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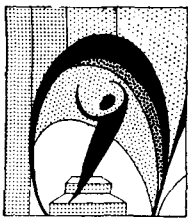
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## Points of View

### What We Want

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

I am not an intellectual. I should rather  
see than be one. They give me an acute  
pain. Why? Because as Andy Gump says,  
"The wise man is often in doubt; the fool  
is never."

For instance: I admire such books as  
Jeans, Eddington, Shapley, Michelson,  
Compton, Thompson (Aberdeen), Millikan,  
and really the most religious—if not pious  
—of them all, Einstein. Humble, noble,  
unsatisfied minds and spirits!

Then up pop the literati—Max Eastman,  
Mencken, the two Elmers, Langdon-Davies,  
and a million others who deny all conscious-  
ness save their own. I never heard of any  
of them creating time, space, motion, matter,  
mind, or a single emotion. Just grew.

To a "wayfaring man tho' a fool" it  
would seem that consciousness presupposes  
a greater consciousness—but not to those  
boys. They scrap among themselves, call  
each other's views absurd—see *Forum*, *The  
Bookman*, *Modern Quarterly*; and some of  
them believe, not in religion, but in *fairies*  
and an enlightened race of *crocodiles* soon  
to succeed mankind! Gosh!

One aspect of egotism appears in current  
book reviews. Your editorial "Reluctant  
Reviewers" hits the nail on the head. As a  
man of the street I like to read about new  
books, and I peruse all the leading Reviews  
—yours, of course, is the best. But often I  
"come out the self-same door that in I  
went."

Why? Because the majority of the re-  
viewers use the space allowed to exhibit  
their personalities. It is easy and common  
to read a whole column or two and still not  
learn a darn thing about the book itself, or  
the author. The reviewer expatiates on his  
own personal view and make-up, just as did  
I on page 1 of this letter.

The authority of the Journal is what we  
want. Howard O'Brien, in today's *Chicago  
Post*, says a certain book may well receive  
the Pulitzer prize for real merit. According  
to Llewellyn Jones in the next column the  
same book must be *gaucherie*—crude, if not  
asinine.

Correct criticism is what we want—we  
don't give a whoop for the reviewer's ideas  
as a *feature*, but they are desirable, even  
necessary, as a side-dish, of course.

Chicago.

GEORGE T. LITTLE.

### Unsigned Critiques

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

Apropos your recent editorial on the sub-  
ject of unsigned critiques:

Not only would there be less "whitewash-  
ing" and mutual back-slapping under such  
conditions, but it would also have a tendency  
to tone down such *ex cathedra* effusions as  
frequently appear from the pen of a critic  
who has more conceit than judicial-minded-  
ness. Human nature takes upon itself rather  
odd turns now and then. Critics who have  
worked their way sufficiently into the pub-  
lic mind, frequently fool themselves with  
the idea that what *they* think tinctures the  
editorial policy of the publication for which  
they are writing. In other words—they are  
apt to say things for their own personal sat-  
isfaction, whether fair or not, which would  
most likely be unsaid if they were unsigned.

It may be a far cry, but any old-timer  
knows how far the general critic will go in  
the gratification of a strictly personal opin-  
ion, based on what he had for breakfast.  
Unsigned critiques would make for temper-  
ate utterances and rugged honesty at the same  
time, also a feeling of responsibility in not  
committing the *Review* to a criticism that  
was intemperate or sloppy. That, together  
with the knowledge that anything but hew-  
ing to the line would soon eliminate him  
from consideration.

If there's one publication that could get  
away with such a revolutionary and alto-  
gether desirable proceeding, it is the *Satur-  
day Review*, and I'd like to see you try it on.

ROBERT FROTHINGHAM.

Mayfield, N. Y.

### As to Compression

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

In "Compressed Masterpieces," in *The  
Saturday Review* of April 11, you express  
a belief that "certain masterpieces of the  
early romantic novel, notably Scott's and  
Cooper's, could be improved by a slight and  
judicious cutting of rambling description."  
This seems quite probable, particularly in  
the case of Cooper, the National Novelist

Nobody Knows, whom, someone says, "we  
love, but we don't read." But unless Cooper  
is cut or condensed carefully, it seems better  
to take him as Hawkeye took his homebrew,  
—in a long draught. Then, at least, we  
shall not miss the prolixity which Mr.  
Brownell found to be an element of his il-  
lusion.

