

Christina Rossetti's "Sing-Song"; Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses"; Walter de la Mare's "Peacock Pie," or A. A. Milne's delectable "When We Were Very Young," will find this pretty tasteless fare.

Miscellaneous

THE POCKET OXFORD DICTIONARY OF CURRENT ENGLISH. Compiled by F. G. FOWLER and H. W. FOWLER. Oxford University Press. 1925. \$1.50.

This little book is an abridgement of the excellent Concise Oxford Dictionary, and, like its parent, and its grandparent, the great Oxford dictionary, is especially strong in clear illustration of the usage of English speech. A few changes of method in the interest of simplification have been introduced, and a number of new words and senses added, especially from the rich linguistic fruits of the war. The C. O. D. is the best of all working dictionaries for the writer, and this briefer and amended condensation is likely to prove even more useful as a source of that elementary information which most of us seek when we turn to a dictionary. Is it not possible to have an American edition of this, or the C. O. D., which might take account of spellings and usages upheld by the best sanctions on this side of the water? Not even the most bigoted scholar now regards the American language as an inferior dialect to be kept out of books of reference, and yet in many instances the differences are so considerable as to make a merely English dictionary unsatisfactory for Americans on occasions, especially for use in school and college. The word "through," for example, in one of its commonest American senses, does not appear in this dictionary; and under "town," the New England use of the word, which alone can explain the highly significant "town meeting," is not included; while "township, one of the parishes into which a large original parish has been divided, (U. S. & Can.) piece of land 6 m. square" will not be recognized as a definition by U. S. whatever Can. may say to it.

BROADCASTING; ITS NEW DAY. By SAMUEL L. ROTHAFEL and RAYMOND FRANCIS YATES. Century. 1925. \$2.

This is a brisk entertaining little book, non-technical and in a popular tone, which seems to be the first addressed to the broadcast listener rather than the set-building enthusiast. Radio-broadcasting, following closely the development of the vacuum tube, has had a mushroom growth since the experimental programs of 1921 until today the investment, the cost of operating the five-hundred and more stations in this country, and the number of listeners can be expressed only in terms of millions. Naturally, a serious proportion of the time and money expended represents wasteful and worthless effort. But indubitably the programs have a firm hold on the public fancy and not a few are as commendable within their natural limitations as a high grade musical or dramatic production.

The popular "Roxy," whose voice has heralded a pleasant Sunday evening for many hearers, with his collaborator, has discussed most of the problems of broadcasting which would be intelligible to his audience, while even such highly technical features as radio-vision and the make-up of the receiving set of the future are outlined. At the price of a light novel and of much more substantial merit than many such, the book deserves the popularity which the number of its potential readers would indicate. If the authors' endeavor to promote a more clear understanding of the tremendous possibilities of radio broadcasting and to foster an intelligent discrimination in its artistic aspects is successful, it will be the only radio book to date which costs the reader no more than the purchase price and brings him any considerable degree of permanent, intangible benefit.

SAFEGUARDING CHILDREN'S NERVES. By JAMES J. WALSH, M. D. AND JOHN A. FOOTE, M. D. Lippincott. 1924. \$2.

The authors have announced their purpose in writing this book as follows: "We have attempted here to summarize what we believe should and should not be done as a means to upbuild or restore the mental and nervous health of the infant and the child." The recently developed movement aimed at securing mental health for the nation, has emphasized (or reemphasized) the necessity for beginning preventive measures very early in the life of an individual. Some writers maintain that the foundations of mental health are laid in the first six weeks of life. The circle appears to be a vicious one, however, for when

the effective period for preventive measures is found to be infancy or early childhood, one is forced to rely upon an adult, the parent, to carry out a constructive preventive program. Even minor degrees of mental ill-health or lack of emotional control in the parent may make such a program difficult of fulfillment.

Dr. Walsh and Dr. Foote, in one of the best of a number of books inspired by the above facts have attempted to gather together suggestions valuable to the parent who is attempting to make the best possible use of the pre-school period of a child's life with respect to habit formation. Certain suggestions deal with measures necessary to start an infant with a clean slate as far as habits are concerned. But the major portion of the book is concerned with methods that parents should avoid (and the reasons for avoidance are ably set forth), or with effective methods of overcoming unfortunate habits or tendencies. Behavior instances quoted are sufficiently explicit to make the theory easily comprehensible but not so specific as to make it seem applicable only in a highly specialized set of circumstances.

