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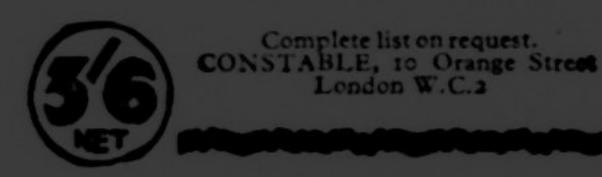
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THE HAVERING PLOT CARTERET'S CURE WILLIAM COOK



ROYAL NAVY

appointments yesterday :

ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE there I - C W Woodbridge, promoted to Engin. Lt. sets of artist's proofs, realised £215

and to Cardiff. Wt. Engr. -A. W. Lane, to S. M. L 18.

MOVEMENTS OF SHIPS

whin its March 28 -- Heliotrope arrived.

Mastrah Islands, March 28 - Penzance arrived. Mobile, March 26 - Daunties left for Tampa. Montserrat, March 27 - Heliotrope left for Dominics.

Muscat, March 27.-Penzance lett for Masirah Islands. Nanking, March 27 .- Peterel arrived. Naples, March 28 -Chrysanthemum left for Beaulieu. Plymouth, March 29.-Cardiff left for Chatham. Port Cornwallis, March 28 .- Effingham left for Talle

Port Sudan, March 27 - Endeavour arrived. Rio de Janeiro, March 28 - Despatch leit for Pernambuco, St. Helena, March 27. - Calcutta left for Sierra Leone. Saldanha Bay, March 28 .- Protes left for Cape Town. Shanghai, March 28.—Somme left for Hong Kong. Talle Islands, March 28.—Effingham arrived. Tampa, March 28 .- Daunties arrived. Wuhu, March 26.-Peterel arrived.

ANOTHER

Books & MSS. in the Sale Room

TO DICKENS

'THE GREATEST GENIUS'

By A. C. R. CARTER

Dickens and his works has been often have been written about a personal frien winced in his letters appearing at auction. At Sotheby's, yesterday, one which he wrote from Brighton in 1854 to John Blackwood, the publisher, containing the orthright statement: "I don't agree with he reviewer. In placing the men I should I think, put Dickens first, as undoubtedly he greatest genius of the three," was matters. bought by Mr. Gabriel Wells for £180.

Readers may be reminded that the letter | straint and dignity, and it may truly be sa n which Thackeray described his reconcilia- that the last chapter of all is profoun Yates affair) and how they both shook hands | perhaps not quite of his own age (L. without speaking," realised £450 on

Love of America

For a set of fourteen Thackerav letters Mr. W. Hill, of Chicago, gave £115. In a very early one of these Thackeray invited Ouin, the actor, to "come out and see (in er bed laid up with sudden maladies) the other of your friend, W. M. Thackeray.' Another letter on returning from a visit o the States describes his regret at leaving he hospitable doors of Philadelphia dding: "I know I shall feel America-sick ere many years are over.' This brough £60 (Wells). A water-colour portrait Thackeray, by Evre Crowe, A.R.A., who then acted as Thackeray's secretary, fetched £29 (Maggs).

Between 1918 and 1920 Dr. Harold Williams, who was with the White Army in ne South of Russia, collected forty-sever political posters and portraits, of which very few have survived destruction. The market, however, did not show muc thusiasm, and Sir Samuel Hoare was abl to buy the series at only 5gns.

A New "Gulliver"

On the other hand, a fair greeting was iven to the young artist, Rex Whis shom Sir Joseph Duveen commissioned ecorate the refreshment-room at Mil with mural paintings, illustrating "T The Admiralty notified the following Pursuit of Rare Meats."

This artist was first discovered by the Royal Drawing Society as a precocious G. Croft, and A. P. | draughtsman. Last year he finished a series twenty drawings for "Gulliver's re April 22 Tempy, Instr. Lt .- | Travels -- none the worse for being Hogarthian-and the new Swift was pub hed by the Cresset Press on the lines of th arge paper edition of 1726; ten being on Roman vellum. Yesterday No. 1 of this select issue, "especially printed for Elizabeth Helen Monteith Godley." accompanied by the original drawings, and two

BOOKS RECEIVED

Martel, D.S.O., M.C. (Sifton Praed, 15s) THE LURE OF THE FLOAT. By Arthur Sharp. CHAPLES READE. By Malcolm Elwin - (Care. THE PRICE OF FREEDOM: A Play. By Naomi Mitchi. THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF EDMUND GOSSE. By above Princes.

