



ADVENTURE in Books

COLUMBUS CAME LATE

By Gregory Mason

The vanished grandeur of the Mayas, the Incas, and the Aztecs and their lost civilizations are vividly re-discovered in this book which is "more exciting than contract bridge or jigsaw puzzling."—*Lewis Gannett, in the Herald Tribune.* Illus. \$4.00

LAND OF WONDER AND FEAR

By F. A. Mitchell-Hedges

A noted English explorer tells of his expeditions to British Honduras, up treacherous rivers and through impenetrable jungles "where life and laughter go hand in hand with sudden death." Illustrated \$4.00

MARCHES of the NORTH

By E. Alexander Powell

The author turns to Canada in this new book. "Whether admiring the churches in Montreal or Quebec ... or sitting by a campfire in the North Woods ... Powell paints the charm of the Canadian scene, and finds its citizens worthy ... excellent reading."—*N. Y. World-Telegram.* Illustrated \$4.00

MANHATTAN SIDE-SHOW

By Konrad Bercovici

A picturesque account of the innumerable tragic, amusing, and sinister side acts that go on under Manhattan's big tent. "It is the eager, uncurbed expression of a man's genuine affection for a place, its people, its moods, its cruelties and its delights."—*N. Y. Evening Post.* Illustrated \$4.00

THE INSECT MENACE

By L. O. Howard

The complete story of the insect empire and its constant threat to man ... as romantic and as adventurous as a whole library of fiction." It belongs on your bookshelf with the other great insect books of the world. Illustrated \$3.50

CHICAGO: A PORTRAIT

By Henry Justin Smith

The city editor of the *Chicago Daily News* tells here the romance of a city's growth and sturdy life. "... an affectionate, accurate, realistic sketch of Chicago; of the spirit that made, and remade it, into the Chicago of today," says F. P. A. in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books.* Drawings by E. H. Suydam distinguish its pages. \$5.00

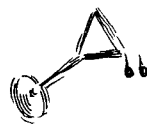
Special Christmas Gift Edition of *A CHILD'S HISTORY* and
A CHILD'S GEOGRAPHY OF THE WORLD—\$6.00 a set

THE CENTURY CO • 353 Fourth Avenue • NEW YORK

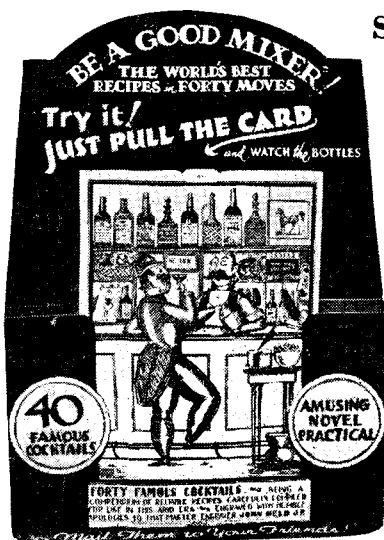
FORTY FAMOUS COCKTAILS

"There are many of them; but one of the cleverest and most decorative—'engraved with humble apologies to that Master Engraver John Held Jr.'—is certainly the jovial little menu card published at 50 cents by the Colonial Sales Corporation at 11 West 42 Street, New York City. I dislike to seem so mysterious, but what a Greeting Card for the early winter twilights. It is available, I believe, in bookshops. This is a Tip to the Trade."—*From The Bowling Green, October 31, 1931.*

Front and back covers of this amusing card are decorated with convivial scenes. As you pull the slide the bartender's eyes roll and authentic recipes for the famous forty appear in the bottles on the shelf. You'll have to have one for yourself and you won't give it away but you will want to send several to your friends. If your book or novelty store can't supply you, send 50c each (stamps accepted), to the Colonial Sales Corporation, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City.



A TIP TO THE TRADE"
From **CHRISTOPHER MORLEY**



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER TO DEALERS

The Forty Famous Cocktails card is one of the quickest selling novelties. Entertaining, amusing and instructive, it has a steady, year-round sale although it is especially suited to the holiday trade. Write or wire your order today. With each initial order of two dozen (list \$12.00) we will send free a clever counter display and ship to you, parcel post, at \$7.20 C. O. D., or F. O. B. New York.

