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University of
Pennsylvania Press: Philadelphia

The New Books

Belles Lettres

AN ALMANAC FOR MODERNS. By
Donald Culross Peattie. Putnam. 1935.
\$3.

Mr. Peattie, in a style always quiet and dignified and often charming, here publishes a naturalist's note book with a paragraph, or two, or three, for every day in the year. Some describe "the first frog quaver from the marsh" in early spring, others the adventure of a bee and an orchid. Still others are informal recollections of the great naturalists, Americans and others, Thoreau, Burroughs, Audubon, Gilbert White, Jeffers. Mr. Peattie has a nice touch for the phenomena of nature, but he is a scientist and a philosopher, and many of his daily notes tell of discoveries and processes in competent but untechnical language while others are reflections upon the age-long controversy between those who believe the world is a mechanism and those who think that it is not. This book, however, is primarily literary, no matter how sound its scientific basis, and it should be read for pleasure quite as much as for information. It was written apparently day by day, and it should be read one day or at the most one week at a time. The illustrations by Lynd Ward are appropriate and in tone with the book whose emphasis is upon life rather than upon facts.

more dangerous crossing of the Andes were on her itinerary, the reader simply remains unhappily at home. Of the flying ability and courage of this famous young German there can be no question. She flew these amazing distances, over seas, mountains, jungles, and deserts, alone in a small open-cockpit monoplane. And the charm of the flyer herself is delightfully apparent in the book's brief introduction by Richard Halliburton, whom she chanced to meet as the result of a forced landing in the middle of Persia. It is a real regret that the thrill of Miss Beinhorn's great air journeys and her personal charm should have to be gathered so largely from between the lines of her story.

J. W. A.

SPY. By Bernard Newman. Appleton-Century. 1935. \$2.

This is one of the best so-called "spy-books" we have read in a long time. It has the right number of thrills and the required amount of "inside stuff." If Oppenheim had attempted as fiction what the author of this volume asks us to accept as fact he might have expected applause for his imagination. For what Captain Newman actually reports is the fashion in which he "won the war" by breaking down Ludendorff's nerve. And he undertook this ambitious venture after listening to the words of Captain Liddell Hart who is certainly a solid reality adequately described by Newman who manifestly does know his stuff.

In its broad outlines the story is simple. Captain Newman's mother was a German, he spent much of his time on vacation tramping with his Teutonic cousins, and as a result he knew German and the Germans. When the war came he presently went into intelligence, was hoisted across the firing-lines in an airplane, and blew up an ammunition dump at Lens in advance of a British offensive. Disguised as a German soldier he was detected, convicted, sentenced to be shot,

Biography

FLYING GIRL. By Elly Beinhorn. Holt. 1935. \$3.

Though there have been notable exceptions flyers are in general too inarticulate to carry their readers with them on their admittedly stupendous journeys. So it is with Miss Beinhorn.

Throughout her account of her flights—Berlin to the west coast of Africa, Berlin to Australia (via the Balkans, Persia, India, Singapore, and Java) and her tour of South America—even though the dangerous visit to Mt. Everest and the even

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE SAINT GOES ON Leslie Charteris (Crime Club: \$2.)	"Saint" Simon Templar, modern Robin Hood, dashes through three impossible and wildly exciting adventures.	A slick compound of murder and moonshine, utterly fantastic but guaranteed good entertainment.	Topping
GENERAL BESSERLEY'S PUZZLE BOX E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown: \$2.)	Retired American Intelligence Dept. officer living at Monte Carlo unravels variety of exciting criminal tangles.	Nine long short-stories. Some good, a few very good, some very thin and pallid.	Hung jury
DEAD MEN LEAVE NO FINGERPRINTS Whitman Chambers (Crime Club: \$2.)	Coast mansion is scene of 2 killings traced through finger prints to year-old corpse. Stan Lake solves it.	Interesting people, including Garbo-ish film star, crisp dialog, plentiful action, run-of-mill sleuthing.	Zippy

escaped the firing squad by a sensational flight, was rescued anew by a French girl, who took him into her bed and confronted his pursuers in nude wrath at their intrusion upon a romance.

