

CONTENTS



R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART

Retreat from Glory page 1

CAPTAIN JAMES BARKER

Log of a Limejuicer page 5

ISAK DINESEN

Seven Gothic Tales page 7

Landscape with Figures page 27

EDWARD SEAGO

Sons of Sawdust page 36

DESMOND MacCARTHY

Experience page 37

Putnam & Co. Ltd.

24 Bedford

Street, W.C.2

Temple Bar 4923

HARCOURT WILLIAMS

Tales from Ebony page 40

PATRICK RUSS

Beasts Royal page 42

The Stork

A magazine of the House of Putnam

RETREAT FROM GLORY*

By R. H. Bruce Lockhart

A Royal Reception

SOME of our experiences were truly Ruritarian. On one occasion we received an invitation to go down to stay with Henry Cartwright, who had been on our Military Mission in Vienna and Prague and was now our Consul at Bratislava. He had promised us that we should catch a huchen and shoot a chamois, and, Henry being a man of his word, we naturally accepted. He was a splendid fellow, tall, good-looking, and with a commanding presence. A former captain in the Middlesex Regiment, he had had a wonderful war record, had been captured and terribly treated by the Germans, and, after an incredible number of attempts, had finally succeeded in escaping. Now, at this time, he was the uncrowned king of Bratislava, respected and looked up to by the five antagonistic Hungarian, German, Jewish, Czech and Slovak elements which composed the hybrid population of the town. When we arrived at our destination—a little village on the Waag river, we noticed that the local population treated Henry

* Reprinted from pages 123–126 of *Retreat from Glory*, by R. H. Bruce Lockhart. 10s. 6d. net. Putnam.

THE STORK

with a respect which the Czechs had never accorded to our Minister, let alone to ourselves, in Prague. It was the kind of reverence which Roman sycophants might have accorded to Caligula in the days when he was aping Jupiter. The man who was providing us with the fishing and the chamois was a small Hungarian squire. He welcomed us cordially enough as Cartwright's friends, but to Henry himself his attitude was the quintessence of deferential awe. In the absence of the requisite red carpet, he was almost prepared to lay himself at Henry's feet rather than allow the rough stones of the Slovak roads to soil the great man's shoes.

Our first efforts in this sporting paradise were to be devoted to huchen fishing, and our procession or rather Cartwright's to the river was regal. One keeper carried his bag, another his rod, while the local squire, with many bows and flourishes of his hat, explained just where the best huchen lay and how they were certain to fall to the right bait—a Zopf, or pig-tail, of worms surmounted by a swivelled cap. A Slovak, however, may bring three inexperienced Englishmen to the river, he may give to them rods, bait, and the best advice, but he cannot persuade the huchen to attach themselves to the hook. We laboured manfully but in vain, and at the end of a strenuous day we were glad to get back to our host's house, where an enormous dinner, preceded by slivowitz (plum vodka) and washed down by local wines, awaited us. Our host was very upset. Continuing to ignore us, he was profoundly apologetic to Cartwright. Then his face brightened. To-morrow would be all right. The chamois were there. His keepers had worked them towards a neighbouring height. To-morrow, His Highness would bag three or four. We exchanged glances. Hungarians were Orientals.

THE STORK

Therefore they were flatterers. But "Highness"—this was going a little too far.

It was during dinner that the bubble of Henry's transient glory was pricked. My wife sat on the squire's left (Cartwright of course sat on his right), and, during one of the rare intervals when he was not plying Henry with food or wine, he said to her in an awe-stricken whisper: "What relation is he to the King?" My wife looked puzzled. She knows no Hungarian. The Magyar knew no English. Her German is not exactly a gift from God. The Hungarian's was little better. "Who to what King?" she asked. The Hungarian explained. "Why, your Duke to your King, of course," he said. He waved an expansive and almost possessive arm towards Cartwright. My wife shook her head. "But he's no Duke," she said. This time it was the turn of the Hungarian to express surprise. For a moment a startled look came into his eyes. Then he smiled. Women, of course, were ignorant creatures. From the depths of a pocket-book he produced his ace of trumps and put his finger to his lips. "Look," he whispered. The evidence

SIR GEORGE CLERK

First British Minister to the Czecho-Slovak Republic, 1919-1926. Now British Ambassador in Paris.

An impression by W. Kermode taken from his wrapper design for *Retreat from Glory*.



THE STORK

of my wife's insanity and of his own omniscience was one of Cartwright's official cards. It was inscribed as follows:

Captain Cartwright, M.C.,
Duke of Cambridge's Own.

"Now," said the squire triumphantly, "please tell me what relation your Duke is to your King." At last my wife saw the light. The squire had interpreted the card as Henry Cartwright, Duke of Cambridge. It was not a very grotesque error. These were hard times for royalties. The Hungarian had seen some of his own Archdukes reduced to taking jobs on the music-halls. Why should not an English royalty undertake the highly honourable and important duties of British Consul in Bratislava?

Retreat from Glory

By **R. H. Bruce Lockhart**
author of *Memoirs of a British Agent*

Demy 8vo.

10s. 6d. net

A sequel to his famous *Memoirs of a British Agent*. The drama of Central Europe after Versailles.

PUTNAM

THE STORK

LOG OF A LIMEJUICER *

By Captain James Barker

CAPTAIN BARKER has spent forty-four of his fifty-eight years at sea, chiefly in command of sailing ships. He has rounded the Horn forty-one times under canvas. His grandfather, Commander James Charnley, still wore the cocked hat and buckled shoes of the old-time sailor.

Young James Barker was apprenticed when he was

THE MAN—



—AND HIS SHIP



fourteen to the "Ravenswood" and set sail for Valparaiso. He rose from apprentice to mate and finally master, and for many years was in command of the ship "British Isles." In his life there is all the thrill of the sea: mutinies, wrecks, storms, ship racing against ship, primitive operations carried out by the master, and even murder. He has a tale to tell.

The tale of the triumphs and hardship of the seaman.

* *Log of a Limejuicer*, by Captain James Barker. Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. Putnam.

THE STORK



*Design by Rex Whistler for wrapper and Frontispiece of
"Seven Gothic Tales."*

THE STORK

SEVEN GOTHIC TALES*

By Isak Dinesen

The Affront

“THIS, my sweet Nino, is my story, and I hope that I have not bored you with it. You would do me a great service if you would tell me what you think of it.”

