



## E. H. YOUNG'S new novel

Another unforgettable character added to "William" and "Miss Mole." Jenny Wren, with her mother and sister and their complicated love affairs, moves through a story fashioned with the subtlety, wit, and shrewdness that are only E. H. Young's.

## JENNY WREN

If you read WILLIAM and MISS MOLE, you won't want to miss this one.

\$2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.



## Read PAGEANT

A Literary Guild Selection  
Praised by These Critics—

"Combines the appeals of CIMARRON and JALNA . . . and a corker."  
DONALD GORDON

"Should call forth a long procession of enraptured women readers."  
HARRY HANSEN, *World Telegram*

"Has a verve which carries the reader along unfalteringly."  
REX HUNTER, *Sun*

"Full-blooded and gallant romance."  
WILLIAM SOSKIN, *Evening Post*

"The story moves forward with majesty and power."  
HARRY EMERSON WILDES, *Philadelphia Ledger*

G. B. LANCASTER'S Novel

## PAGEANT

CENTURY

415 pp., \$2.50—At bookstores

## SOCRATES

He lived a noble life  
and died a deathless death

He was old and he was ugly. And he could not hold his tongue.

But he was witty and sparkling and lovable. He was a fisher of souls who stood for freedom of speech and conscience.

This is Socrates—the human being whose greatness has been obscured by his own great name, the man whose courage speaks to us today from across the centuries in the pages of this book.

With delicacy and intensity Babette Deutsch, noted as poet and critic, has told the story of the events leading up to the trial and death of Socrates. She has brought new beauty to a tale which will never die. Price \$2.00



"I say then, that he is exactly like the masks of Silenus, which may be seen sitting in the stateries' shops, having pipes and flutes in their mouths; and they are made to open in the middle, and there are images of gods inside them"  
PLATO: *Symposium*

## MASK OF SILENUS

A Novel About SOCRATES

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Inc. • 386 Fourth Ave. • New York City

## Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

### A NUMBER OF THINGS

I HAVE been turning over in my mind a number of things connected with poetry; turning over with my hand a number of periodicals and papers, a copy of *Hound & Horn*, a letter from Ezra Pound, a copy of "The Promised Land," a letter from Richard Thoma, a copy of *The New Republic*, a copy of *Voices*; reading various articles, various verse. So little of the verse sticks in my head, although there is a good deal of coruscation in some of it! It seems to be intensely difficult for the modern to give his experience enough definition in the expression of it. There has been such an infinite amount of allusion to fragments of experience to which the reader is never given the key. There is a tantalizing fog of words.

### MURIEL DRAPER

Muriel Draper is doing a book on America as she sees it, and *Hound & Horn* opens with a fragment from it, "America Deserta," which is, of course, a fragment of prose. But there are rhythms of poetry in her writing, there is the mood of poetry, and one sentence has struck me:

Men and women walk fast to nowhere along their glittering streets and move through them to the next place in bright streams of cars.

That is, of course, New York, the essence of New York being "Men and women walk fast to nowhere." But no one has caught New York yet in a poem. There is quite a remarkable manuscript by Marya Mannes floating around and unpublished at present, "Hexad," which gives something of it, conversationally conveyed. But I think that Mrs. Draper's book, completed, will probably catch a good deal of it. I think her view of America, to judge by this sample, should be refreshingly original. As to the poetry in *Hound & Horn*, I have found one poem that impressed me, "Nightmare," an experience of death, by Winfield Townley Scott—most effectively done.

### MR. POUND'S VIEW

Perhaps the most depressing thing in the letter from Ezra Pound, to avoid personalities, is the fact that it seems now impossible to give him even a vague idea of what America is like at present—not that I have tried, nor that my own ideas on the subject are so crystal-clear! He seems to feel that all our critical journals over here are leading the American public astray,—not that the dear public is exactly taken into his arms, they would find it rather like the embrace of a hedgehog! He is inclined to sweeping statements these days, large, denunciatory generalizations. That seems to constitute his chief enjoyment in life. I find other things in his poetry. Apparently he reads most of our critical journals or he would not speak so confidently. If so, his idea that we are all forever pusillanimously dodging every important issue that comes up, seems to me singularly mistaken. The literary men I know are more than ready to debate any issue for hours. But Pound seems to have stationed himself aloof both from some minds that might interest him and from an opportunity really to understand in any manner a country he berates. Yet I dare to eat a peach, having reached Mr. Prufrock's age—and passed it,—even in the face of so much contumely. According to Mr. Pound, Mr. Canby and myself have been engaged "from year to year pouring poison into or onto the enfeebled or adolescent amurkn (sic) mind." We have been doing our damndest "to preserve mildew and falsify critical standards." It is hardly necessary to say that such has been far from our intention! Even at that, if I thought the fact remained as stated, I should leap lightly from the top of the Empire State Building.

