

the book with a sigh for Debbie Conklin. One feels there is a deeper feeling in her heart which she conceals when she says, "Cadiz prepares a woman perfectly for widowhood. You marry a mariner and find yourself alone most of the time anyway."

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HUNGER

By KNUT HAMSDUN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE mere fact that the author of this novel, a Norwegian, is a winner of the Nobel prize for literature has aroused an interest in his work, with the result that translations of some of his novels are being made into English by George Egerton. "Hunger" is represented as one of his greatest achievements. Certainly it is a very vivid picture of life as Hamsun has seen it, and it is also an intensely moving record of the struggle, ambitions, deprivations and disappointments of most persons the world over who strive to rise above the common level. Edwin Björkman, who has written an introduction to this edition, says that since the death of Ibsen and Strindberg, Hamsun is undoubtedly the foremost creative writer of the Scandinavian countries. He is well known in Europe, especially in Russia, where several editions of his collected works have appeared and which are regarded by critics as the equal of Tolstoy and Dostoyevski. Björkman classes him as an individualistic romanticist and a highly subjective aristocrat, whose foremost passion in life is violent, defiant deviation from everything average or ordinary.

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THE ELFIN ARTIST

By ALFRED NOYES. Toronto. The Copp, Clark Company.

MUCH is being written just now about present-day poets who are carrying on worthily the tradition of our great line of singers. Among

others it has been written of Alfred Noyes, who while he is a first-rate minor poet scarcely takes a place with Hardy, Carman, Brooke, or many of the so-called Georgian poets. In this, his latest volume, some of the matter is quite ordinary, but in "Sussex poems" there is much of real interest and merit, such, for instance, as Peter Quince":

Peter Quince was nine year old
When he see'd what never was told.

And also in "The Green Man":

In those days at Brighthelmstone,
When art was half Chinese,
And Venus, dipped by Martha Gunn,
Came rosy from the seas;
When every dandy walked the Steyne
In something strange and new,
The Green Man,
The Green Man
Made quite a how-dy-doo.

But we like best "The Sussex Sailor":

O, once, by Cuckmere Haven,
I heard a sailor sing
Of shores beyond the sunset,
And lands of lasting spring,
Of blue lagoons and palm trees
And isles where all was young;
But this was ever the burden
Of every note he sung.

O, have you seen my true love
A-walking in that land?
Or have you seen her footprints
Upon that shining sand?
Beneath the happy palm trees,
By Eden whispers fanned . .
O, have you seen my true love
A-walking in that land

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RIGHT ROYAL

By JOHN MASEFIELD. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS book promises to be quite as memorable as "Reynard the Fox", although one has to confess that it does not equal the other in sumptuous colouring, variety of character sketching, and action. But it has an advantage in concentration of interest. As "Reynard the Fox" had to do with a typical English hunt, so "Right Royal" has to do with a