There was a silence. The dark young Prince leaned forward, put his arm upon the table and his chin in his hand, and looked at the old man. This movement had in it so much of the cat which he was holding that it gave Augustus quite a shock.

“Yes, under your favour,” he said, “I have been a little bored, for I think that as a story yours was too long, and even yet it has had no end. Let us make an end to-night.”

He refilled his glass with his left hand and half emptied it. Then, with a gentle movement, as if he had drunk too much to make a more violent effort, he tossed the glass across the table into the old man’s face. The wine ran down the scarlet mouth and powdered chin. The glass rolled on to his lap and from there fell to the floor and was broken.

The young man with the fair curly hair gave a scream. He jumped up and, producing a small lace handkerchief, tried to wipe the wine from the other’s face, as if it had been blood. But the fat old man pushed him away. His face remained for a moment quite immovable, like a mask. Then it began to glow, as if from inside, with a strange triumphant brightness. It would have been impossible to say whether his face really coloured under the paint, but

* Reprinted from pages 36–37, “The Roads Round Pisa.” *Seven Gothic Tales*, by Isak Dinesen. Large Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. Putnam.

THE STORK

it showed suddenly the same effect of heightened primitive vitality. He had looked old while he was telling his tale. Now he gave the impression of youth or childhood. Augustus now saw who he was really like: he had the soft fullness, and the great power behind it, of the ancient statues of Bacchus. The atmosphere of the room became resplendent with his rays, as if the old god had suddenly revealed himself, vine-crowned, to mortals. He took up a handkerchief and carefully dabbed his mouth with it, then, looking at it, he spoke in a low and sweet voice, such as a god would use in speaking to human beings, aware that his natural strength is too much for them.

"It is a tradition of your family, Nino, I know," he said, "this exquisite *savoir-mourir*." He sipped a little of his lemonade to take away the taste of the wine which had touched his mouth. "What an excellent critic you are," he went on, "not only of your own Tuscan songs, but of modern prose as well. That exactly was the fault of my story: that it had no end. A charming thing, an end. Will you come to-morrow at sunrise to the terrace at the back of this house. I know the place; it is a very good spot."

Evening Standard

September Book of the Month

Seven Gothic Tales

By ISAK DINESEN

PUTNAM & COMPANY, LTD.

THE STORK



Isak Dinesen, author of *Seven Gothic Tales*. In private life Baroness Blixen.

THE STORK

ISLES OF THE ISLAND*

By S. P. B. Mais

"*Great Britain is a country of Lighthouses.*"—Hendrick van Loon.

ISLAND WANTED.—Not necessarily U.K. Harbour desirable. Box P1440, *The Times*, E.C.4.

I HAVE always wanted to own an island. Not to use as a sanctuary from my fellowmen, nor wholly as a sanctuary for birds, though I certainly should be unhappy if they didn't flock there freely, but to give rein to my desire for silence, sea, sky and space. I should like to be king of a little space.

I envy no man his Derby winner nor his private steam yacht, but I certainly wish that I could write as well as Mr. Compton Mackenzie, so that I might spend my money as wisely in the acquisition of islands. I envy few men their birth, but I should like to have been a Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, and there are not many titles that I would prefer above that of Seigneur of Sark.

Islands are undoubtedly coming into their own. If the present passion for possession on the part of merchant princes and successful artists continues, the sheep will have to graze on the mainland and the birds fly to the seclusion of St. James's Park.

My own desires in this respect are modest: I know exactly the sort of island that I want. It must be a high rock about three miles long and a mile broad, far enough out to sea not to be visible from the land at all in fair

* Reprinted from preface to *Isles of the Island*, by S. P. B. Mais, a new book of broadcast talks describing the author's Island Tour. 32 Illustrations and 7 Maps. A companion volume to *This Unknown Island*. 7s. 6d. net. Putnam.

THE STORK

weather, and only in its bare outline, hard and clear, as a portent of approaching rain.

I used to think that it was Lundy for me, or nothing. I have now discovered that there are at least five hundred islands round the British coast equally romantic in history, equally compact in size, equally rugged in sea-cliffs.

Our wealth in islands has scarcely begun to be exploited. The glamour that sits like a halo round an island makes Ryde sound a far more exciting place than Southsea, and everyone who goes as far afield as Broadstairs likes to say that he has been staying in the Isle of Thanet.



*The ideal island by H. R. Ball, who has drawn the maps for
"Isles of the Island"*

Well, how many islands are there encompassing our own? From that hummock on Iona that I modestly allowed a view of thirty, Mr. Walter de la Mare claims three hundred when clear weather stretches between sea and heaven. Obviously we shall be wise not to attempt a strict computation. It is sufficient that there are enough and to spare, unspoilt, indeed unknown and likely to remain unknown.

To reach felicity we must cross the water. "We must," says Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, "cross it to an island and a small one." Yes, but what do you mean by small? I think

THE STORK

that the dimensions demanded by Mr. de la Mare, thirteen miles by four, are ideal. The island exists. It is Mas-a-tierra, one of the Juan Fernandez group, discovered by the Spaniard of that name; visited by Dampier, and lived on by Alexander Selkirk, of Largo, Fife. Yes, Robinson Crusoe's island.

"A creek, a spit of quicksand, dunes, caves, precipices, cataracts, streams, an unfathomable inland lake, morning mists, bright moons, an occasional spouting hurricane—all these seem desirable, and in certain of our traits our island should be all but (and perhaps in one region, quite) inaccessible." So far Mr. de la Mare.

Certainly there are times when I pine for coral reefs, blue lagoons, tropical colours, or Hawaiian scents, but there is magic in the misty isles of Britain.

And there is always the edifying thought that on one of our islands no man could degenerate into a beachcomber. You have to keep running to keep warm.

Give me the rich friendliness of Orkney, the warmth of Scilly, the grandeur of the Cuillin, and I am content to forego the more exotic delights of that "enchanted, uninhabited, abundantly fruitful, richest, healthfullest, pleasing, meerely naturall" island of Bermuda and to leave Mamua's lovelier head uncaressed in far Papeete.

New Cheap Edition

This Unknown Island

By S. P. B. MAIS

34 *Illustrations*

17 *Maps*

3s. 6d. net

PUTNAM

THE STORK

TURKESTAN SOLO*

By Ella K. Maillart

The Book and the Author by Sir E. Denison Ross

A YOUNG woman with good looks, iron constitution, and independence, having exhausted the thrills of winning ski-ing races, of touring the Mediterranean in a small sailing boat with three other girls, and of climbing peaks in the Alps and the Caucasus, feels she must taste the joys of nomad life among people who know nothing of the West. She must shut out all that has surrounded her civilised upbringing and discover what life looks like to those who still live in tents and have no belongings that they cannot carry with them.

