

# The New Books

## Belles Lettres

*INTIMATE THINGS.* By Karl Capek. Putnams. 1936. \$2.

These are pleasant essays. How is one to read them? You don't sit down and read a book of essays from beginning to end. You open it somewhere and read one or two. You lay it aside and pick it up again and read one or two more. You skip around in it, to get the feel of the author's mind. We opened this and first read a well-reasoned argument that the old belief that women couldn't keep a secret was really all tosh; they are the truly secretive sex. That seemed to make sense. Then we read about "Two Kinds of People," of which we seemed to be Mr. Capek's kind. Then we read that the greatest joy in life was the luxury of advising your neighbor. As we live among literary critics and are constantly reading them, it made us smile. We had just been reading a critic who was all of a rosy glow advising an established and reckonable artist how he had taken entirely the wrong turning in life and run out in the sand. That critic must be feeling prime! Then there's the little piece, "A Clean Job," in which the author suggests that workmen, besides demanding better wages, might well demand better jobs too, instead of working for a swindle of shoddy stuff. That's a neat idea! In fact the essays that we have read are all neatly written. The energetically earnest would say they were of no particular importance. We don't suppose they are. But the Czech dramatist has wisdom in him. And he talks well about dreams and good resolutions and cats and birds. Also he knows all about how to be truly idle; which is, to be sure, *anathema maranatha* to the Earnest of today. He is both amused and amusing; and he obviously has enough faults to be engagingly human. Dora Round's translation is very smooth.

W. R. B.

## Fiction

*I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES.* By Hubert Skidmore. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. \$2.

The worst trouble with literary prizes is that their very existence creates an almost irresistible pressure toward awarding them. They are usually awarded, whether or no. If a judicious publisher receives, in the regular way of business, a hundred footling manuscripts, he can furnish a hundred rejection slips as readily as ninety-nine; but a prize committee receiving the same hundred manuscripts almost invariably crowns the least footling. The burden is not on the manuscript to assert an irrefutable claim; it is on the poor judges to turn up something that will pass in a crowd.

When Miss Ruth Suckow and the Messrs. Sinclair Lewis and Webb Waldron unite on "I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes" as the best piece of fiction submitted in the 1935 competition for the Avery Hopwood and Jule Hopwood Awards, it is no tax on the credulity to believe that it was

the best submitted. But when one gets to the book itself one finds it to be a local-color-and-dialect novel of a sort which Howells was regarding with mirth so long ago as 1891 (without, however, effecting any noticeable reduction of the annual supply). A Blue Ridge Mountains family of poor whites is driven from its impoverished upland acres to industrial employment in lumbering. The children begin to go to the devil, the father is killed at his work, and the grim, heroic mother takes a remnant of her brood back to the mountain farm. The matter is prevailingly trite, the writing stodgy; and scores of pages are given to mere exploitation of the manners and customs in a way which repeatedly stops the story dead in its tracks.

It is open to the reader to perceive that the credit of letters would be better served if, in these circumstances, the year's income of the prize fund were simply added to the principal or reserved for some glad year which may bring forth two contenders, both fully worthy of all encouragement.

W. F.

*RABBLE ROUSER.* By Charles Morrow Wilson. Longmans, Green. 1936. \$2.

Cabe Hargis, the hero of this Arkansas novel, is a plain-spoken son of the soil who remains so to the bitter end. He has a gift for oratory in the vernacular, and specializes in the pithy and homely. "I was raised on salt pork, turnip greens, and pot-licker," he says. "I was trained early how to hold up my breeches with one gallus and two bent nails." He does that to the end, figuratively speaking, even though he eventually becomes Governor. His form of campaigning through the Arkansas countryside is one which rakes in the votes, because he specializes

as the country boy having no truck with the city folks. He also sincerely fights for "the underdawg." He believes in the common man.

The colloquialism of this book is often forceful and engaging; and, as it is the story of an honest fighting-man, it has its thrills. The descriptions of native customs and manners in Arkansas are most interesting. But the novel as a whole suffers from monotony, from a process of development that repeats and repeats itself. The best thing about the book is the understanding the author shows of the ways of local politics and big business and monopoly. But trust-busting, in this country, is no longer the way to American salvation. The problem is much bigger than that. Still, though this book has considerable faults as literature, it does celebrate unflinching honesty of purpose, and gives us, even to detailed descriptions of the native food, a solid cross section of modern Arkansas.