COLONIAL SALES CORPORATION

11 WEST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK

Literature in Australia

By NORMAN LINDSAY

AUSTRALIA is a country packed into a too-violent time factor for a clarified analysis of its present state of mind. In a century it has had to leap from medievalism to modernism; from the convict system to the poetry of Hugh McCrae.

In a rough way its social periods have been defined by certain books, though as yet the process of a century has not been assimilated by Australian consciousness, since there have not been enough books produced there to define it, and Australia is in a morbid state of terror lest such books should be produced. In a queer way, its present effort to suppress a freed outlook on life reflects its initial system of suppressing freed movement in life; an exchange of leg irons for literary censorship.

No country can have a moral existence till it has been defined as the material for art. Australia has good material, in spite of its limited time factor. Up to the 'fifties, its growth was a slow shuffling in social stratas between the officials of the system, convicts, emancipists, and free settlers. The gold rush of the 'fifties splashed it with sudden violence and color, with the feverish settlement of mining towns, the gambling mania, easy wealth and its tax gatherer, the bushranger. With all that, the spread of a bucolic population; squatters, farmers, sheep, cattle, horses, wheat. The growth of a few big cities; a dwindling stock of aboriginals; a strange survival of stone age man, not yet anthropologically classified. It may yet appear that they are not a primitive people, but the degraded remnants of a once white race.

A few books have covered the first half of the century: Marcus Clark's "Term of His Natural Life," Price Warung's "Tales of the Convict System," the terrible convict autobiography "Ralph Rashleigh," recently published by Cape. The official records of the convict system remain yet to be exploited, but they are full of good stuff.

A few short story writers have scratched over the 'fifties and the diggings, but nothing of note has been done with them. The bushranging era produced one fairly good novel, "Robbery under Arms," by Rolf Bolderwood. The Horse got into print by the Swinburnian despairs of Adam Lindsay Gordon, who committed suicide, and by Banjo Paterson, who wrote bush ballads which will one day, perhaps, have the charm of medievalism. In about two hundred years, say. . . .

But bucolic Australia gave material to at least one prose writer who must be taken seriously; Henry Lawson.

The mass of Lawson's work was made inevitable by the conditions under which it was produced. Much of it was scribbled in out back pubs, in boarding-houses, between stray jobs to earn a living, which his writing never gave him. It was published in weekly papers and wretchedly paid for. Later it was collected into book form and has circulated widely in Australia. Australian national consciousness, such as it is, has been created by Lawson, which also marks its limitations. Lawson's work covered only a few types; bushmen and bushwomen, farmers and boundary riders, shearers and swagmen. If it has a tradition, that is based on Dickens and Bret Harte. Where Lawson intruded a conception of life it was crudely sentimental; where he wrote by his eye, he achieved literature. A careful selection of his best short stories would make a volume as unique as the peasant stories of de Maupassant.

Another prose writer to be mentioned with respect is Louis Stone, the author of "Jonah" and "Betty Wayside." "Jonah" is a powerful work; its material the slums, the city streets, the larrikin pushes, and its dramatization the capacity and rapacity of Jonah's struggle from the back streets to the control of a big business. Jonah is a hunchbacked leader of the push, and is a potent creation. "Betty Wayside" is a story of the suburbs.

Lawson is a direct product of the masses, but Stone is a sophisticated artist, who understands the *métier* of the novel. His characters are built in the round, visualized life size; the creatures of an idiosyncratic perversity—dramatized by a conflict of personality. He

stopped writing suddenly some years ago; a submission to Australia or a rejection of it; I don't know which. It is hard to define the peculiar psychology of self-revenge by which the artist re-venge himself on the stupidity of his generation. There can be no question at least over one aspect of this problem; the artist who does not function in his country destroys it.

Then there are Australia's women novelists, Katherine Pritchard, Gertrude Eldershaw, whose work has the weighted sincerity of a slowly built up crescendo based on a careful analysis of social conditions which seems to be the peculiar outlook of feminine prose today.

As for poetry!

Exasperation confounds me when I try to put a valuation on the real poetry that has been written in Australia, and which Australia has never read. I speak of the two poets who have lived and worked in Australia, Hugh McCrae and Kenneth Slessor. Expatriate artists belong to the alien national ego with which they have chosen to bring their own in conflict.