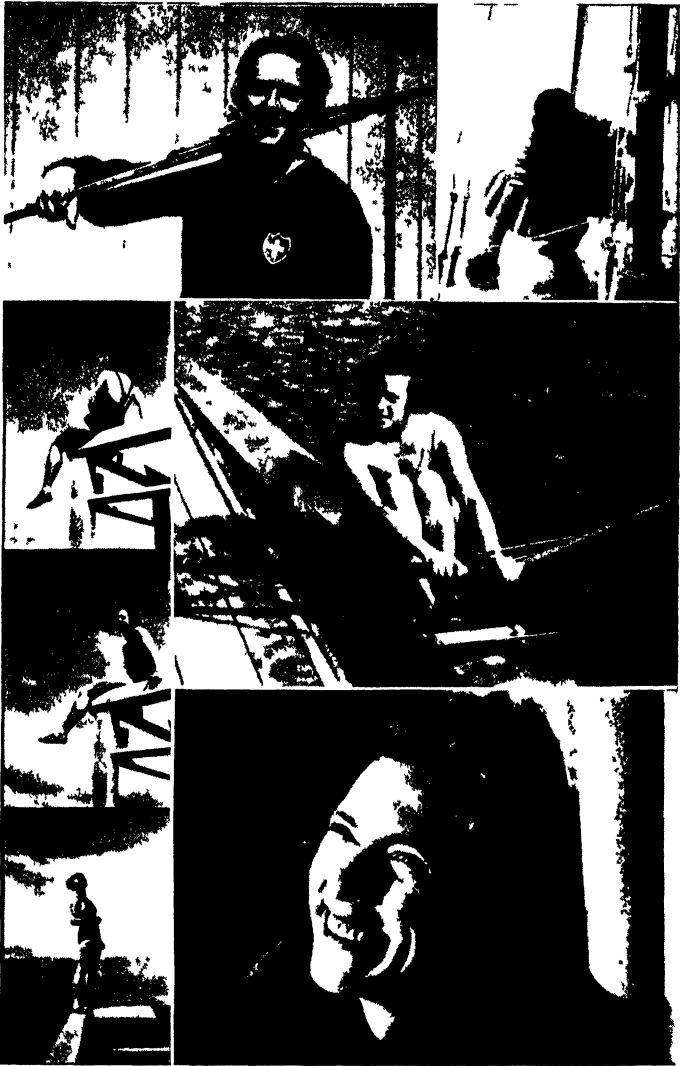
The journey she made was only possible for one knowing Russian, and even with this advantage she had the greatest difficulty in finding in Moscow some party bound for Turkestan which she could join.

She knew nothing of the East when she set out, and she gives us delightful impressions of her first meeting with the nomads, whom she compares to sailors who are at home everywhere and nowhere, and only make one port as a preparation for the next. She is enraptured with the desert and the Steppe, and finds in the hazy atmosphere and the absence of vertical lines in the landscape the explanation of the narrow slits which half hide the eyes of the Tartar.

Her journey occupied from July 1932 to January 1933, and many thousands of miles were traversed in or on every variety of transport or beast. She wandered in the land of the Kirghiz which lies between the Tien Shan or

* *Turkestan Solo*, by Ella K. Maillart. Translated by John Rodker. 64 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. Putnam.

THE STORK



ELLA MAILLART. *Traveller, actress, linguist, rower, swimmer, Olympic ski-er, sailor and writer.*

THE STORK



Sir E. Denison Ross, well-known Orientalist traveller and author, who contributed this article to THE STORK.

Celestial Mountains and the Kizil Kum or Red Sands which border the eastern shores of the Sea of Aral, and one of the most trying of her experiences was her fifteen days journey on camel-back across this desert in piercing cold, dependent solely on the provisions she carried with her. She was, incidentally, the first European to attempt to cross this five hundred miles of waterless steppe.

She took advantage of her sex whenever opportunity offered to visit the female quarters of Muslim households and lets us into many secrets hidden from the mere man explorer.

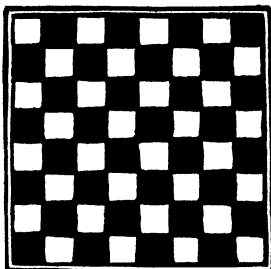
Samarkand and Bokhara as they are to-day are vividly described, and Mademoiselle Maillart proves herself as keen an observer of historical monuments as she is of her fellow-creatures and of nature.

Interspersed with her own experiences are a number of thrilling tales of adventure told her by the strange friends she made in out of the way places, and we must add to the many gifts with which Mademoiselle Maillart is endowed that of a first-class raconteuse.

The quality of her photographs is only equalled by the excellence of the subjects taken, often under conditions which demanded secrecy.

THE STORK

BLACK & WHITE LIBRARY



A uniform series of volumes
other than fiction, of lasting
interest

5/- net each

1. MEMOIRS OF A
BRITISH AGENT
By R H Bruce Lockhart
Portrait frontispiece
2. CIRCUS COMPANY
By Edward Seago
*Frontispiece in colour and 8 black
and white illustrations*
3. FROM FAITH TO
FAITH
By W L Orchard, D D
4. KAISER
WILHELM II
By Emil Ludwig
21 illustrations
5. THE POWER AND
SECRET OF THE
JESUITS
By René Fulop Müller
143 illustrations
6. OLIVER
CROMWELL
By Charles Firth
40 illustrations

Other volumes to come.

PUTNAM & CO. LTD.

AND QUIET FLOWS THE DON

A Title that appeals to
the popular imagination

My Literary Bureau

"No, little one, *And Quiet Flows the Don* is in no sense a tale of Oxford in the 'eighties. You have been misinformed."

Beachcomber, Daily Express

Our Obstinate Artist



'*And Quiet Flows the Don*'
was what we asked the artist to
illustrate and this is what he did

Reprinted from Daily Sketch

GOOD WORK OF LEYLAND,
BROWN SOLID, BUT SWIFTLY
FLOWS THE DON.