FICTION THE FLEET HALL INHERITANCE. By Richard HORT STORIES OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY BILL ADAMS, (Harran, 28 6d.) A LONESOME ROAD, by Frances Mocatta; THE BLACK | repeated itself. To both it was probab ASP, by J. Lindsay Hamilton. (Jenkins. 78 6d HE ROSES OF CREIN. By Beryl Symons. Rosyth, March 28. -Stronghold and Sardonyx left for THE CONCAVE MIRROR, By W. B. Maxwell, WINTER ESCAPADE .: By Arthur Mills, DEATH OF AN

Tuesdays and Fridays =

Books of the

Strafford: A True Picture

STRAFFORD. By Lady Burghelere. Two Vols. (Macmillan. 30s.)

Reviewed by ALFRED NOYES

THE character of Strafford has long been one of the most interesting problems for English historians, and he has been depicted in all the shades and and tragic portrait of Browning's great lay. There can be no question that Lady Burghclere's volumes we have th true and the final picture.

A flood of new light is thrown upon the personality of the Great Apostate, or Blac Tom Tyrant, as some of his contemporarie called him; and the new material, hither inaccessible, from the Fitzwilliam paper gives us historical evidence of the depths of affection and tenderness the great chivalrous figure depicted l the intuitive genius of Browning. Lad Burghelere's biography has two ver rare qualities. In the first place vividly that the accidents of time facaway. The man steps out of the canva ives and speaks and writes his letter as humanly as any contemporary. In the second place, it is authentic histor crupulously true to its documents, at naking no concessions to that ne piographical art which so often obtain

vividness at the expense of truth. It depicts Strafford as the first of the nglish Pro-consuls who, while they broug ricks of the politician; and have creat he price that the world asks of all ideals All the familiar accusations have b the Great Apostate, the Lost Leader, w here is one thing that stands out clear from all the records, it is that, whatever h sense of the great Pro-consular tradition incapable of corruption or lying.

It was his hatred of corruption that ass lated him with Pym and Eliot in oppo tion, not to the Crown, but to Buckingha When he became an administrator, first a President of the Council of the North, as afterwards as Lord Deputy in Ireland, ther was no "apostasy"; for he was able to co trol and eliminate the very elements which he had always been opposed. There results, the six years during which he sul stituted government for misgovernment Ireland were among the most propitious i all the history of that distressful country.

HIS IRISH SERVICE

There are still people who speak who have any lingering doubts on the matter will have none after they have rea this biography. The record of Strafford rule there is told with scrupulous impar ality. The facts are unquestionable. brought peace out of conflict; revived i dustry (that infallible test); suppress piracy; developed the Irish Parliament; an out of the religious discords.

But while all this is discussed more ac quately and justly perhaps than by a preceding writer, the great outstands quality of Lady Burghclere's biography that it ends all doubt as to Straffor the man himself, and its extraordinar vivid and sympathetic insight into his ch Thackeray's chivalrous regard for racter. There are passages which mig so obviously has the author lived throu the scene and made all the circumstance her own. The effect is increased by the etters which she is able to quote from t inpublished manuscripts at Wentwort Woodhouse, letters to Strafford's belov daughter Nan, letters about the educati of his children, and many other domest

> The final scenes are recounted with re Burghelere shows that he was more of t great Tudor company than of the Stuart the man who is loyal to a disloyal king, a is ready to be offered up as a scapegoat order that his king may still be held to do accuser. Pym, is told in a way that sets La Burghelere's work among the finest achiev ments of modern biography.

PATHETIC LOYALTY

the service of his love. Lady Burghelere's biography, and th

cuments quoted in it, make it quite ce bout Pym in particular and the Puritar

It is a mistake to estimate the Puritan entirely in terms of the Old Hundredt We know, for instance, how they hacked th face of beauty and left their barbarous hoof marks all over England. They have le marks on the grey stones of Engl buildings to this day, gashes that were no made by a noble-minded crowd; and th solities of that same crowd are not above uspicion. For partisan reasons, the aders have been over-idealised

"It remains a nice point," says Lad rately fastens blinkers over his eyes can interest, your honours, your liberties ar

The King is painted in all his weakness in it. There was faith in That which

All comments on this scene are in quate," says Lady Burghelere. "He h once spoken of falling, like Cæsar, with h restment wrapt around him Histor s the fatal stroke that hurt than th knowledge that it was dealt to one by the nd of the trusted friend, to the other by

These finely-balanced sentences ar EDITOR. By Vernon Loder. THE CHOICE. By | characteristic of the literary distinction Philip MacDona'd. MYSTERY IN THE CHANNEL. with which the book is written. It is a CHARLOTTE'S ROW. By H. E. Bates. (Cape. 7s 6d) | memorable work, of permanent value.