I have no space for an analysis of these two poets and it would not be worth reading, anyway. Prose analysis of poetry can only state a prose value. And I have never yet found that the image of form either in sound, form, or words can be forensically defined. All I can do is make a purely valueless personal statement. To me, McCrae is the greatest lyric utterance in direct succession to Burns, and Slessor has done more than any other modern poet with the difficult color plus form image and the variation of emotional rhythm released by the Sitwells and T. S. Eliot and others.

An annoying statement, and I apologize for making it, but I believe it will one day be accepted. I can only adduce as its present value that Australia does not know anything about these two poets. If it did, they would be instantly attacked by Australia.

That about sums up anything I could say about the special complex of that country. The process by which the inertia of the mob attacks the energy of the individual is so well understood today that one can only gape helplessly at the innocence with which it is practised. But today I begin to doubt Australian innocence; it is too conscious of its slogan "We respect nothing."

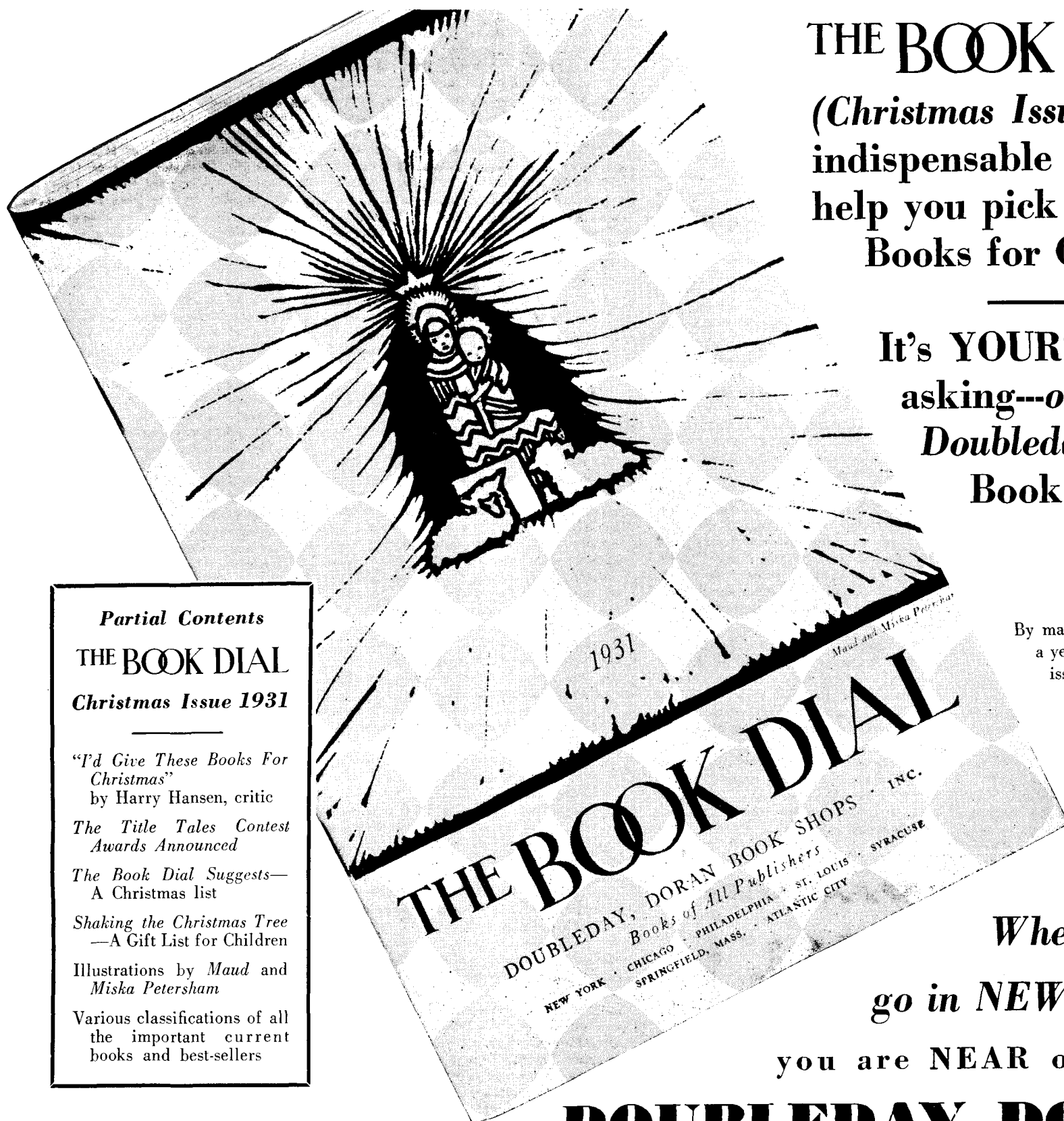
I put aside its imbecile censorship on books and motion pictures and art generally. This is not a sentient process, since any creature who is publicly labelled a censor must be a thing below the norm of a conscious analysis of its repressed motives. Politically, that sort of thing is inevitable in a country like Australia, which is no more than a community struggling frantically to support a bureaucracy so insanely out of proportion to its mass that no one would believe me if I stated the process in figures. It is a situation that surpasses farce and arrives at pure lunacy.

