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The New Books

Biography

**BENVENUTO CELLINI AND HIS FLOR-
ENTINE DAGGER.** By Victor Thad-
deus. Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. \$3.50.

This breezy and competent life of Benvenuto Cellini is to the immortal autobiography as a latter day cocktail is to one shaken before the prohibition. Whoever doubts this need only compare the episode of Catarina, and that of the casting of the Perseus in the two versions. Beyond this, there is really rather little to say except that those who cannot or will not read the autobiography—in translation an entirely accessible book—will find, besides a certain amount of historical background, which interested Benvenuto much less than his own self,—a swift and genial narrative carried off with appropriate gusto. The mystery remains, that given such an antecedent competitor as Benvenuto's own highly varnished tale, anybody should want to write such a book. But it is a day of substitutes, and as things go, this is very readable Benvenutine.

F. J. M., Jr.

Fiction

THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING.
By Ursula Parrott. Longmans, Green.
1933. \$2.50.

With her "Ex-Wife" and "Strangers May Kiss," Ursula Parrott caught the attention of the section of the reading public that likes its novels well-seasoned. Caught, too, the attention of the films, and so spread still further her own fame and that of the modern cake-eating and cake-having heroine. Miss Parrott writes in a nice way about people who would be anything but nice if written about in any other way.

In "The Tumult and the Shouting" the author enlarges her canvas. She reaches back four generations into Irish-American families in Boston. She takes up the sisters and the cousins and the aunts, and the brothers and the cousins and the uncles. The Gavins and the Burkes settle, Irish-poor, in Boston, and in a generation attain ease and comfort, if not exactly wealth. Young Shane Burke and young Michael Gavin both fall in love with Protestant girls, and it is their different solutions of the religious and racial problems that set afoot the complications which the children and grandchildren have to live out. Love is the important factor in each of the individual stories that make up the family saga. And love, in each case, leads to trouble, whether it is the hidden love of expediency or that acknowledged by the fanfare of a hearty Irish wedding. None of the loves in this book run into happiness.

The four generations in the novel speak different languages, but they are driven by the same impulses into almost the same situations. Life on the surface seemed simpler for the earlier Gavins and Burkes; underneath, blood eddied and hearts beat

to the same complicated rhythms. Conventions, the church, and the family run No Thoroughfare signs across the paths of the young in each period. Some stop, some climb over, and some take a long way round. But they all leave the warning sign standing for the next comers; they are individualists, not reformers.

The reticences of the past and the freedoms of the future have been so exploited in recent fiction that it is not likely that anyone will find much that is new in "The Tumult and the Shouting." Miss Parrott elaborates the sensational activities of her contemporary heroine, reminding us in this of her earlier novels, but in describing the family life of the progenitors of this heroine, the author shows a sincerity and a simple affection for character not found before in her work. While the story of Elizabeth Gavin's unhappy love is not as exciting as that of her great-great-niece Carol's, it has an endearing clarity and warmth missing in the latter.

A Parrott book that is a little better than the other Parrott books.

G. G.

MR. JUBENKA. By Adrian Alington.
Houghton Mifflin. 1933. \$2.

There is no doubt material for good fun in the situation of a king—one of those convenient Balkan kings—who has been deposed and has come to live in England with the firm intention of using adversity sweetly by living with commoners on equal terms (on the advice of his royal fiancé), but who constantly forgets his position and assumes royal airs. There is fun to be got out of it; but to get it out you must make up your mind whether you are writing high comedy, farce, or character-drama; and this decision Mr. Alington has not made in writing "Mr. Jubenka." The characters are the purest stock figures; indeed, the jacket proudly quotes the *Manchester Guardian* as saying that "the Generalissimo combines . . . the characteristic fatuities of all the stage generals that ever were" as if one more stage general were something to boast of; and the hypothesis makes such wild demands on the reader's credulity as are only suitable to farce. But though the book badly needs the virtues of farce to make up for its faults, it offers only the very mildest and faintest humor, and that chiefly of the old fashioned stage-foreigner kind, with no real reference to the king's royalty. If you think that you might like this kind of thing, try to get Elizabeth's novel "The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight," in which it is done well; here it is done very badly.

B. D.

LEAP BEFORE YOU LOOK. By Alec Waugh. Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. \$2.