Back in the British army Newman planned a more ambitious game. His German cousin having been captured, he (Newman) escaped from the British prison, was met by a German submarine—the British Government encouraging the performance—was welcomed in Germany as an escaped hero. Neither his aunt nor his uncle detected the substitution, his cousin's mistress with even better opportunity to discover the deception passed him with flying colors. So he rode with the Kaiser, was adopted by the famous Colonel Nicolai, head of German Secret Service and finally became one of Ludendorff's aides in the closing months of the war and reduced him to tears after the "black day" of August 8.

Maybe it's all true, but for the sake of the story we shall continue to believe that it isn't, for the book reached us at a moment when we desperately needed a thrill untainted by one obtruding fact and we got it. We hope Newman sent Ludendorff a copy for his recent birthday.

F. H. S.

Fiction

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY. By Hermann Broch. Viking. 1935. \$2.50.

Thanks to a good deal of dithyrambic writing, "The Unknown Quantity" remains pretty well unknown. In the story of a mathematician and his queer family, and the girl mathematician to whom he makes love by talking mathematics, there is merely an interplay of shadows. There are no real people here. Love is not love, but rather a sort of mystical transfer of mathematics to what in other circumstances might be life. Suicide is a hardly-motivated performance on the part of a shade, too thin, too unconvincing to arouse interest. Religious devotion is a weak and paltry thing, inconsequent and dull.

Nor are the comments of the author on the unreal life that his shadows lead, and on life in general, quite intelligible. He says—to take a passage at random—"And the veiled ambiguity of the past and of the future would lighten a little in the vibrations of the peal rung by loneliness, rung in the heart. Goal of the future, beyond life and yet itself life. Oh, love!"

S. A. N.

THE ELAGHIN AFFAIR and Other Stories. Translated from the Russian of Ivan Bunin by Bernard Guilbert Guerney. Knopf. 1935. \$2.50.

There's a vague air of the five-finger-exercise about the new collection of Bunin's tales, of a virtuoso mulling over his instrument and improvising on this and that theme just to keep his hand in. The "touch" is there always, the feeling of authority, although some of the pieces are scarcely more than fragments, and one of the more serious of them, by way of being the artist's own analysis of himself and a sort of confession of faith, isn't a story at all.

Max Beerbohm once wrote an amusing essay on his own inability to write stories.

Some chance phrase, such as "and far below, the sea broke lazily on the shingly beach" (we quote from memory) would intrigue his fancy. This, he would feel, would make an ideal last line for his story. He could picture the scene, a little open-air café on a Riviera cliff above the Mediterranean, and quite clearly see his beautiful and melancholy heroine sitting at one of the tables and catch a significant phrase of her conversation. But what had happened, what her suppressed tragedy was all about, stumped him completely—

he never got farther than "and far below the sea broke lazily on the shingly beach!"

In these fifteen stories, Bunin seems much of the time to be amusing himself, so to say, by showing how easily and persuasively he can do precisely that which stumped the critic and essayist. Just give me the key, give me a phrase, almost any dozen words suggesting some sort of mood, he seems to say, and straight-away I'll do you a story about it. The story may not have the air of something which "had" to be written, yet it will



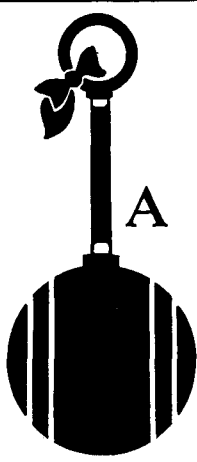
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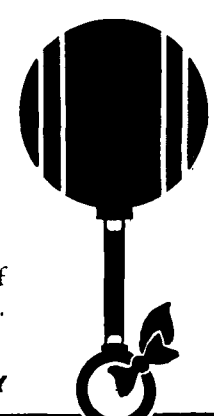
By Sylvia Thompson

Author of "The Hounds of Spring", "Unfinished Symphony", etc.

A book of brittle contrasts—the story of two worlds which should not cross, but do.

