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CITY STATE

a new wing and the purchase of works of art.

But old Mrs. Purdon is not through with her miserable children; in a final death-bed flight of malignant fancy she writes a codicil and arranges its discovery, in order to outwit them all. Having, they believe, fulfilled their mother's final wishes and assured themselves, at least, of their trifling legacies, they find themselves once more confounded by their mother's scheming. The final readjustments, the tyranny still exigent beyond the grave, unfold in unexpected sequence.

Miss Wickham has made excellent use of the mounting tension of emotion and strain under the protracted heat of a Philadelphia summer, when the climax of human drama and a threatened storm both seem intolerably delayed. But what she has seen during her brief, satiric glance into Philadelphia's top drawer are the more obvious and unlovely aspects of its life. The final word on the city has yet to be written.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

SWIFTWATER, by Paul Annixter. A. A. Wyn. \$2.50. This is a book very much after the fashion of "The Yearling." Unfortunately so, because Mr. Annixter does not lack either in sincerity or in an apparently close and loving knowledge of the natural scene—in this case the northwoods of Maine. He can match Mrs. Rawlings folklore for folklore, storm for storm, and crisis for crisis. The hardships of his Calloway clan in Maine are much like those of her Florida Baxters. To make the parallel even more uncomfortable, his story is centered about the boy Bucky, whose love and pride and rebelliousness are so like those

of Jody Baxter. Ma Calloway is shadowed by another Ma, and there is even a tame bear, Keg, to frisk at Bucky's heels. It is too bad that the parallel lines are everywhere obvious because, as I have said, Mr. Annixter has his own fund of wood-lore and animal-lore to draw upon, and writes of these things with a fierce partisanship. As the book shapes up, it seems best fashioned for the younger reader, who will not mind the repetitions, if he ever notices them.

—N. L. R.

THE FLAME TREE, by Theodore Pratt. Dodd, Mead. \$3. When Theodore Pratt wrote a few years ago a slim story called "The Barefoot Mailman" he put into book form almost for the first time something of the charm and simplicity of pioneer South Florida about Biscayne Bay and up the long white beaches to the north. It was like one of those simple stories told or written by some old-timer that suggested their feeling for the beauty and wonder of the untouched places. Now, after some years in Hollywood, and a few other books, Mr. Pratt has tried a story of the time when, almost overnight, Mr. Flagler changed that frontier simplicity of Palm Beach to a complex and artificial social resort. The complexities of Mr. Flagler's civilization are too much for Mr. Pratt. His story becomes awkward and trivial, his people, his beautiful heroine, his alligator-hunting hero, and his charming drunken villain are mere cardboard. It is too bad, because there is human drama in that expanding era. Henry James did it superbly in his description of Palm Beach in "The American Scene."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title of Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
VERDICT IN DISPUTE <i>Edgar Lustgarten</i> (Scribner's: \$2.50)	Able examination of famous factual cases where verdict may not have been strictly kosher—from Flo Maybrick to Liz Borden.	Easy reading for those not familiar with these <i>causes célèbres</i> , but no astonishing contribution to library of true-crime lore.	Readable
DIAGNOSIS, HOMICIDE <i>Lawrence Blochman</i> (Lippincott: \$2.50)	Eight adventures of Dr. Dan Coffee, pathologist—and his English-fracturing Hindu asst.—in cases that cops ticketed as unsuspicious demises.	Shrewdly plotted excursions into really scientific sleuthing—couple of 'em creak slightly—with deftly angled plea for better "Crowners"—or none.	Satisfying shorts
THE RIM OF TERROR <i>Hildegard T. Feilbet</i> (Coward McCann: \$2.75)	Girl's chance pick-up of hitch-hiker on Nevada road embroils her in horripolous adventures with subversive underground gang.	Most of story deals with cross-West chase that out-Hitchcock's Alfred for sheer thrills. Nice infusion of romance, too.	Top thriller!

PERSONAL HISTORY

(Continued from page 23)

contention. Most informed observers of our national trade-union apparatus will agree that through the "break-fast-at-the-White-House" technique and for small favors Roosevelt won the allegiance of the top CIO officers. In the process he also made the CIO an appendage of the Democratic machine, which it still is.

There are several other incidents related in which Lewis challenges the rectitude of Roosevelt's motives, and in at least one place the book raises a question of veracity between Lewis and Philip Murray.

This concerns the rupture in October 1941 of their lifelong friendship. As Alinsky tells the story, Lewis invited him to visit with the Lewis family at Atlantic City, where he had gone to see Murray, who was convalescing from a heart attack. Lewis visited Murray several times solely to protest against smear attacks on him conducted by top CIO officers, particularly James F. Carey, the organization's secretary. Lewis says he did not push the issue much because of Murray's physical condition. When Murray told Lewis he did not believe



Carey and others were blackguarding him Lewis told Alinsky that he did not argue because "... I know that excitement may kill him." Murray, on the other hand, has said that Lewis used his visits to browbeat him into abandoning Roosevelt's foreign policies.

This reviewer will not quarrel with Alinsky's statement that Lewis "is the greatest tactical genius in the history of American labor." Notwithstanding, it is reasonable to question the long-range value of Lewis's genius to the American trade-union movement. The CIO is his one great contribution to the economic welfare of American workers. For that he deserves high praise and gratitude. All too frequently, however, his conduct both in and out of labor has been that of a social outlaw.

No amount of apple-polishing by any writer can obscure that basic fact.

Frightened Countess

SHADOWS LENGTHEN. By Clara Longworth de Chambrun. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 296 pp. \$5.


By CRANE BRINTON

THE Countess de Chambrun, born a Longworth of Cincinnati and married to a French nobleman descended from Lafayette, has already written in "Shadows Like Myself" pleasant, anecdotal memoirs of her life up to the end of the last war. Now she brings the story down to the present in a successor volume, which looks on the surface much the same as the first. But this time she has to deal, not merely with a war in which her France and her America were both victorious, but with a war in which France was defeated and the world in which the countess had lived so long and so pleasantly all but destroyed. There are pleasant stories in this volume, especially in the few pages that tell of the apparently halcyon days before 1939, but for the most part this is a cry from the heart, and no mere journal of a lady of highest society.


For the countess is frightened. In

By the incomparable

Mabel Seeley

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