Well, let the politician enjoy his little day of sadistic power. But why should the Australian press be so fanatically intent on demonstrating a system that has crashed so many newspapers in Australia of late. Nemesis is purely a physical law in the reaction of inertia. Its effect in Australia is the system by which the press has always attacked and depreciated any Australian effort worthy of respect.

Melba once said to me, "Oh, the horrible people of this country! Everywhere else in the world I am respected; here I am insulted." Even in death they insulted her; the Sydney flags were not half masted when she died. When George Lambert, the painter, died the papers dismissed him in a few paragraphs and printed nasty little jokes about him.

I take only these two instances of a normal procedure which would be too depressing to go on itemizing. Everywhere else in the world death equalizes the hatred of the mob for the individual; in Australia it does not. The really disastrous effect of this stupidity between press and politician is that disgust and despair is destroying or alienating the young impulse to create. Bright young Australians have been leaving Australia for years.

Make it a *Merrier Christmas* with Books



Partial Contents

THE BOOK DIAL

Christmas Issue 1931

"I'd Give These Books For Christmas"
by Harry Hansen, critic

The Title Tales Contest
Awards Announced

The Book Dial Suggests—
A Christmas list

Shaking the Christmas Tree
—A Gift List for Children

Illustrations by Maud and
Miska Petersham

Various classifications of all
the important current
books and best-sellers

THE BOOK DIAL

(Christmas Issue) is an indispensable guide to help you pick the right Books for Christmas

It's **YOURS** for the asking—only at the **Doubleday, Doran Book Shops**

By mail 10c per copy; 25c a year's subscription—six issues. (Take advantage of coupon below.)

We've been told by customers...

"I always get such intelligent service in the Doubleday, Doran Book Shops."

"There is no red tape for the customer in the Doubleday, Doran Book Shops."

"Your staff in all the shops I've visited knows and cares for books."

"You don't advertise your service enough. More book buyers ought to know about it."

"Thanks for delivering the book to me at the train gate, that's service."

"How can you afford to give me all this extra service?"

"The books were delivered by telegraph. Thanks for your trouble."

"Send me a booklet of Friendship Book Plates. They make book buying a delight."



DOUBLEDAY, DORAN BOOK SHOPS

BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS

Railroad Terminals, N. Y.

Pennsylvania Terminal
Long Island Terminal
Grand Central Terminal

Department Stores, N. Y.

Lord & Taylor (First Floor)
James McCreery & Co. (First Floor)

Mid-Town Business Zone, N. Y.

50 East 42nd Street
53 East 44th Street
370 Lexington Avenue
420 Lexington Avenue

Hotels in Residential Zones, N. Y.

Barclay—526 Lexington Avenue
Ritz Tower—105 E. 57th Street
Barbizon—819 Lexington Avenue
Westbury—848 Madison Avenue

Down-Town, N. Y.

