COUNTRY DOCTOR

Captain Trolley Walks Abroad

[A drawing by James Arnold from "Onward, Trolley

By the author of "England Have My Bones"

"THE SWORD in the STONE"

Straus put it top:

"One reader has been enchanted. Wholly delightful. A brilliant invention __sunday-times

Swinnerton said:

"Extraordinarily delightful" --OBSERVER

by HELEN ASHTON

* All the demand *

this week is for this fascinating novel about the Wordsworths

Got "the Jitters" yet?

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Please—a most amusing satire on a Victorian

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THE BOOK OF THE WEEK:

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Sir John A. R. Marriott

(Hon. Fellow, formerly Fellow, Lecturer and Tutor in Modern History

of Worcester College, Oxford)

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net 15/- with maps

New Fiction

QUARTET Searchlights on Life

Testament. By R. C. Hutchinson. (Cassell. 9s.) Spella Ho. By H. E. Bates. (Cape. 8s. 6d.) Dr. Bradley Remembers. By F. Brett Young. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) Onward, Trolley. By Gene Fowler. (Dent. 8s. 6d.) The Dark River. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.)

By RALPH STRAUS

F "TESTAMENT" does not prove to probably Mr. Bates's best book, and that be the novel of the year, it must is saying not a little. certainly be called one of the most remarkable books to be published for some time. It is a formidable-looking 66 THE other side of the picture." Lord Robert, the old man-about-town

—and it is yet another story of the remembering "The Citadel," will be so lovable, is murdered at Lady Carados's Russian Revolution, about which, I minded to say after reading Mr. Brett ball because he is not on the track of fancy, many novel-readers consider Young's new novel. And in a sense, no the blackmailer who is at large in society that they have now read quite enough doubt, they will be right, though no and pursuing, amongst others, Lady comparison between the two books is Carados; as if that poor lady had not stuff here which comes near to necessary. "Dr. Bradley Remembers" greatness.

out into the front rank of contemporary dreams of the past novelists, and "Testament" shows that It is not in any way an extrathat brilliant story was no flash in the ordinary past, but it is by no means pan. It is, indeed, an astonishing book, uneventful. There were the days pl There are moments, it may be, when you money to study medicine. There was his passages with amusing scenes and will be inclined to ask yourself whether friendship with a surgeon who was to touches. The action is compressed so many words were necessary for the become famous, and his quarrel with the telling of Count Anton Scheffler's story, doctor whose niece he married. There he yet there is so much that must be told was the death of his wife and the dreams as

stand to the full the whole dreadful, but most moving, drama, that on putting the book down you do not feel that there has been a sentence

It is not, of course, the first story of the Revolution o be written by an Englishan which lifts the veil for f no other novel which at once permits you to view in so sharp a perspective the Russia of twenty years ago and has a story to tell that s so splendidly exciting.

Two Friends Scheffler's own story is not perhaps very different from that of other idealists who believed that Nicholas's abdication would lead to the re-birth of "Holy" Russia. Before the war he had been "suspect"—a barrister rash enough to defend radical conspirators, and as a soldier in the war he can never allow

his conscience to be stifled. As a repatriated prisoner of war he dares to beard his superior officers in the interests of justice, and at the time of the Revolution he has become a popular figure—almost a legend. But to the new Release to be stifled. As a wrong. Then there was the tragedy of the boy's death and the mining disaster which ruined his "village and incident-ally himself. He might have married again, but—for a particular reason—did not. The years passed, and he did not buy many new clothes. Also he did not for those who have no head even for the particular reason—did not. The years passed, and he did not buy many new clothes. Also he did not for those who have no head even for the particular reason—did not buy many news his patients for the many have no head even for the particular reason—did not buy many news clothes. Also he did not buy many news his patients for the particular reason—did not buy many news clothes. Also he did not for those who have no head even for the particular reason—did not buy many news clothes.

It happens, however, that his great friend Otraveskov the soldier-painter books, get the recognition which it who tells his story, has adventures which, deserves. f less tragic in their conclusion, are hardly less moving and certainly of QUIXOTE OF THE ROCKIES equal interest. In his endeavours to save the Count he does all that the most loyal of another name seems to have of friends can be expected to do, often at the greatest risk to himself and those the weirdest grotesquerie—joyously he loves best; but his own private mis- entertaining when you have come to fortunes are almost as poignant. A understand what it is all about and can beloved wife who, owing to shock, does appreciate the author's ironic humour contractions of the not recognise him for long years; a little and classical vocabulary, but liable to be son who is crippled; himself badly put down, after a page or two, by the wounded and, after the Revolution, pen-impatient reader who may prefer inless and unwanted: it is almost a "Jeeves" to "Don Quixote" or

from Russia to tell his story. from Russia to tell his story.