I do not think Mr. Pound would object to my quoting the following paragraph, which is an indictment of New York criticism in general, as he feels it to be:

Twenty years of work and not one of you with the guts to make a straight answer, always the slide off and the hiding under the woodpile. Either you are or are not willing to face known maxima. If not then . . . you have no business to go on impeding the next generation.

In his "How to Read" Mr. Pound made certain demands of the intelligent. But he

seems to be blissfully unaware that for a good many years Mr. Canby has also been making demands of the intelligent. They may not precisely coincide with Mr. Pound's demands. We can only try to bring light into darkness according to our own particular idea of what the light is. The only other way would be to establish a literary dictatorship in a country and promptly execute everyone who dared to read anything not prescribed. But this has its difficulties. The varied contributions to the *Saturday Review* would show, in any perusal of its files, that it has been open always to a variety of opinion. Mr. Pound seems to me to speak rather like a schoolmaster in a study. We have made a good many straight answers in our time.

### THE PROMISED LAND

Here is Mr. Thoma's "The Promised Land" with an interesting foreword by Stuart Gilbert. The book is issued in Paris from Nine Rue Vavin. It is illustrated with modernistic drawings by Mayo, confused and quite beautiful. So is the poem. Mr. Gilbert says in his foreword: "I know few modern poems so ardent with the spark that lit Erinna's lover, and so remindful, not only in its rhythms but in its feverish ecstasies, of the Atthis choriambics, litany of an ambiguous love." That may be. What interested me was that the poem is a "legend of evasion from the inner darkness of intellectual lust towards the planes of light and color." Indeed, it coruscates. Mr. Thoma writes me, in part,

I assure you I have no patience whatever with people who make things difficult as a game, but when the difficulty in a work is primordial and strange, I try to understand it, to see what the writer was getting at, how he felt when he wrote it. I don't wish it was something else.

All I can reply is that I do try to find out what the writer is getting at. I don't wish it was something else. But if his poem does not tell me with sufficient clarity what he is getting at I would be dishonest to say it did. "The Promised Land" is so far clearer than anything I have read of Mr. Thoma's.

It is clearer than a great deal of the late Hart Crane. In the latest number of *The New Republic* there is printed Waldo Frank's "An Introduction to Hart Crane," with four of Crane's unpublished poems. Crane possessed a modicum of wild genius, but I still contend that a great deal of his poetry was unintegrated chaos. I use these words because Mr. Frank says "The first lines of the volume:

As silent as a mirror is believed  
Realities plunge in silence by . . .

are a superb expression of chaos and of the poet's need to integrate this chaos in the active mirror of self. Page after page 'realities plunge by,' only ephemerally framed in the mirroring mood which, alas! melts, itself, into a turbulent procession."

I certainly feel this about a good deal of Crane's work, and it prevents me from becoming so greatly an admirer of it as is Frank.

There is, also, in this number of the *New Republic* an editorial tribute to the poetry of the late Sara Teasdale, very well stated. Thus two poets, poles apart in method, receive funeral wreaths.

The latest issue of Mr. Harold Vinal's occasional magazine, *Voices*, is one of the best I have seen. While none of the poetry is truly extraordinary, the craftsmanship of most of the poems is remarkably good. Also, the reviews are interesting. I hope that Mr. Vinal will be able to keep his magazine at this level. He has improved greatly both in the writing of his own poetry and in his connoisseurship of the poetry of others. And yet one of the greatest pleasures I have had in looking through *Voices* lies in gazing again upon certain famous lines by Thomas Nashe. To a new generation they may lack the magic they have for me. But it seems to me that they remain timelessly beautiful. They are:

Brightness falls from the air,  
Queens have died young and fair,  
Dust hath closed Helen's eye.