NEW NOVELS

FAILINGS OF OUR YOUNG WRITERS

Charlotte's Row. By H. E. Bates. (Cape. 7s. 6d.) Hope Against Hope. By Stella Benson.
(Macmillan. 21s.) Judas. By John Metcalfe. (Constable. 7s. 6d.) My Canoe. By Maurice Chenu. (Eric Partridge. 7s. 6d.)

Reviewed by HOWARD MARSHALL

W HY do people write novels? Can it be that the typewriters which at this moment are rattling in thousands of otherwise blameless homes are all being hammered by artists certain of their vocation? To take a particular instance. Why does Mr. Bates write novels? He is young-

twenty-five, to be exact-and yet CHAR-LOTTE'S Row is his third book. It is a good book-that much is certain-but if we are to draw any wider conclusions from it we are forced to wonder what drives Mr. Bates to writing.

What has he to say that will interest or delight us? What fresh significance does he find in human experience, or what new twist can he give to the story-teller's art? These are difficult questions to answer, but they are prompted by the fact that here is an author who has an unusually sure grasp of technique, and so sets us speculating about his future.

In his previous novels Mr. Bates has taken the countryside as his background, but now, with "Charlotte's Row," he turns to the squalor of tenement life in an industrial town. There is nothing surprising about that. The slums are a temptation to every serious writer. They crawl with novelists as St. Ives crawls with painters. They offer sombre colour effects and curious characters and violent emotions. Arthur Morrison proved that thirty years ago with his "Tales of Mean Streets," and none of his successors has used the material more effectively.

Familiar Theme

Mr. Bates changes the formula very little he gives us a drunken shoemaker who beats his wife, a dreaming Socialist and a working girl who grasps pathetically at illusory beauty, harridans and wastrels, and a boy groping for comprehension in a darkness without hope. It is all very sad and very true. The marionettes dance to the old tunes, and the curtain comes down on the appropriately tragic ending.

So far so good. No one will quarrel with Mr. Bates for choosing such a familiar theme, provided that he has clothed it with I fresh sympathy or insight. Well, he has sympathy, without a doubt, and, what is more, he does not allow it to lapse into sentimentality. His story is firmly constructed, and he has control over his characters. I would, in fact, recommend this book warmly to the discriminating

After that you may wonder why I say that it is not entirely convincing. Mr. Bates has succeeded up to a point; superficially, his detachment is complete and admirable, so that the people in his story should have independent vitality. That is where he fails. He has imposed himself slightly upon his characters, and they have become artificial. The Socialist who grows flowers ir, the shadow of a factory; the girl who finds her hopes symbolised by the unexpected sight of bluebells; the shoemaker who longs for a day in the woods with his dog when he comes out of prison; the boy whose mother liked birds and butterfliesthese are unusual people collected by the author and endowed by him with certain strong feelings and desires. They are not the inevitable products of their surroundings, and through them the construction of the story becomes visible. It is this artificiality which dilutes the quality of "Charlotte Row" and causes me to wonder whether Mr. Bates is driven to writing by a need that is urgent enough ever to make full use of his already adequate

Delicate and Charming

Miss Stella Benson, on the other hand, believes in giving her characters their heads, and that is largely why her work is so enchanting. I am thinking particularly of the six stories in HOPE AGAINST HOPE, which is, so the publishers say, "the first book by this author to be issued in a limited ! edition," and, they firmly add, "there is no present intention of publishing these stories in any other form." Doubtless the publishers know their own business best. I am delighted to have on my shelves one of the 650 copies of a book composed in the poliphilus fount and printed on hand-made paper, but it does seem a pity that so few people should be able to share my good fortune. I should, moreover, be just as happy to read Miss Benson on the ordinary paper of an ordinary edition.

I suppose the trouble is that short stories are unpopular, though the publishers felt that Miss Benson has a sufficiently large following to guarantee the disposal of a limited edition. I can never understand this animus against the short story. If the work is good enough the stories will sell. Kipling proved that, and I imagine the publishers of A. E. Coppard, Katherine Mansfield, Tchekov, and Richard Garnett have no just cause for complaint.

