

## YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS OURS!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY  
HENRY WILLIAMSON  
T. E. LAWRENCE  
ROBERT GRAVES

IS ONE OF THESE  
GREAT WRITERS  
THE AUTHOR OF



"Evidence has accumulated overwhelmingly in favor of Henry Williamson," says William Rose Benét, in the *Saturday Review*. But many critics on both sides of the Atlantic are pointing to the others as the most likely chroniclers of this strange and understanding novel of our troubled times. Peopled with figures of the literary world, it moves in familiar scenes but by unfamiliar paths. . . .

**THE GOLD FALCON**  
or *The Haggard of Love*  
Anonymous \$2.50  
Harrison Smith and Robert Haas

### "Guess Who's Dead!"

When he heard this question, Mr. Van Eck lifted his drawl. It floated in the heat and stayed on one note. "Couldn't guess, Sid. I never guess nothin' when the thermometer's wuss'n eighty-five. Anybody important?" Only the son-in-law of a Senator. The plain facts of his amorous career may be one of the reasons why a famous editor refused to print *Obituary of a Liberal*. You can read it now in

## MRS. EGG AND OTHER BARBARIANS

By THOMAS BEER  
Author of *The Mauve Decade*

ALFRED A. KNOPF, N. Y. \$2.50

## INDIANS!

From her home in Petrified Forest, Arizona, Mrs. White Mountain Smith has written *Indian Tribes of the Southwest*. She tells about the red men, women and children who are her neighbors—what they're like and how they live.

STANFORD \$1.50

Wherever you go, men and women of all ages are reading and talking about

**LIFE Begins At FORTY**  
By Walter B. Pitkin

11th Printing \$1.50 at bookstores or WHITLESSEY HOUSE, McGraw Hill Bldg., N. Y.

## 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.

### WHEN LEISURE COMES

BACK in the days of our youth, when "The Sorrows of Satan" or "The Pleasures of Life" held out equal prospect of excitement to our ignorance, we came upon Lord Avebury's collection of essays by the latter title. We remember scarcely more of it now than of Marie Corelli's tale, and of that all that remains in our memory is a single sentence floating in a void: "Ah, Lucifer, Lucifer, Star of the Morning how art thou fallen!" Of Lord Avebury's volume what stuck in our mind was that it contained a list of a hundred good books. Somehow or other that list stretching down the page popped into our thoughts this morning when we opened the request of W. McC. P. of *Norfolk, Virginia*, for what we consider "eighteen best books of 1933," so we hied us to the library to see how closely it squared with our recollections. Yes, there it was, containing nothing but authors living when Sir John (he was Sir John Lubbock then and not Lord Avebury until later) compiled it, and nothing, with the possible exception of Smiles's "Self-Help," which might not go on a similar list today. But it was not the list which held us as we read, but something Lord Avebury said in introducing it.

I am sometimes disposed to think [he wrote] that the great readers of the next generation will be, not our lawyers and doctors, shopkeepers and manufacturers, but the laborers and mechanics. Does not this seem natural? The former work mainly with their head; when their daily duties are over, the brain is often exhausted, and of their leisure time much must be devoted to air and exercise. The laborer and the mechanic, on the other hand, have in their work time taken sufficiently bodily exercise, and could therefore give any leisure they have to reading and study. They have not done so yet, it is true, but this has been for obvious reasons. Now, however, in the first place, they receive an excellent education in elementary schools, and in the second have more easy access to the best books.

There's a suggestion for technocrats and New Dealers to take into their reckoning when they get down to making a program for leisure. A Victorian, Lord Avebury, to be sure, but one who would have been in the forefront of present-day problems for not only was he an eminent scientist, but also a distinguished politician, and not only a politician but a banker and currency reformer. However, in our interest in him we must not forget our business, so we leave him with the statement that "The Pleasures of Life" is procurable at a dollar in Burt's New Pocket Edition of Modern Classics.

### EIGHTEEN GOOD BOOKS OF 1933

Now for W. McC. P.'s request for a list of "eighteen best books of 1933," a request which we are amending to read "good" instead of "best" since absolute categories are difficult and dangerous things in matters where taste and judgment enter.