31 Nassau at Cedar
1 Wall (New St. Corridor)

OUTSIDE NEW YORK

Philadelphia

Broad Street Station Building

St. Louis

310 North 8th Street
4914 Maryland Avenue
Webster Groves

Chicago—Mandel Brothers

Syracuse, N. Y.—Dey Brothers

Springfield, Mass.—Meekins, Packard & Wheat

Atlantic City—2807 Boardwalk

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN BOOK SHOPS, Inc.

Executive Office—Garden City, N. Y.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN BOOK SHOPS, INC., Garden City, N. Y.

- ☐ Please enter my subscription to THE BOOK DIAL—1 year (6 issues) 25c beginning with Christmas issue.
☐ Please send me Christmas issue of THE BOOK DIAL 10c. Remittance herewith.

Name

Address

Points of View

Stephen Crane Letters

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

I have discovered a large packet of Stephen Crane's unpublished writings including his notes for "Maggie, a Girl of the Streets," "The Red Badge of Courage," poems, stories, sketches, dialogues, and outlines for novels. Original versions of his most famous stories are also contained in the lot. I should like to communicate with those who have in their possession any unpublished writings, including letters. As Literary Manager of Crane's estate I remind the collector and publisher that the right to print for private distribution, or to publish for sale, any Stephen Crane material is retained by the estate as provided by law.

HARVEY TAYLOR.
59 West 46th Street, New York City.

An Author Replies

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

If you will kindly allow me the courtesy of your columns I should like to comment on your critic's review of "Four Handsome Negresses" which appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature* of August 8th. I fear this reply is belated but I have been abroad and only saw the review recently.

I have nothing to say concerning your critic's opinion of my style; that is entirely a personal matter, and Mr. Macdougall is just as likely to be right, or wrong, as any other critic. But what I should like to ask is, if Mr. Robert Macdougall has ever lived among primitive Africans, or has he built up his idea of black people on the inhabitants of Harlem? When he scoffs at the idea of the noble savage—his expression, not mine—it seems to me that he is sadly old-fashioned and behind the times. For there is throughout Africa an increasing conviction

amongst white people who know the primitives—and notably so outside the missionary groups—that perhaps after all Rousseau was not so far wrong; was less of a sentimentalist than the glorious Machine Age (not so glorious in the last eighteen months of surprising failure) would have us believe. I admit I have never read Rousseau on the noble savage any more than have half the critics who quote him with such fine effect. But I do know the savage, which is more to the point at the moment; and I do know the white man who exploits him as vigorously today as in the days when the Portuguese first rounded the Cape.

I know the African so well that in my book "Four Handsome Negresses" I took the utmost care that the picture of savage life should not be one-sided or idealized. I did not forget that constant scourge of Africa, the witch-doctor, nor the dreadful tortures inflicted by one black man on another at the witch-doctor's command. I did not forget the appalling power of superstition which is the greatest obstacle today in the progress of the primitive African towards civilization. I did not forget the unspeakable sorrows of the old and helpless. I did not forget the savagely indecent customs connected with sex which still blight primitive African society. All these dark patches are in the prologue of my book. Yet your critic, if he read so far, deliberately omits to mention them, and wishes his readers to understand that I have painted the savage state as an ideal state.

The truth is I dwell, not on the perfections of savage life, but on the comfort, to a wild soul, of Habit. However dreadful that Habit may be, it is precious to the savage. I challenge any critic to deny that this is my point of view plainly set out in the book for any intelligent reader.

Anyone who knows the distressing and pitiful homesickness of primitive Africans when removed even thirty miles from their tribe would bear out what I say. Missionaries in the past have reported

cases of death from sheer nostalgia, which they had observed in the slave gangs. About three years ago I myself was told by a missionary that a boy, i. e. a grown man of twenty-five, whom he was taking with him as a servant from one part of Africa to another, committed suicide rather than land in a strange harbor. This man let himself down the ship's side by a rope, deliberately descending until the water covered his head. Then he held on to the rope until he died by drowning.

As for Mr. Macdougall's curious accusation that I "display the spirit of Peeping Tom," he seems to be the first critic to discover it. A not very enviable distinction. May I very delicately remind him that "Honi soit . . ." There was a woman critic in England who said the book was lascivious, she herself being a successful writer of popular homosexuality. To her too I should like to whisper "Honi soit . . . ?"