In the *Authors Digest*, edition of 1927,  
vol. V, p. 163, is the following "compression"  
of the famous fight on the caverned  
island at Glens Falls, in "The Last of the  
Mohicans": "All remained quiet in the  
strange retreat till the light of dawn came.  
Then suddenly the Iroquois stealing from  
all sides attacked furiously. But the superb  
marksmanship of the scout and the Mo-  
hicans kept the hostile savages at bay until  
nightfall, when all the powder was ex-  
hausted. While Bumpo and Chingachgook  
were consulting together, Cora Munro, the  
dark beauty, proposed that they should steal  
through the darkness to the fort and bring  
aid."

The main criticism on this is that it  
didn't happen that way in Cooper. All did  
not "remain quiet" on the island, the sav-  
ages were not kept "at bay until night-  
fall," the powder was not "exhausted" but  
stolen, and there was no "darkness" to "steal  
through," although the swimming was  
good. Nothing, of course, is said of the  
single combats, or of the Indian marksman  
in the oak-tree.

In "One Hundred Best Novels Con-  
densed," edited by Edwin A. Grozier, Har-  
per, 1920 (?), is the following "conden-  
sation," by Thomas D. Connolly, of an  
earlier part of Cooper's "Mohicans."

"Hawkeye realized the serious plight of  
the little party and volunteered to help  
them. They set off up the river in a canoe  
bound for a cave where none but the scout  
and his Indian companions had ever set foot.  
This haven they reached in safety, although  
pursued by a band of Indians as they crossed  
the lake."

In other words, Hawkeye's party, ascend-  
ing the Hudson below Glens Falls, is pur-

sued by Indians on Lake George. Neither  
the text of the "Mohicans," nor New York  
state geography, quite permits this. Cooper  
could be careless, too, but the condenser  
has here rather surpassed the romancer.

I do not know whether there are any  
further curiosities of compression in the  
works cited. Perhaps someone can furnish  
other, and quite different, examples of the  
"art of compression."

GEORGE L. BRADLEE.

Providence, R. I.

### Errors Galore

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

A 555-page French translation of Pro-  
fessor Harry Elmer Barnes's volume "The  
Genesis of the World War" has just made  
its portly bow to the French public. In a  
eulogistic foreword which would have  
taught even Rudy Vallée some new adjectives  
Mr. Georges Demartial says that Pro-  
fessor Barnes stands first and foremost for  
American efficiency. He might have said  
"mass-production" or "sales effort" or some  
other of the qualities often ascribed to  
Americans; but he said "efficiency," so let  
us accept the dictum.

As I turned through the volume, my eye  
fell on a strange name in the index—  
"Théodore Roosevelt." I looked further.  
Then I counted. The index of this scien-  
tific work contains, at a hasty count, the  
names of sixty-three Americans and English-  
men. Of these sixty-three there are errors  
in the names of eighteen, roughly a third  
or a quarter.

One might expect to see Herrick mis-  
treated as "Herryck," Sisley Huddleston dis-  
guised as "Sysley Huddelson," or the first  
section of Seton-Watson's name put down as  
"Seaton." But what a slight for so eminent  
a friend of Professor Barnes as Judge Fred-  
erick Bausman to go down to French poster-  
ity as "Frederik Bausmann," or for Edith  
Durham to be twisted to "Edith Durahm,"  
or (unkindest of all) for Sidney Bradshaw  
Fay to be masqueraded as "Sydney Brad-  
schau Fay." A STUDENT OF SOCIOLOGY.



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## 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.

### Art

SAIL HO! Windjammer Sketches Afloat and Aloft. By *Gordon Grant*. New York: Payson. \$5.  
EMPIRE STATE. A Pictorial Record of Its Construction. New York: *William Edwin Rudge*. \$15.

### Belles Lettres

THE MEMOIRS OF GARIBALDI. Edited by *Alexandre Dumas*. Translated and with an Introduction by *R. S. Garnett*. Appleton.  
CHAUCER. By *John Masefield*. Macmillan. \$1.  
SOME CRAFTY ARTS. By *Jan Gordon*. London: Morley & Mitchell Kennerly, Jr. 5/6 net.  
NO TROUBLE. By *Len Lye*. Deya, Majorca. 25 Shillings.

### Biography

LIFE OF SAYAJI RAO III. Maharaja of Baroda. 2 vols. By *Stanley Rice*. New York: Oxford Press.  
NOGUCHI. By *Gustav Eckstein*. Harper. \$5.  
GLIMPSES OF HIGH POLITICS. The Autobiography of *N. U. Tcharykow*. Macmillan. \$5.  
KING OF FASHION. The Autobiography of *Paul Poiret*. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$3.  
DAWN. By *Theodore Dreiser*. Liveright. \$5.  
THE LIFE OF JIM BAKER, 1818-1898. By *Nolie Mumey*. Denver, Colo.: The World Press, Inc.  
JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. By *Henry Walcott Boynton*. Century. \$5.