To begin with home industry. Among the outstanding novels of the past eight months are "South Moon Under," by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings (Scribners), and "As the Earth Turns" by Gladys Hasty Carroll (Macmillan), both of them novels of the soil, Mrs. Rawlings's of the Florida scrub country and Mrs. Carroll's of the Maine farmland. Both of them have a background pictured with liveliness and veracity, well differentiated and vigorously drawn characters, and both are knit into effectiveness by the understanding sympathy of their authors for the manner of life they are portraying. Likewise an authentic piece of Americana in fiction form is James Gould Cozzens's "The Last Adam" (Harcourt, Brace), a realistic, and at the same time humorous portrayal of Connecticut village life, with some boldly etched personalities and a cleverly contrived method of securing unity for a necessarily sprawling story. A charming travesty of tragic conditions, Robert Nathan's "One More Spring" (Knopf), with its portrayal of a group of victims of the depression who find shelter in Central Park, displays his characteristic blend of satire and tenderness. Mr. Nathan's volume is as brief as Hervey Allen's enormously successful "Anthony Adverse" (Farrar & Rinehart) is long, and as directly focussed on the present day as Mr. Allen's picaresque tale beginning in Napoleonic times is for

the most part divorced from it. If W. McC. P. has time when he has finished "Anthony Adverse" for another long novel he can tackle H. G. Wells's "The Bulpington of Blup" (Macmillan), good Wells, more savage than H. G. has often allowed himself to be in the recent past, or he can turn to the same author's "The Shape of Things To Come" (Macmillan), just issued, long and engrossing, and a tract for the times rather than a novel in everything but the fact that it is cast in a future Utopia.

How slowly we make haste. Three foreign novels, Hans Fallada's "Little Man, What Now?" (Simon & Schuster) a tale of Germany and of unemployment, Jules Romains' "Men of Good Will" (Knopf), a modern "novel without a hero," part of a work projected on a grand scale, and "Twenty Years A-Growing" (Viking), by Maurice O'Sullivan, a simple tale of simple Irish folk, are among the important publications in the field of fiction. H. M. Tomlinson's "The Snows of Helicon" (Harpers), as a story exceedingly poor, is to our mind one of the outstanding books of the season. Mr. Tomlinson may not know how to devise a plot, and he may have no idea how to extricate his characters from the artificial situations into which he throws them, but there is no one writing who has more "quality," if that word is taken to mean beauty of soul and mind, more ability to invest his writing with dignity and exquisite loveliness of expression than this quiet, rather deaf, much beloved Englishman. Of all the persons we have met in the course of our literary labors Tomlinson and Masefield more than any others impress us with a power that comes from character and is wrung from agonizing brooding over "the doubtful fate of human kind."

But back to our list. A book that we personally place among the best of 1933 (however, we serve warning that it fell in with our belief in the necessity in times of peace of preparing for peace) is Storm Jameson's "No Time Like the Present" (Knopf), the autobiography of a woman who came to maturity during the war years and who writes with burning indignation of the betrayal of humanity which she regards battle to be. Five more biographies take place among the most interesting books of the year, "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" (Harcourt, Brace), in reality the autobiography of the remarkable woman, Gertrude Stein, "The House of Exile," by Nora Waln (Little, Brown), the chronicle of an American woman's life in China, Stefan Zweig's "Marie Antoinette" (Viking), the third and last volume of "The Journal of Arnold Bennett" (Viking), and "The Farm" (Harpers), by Louis Bromfield. Mr. Bromfield's book is really the biography of a family, thinly disguised as fiction, with himself figuring in the third person. We find it the most interesting of his books, and indeed a fascinating volume, worthy to take its place with Hamlin Garland's "A Son of the Middle Border." We wish we had time to write something of Mr. Bromfield himself, who has always impressed us like some natural phenomenon, a geyser, or some other uncontrollable force of nature, with his unquenchable zest, his inexhaustible energy, and his unflagging spirits, but we'll never get to our next question if we do. How we have run on as it is! We're almost as bad as Miss Bates who so irritated poor Emma. And we still have our last book to mention, the brief, suggestive, and illuminating "Name and Nature of Poetry" (Macmillan) by A. E. Housman.

### RECENT WORKS ON EDUCATION

Well, we've finally taken leave with the last paragraph of the "eighteen books" and now arrive at the request of L. A. S. of *Shelter Island, N. Y.*, for "really good books that have made their appearance in the last year or two on education" She wishes the names of volumes suitable for discussion at the meeting of a women's club, and is already familiar with "Our Children" (Viking), edited by Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Sidonie M. Greenberg, and with "The Parent and the Happy Child," by Lorine Pruette (Holt).

