to keep him out of the army. He triumphs over his upright associates and progresses to Parliament and the control of several mines. This time there is no Nemesis. The author knows well the life of the Northumberland miners, and the mine itself is the scene of gripping drama. The scenes of "Tynecastle" and the vicinity are largely taken from Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

The Citadel (1937) ends as propaganda for socialized medicine, but the novel is more than this. It is, like Lewis' *Arrowsmith*, the struggle of a keen young scientist to maintain his integrity and to do a fair job for humanity. As company doctor in a mining community he fights sloth and ignorance among the populace as well as the depraved inaction of health authorities. Upon falling into the Slough of Despond he is given the opportunity of fashionable practice in London. But here the incompetence and trickery stir him to revolt against "useless guinea-chasing treatments, the unnecessary operations, the crowds of worthless pseudo-scientific proprietary preparations we use."

There is vigor and fire in Mr. Cronin, moving incidents, well-etched characters. One hundred and fifty-four thousand copies of *The Citadel* were sold in England in eight months; 267,000 copies in America during eleven months.

H. E. Bates

In a day when probability is slighted, or prized in strange guises, H. E. Bates has written several novels distinguished by a logical relation of character and circumstance, by severity, and by a high artistic purpose that belies his prosaic name. He has read widely, and a variety of influences are suggested in his work. He is like Hardy in his disposition to treat of farmers and of life's little ironies; but he interposes a variation on Hardy themes by suggesting that individuals defeat themselves, or are beaten by what they think of themselves. He is like D. H. Lawrence in responding to the elements and to the spirits of forest and river, in his love for the earth and his attention to atmospheric conditions, and in his attention to the physical

concern of men and women. He is like Chekhov in his care for muted chords and in the lack of completion which characterizes his fifteen volumes of short stories. And he is sometimes naturalistic in the logic of events which is relentlessly presented and in his deliberate facing of human nature in its mean and ugly aspects. Bates is still young, thirty-five in 1940, and much may be expected from him.

In view of Mr. Bates's later realistic bent it is perhaps remarkable that he first published, at twenty-one, an improbable atmospheric tale of the bittersweet disturbances of youth (*Two Sisters*, 1926). After several volumes of stories he next wrote *Catherine Foster* (1929), which placed him in the Maupassant camp. This work follows Maupassant's precept that the novelist should merely pick up his characters at one stage of their lives and conduct them to a succeeding stage. *Catherine Foster* is the simple story of a woman who loves her worthless brother-in-law. The flame illuminates and then dies down as Catherine, deserted by her lover, decides to make the best of her conjugal relationship.

There is little similarity between the novels of Mr. Bates which follow, and the sequence does not reveal a central direction to his effort. *Charlotte's Row* (1931) and *Spella Ho* (1938) have an industrial background, but they are separated by the excellent rural novels *Fallow Land* (1932) and *The Poacher* (1935). Even the industrial novels are widely dissimilar. *Charlotte's Row* concerns the domestic affairs of indigent people who inhabit a narrow cul-de-sac surrounded by factories, while *Spella Ho* describes the dramatic rise of Bruno Shadbolt, a man obsessed with the idea that women and money are alone important.

The themes of the rural novels suggest the author's naturalistic leanings. *Fallow Land* describes the fruitless struggles of a woman to improve bad land when both the husband and the sole remaining son hated it. *The Poacher* describes the life of a man raised up in poaching, his hard struggle in becoming an independent farmer, and the lure of petty poaching that results

in his downfall. *A House of Women* shows the progressive love of the land felt by a girl reared to be a barmaid; a marriage took her to the farm where, at first, she regretted a change in the pattern of her life.

Critics have been unstinting in their praise of Mr. Bates's descriptions. They note his obvious failure in dialogue.

Walter Greenwood

Two of Mr. Greenwood's best novels carry a quoted foreword, "The time for change is rotten ripe; so let change come." Both novels are terrible, naturalistic revelations of English slum life. They definitely recall Arthur Morrison's *Tales of Mean Streets* and *A Child of the Jago.* But Mr. Greenwood's slums are not, like those of Morrison, the habitations of thieves and the indigent poor. The strength of Mr. Greenwood's indictment lies in the fact that his slums are the residential localities of skilled labor. The picture he draws is black and grim, even in good times. It is chronically tragic with the advent of unemployment and the dole. It approaches despair when the Means Test is introduced to tighten the conditions of unemployment relief.

Mr. Greenwood's novels are naturalistic. And yet there is no relentless hounding of an unhappy victim to his inevitable grave. Mr. Greenwood's creatures struggle, and they have rare gifts of homely, idiomatic utterance. Situations, particularly in *Love on the Dole* (1934), are desperately intense, and the background of oppression and misery is enlivened by sufficient nightmare horrors to entrap the most slothful of readers.

Love on the Dole is the story of Harry Hardcastle from boyhood to maturity, but it is also the story of his family's progressive decay. When Harry is forced to marry and to take his bride straight to the workhouse, it would seem that the story has reached its end. But his sister Sally provides the spark that gives the story its ironical conclusion. Bereft of her lover through the forces of oppression and beaten down by the