers, "I am Glenfinnan Channing, and I am marked for your service. I have a cousin, too, a lass of sixteen, a sweet girl living in my father's house. Both of us are marked for your service. She is ready to give her life if that will help. I would have your Royal Highness know with what joy she awaits her time!" The characters are continually stirred to great emotion, but the reader looks in vain for something to fire his own enthusiasm and love of romance.

Perhaps all this lack of atmosphere and probability could be forgiven if there were an interesting plot to follow, but this also is weak and vague. When all is said and done, the book has neither depth nor richness.

Books Briefly Described

THE ONE-WAY RIDE. By WALTER NOBLE BURNS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. \$2.50.

An inside story of gangs and gangsters with especial emphasis on the biographies of notorious bootleggers and gunmen, by the author of "Billy the Kid."

LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET. By CLARENCE EDWARD MACARTNEY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. \$3.50.

Biographical and political studies of each member of Lincoln's Cabinet with an extensive index and evidently based on research.

ZEPPELIN: A BIOGRAPHY. By MARGARET GOLDSMITH. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1931. \$3.50.

A readable biography of Zeppelin which recounts not merely his experience as an inventor, but also gives many interesting sidelights, such as his ideas as to the use of Zeppelins in war. It reveals that his first experience in the air was gained in 1863, when he came to the United States to join the Union Army.

BLISS CARMAN AND THE LITERARY CURRENTS AND INFLUENCES OF HIS TIME. By JAMES CAPPON. New York: Lewis Carrier & Alan Isles. 1931. \$3.50.

A biographical and critical study of Bliss Carman combined with literary essays having more or less relation to the literary tradition for which he stood.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE. Edited by VALESKA BARI. New York: Coward-McCann. 1931. \$4.

An interesting collection of first-hand accounts of the Gold Rush and California of that period, with a historical introduction. The whole done for the general reader and indeed very readable.

GARDENER OF EVIL: A Portrait of Baudelaire and His Times. By PIERRE LOVING. New York: Brewer & Warren. 1931. \$2.50.

A fictionalized biography of Baudelaire based upon known facts but written in the form of a novel.

"A Rich Feast for Any Reader"

THE SECOND TWENTY YEARS AT HULL-HOUSE

By Jane Addams

"Miss Addams' *Twenty Years at Hull-House* has already become a classic, and its sequel, unlike most sequels, is its equal in interest and importance."—*Chicago Evening Post* \$4.00

"Informing... Impartial"

THE ECONOMIC LIFE OF SOVIET RUSSIA

By Calvin B. Hoover

"Affords the best and most comprehensive view of Soviet policies and their application which is now obtainable."—*New York Times* \$3.00

"Noteworthy... Admirable"

THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE

By Sir James Jeans

"Some months have passed since I found Sir James Jeans' book, *The Universe Around Us*, of such superlative interest that I was impelled to say something about it... His later and briefer book appeals to me no less strongly."—*Boston Transcript* \$2.25

New Novels

OLD SHIP

By Lennox Kerr

This story of the *Hillgrave*, battered wanderer of five oceans, of her captain and the crew, provides as stirring a tale as recent literature affords. \$2.00

MURDER AT BRIDGE

By Anne Austin

A new mystery story by the author of *Murder Backstairs*. \$2.00

The Adventures of Hawke Travis

By Eli Colter

A speedy, exciting story of a Western bad man of half a century ago. \$2.00

ITALY YESTERDAY and TODAY

By A. Marinoni

A novel approach to Italy, and one which must be useful to any who contemplate a trip abroad, as well as to all those for whom the history of civilization has a meaning. *Illus.* \$5.00

Sixty Years of Branch Banking in Virginia

By George T. Starnes

A sound investigation of the history of banking in Virginia, based on thorough research in original records. \$2.00

At All Bookstores

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs. Becker c/o *The Saturday Review*

E. S. K., Middletown, N. Y., who is interested in stories of ancient Egypt, asks if anything by Georg Ebers is still in print.

