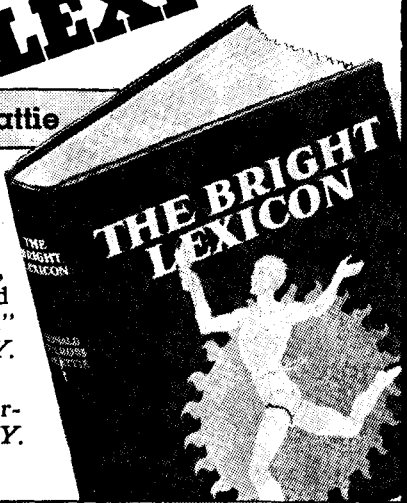


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OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York

The New Books

Belles Lettres

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM. Second Series.
By Members of the Department of English. Berkeley: University of California Press. 1934. \$2.50.

The first volume of this series was warmly greeted by scholars; the second is still better. The essays contained are chiefly literary and critical, although with a salting of pure research, such as Professor Tatlock's excellent miniature upon St. Amphibalus. In general, however, these studies represent the kind of work which is so often lacking in collections of American scholarship; essays based upon sound scholarship, which make use of the information they synthesize for some purpose assimilable by culture and the cultured mind. Or to put it differently, they represent research that is used, not merely presented. One should call attention particularly to the group of essays upon John Donne with special reference to Donne's rediscovery by our own time, to Professor Durham's excellent study of Pope's poetic qualities, and to Myron F. Brightfield's analysis of Leigh Hunt's American relations. These essays also are notable for their really excellent writing, an attribute not too common in the work of American scholars.

Biography

CECIL RHODES. By Herbert Baker. Oxford University Press. 1934. \$4.25.

On the simple hypothesis that every man has his spiritual side, however meager it may be, Sir Herbert Baker's tribute to Cecil Rhodes is a needed piece of work. Hitherto Rhodes has seemed less a human being than a Mephistophelian creation, carving empire out of diamond mines, betraying friends and enemies in the process. His moments of vision, like that forecasting tariff wars as the wars of the future, were assumed to be mathematical rather than poetic. His immensity of ambition, for South Africa and for England, was considered a selfish extension of his own avarice.

Mr. Baker offers little factual evidence to controvert this harsh view of his subject. Rhodes might easily have conceived of Groote Schuur, bequeathed as the future home of Prime Ministers, as a requisite appendage to imperial honors. His insistence on fostering native forms of architecture and furniture may have had its roots in a shrewd desire to placate the Boers. But, with the most unfavorable interpretation on Rhodes's deeds, we must concede being impressed by the sincerity, the occasional fervent admiration, in Mr. Baker's writing.

This testimony alone suffices to temper our severe judgment as to the man Rhodes. He was a frustrated soul, but some soul was there. Amid his riches and glory, he felt gratitude to some one who had invited him to Christmas dinner each year. He hoped poets and artists might be attracted to the city of his founding. Whatever his motives in architectural planning, at least his taste was sound. Mr. Baker, his architect, makes that clear.

The unrestrained enthusiasm many reviewers felt for Mrs. Millin's biography was not shared by the present writer, for reasons which become apparent on reading Mr. Baker's book.

ing Mr. Baker's book. Mrs. Millin displayed the masculine virtues of precision and virility in her recital; a touch of wistfulness was a negative rather than a constructive quality in Rhodes. Mr. Baker contributes the feminine factor, lending warmth to the man. This curious reversal continues the picture of Rhodes as a man's man, in whom women had little interest.

It remains to be noted that the format of the book is exceptional, the type superb, the photograph of Table Mountain a work of art. A foreword by General Smuts accurately describes the book as a partial character study rather than a biography. C. R.

Fiction

A FEATHER IN HER HAT. By I. A. R. Wylie. Doubleday, Doran. 1934. \$2.50.

Miss Wylie has firmly entrenched herself in the heart of a large public as a writer of novels that go the way well told stories should go and deal with people who are odd and pitiful and gay enough to fit snugly into just such stories. The present volume deals with the adventures of a young Englishman who discovers on his twenty-first birthday that he is not the son of the brave and gay cockney woman who has raised him and fostered in him his love for the beautiful and rare. He is an engaging and annoying youth never knowing what is best for himself but generous and sympathetic in all his relations. The strange assortment of individuals who make up his fiancée's family and the mixed group of humbler folk who belong to his old life, afford Miss Wylie an excellent chance for her exuberant Dickensian characterization. A pleasant while-away book with a mildly surprise ending. G. G.

PILLAR OF SALT. By Peter Gray. Minton, Balch. 1934. \$2.

