

The New Books

Fiction

THE PARADINE CASE. By Robert Hichens. Doubleday, Doran. 1933. \$2.50.

Men and women under the spell of one another have always been the impelling interest in the novels of Robert Hichens. In "The Garden of Allah" (how long ago!) the Eastern saying, "The fate of every man we have hung round his neck like a millstone," kept recurring like a minor phrase in music; the fate that Robert Hichens hangs heavily round the neck of every man is a woman, and the fate of each woman is a man. Love, in the Hichens novels, is never a happy coming together; it is a sinister force for the most part that drags its chosen imperatively, reluctantly, from their own preferred ways.

The "Paradine Case" is a very typical Hichens novel, long and detailed, and full of page after page of conversation. Nothing is taken for granted, and nothing is left to the reader's imagination. The story concerns the infatuation that grows up in the heart of an English lawyer for his client who is accused of murder. The situation is made interesting by the character of the man and his type of life. He is middle aged, has been married very happily for ten years, and is not a man ever to venture outside the conventions. The study of his succumbing to the fascination of the woman who reminds him faintly of his wife and who has absolutely no interest in him is complicated enough to hold the attention through the long telling of the intricately woven plot of personal interrelations. It is a well-made story in the sense that one speaks of a well-made play. No one would ever mistake its complications and outcome for reality, but within its own confines it plays the game strictly according to rules. It

builds up slowly and carefully to its dramatic closing. Part of the ending, the inevitable tragedy, is sensed from the beginning and gives tenseness to the telling, but another part will come as a surprise.

Mr. Hichens has made up his characters as he has made up his plot, and he has done both jobs so carefully and so completely that one can say of "The Paradine Case," here is a well made Well-made Novel.

MARRIAGE IN GOTHAM. By Ishbel Ross. Harpers. 1933. \$2.

The principal business of Miss Ross's very competent novel of New York life is undoubtedly to give a full length portrait of the heroine, Henrietta Tulloch. Approaching middle age, still beautiful and charming, the wife of a successful architect, her life save for an interest in her two children is somewhat barren and shallow. A chance flirtation, begun carelessly enough, with the young man her son brings home from college, sweeps all this well-established life away, leaving her with nothing but the rapidly lessening affection for which she has sacrificed so many years of happiness. Miss Ross does not sentimentalize her case, and in the main her portrait is believable, though it is a little difficult to reconcile the poised, delightful Henrietta of the opening chapters with the uncertain and indeed unattractive figure who returns to her husband, thankful to have material prosperity at least, after her second marriage has come to its inevitable end.

The secondary attractions of the book are great. It offers clear and accurate descriptions of New York as it was in 1933, action photographs, as it were, of the speakeasy era, of hockey at Madison Square Garden, and also some sharp ob-

servations on the manners and methods of the press in dealing with a sensational divorce case. Miss Ross's family group is remarkably well drawn, too,—perhaps the breaking up of the Tulloch family causes for this reason a little confusion at the end of "Marriage in Gotham." The separate entities which made up the family fade out into nothingness, though together they are unforgettable. All that Miss Ross does, however, possesses interest, thanks to an adroit blending of journalistic clarity with something of Mrs. Wharton's powers of social analysis.

NO MATTER WHERE. By Arthur Train. Scribner's. 1933. \$2.

Mr. Train is one of the numerous American fiction writers who would be more usefully, though far less lucratively, employed in writing for the newspapers. He is a civilized man with sound if not startlingly novel ideas, but when he puts those ideas into fiction he often descends to an incredible naiveté. This story deals with a broker who went broke and decided to go back to the simple life at his ancestral home in Maine, only to find that farming, lobstering, and even blueberry-picking are skilled labor and that the cobbler should stick to his last. He finds also (besides a girl, of course, simple but adequately educated, pure but adequately hot) that not all rustics are virtuous or all New Yorkers vicious; that the simple life is a good thing but can be overdone; and that it can be lived in Jackson Heights or Woodside as well as back on the farm. All of which, told in words of one syllable, with vice and virtue, the true and the false, painted in bright colors so that nobody can fail to recognize them, will doubtless please many people; though not people whose personal company Arthur Train could endure for five minutes.

LAMB IN HIS BOSOM. By Caroline Miller. Harpers. 1933. \$2.

This is the story of a family in a backwash Georgia community in the 1840's. Both in place and time it seems to be a product of that atavistic nostalgia which has inspired so many novels of the soil; for the Carvers are isolated from the current of history and might with a few changes represent similar isolated families today. Hence as the picture of a way of life "Lamb in His Bosom" has only the significance of curiosity; its real value lies in many passages of lyrical descriptive prose which have a considerable, if disembodied, beauty. In other passages, however, where the author goes behind her characters, the writing is forced and awkward. "Lamb in His Bosom" is the story of a succession of births and deaths, of simple people and elemental life. It is deeply felt, but the author conveys her feeling only when she ceases to be a novelist and becomes a poet.