Daily Herald Cricket Headline

AND QUIET FLOWS THE DON

by Mikhail Sholokhov

25th thousand

THE STORK

WHO ONCE EATS OUT OF THE TIN BOWL*

By Hans Fallada

KUFALT peered into the glass case. The sliding door stood half open. The post must have just come, a whole pile of letters lay on the table, and on top of it a longish yellowish envelope with a white registration receipt.

He looked round him. No one seemed to be noticing him. Then he read what he expected to find: "Herr Willi Kufalt. Central Prison."

The long-awaited letter from his brother-in-law, Werner Pause; the letter that contained money, or the offer of work.

A quick movement of the hand, and the letter and the registration slip were in his pocket. Slowly Kufalt mounted the steps to his cell.

He stood at his table under the window, his back carefully turned towards the grating in the door, so that no one could see his hands.

He fingered the envelope. Yes, there was something inside it, an enclosure. They had sent him some money! It did not seem to be a very lengthy letter, but there was a thickish enclosure inside.

So Werner had come to his rescue. In his heart of hearts he would never have believed it. However Werner was a decent fellow, take him all round. He had been pretty savage when it happened, but that was natural enough.

* Reprinted from pages 79-81 of *Who Once Eats out of the Tin Bowl*, by Hans Fallada. Translated by Eric Sutton. 7s. 6d. net. Putnam.

THE STORK



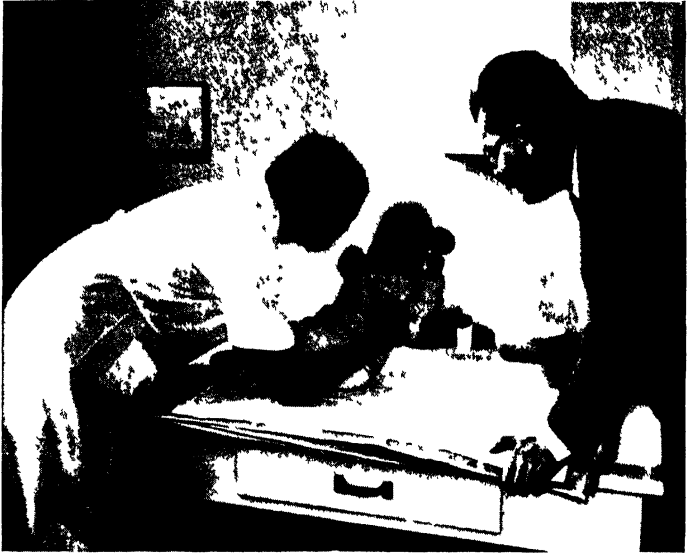
HANS FALLADA WITH HIS WIFE



HANS FALLADA, author of *Little Man What Now* and *Who Once Eats out of the Tin Bowl*, with his wife and children at his home in Carwitz, Mecklenburg, Germany.

Herr Fallada is the most famous of the modern German authors who continue to write undisturbed by the new régime. He wrote *Who*

THE STORK



AND TWO CHILDREN AT HOME

Once Eats out of the Tin Bowl on his Mecklenburg estate, which he bought after the success in this country and Germany of his *Little Man What Now*. The film of this novel will be shown in London this autumn with Margaret Sullavan playing "Bunny." Fallada has been compared with Charles Dickens.



THE STORK

Life in the world—how glorious it was going to be! He would have all he needed, though of course he would be very, very economical. But he could go into a café, perhaps even into a bar. . . .

They could not send less than a thousand marks, to give him any sort of start. And in five or six weeks he might ask for a larger sum, three or four thousand, to set himself up in a nice little business, a tobacconist's perhaps. . . .

No.—No.—

The enclosure was not money: it was a key, a flat key, the key of a trunk. Pity. . . . And the letter:

“HERR WILLI KUFALT.

At CENTRAL PRISON; CELL 365.

“By the instructions of Herr Werner Pause, we have the honour to inform you that he has received your letter of the 3-4, together with your previous letters. Herr Pause regrets to state that there is at present no position vacant for you in his office, and furthermore that if one were vacant, he would feel bound from the social point of view to give it to one of the numerous unemployed who have not been in prison, many of whom are in the deepest distress. As regards the financial assistance for which you have asked, Herr Pause regrets that he must refuse this request also. According to information before us you should have earned during your term of imprisonment, a not inconsiderable sum in wages for work done, which should serve to keep you during the period immediately subsequent to your release. Herr Pause desires to draw your particular attention to the numerous Welfare Organisations which exist to deal with such cases as yours, and will certainly be glad to do something for you.

“Herr Pause expressly requests that you will address

THE STORK

no further communications to himself, or his wife—your sister, or her mother. The distress of the past has only been partially and with difficulty overcome, and any action on your part that might revive it would lead to even more definite estrangement. Herr Pause has, however, had despatched to you by passenger train a portion of your personal effects; you will receive the remainder when you have led a respectable life for at least a year. The key of the trunk is enclosed with this letter.

“We beg to remain,

Your obedient Servants,

PAUSE AND WAHRHOLZ

pp. REINHOLD STEKENS.”

The May day was still bright and radiant, and the cell was full of light. Outside, it was exercise hour; he could hear the shuffle, shuffle of many feet.

“Five paces apart! Keep your distance!” shouted a warder. “And keep your mouths shut, or I’ll report you.”

Kufalt sat, with his letter in his hand, staring at nothing.

SKETCHES IN STABLE AND KENNEL

BY LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.

With 12 coloured and 12
black and white illustrations

4to *10s. 6d. net*

P U T N A M • L O N D O N

THE STORK

BROWN JACK*

By Robert Charles Lyle

A Private Sitting

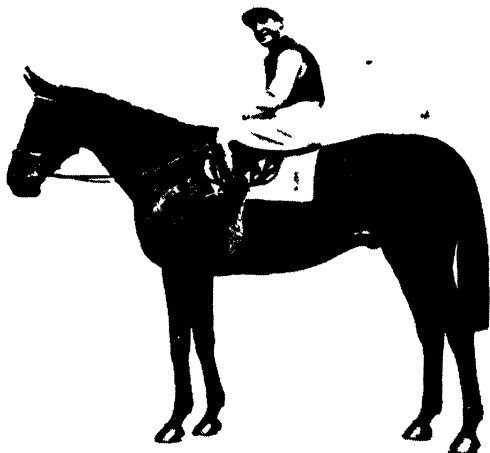
THE road from Swindon to Wroughton descends steeply from the old town of Swindon to flat water meadows and fields of crops, across which it hastens towards the Downs, a mile and a half away, that rise steeply like a green wall before it. As you go towards Wroughton you will meet a bus or two of the local Wroughton service to Swindon, and each of these buses carries a horseshoe for luck. The shoes are Brown Jack's. At the outskirts of the village the road forks, and at the fork stands an inn, and within the inn the walls of the bar are covered with photographs of Brown Jack: and here is a photograph of the local football team, and the team is called The Brown Jacks.