L. C. H.

*THE UNDAUNTED.* By Alan Hart. Norton. 1936. \$2.50.

This is the story of a likable, sturdy young American who sublimates his little-boy longing to be an explorer by enlisting in the army of medical crusaders—men "of clear brains unclouded by wishfulness, of undismayed realism, of cool heads hard to convince of anything." From a hospital laboratory on the West coast he goes to a famous "Institute" in the East, and from there, with the aid of a money prize, to a foundation in Scotland. We are given almost photographic accounts of his hospital and laboratory struggles with the hitherto fatal disease, pernicious anaemia, a great deal of sound information about that baffling condition, and we are introduced to a group of doctors, fine and mean, generous and jealous, which includes practically all the types easily recognized by students in the field of science. To one who knows of Whipple's brilliant work in this spe-

# Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

| Trade Mark   | Label      | Contents  | Flavor        |
|--|------------|---|---------------|
| HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE<br>Max Saltmarsh<br>(Little, Brown: \$2.)   | "Thriller" | Archie Lumsden, big, and British, finds intrigue aplenty and two beauteous damsels (one with soul, one without) in mysterious Istanbul. Stakes: oil for the good little boys; heroin for the bad. | Cherry-Coke   |
| SCHOOL FOR LOVE<br>Lorine Pruette<br>(Doubleday, Doran: \$2.)  | Novel      | Southern belle hies to Paris for trousseau and finds oo la la excitement. But gal plays the level route and winds up in the arms of her Tennessee boy-friend.                                     | Racy pace     |
| MEN ARE SO ARDENT<br>Gerald Kersch<br>(Morrow: \$2.50)         | Novel      | Gal, a beauteous maiden, plays the 49er game with smile, charm, and shovel. But alas, comes the day of reckoning and what follows brings on the weeps.  | Weak          |
| GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT<br>Baroness Von Hutten<br>(Dutton: \$2.) | Mystery    | Two married dames, plenty nuts, connive to biff-off their mates. The pay-off is just too, too thrilling but the odor lingers on.  | Rawther punko |

cific investigation, it may be a little upsetting to have the steps in his discovery ascribed to a fictitious character, yet after all, we suppose there is no rule against novelizing even the discovery of America and naming the discoverer Ed Jones, if the author feels so inclined.

The book is refreshingly free from sentimentality, and should interest particularly all medical students. One wonders, however, if any fictionizing of scientific research can ever achieve the drama and excitement offered by the unadorned facts.

M. S. U. (M. D.)

**MR. PELLY'S LITTLE HOME.** By Ralph E. Mooney. Longmans, Green. 1936. \$2.

This book is the case history of a Caspar Milquetoast stripped of his funny paper mask and drawn with the pale, hard pencil of reality. You have seen Mr. Pelly a thousand times as he hurries home from work—"a gray-templed little man with thick glasses and a puffed, solemn mouth." He is humble, and hard-working, and simple as a newborn babe, and the world has sponged on him for all he's worth. His office, his church, his country, and even his beloved little home, have mortgaged away his soul.

You want to laugh at Mr. Pelly for being such a sucker, but you can't quite do it. Through dry understatement, through half-flippant allusions to shyster contracts, Liberty Bonds, and church "progress" the canny author somehow makes you feel responsible for Mr. Pelly's predicament. You leave him guiltily in the boom years of the 1920's. You see his wife turning into a drudge, his children disgruntled, his little home falling to pieces. The author does not have to complete the picture.

D. K.

**THE BEST SHORT STORIES 1936.** Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Houghton Mifflin. 1936. \$2.50.

**POST STORIES.** Little Brown. 1936. \$2.50.

You'll find good stories in both these collections. There are twenty-one selected from the *Saturday Evening Post*, and more in the O'Brien book, nine of which are from the magazine *Story*. Mr. O'Brien is a bit sensitive and fidgety in his Introduction to his collection. We wish he'd sit stiller. The *Post* editors aver in their more laconic foreword that "best" and "story" have always seemed to them strange bed-fellows. Still, everybody knows the word "best" is used more as a convenience than anything else. If, either when you imitate Hemingway rather well, as does Roaldus Richmond, or rather badly as does a youngster, Calvin Williams, in any case you get into Mr. O'Brien's collection, it can't be said to mean very much. He has two love stories, one from *The Atlantic*, and by far the harder to do, which is one of the best dialect stories we have read for a long time, and the other from the new *American Prefaces*, which he thinks the most promising fledgling magazine of fiction that there is. Howell Vines, author of the former, and Robert Whitehead, author of the latter, are both real writers. Then, too, there's Albert Maltz's story, "Man on a Road," from *The New Masses*, simple and powerful as a pile-driver.