Since she is interested in all phases of education, we suggest first such general books as C. W. Washburne's "Remakers of Mankind" (Day), Alexander Meikle-

john's "The Experimental College" (Harpers), G. S. Counts's "The American Road to Culture" (Day), and Bertrand Russell's "Education and the Modern World" (Norton). L. P. Jacks, editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, made a special trip to America last year to study the problems of recreation and published later a volume embodying his findings entitled "Education through Recreation" (Harpers). A volume by Nathaniel Peffer on "Educational Experiments in Industry" (Macmillan) ought to prove useful on that phase of the subject. The White House Conference on Child Health and Protection devoted one of its volumes to "Parent Education" (Century), and another to general problems of childhood. Two books which fall into the field of education and which have timeliness and wide general interest are "Our Movie-Made Children," by James Henry Forman (Macmillan) and "Educational Talking Pictures" by F. L. Devereux (University of Chicago Press). The first of these two volumes embodies the results of an exhaustive investigation from all angles into the effect of the moving picture on the child. If L. A. S. wants a further list we'll send it to her on request.

### A STUDY OF MARK TWAIN

Ambling in the shades of Academe reminds us that we have a letter from Mr. Edward Wagenknecht of the University of Washington who is writing a book on Mark Twain and thinks that university professors and librarians, as well as the general public, might be able to furnish material for it. He would like to enter into correspondence with anyone who has unpublished letters of Mark Twain, or personal reminiscences of him, or who could furnish references to obscure or undindexed material, or information as to unpublished doctor's or master's theses. He will of course give proper credit for such assistance.

### The New Books

(Continued from page 118)

made by banks should be genuine, i. e., the bank must actually give up what the borrower receives. Out of such genuine borrowings or out of taxation capital should be provided for an increased production. Money should be issued by the government exclusively, and in such a manner as to keep the purchasing power of the currency constant. The nation should spend a portion of its taxes for the purchase of industries. The above remedies, Professor Soddy believes, will eliminate man's conflict with money, and wealth which is something that gives power over nature will cease to be converted into debt—something that gives power over men. L. R.

### Fiction

**BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.** By Basil D. Nicholson. Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. \$2.

Mr. Nicholson, unknown to this reviewer, would seem to be a young man very lately out of Oxford, with a considerable knowledge of the London and New York press, and a considerable hangover of the undergraduate manner. His tale of a rascal who lies and cheats his way through Central and South America, then through England, and finally into heaven, is occasionally amusing, but far too monotonous to be worth reading through. Mr. Nicholson has his points, however, and with a bit of seasoning may be worth looking out for; especially when he learns not to put his least interesting material first. The blurb by G. B. Stern that overruns the jacket means no more than blurbs by English authors ever mean, nowadays. E. D.

**NEW YORK MADNESS.** By Maxwell Bodenheim. Macaulay. 1933. \$2.

Time works no change in the literary art of Maxwell Bodenheim. Professional bohemian with an assured audience for his half-baked eroticism, each novel outdoes its predecessor in a febrile striving for effect, in blatant meretriciousness. Hopelessly muddled in concept and expression, mangling the language with an ingenuity that borders on the phenomenal, totally lacking in the vaguest understanding of human beings, it would be difficult to understand, were it not for the ready market the pseudo-sexual instantly commands, how his work finds a publisher.

The present opus offers a plethora of Bodenheim fare—gangsters and loose ladies run riot, falling out of one bed into another; characters appear—and are developed at length—who have no subsequent bearing on the narrative; there are feebly veiled cracks at a few of the author's pet aversions—individuals and institutions—and throughout the narrative (Continued on page 122)



# The PHOENIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

## SAGA OF AN ART EDITOR

LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS, who recently communicated with me from Tenafly, N. J., has now sent me his "Thoughts on Magazine Illustrators," a portion of which I herewith present to you. Mr. Williams, after five or six years at Scribners, went to work for "Jim" Barnes on Appleton's Magazine "in the heyday of Robert W. Chambers," with Trumbull White as managing editor. From there he plunged "into the rustle of dress patterns and lady editors at the Woman's Home Companion." Following this, Mr. Williams edited school-books for fifteen years, and introduced the idea of illustration for them to his editor-in-chief. Then he quit the job, went abroad, and has since been writing a series of child travel-books, and waiting for the New Deal to finance the schools who buy the series as supplementary readers. Some enterprising publisher ought to get hold of him!