The aptly chosen quotations at the beginnings of chapters, as well as the authorities quoted in the text, some dated as early as the second century A. D. remind us that ours is not the first age that has striven for mental health, nor the first to feel that efforts at improvement must be centered about children, though the terminology used in discussing the subject has differed from age to age.

A GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON. Compiled by Henry George Liddell and Robert Scott. New edition. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

THIS PASSION CALLED LOVE. By Elinor Glyn. Authors' Press. \$1.98.

BURTON THE ANATOMIST. Edited by G. C. F. Mead and R. C. Clift. Doran. \$2.

THE HISTORICAL FOUNDATIONS OF THE LAW RELATING TO TRADE-MARKS. By Frank I. Schechter, M. D. Columbia University Press. \$6.

THE PROBLEM CHILD IN SCHOOL. By Mary B. Sayles and Howard W. Nudd. New York: Joint Committee on Methods of Preventing Delinquency.

POPULATION. By A. M. Carr-Saunders. Oxford University Press. \$1.

A BOOK OF AMERICAN HUMOR IN PROSE AND VERSE. New York: Duffield & Co. \$2.50.

THE POCKET OXFORD DICTIONARY. Based on the great Oxford English Dictionary. New York: Oxford University Press. \$1.50.

Poetry

THE LETTERS OF GLAUCON AND SARAI. And other poems. By DAVID P. BERENBERG. Northampton, Mass.: Norman Fitts. 1924. \$1.50.

Mr. Fitts, as editor of that charmingly combative little magazine, *S4N*, and as occasional publisher of disturbing books, has built up a reputation for taste in type and paper which Mr. Berenberg's volume of poems amply confirms. The contents of Mr. Berenberg's offering are, however, another matter. The longer piece purports to be an exchange of letters between a pair of lovers who lived in the village of Tiberias on the shores of Galilee and were friends of Yeshua, or Jesus. The man, Glaucon, is in Athens, and the girl, Sarai, still in Tiberias. Their interchanges are in a variant of the blank verse line. Mr. Berenberg's blank verse line does not indicate a sufficiently supple mastery of the difficult normal form to justify his experiments in modification of it. His cadence is apt to swing so fluidly that one expects it to jingle, or else to slow down so lamentably that it becomes merely maladroit prose. His pictures are a little inclined, not only toward the obvious, but to patent echoes of every other poet's vision of the sorrows of life. And almost the sole contribution to the ever-fertile theme of Jesus is that his childhood was under the shadow of dubious parentage.

Among the poems in the second section, one, "Pilate and Jesus," is in that synopated meter which Vachel Lindsay so deliciously made his own. There are several sonnets in a strain of wistful bitterness, somewhat cheapened by "strong" disgusts, such as:

Don't let me spoil your pleasure in the show,—

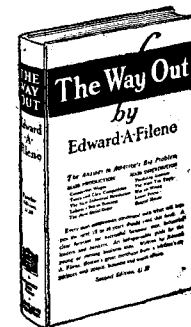
For me my vision of the long ago.

Occasional phrases have an authentic singing quality. Several lyrics, notably "The Shunamite," and "Ruth to Boaz," are quite charming. On the whole, however, the volume is undistinguished.

CROSSES OF GOLD. By Caresse Crosby. Paris: Messiaen.

COLLECTED POEMS. By Maurice Baring. London: Heinemann. 10s. 6d. net.

THE AWAKENING AND OTHER POEMS. By Don Marquis. Doubleday, Page. \$2.



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Points of View

As to Guedalla

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of May 30, Mr. M. R. Werner criticizes rather harshly the essays of Philip Guedalla, especially "Supers and Supermen." His contention is that "by writing that excellent study of Napoleon III, 'The Second Empire,' Mr. Philip Guedalla made two reputations for himself; one reputation as a brilliant historian, and the other as a wit," and that ever since "Mr. Guedalla has been exploiting the second reputation for all it was worth to newspapers and magazines." Mr. Werner then declares that "Supers and Supermen" is a particular example of the sort of thing which Philip Guedalla has been imposing on the public thanks to "the unfortunate privilege of writing whatever he pleased every week." There is only one defect in Mr. Werner's theory, and that is that it does not correspond with the facts. "Supers and Supermen" is Mr. Guedalla's first book. It was published in 1920, long before "The Second Empire," and is actually the work upon which he established his reputation as a wit. The essays in it, which were published, not every week, but at intervals, in London periodicals, made Philip Guedalla's name even before the book appeared.

