

The Search for a Unifying Reality

A COMMON FAITH: THE TERRY LECTURES. By John Dewey. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1934. \$1.50.
THE PASSING OF THE GODS. By V. F. Calverton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. \$3.
THE UNKNOWN GOD. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1934. \$2.50.

Reviewed by ALBERT CLARKE WYCKOFF

MODERN humanism has taken on a new psychological quality which it chooses to describe by the word, "religious." This was first expressed by the founding of the "Humanist Society of New York." Its founder, Charles Francis Potter, in his recent book, "Humanizing Religion," discusses "The Recent Rise of Religious Humanism." He presents and interprets "The Humanist Manifesto," which appeared in the daily press, May 1, 1933. This "Manifesto" contains fifteen theses in which religious humanism delivers its ultimatum to theism. Among other things, Dr. Potter remarks: "Some readers were surprised to discover among the signers of the manifesto the name of John Dewey, who is generally reckoned, especially in other countries, as perhaps our leading philosopher and educator." He points out that Professor Dewey, for a long time, has been sympathetic toward humanism.

When Yale Divinity School invited Professor Dewey to deliver the Terry Lectures on Science and Religion, for 1934, he seized an opportunity he had long sought to present to an intelligent audience of theists his views on religious humanism. And, as may be imagined, he does this in his best philosophical style. "A Common Faith" contains a reaffirmation of the traditional creed of humanism distilled through the keen educational mind of Professor Dewey. The issue between religious humanism and theism, as he presents it, does not lie in the realm of ideas or ideals, but in the practical field of technology. He says:

The point to be grasped is that, unless one gives up the whole struggle as hopeless, one has to choose between alternatives. One alternative is dependence upon the supernatural, the other the use of natural agencies.

In the struggle of human life, humanism rejects the supernatural and commits its fate to the exclusive use of "natural agencies." Professor Dewey makes this so clear that it is difficult to understand why so much controversy has arisen over his use of the word, "God." The problem which religious humanism confronts is psychological. Can the full dynamic power of the religious emotions of mankind be yoked to the promotion of the ideal phases of human life? Up to the present time, Professor Dewey confesses again and again that humanism has failed signally in its emotional appeal. This he believes is because theism has drawn the natural stock of emotional energy away from its real objectives and turned it to the support of theism and its other-world interests. The primary objective of this modern crusade is to rescue the holy nature of mankind from the enslaving grip of the infidel theist who does not believe in its divinity. If theism can be overthrown, this tremendous store of emotional energy then can be put to work to promote the ideal phases of human life.

In V. F. Calverton's "The Passing of the Gods," we find additional evidence of the crusading spirit of modern humanism. Communism is his social gospel, and Marxian philosophy, his theology. He closes his more than three hundred pages of passionate writing with these words:

It should be obvious, therefore, that the only satisfactory and lasting solution to the ego problem in our age is to be found in communism.

And communism rests on the philosophy of Karl Marx. Of this, he writes:

Marxism has contributed to social science a method of analysis that is as sound and significant as Newton's contribution to physical science or Darwin's to biological.

Marxian philosophy differs from other philosophy in the fact that it "aims not only to interpret but also to change society." And it is in its desire to change society that it seeks to yoke the religious emotional energy of theism to its social ideals. Through the devotion of its power-promising technique to securing for mankind its primary economic needs, religion gained its hold, Marxism claims. So:

By teaching the masses to identify their interests with its own power-

promising philosophy, Marxism has challenged religion at its very core. Marxism has become thus the great enemy of religion.

To the Marxian, the function of religion in life is very simple. Calverton states it thus:

Its fundamental grip upon human mentality, therefore, was possible only because of the material end it served. It was not fear of the unknown which dictated its origin and evolution but fear of starvation, disease, and death.

The validity of Calverton's interpretation of the function of religion, depends upon the soundness of Marxian economic philosophy. So far as educational humanism and communistic humanism are concerned, it would be difficult to find their positions more brilliantly presented to the English-speaking world than in these books by Dewey and Calverton.

In spite of the radical differences among the varieties of humanism, there is one common bond which unites them. It is their opposition to theism. The one undying tenet of their faith which they have kept alive through all the centuries is the one with which Calverton closes his book. It is: "Religion is dying today, and the gods are passing." This requiem chant has been their traditional ritual. More than fifty years ago Swinburne put this belief into classical poetic form in his "Hymn to Man." The poem closes with these words:

Thou art smitten, thou God, thou art smitten. Thy death is upon thee, O Lord:
And the love-song of earth as thou diest, resounds through the wind of her wings:
Glory to man in the highest, for man is the master of things.