EARL DERR BIGGERS TELLS TEN STORIES. Bobbs-Merrill. 1933. \$2.

The ten stories may explain why their author was "translated into almost every cultured tongue"—to quote the inspired publicity department blurb. But, for this reader, they merely cloud the issue. They are completely, almost naively American—they are, essentially, pep stories that might have come from the promotion branch of any efficient business. It is difficult to imagine any "cultured" person, outside of the United States, reading them with pleasure.

Yet they are by no means stupid. They are utterly pellucid—an admirable quality in these trying times. They have shots of humor akin to Wodehouse's, when that lamented Englishman was still hitting on all cylinders. While, as a previous reviewer noted in these columns, it is a bit strange to find Thomas Beer on George Horace Lorimer's payroll, Earl Derr Biggers was a typical *Saturday Evening Post* staple. His little stories rested shamelessly on the long arm of coincidence, had the sweetest of biological twists, and glorified the sterling young American. Even his Charlie Chan series was based on an Oriental whose popularity may be ascribed to the fact that he was so comfortably Occidental.

THE UNPOSSESSED. By Yvonne Duffour. Dutton. 1933. \$2.

Inasmuch as he was born and reared in the Samarian hills, of Rumanian Jewish parents who were among the first pioneers in reclaiming their home land, Anthony's first love was a half-mystic, half-voluptuous passion for the Mediterranean. Not to any woman, mother, sister or mistress, did he ever give as complete an allegiance as the classic sea demanded of him, although he was fated to meet

many claims on his affections in his lifetime. Early in manhood he wandered to Cairo, to Marseilles and thence to Paris, where he became secretary to a famous philanthropist, and in due course his heir. Thus he was equipped with the means to lighten in some measure the burdens of mankind which were always to weigh heavily upon him, and to indulge in the finer points of love-making. He was a paradoxical combination, this philanthropic Casanova, this idealist in love who invariably evaded the after-claims of romance.

During the twenty-four hours of Anthony's birthday, the reader is offered a recapitulation of the major amours of his career, of their individual significances in his life; and by a contrapuntal arrangement of conversation and memory one grasps the important place which Anthony occupied in the affections of his victims. To each he represented the ultimate experience in love, to each he was forced, by some inner compulsion, to deny permanent allegiance. He could no more endure the ties of passion than he could bear the devouring maternal love of his youth, though he instinctively demanded love, and then politely suffered over the pain his eventual default invariably caused.

Mlle. Duffour presents the case for her hero with delicacy and sensibility, though without humor. Her analyses of Anthony's lovelorn ladies are more penetrating and convincing than is his personification, for there are moments when this romantic, lonely humanitarian resembles very closely a rather selfish, evasive prig, and the unregenerate reader will yearn (while admitting that it might blunt the story's point) to see this perennial bachelor get his "come-uppance" just once.

History

REPUBLICAN RELIGION. By G. Adolf Koch. Holt. 1933. \$3.

This is a book of marked significance at the present time. It brings out the contrast between two conflicting ideals in the American mind. During the eighteenth century, as Dr. Koch says, American men of affairs in church and state, in business as well as in learned professions, were bound by ties of education, correspondence, and membership in learned societies, to kindred spirits abroad. Looking back, we may say, this was the most attractive period in our history. The great interest in foreign affairs brought about a spirit of urbanity which characterized our political leaders. Unfortunately, owing to the excesses of the French Revolution, and especially the attacks on established religion, reaction arose and the spirit of the frontier usurped the old interest in foreign affairs. Losing our internationalism, we became provincial and for a full century our policy was one of aloofness, isolation, and non-interference in things European.

Applying this thesis of Americanism as a kind of worship of the republic, the author is able to explain many of the baffling inconsistencies in our national mentality. We have, for example, the founder of democracy, Jefferson, at first immersed in foreign interests, but finally with his embargos and the like erecting a wall against European influences. In the same way the present high representative of democracy appears to oscillate between internationalism and the spirit of the frontier which takes little interest in foreign affairs and considers America an isolated unit, sufficient unto itself.