You approach the stables by a lane from the back and find yourself in a small yard with a dozen or so boxes facing you and the Downs behind your back: penetrate further and you come to a larger yard with lines of boxes on three sides and a tennis-court on the fourth: and here Brown Jack has spent every spring and summer since 1927, and alongside him, since 1930, Mail Fist.

If it is early afternoon, and you look into Brown Jack's box, you will see a curious sight. Brown Jack will be sitting on his manger fast asleep. That is one of his odd habits that has long been noised abroad. Perhaps it is another sign of his amazing intelligence. The manger is of iron, fitted across the outer corner of his box, on your left as you look in through the door. It was soon after Brown

* Reprinted from *Brown Jack*, by R. C. Lyle. Illustrated by Lionel Edwards, R.I. 10s. 6d. net. Edition de Luxe, 105s. net. Putnam.

THE STORK



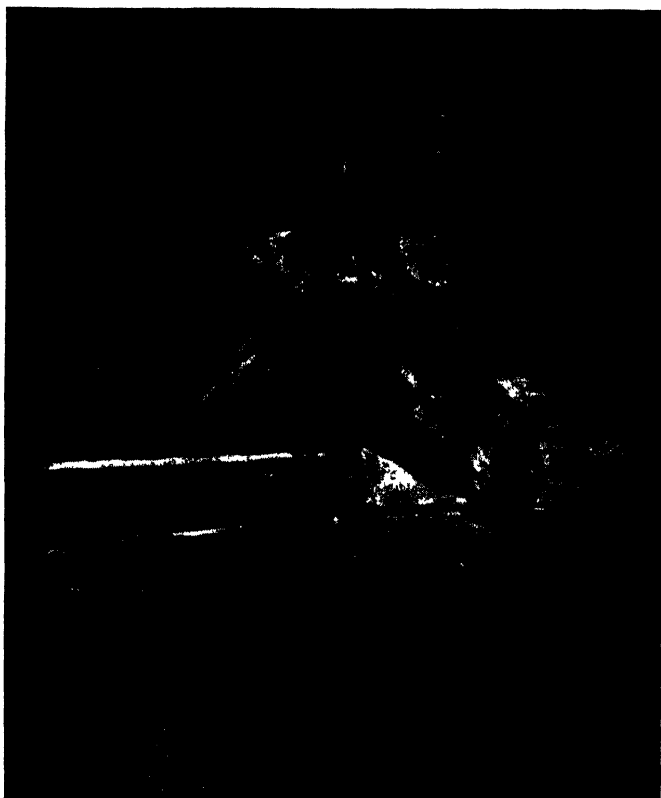
BROWN JACK. 1934.

STEVE DONOGHUE UP.

Jack first came to Wroughton that Ivor Anthony, glancing into his box one day, saw him sitting there. He was naturally astonished. He had lived all his life with horses, but never had he seen a horse sit like that before. He thought awhile, and then decided—"Well if the fellow wants to sit down he may as well have a cushion." That was typical of Ivor Anthony's care and consideration of his charges. The manger was of bare iron, cold and hard to Brown Jack's haunches: if he liked sitting down no trouble was too great to make him really comfortable. Typical, too, of Ivor Anthony that he himself, assisted by Alfie Garratt, that same evening set about the job of making the manger more like an easy chair. He drilled holes through the iron, got a nice piece of felt and tied it on. The manger was nicely covered before the evening was over, and looked more tempting for Brown Jack's haunches.

I wish I could write that Anthony's work was appreciated.

THE STORK



BROWN JACK

Portrait Frontispiece by Lionel Edwards, R.I.

But it was not; or did not appear to be. Brown Jack had a mind of his own, and knew exactly what was most conducive to his comfort. The next morning Alfie Garratt found the piece of felt, looking much the worse for wear, outside Brown Jack's box. Brown Jack had torn and bitten it off in the night and dropped it through the top door of his box, which is always open, into the yard.

THE STORK

This, in private life, is the same "old gentleman" who at the age of seven had stirred many of us almost to tears by his brave victories at Chester, Ascot and York, and his no less gallant failures at Goodwood and at Doncaster. And he was not finished with yet. The handicappers were well aware of that. In 1932 he suffered for his brilliance of the previous year. In race after race he was on the ten stone mark. This was high testimony from the handicappers, but it must be confessed that on more than one occasion Brown Jack was beaten not by his inability to concede the weight to his opponents, but by the crushing weight he himself had to carry: had the weights been reduced seven pounds all round he would have gained, I am sure, at least one more success. As it was, when the handicapper did give him a chance, and he was set to carry the comparatively reasonable weight of nine stone seven pounds, he took the opportunity to remind everyone of what he could do—and to show the handicappers that they could not take a chance with him yet.

WINNER AT ASCOT LAST SEVEN YEARS

BROWN JACK

By

CAPTAIN R. C. LYLE

"The Times" Racing Correspondent

Illustrated by

LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.

Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net and de Luxe Edition

PUTNAM & CO., LTD.,
24 Bedford Street, London, W.C.2

THE STORK

MEMOIRS OF A BRITISH AGENT*

By R. H. Bruce Lockhart

In Praise of Boston

FOLLOWING the very successful New York publication of his book, the author went early in 1934 on a lecture tour in America, and Bostonians like to think that he found their town particularly sympathetic. When he left he published this envoy in the *New York Saturday Review of Literature*:

I'VE never seen a Lowell walk,
Nor heard a Cabot speak with God,
But I enjoy good Boston talk
And Boston beans and Boston cod.

And dear to me are Boston's ways,
Her tea-shops and her candied sweets,
Her old-world charm and quaint displays,
Her gabled roofs and sloping streets.

Here Life moves on an ordered stage,
Whereon the Past is still sublime,
And spinsters of Victorian age
Hold fort against the raids of time.

Here every stone shows Boston's pride
In throwing off the British yoke,
Yet Boston's English none may chide:
She speaks it as it should be spoke.