This verse is quoted in "The Unknown God" by Alfred Noyes. Swinburne was a personal friend of the author, who devotes several pages to a most intimate study of his humanism. One incident should be read as Noyes describes it in his inimitable style. Many years after Swinburne's death Noyes was living in the vicinity of his old home at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight. By that strange irony of fate that sometimes overtakes a too-daring prophet, his old home had become a convent. The Feast of the Sacred Heart was to be celebrated there, and our poet was invited to be present. As the procession of children in white and nuns in black circled the whole of the beautiful garden, and then knelt before a little flower-decked altar, conflicting emotions stirred within his breast. Then suddenly they were resolved into a harmony like that of a great Amen.

And, as the pale faces were raised, "breathless in adoration," I saw once more the light that I had seen on the "anti-Christian" poet's face. It shone over the whole scene. . . . It seemed as though by some strange alchemy, the material elements of the place had been transfigured; and the light of the poet's presence was over all, as though he too was at peace and knew that all was well.

This poet recognizes the light that plays upon the pale faces of these nuns in "adoration," as the same light he saw illuminate the face of Swinburne years before when they talked together of their favorite poets and poems. The Catholic theologian would not have been able to see this similarity. His emotional zeal for the Faith would have obscured the spiritual quality of the light on Swinburne's face. The religious humanist never would have recognized the identity of this light. His emotional rage at the supernatural superstitions of the worshippers would have blurred for him the marks of its similarity. It is this unique gift of sight and insight that makes a great poet.

In, "The Unknown God," our author calls attention to frequent gleams of this same light as they break through the cumulus clouds of the thinking of the great agnostics, and with uncanny insight he traces this light to its source, which is invariably the great truth that organizes the emotional and intellectual life of every great agnostic—"one of the attributes of God,—the Unknown God—worshipped unawares by every agnostic or atheist who can think at all." This is a field in which the poet has an opportunity to fulfil one of his highest services as interpreter. The mental processes of his free creative spirit play naturally back and forth between the material and spiritual realms. So he is uniquely qualified to interpret the scientific mind to the religious; and the religious mind to the scientific. For not until these two mentalities understand each other better than these present writings indicate, will "A Common Faith For All Mankind," become a unifying reality.

The New Books

Biography

ULYSSES S. GRANT: The Great Soldier of America. By Robert R. McCormick. Appleton-Century. 1934. \$5.

This volume is written with the deliberate purpose of clearing Grant of the "injustice to his memory due in part to unconscious political sentiment, but also to malicious and deliberate design" and "to bring out phases of Grant's accomplishments that have been belittled or ignored." To accomplish this object Colonel McCormick has produced an interesting and readable account of Grant's leadership and service in the war between the States.

The author writes earnestly to prove that Grant has been deliberately depreciated by many who, for one reason or another, considered him a lucky upstart rather than a competent soldier and leader. An assertive case is made for Grant though a better one could have been made had Colonel McCormick written critically from a more neutral point of view. Grant was a man of action, rather than one who allowed himself to be governed by events. By his own leadership he created situations that were favorable to his purposes. Before he met Lee, Grant was able to develop a technique of leadership and strategy and to become practised in the tactical handling of large bodies of troops engaged in active campaigning. Almost without exception, however, he had superior, well-equipped forces at his disposal. The author closes his defence with the remark that "Napoleon found a great army and great generals, and left neither. Grant found neither, and left both." Lee is generally recognized for the "master of war" that he was.

The narrative is based almost entirely on secondary sources. There is no bibliography, but there are twenty-nine useful maps and there is an index.

T. R. H.

Fiction

MR. COHEN TAKES A WALK. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. \$1.

This is a small Christmas gift book, the simple story of an old and successful Jew who wanders out into the countryside to muse upon his life, and spends his time doing charitable deeds. He is a lovable character, and the book is a gently humanitarian one. There is no great value to it as fiction. It is more of a modern tract.

W. R. B.

A PIN TO SEE THE PEEPSHOW. By F. Tennyson Jesse. Doubleday, Doran. 1934. \$2.50.