### Classics

GOD IN GREEK PHILOSOPHY TO THE TIME OF SOCRATES. By *Roy Kenneth Hack*. Princeton: Princeton University Press.

### Drama

PLAYS OF THE RESTORATION AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, As They Were Acted at the Theatres-Royal. Edited by *DUGALD MACMILLAN* and *HOWARD MUMFORD JONES*. New York: Holt.  
A useful collection of plays, some of them still well known, others though famous in their day not so familiar. The plays have been chosen as representations of the temper of their respective periods.  
THE COMPLETE PLAYS OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. London and Glasgow: Collins' Clear-Type Press.  
FOURTEEN NOTES. By *Edward Gordon Craig*. Seattle: University of Washington Bookstore. \$3.50.  
BRASS ANKLE. By *DuBose Heyward*. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.  
THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL. By *Nikolai Gogol*. Acting Version by *John Anderson*. New York: Samuel French. \$1.50.  
GEORGE WASHINGTON PLAYS. Selected by *A. P. Sanford*. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.  
ATAHUALPA, THE LAST OF THE INCAS. By *Alfred Antoine Furman*. New York: Lathrop C. Harper, 8 West 40th St. \$2.50.  
AMATEUR ACTING AND PLAY PRODUCTION. By *Wayne Campbell*. Macmillan. \$3.50.  
A HISTORY OF EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY DRAMA. By *Allardye Nicoll*. Macmillan. 2 vols. \$11.

### Fiction

BINNY'S WOMEN. By *GLADYS KNIGHT*. New York: The Century Co. 1931. \$2.  
Binny's women were his daughter and her stepmother, and a more trying menage for a gentle little man it would be hard to imagine. Binn McElroy and his daughter Joel are white trash in New Orleans. His social status does not bother Binn, but he is ambitious for Joel who resents her own lack of good breeding and the possession of it by others. She has two friends only, who are in some unaccountable way able to put up with her. She and her father adore each other, and Binn's marriage to Georgia, who is several pegs above him socially, precipitates trouble. Joel is jealous, undisciplined, and thoroughly disagreeable. Between her and Georgia there are no pretenses, just a good, wholesome hate of which Binn is unconscious. Joel's loyalty to her father and the tragedy of her isolation are the redeeming features of the novel. The plot is thin and not especially convincing; the other characters go through their parts in connection with the plot, and that is about all. But Joel is real and stands out from her background like a living actor in a puppet show.

As a first novel, "Binny's Women" shows a certain amount of promise. Miss Knight writes crudely, but without flourishes, and she points her scenes like a dramatist. They are often effective without reality; only when Joel is present on the page does the reader forget his irritation with the trivial story and the mechanical characterizations. But after all it is something to have created one character out of a welter!

FOR A SONG. By *KONRAD BERCOVICI*. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1931. \$2.50.

This is the magazine type of novel, a punch in every chapter, totally unrelated characters springing into being in each installment, plots and counterplots that never quite succeed in getting together by the end. But by that time you have forgotten the beginning, so it's all right. There is a smattering of Metropolitan Opera House jealousies, of Mulberry Street feuds, an Italian music-student *pension* in Milan. Prima donnas, impresarios, golden-voiced tenors, usurers, fake art dealers, all push elbows and speak in dialects. The boy lover is sentenced to death after a bootleggers' brawl, the heroine loses her voice when her family feud is ended, the Irish junk dealer commits suicide in the Wall Street crash, a miserly Jew drops dead when he finds he has been swindled. The attempt to be highly dramatic fails by its own obviousness. One cannot get excited over puppets, especially when the strings that pull them get all mixed up.

THE DOGS. By *IVAN NAZHIVEN*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1931. \$2.50.

The real protagonists of this lively and moving story of Russia before and during the Revolution are dogs whose lives parallel and overlap the lives of nobles and peasants. They observe life, and the dog's-eye point of view is pungent and illuminating. The central figure of the novel is Siedoi, a dog of the people, a hardy, adventurous, amorous fellow whose lowly ancestry sharpens his native wit and helps preserve him through the most perilous of exploits. Then there are the high-born Borzois, belonging to the Prince. Their lives are colored by the perfection of their breeding, the suavity of their surroundings and by the personality of a kind but inflexible master. They, like the Prince, pay the price of aristocracy in the final debacle. Don't make the mistake of thinking that this is a book for those who "like dogs and children." These dogs of red Russia are not puppies. They are adult persons; vain, ambitious, emotional, lusty, loyal, and craven. So are the human beings. One reads the book through without a conscious differentiation between dogs and men. Siedoi's messages to his fellows, boastful or conciliatory, left wherever convenient, were as real as much diplomatic correspondence. The Prince and his daughter are tragic figures in this essentially tragic story. They are gentle, sensitive, and intelligent, and their fate is as undeserved as was the dreadful fate of the dog Gromilo at the hands of an exalted member of their class.