* *Memoirs of a British Agent*, by R. H. Bruce Lockhart. New cheap edition. "Black and White Library." 5s. net. Putnam.

THE STORK

But, most of all, I like the town
Because it's so sedate and slow,
Because no sky-scrappers frown down
On speed-mad Troglodytes below.

But houses built three storeys high
With English porch and winding stair,
A gray mist in an English sky,
A common and a cobbled square,

And fisherfolk in argosies,
With snow-clad prow and frosted wings,
Who brave the wintry deep—All these
Are our and Boston's lasting things.

R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART.

The Gift for Music Lovers

COMPLETE OPERA BOOK

By GUSTAV KOBBE

New Edition. Revised and Enlarged
by Ferruccio Bonavia

Over 900 pages 64 illustrations

8/6 net

PUTNAM & CO. LTD.

THE STORK

SEVEN GOTHIC TALES

By Isak Dinesen

*A Danish Genius**

By Howard Spring

HERE is a book that is great not by comparison with its contemporaries, but by any standard that you care to apply. This belongs to the company of the world's great books.

It is encouraging to find such a book being written in our day. It is flattering that its author should have chosen English for her medium. It is significant that the work comes from out of that group of little countries which have given to civilisation the Town Hall of Stockholm, the sculptures of Milles, the Copenhagen ceramics of Malinowski and Henning, the glass of Orrefors and much exquisite work in silver.

The Scandinavian Renaissance is something to thank God for. . . .

For the best description of these tales we must go to "Isak Dinesen" herself. She is speaking of the work of young Anders Kube, the poet, and might well be speaking of her own: "He had a mind which strangely enlarged everything he met. Under the handling of his thoughts things became gigantic, like those huge shadows of themselves upon the mist which travellers in mountains meet and are terrified of gigantic and somehow grotesque, like objects playing about a little outside of human reason."

"Centaur, faun, and water deities" have their part in these Gothic tales, which are always "a little outside human reason." That is a difficult region to explore and make

* By courtesy of the *Evening Standard*. *Seven Gothic Tales*. 7s. 6d. net. Putnam.

THE STORK

credible; but, seeing that we are not creatures of pure reason, say what we will, it is a legitimate and indeed important region for any artist who would suggest something of the total impossibility of human experience. And so in "The Supper at Elsinore" we sit down to dine unquestioningly with a pirate's ghost and are neither dismayed nor astounded when, in "The Monkey," an elegant old lady is metamorphosed into an ape.

Isak Dinesen commands a lovely English style. She sees a sailing ship making a northern port in winter "coated with ice until it looked as if it were drawn with chalk upon a dark sea." She has the power to bring everything before you like that in pictures which you cannot fail to see, for, clearly, her mind is caparisoned with a richness of imagery that is, to say the least, unusual. She moves familiarly among unfamiliar things, giving the impression, so rarely conveyed by a writer, of being compounded of subtler clay than ours.

She leaves, indeed, unmistakably upon the mind the impression of the great gulf that lies between genius and talent. Here is superb technical ability allied to the gift of the gods, a beautifully fashioned mouthpiece for the wind that bloweth where it listeth.

SEVEN GOTHIC TALES

by Isak Dinesen

The atmosphere is assuredly "Gothic"—Gothic of course of the Romantic Revival. There is a strong dash of Barbey d'Aurevilly's love for the ghastly; an occasional echo of the horse-hoofs of the androgynous Mlle. de Maupin; a share of Anatole France's taste for inverted Biblical apologue, and—what gives the book, perhaps, its most attractive pages—something of Hans Andersen's pleasure in Scandinavian legend and landscape.—*Times Literary Supplement.*

THE STORK

HANS FALLADA

*Who Once Eats
Out of the Tin Bowl*

Translated by Eric Sutton
Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net

*A story of Convict Life told with humour,
pathos and charm*

PUTNAM LONDON

THE WANDERING
JEW

By

Emily Temple Thurston

from the play by

Ernest Temple Thurston

7s. 6d. net

First the *play* with Matheson Lang;
then the *film* with Conrad Veidt;
now the *novel* with the greater scope of
fiction and a richer historical background.

THE STORK

DR. MARIE STOPES*

By Douglas Brent

SHE is probably the most famous Englishwoman in the world. Her name is known to millions, who have never heard of Elinor Glyn or Greta Garbo; her influence is enormous. Her books are translated into scores of languages, and it has been estimated that every copy is read by twenty persons.

She is half-Scots and half-English, Edinburgh-born but by adoption and temperament altogether a Londoner.

She went to Munich to study, and learned German by the rough method of watching the smiles her blunders provoked. There with students from all over the world, she broadened her mind with endless arguments—religion, ethics, science, economics.

Immediately afterwards, she was appointed to a post at Manchester University—the first woman ever to teach science there.

It was while at Manchester that she first began to think about the problems with which to-day most of us associate her name. She would meet unhappy women of the working class, to whom eighth and ninth children were being born; and to her it seemed foolish, futile, unnecessary.

Married Love, the book which made her name a household word all over the world, was not published until 1918. It was short, simple and explicit, and became one of the biggest-selling books in existence. Its total of recorded sale is fast approaching the million mark.

* Reprinted by courtesy of *Pictorial Weekly*, March 10th, 1934.

THE STORK

She has made substantial profits from her books, but she has spent far more on the Cause and she and her husband are poorer than when she started her campaign.

“Pirate” editions, upon which she receives no royalties, are selling at furious speeds in half a dozen Asiatic countries.

When first she began to write, she expected abuse and opposition. She had it in plenty. But she is a fighter, and it takes more than that to divert her from her path.

But she has had her meed of praise, too. And what has touched her most is the gratitude—expressed in tens of thousands of letters, pouring in by every post, in every language and from every grade of society.

What is she like, this modern Joan of Arc?

Likeable to talk to. A pleasant smile, a vigorous handshake, a rapid, efficient delivery of words, she has to-day little time to listen to criticism or abuse arising out of barbarous prejudice or ignorance. But well-informed criticism she is always willing, even anxious, to hear.

She is small and friendly, a good listener and a good talker. Herself a mother of an exceptionally healthy and intelligent boy, she finds that one of her greatest obstacles is the delusion that she is “anti-baby.”

She loves babies: that’s why she wants them to be healthy, and stand a chance of living a decent life.