Captain Trolley himself is a slightly scenes—that ghastly "trial" at the end, so often postponed and so foully and cunningly conducted by those who are determined to hide the truth, is something that I can never forget—and the author uses a huge canvas without apparent effort. Not a portrait, be it of princess of the old régime or peasant of the new, but carries conviction. Modestly Mr. Hutchinson pretends that he has had Otraveskov's manuscript to work upon, and I can only say that the something a cone-man campaign against the "boss" of his Rocky Mountain city. To most of the local politicians and police he is no more than a nuisance, but there is a curious is rather disappointing. I do not li on this madness, and the reader is on his side all the time. Then his is on his side all the time. Then his is not politicians and because the believes that a fair ladye friend of his is responsible, the captain nobly, quixotically, wordily, and for a time successfully assumes the rôle of Whitehall too. And I feel hound to supply too much of a good thir though there is, I fancy, a danger Anthony Webb yielding to the temple tion to supply too much of a good thir Apart from Mr. Pendlebury, the sto is rather disappointing. I do not li dying men who use ciphers to denount their murderers. Nor do I care must be such, I like a little more realised to the temple through there is, I fancy, a danger Anthony Webb yielding to the temple through the such as a curious is rather disappointing. I do not li the time. Then his is on his side all the time. Then his is responsible, the captain nobly, and because the believes that a fair ladye friend of his is responsible, the captain nobly, and some than the reader is not not like the time. Then his is on his side all the time. Then his is on his side all the time. Then his is responsible, the captain nobly, and the reader is not like the reader work upon, and I can only say that the book as we have it reads as if the manuscript to book as we have it reads as if the manuscript to successfully assumes the rôle of murderer, or, as he prefers to call it, executioner. But the truth is discovered the roll of the rol real grandeur here—grandeur and by the mysterious Dr. Thumb, and after beauty as well.

miracle that he succeeds in escaping "Tristram Shandy."

ONE MAN'S CAREER

NOTHER novel which must be at all, you will like it much. And if you are baffled at first, persevere, for although the author is not always at the top of his form, there are some it would take first place in this missed. And Mr. James Arnold's illustrations of a nephew who is thought to be an heir; then it turns out that there are some delicious passages far too good to be missed. And Mr. James Arnold's illustrations of a nephew who is thought to be an heir; then it turns out that there are some delicious passages far too good to be missed. And Mr. James Arnold's illustrations of a nephew who is thought to be an heir; then it turns out that there are some delicious passages far too good to be missed. And Mr. James Arnold's illustrations of a nephew who is thought to be an heir; then it turns out that there are some delicious passages far too good to be missed. And Mr. James Arnold's illustrations of a nephew who is thought to be an heir; then it turns out that there are some delicious passages far too good to be missed. And Mr. James Arnold's illustrations of a nephew who is thought to be an heir; then it turns out that there are some delicious passages far too good to be missed. And Mr. James Arnold's illustrations of a nephew who is thought to be an heir; then it turns out that there are some delicious passages far too good to be missed. And Mr. James Arnold's illustrations of a nephew who is thought to be an heir; then it turns out that there are some delicious passages far too good to be missed. And Mr. James Arnold's illustrations of a nephew who is thought to be an heir; then it turns out that there are some delicious passages far too good to be missed. And Mr. James Arnold's illustrations of a nephew who is thought to be an heir; then it turns out that there are some delicious passages far too good to be missed. column.) And yet I find a difficulty trations are a joy. in explaining the singular attraction its story possesses. In itself it pursues ROMANCE IN THE SOUTH SEAS have to be paid, and also want the wifer blackmail and the son wants to fi an almost conventional course. At THE authors of "Mutiny on the the beginning you watch an illiterate | I Bounty" have not gone to history for young rustic stealing coal from the their new romance. "The DARK RIVER" mildly) by a half-reformed crook, an

big house near to the hovel where is a picturesque if rather ingenuous yet more by an old cowboy, who can outher he lives, in order to keep his mother romance of modern Tahiti, unconven-wit, outshoot, and outcheat any Chicago alive. You see him, after her death, tional only in its ending, but showing an beginning to think for himself, deter-mined to push past every obstacle, educating himself as best he can, profit-scenes which will obviously be to the James Ronald is very fond of the villain ing by his failures, loving and losing taste of the cinema people. this woman and that as he forges ruth- A wealthy native woman, married to the stupid. corrupt police—indeed, lessly ahead, and becoming the one man an American, has been able to exchange any who had numbers on their side. of note in his town. And at the end you her own dead child for a living white They had no chance at all; even when see him, rich and powerful, the owner one whose parents are dead. The child, one of them did his stuff promptly and of the big house, part of its very stones, a girl, grows up as a native. Years later as it were, and yet pitifully alone. And a brother of hers comes to the island assuredly this description would fit with a friend, and the friend and she dozens of novels published during the fall in love. By French law they cannot last few years marry without the mother's consent.