Mr. Alec Waugh has sometimes appeared as a serious novelist, and sometimes as one of the most careful and artful of entertainers. But in this book he attempts nothing more than the purveying

(Continued on page 262)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
BLACK HAWTHORN John Stephen Strange (Crime Club: \$2.)	Sergeant Potter breaks through old Connecticut family loyalties to find murderer of three in their midst.	Clever clues, plus fog-bound shore, exploding yacht and evil Chinese jar all create tense atmosphere.	A good night's reading
THE SCARLET MESSENGER Henry Holt (Crime Club: \$2.)	Auriel Maxwell's elderly guardian stabbed in London hotel. Extortion letters to Auriel only clues for Inspector Silver.	Attempts on our heroine's life, love interest, flashback to South African origins, contribute to obscure mystery.	Competent
THE GREEN PACK Edgar Wallace and R. J. Curtis (Crime Club: \$2.)	Blackmail with a dash of lead. England and S. A. (South Africa). No sleuth.	Two and two make four.	Dismissed
THE SIAMESE TWIN MYSTERY Ellery Queen (Stokes: \$2.)	The Queens, father and son, driven by forest-fire to mountain top mansion, solve, unaided, two strange crimes.	Although almost too clever at times, this one, for background, action and atmosphere, is the Queens' best to date.	Triumph
MURDER MOON Henry Leyford (Macaulay: \$2.)	"Lady of Death" on rampage on Riviera runs afoul of Fouchard, the GREAT French detective.	Bombastic speeches and silly posturing of "super-detective" plus gaudily melodramatic plot reduce interest to zero centigrade.	A bas!

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o The Saturday Review. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

A COMPLETE PEPPS

ALL things come to him who waits. Intermittently, ever since we began to conduct the Clearing House, we have been trying to find out for W. B. of New York City whether a new edition, without excisions, of Pepys's famous DIARY was in preparation. All our usual sources of information failed us, so we resigned ourselves to watchful waiting (and incidentally to keeping poor W. B. waiting too), and now at last our vigilance has been rewarded. For into our office the other day walked Mr. Mansbridge of the Cambridge University Press, full of enthusiasm for Arthur Bryant's SAMUEL PEPPS which the Macmillan Company is putting out in this country for his firm, and at our eager question referring us to that book for the facts we had been so unsuccessfully hunting. We felt like rushing across the street, hatless and coatless, to our good and trusty friend, *The Publishers' Weekly*, shouting "Eureka, Eureka." But we restrained our ardor, and instead fell upon the book immediately upon Mr. Mansbridge's departure. Alas! for our intention of spending but a moment upon it! We found ourselves, regardless of lack of time, beguiled from one to another of its animated pages. But at last we rooted out the information for which W. B. asked and we can now tell him that F. McD. Turner, librarian of the Pepys collection at Magdalene College, Cambridge, is preparing a new edition of the DIARY from John Smith's transcript, which he is checking from the shorthand original. Bell is to publish it in England for the Master and Fellows of Magdalene, and we have no doubt that some American publisher will eventually bring it out over here. The DIARY, as all good Pepysians know, was written in Shelton's shorthand system, and embraced some 1,300,000 words. The six volumes which contained it, bound in leather with gold stamping, were left by Pepys's nephew to Magdalene, and were first decoded in 1819 by John Smith. They have never hitherto been published in full, even the most extensive editions omitting certain portions deemed too "indelicate" for general reading. Now, however, they are to appear complete, and Mr. Turner is bending all his erudition to correcting the large number of minor errors which occur even in Wheatley, the fullest of existent versions. We crave W. B.'s forgiveness for the length of time it has taken us to procure this information for him, and shall let him know as soon as we ourselves discover who is to publish the American edition. Only we think it might be wise for him, if he doesn't hear from us in due course, to jog our memory as to our promise lest we fall prey to a dumb forgetfulness. (How gracefully Gray lends himself to modern slang!)

ENGLAND AND INDIA

When Mr. Mansbridge came in and gave us the clue to the new edition of Pepys we told him that the Cambridge histories were proving a very present help in trouble to us. Hardly had he gone when the mail brought us a request from M. W. B. of Fair Haven, Vermont, for "material on the subject of British influence in India." Where, indeed, should she look for it but in the CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF INDIA (Macmillan) which sets forth in detail the story of English rule in that country? Of course, personally we think this would be a grand opportunity for M. W. B. to reread the stirring essays of Macaulay on Clive and Warren Hastings. If she allows for Macaulay's prejudices and checks up against later studies she'll get all the sober appraisal she wants of that colorful period of Anglo-Indian annals together with some of the most brilliant historical writing in the English language. What magnificent movies lie buried in the matrix of those essays. We can imagine no more gorgeous or dramatic spectacles than could be cut from them.

SONGS OF FATHER GOOSE

From the sublime to the ridiculous, or from a pageant of empires to nonsense verse. N. E. R. of Detroit, Mich., wants to know who are the publishers of L. Frank Baum's SONGS OF FATHER GOOSE. She wishes to procure a copy of the edition contain-

ing the music as well as the rhymes and can find it in no store in Detroit. Alas and alack, we have unsatisfactory news for her. The volume, which was published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, is out of print, and the publishers say the only chance of getting it is through some bookshop which still happens to have a copy. Has any of our readers, browsing about in second-hand shops, by any chance happened to notice one? If he has, or if he's seen one in any other shop, we'll be glad to transmit the information to N. E. R.