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pleasantly envelop the reader's consciousness, it will have "quality," will convince you at once that you aren't dealing with any mere journeyman scribbler, turning out marketable wares according to formula.

The longish tale which gives the book its title, the literary elaboration of the murder of an actress-mistress by her officer-lover, is quite as "French" as it is "Russian" but for the names. The other longish tale which closes the volume, "Dry Valley," is, on the other hand, the delicate and detailed evocation of a past completely Russian. The shorter pieces in between are in divers moods and settings. The translation is competent for the most part but some of Mr. Guernsey's efforts to transliterate colloquial speech into Americanese are not as happy as they might be. It is true, as he states, that we don't want to "lovelify original dialect into lavender scented (and hued) English," but jarring connotations must be avoided, nevertheless.

SATAN WAS A MAN. By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. \$2.

Mr. Bierstadt is known as one of America's leading amateur criminologists. He is the author of several books on crime. "Satan is a Man" is a short novel, extremely readable, the story of how a frustrated man turned into a murderer. So far as the structure of the book goes and the analysis of the criminal's mental processes, this reviewer found the story satisfactory; and Carroll Lindsey's reveries, wherein he is projected into the lives of historic murderers, introduce an original element of some fascination. One may, however, fairly lodge a judgment against the actual writing of the story which, somehow lacks a distinction of style that it might well have had. And there is a peculiar absence of human appeal in the characters of the tale; there is a certain crudeness in their presentation. This would seem to reside in this writer's unfamiliarity with the art of fiction, since his plot is well-worked out and his material of decided interest. But for all that, the average reader, interested in criminology, will find this a book he can read at a sitting. Of the psychology of the murderer Mr. Bierstadt knows much, and he tells his story swiftly and dramatically. The locale of the story is an old house on Irving Place near Gramercy Park in New York, where the author places a group of the most unpalatable people this reviewer has ever met with.

L. C. H.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 59)

LEWIS CARROLL—
"THE PIG TALE"

You may be faint from many a fall,
And bruised by many a bump:
But if you persevere through all,
And practice first on something
small,
Concluding with a ten-foot wall,
You'll find that you can jump.

History

SCOTLAND. By Sir Robert Rait and George S. Pryde. Scribners. 1934. \$5.

This book, like its predecessors in the Modern World Series, edited by the Right Honorable H. A. L. Fisher, is an admirably condensed and readable survey. Its exposition of the various forces and traditions which have been vital to the development of Scotland in the past is clear, rapid, and authoritative, and its analysis of the state of the nation today is richly informative and, for the most part, instructively convincing.

Sir Robert Rait is responsible for the opening chapters which deal with the background of events from the Roman conquest to the Union of the Kingdoms, and it ought not to derogate from the excellence of Dr. Pryde's contribution to say that these chapters are the most invigorating in the book. They constitute the best short narrative of Scottish history to be found anywhere. Their author, with an unrivalled store of antiquarian knowledge and a fine sense of values, has known exactly how to give the right proportions and emphasis to everything he has to say. The result is a brief but remarkably illuminating summary of the basic movements in Scottish life. Dr. Pryde carries on with the history from the Union to the present time, and devotes chapters to a consideration of the state of politics, religion, government, social and economic conditions, and general culture, as they exist in the nation today. So long as he has facts of a statistical nature to deal with, he is a just expositor. When he comments on the art and literature of Scotland, he is less happy and far less interesting. But his explanations of the social and political forces at work in the state are models of lucid thinking and deft presentation, somewhat prejudiced in favor of a "Socialist Scotland in a Socialist Britain," but by no means unfair to or unappreciative of the ideals and accomplishments of the adherents to Scottish nationalism.

C. D. A.

International

UNDERSTAND THE CHINESE. By William Martin. Harpers. 1935. \$2.50.

Geneva is an excellent Olympus from which an observer may look upon the grovelling nations. After a residence of ten years on that citadel of documents and diplomats, William Martin, an editor, an ardent liberal, and a noted internationalist, went to China exceptionally well prepared to make observations. These have been published in "Understand the Chinese," a kindly and astute analysis of their personal and national characteristics.