ERNEST BOYD.

On the Glimerick

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I commenced reading with great relish your leader of May 23d in the *Saturday Review*. I refer to your article on the trends in publishing as indications of the decadence of American public taste. I ap-

proved entirely of your initial premise, which seemed to me well taken. I read along with that delight one experiences in finding one's convictions sustained by so eminent a person as the writer in the *Saturday Review*. But, Sir, fancy the shock, the amazement, the chagrin I experienced, when I found my creation—the glimerick—held up to contumely, displayed as a horrible example—the third, and apparently, the most damning evidence of the public's degradation. You spoke of straws. Was this then, the straw that broke the editor's back?

Surely, Sir, a book so carefully documented, one annotated in so scholarly a fashion, merited better than this. If the glimerick is illegitimate, as you imply, at least its parent the limerick is orthodox.

My first impulse was to prepare an answer, an excoriating one, for you must know, Sir, we Witherspoons are a bellicose race. But reason rescued me from such an indiscretion. I should have called it "Tasmanian Bards and New York Reviewers." I say reason rescued me. For it was inconceivable that the inclusion of the glimerick in your category of horrors was intentional. I am secure now in the belief that it was a mistake, one that you regret probably even more poignantly than I.

Submerging my interests in view of the larger issues, I hasten to add my modicum of cheer to your stock of optimism. I should not be so let down because of the public's stupidity. Possibly you have never known just what to expect of the public. You speak of it as something immortal, a majority of people constantly developing. When one considers that the individuals composing it take all of the span allotted man to attain the common level of the culture and that each new generation goes through the same process, over and over,

why do you expect the public as a public to go either backward or forward? All movement, you will agree, is relative. The reviewers et al are the background against which you measure the public's motion, I take it. They are moving too, *n'est ce pas?* So what we have is the whole scene shifting. Whether the one part, the public, varies its ratio of movement to the other, the cultured, is the question that bothers you. Nothing I have read or experienced indicates that it does or ever has.

Don't you think, Sir, that there were always earnest persons who suffered because the public was the public? And don't you think that as they grew older in experience and knowledge this suffering abated, especially when they came to realize that it had always been so, and being so was a matter of no moment. Also, there must have been other persons, surely, who knew this and took advantage of it with malice prepense. And without damage to their taste for the finer things publics have always neglected. And don't you suppose the *Saturday Reviews* of those days suffered as you do? There have always been and always will be those who cannot bear

—To think that two and two are four
And neither five nor three

The heart of man has long been sore
And long 'tis like to be.

Respectfully,

SHAEMAS J. A. WITHERSPOON.
New York City

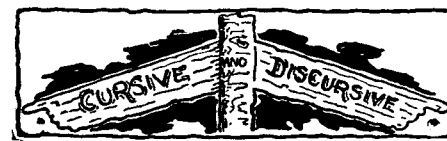
Doubts His Death

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

My client, Mr. Henry G. Aikman, has referred to me your issue of May 9th, on page two of which Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn speaks of him as "the late Henry G. Aikman."

If this were merely a matter of critical opinion, Mr. Aikman would be the first to admit that Mr. Lewisohn was right; but the issue being one of fact, Mr. Aikman wishes me to say that he is very much inclined to doubt that he is dead.

HAROLD H. ARMSTRONG.



CURIOUS things, notebooks! In our time we have kept innumerable notebooks. But what good did they ever do us. Recently, at a time of great financial stringency, we came across a notebook of ours plainly labelled on the outside, "Finances." Ha! thought we, probably an opening of this notebook will shame us by the revelation of old budgeting plans long since fallen into desuetude,—or, we mused more hopefully, perhaps it may acquaint us with unrealized resources that we have overlooked. In this latter optimistic spirit we opened it. It was an ordinary Stenographers' Notebook with ruled pink lines. We searched diligently through it. Every single one of its pages was a perfect and immaculate blank. It exactly reflected, in other words, the true state of our finances. But—had we intended this prophetic jest when, by pencilling its title on the outside, we signified our intention of keeping more in touch with our income and outgo? No, we fear we had not foreseen the rather grisly spoof. We had merely signified an economical intention. But, unfortunately, the very act of signifying had removed from our consciousness the necessity for making any entries. It is often so with notebooks!