THE "Complete Works" of Ebers, in ten volumes, are published by Bigelow, Brown and Co. His best-known works, "Warda," "An Egyptian Princess," and "Homo Sum" are in the inexpensive Home Library (Burt); I have a vivid impression of the first two, and it is years since I saw a copy: the plots are not especially notable, but the archaeological details, such as embalming processes and rites, have enthralled thousands even of young readers.

THE cowboy novels continue to stir up contention: L. J. E., *Honesdale, Pa.*, an old friend of this enterprise, was grieved that I could find room for Zane Grey and B. M. Bowers and overlook Knibbs and Eugene Manlove Rhodes. "E. Douglas Branch, who lately brought out 'Westward' (Appleton), also wrote an overlooked book called 'Cowboys and Their Interpreters,' and you would surely be interested in his fair play with all the essentially hack westerns, usual movies, and all the rest of the magazine and muzzy cowboy stuff, while calling attention to the sound material (spite of some hack girl occlusions) of a few, which besides Knibbs and Rhodes he found to be Andy Adams, Will James, Russell, Hough, but not the two you included. . . . Rhodes has not only human interest in believable characters, delightful humor, and often wit or irony, but optimism and lift of spirits; he can swing a plot not too sensational to be credible. And he knows his West, lives in it, as he has lived, ranching and observing, for some sixty-five years. May I again recommend to you and your suggestees these books, which are in the seventy-five cent reprints or in Houghton Mifflin lists: 'West is West,' 'Good Men and True,' 'Stepsons of Light,' 'Copper Streak Trail,' 'Once in the Saddle,' 'Bransford of Arcady' is perhaps the most delightful and out of print, so is 'Desire of the Moth' out of print and delightful."

It looks as if I had a good time coming, having as yet no experience with E. M. Rhodes. But I have read Mr. Branch's "Westward" (Appleton), having reserved for it the deck-chair peace of an ocean in October; it is a history of the American frontier in its most romantic aspects, so comprehensive that when F. T. F., Trenton, asked for a book list on this subject for the documentation of an extra fine club paper, I told her to get just this one book, and a letter lately received says that she did so with profit to the paper and high enjoyment to herself.

D. R., Morgantown, W. Va., comes into the rodeo with these entrants:

Mrs. Stern is right about Ogden, Seltzer, Spearman, and Sabin being perennially popular but she neglected to mention such other truer and less blatant authors as Wister, Mulford, Raine, and Packard. Owen Wister's "The Virginian" is now a classic and the model for many other western stories by the lesser lights in western fiction. B. M. Bowers's rollicking cowboy stories are harmless and light reading, but the stories of Clarence E. Mulford ring rather true to life as it was during the period of the introduction of barb wire into the west. His story, "Buck Peters-Ranchman," is clean, wholesome reading. "The Man from Bar-20" is satisfying enough for any western story reader and strangely enough has the lack of romance in its pages. "When West was West," by Wister, a recent book, is another to-be-famous classic. "The Settling of the Sage" is a story that deals with the days of the West, the author of which I cannot recall. Who remembers "54-40 or Fight?" Cannot "The Saga of Billy the Kid" be called a western story? Billy was real, so were Tracy and the Younger Brothers, and they played a very important part in the settling of the West. Any college library has a list of books that deals with references on the West at the time of building and I'm afraid that the list would be too long to print here. "The U. P. Trail" is a more or less true to life story of the West and at a period when the railroads helped the expansion of the West. The comparatively recent book of Rolvaag about the settling of the wheat country combines romance with reality and shows what the early settlers were up against during their experiment. Hamlin Garland's "Son of the Middle

Border" is portrayed by too much stark reality to make light reading for some readers, but it deals with the settling of the West.

D. H., Stanford University, tells J. R. M., Princeton, about a Shaw item for his bibliography, an M. A. Thesis by C. E. Walton, "A systematization of the Social and Ethical Philosophy of George Bernard Shaw," which is on file at the Stanford Library," whence, I imagine, it might be borrowed. Prefacing the work is a copy of a letter from Mr. Shaw to Mr. Walton in this vein (I quote from memory): . . . 'No, I did not get my idea from Lever or Bunyan. I will not help you to tomfool away your time in this fashion. . . . If you come to London . . . I shall avoid you as I would the plague.'"