The farmhouse at Glendale, New Jersey, in which Walt Whitman completed his "Leaves of Grass," has been destroyed by fire. He went there in 1875, and finished the poem in 1877.



## The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

### Biography

**THE MAKING OF NICHOLAS LONGWORTH:** Annals of an American Family. By CLARA LONGWORTH DE CHAMBRUN. Long & Smith. 1933. \$3.

This book is a partial survey of a family record, supplementing the family album, and as such should be of some interest to the Walker-Longworth-Flagg-Anderson-Storer-Roosevelt-Stettinius branches and to the genealogical historian, but there is little in it to satisfy anyone looking for an adequate biography of its subject or a diagnosis of his time. The author, a sister of former Speaker Longworth, and wife of a former military attaché of the French Legation, is altogether too close to her subject, and her compilation of odds and ends of personal history is full of thin places and wide gaps.

Writing in the first person, she states what a great many people already know—that Representative Longworth was a man of character, sense, and charm, suave and self-contained, an extraordinarily able violinist, sometimes a pianist, and possessed of a cordial, radiant personality. Politically, he was thoroughly regular, even at the expense of his father-in-law, for he preferred to see disputes settled within the party. But the distinctive flavor of pre-war days in Washington is missing, and this was a period of social color and grace, when vintage wines and fine champagnes were a *sine qua non* on the White House dining table. What of those dinners of state when the men went into the Red Room for cigars and the Baroness Uchida was the only one to smoke in front of everybody until Mrs. Townsend reached for one; the furore over Alice Longworth's cigarettes, and the rumor that she partook of three in an evening, said to have proven too much for her? What of those parties when everyone did some specialty in the way of a dance or song, while "Nick" presided at the piano; the "Night Riders," inspired by Nick and Alice, and Mrs. Bellamy Storer's batch of Roosevelt letters, produced at a most unhappy moment? The author casually mentions her brother's engagement and marriage, but otherwise the former Speaker's wife is pretty well ignored. Perhaps Alice will write a book now and state that Nick was an only child.

### Fiction

**COME EASY, GO EASY.** By ARTHUR MASON. John Day. 1933. \$2.50.

This time Mr. Mason, who has a number of book titles to his credit, spins his yarn from experiences when as a sailor turned gold seeker he went prospecting in Nevada at the time of the Goldfield excitement. Like any Jack ashore he makes the most of his leave, and moreover he is too accomplished a story-teller to dwell upon the factual undramatic. In the one poker game the Chinese player dies from the shock of four aces in his hand while the fat pot falls to a pat king high bluffing a queen full! There are gunshots and corpses, potent Old Crow, females of parts, male originals, man-hunting wild steers, a most extraordinary white mule (partner in the locating of a golden ledge); and at the last the San Francisco earthquake to swallow the author's hardly-filled money belt. With its current realism "Come Easy, Go Easy" may be a "lusty saga." At any rate it should be easy to take by the reader who, like the Baron's Charlie of radio land, wasn't "there."

**THE RED HILLS.** By RHYS DAVIES. Covi-Friede. 1933. \$2.50.

Although the Welsh background of this novel, with its lowering hills, black-pitted collieries, and hard-living village toilers, is obviously genuine and carries real values to the reader, there is yet something specious about the book. Its plot is exclusively a struggle of sex-values, so insistently dealt with that a masterly handling would be needed to sustain and justify the unrelieved trend of the narrative. The author quite often does not rise to such a level, and indeed frequently writes with a fulsome effect he wishes to produce. Two women are pitted against each other in their love for one man. One is a primitive being, a village dweller;—more consistent and more vi-

tally imagined than her opponent, but unable to strike the mental contacts with the man which are open to the more sophisticated woman. The latter is wearied by her own previous experiences—in themselves a sordid enough history. It is she who wins,—first opposed by her father (the old pious Welshman who is the most real and likable character in the book) and finally aided by him when at last he believes that she is now sincerely in love. A narrow escape from death when the two lovers are shut by their enemies into a blocked coal-pit is described with power and feeling. But even here the story is clogged with its own wordy and over-fulsome telling, and in closing the book the reader's mind is at sea between lower and higher values: an over-emphasis upon constant instinctive experiences and a higher unrealized valuation of them which the author—using an effective and interesting background—wished but failed to project.

