

critics and publishers will pass by this much more promising effort by his nephew in silence.

Mr. Anthony Gibbs has written a faulty, mannered, jejune book, but one so gay, so amusing, so electric that its faults are merely the defects of its qualities; the author's high spirits get out of hand at times from sheer exuberance and young vitality. Almost he beats Mr. Wodehouse at his own game, but he does more than Mr. Wodehouse attempts. He has a real flair for character and comment; he touches tragedy — lightly it is true, but with understanding. His story concerns Oxford men — English and American — thus insuring that transatlantic "reader-interest," so desired by English authors. On the whole, a book full of obvious faults, but so genuinely alive that one gives three rousing, if silent, cheers.

*Dulcarnon.* By Henry Milner Rideout. New York: Duffield & Co. \$1.50.

A FINE, improbable, exciting yarn concerning a treasure hunt in India with its plots and counterplots and its unravelings of mysteries. The reader will put it down with regret — and not until he has finished it. The story is written in a gay spirit which carries the reader cheerfully through the perils and perplexities of Indian adventure.

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*High Noon.* By Crosbie Garstin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. \$2.00.

AN intriguing story of Eighteenth Century adventure which has spots of real interest and romance. Unfortunately, the author loses touch with his story and its people. Characters drop out of sight, the plot fades away into nothingness; it will take two or three additional volumes to wind the story off in the conventional manner. Mr. Garstin is a competent but too hurried craftsman.

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*The Black Magician.* By R. T. M. Scott. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. \$2.00.

A MASTER-MINDED detective, almost as coldly intellectual as Sherlock Holmes. A scientific, hypnotizing villain, a faithful Hindu servant, a smart newsboy, and there you have all the elements of a dashing tale of movie crime, spiced up to the dullest palate. Great statesmen and intellectuals will be kept from the service of their country by this entertaining unreality.

*Ebony and Ivory.* By Llewelyn Powys. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.50.

A REPRINT of the sketches of African and English life which first called attention to the sombre talents of Mr. Powys. These short papers are written with the accent of de Maupassant, making no concessions to the censoring amenities. They are powerfully done, but one cannot help feeling that they are infinitely depressing.

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*Peter Vacuum.* By Anthony Gibbs. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press. \$2.00.

THE modest son of Sir Philip Gibbs dedicates this, his first novel, "to my father, who does this sort of thing so much better than I shall ever do." Filial and polite, but inaccurate. The Gibbs family has been all too fecund in mediocre books. One by one the Gibbises have fallen with a rich chocolate splash into that sea of sentimentality which distinguishes and extinguishes the right-thinking, high-minded, and uninspired craftsman. The latest best seller, young Mr. Hamilton Gibbs' first novel, an utterly unimportant, mediocre work, has been widely praised as a really important novel. Perhaps the