Briefly, Mr. Martin believes that the Chinese want from us only our material things; that the present government is trying to achieve "unity through reconstruction"; that China needs the League and the League, for the sake of international equilibrium, needs China, and that in making Chinese chaos an excuse for her aggressions in Manchuria and elsewhere, Japan is guilty of subterfuge. The truth is, he believes, that Japanese aggression took place at the precise mo-

ment when it appeared that China, with the aid of the League, was on the point of ending chaos. Hence, he concludes, the explanation of Japan's invasion of Manchuria in September, 1931, "lay not in the existence of chaos, but in the prospect that it might be approaching its end."

V. D.

Miscellaneous

SEA LANES: The Story of Man's Conquest of the Oceans. By Martin D. Stevers and Captain Jonas Pendlebury. Minton, Balch. 1935. \$3.75.

A companion volume to Mr. Stevers's popular "Steel Trails," wherein is unfolded the epic of transportation by rail, "Sea Lanes" is a similar splendid work of exposition. Unique in scope and method among books of the sea, it carries between its covers the whole vast story of the evolution of deep-water transportation through the centuries of man's struggle to master the oceans.

The skill with which Mr. Stevers and Captain Pendlebury have done their job makes this survey of all seafaring a revelation in the art of imparting knowledge without recourse to technical language; for these authors combine the feel of the sea with the history of it, taking the reader, who may be new to salt water and all the ways of it, actually aboard ship and letting him learn by watching mariners at their business. They are amazingly successful in making available through the printed page so vivid a "salt schooling" that the green hand who signs on with them will leave their considerate command, after travelling among the vessels and seamen of every age, with enough vivid salt water information in his head

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CLARENCE DAY'S

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SCENES FROM
THE MESOZOIC

\$2.50 YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Haven, Conn.

SOMEWHERE in the *Personals* this week there is an advertisement with a story behind it. It seems that some very enthusiastic people are starting what sounds like an original and entertaining paper. And their enthusiasm is infectious. The letter which accompanied the advertising copy tells us—"Your personal advertisements pull like a tractor in our loose loamy black soil. It isn't gambling to send you the only ten dollars we've got; it is being smart." Good luck to them!

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

to be able to bandy technicalities with many a veteran of steam and sailing ships.

Throughout their absorbing narrative of the steadily evolving ships, gear, and navigating methods by which man has sailed the seven proverbial seas for the purposes of trade, plunder, exploration, and war, Mr. Stevers and Captain Pendlebury maintain a high level of accuracy—though there is one point which will give the nautical purist pause, and this is their occasionally careless use of the term “clipper.” Failing to differentiate between the clipper ship and the less extreme square-rigged windjammer of the modern era, they apply the more romantic title in one or two passages with a hearty abandon more appropriate to the newspapers. This, however, is a solitary lapse from general accuracy in a book which most decidedly does not need to sacrifice correctness for color.

W. D.

Music

SYMPHONIC MASTERPIECES. By Olin Downes. Dial. 1935. \$2.75.

This is a book of program notes for the listener at home. It covers the symphonic repertory from Haydn to Tchaikovsky, plus notes on other standard orchestral works from Bach to the symphonic poems of Strauss and Debussy. Mr. Downes writes popularly without “talking down;” he is an experienced critic and lecturer, and presumably knows what the public can take. In four cases he gives them thematic illustrations and analyses. This is a useful book, the principal shortcoming of which is that many frequently heard modern works are not included (for instance, Bruckner and Sibelius are represented by one symphony each.) But this can be remedied by another volume, or by an enlarged edition of the present book.

G. S.

Religion

FAITHS MEN LIVE BY. By John Clark Archer. Nelson. 1934. \$3.

As the title of this volume indicates, it is not written from the historical or missionary viewpoint, but from that of psychology. Mr. Archer insists that this is the only approach which will open to one a true understanding of other “Faiths.” He writes:

The adherents of a faith must be its first interpreters. Its origins and values are what they are to them. . . . The faithful must explain the acts and symbols of their faith. By such means we understand particular religions.