But here a paradox arises. The old worship of the American Revolution as inaugurating a political and social millennium was followed by an intellectual collapse. In place of the worship of reason through radicals like Ethan Allen and Tom Paine, there arose a worship through religious revivals; and in place of the religion of the republican millennium there arose a curious and most irrational belief in a millennium associated with the end of the world. The author, in a rather forced manner, calls this "The Triumph of Fidelity" in a paraphrase of the title of old President Dwight's "The Triumph of Infidelity." This "Pope of Connecticut" hated Ethan Allen, Tom Paine, and all the deists, but in spite of his fulminations there arose, as still another paradox, a whole tribe of respectable deists who resented the vulgarity of professional reformers and religious enthusiasts and at the same time repudiated the harsh tenets of Calvinism which put no trust in the rights of man or the goodness of human nature. In fine, Dr. Koch offers us a book of subtle suggestions regarding the conflicting currents, religious, political, and philosophical, in the stream of American thought.



Photo by George Platt Lynes.

Gertrude Stein

She is an eminent American woman, a longtime resident of Paris, who, by virtue of genius and honesty, both in her writings and her friendships, has had an incomparable influence on modern literature, art and music. She has written her autobiography, a book which does the same thing for literature and art during the last thirty years that LINCOLN STEFFENS' AUTOBIOGRAPHY does for politics.

The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas

The People in the Book
PABLO PICASSO
HENRI MATISSE
ERIC SATIE
ERNEST HEMINGWAY
SHERWOOD ANDERSON
EDITH SITWELL
JEAN COCTEAU
LYTTON STRACHEY
MABEL DODGE LINCOLN STEFFENS
CARL VAN VECHTEN
JUAN GRIS
ROBERT COATES
JOHN REED
JOHN LANE
MILDRED ALDRICH
JANE HEAP
LOUIS BROMFIELD
BERNARD FAY
JANET SCUDDER
SIR FRANCIS ROSE
GERTRUDE ATHERTON

Alice B. Toklas is a real person, an intimate friend of Gertrude Stein's. But Gertrude Stein wrote this book, speaking of herself in the third person and of Miss Toklas as "I." She has done it as simply as Defoe did the autobiography of Robinson Crusoe, bringing all of her experimentation with words to bear in the production of a style that is lucid, artless, delightful. To get acquainted with Gertrude Stein, with the people that crowd her *atelier*, is to know, in a sense, why modern literature is—and to enjoy one of the most fascinating books of the past several seasons.

The People in the Book
WILLIAM JAMES
ALFRED WHITEHEAD
HENRI ROUSSEAU
ALFRED MAURER
GEORGES BRAQUE
ANDRÉ DERAIN
JO DAVIDSON
MAX JACOB
RAYMOND DUNCAN
PAUL ROBESON
JOSEPHINE BAKER
FORD MADDOX FORD
EUGENE JOLAS
DELAUNAY
HARRY GIBB
ROGER FRY
WYNDHAM LEWIS
ROBERT EDMOND JONES
ANDRÉ GIDE
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BERTRAND RUSSELL



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Miscellaneous

GHOSTS OF LONDON. By Elliott O'Donnell. Dutton. 1933. \$3.50.

PINK PARADE. By J. B. Booth. The same. \$4.

Here are two books on London, as different as possible, yet having one quality in common, at least for the middle-aged English reader, that they both recall ghosts of the past. Mr. O'Donnell has made a laboriously painstaking search after all the spooky places he can find in London, and though their name is legion, we should say that he has not missed one of them. His method is to go round with both ears open for ghost stories, and when he hears only the ghost of one, to follow it up. Apparently nothing is too incredible for his credulousness, and a spook has only to be rumored to be accepted as gospel. Indeed, the authentic record of a killing is *a priori* evidence that the locality is haunted. However, in his earnest pursuit of spectres the author covers a vast deal of ground and many acres of bricks and mortar in one of the most interesting areas in Europe, and there is much in his book to entertain the reader, whether superstitious or not.

Mr. Booth's volume is also about ghosts, but these are the ghosts of a London that, though recent, is as dead as any of Mr. O'Donnell's spooks and, unlike them, is incapable of staging a come-back. But the man who remembers his London of the 'nineties and early Edwardian days, reading these reminiscences of the sporting and semi-bohemian life of the time, will feel almost like a ghost himself and have to shake himself free of his memories.

It was the days of "The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," of "Hi-tiddle-ty," and, later, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-deay"; of the Alhambra and the Empire (where reigned the incomparable Genée); of the "Pav." and the "Tiv." and the other London music-halls, that produced such artists as Dan Leno, Herbert Campbell, Marie Lloyd, Vesta Tilly, Lottie Collins, and a whole galaxy of stars, of whom the aging knight, Harry Lauder, is one of the few survivors. The author was a member of the staff of that famous and highly individual sporting sheet popularly known as the *Pink 'Un*, and had ample opportunity to see the life that he describes. Much of the book, however, is evidently hearsay

rather than personal memories, and that horrible blight, "Americanization," according to Mr. Booth, is clearly responsible for the decline and fall of the London that really was London. Nevertheless, this is an entertaining book, especially if you happen to be middle-aged and in a sentimental mood.