THE Reverend Sydney Smith, considered as a prophet, was sometimes more bright than right. Along with his famous inquiry about American books may now be placed the following dictum concerning doctors in fiction, discovered by C. H. B., *New Haven, Conn.*, in Frances Anne Kemble's "Records of Later Life" (Holt: 1884), and gratefully acknowledged by this department: she says that "in a letter written August 1, 1837, Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble) mentions Miss Harriet Martineau's intention to write a novel, and comments on this in a footnote—

The admirable novel of "Deerbrook" sufficiently answered all who had ever doubted Miss Martineau's capacity for that order of composition, in spite of Sydney Smith's determination that no village "pottery," as he called it, might, could, or ever should, be a hero of romance, and the incessant ridicule with which he assailed the choice of such a one. If, he contended, he takes his mistress's hand with the utmost fervor of a lover, he will, by the mere force of habit, and by feeling her pulse; under strong emotion, she faints away, he will have no salts but Epsom about him, wherewith to restore her suspended vitality; he will put cream of tartar in her tea and a flower of brimstone in her bosom. There was no end to the fun he made of the "medicinal lover." Nevertheless, the public accepted the Deerbrook M.D. and all the paraphernalia of gallipots, pill-boxes, salves, ointments, with which the facetious divine always represented him as surrounded, and vindicated, by its approval, the authoress's choice of a hero.

Well, someone loves doctors in fiction, to judge by the incessant response to the lately

printed list. The original inquirer has just ordered twenty additional copies of that issue, and so many indignant protests have arrived asking why Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" was not included, that a supplement must appear forthwith. *D. L., Oneida, N. Y.*, makes almost as impassioned a demand for "Mrs. Mason's Daughters"—"that strangely, strangely unmentioned novel—but you have mentioned it in praise"—with a doctor who "treated noses effectually, ate peas irreproachably, and had a five-year-old daughter Jane who allowed no one to talk to her when she was listening to a piano recital. He was tall and gaunt, with slightly poppy eyes and thin sarcastic lips, and Fernanda did not love him. But he was a good doctor" and he is not the only one in the book. *D. L.* also points out that the hero of Henry Handel Richardson's Australian trilogy is a doctor, and that medical matters enter into the plot; that there are two unattractive doctors in Mrs. Woolf's "The Voyage Out" and a terrifying one in "Mrs. Dalloway," and that a most lovable one is in Willa Cather's "Song of the Lark," while Dorothy Richardson's "Interim" is full of doctors and medical talk. "The group of young physicians at Miriam Henderson's boarding house are Canadians, you remember, post-graduates taking the 'Conjoint'; Miriam fell in love with von Heber; she typed for a triad of dentists and dusted volumes of *The Dental Cosmos*. In 'Deadlock' she resigned and was reinstated." *K. L.* includes some of these and adds Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes's "When No Man Pursueth," which involves a doctor's dilemma when he suspects that one of his patients is being poisoned, and J. Johnston Abraham's "The Night Nurse" so interesting a first novel it is a pity that the author (a doctor) never wrote a second."