The end can make or mar a novel. Most novels end weakly, tapering into nothingness three quarters of the way through. But "A Pin to See the Peepshow" is interesting chiefly because of the strength and nightmarish power of its final pages, pages that force one to go back to the beginning and search through the book for the causes of the catastrophic end, pages that leave with the reader a measure of revelation, a salutary sense of the value of ordinary life.

The story makes a comparison with "Madame Bovary" inevitable. It is as though Miss Jesse had restated the theme of Flaubert's novel and set out to work it through under modern conditions. "A Pin to See the Peepshow" is the story of Julia Starling, a foolish woman who brings her fate upon herself through her romantic dreamings. But Julia Starling is not a memorable figure. We follow her story with interest enough and we are appalled by her fate, but we are never able to see

and judge her with the clear-cut detachment that makes our appraisal of Mme. Bovary an unforgettable experience. She is a little cheap, a little sordid, and Miss Jesse has not written of her life with the austerity and aloofness that invests banalities with ironic value. Miss Jesse, writing a plain story, and half-enlisting our sympathies with her heroine, has neglected various possibilities that would have made the first three quarters of the book more sharply telling, that could have given us more strongly a sense of the inevitability of the ending. As it is, the tragedy that closes the books seems imposed from without, solely by the author's will.

C. C.

YOU CAN'T SLEEP HERE. By Edward Newhouse. Macaulay. 1934.

Though presented as fiction, "You Can't Sleep Here" is largely autobiography, of the sort in which the author employs an imaginary narrator to tell his story. Mr. Newhouse knows from personal experience what it is to sleep on park benches, to quarter in flop-houses, and to live in a New York shanty colony. His novel relates vividly the various adventures of the narrator in this nether world of the unemployed, by which he is finally shaken out of a comfortable apathy into a determination to sacrifice himself for the proletarian revolution. The account is a simple case-history, without intellectual overtones or soap-box theatrics, and the manifest honesty of the writer does much to redeem the faults which his book reveals.

It is unfortunate, however, that Mr. Newhouse, with his rich background, could not give us something more than this, that he was not at least as interested in the psychology of the men with whom he associated as in the circumstances of their environment. What one wishes to learn from the novelist's experience is not merely how these men, driven beyond the pale of organized society, adjust themselves economically, but how they adjust themselves psychologically to their plight. There are a few casual words on the emotional solidarity that springs up between fellow sufferers, a few careless attempts at characterization, but they are feeble to carry little weight.

New York's "Hoovervilles" contain wealth of material for another "House of the Dead." But, alas! no second Dos-toievsky has yet appeared.

L. J. H., JR.

International

FASCISM AND SOCIAL REVOLUTION. By R. P. Dutt. International. 1934. \$2.25.

The role of fascism in contemporary politics is presented by this book as that of a stalking-horse for the proletarian revolution. As a good Leninist, the editor of the *British Labor Monthly* can perceive in the "iron-fisted harmony" of minority dictatorship only a further impulse to class struggle against a return to the kind of archeologic society that is represented by national self-sufficiency and rearmament.

Mr. Dutt reviews the case against fascism in somewhat emotional terms. His many facts add but little to the surveys of this type of government which have recently appeared; but he reemphasizes the domination of the financial interests in Germany and Italy, while stigmatizing the organization of production in these countries as providing no solution for the technical difficulties inherent in modern conditions.

Yet it is by no means clear what form (Continued on page 392)

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	Label	Contents	Flavor
IT'S A GREAT RELIEF Tully & Kloman (Vanguard: \$1)	Humor	Cartoons suggested by answers on relief applications. We didn't think they were very funny; our wife did.	???
THE OTHER LOVERS Margaret Widdemer (Farrar & Rinehart: \$2)	Romance	Sequel to the popular romancer's "Years of Love." Lil Warner returns to find the village of her youth a smart suburb, but the gal's troubles were fundamentally the same. She fixes.	Nice
RED DEVIL OF THE RANGE George Owen Baxter (Macaulay: \$2)	Western	A man's best pal is a horse, out thar.	Standard