Religion

THE ORDEAL OF WESTERN RELIGION. By Paul Hutchinson. Houghton Mifflin. 1933.

Mr. Hutchinson is the type of religious journalist who admits he does not mind crying "Fire! Fire!" down the highways and byways of America if, by so doing, he can quicken society to a realization of the ordeal through which Western religion must pass. But it is one thing to cry "Fire! Fire!" and another to know where the fire is.

The ordeal, according to him, is "due to the claim of Western churches to find their origin, the norm of their teaching, and their standards of conduct and authority in the career and words of Jesus of Nazareth." And the two horns of the dilemma which faces Western religion become a provincial Galilean's mode of life and expression and a civilization which is a "welter of armed camps and warring classes." One can without much difficulty admit the latter. But Mr. Hutchinson is skating on thin ice when he accepts Albert Schweitzer's "Quest of the Historical Jesus" as portraying the norm of his conception of Jesus. As he himself admits, it is a book on the discussion of whose merits, "scholarship, both churchly and secular, is now engaged with such feverish intensity." But the problem lies deeper than that. Even though the historical Jesus may be all that Schweitzer says he is, two thousand years of Christian thought have been at work building up a philosophy and ethic out of his thought; have been at the continual task of interpreting him to each succeeding generation until he has become, so to speak, the cumulative Christ, the Christ of the ages. And the accretions and overtones, the criticism and implementing, more vital in this day than ever before, are not without their influence. The sum of Christian thought available today, and the direction it is taking, are much more compelling forces than Mr. Hutchinson is willing to admit. So that the

"fire," the ordeal through which modern religion must pass, is not so much the (impossible) reconciliation of a hillside Galilean to a power-mad world, but is rather the application of a developed Christian philosophy and ethic to a world sadly in need of change.

Though his book does not quite succeed in being what its subtitle claims it to be, "A Challenge to America," Mr. Hutchinson offers many thought-provoking facts from which the reader may draw his own conclusions.

Latest Books Received

ART

Fresco Painting. G. Hale. Rudge. \$2.50.

BELLES LETTRES

Selected Essays. A. C. E. Allinson. Harcourt. \$3. *God and My Garden.* M. E. Sangster. New York: Round Table.

BIOGRAPHY

The Journal of Gamaliel Bradford. Ed. Van Wyck Brooks. \$4.50. *Cecil Rhodes.* S. G. Millin. Harp. \$3.75.

DRAMA

End and Beginning. J. Masefield. Macmil. \$1.50.

FICTION

Murder in the Bath. R. F. Didelot. Lippin. \$2. *The Dumb Man.* I. Adams. Apple. \$2. *Murder at Scandal House.* P. Hunt. \$2. *Jane Eyre.* C. Brontë. Modern Lib. *Durbar.* D. Kincaid. Harcourt. \$2. *Better Angel.* R. Meeker. Greenberg. \$2. *The Hussy.* I. Williams. Greenberg. \$2. *The Master of Jalna.* M. de la Roche. Little, Br. \$2.50. *The Kaiser Goes, the Generals Remain.* T. Pliver. Macmil. \$2. *Dark Hazard.* W. R. Burnett. Harp. \$2.50. *Lamb in His Bosom.* C. Miller. Harp. \$2. *The Warriew Jewel.* W. Peck. Dut. \$2.

INTERNATIONAL

World Revolution and the U.S.S.R. M. T. Florinsky. Macmil. \$2.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Art of Flower Arrangement in Japan. A. L. Sadler. Dut. \$4. *Beaver, Kings and Cabins.* C. L. Skinner. Macmil. \$2.50.

PSYCHOLOGY

Modern Man in Search of a Soul. C. G. Jung. Harcourt. \$3. *Child Psychology.* A. T. Jerslid. Prentice-Hall. \$3.

RELIGION

Contemporary American Theology. Ed. V. Fern. New York: Round Table Press. \$3. *The Oxford Movement.* S. Leslie. Milwaukee: Bruce. \$2. *Humanizing Religion.* C. F. Potter. Harp. \$2. *The Resurrection of the Dead.* K. Barth. Revell. \$1.50.

SCIENCE

The Universe and Life. H. S. Jennings. Yale Univ. Pr. \$1.50. *The World of Fossils.* C. L. Fenton. Apple. \$2. *Great Men of Science.* P. Lenard. Macmil. \$3.

Outside Stuff



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