Her hobbies are mostly sidelines of her work. She has written a novel, *Love’s Creation*, which deals with her favourite subject. She has written several plays, one of which, “Our Ostriches,” ran for three months, and has since been revived. The first night was a riotous occasion.

THE STORK

She is a fierce pamphleteer. She thrives on opposition, never refusing a challenge. She is a dangerous opponent, for she has myriads of facts at her finger-tips, and speaks and writes a fluent, easy, forceful English which marks the natural stylist.

She called on Lloyd George, when he was Prime Minister, to ask his support. Non-committal, he said: "Show us that there is a public behind you; hold great meetings. There has never been a really *respectable* great meeting on the subject in the country."

"All right," she said, "I'll pack the Queen's Hall."

And she did.

To-day her health is troublesome. The fog of London is painful to her. In one of the loveliest spots in Surrey, she works endlessly, answering letters, giving advice, planning forthcoming campaigns. Down there on Box Hill, her Chow dog, Nigger, never leaves her.

Marie Stopes has started more than one revolution, and the ones she has precipitated are ten times more astounding than anything Rousseau, Marx, or Lenin set in motion.

And she hasn't finished yet!

POPULAR WORKS BY

Marie Carmichael Stopes, D.Sc. Ph.D.

"Numbers of needlessly unhappy marriages have been set right by her instruction."

George Bernard Shaw.

MARRIED LOVE 765th Thousand	} 6s. net each
RADIANT MOTHERHOOD 87th Thousand	
ENDURING PASSION 60th Thousand	

PUTNAM & CO., LTD., 24 Bedford St., London

THE STORK

LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES*

By Bryan Guinness



Ker, Seymer & Tomlin

BRYAN GUINNESS

THE horsemen came suddenly upon a slender girl with golden hair who was sitting half-hidden by a fold of the down on a hummock overlooking Gambit's Farm. She was reading a book. (She was the same girl, as a matter of fact, who had opened the gate for Paul Webb.) Henry whispered facetiously that she ought to be provided with a bowl

of curds and whey, and expressed a hope that the Bashibazouk would not come and sit down beside her.

The girl looked up shyly at the sound of their hooves and then pretended to go on reading.

Timothy thought that she was more like a beautiful goose girl from a story by the brothers Grimm. He looked about in vain for her geese. He wondered whether she was the girl he had seen catching a goose in the distance below him the last time he had passed Gambit's Farm.

This ride, he realised suddenly, would be the last

* Reprinted from *Landscape with Figures*, by Bryan Guinness (author of *Singing Out of Tune*). 7s. 6d. net. Putnam.

THE STORK

time for ages that he would pass it. To-morrow he was to launch out into the unknown world of school. He tried to think of the wooden grandeur of his playbox with its polished metal fastening and his name painted in black on the top. He tried to think of the half-hunter watch his father was going to give him. You could pretend to open it by blowing on the lid. And it ticked with the double tick of a lever movement. But he could not keep the black apprehension from his mind. Echoes of what was in store for him had reached him through school-story books and from the lips of other boys, sometimes exaggerated perhaps, but always unpleasant.

And his pony here beneath his legs must be left. And the downs. And his garden. And this great Hadley Wood into which they were just riding. As he came among the shadows of the trees, the tears began to course down his cheeks.

“What’s the matter, Trapper,” asked Sarah. “Poor old Tim,” said Henry. “But think how you’ll enjoy the holidays.”

“Oh, bother the holidays,” said Timothy, and kicked his pony into a gallop.

LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES



BY BRYAN GUINNESS

Wrapper design by E. McKnight Kauffer.

THE STORK

SONS OF SAWDUST*

By Edward Seago

THERE are few who have not felt the brave glamour of the sawdust and the tinsel and the paint. Here is the courage and the glamour—but it is not of tinsel. The author of *Circus Company* (see page 16) knows the Circus and its people intimately, and his new story of Paddy O'Flynn's little Circus in Ireland is a simple story of brave simple people.

He worked with them, and was ringmaster on the show, and he tells us of all their ups and downs, the straits they are put to, their unfailing optimism and versatility. It is a strange and magic world, with a code of morals and even a language of its own: but it is a world that is fighting for its life against our modern world of cinemas and sophistication. Paddy O'Flynn's World-



A SON OF SAWDUST

famous Circus numbered but nine people and a score of horses when it started out; it returned depleted but defiant.

* *Sons of Sawdust*, by Edward Seago. Illustrated by the author. 10s. 6d. net. Putnam.

THE STORK

EXPERIENCE*

By Desmond MacCarthy

The Peerage

A NEW edition of that useful and entertaining work, *Burke's Peerage*, has recently appeared. It is a book to be dipped into rather than read from cover to cover. When I turn these crowded pages I am reminded again, as I am whenever I try to get on a six o'clock bus in the Strand, that I am, at heart, a Malthusian. There are too many people in the streets, too many in the peerage. The population question is the one question on which I *cannot* see the other side. Every bachelor, every spinster, is in my eyes, *ipso facto*, a martyr in the cause of humanity, for to have children of one's own is a source of happiness. I would, if I were king, even at the risk of cheapening a little further that honour, give them each an O.B.E. We shall never be happy, kind and sensible, till we are less thick upon this planet. We shall never have a civilisation of which we can be proud, never a State which we can each feel is a greater self, until the newspapers can report, with pardonable exaggeration as a most significant event, that "a vast concourse of over five hundred people assembled to support the policy of the Government."

There are even too many peers. The eighty-first edition of Burke has convinced me of this. It has 2,789 pages; the first edition published in 1826 had 400. To each name a number is attached, representing the precedence to which that person is entitled. However

* Reprinted from pages 252-254 of *Experience*, 3rd volume, Desmond MacCarthy's collected essays. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. Signed Ltd. Edition, 21s. net. Putnam.

THE STORK

large your dinner party, the King, of course, goes in first; but I have failed to discover who, if you invited the whole peerage, would go in last. Mrs. W. H. Williamson, I know, goes in 160,089th. I have not carried my researches further.