Mr. Williams begins his paper with a description of the young art student in New York circa 1900. He studied under William M. Chase and was taught illustration by Frank V. DuMond. He tells of the old art galleries and theatres and relates how he "suped" in Sardou's howling melodrama, "Robespierre," featuring Irving and Terry. But I must skip to where he "tried for an inside job" and landed a "position" as office-boy in the art department of the old Scribner's Magazine.

## TURN OF THE CENTURY

"The year 1900 was the high tide of the illustrated magazine, and if you could not be an illustrator the next best thing was to have a desk in the department to which the best illustrators of the time brought their work. Across that desk drawings, proofs, and plates passed through your hands all day long. There were the intricacies of half-tone engravings, tint-blocks, and Ben Day process to be mastered and utilized as well as the disheartening results of the three-color process with their progressive proofs pulled in watermelon pink, poisonous blue, and a peculiarly acid yellow. This combination was supposed to reproduce any masterpiece from Cimabue to Howard Chandler Christy. You soon learned why some drawings would reproduce successfully and others would not, which illustrators got their work in on time, and those who were always delayed. Why the August and Christmas numbers are planned six months in advance, and above all, how to threaten, flatter, and cajole both the engraver and printer in order to get the magazine out on the fifteenth of the month.

"Always there was the thrill on opening the new Century, Harper's, or McClure's to compare them page for page for new illustrators and fresh points-of-view in make-up and material. It was this spirit of good-natured rivalry that produced the finest illustrated periodicals ever printed in America. There were no artists' unions, no exclusive contracts, no rigid policy about what sort of pictures the public wants. They got the best and came back for more. If you will spend an afternoon in the attic some time with a pile of old magazines, looking at the illustrations by Howard Pyle, E. A. Abbey, Robert Blum, Orson Lowell, J. Pennell, Arthur I. Keller, William Glackens, Edward Penfield, and A. B. Frost, you will know why.

## AN OLD-TIME ART DEPARTMENT

"In order to reach our editorial offices at Scribner's, you took a tiny wooden elevator to the third floor. Stepping in and out of this box you rubbed shoulders with such best sellers as Theodore Roosevelt, Richard Harding Davis, or Mrs. Wharton, while in the book store below Henry James in a topper as large as the Mad Hatter's, or James Huneker, might be glimpsed on rare occasions wandering among the tables of new fiction.

But in the art department we had a more varied and amusing stream of callers than in any other branch of the business. It never took a new office boy long to recognize the type. He did not bother to bring in a card, he knew what they had come for by the size of their package and let them wait his pleasure. If there was no office boy between the world and the art editor, these patient folk would walk in unannounced to sit among their portfolios

until their work could be looked at. A full day would see a dozen artists, men and women, with samples of their work to submit. Their manners were as diverse as their modes of using a pencil, especially the young women. Each type has something to show. There is the pretty girl who uses her eyes as you turn over her quite hopeless imitations of Maxfield Parrish, the clever girl with her brilliant pen-and-inks, the mannish dame in stiff collar and tie whose confidence is unshaken by your utter indifference to her wild wash drawings, the intimate lady who confides in you 'because you will understand,' the sad-eyed widow whose personal appeal has to be met with firmness and tact, and the frowzy genius with a stack of bad cover designs, who explains how good they are and threatens suicide to compel instant acceptance.

"There is no reason, nowadays, to suspect the young fellows of being artists, since they all dress like business men and do their stuff in office-buildings. Occasionally there is an older man whose long hair and flowing tie suggest the Boul' Mich, but they cannot hope to compete with the efficiency and service which the younger type affects. Most pathetic of all in the old days were the few remaining wood-engravers, mostly Germans, who were left stranded with no blocks to cut because of the new methods of process and half-tone engraving on copper.

## THE TEMPERAMENT OF ILLUSTRATORS

"When Howard Pyle's famous school at Wilmington was turning out its crop of talented students, they would invade New York several times a year looking for magazine jobs. Their local carpenter had perfected a sort of wooden suitcase into which each young man fitted as many canvases in black and white oil or color as he could carry. These sample cases always held promise of distinguished work as has been amply proved by the later careers of such men as Frank Schoonover, Arthur Becher, W. J. Aylward, George Harding, N. C. Wyeth, and Harvey Dunn. In fact, Pyle's influence as a teacher had a more stimulating affect on American illustration than any other native tendency. He insisted on observation, accuracy of detail, and the widest possible range of subject matter. His students' sense of decoration was given full scope and they were taught to make interesting by its treatment any sort of illustrator's problem.