No author in this strongly charged emotional field has been more successful in allowing “the adherents of a faith” the privilege of interpreting their faith to outsiders. The book was designed for the use of the author’s own students at Yale. It represents many years of study, travel, and teaching. For this reason it is adapted to a wider circle of readers than such a scholarly book in this field usually is. It holds a special value for teachers in colleges, universities, and theological seminaries, who have been long in need of a book with sufficient reliable material for a major course.

A. C. W.

Brief Mention

In the “Our Debt to Greece and Rome” series, G. D. Hadzsits has written of *Luccretius and His Influence* (Longmans, Green, \$2.25). * * * Two books of importance for scholars of international relations are *The Treaty of St. Germain: A Documentary History in the Hoover War Library Publications*, edited by N. Almond and R. H. Lutz (Stanford University Press, \$6), and *Policies and Opinions at Paris, 1919*, by G. Bernard Noble (Macmillan, \$3.50). Also of interest is *From Bismarck to Hitler: The Background of Modern German Nationalism*, by Louis L. Snyder (Bayard Press, Williamsport, Pa.,

\$2.50). * * * Another series, “The Contemporary Library of Psychology,” adds *Frontiers of Psychology*, by William McDougall (Appleton-Century, \$2). * * * Further, let us note the 1935 *Essay Annual*, by Erich A. Walter (Scott, Foresman), which includes several essays from the past year’s *Saturday Review*. * * * Also there are the *Lectures in America* by Gertrude Stein (Random House, \$2.50) part of one of which was published in this *Review*. * * * From Sheed and Ward comes Theodor Haecker’s *Virgil, Father of the West*, an essay on Virgil as a custodian of civilization (\$1). * * * Another volume of essays is E. V. Lucas’s *Pleasure Trove* (Lippincott, \$1.50).

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YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

New Haven, Conn.

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*

More and Carroll

UTOPIA. Written in Latin by Sir Thomas More and done into English by Ralph Robyson. New York: The Limited Editions Club. 1934.

YEARS ago, at the Riverside Press, Mr. Rogers learned to adapt the style of printing of by-gone days to the exigencies of the present, and in spite of occasional stiffness, no such gallery of modern work has been offered by anyone else since. In his more recent work Mr. Rogers has sometimes shown a mastery of old forms which is the admiration of his contemporaries as well as their despair. This recent issue of More's "Utopia" is a case in point. It is seventeenth century printing observed, analyzed, refined, and adapted to modern requirements, resulting in a book which has flavor but not archaism, which is decorative without ornamentation, and readable without crudeness.

The volume is set in Janson type—a seventeenth century survival recently cut for the linotype—printed on a French paper mellow in tone and texture, and bound in paper boards with vellum back, the side paper being hand painted by Frederic Warde. There are several wood engravings from early Latin editions of "Utopia," well matching the color of the pages of type. The title-page is a fine example of seventeenth century typography—or rather is a refined specimen of that period, done by a modern master. The book is a great credit to both Mr. Rogers and the Limited Editions Club.

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS AND WHAT ALICE FOUND THERE. By Lewis Carroll. New York: The Limited Editions Club. 1935.

In 1932 the Limited Editions Club issued an edition of "Alice in Wonderland" which was notable for its fidelity to the memory of Carroll and Tenniel: the illustrations were recut on wood by a German engraver, and the printing was meticulously fine. Now the companion volume has come from the same source, and it is also notable for much the same reason.

Tenniel's pictures have always been as necessary to the text as the text to the book: those who have seen Marie Laurencin's "Alice" pictures will realize how impossible it is for anyone, even after three-quarters of a century, to supplant Tenniel as illustrator for Carroll's books. Hence in any reprint, the *sine qua non* is Tenniel. But if Carroll was dissatisfied with the way they were printed in the first edition, what can one like about their appearance after the plates have been battered by successive printings? In order to restore Tenniel's drawings to something like their original delicacy, the pictures in this edition of "Through the Looking-Glass" have been recently re-

produced from clean proofs of the original wood-blocks, and then touched up with the graver by Mr. Frederic Warde. The result is substantially what could be got from the blocks themselves.