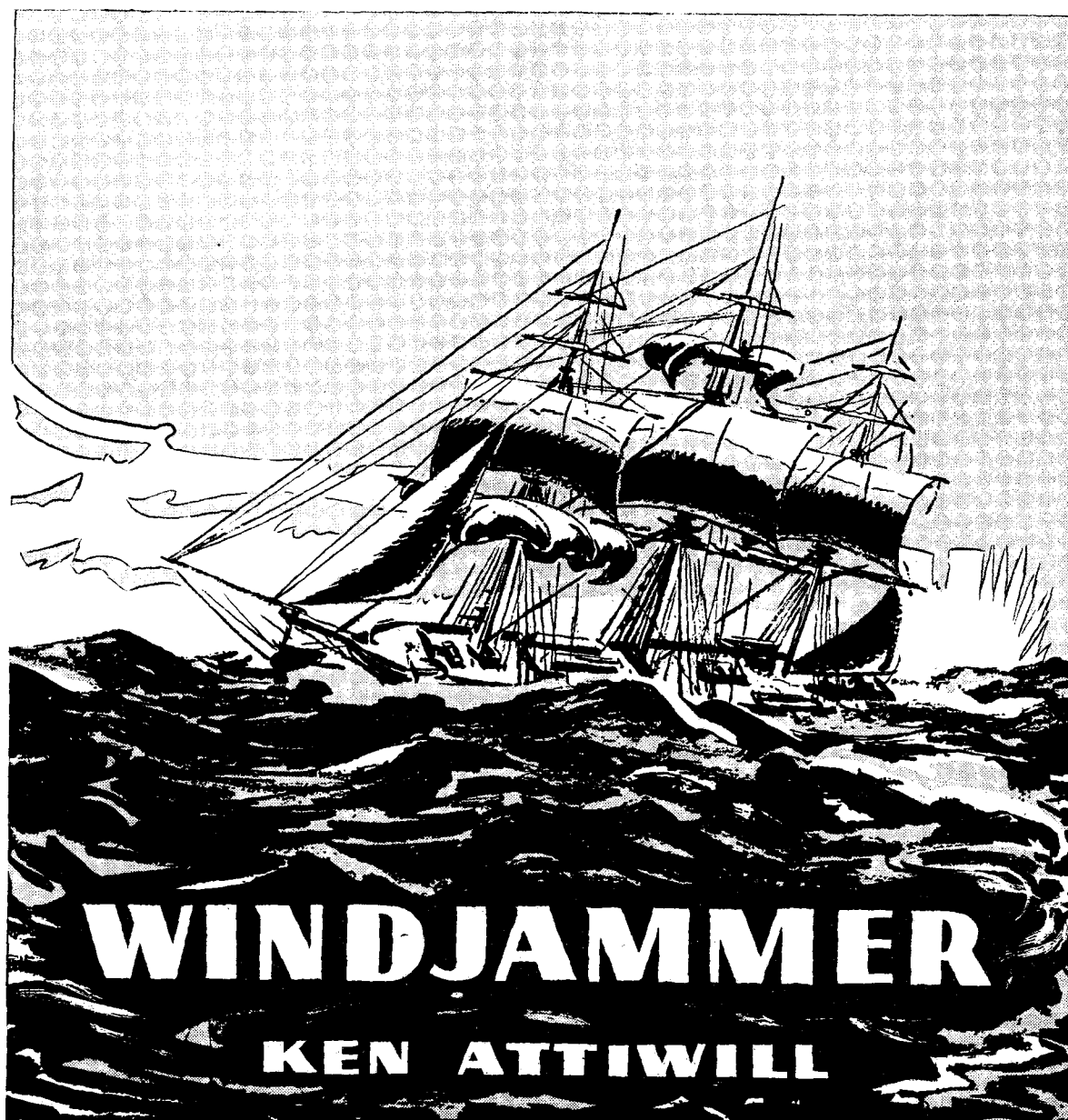
E. N. H., San Francisco, sometime ago heard Mrs. Patrick Campbell recite Humbert Wolfe's "Serenade," and asks in which volume of his works it may be found.

"SERENADE" is a sequence of ten lyrics in "This Blind Rose" (Doubleday, Doran); they are so beautiful on the page—especially "Substance," "Return," "Romance," and "Let us be very sure"—that I wish I had heard them in Mrs. Campbell's beautiful voice.

"A MONUMENT TO THE AGE OF SAIL"

Most sea-farers, when they go to write, dip their pens in rhapsody. Not so Mr. Attiwill. Last year he shipped aboard a four-masted barque, one of the last old grain ships to go rounding the Horn. With him he carried all his worldly goods—£8 10s and a stout heart, all set for adventure. But even the sea can't break a good journalist of the habit of making profuse and realistic notes—such notes as form the basis for this ruthless and intimate chronicle of fo'c'sle life.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN



WINDJAMMER
KEN ATTIWILL

"Honest and faithful to the life," says Capt. David W. Bone, author of *Brassbounder*. "We are just as he says we are. What a life! What a tribe! But we can sail ships."

"A perfect microcosm of life at sea,"—Ernest Boyd.

"A stronger, more vivid picture of life in the fo'c'sle than A. J. Villiers' *By Way of Cape Horn*," says the *N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

A word of praise for the jacket, too: "No one can draw a ship better than Edward A. Wilson," says the *N. Y. Sun*.

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