"To the illustrator, authors are an irritating breed. Their sole excuse is to supply copy for pictures. This imperfect sympathy is one of the art editor's trials. He knows how futile it is to try to make them agree and how fatal their interviews may prove, for the author is thinking about his great scene and the illustrator about something quite different. Dickens always dictated to his illustrators, invariably choosing for a picture the one situation he had already exhausted in words. Some writers resent any kind of illustration and so cast their bread on the broad waters of the Atlantic. Its unsullied pages are a benefaction to the distressed art editor after an endless day of shifting and shuffling cuts for page make-up. He dreads the lady author who doesn't know anything about drawing 'but would rather like to try.' Oh yes, she has sketches for her story which she expects the artist to 'finish up a bit, so they will be clearer, you know.' When you abandon her scheme and redraw her efforts to make them fit for reproduction, she is furious.

"I once took proofs of some drawings by Walter Appleton Clark to show to F. Hopkinson Smith whose serial novel 'Oliver Horn' they were to illustrate. The urbane author-artist received me in his study where the walls were hung with his own flashy water colors of Venice and Rotterdam. His manner reflected their sunshine until his eye fell on the dull proofs I carried. These were very low in tone, so black and shadowy that it looked, he said, as if the story were laid in a coal cellar. So, out with his pen-knife—and he began to etch in a few high lights! The proofs soon became very spirited white-line engravings, a perfect example of 'Hop' Smith's fatal facility. Then as he held his performance at arm's length, he twirled his white moustache and admitted that, 'one artist should never tinker with a fellow-artist's work.'

## A STORY OF PASSIONATE YOUTH

### THE WOODEN DOCTOR

Margiad Evans

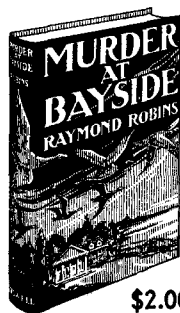
"Her book tears at one's mind savagely; yet her ordeal stirs that pity and compassion which begin to scale genuinely tragic heights.

There are scenes which will carry the reader direct to the gray home of the Brontes. This girl can apparently capture an experience in

"It is a forth-right stabbing declaration, untrammelled by mannerism, unencumbered by metaphor or nicety of adjective. It may not have the subtle nuances of Katherine Mansfield's prose, but its bold strokes are far more telling."—The Nation.

its most shimmering moment, and transmit it to us without literary fuss or artifice. She has the gift of translating her personality into literary terms with a fierce vividness."—William Soskin in the New York Evening Post.

\$2.00 HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY



### MURDER at BAYSIDE

By RAYMOND ROBINS

When two case-hardened critics of mystery stories—both of whom have written books of their own—confess themselves baffled, the yarn ought to be a good one.

Said one: "The suspense is well sustained, and the layman will probably be thrilled with uncertainty up to the very last."

\$2.00 THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, NEW YORK

"Bill Andrews is completely real."

—N. Y. Post.

"Julie—resolute, yet tender, teasing, yet sympathetic—is magnificent!"

—Herald Tribune "Books"

These characters, drawn with uncompromising reality, have won for this novel exceptional praise. "You believe in the ranchman, Bill Andrews, and Julie, forced by unwilling love to fight their way to peace. It is many a month since I have read a story so moving or so beautiful."—Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald Tribune. "In the working out of the emotional conflicts of this situation, Evans is at his best . . . his intuitions are every whit as keen as those of D. H. Lawrence."—Saturday Review. (Second printing, \$2.00, and published by Morrow)



### ANDREWS' HARVEST

a novel by JOHN EVANS



### The LONG QUEST

By Christine Whiting Parmenter,

author of "Miss Aladdin," "Shining Palace," etc.

Readers of Mrs. Parmenter's books—a continually widening circle—have come to expect, from her pen, pictures of average home life set down with rare skill and sympathy, plus an emotional quality peculiarly her own. The story deals with simple, elemental human emotions, and its scenes of Western life are delightfully drawn.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, NEW YORK