ON PRONOUNCING NAMES

We had the greatest piece of good luck the other day. Only an hour or two before a letter arrived from R. S. C. of Indianapolis, Ind., asking—No, on second thought we think instead of summarizing her question we'll print it in full. R. S. C. wrote:

Always I seem to be reading one or another book about far-eastern art or history or whatnot, and, as I read, I continually feel the need of knowing how to pronounce correctly the names I come upon. How, for example, does Mr. Coomeraswamy himself pronounce Sankhayana, or Grhya, or pranah? What do the marks over and under consonants and vowels mean? How are the Chinese and Japanese names that occur in dozens on the pages of Fenellosa pronounced?—In short, is there in the world a book in which one can find, clearly expressed, the rules for pronunciation of place and proper names in Chinese, Japanese, Arabic, Persian, Indian, etc.?

Well, as we were saying, just a short time before R. S. C.'s plaintive appeal came in there arrived on our desk a green bound volume calling itself THE INTERNATIONAL BOOK OF NAMES (Crowell), by C. O. Sylvester-Mawson, which is "a dictionary of the more difficult proper names in literature, history, philosophy, art, music, etc., with the official form and pronunciation of names of present-day celebrities and places, with post-war geographical changes." Its editor and compiler, Mr. Sylvester-Mawson, has at various times been associated with the OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY, the CENTURY DICTIONARY, and with WEBSTER, but not content with the information he has amassed during these labors, he has for this volume gone to first-hand authorities wherever there has been doubt as to the pronunciation of a name. We found quite fascinating some of the instances he cited of myths that have grown up around the cognomens of certain celebrities, and we were delighted to have settled once for all the pronunciation of Oliver Onion's name. Reason told us that it was pronounced like the odoriferous vegetable of our kitchens, but friends insisted that it should be sounded as if it were written O-nigh-ons. That, says Mr. Sylvester-Mawson, is one of the fallacies it seems impossible to kill. Mr. Onions himself has denied its correctness more than once in print, but his readers go blithely on insisting on calling him O-nigh-ons. It takes considerable persuasion, too, to make the public believe that the Stracheys know how to pronounce their name when they say it is Stra-chey and not Strashi.

A LETTER FROM A READER

Alice B. Thaw of Washington, D. C., supplements some suggestions we made not long ago for Spanish books for a young boy. Miss Thaw says: "A Spanish 'thriller' which I should think a boy would read with delight is Pio Baroja's ZALACÁIN EL AVENTURERO. To one who knows only the Baroja available in translation, this lusty border tale will come as a surprise. The Spanish, as I remember it, is quite simple, and some of the exploits of Zalacáin and his friend—such as the taking of a town single-handed—should appeal especially to a boy in his teens. The edition, illustrated by the author's brother Ricardo, is the best, though if it or the regular edition be not available, there is, I believe, a textbook edition. (But why is it that notes and a vocabulary dull even the most glamorous story?) Why some movie scout hasn't seized upon it long before this puzzles me, for as it stands it has the makings—no additions or changes necessary—of a grand picture."

THE CHILD MANUELA

The Novel of Maedchen in Uniform



NO one needs to be told that *Maedchen in Uniform* was one of the outstanding film and play successes of recent years. It was important for three reasons. First, it treated for the first time the forbidden subject of adolescent homosexuality; second, its movie success was so great that it was thereafter made into a stage play; third, the movie itself was probably the most intelligent presentation of human values that we have seen upon the screen.

The point about all this—and what is not so generally known—is that both the movie and the play were adapted from a remarkable novel, which we now have the privilege of publishing, completely uncensored, for the first time in an English translation.

This is not a case of "see the movie—read the book." Even if your customers have not seen *Maedchen in Uniform* and do not know of its existence, THE CHILD MANUELA is so big, so powerful, so moving, so universally appealing, that it must strike a responsive chord in the heart of every reader.

It is a much bigger, fuller, richer tale than the part that was selected for dramatization. In essence it is the study of "absentee motherhood"—the poignant and moving narrative story of a young girl torn from familiar settings and sent to a boarding school with its rules, regulations and impersonal, gradual standardization. Of course there has to be a compensation for the loss of parental love. Its form is sometimes cruel, sometimes surprising; usually it is little understood.

THE CHILD MANUELA deals, therefore, with a subject ordinarily considered taboo but which is intensely interesting and important: the psychological and physiological development of the young mind and soul in relation to others of the same sex and to older people. We cannot emphasize enough that this is one of the great novels of our (or of any) generation; one which can be read now by any reader for enjoyment pure and simple, and one which inevitably will be read for many years to come.

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by Christa Winsloe

Translated from the German by Agnes Neill Scott (Mrs. Edwin Muir)

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