

The Good Old-Fashioned Way

There are some people you would never think of asking to dine with you, but if you both happen to drop into the same restaurant about 7 o'clock you can spend a very pleasant evening together. Which is exactly the way we feel about Archibald Marshall. We should never think of buying one of his books, but if we found it, for instance, on a guest-room bed-side table we might be late to breakfast the next morning. His latest novel is *Sir Harry*. It might, perhaps, be called a war novel, inasmuch as the war begins before the story is fairly launched and is responsible for its conclusion, but its strong wind barely ruffles the surface of the quiet life at Royd Castle. The story goes tranquilly and restfully on its way. Sir Harry is a likeable lad, tho at times almost too noble. His proud, aristocratic grandmother, his shallow, selfish little mother, the tutor, the artist and the three girls are well drawn, but the best character in the book is the clergyman-novelist who wrote to his wife:

I must confess that I was gratified when Mrs. Brent, who had not taken much part in the conversation, said, "I have read *all* your books, Mr. Grant, and think they are

lovely. So touching!" This is the sort of compliment that I value. It is to the simple mind that I make my appeal, and Mrs. Brent is quite evidently of a lower class of intelligence than those about her.

It is in this sort of gentle satire that Mr. Marshall is at his best and really justifies Professor Phelps in comparing him with Trollope. But he seems to lose his sense of humor when he writes of love or strong emotion and he never, never, never leaves anything to your imagination.

Sir Harry, by Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead & Co.