Books for Children

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

FOR some people Christmas has become such an entirely lay holiday that the religious significance of it has dropped out of a good many modern homes. To those parents who wish to find for very young readers books that will convey religious instruction without priggishness and stodginess, I can recommend several. First there is "For a Little Child Like Me" (though I do not particularly like the title), by John Stirling, with excellent illustrations by Horace J. Knowles. The text is very simple, and the contents comprise "An Alphabet of the Life of Jesus," "Little Stories of the Saints," and a grace and blessing and several simple prayers to end with. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons and is non-sectarian. "Gospel Rhymes" (priced extremely reasonably at seventy-five cents) and "Six O'Clock Saints," by Joan Windham, both come from Sheed & Ward, Inc., the Catholic publishers now with offices in New York. The first-named book is a collection of various simple poems by different hands on episodes of the New Testament, parables, etc. Mrs. Gilbert K. Chesterton leads off the rhymes, and there are a number by T. V. Nicholas and Father Martindale, as well as others. The book has an appealing directness. Miss Windham has also succeeded in avoiding religiosity in relating some of the lives of the Saints for very young children.

Still remembering the younger children, but turning now to pure entertainment, "Your Own Animal Book" (the verse by Cragin Walker, the pictures by Frances MacBrayne), published by Blue Ribbon Books, Inc., with cut-out letters for putting your own name on the cover, is giddy with color, though most of the rhymes are bad. Still, infants aren't purists for rhyme. The brightly colored animals will be enough. A Junior Book in every way superior is "Humphrey: One Hundred Years Along the Wayside with a Box Turtle" (Doubleday, Doran). The story and pictures in this book are both by Marjorie Flack, and she carries her New England turtle through the years from 1834 on. The child gains some idea of the development of America from the story and cannot fail to be charmed along by the illustrations.

All children are interested in zoos and the animals in them. Not for infants, but a book every child of eight and over should look into before and after a trip to the zoo, is "The Book of Zoögraphy," by the famous Raymond L. Ditmars, illustrated by Helene Carter and published by J. B. Lippincott of Philadelphia. Dr. Ditmars is, of course, Curator of the New York Zoölogical Park. His exposition of where the various animals are found, and of their habits in their habitats, has the accompaniment of fascinating maps of all continents by Miss Carter. This is a book from which even an adult can glean much interesting information. It is a good quick-reference volume to have in the nursery or in father's library.

Scribner also has an English importation through Country Life, "Zong: A Hill Pony," by M. E. Buckingham, with pencil and pen sketches by K. F. Barker. This is the story of a little English boy and a little Tibetan horse, and the flavor of it—though not of course the style—reminds one dimly of the "Jungle Books." Bobby, the little boy, also has for pets a tame porcupine and a baby wild boar. "Zong" is a wild pony at first but Bobby learns how to manage him. This book is a companion one to the story of another Tibetan pony, "Phari." The illustrator can draw animals.

Thomas Y. Crowell puts forth two rather stereotyped companion books with uninspired illustrations, the first "Pablo and Petra: A Boy and Girl of Mexico," by Melicent Humason Lee, the other "Yasu-Bo and Ishi-Ko: A Boy and Girl of Japan," by Phillis Ayer Sowers. These simple and somewhat informative stories go along with others concerning a boy and girl in China and a boy and girl in Siam. The same firm publishes "Children of the Covered Wagon," by Mary Jane Carr, a badly illustrated Western story of the old Oregon Trail.

"The Wizard of Oz Waddle Book" should be a "must" on your shopping list and should delight a lot of children. The story-book characters can be removed and made to walk on an incline. Aside from this, this volume is probably the best of Baum's long list of Oz books. The original Denslow illustrations are here—though I've never thought much of them. However this is a play-book you can't afford to miss.

Grace Thomson Huffard and Laura Mae Carlisle, in collaboration with Helen Fer-

ris, have compiled an anthology of poetry, both English and American, known as "My Poetry Book" (Philadelphia: John C. Winston). It is illustrated by Willy Pogany and carries an introduction by Booth Tarkington. It is the popular sort of thing, with section headings such as "At Our House," "When It's Time to Play," "Alone by Myself," etc. It is a great *mélange* of old and new verse, good, bad, and indifferent. A great many old favorites are included. It is a large book to sell at two dollars and a half. Among modern poets it has the good taste to include Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Rachel Lyman Field, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Walter de la Mare, Winifred Welles, Elinor Wylie, Genevieve Taggard, and Vachel Lindsay. But there are others not so good, and there are good and bad among the older poets.