Mr. Nazhivin has not tried to make his analogy between dogs and men too perfect. He has not put man-thoughts into dog-minds, and he leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions as to the less sapient moments of man.

The novel is built slowly up to its climax, from a peaceful country idyll to a frenzy of destruction and revenge.

THE CALENDAR. By *EDGAR WALLACE*. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. \$1.

Mr. Wallace's latest (as we go to press) is a racing romance with just a touch of the author's stock ingredient of mystery: the story of a British gentleman who almost goes wrong. At one point in the narrative Garry Anson is about to be "warned off" Newmarket Heath and all other courses under the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club because of an incriminating note he has written to a lady, warning her not to back his horse in the Ascot Stakes. To be "warned off," Mr. Wallace permits us to gather, is for an English racing gentleman practical extinction, involving resignation from all his clubs and the cut direct from his old friends.

Mr. Wallace builds up a complicated situation with no loss of time or space at the beginning of his book; indeed, his workmanlike economy in his opening chapters forced this reader repeatedly to turn back to find out which character the author was talking about. But once the foundations are in, the story marches along smoothly and intelligibly enough, with plenty of excitement. Mr. Wallace knows the racing business pretty thoroughly, as he has been a tipster for a London paper for years, but sometimes he makes this story a little hard for a reader who doesn't understand odds and such. The "calendar" of the title, by the way, is an English turf paper, "The Racing Calendar."

TO THE VICTOR. By *HENRY VON RHAU*. Longmans, Green. 1931. \$2.

In this wild adventure novel there are recounted the prodigious feats of strength, heroism, self-sacrifice, and sagacity compassed by the herculean Baron von Ulm, captain of the Pomeranian Grenadiers, after he has fled his own country a fugitive, served as mate on an African coast tramp steamer, as a famous soldier of the Foreign Legion fighting in Algeria during the war, and finally as Colonel of his redoubtable Grenadiers in the last days of Armageddon. The tale is rather preposterous and high-flown, but it has a faculty of holding one enrapt in the swiftly unfolded narrative which should commend it to the reader whose primary demand in fiction is continuous violent action.

THE ADVENTURE OF HAWKE TRAVIS. By *Eli Colter*. Macmillan. \$2.

AMELIA. By *Henry Fielding* (Everyman's Library). Vol. II. Dutton. 90 cents.

### Miscellaneous

CRIMES OF THE YEAR. By *JOSEPH GOLLOMB*. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. \$2.50.

A dark and bloody book is this, with its careful recitation of ten individual murder cases and three chapters on wholesale murder. The crimes recounted are gathered from many nations. The motives run from simple greed to clandestine love.

Here we find the weird and enthralling tale of the women in two Hungarian vil-

lages who so calmly poisoned their husbands and infants for twenty years. Also the psychological reasons behind such callous slaughter.

Three of the crimes related occurred in England and in each instance was the murderer convicted and hanged on circumstantial evidence, which stories leave the suggestion that the wrong man may have been executed in each case.

Squat and stolid Irene Shrader, "The drudge who turned bandit," has been fully dealt with in a manner more understanding than that displayed by the public prints at the time of the crime. In the murder of Isadore Fink, obscure and harmless Harlem laundryman, is a crackerjack mystery which can't be solved. Two stories, one from Vienna and the other from Texas, are first-rate tales of fact told in simple fashion, but with the suspense, false clues, and shrewd work handled so that they are good detective yarns.

The longest, and perhaps best, tale in the book is an exhaustive but succinct account of the history of "Bloody Williamson" county, the scene of the Herrin disorders and the colorful career of Charlie Birger, the undersized Jew who became a terror to Southern Illinois. This is a painstaking and comprehensive story.

Also there is a chapter on Chicago's crimes, including the St. Valentine's day massacre and the murder of Jake Lingle. In this there is not much new. The author has also fallen into a few errors, one being his reference to Big Bill Thompson as a Harvard graduate.

*The Winning Story in the Scribner's Magazine Long-Story Contest, and four other stories*

## Many Thousands Gone

by  
**John Peale Bishop**

The scene of this book is the South. The time, Civil War days and just after. Though dealing with different characters and events the five long stories are bound closely together by their stark depiction of the deadly hand of war working on the lives of men and women, soldiers and non-combatants. In these related episodes the last shred of romance is stripped from the Civil War and the realities of the old South interpreted by a master hand.

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