There were years when we "were keeping a diary." Our diaries went the same road. The heartening knowledge that we were "keeping a diary" lasted us long after the diary itself had been lost in some cubbyhole of our desk. Regaining the light of day again, at long last, it confronted us merely with several sporadic entries, with—again—the signifying of an excellent intention. And, again, the mere act of signifying that intention had furnished a spiritual inflation that long survived the almost instantaneous dereliction of performance.

Yet this situation has not been absolute with us! Here, for instance, is another resurrected notebook. It is a leather-covered "Excelsior Diary of 1909," containing the printed Church Calendar of 1909, a record of the Eclipses of 1909, a complete printed and illustrated general calendar, and some almanac data. There are, for instance, some complex interest tables, values of foreign coins (the Mark, we note, was then 0.23.8), some "Valuable Information for Business Men," and a table of "Income on Stocks," for none of which facts or figures have we ever had the slightest use.

Further on, however, our own entries begin. The first is a carefully transcribed quotation from Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "A Fountain Sealed." It is blurred. It was written out in lead-pencil. Then there are several similarly transcribed quotations from a now discredited philosopher, one Rudolph Eucken. There is a clipped saying of Emerson's beginning, "Nothing shall warp me from the belief that every man is a lover of truth."

That isn't bad! Then there is an anecdote about George Moore and several quotations from Cardinal Newman's "The Dream of Gerontius." Whence we come upon a description quoted from who-knows-where of "that Gades on the shore of the sea into which the sun went down," which "was especially zealous in the worship of Melkarth." This is followed by a description of Tarshish, "its fountains rooted in silver, making new tackle of silver for the first discovering ship." Once, we read on, the forests had been burned, melted by an enormous fire. "Every hill and mountain became a heap of gold and silver . . . tunnies and Tartessian muraena, shell-fish and purple-fish . . . the ebb and flow of the tide brought these up on the beach." That really enchanted us, written in the round hand that was then ours, and on the following pages we read of Istar, the Assyrian goddess of battles, of the doves of Bilit, of Eglon, King of Moab, Sisera, at the brook Kishon, and the Invasion of Midian.

All of which reminded us that we had once been enthralled by the bloody splendor of the Old Testament and all that thereto appertained.

Come notes for a play and a story, together with the startling information that the second-year salmon is known as a "smolt," that Goethe said of Byron, "sobald er reflectirt, ist er ein Kind," and that, according to local belief, Ephesus was the last home of the Virgin, who was lodged near the city by St. John, and there died.

Good Heavens! What were we doing of, collecting all this, and carefully writing it down? But such are notebooks! And, on the whole, when one finds anything in them, they can furnish a few moments of not discreditable disport! W. R. B.



Drawn by Johan Bull for THE FORUM

Mr. Bryan Speaks to Darwin!

The right to freedom of thought is on trial. The theory of evolution has ceased to be a matter for mere academic discussion. Opposition to this explanation of the descent of man is threatening the very principles upon which the nation was founded.

The strength of the militant anti-evolutionists has been dramatically demonstrated by the anti-evolution law passed by the legislature of Tennessee. The issue is joined and within the month the little town of Dayton, Rhea County, Tennessee (Pop.

1920, 1710) will be the scene of a fierce legal controversy.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN is the accepted leader of the anti-evolutionists. However one may regard his opinions, he represents a powerful group which can no longer be ignored. It becomes imperative to at least understand his point of view.

In the July FORUM, MR. BRYAN explains his position and reveals the working of a mind convinced that evolution is a myth. This article is by way of answer to PROFESSOR HENRY FAIRCHILD OSBORN'S challenge in the June FORUM on behalf of the evolutionists.

The Literary Editor of THE FORUM, who has recently returned from a trip to the scene of battle in Tennessee, contributes interesting observations upon the impending trial of J. T. Scopes. THE FORUM predicts that Mr. Scopes will be found guilty and fined \$100.00.

The publishers will enter introductory subscriptions—4 months for \$1.00—and while the limited supply lasts a copy of the June issue containing PROFESSOR OSBORN'S article will be included without extra charge.

THE FORUM

247 Park Avenue, New York

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EDITED BY HENRY GODDARD LEACH