

lovely home in the countryside that they had learned to love.

The pattern of a young girl melting the heart of an austere relative is old and overworked. But the Draytons are friendly, attractive people and their life in the barn is varied and amusing. Teen-age girls are almost sure to like this story.

RUTH HILL VIGUERS.

BILLY'S PICTURE. Story and Pictures by Margaret and H. A. Ray. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. No paging. \$1.

A gay, funny picture book about a rabbit who wanted to draw a picture of himself and was interrupted in the

process by seven other animals who wanted to draw pictures of themselves. The expression of Billy's face as he watched the portraits of the other animals grow is worth the price of the book. Black and white with touches of blue and red.

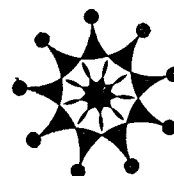
THE BARKINGTONS. By Robin Palmer. Pictures by Flavia Gag. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 112 pp. \$2.

A lively, amusing tale of five children, an absent-minded mother, and a father who works in a zoo. Flavia Gag's equally lively and amusing drawings are in color and in black and white.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
SILENCE FOR THE MURDERER <i>Freeman Wills Crofts</i> (Dodd, Mead: \$2.50)	Morally unstable Englishman jilts sweetheart, who "investigates" him with results that bring Supt. French into surprising murder case.	Events setting stage for French are provocatively narrated. His part in case, although slightly over-technical, has plenty of zest.	Good Grade British
THE WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION <i>Agatha Christie</i> (Dodd, Mead: \$2.50)	Eleven short stories, some recent, some rather elderly, most of them dealing with psychic side of murder and other crimes.	Needful addition to library shelf of "Agatha Christie's published volumes." Magazine and anthology readers may find several familiar faces.	Standard collection
SYMPHONY IN TWO TIME <i>Alexander Irving</i> (Dodd, Mead: \$2.50)	Rich head of Brooklyn music school and much younger composer - husband perish of poison Anatomy professor Post gives police helping hand.	Ultra-sophisticated, in right sense of word; witty, knowledgeable, on music matters, actionful—and semi-quaver disappointing in solution.	Very good grade
WISTERIA COTTAGE <i>Robert M. Coates</i> (Harcourt: \$2.50)	Superficially attractive young book-store clerk rents seashore cottage for self, landlady, and her daughters—where chilling things happen.	Plain-spoken story of psychotic's progress to homicide, despite irritating case-history interludes, touches top peaks of terror.	Grade-A psycho- thriller
DEATH OF JEZEBEL <i>Christianna Brand</i> (Dodd, Mead: \$2.50)	Several participants in English historical pageant get death warnings and die—which annoys Insp. Cockrill no end.	Cockrill acts quite in character made famous by "Green for Danger"—almost too much. Otherwise, tale cannily plotted and actionful.	Enter- taining
THE LATE UNLAMENTED <i>R. A. J. Walling</i> (Morrow: \$2.50)	Generally disliked professional English patriot shot in coast-town home. Mr. Tolefree sifts shoals of suspects with surprising and satisfying results.	Start slightly delayed, but after build-up it gets going full speed with customary Tolefree aplomb, shrewdness, and bafflement.	Worth- while
THE MOUNTAINS HAVE A SECRET <i>Arthur W. Upfield</i> (Crime Club: \$2.)	Vanishment of two Australian girl hikers and murder of detective give Insp. Bonaparte chance to "finalise" case with many angles.	Begins well; background and people are good; Bony's sleuthing admirable. But fantastic end turns tale into rather different and incredible channels.	Grade-B Upfield
SO COLD THE NIGHT <i>Ruth L. Yorck</i> (Harper: \$2.50)	Middle-aged, intelligent, and solitary New Yorker, guilty of two sudden slayings, sets down facts of his life as cops close in.	Penetrating psychological study of extremely odd fish, whose great romance and its violent end are described in much detail.	For robust tastes



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by
**LAWRENCE
TREAT**

MORROW

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the Phoenix Nest

RAIN

WAIT for the hay to grow.
Watch the lespedeza rise.
It's not lespedeza nor prairie
hay—

It's hope, it's bread, the wintering of
cattle,

The woolen coat for Jenny, shoes for
the young,

Interest on the farm mortgage.

Cut the hay, windrow it
Beneath the scorching August sun!
Get the bailer ready for dawn.
Open wide the barn loft doors . . .
And the seven-day rain will fall.

At every blue hole in the sky you turn
the hay;

Doggedly, obstinately attempting to
save it.

But the intermittent rain keeps fall-
ing—

A benediction for the mortgage holder.

Today, Joe and his sons,
Have been raking hay into the river.
A mildewed tangle of it.
Feed for the cattle, shoes for the
young,

Interest on the mortgage

And Jenny's winter coat,

Have all been raked into the river.

The sun was scorching hot—

Sweat dripped from men's faces like
tears.

ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI.

