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MR. SQUIRE'S STORIES.

MR. J. C. SQUIRE, who has long been known as a poet, a critic, and an editor, now appears for the second time as a writer of short stories, and not, as one might expect, poetical or intellectual stories, but pieces in a light, popular manner. The stories in "**Outside Eden**" (Fleinemann, 7s. 6d.), are hardly to be taken seriously, perhaps, by the reviewer. They are not badly written, nor are they brilliantly written. They are the sort of pieces a writer throws off in the intervals of more serious work. But there is one good story of a Cockney tipster who tips a man a winner that he pretends to back and doesn't, with disastrous results, and there is also a stimulating piece of satirical comedy, "Professor Gabbitt's Revolution," in which the Shakespeare-Bacon business is mercilessly handled. The best piece, however, is the shortest: a slight sketch of a man who came unobtrusively, day after day, to read in the British Museum, not speaking much to anyone and "looking like a very respectable Continental shopkeeper." His name was Vladimir Ulianoff: otherwise Lenin.

The stories in **Mr. John C. Moore's** volume, "**King Carnival**" (Dent, 7s. 6d.), come into the same category as Mr. Squire's: that is, they read like odd pieces that Mr. Moore has scratched together in order to make a volume, and like Mr. Squire's stories, they are not very successful. Mr. Moore is rather like a house-painter, who, having done the brush work on a large and successful scale, tries his hand at a miniature or two before the next job arrives. Thus he approaches the short-story with the oddest ideas of perspective, wrong ideas of line and form, and the absurdest tools. His hand is clumsy and he proceeds to perpetrate a bad sea-scape in "Davy Jones," a worse animal picture in "The Grey Fox," and two or three half-good landscapes in such pieces as "April in Lancopse," "Decay," "Things." And the chief reason for his failures is that he persists in applying the house-painting technique to a form which requires the utmost delicacy and economy in design and treatment, not to speak of the severest self-criticism on the part of the painter. "Tradition and it that," "whether or not that might be the case," and similar touches of which Mr. Moore's stories are full are the daubs of the house-painter. In a novel Mr. Moore might get away with them: not in the short story.

H. E. BATES.