Yet in many ways "Spella Ho" stands and the supposed mother, who still wholly by itself. Perhaps it is that Mr. Bates writes so unusually well. Perhaps ther best to keep them apart. Death to the selects his scener with such them both is prophesied by the local Tree. it is that he selects his scenes with such cunning and so vividly that you can that the story goes a way of its own. imagine yourself taking part in them. Light reading, but never, I am afraid, But the chief reason is probably to be particularly exciting. found in the fact that Bruno Shadbolt has so little in common with the usual run of hard, ruthless men who "succeed." He is a pathetic figure, and yet interest to the visitor. In the first place this handbook. The first edition even when he is almost dying of starva- there is the coast, with its big and little appeared more than forty years ago, and tion, or hated by all those around him, holiday resorts. Then there is the the work was reprinted many times; pity is the last emotion he will rouse, beautiful Ardennes region, where the now the text has been re-written, and in On the other hand, you can admire his traveller can eat well and cheaply, its present form makes an entirely new courage and understand his behaviour Lastly, there are the old towns, Belgium's book towards the women whom, in his own pride, such as Bruges, Ghent, Tournai. fashion, he loves. Finally, there is the All these features, and many more, are miles, or one and a half times that of story itself. As I have outlined it above, described lucidly and with authority, Wales; its population reaches the high

beginning to last it holds you. It is Duchy of Luxembourg.

Continued from next column

Crimes and Clues

oth in a White Tie. By Ngaio Marsh. (Bles. 7s. 6d.) kyscraper Mystery. By Lavinia Davis.

(Scribner. 7s. 6d.) r. Pendlebury's Hat Trick. By Anthony Webb. (Harrap. 7s. 6d.) urder for Cash. By James Ronald. (Rich and Cowan. 3s. 6d.)

By MILWARD KENNEDY

found "DEATH IN A WHITE TIE" ariously and pleasantly reminiscent, n its setting and characters, of Henry

volume—729 pages of fairly close print That, I suppose, is what people, who is so solid under his frivolities and greatness.

In one or two of his earlier books, Mr. Hutchinson, I thought, was needlessly "difficult"—for me his "Unforgotten Prisoner" proved on that account to be almost unreadable—but with "Shining Scabbard" he stepped with "Shining Scabbard" he stepped duty," and he sits back in his chair and provided the whole story moves in the same Midland of the same Midland of the story moves in the same Midland of the sa

and not only because an Englishman, when he was assistant to the wise able writer, makes it all most plausible and not a Russian, has written it. old bonesetter who left him enough and interesting, and balances the solid before you are in a position to under- for his only son which went so woefully perhaps, from the culminating scene

which is perilously near to being one of those unreal But for me the only element of undoubted discomfort was the love-interest. The progress of Alleyn's courtship of Troy, the painter, is irrelevant to the present story; the modern tendency to make a the detective's biography all phasise the gulf between the detective and the crime story.

"SKYSCRAPER MYSTERY": queer accidents threaten not true that the two boys from whose point of view the story is told set themselves to solve the mystery. But this plot, slight in itself, is little

Bolshevik tyrants he is no more welcome always press his patients for the money imaginary heights. But the "mystery" than he was to the Tsarist authorities. they owed him. And there was that is at times a distraction; it would have business about the Insurance Act. . . . been more effective, I believe, to have Once again he is suspect, and this time a monstrous "trial" is staged which can have only one conclusion. The Communists have no use for the Schefflers of this world, who put truth and personal honour before the demands of the State, and, like the martyrs of old, he must be tortured, physically and mentally, before he is allowed to die. Your heart goes out to him, and not least, perhaps, because he has known so little happiness with that strangely contradictory wife of his.

business about the Insurance Act.

Pleasant dreams, on the whole, and recalled in that gracious way which has done so much to give Mr. Brett Young this great popularity. Clearly enough you see that Dr. Bradley's had been a useful life. And what changes he had seen! Some of these new youngsters might think him old-fashioned, but he was no reactionary like some of the surgeons who years ago had laughed at Lister. A dear old boy, in fact, and this chronicle of his life gives a faithful and most like about the pleasing illustrations by the central motive the plain struggle against the elements and natural mischances to complete the building by the contracted date. Though there are some technicalities and Americanisms (what is to "flunk out"?), the author herself sees the processes and characters so vividly that the reader is hardly aware of the obscurities. In addition, who years ago had laughed at Lister. A dear old boy, in fact, and this chronicle of his life gives a faithful and most like.

some hilarious alarums and excursions, Captain Trolley is left to enjoy his Zane Grey story set in Chicago and en-It is the oddest book that I have read it may be fantastic, but it is readable for a considerable time. If you like it and most exciting. An old cattle-king is

BELCIUM AND LUXEMBOURG

raveller's Handbook to Belgium and Luxembourg. Edited by T. G. Barman and J. De Geynst. (Thos. Cook and Son. 5s.)

Holiday-makers and others will find a wealth of attractively arranged inform-

Belgium has an area of 11.755 square t sounds ordinary; but while you are and no less may be said of the parts figure of 8,331,000. There are three reading it, it is not ordinary at all. From of the work which deal with the Grand aspects of the country of particular Continued in preceding column

BARBARA GOOLDEN BARBARA GOOLDEN in her latest novel achieves yet another superb piece of characterisation in Sam Dowling, the central figure of this deeply

ALAN GRIFFITHS

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J. WOOD PALMER

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rould not, without him, have found the wirderer of the Minister for European 36 ESSEX STREET, W.C.2

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