William Faulkner, of course, and Roger Burlingame and A. H. Z. Carr (whoever he is—we remember his story well from reading it in *Harper's*), and Roy Flannagan, and Martha Foley, and Elizabeth Hall are all good—but we expected more of Michael Fessier and Tess Slesinger.

If one can wade along through the detail of the first half of Richard Sherman's opening story in the *Saturday Evening Post* collection, dealing as it does with New Yorkers essentially boring, clever as is his catching of the lingo we all know so well, the story does justify itself, though not its length, in the end. The moneyed smart people of Manhattan who have been so glamorous to themselves now for several decades don't make the best stories any more. They don't do enough to justify their being alive. Major Thomason's "The Sergeant and the Spy" is a good yarn, though, and, in general, there is more amusement in this collection than in the other, and a remarkable amount of competence within narrower limits. Stribling and Tom Beer and Marquand can write—and there are other popular favorites. The tone of the book is more that of entertainment.

W. R. B.

### Brief Mention

A "sheaf of recently discovered newspaper articles" by Walt Whitman has just been published by Emory Holloway and Ralph Adimari under the title *New York Dissected* (New York: Rufus Rockwell Wilson, \$6). \* \* \* A historical monograph throwing much light on the use which the Spanish monarchs made of the Inquisition to further their own purposes is *The Chuetas of Majorca* by Baruch Braunstein (Mennonite Publishing House, Scottdale, Pa., \$2.50). \* \* \* A scholarly survey of the ideas which lie behind literature is *The Concept of Nature in Nineteenth-Century English Poetry* by Joseph Warren Beach (Macmillan, \$5), with an introductory essay on the metaphysical concept of nature. Wordsworth, Shelley, Goethe, Carlyle, Emerson, Whitman, Arnold, Browning, Meredith, Swinburne, and Hardy are discussed. \* \* \* The difficult field of esthetics supplies another book called *Aesthetic Analysis* by D. W. Prall of Harvard (Crowell, \$2). \* \* \* John Middleton Murry's *Shakespeare* is a free study which in the author's own words tried to give the "sensation" of Shakespeare. "To the extent that any one, after reading this book, feels that Shakespeare is more real and immediate to his imagination, I shall have succeeded." The book rests upon scholarship but is essentially a production of Mr. Murry's intuitive mind. \* \* \* "In the autumn of 1913 two young English archeologists, C. Leonard Woolley and T. E. Lawrence, were conducting excavations on . . . the site of the ancient Hittite Carhenich." The results of this excavation are at last published in *The Wilderness of Zin*, with a chapter on Greek inscriptions, by M. N. Tod and a preface by Sir Frederic Kenyon (Scribner's, \$7.50). \* \* \* Three books on the West to be noted are a sketch history of Alaska called *The Alaskan Melodrama*, by J. A. Hellenthal (Liveright, \$3.), the history of a pioneer of Old Oregon, Henry

(Continued on next page)

## SPENDING AGAINST THAT RAINY DAY!

YOU are probably going away this summer. You may find yourself out of touch with your usual sources of information about books. And while we wish you the best of luck, after the third consecutive day of rain, you are going to wish that you had done something about having *The Saturday Review* follow you during your vacation. And whether your idea of roughing it consists of simply changing to paper napkins or in existing only on the game you can bring down with your own bow and arrow, *The Saturday Review* still offers you the best possible way of keeping informed on what is going on in the world of books. What's more, the magazine can follow you anywhere in the United States that boasts a Post Office, and at no additional charge.