### Miscellaneous

**THE GREAT AMERICAN LAND BUBBLE.** By A. M. SAKOLSKI. Harpers. 1932. \$3.50.

This is the first general study that has ever been made of land speculation in the United States. As such it is extremely important, for land speculation was our earliest, and has perhaps always been our largest, national business enterprise. Historians have kept their hands pretty well off the subject hitherto, on account of the difficulty of reconciling a candid treatment of it with the motives and purposes conventionally assigned to the founding and progress of the Republic. It is very interesting—and to most of us, probably, it gives a new view of our early history—to see how many of our most conspicuous patriots were primarily land-speculators, grabbers, boomers, or town-jobbers. The story of Washington's activities in the Ohio and Mississippi Companies, and (during his Presidency) in the Mohawk Valley and in the city of Washington's "real estate," occupies several pages, and is most striking. Other notable names are those of Washington's three Cabinet officers, Knox, Granger, and Pickens; Patrick Henry, the Masons, Byrds, Lees; Robert and Gouverneur Morris, Robert and Philip Livingston; Franklin, Silas Deane, Ethan Allen, Duane, Bingham, Duer, Jeremiah Wadsworth, Aaron Burr, even Samuel Adams. In fact about the only front-rank names that one does not find somewhere on the roster are those of Thomas Jefferson, Hamilton, John Adams, and Jay.

Professor Sakolski has organized his book remarkably well into a continuous narrative, reaching from the days of the early Colonial land-grants down to the land-boom in Florida fifteen years ago. He has managed to make his work interesting and readable without lowering its scholarly quality, showing a good editorial sense for documentation and for the management of material. The casual reader will cheat himself if he shies away from it, notwithstanding the subject may seem remote, and notwithstanding the general belief that anything written by an American college professor is bound to be dull and bad. Students of our political history will find Mr. Sakolski's book invaluable in connection with Mr. Beard's work on the genesis of our Constitution, as showing the immense force and extent of the belief (a very sound belief) that the value of land "must be greatly increased by an efficient Federal Government." Mr. Sakolski's book cannot be too strongly recommended for this purpose; in fact, one may say that a student of American history, politics, or economics who does not use it is not faithful to his calling. It should be prescribed for collateral reading in every college and university. It does not pretend to be exhaustive, which is perhaps all the better for a pioneer work. But while it leaves a great deal to be done in the same field, it is thoroughly sound as far as it goes, thoroughly judicial, well-informed, well-organized, and extremely interesting.