I have always liked old English fairy-tales, and now that Thomas Nelson & Sons has a New York office, I welcome an American edition of "Fairies and Enchanters," a new book of such stories by the versatile Amabel Williams-Ellis, with a lot of illustrations by Wilma Hickson, which latter are dramatic although I don't particularly like their style. Even if you don't care much about hearing again of Wayland Smith, there is fresh material here, and the book is a good one for younger children, always provided that you believe in filling up a child's mind with legends; which I decidedly do, as a lot of them contain considerable wisdom. But, if you want realism for the younger ones, I don't think I can do better than recommend that fine adult novelist Phil Stong's "Farm Boy: A Hunt for Indian Treasure," a book that can boast admirable pictures (many in color) by Kurt Wiese. Here is conveyed, for boys and girls up to twelve, all the fun to be had on a real American farm. And the colored end-papers show just how it lies on the landscape. City children should take notice. Perhaps, however, the younger of them may prefer the slightly simpler and not so artistic (as to manufacture) story of "Cowboy Tommy's Roundup," as told, among the Junior Books of the same firm, and illustrated by Sanford Tousey who first started drawing for the old St. Nicholas League, and is now a well-known illustrator. Tommy's grandfather lives in the West where he keeps a store and has a ranch, and Mr. Tousey has made a really good picture book about it for small people up to nine years.

In a former one of these articles I mentioned John J. Floherty's "Fire Fighters" as a good book of photographs accompanied by text. This is the modern kind of picture-book for children above ten years old; and now Mr. Floherty treats us to a camera trip with the transport planes in "Board the Airliner" (Doubleday, Doran). The brief text is excellently clear and interesting, and the photographs claim even adult attention. This series of books keeps the child abreast of modern activities, and I hope Mr. Floherty will do a lot more.

No less a writer than the poet Witter Bynner has supplied the rhymes to Julia Ellsworth Ford's "Snickerty Nick and the Giant" (Los Angeles: Suttonhouse). The illustrations are by Arthur Rackham and the music by Arthur Ridgway. This play for children was acted by children in Hollywood, and the address of Suttonhouse is 523 H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles. The acting rights are reserved by the author.

Finally, let me put a "ripple of laughing rhyme" to this paper for a pendant, and say that Lysbeth Boyd Borie's "David Has His Day" (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott), illustrated by Frank Dobias, is a gay and quite amusing little book of simple verse such as a small boy might make up if he were careful of rhymes. David is the younger brother of that Peter for whom Miss Borie wrote "Poems for Peter."

The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING

CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich.

A Fine Chaucer

CHAUCER: CANTERBURY TALES.

Rendered into Modern English by J. U. Nicolson. With illustrations by Rockwell Kent and an introduction by G. H. Gerould. New York: Covici-Friede. 1934. \$3.75.

THE "renderer" of this new version of Chaucer's poem calls it a "diluted drink," but at the same time, and with due humility he explains why he offers it to modern readers. Without the necessary erudition to criticize the result, I can say at least that he has made Chaucer readable and he has kept much of the flavor of Chaucer's English. There is pertinence here, for in 1930 the same publishers issued a modern rendering which was not acceptable even to the casual reader of Chaucer, and issued it with a grandiose flourish in the way of size which was only redeemed by the full-page pictures by Mr. Kent.

At that time it was apparent that the pictures, while forceful, interesting, and executed with great skill, suffered from the unusual fault of being too big. It is therefore now possible to say definitely that they were much too large: the reproductions in the present volume are what they should be. And for better measure, new ones have been added.

It seems incredible that this book of 640 large pages, with its 25 pictures printed in two colors (besides several other decorations), set in good type, and attractively bound, can be sold for \$3.75. To congratulate the publishers would seem to be hailing disaster, but it is the book of the year at a ridiculously low price.

"Lysistrata" and "Scandal"

ARISTOPHANES' "LYSISTRATA."

Translated, with an introduction, by Gilbert Seldes. Illustrated by Picasso. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1934.

SHERIDAN'S "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL." Introduction by Carl van Doren. Hand-colored etchings by René Ben Sussan. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1934.