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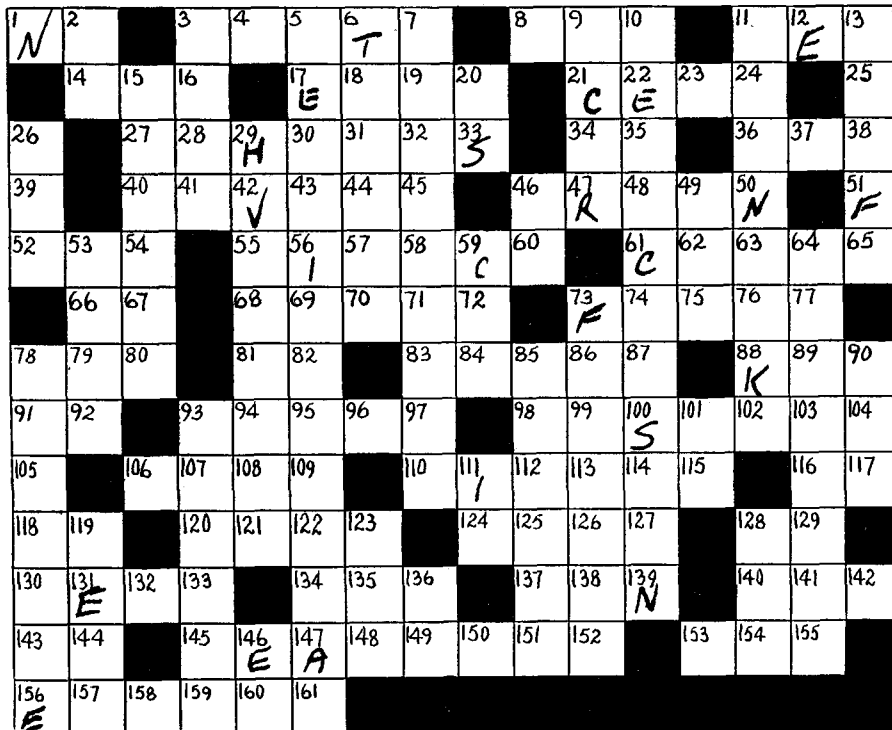
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# Double-Crostics: No. 116

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



## DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-two words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

## DEFINITIONS

- I. Star in Ursa Major.
- II. Prehistoric stone implement.
- III. Aimless.
- IV. To restore to good spirits.
- V. Quintessence.
- VI. Pensive longing.
- VII. Jumble.
- VIII. Vigilance.
- IX. Altar screen.
- X. Intense, ardent.
- XI. For removing eye substances.
- XII. Mother of Judah.
- XIII. Let go, detach.
- XIV. Pair.
- XV. Stupidity.
- XVI. To shun.
- XVII. British actor (1717-79).
- XVIII. Prince in the "Faerie Queene."
- XIX. Barnyard fowl.
- XX. Scarcity.
- XXI. Producing the desired result.
- XXII. Proximity.

## WORDS

34 114 71 135 93 37  
53 95 9 65 81 120 69  
161 154 39 63 74 149 126 11 45  
97 142 110 122 57 118 68 87  
132 117 5 157 99 62  
136 150 92 113 137 32 44 106 23 60 67  
108 96 143 134 76 66 119 141  
15 3 75 30 49 8 103 152 35  
155 144 10 160 54 2 16  
18 48 153 7 98 77 125 101  
115 123 109 86 140 128 82 58  
40 159 107 4  
55 31 41 104 64 24  
83 127 26 105 52 28 90  
94 19 145 70 36 79 133 85  
91 25 78 121 43 14  
46 138 129 102 38 158 124  
116 72 112 84 148 20  
**CHICKEN**  
59 29 56 21 88 17 139  
13 151 27 89 80 130  
**EFFECTIVE**  
156 51 73 146 61 6 111 42 131  
**NEARNESS**  
50 12 147 47 1 22 33 100

## The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

Harmon Spalding, by Clifford Merrill Drury (Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, \$3), and *The Crittenden Memoirs*, compiled by H. H. Crittenden, which deal with Governor Crittenden of Missouri who broke up the "James Gang" in the early 80's (Putnam, \$3.50). \* \* \* Also note the reprinting of an interesting journal of a whaling voyage 1880-1884, by Robert Ferguson, edited by Leslie Dalrymple Stair. The book is called *Harpooner* and is published by the University of Pennsylvania Press (\$2.50). \* \* \* Note finally an exceedingly interesting little book published for the Soil Conservation service, the Re-settlement Administration, and the Rural Electrification Administration, by H. S. Person, Consulting Economist. It is called *Little Waters* and is a study well documented and excellently illustrated with graphs, photographs, and maps of the relation of head water streams and other little waters to the land. This in simple language and good expository style is an interesting and most impressive study of the effects of erosion and methods which can be used to check it. This little book got out by the United States Government Printing Office in Washington reminds one in its excellence of presentation and its adaptation to the untechnical reader of the books got out by the Soviet Government to impress upon their populations the importance of planning for the benefit of mankind. There is, however, no political or governmental propaganda in this book.

## PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientele; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of *The Saturday Review*. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., *Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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