Still, there it is. Miss Benson may not be a popular author, though she deserves to be. She is in some degree a successor to Katherine Mansfield. At present her stories have not the same depth and significance, but the glancing method of approach is similar. The action appears to take place in a brilliant light; we see the characters sharply outlined against an unobtrusive but relevant background of circumstance. Selection, compression—these are others of Miss Benson's qualities, but, above all, her characters have integrity. Miss Benson does not speak through their mouths, but allows them to go their own ways in her stories. This is delicate, observant, sensitive work.

Macabre Studies

I wish I could say the same of Junas, by Mr. John Metcalfe. These also are short stories, but of the forced, hot-house variety. They are certainly competent, and those who like studies in the macabre will find them entertaining. Mr. Metcalfe writes powerfully; the ease with which he uncoils horror | upon horror is impressive. Nearly all these tales deal with obsession in one form or another, but I hope Mr. Metcalfe does not propose to concentrate solely on the gruesome and less savoury bye-ways of life.

In direct contrast is My CANOE, a transla-

tion from the French of Maurice Chenu. This is hardly a novel, though the publishers call it one, nor is it a collection of short i stories. It is rather a series of travel sketches-light-hearted, sentimental, amusing accounts of adventures with a canoe on the lesser-known rivers of France. It leaves the impression that M. Chenu would be a charming travelling companion-a trifle impulsive, perhaps, and apt to take unnecessary risks, but witty, urbane, and cheerfully able to turn misfortune to good account. Actually his book has been awarded the Touring Club de France's first prize as the best travel book of the year, and English readers will find that it passes away the odd hour agreeably enough.

This England

The Horrors of the Countryside. By C. E. M. Joad. (Hogarth Press. 1s 6d.) Journey in England. By Frank Binder. (Eric Partridge 7s 6d.)

Reviewed by S. P. B. MAIS

should like to go for a walk with Mr. C. E. M. Joad, not so much because he nother sense he runs down every hill, as in es, but because of his attitude to keepers. er gently, to cause him to diverge from raight line with a sock on the jaw.

like Mr. Joad because he is in such a zing temper. None of this, " My mother | ne to a once green and pleasant country. orthing for its purulent beastliness, h sses over the border of adjectives which apparently recognisable, for one newsper took him to task for seeing prurience en in point of fact he was seeing some-

The quite dreadful thing about Mr. id's indictment is that it is inconsore, the South Coast is no longer a ctuary for the lover of quiet and beauty. has been annexed, torn up, wired off by v-building profiteers. There is no quietz nothing but a bed smell. The countrye is preserved from, not for, the walker, d things are going very rapidly from bad

Nothing less than a complete change of ic opinion can avail anything, and the hood of that, in spite of the strenuous rts of the Council for the Preservation of tremely grateful to Mr. Joad for his refusal. shut his eyes to ugliness and for hi temptuous abuse of our cringing attitude wards keepers and farmers. We certainly d shaking out of our apathy in th ssers of us all it will have achieved a Ir. Binder has also a complaint to lodge,

s essential to our progress for industry ictate us to the dustbin, and for business vately to pocket the profits and publicly he trouble with Mr. Binder is that he t really suit his subject at all. He is, vever, to be forgiven much, even his on Jephson's Gardens, Leamington, " peros the most pleasing gardening prospect

it is principally against the food of Eng-

'n Jephson's gardens, whether we look the elegant license of its variegated itous play of prospect, to please every eye

Surope." He becomes quite Johnsonian

A little of this type of writing, even on BUY YOUR COPY TO-DAY mington, is enough, and Mr. Binder overes it. It is a pity, because he often has | acthing pertinent to say-as, for instance, n he condemns Christ Church Cathedral ollege chapel and cathedral and fails to

Mr. Binder's main interest lies in cathek, at fault in suggesting that it is a | Over sixty years ago Sir John was brought

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THINGS REMEMBERED

My Memories. By John de Villiers.

ugh, thence to Lincoln and Oxford, and | Sir John de Villiers began life as a general ly up the Thames to Stoke Poges, the | factorum in a shipbroker's office, and rose h of which also excites his anger as | to be Keeper of the Map Department in the

ess for a long time while the sacrament of his book Sir John speaks with pride of his religion-that of a Jew. He carries this Proof of Mr. Binder's astuteness may be | zeal to the somewhat mediæval conclusion This is a book, nevertheless, that all young the warning is a timely one.