MR. SELDES'S version of "Lysistrata" has been presented in a large thin quarto form, printed in a large Caslon type. The format has been determined by Picasso's illustrations, which perhaps share with the translator in the interest—I am not competent to judge as to the merits of the translation. But the line drawings are in their way notable. One is tempted to compare line drawings of classical subjects with Sir John Flaxman's superb work: but this is hardly fair. *Autre temps autres mœurs*. Picasso's work has none of the frigidity of Flaxman's, and is more suited to the freer air in which, perhaps, "Lysistrata" is now read—if it is read at all. The unshaded line work is here in these pictures—but there is the same difficulty in throwing back across the centuries to catch the Greek spirit. One feels the effort in the drawings: and time may prove whether Picasso or Flaxman had the surer touch.

Sheridan's play, on the other hand, probably because it is so much nearer to our time, is presented in a more friendly

guise. Mr. Francis Meynell, of the Nonesuch Press, has designed the book, which has been printed in Baskerville type at the Oxford University Press. The paper is a remarkably soft and flexible sheet, and the shape is a comfortable small folio, loosely bound in figured paper wrapped over boards.

The illustrations by René Ben Sussan are a distinct addition to the volume. Drawn with much spirit, and quite in the style of the XVIIIth century, they add a colorful quality to a book which has typographically a good deal of color. The result is a lively, vigorous sort of volume, in key with its subject and yet modern—a good job.

Le Morte Darthur

SIR THOMAS MALORY: *Le Morte Darthur*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1934. Two vols. \$50.

THE "noble and joyous boke entytled le morte darthur notwythstanding it treateth . . . of his noble knyghtes of the Rounde Table . . . and the dolorous deth . . . of them all" is a book of perennial interest. Who "Sir Thomas Malory" (no one, I think, has ascribed the book to Sir Francis Bacon!) was is not certainly known, but since Caxton first put the romances into type in 1485 it has been steadily if not frequently reprinted. To 1890 it had seen thirteen editions, and three years later appeared the first of the serial issues of Beardsley's illustrations for the Dent edition. He followed Caxton—*via* R. Southey, 1817. All other modern editions have followed Wynkyn de Worde's second edition: the present reprint is of de Worde's first edition of 1498, of which only one copy (and that not quite perfect) exists, in the John Rylands Library at Manchester. Sommer's reprint of Caxton, with its definitive critical apparatus, stands as a final modern edition, while this present issue of de Worde's text restores that particular version from a unique and not easily accessible copy.

The present printing is a library edition, the text alone being printed, without critical or explanatory notes of any sort. It is Malory and nothing else. In a brief note on the text used and the manner of handling certain typographic details, the publishers state that "it (i.e., the John Rylands book) is the second of the three most important editions . . . bridging the gap between Caxton's *editio princeps* of 1485 and that printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1529; and it explains some of the many differences between them."

It not only furnishes the text of de Worde, but it also, for the first time, reproduces all of the "crude but vigorous" wood cuts with which that edition was provided: the first attempt ever made at illustrating a text throughout. These illustrations are so much more pertinent to the story, so much more fitting as pictures for "Le Morte Darthur," that they might explain why Beardsley got tired of the job of drawing his pictures before the work was well under way! If they have not been touched up in any way, and I assume that they have not been, they show a bold draftsmanship and good printing in the de Worde volume, for they are here well reproduced.

The printing of the two volumes now before me has been done by the Shakespeare Head Press in Oxford. The type is a fair size of Caslon, with Cloister Old Style, and a fine large roman capital letter. Rubrication is elaborate throughout the volumes for initials and headings. The paper is a stout English hand-made. The presswork seems excellent: there is good craftsmanship throughout. The binding is in full red leather with gold stamping, but without decoration. There is too much deckle edge apparent, and the gold tops are a little out of place.

This is perhaps the handsomest edition of *Le Morte Darthur* which has been issued, and in respect of text, illustrations, and printing it deserves attention. For a high standard in printing there are few presses which can equal the Shakespeare Head; this is a fine example of its work.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE CASES OF SUSAN DARE Mignon G. Eberhart (Crime Club: \$2.)	Female mystery story writer brings deductive skill and intuition to play in solving "real" life murders, risking her own life to boot.	Atmosphere of terror and sharp workmanlike plots maintain this author's high standard. Material here for six full length detective novels.	Recommended
DEATH IN B-MINOR Jean Lilly (Dutton: \$2.)	Host of house party shot as July 4th crackers boom and Liszt chords thunder. Dist. Att. solves it.	Good writing and interesting plot but, Gad!, how countless characters clutter it up.	Confusing