The interest of this great book, which satirists in their bitter way used to call the Englishman's Bible, is various. First and foremost it appeals to genealogists. Ancestor-worship is a passion of maturity. The young rarely have it, but it often breaks out in later life in people who were once extremely bored by discussions as to who was so-and-so's great-great-aunt. Another source of interest is looking up the real ages, when they are given, of ladies who give the impression of only having left the schoolroom a year or two ago. Then for those with literary sensibilities, there is pleasure derivable from the magnificent massing of high-sounding and glorious titles in the person of one man. This always gives me a thrill. The owners of multiple titles ought never to be announced by only one of them. I should like to hear, for instance, a butler roll out the words:—"The Duke of Hamilton, of Brandon, of Chatelherault; the Marquess of Douglas and of Clydesdale, the Earl of Angus, of Arran, of Lanark and of Selkirk; Lord Avon, Lord Polmont, Lord Machinshire, Lord Innerdale, Lord Abernethy, Lord Jedburgh, Lord Daer, Lord Shortcleuch and Lord Dutton"; and then—instead of a crowd of grandees, see a solitary unassuming gentleman, perhaps with a mother-of-pearl stud in his shirt-front, enter the room. It would appeal to my dramatic sense.

As the peerage and baronctage is so large now, I have decided to be unmoved by any title which is post-Waterloo. This increases my natural respect for the remnant.

THE STORK

Christmas Early Special

*Here follows advice for parents, grand-parents,
god-parents, good parents, uncles, aunts, and
other kind friends*

TALES FROM EBONY

By Harcourt Williams

With 32 illustrations in colour and head and tail-pieces
by C. F. Tunnicliffe Demy 8vo. 6s. net

Fairy stories as only Harcourt Williams can tell them at
the Jean Sterling MacKinlay Christmas *matineés*, and
children will never forget the illustrations.

BEASTS ROYAL

By Patrick Russ

With coloured frontispiece and 8 black-and-white illustra-
tions by C. F. Tunnicliffe Foolscap 4to. 5s. net

Twelve animal stories by the young author who wrote *Cæsar*
at fifteen. There is Wang Kahn, the elephant chief of his herd,
Vakrishna, the white cobra and other mighty animals.

THE DULL HOUSE

By Kit Higson

With coloured frontispiece and 8 black-and-white illustra-
tions by C. F. Tunnicliffe Crown 8vo. 5s. net

Broadcast under the title *Gerry* at the B.B.C. Children's
Hour. We have no space for an abstract but we know all
children will want to hear more of Gerry's adventures.

THE STORK

TALES FROM EBONY*

By Harcourt Williams

How the Tales came to be

By Jean Sterling MacKinlay



I AM sitting in the doorway of Ebony Cottage—an old Elizabethan cottage, all black and white, with roses climbing over it [See left hand margin]—gazing out over the Marsh, dreaming. For that is what the Marsh does to you. You sit and look out over it bathed in sunlight, with its tufts of rushes, browsing sheep and little secret mirrors of water here and there, or drenched in a driving rain—(who cares what the weather is at Ebony?) or when the great harvest moon slowly rises into the sky and smiles over the world saying, “Never mind—don’t fret and worry; just look at me and see how peaceful and serene I am.”

The magic of the Marsh, that’s what

** Tales from Ebony* by Harcourt Williams. Demy 8vo. 32 illustrations in colour and head and tail-pieces by C. F. Tunnicliffe. 6s. net. Putnam.



HARCOURT WILLIAMS
WITH HIS WIFE JEAN

THE STORK

it is, and when you cannot gaze at it through your eyes, you look at it through your heart, for it is always there, like God. And that's where "Tales from Ebony" were gathered together and came to life.

Then a Scotswoman suggested Christmas *matinées*.



"Yes! Why don't we? Ken and I can tell the nursery rhymes—well, sing them then—and you can tell the fairy tales." And we did.

"The House that Jack built" came alive and stepped out of Caldecott's picture-book; Rumpelstiltskin span straw into richer gold than he had ever done before; the taste of Agib's cheesecakes was even more delicious; the eyes of the dogs in "The Tinder Box" were even bigger and the "Three Sillicies" positively excelled themselves in stupidity.* And Ellen Terry, who lived only a few doors away, used to come in to our *matinées* and laugh and cry and radiate happiness all round her.



EBONY COTTAGE
LING MACKINLAY

* These tales are included in *Tales from Ebony*. The drawings on this page are from head and tail-pieces by C. F. Tunnicliffe.

THE STORK

BEASTS ROYAL *

By Patrick Russ

Wang Kahn the Elephant

GUIDING him carefully through the water, Moti Lal brought Wang Kahn to the log, and they were just about to pull, when Little Moti, who had been forgotten in the turmoil, fell into the river.

The boy could not swim very well, and no one could possibly swim in the welter of rushing logs if once Wang Kahn released them. His father plunged in after Little Moti, shouting to Wang Kahn, "Hold the logs, *hathi-raj.*" The elephant had heard and understood. Moti Lal had not seen that the great trunk which held the wedge had slipped a little, and was almost free of the rock.

The elephant had felt the log slip a little, and he knew that there was a danger of the whole jam giving way before Moti Lal could reach the bank. He felt the weight increasing enormously as more logs were piled on the back of the wedge, and he knew that if he wanted to reach the bank alive he would have to go at once, and quickly at that.

Little Moti was struggling and frightened, but his father had got hold of him, and they were slowly nearing the bank.

From the corner of his eye Wang Kahn could see this, and he set his mighty shoulder at the base of the log and pushed with all his great strength. It did not give an inch; things were worse than they had appeared, and the elephant could not hold the mass back for more than a few minutes at the most.

* Reprinted from pages 52-53 of *Beasts Royal*, by Patrick Russ. Illustrated by C. F. Tunnicliffe. 5s. net. Putnam.

THE STORK



ILLUSTRATION BY C. F. TUNNICLIFFE

The swimmers had passed out of his sight now, and his only anxiety was that they should be able to gain the bank before he had to let go.

He straddled a little wider, and strove fiercely against the shifting logs whose weight was slowly pushing him back; grunting and exhausted, he made a great effort, and gained an inch. Just then Moti Lal crawled out on to the wet mud of the river bank, and shouted to Wang Kahn, who heard, and trumpeted as he went down in the maelstrom of crashing logs.

His body was washed ashore next day, far down the river, almost unrecognisable.

The Way of Simplicity

BY W. D. ORCHARD, D.D.

Author of "From Faith to Faith" Cr. 8vo. 5s. net

*"Everyone may have good hope, if only
Simplicity be taken as the guide, of arriving
safe at last where God wills all men to come."*

The Yellow Briar

**A Story of Old Canada
by Patrick Slater**

7s. 6d. net

PUTNAM & COMPANY LIMITED.