Magazines of the Month

ernment, Sir Ernest Bennett, M.P., the ways of the woodpecker, s more candour into his title than his ! t, when he writes on "The Troubles of Strand Minority Government" in the April ineteenth Century." Having c heev that the Government had tw e years to run, he persists in t orv and trims it with curious affir roblem of India and save this country " the Conservative party's quite irra-

al hatred of Russia."

ir Arthur Steel-Maitland, in a similar ssian gamble of the Five-Year Plan. Lord Ernle's memoir of the late Edward butt throws valuable light on his agric al work; and the Earl of Crawford a. acute observation that provides food for

ore of the chine of St I deals with the queer nests of wild hirds

lent short stories by E. H. Lidderdal. Eardley Beswick, and a further instalat of Lord Gorell's novel. "Gauntlet the number also contains the second arrowfield stories (Kings and thei

hat intrepid apologist for the Socialist | series; and a study by Oswald H. Latter.

A masterly pen-picture by Mr. Church f the "Strand." It will come as a surrise to many to learn that Lord Balfour. the most easy, sure, and fluent of speakers, [] When he took up the pen, says Mr Churchill. " he came all over a tremble, and crossed out and transposed and rewrote to an amazing extent. He would pend hours upon a paragraph and days pon an article. This was a strange

The number is notable for the range and om out of Sir Ernest's imputation of | story in lighter vein by J. J. Bell. The servative Russophobia. Prof. Coatman | familiar atmosphere of the gentleman crook ributes an objective study of Gandhit in a motor-car is presented in a thrilling Dorling ("Taffrail") destructively story by Gilbert Frankau. Other contrib ree pays a tribute to King Alionso; and | Wodehouse, Prof. Sir J. Arthur Thomson B. L. Jacot, and Claude F. Luke.

Windsor

King Carol of Roumania opens the April character-sketch by Walter T. Roberts. illustrated by some capital portraits. One of the lobby repartees here put on record "I know nothing about you." Halleybury provides the subject for this search has revealed not a single instance | achievements makes most interesting read

ind Lenore van der Veer supplies an ex-

known island of Sardinia, its scenery, his-

tion, near Innsbruck, shows that the The illustrations, especially those in colour aurie Magnus, in the " Hours in Undress " original was not Admiral Duodo, the Pro- are admirable.

tories are varied and excellent.

CENTURY

AND AFTER APRIL CONTENTS INCLUDE: THE TROUBLES OF A MINORITY GOVERNMENT By SIR ERNEST BENNETT, M.P.

FUTURE OF INDUSTRY THE RIGHT HON. SIR ARTHUR MR. GANDHI By PROFESSOR J. COATMAN formerly Director of the Department of

RATIONALISATION AND THE

ublic Information in the Government of THE NAVAL TREATY AND AFTER

BU CAPTAIN TAPRELL DORLING.

CONSTABLE: 10-12 Orange St., London, W.C.2.

GAUNTLET: Ch.XXVII.XXIX. By Lord Gorell

AND THEIR ARMIES By F. H. Dorset. By David Rhydderch. THE DESERTER: A SHORT STORY By E. H. Lidderdale. THE WAY OF THE WOODPECKER

By Oswald H. Latter. THE SHIPS OF ST. ANN'S By Lydia Miller Mackay A COMPLETE TURN: A SHORT STORY By Eardley Beswick (Grant Richards, 6s.) | HOURS IN UNDRESS VII.: POET'S APRIL

LITERARY ACROSTIC No. 92.

APRIL.

H. R. CARTER: WALTERSHAW SPARROW: C. A. EDINGS : MAJOR C. T. P. BAILEY: & LADY WALSTON contribute articles upon A PROBLEM OF IDEN-BACCO PIPES: A ROYAL

TABLE CLOCK by DAVID RAMSAY: & TOLE PEINTE.

APRIL, 1931

Editor : C. REGINALD GRUNDY

List of Contents : A SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE STATECRAFT IN RUSSIA. CHILD PSYCHOLOGY.

BISHOP HEDLEY. THOUGHTS FROM BARON VON HUGE FOR THE QUINCENTENARY OF S NOTES AT AVIGNON By Y. O. Wills ALBANIAN DAYS AND YESTERDAYS

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the new view, and many of these are

ery, folk-iore, and racial types. The short | Bailey deals with a famous table clock who has recently turned up-that made : James I, by the David Ramsay of Scott "The Fortunes of Nigel," Shaw Sparre In the April "Connoisseur" Francis M. | continues his study of Alken, the sporting elly takes a Tintoretto portrait which painter, and Lady Walston describes the red in a recent sale, and by means of the process of tole peinte, the application ords in the great Ambras armour collec- | colour to the decoration of table pewter.

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