The text of the book has been set in Caslon type, while the binding is in blue leather, with an intricate and handsome all-over design in gold, made up of printer's flowers. The paper is good in quality and adapted to the reproductions, its only fault being a none too agreeable white color.

The present volume is about as skilful a bit of reconstruction as is possible. The spirit and feeling of the Carroll classic is very successfully maintained through an obvious sympathy between Mr. Warde and his subject. Lewis Carroll's books are instances where one just cannot "go modern" at all: it is therefore fortunate that the manufacture of this book was placed in such thoroughly competent hands.

The greater part of this edition is autographed by the Alice of the story—Mrs. Hargreaves—and it is fortunate that both of the Alice books in the Limited Editions Club's new editions were produced in her life-time, and bear her signature. Neither is very likely to have again so complete and satisfying a format.

Correction

In respect to the note about the new Oxford Folio Bible, a statement was made in these columns (April 13) that forty copies of the new book were allocated to the American market. I should have said that Mr. Rogers received forty copies for sale to his friends and particular followers, and that eighty more copies are being distributed by the Oxford University Press, New York. It is an expensive book, but a good one: it will be reviewed later in this column.

Miscellany

The Daniel Oliver Associates of Dartmouth College have issued "Three Poems," by Robert Frost, as a pamphlet printed by the Associates on their own press at Hanover. There are 125 copies, none for sale. The three poems, hitherto unpublished, are: "The Quest of the Orchis," "Warning," and "Caesar's Lost Transport Ships."

"To Virgil on his Twentieth Centenary," by Henry Woods, S.J., has been printed by the Grabhorn Press for Charles R. Boden Esq. 200 copies have been printed. It is a simple pamphlet, with stiff, blue, paper covers, printed in a suitable type face, and as satisfactory as Grabhorn books can be.

"Recollections of the Grabhorn Press," by Gregg Anderson, has been printed by the Meriden Gravure Co., Meriden, Conn., in an edition of 70 copies, as a tall octavo, paper board bound. It contains a colotype reproduction of a photograph of the Grabhorn brothers, and two small pieces of printing from their press. As an intimate and sympathetic account of a modern printing concern I know of nothing so entertaining. Mr. Anderson worked for some time with the Grabhorns, and writes freely and entertainingly about them. It is invaluable as contemporary history, and the format of the book is excellent—reminiscent of the Grabhorn manner.

"The Anatomy of Lettering," by Warren Chappell, comes from the firm of Loring & Mussey (\$2). It is a small quarto, charmingly arranged and composed by Mr. Rushmore at his Golden Hind Press. The type is "Weiss Roman"—not an especially handsome face, but looking its best on the dull "ash-white" paper.

What especially commends this book to attention is the extreme simplicity and succinctness of its text, as well as the good taste shown in the letter forms selected for exemplification. Good, practical information on the "Tools of Lettering, their care and use," is followed by the anatomy of the fundamental forms of letters. The final portion of the book is devoted to a showing of a half-dozen very fine alphabets, effectively shown in reverse. On the whole this is the best treatise on lettering which I know of.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	Label	Contents	Flavor
DEATH SENTENCE <i>Alice Duer Miller</i> (Dodd, Mead: \$2.)	Novel	Worldly papa of motherless beaut influences daughter toward dough-heavy youngster and remedies error dramatically.	First rate
THE MARK OF CAIN <i>Harriet Comstock</i> (Doubleday, Doran: \$2.)	Time-killer	He thought she'd murdered her first husband, but he married her anyway.	Romance
THUNDER MOUNTAIN <i>Zane Grey</i> (Harpers: \$2.)	Western	Perhaps taking his framework from the story of the Comstock Lode discovery, Grey has woven his best in a long time.	Good
BOARDING HOUSE <i>Peter Delius</i> (Lippincott: \$2.)	Novel	Quietly appealing romance in which not so young gal, a born and trained hostess, adventures with her own business in London.	Odd