**SEVENTEENTH CENTURY STUDIES.** By Robert Shafer. University of Cincinnati.

**HUMAN ASPECTS OF UNEMPLOYMENT AND RELIEF.** By James W. Williams. University of North Carolina Press. \$2.50.

**A CENTENARY PORTFOLIO OF GOETHEANA.** Yale University Library.

**STUDIES ON SCIPIO AFRICANUS.** By Richard Mansfield Haywood. Johns Hopkins Press. \$1.

**MYTHS AND CEREMONIES OF THE MANDAN AND HIDATOA.** Poughkeepsie: Vassar College.

**CHANGING HORIZONS.** By Geoffrey Johnson. London: Daniel.

**FIFTY YEARS RETROSPECT.** By the Royal Society of Canada. Toronto: Ryerson Press. \$2.

### Brief Mention

Two more volumes of the writings of Lenin have been published in *Toward the Seizure of Power* (International Publishers, \$3.50). These two volumes contain Lenin's writings from the first open conflict with the Kerensky Government to the successful uprising on November 7th which established the Soviet power. \* \* \* What the Soviets have accomplished in Armenia is the subject of a little book by A. Y. Yeghemin (New York: The Woman's Press, \$2). The book is called *The Red Flag at Ararat*. The author describes the present state of a miniature Soviet republic which she finds to be incomparably better than anything Armenia has known in the last centuries. \* \* \* Described as an essay in surmise and called *The Future of East and West* (New York, Marion Saunders, \$1.50), another little book by Sir Frederick Whyte, who has been recently lecturing here, discusses the battle ground in India, the revolution in China, and the future of East and West. Sir Frederick has had long Indian experience. \* \* \* George Dangerfield, whose excellent reviews have often appeared in this magazine, has rewritten the story of the famous *Bengal Mutiny* in a book of that title (Harcourt, Brace, \$2). \* \* \* The Cambridge University Press (New York, \$3.75) is publishing a new translation of Dante's *Paradiso* translated into English triple rhyme by Geoffrey L. Bickersteth. This book has an introduction but is free of the elaborate apparatus of scholarship which accompanies most editions and is intended definitely for the literary reader. \* \* \* A contribution to ending the depression might be one way to describe John Terence McGovern's *Diogenes Discovers Us* (Dial, \$3). In this book an imagined Diogenes questions the careers of a long series of contemporaries and near-contemporaries from Vanderbilt, Whitney, to Newton Baker, and Quentin Roosevelt. \* \* \* Katharine Anthony's very readable biography of *Catherine the Great* will be remembered. She has now written a companion piece with Marie Antoinette as subject (Knopf, \$3). \* \* \* Coward-McCann has bound together three narratives of adventure, *Pearls, Arms and Hashish* by Monfried & Treat, *From Job to Job Around the World*, by Fletcher, and *Vagabonding at Fifty*, by Mitchell & Wilson, all of them published before, and sent them out with a foreword as *The Book of Vagabonds* (\$2.50). \* \* \* A curious book, the exact purpose of which is not quite evident, but which is at least excellently printed, is *A Calendar of Saints for Unbelievers* by Glenway Wescott (Harrison of Paris). Mr. Westcott has taken the familiar material of the saints' legends and drawn for each day of the year from his sources a little narrative of the saint, sometimes naive, sometimes a bit cynical, sometimes charming, and often merely descriptive. Like all of Mr. Wescott's work these brief narratives are excellently written but it is questionable whether he has added anything more than style to his originals, especially since the need of brevity has usually permitted him to abstract only one human aspect of the story.

*Boswell Papers.* The 15th and 16th volumes of the sumptuous edition of the *Boswell Papers* in the collection of Ralph Heyward Isham edited by Frederick A. Pottle have just appeared. They contain extraordinarily interesting journals which record Boswell's unfortunate decision to practise at the London bar, with most interesting details of his daily life and experience and contacts with the men and women of the period. Also the items dealing with the publication of the *Journal* and the *Tour to the Hebrides* and much correspondence. It becomes clearer and clearer that when a selected edition of these *Journals* is prepared we shall have a book of first importance in English literature. Mr. Arnold Whitridge, who has been reviewing for *The Saturday Review* the volumes of the *Boswell Papers* as they have appeared, is abroad for the year, and a detailed discussion of these volumes will have to be delayed for a little while, perhaps to be joined with a commentary upon two more volumes which we understand are soon to appear.



Famous books by

## John Galsworthy

awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1932

### The Forsyte Saga

870 pages \$2.50

### A Modern Comedy

700 pages \$2.50 "If Mr. Galsworthy had written nothing else, the six Forsyte novels would insure him a permanent position among English novelists. The two trilogies dealing with the fortunes of one family and presenting . . . the pictures of the end of one era and the beginning of the next, are a unique achievement."—*Saturday Review of Literature*.

### Worshipful Society

720 pages \$2.50 "The Country House," "Fraternity," "The Patrician." Full-length novels of English society before the World War.

### Caravan: Assembled Tales

56 stories 760 pages \$2.50 "For lovers of the short story it is laden to the limit with richness of all sorts."—*New York Evening Post*.

### Plays

25 plays 700 pages \$2.50 "To every lover of the drama this volume should prove a treasure trove not to be overlooked."—*Edwin Björkman*.

at all bookstores

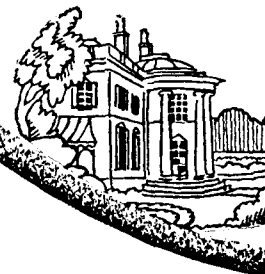
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

## Life

swirls through

this beautiful

English mansion . . .



Here is a rich pageant of human destiny—the story of a house—its ghosts—its secrets—

its first mistress—Belinda Flower—the golden amazon—and of the dramas that took place within its walls.

\$2.50

Doubleday, Doran

## BELINDA GROVE

by HELEN ASHTON

author of "Doctor Serocold"