There is a quality of freshness about this first novel by a young American author that comes from something deeper than its setting, modern Greece, which is new, or its technique, a continuous moving back and forth from present to past, which is unusual. Mr. Gray sees his characters and his setting with an impersonal clearness which makes it possible for him to present them to us as something not seen before. To a Greek writing of the two lads Spiro and Kosta they would undoubtedly seem more usual, familiar, but Mr. Gray finds in them a strangeness which he is able to reproduce without losing their reality.

The story opens with the two young men in prison awaiting execution for murder. The reader knows nothing of them. They may be bandits, desperadoes of the worst type. The story swings to their boyhood and the Greek hills. They are young, happy, idyllic. The ugly present is forgotten in this story of boyhood. Back again to the prison with the black morrow near at hand. The horror recedes once more into the past with the boys older and complexities entering life. So block by block, present, past, the story is built until we know the two young murderers almost pulse by pulse as well as act by act.

There is a tranquil and unaffected (Continued on page 618)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE CAUTLEY MYSTERY A. Fielding (Kinsey: \$2.)	Inspector Pointer of the Yard aids local cops when shotgun and poison do dirty work near London.	Not-so-good solution caps tale of assorted Cautley cousins, complicated by vanishing pearls and tricky will.	Fairish
SETTLED OUT OF COURT Ronald A. Knox (Dutton: \$2.)	Puzzling deaths on English country—place solved by insurance investigator, "Yard" man—and Unkind Fate.	Father Knox plays the game fairly, providing mystery, action, extra-good conversation and surprising denouement.	Diverting
THE GREENWELL MYSTERY E. C. R. Lorac (Macaulay: \$2.)	Young English chemist with secret erl-producing formula is kidnapped and international sleuths get busy.	Slightly reminiscent of earlier Oppenheims but has enough intrigue and thrills to stand alone, without bloodshed.	So-so
THE SINISTER SHADOW Henry Holt (Crime Club: \$2.)	Lovely gal, intrepid lover, newspaper "crime expert" and Inspector Silver track down mysterious master-criminal.	Familiar formula with more and better thrills and trickier ending than usual.	Relieves Welt-schmerz

The PHOENIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IN the perhaps wild hope that the Spring has come at last—though the weather may indeed be Balm of Gilead by the time you read this—I am presenting the following poem by Isabel Fiske Conant who is at present at Coker College, Hartsville, South Carolina. She writes me of the abilities of J. McBride Dabbs who is Professor of English and English Literature at that institution. In the Spring number of *The Yale Review* you will find an article by him entitled "Robert Frost and the Dark Woods." Now for Mrs. Conant's poem:

DECORATION
By ISABEL FISKE CONANT

Now in the marshlands the redwings are calling,
Hylas, peeping, are inches of Springtime essence,
Keen as blades of Damascus or yellow jonquil
Sheathed in a hurt heart.

Spring is a dagger, etched with a flower-pattern,
Light is an arrow, barbed with its thrust of healing,
Beauty, beauty, conquering girls and birches,
Enters the being.

Spring this year is also celebrated by a crop of new small magazines, along with the jonquils; and that friend of authors, *The Writer*, has added extra pages, a new cover, new size, and new names. *Sargent Collier* has become an active owner and editor. The address is still 673 Boylston Street, Boston. . . . Returning to the matter of poets and gastronomy, an old friend of mine, *Henry Chapin*, who used to live at Boar's Hill writing poetry in the shadow of *Masefield*, is now editing *Wine and Good Living*, a periodical devoted to the art of hospitality and the enjoyment of leisure, sponsoring wine from the consumer's standpoint. Mr. Chapin grows his own vineyard and has made a study of grape-culture and wine-making in France and America. The address of his magazine is 116 East 59th Street.

. . . Then there is *Five*, presenting five poems a month, edited by *Margaret Scott Copeland*, Rosewood at Columbia, Ontario, California. . . . And the March-April issue of *Trend*, an illustrated bi-monthly of the arts (16 East 43rd Street) is under a new editorial board. . . . And *The Blue Pencil*, a literary magazine edited by *Thomas H. Uzzell* at 342 Madison Avenue, announces a contest open to everyone, for selections to be published in its "Ash Can Department." The selections must consist of short passages of verbose, "purple" writing from the works of well-known authors, living or dead. The first prize will be five dollars; the second prize will be a copy of Mr. Uzzell's excellent anthology, "Short Story Hits, 1933," just published by Harcourt, Brace & Company. The succeeding prizes, for any passage accepted, will be a year's subscription to the magazine. *R. L. Stevenson*, *O. Henry*, *Ludwig Lewisohn*, the Bible, and *William Faulkner* are among the authors who thus far have been honored by inclusion in the "Ash Can Department." . . . The seventh biennial Harper Prize Novel competition, ending on February 1, 1935, has recently been announced. The judges will be *Sinclair Lewis*, *Dorothy Canfield*, and *Louis Bromfield*. Any author who is a citizen of the United States and who had not published a novel in book form prior to January 1, 1921, is eligible. . . . The latest juvenile prodigy was discovered recently in England by *J. M. Dent*, and her book is published over here this very Saturday by *E. P. Dutton*. If you are either a horseman or a horsewoman you should get it at once, as its title is "Horsemanship As It Is Today," by *Sarah Bowes-Lyon*. It is printed and illustrated in crayon by the author, a little girl of twelve, and has been reproduced in facsimile. Even the cover design is by the author! And believe me when I say that you will receive considerable sound instruction concerning horse matters, along with the amusement you derive from the book, which is now in its third impression or tenth-thousand in England. . . . To return, however, to commenting on new magazines, I must not omit mention of the fact that this month the first number of a new bi-monthly illustrated periodical, *The Literary World*, will appear under the imprint