Well, well; every author has to make the best of a bad job when his books are reviewed by folk who, to misquote Shakespeare, see "bad in everything."

HERNEKIN BAPTIST.

Madame Blavatsky

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

In a recent letter the editors of the *Aryan Path*, a journal "devoted to the consideration of the great ideas found in the principal literatures, philosophies, and religions of the world; of all activities . . . working for human betterment; of all movements which spiritually advance the thought of the race," condescended to neglect these aims for a moment in order to criticize my modest little review of C. E. Bechofer-Roberts's "The Mysterious Madame: Helena Petrovna Blavatsky." The weightiness of the magazine may justify a somewhat longer answer than the case would otherwise merit.

The charges against Mr. Bechofer-Roberts and myself are five in number and will be taken up seriatim.

(1) "The Mysterious Madame" merely repeats the story published in the *New York Sun* (on July 20, 1890), for which that paper was sued for libel and was driven to public apology; Mr. Bechofer-Roberts "brings up the same old charges, without any reference to the above recorded facts."

In reality, the libel suit, which was brought in Madame Blavatsky's name and his own by the American theosophist, William Quann Judge (who was later charged with fraud and trickery by Mrs. Annie Besant herself), was restricted to certain items in the *Sun* story, and the paper tried in vain to get the court's permission to introduce evidence substantiating the bulk of its story. The main item, reported on the hearsay testimony of the great American ornithologist, Elliott Coues, was that Madame Blavatsky had born a son to a certain Prince Emil Wittgenstein. Mr. Bechofer-Roberts, on the other hand, regards this child, who certainly existed, as the fruit of Madame Blavatsky's liaison with Baron Nicholas Meyendorff, a Russian (his information being derived directly from the Baron's sister), or as the result of a previous liaison with a Hungarian opera singer named Mitrovich (testified to by Madame Blavatsky's cousin, the statesman Sergius Witte in his "Memoirs"). The story is radically different from that told in the *Sun*, and the evidence is very much stronger. Equally incorrect is the statement of the editors of the *Aryan Path* that there is no reference in "The Mysterious Madame" to the *Sun* trial; the reader will find a paragraph devoted to it on pages 283-284.

(2) The reviewer was in error in stating that the two volumes of "Isis Unveiled" fell dead from the press on their appearance in 1877; to the contrary, a facsimile edition has recently been brought out by Madame Blavatsky's loyal students.

How the publication of a contemporary edition proves that the original one was favorably received fifty years ago I am too dull to make out. On its first appearance, "Isis Unveiled" was greeted by the *Springfield Republican* as "a large dish of hash," by the *New York Sun* as "discarded rubbish," by the *New York Tribune* as "crude and undigested"; the *New York Times* took no notice of it; Henry Steel Olcott, later president of the Theosophical Society, who had charge of its publication, confessed in his "Old Diary Leaves" (p. 217) that the publisher lost so much money on it that he refused to bring out a third volume of the work, although the manuscript was already prepared, and that Madame Blavatsky later destroyed

this manuscript in despair of finding a publisher for it.

(3) The reviewer's charge of plagiarism was unjust, since Madame Blavatsky explicitly disclaimed any novelty of ideas.

My critics are apparently unaware of the meaning of the word "plagiarism." It consists in the unacknowledged use, not of the idea, but of the direct words of another (in "Isis Unveiled" extending to whole pages). This is commonly considered an immoral practice, but I said nothing about that. I merely said that "Isis Unveiled" is a "mélange of plagiarisms," and it is.

(4) In his biography of Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Bechofer-Roberts failed to discuss the teachings of Theosophy—"the truths uttered by the great seers, sages, poets, writers existing in every nation from modern times extending back into the prehistoric past."

Mr. Bechofer-Roberts was not writing a universal encyclopedia. He does, however—what is more to the point—summarize the ideas of Madame Blavatsky's two major works, "Isis Unveiled" and "The Secret Doctrine." In so far as their teachings merely reproduce elements from ancient Hindu philosophy they have many admirable characteristics, but Madame Blavatsky's particular contribution was her wholly unauthentic claim to have received them by miraculous revelation from certain mythical Mahatmas dwelling in the Himalayas.

(5) "The History of the Theosophical Movement" should be consulted for the real facts concerning Madame Blavatsky.