* * *

From Roy P. Fairfield, instructor in
cultural heritage, Bates College, Lew-
iston, Me., I have received the follow-
ing:

PLEASE FORWARD TO:

Monsieur Jean Hector St. John
de Crèvecoeur
Paris
France

Dear Jean,

I have just finished rereading
your charming letter analyzing the
American character and scene of
your day. I am impressed by your
keen observations, your fairminded-
ness, and your breadth of experi-
ence. But, writing from the moun-
taintop of time, as it were, when
hindsight is to my advantage, I
am particularly struck by your
prognostications.

Early in your letter, you asked,
"Who can tell the millions of men
it [America] will feed and con-
tain?" Well, Jean, at the moment,
we might ask, "Who can tell how
many millions it is feeding and

containing?" Acting upon a sug-
gestion made by our Secretary of
State at Harvard's 1947 commence-
ment exercises, our Congress has
passed and our President has signed
a bill to assist many of the nations
of Europe and Asia. This only con-
stitutes that aid by which we opened
our food baskets to the people in-
volved in the so-called Second World
War, a conflict which makes the
Revolutionary War of your own
memory seem like child's play. Also,
and independent of Governmental
sanction, thousands of American citi-
zens and organizations are sending
food parcels to their ancestral lands.
I think you would be proud of these
efforts by which men of all nations
are coming to realize that hunger
and thirst, pain and destitution must
be overcome in all parts of this
inter-related world. America seems
to be living up to your expectation
that she would one day "cause
great changes in the world."

You also remarked, "Here the
rewards of his industry follow with
equal steps the progress of his la-
bor; his labor is founded on the
basis of nature, *self-interest* . . ."
How right you were! This has been
the basis of our material progress.
But, while it has been the strength
of our nation, it has been a weak-
ness. Far too often in our history,
self-interest has become equated
with vested interest and has there-
by gained the legal sanction of the
principles implicit in Tom Jeffer-
son's Declaration and our Constitu-
tion . . . all to the detriment of the
general welfare. Even today, and in
spite of the program mentioned a
moment ago, *self-interest* on the
part of a minority is making it well-
nigh impossible for the majority to
accept your challenge: "Go thou
and work and till; thou shalt pros-
per, provided thou be just, grateful,
and industrious." The current high
cost of living is perhaps the result
of too great an adherence to the
self-interest principle without full-
est realization of its detrimental
implications.

You may remember, too, that you
stated almost categorically that
"this great continent must in time
absorb the poorest part of Europe;
and this will happen in proportion
as it becomes better known; and as
war, taxation, oppression, and mis-
ery increase there." Your hopes
have been realized—almost! As the
Napoleonic Wars progressed, as po-
litical and religious oppression con-
tinued, as famines laid waste the
human dignity and strength of
countless numbers of Europeans,
men, women, and children stream-
ed across the Atlantic to take up their
homes and give names to the land
about which you and your genera-
tion could only dream: Ohio, Iowa,
the Dakotas, Arizona, California, to
cite only a few of the states which
now number almost fifty. This steady
flow of humanity continued through-
out the nineteenth century. It went

on almost unabated during the first
two decades of this century, only
being impeded by an occasional lit-
eracy dam thrown up here, a race
dike constructed there. But, then,
Jean, war, depression, and pressure
groups combined to build a gigan-
tic dam across the stream, reducing
immigration to a mere trickle. The
land for the discouraged and home-
less was virtually closed. OPPOR-
TUNITY, spelled so large in your own
writing, was gone except for those
already here. The natives of every
nation in the world became "for-
eigners," a term used in disparage-
ment by the self-righteous Ameri-
can.

Only within the past few months
has there been any effort to open
our gates once more. Our Congress-
men finally agreed to admit certain
qualified displaced persons from Eu-
rope, that is, those persons up-
rooted by the maelstrom referred to
as the Second World War. But this
law was not conceived in the spirit
which you would have desired, for
it contains provisions making it ob-
vious that caution will be taken to
admit only those acceptable to these
same self-righteous Americans.

So you see, Jean, in many ways the
spirit of our heritage has been con-
cretely manifested in our actions
as we have broadened our geographi-
cal and political spheres. But, in
other areas we have failed miser-
ably. We have tried to keep so much
that we may ultimately lose all. If
we are to build a nation to which
other peoples may look with re-
spect and a "desire to belong" (as
was the case in your lifetime), we
cannot be too self-satisfied with
either our ideals, our material
progress, or our ethnical composi-
tion.

* * *

DEPRECIATORY

To the grave enhearsed I should like
them carrying
Who say "pejorative" for "disparag-
ing."

SAUL KANE.

* * *

BOOK REVIEW

I'm not up to date on the oyster,
Nor the love life of the snail.
I haven't studied the habits
Of the platypus or the quail,
But oh what I know about you,
You human male!

MYKIA TAYLOR.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 755)

NORMAN ANGELL:
THE STEEP PLACES

An indispensable element in the
development of sound public judg-
ment in democracies is a greater
sense of individual responsibility
for the acts of government, which
involves a sense of the moral obli-
gation to be intelligent.