of *Edwin Valentine Mitchell*. Mr. Mitchell's ventures are always delightful and I am glad to chronicle this one. *The Literary World* will give its readers amusing and entertaining news about the men and women who write books, the houses that publish them, and the book dealers who sell them. Mr. Mitchell's address is 27 Lewis Street, Hartford, Connecticut. The cost of his magazine is two dollars a year. . . . Do you know the talks of *Constance Murray Greene* (Mrs. Stanley Greene) of 50 Kane Avenue, Larchmont, N. Y.? She lectures on modern poets and poetry to women's clubs, on introductions to poetic understanding to schools and colleges, and on children and poetry to child study groups. She is the step-daughter of *Henry Mills Alden*, long editor of *Harper's Magazine*, the daughter, sister-in-law, and sister respectively of the poets *Ada Murray (Alden)*, *Joyce Kilmer*, and *Aline Kilmer*. She knows many of the leading poets and writers of the twentieth century, with most of whom she has warm personal friendships. *Edgar Lee Masters* and *Arthur Guiterman* are among those who have expressed themselves as enthu-

siastic about her work. . . . Originally I couldn't believe there was such a name as that of the tall, rangy theatrical producer falsely styled *O. E. Wee*—but now I find that there is also someone named *Mo Wax*. He is associated with *Ronald Bank* at 1658 Broadway, and specializes in "Final Shooting Scripts, Screen Adaptations, Scenarios, Treatment, Montage Effects, Special Dialogue, and Title Suggestions." Just now he and Mr. Bank are preparing *James Farrell's* extremely realistic novel, "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan," for filming. Farrell recently wrote to the screen writers expressing his opinion that no film producer would have the courage to make a movie of "Studs." Wax and Bank, however, are working away at a treatment of it, and though the uncompromising language of the book will be largely eliminated, the basic characterization and terrific realism of the original will be retained in the motion picture version. . . . Spring poets, attention! The Yale Series of Younger Poets, Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut, now edited by *Stephen Vincent Benét*, announces a competition closing May first, open to American poets under thirty who have not previously published a volume of verse. MSS of forty-eight to sixty-four pages acceptable. Write the Yale Press for a list of the rules. . . . *Jessie Rittenhouse* tells me that the Macmillan Company are this month bringing out a volume of *Clinton Scollard's* Selected Lyrics, under the title, "The Singing Heart." The

book is edited with a memoir by *Jessie B. Rittenhouse*, Mr. Scollard's widow. As she has remarked to me, Mr. Scollard wrote too much, and knew it, but there is a beautiful residue of work which I shall be glad to see selected in a volume by so skilled a judge of verse as Miss Rittenhouse. Mr. Scollard was a delightful person to meet, one of the most rarely courteous of human beings. For an avocation he golfed enthusiastically, having followed the game ever since it became popular in the United States, which, after all, wasn't so mortally long ago. At least, I myself was a golf addict in my boyhood. . . . Once more, dear friends, there is another magazine called *The Literary World*, aside from Mr. Mitchell's. It has just started, and is a monthly survey of international letters, published at 12 Mt. Morris Park West, New York City. Its editorial staff is composed of *Angel Flores*, *Samuel Putnam*, *Emil Lengyel*, *Arthur Livingston*, *Louis Kronenberger*, and *Stanley J. Kunitz*. I can heartily recommend it—with that list of editors—to the judicious, and it is not at all in the same field as Mr. Mitchell's magazine. Considerable space in this second magazine will be devoted to significant foreign books, and authoritative information concerning foreign authors will be given. The first number will be out next week, April 15th. You can write the editorial offices or 'phone them, Harlem 7-7820. . . . Now I shall wander out into the first Spring day of the season, and hope it keeps up!

STEFAN ZWEIG

Thirteen matchless novelettes and stories from the pen of the man who, one year ago, gave us *Marie Antoinette*. ". . . his finest book thus far to have been translated into English."—Fred T. Marsh, *Herald Tribune*. ". . . not often since the time of Maupassant and Kipling has there been published for the discriminating reader a book of stories more likely to keep him engrossed. . . ."—Louis Kronenberger, *N. Y. Times*.

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