This anonymous work, published in 1925, was obviously a product of the Tingley group of California theosophists, violently hostile to Olcott and Mrs. Besant. Its authors are not merely partisan but super-partisan. Nevertheless, it is an amusing production and will give the reader an excellent idea of the continual squabbles in the theosophical ranks. For the real facts concerning Madame Blavatsky, however, I would suggest that the reader, if he wishes to go behind Mr. Bechofer-Roberts, consult the following primary, not secondary, sources:

Proceedings of the British Psychical Research, vol. III (1885), containing Richards Hodgson's elaborate report on Madame Blavatsky's activities in India.

Mme. E. Coulomb, "Some Account of My Intercourse with Mme. Blavatsky from 1872 to 1884" (1885).

Franz Hartmann, "Observations during a Nine Months' Stay at the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society" (1884).

V. S. Solovyoff, "A Modern Priestess of Isis" (1895).

H. S. Olcott, "Old Diary Leaves" (1895).

A. P. Sinnett, "The Early Days of Theosophy in Europe" (1922).

"Mahatma Letters to A. P. Sinnett" (1923).

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y. C.

Epistle to H. S. C.

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

I enclose an epistle to the author of "Classic Americans," inspired by the review of his book in *The Saturday Review*.

Hush, shut the sanctum door! turn the great key!

Plug up the keyhole with a sonnet! We, Like foxes run to earth, must pant and quail,

Aud curse the Fates who sent us both to Yale!

In whose relaxing atmosphere our hearts Untimely softened, like to lemon tarts

Left on the baker's counter over night: Our crusts are limp and soggy—none who bite

Into us now but nauseate the taste Of sodden pastry, deliquescent paste!

Critics from Harvard, Princeton, Oberlin Have stronger fillings and a tougher skin. Only at Yale is sentiment over-rated

And pusillanimous trimming inculcated. So says Van Doren (Carl), and Carl must know;

He writes so pompously, it must be so. Meanwhile, locked in here safely from the thunder

Of Carl's damp squib (a scarce nine seconds' wonder),

Smile, smoke your pipe, and leave your reputation

(Not to *The Nation*, no) but to the nation: You'll find it's growing nicely, sound and hale,

In spite of Carl and captiousness—and Yale.

X.

MR. FOTHERGILL'S PLOT

One morning Mr. Fothergill jumped out of bed with a plot in his head. He then conceived the idea that it would be amusing to discover just how his many literary friends would develop it. Eighteen of them, all well-known novelists, entered the conspiracy with astonishing results and a range of scene from ancient Persia to modern America. Absorbing and amazing variations on a given theme—an unique symposium on matrimony.

THE CONSPIRATORS

Sheila Kaye-Smith
J. C. Squire
E. M. Delafield
Rebecca West

Frank Swinnerton
Storm Jameson
Margaret Kennedy
Elizabeth Bowen

G. K. Chesterton
Gerald Bullett
Thomas Burke
And others

\$2.50 At All Bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Clarence Darrow says:

"This is one of the most powerful books I ever read. Dr. Goldman answers the question of the meaning of the word 'Jew' better than any other writer with whom I am familiar. His argument for the Jews retaining their identity is more convincing than I have so far heard or read. This book will no doubt stimulate wide discussion and strong controversy."

A RABBI TAKES STOCK

By Solomon Goldman

Harry A. Overstreet says: "A masterly piece of work. A challenge both to the Jew and the Christian. I wish all Jews and Christians might read it." \$2.50

WAYS OF BELIEVING

By Miles H. Krumbine—A distinguished leader of modern thought candidly answers some disturbing questions: Will the faith of skepticism persist? Has man lost his dignity? Why do we believe what we believe? \$2.00

"YES, BUT—"

By Willard L. Sperry—"The bankruptcy of apologetics" is the subtitle to this frank and courageous critique of the religious temper of today by the Dean of the Harvard Theological School. \$2.00

UNFASHIONABLE CONVICTIONS

By Bernard Iddings Bell—A frequent contributor to this journal here exposes the provincialism of many of our most cherished ways of thinking and doing. "A book of spiritual wisdom and literary beauty," says Joseph Fort Newton. \$2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS

Publishers

NEW YORK