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FLORIDA. By KENNETH L. ROBERTS.

Harper and Brothers. 1925. \$2.50.

"Florida" is a journal of the year 1925-26, an epic of the Southern Gold Rush. No aspect of the phenomenon is left untouched. Furthermore, Mr. Roberts writes of this Pullman-car pilgrimage with all the verve and vigor that characterized his earlier writing, and those who are on their way to Florida will do well to slip it into an already over-crowded suitcase. Florida fever and Florida fireworks, Florida diversions and Florida occupations, all come in for their own, and the age-old Everglades have their say as surely as the more lately discovered Coral Gables, Hollywood, and Boca Raton.

Fortunate indeed for Florida to have had its somewhat belated debut chronicled by so adept a reporter. Mr. Roberts had a good time at the party and there is no trace of a morning-after effect in his enthusiastic account. "Florida" is as interesting to read in retrospect as in anticipation, and if one has no thoughts of a trip South, the book is recommended as an excellent substitute. Humor lights Mr. Roberts' pages, but it does not approach the facetious nor obscure the information that is tactfully interwoven.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

SHOW-BOAT. By Edna Ferber
(Doubleday, Page).

A MIRROR TO FRANCE. By Ford Madox Ford (A. & C. Boni).

MY MUSICAL LIFE. By Walter Damrosch (Scribners).

P. K. J., Hollywood, Cal., asks several questions about handbooks on English words and idioms.

"A DICTIONARY of Modern English Usage," by H. W. Fowler (Oxford University Press), answers all the questions thus compressed, settles countless disputes, and excites any number of healthful and fruitful discussions. Within five minutes of opening it, someone must be found to whom something must be read, the reading attended by alarms and excursions. Whether it be the spelling of lich-gate or the pronunciation of lichen, or the pitfalls laid by the word "what" for "those who think they can write well enough without stopping to learn grammar," or whether the eye, caught by "Swapping Horses," "Wardour Street," or "Love of the Long Word," lingers on what prove to be discussions of general principles, on you go, sending up rockets beginning "Listen to this. . . ." The paragraph on "Superfluous Words" starts a vigorous pruning upon one's vocabulary, and since the book appeared, blue pencils have been drawn through at least a thousand very's. It is a companion to the "Concise Oxford Dictionary," which I see is recommended by the *London Quarterly Review*, on the jacket of "Modern Usage" itself, as "more and more indispensable."

S. D., Moscow, Soviet Russia, asks what American authors of fiction are in a position to write with authority about negroes.

"PORGY," by Du Bose Heyward (Doran), is a poet's novel, deep and searching the heart, strangely and richly beautiful. "The Fire in the Flint," by Walter White (Knopf), is a burning problem novel. "Green Thursday," by Julia Peterkin (Knopf), a set of twelve remarkable short stories. T. S. Stribling's "Birthright" (Century), the first widely-discussed novel by the author of "Teetallow" (Doubleday, Page), is a document of social transition, quietly stating the tragedy of the forerunner. Include in the list Irvin Cobb's "J. Poindexter, Colored" (Doran), and notice, in the novels of Booth Tarkington, the extraordinary reality of the Negro characters, however small a part they take in the action—Herman and Verman, for instance, in the "Penrod" stories (Doubleday, Page). The stories of Hugh Wiley (Knopf) and of Octavus Roy Cohen (Dodd, Mead), concern themselves with the comic side of life in Negro settlements in large cities, as it appears to white observers: they are vivacious entertainments rather than sociological documents. For this subject in general, get "The New Negro," lately published by Albert & Charles Boni; for information on earlier writings by Negroes, Benjamin Brawley's "The Negro in Art and Literature in the United States" (Duffield), and Beatrice Morton's "Negro Poetry in America" (Stratford). Of the works of Burghardt Du Bois, the one I would choose for this collection would be the vibrant presentation of an awakening race, "Darkwater" (Harcourt, Brace). Herbert Seligman's "The Negro Faces America" (Harper) is a study of progress.

Let this student add to his equipment "The Book of American Negro Spirituals" (Viking Press), edited by James Weldon Johnson; "Mellows," a collection of work-songs from Louisiana (A. & C. Boni), and "Blues," an anthology lately published by the same house. Folk-music tells more than it says: the novel and the textbook, however much they mean to say, sometimes choke on words.

S. G. M., Berkeley, Cal., is looking for a history of the Paisley shawl, its patterns, origin, places of manufacture, etc.

I HAVE searched not a few large general collections and several special libraries, and find nothing save a pamphlet issued by the Cincinnati Museum, Cincinnati, Ohio, called "Cashmere Shawls." There is a great deal to be found, by special research, about patterns in weaving, but I can find no book especially about shawl patterns.

B. L. M., Kirksville, Mo., and C. B. M., Lincoln, Ill., ask for suggestions toward the choice of fiction suitable for reviews by reading clubs.

AS I begin this selection, which must be made some time before it can be printed, I must remind these book committees that the wave of Fall fiction is only just gathering, and that there will be new novels that I am now eagerly waiting to read. May Sinclair's "Far End" (Macmillan) will no doubt be published by the time this is printed, and Galsworthy's "The Silver Spoon" (Scribner) is going on with the Forsytes, but Rose Macaulay's new novel is not yet at hand, and that seems to be, from advance accounts, one to be on this list. H. G. Wells is at work on a huge one, "William Clissold," of which but the preface or apologia has yet seen the light: Arnold Bennett is to deal with a character based, it is rumored, upon Lord Beaverbrook; the author of "Lolly Willows" has a novel on the way and anything she may write is worth waiting for. Frank Swinnerton's new novel is nearly ready, and—contrary to report—it will not be a sequel to "The Elder Sister." Mr. Swinnerton puts his sequels into his books, to be found by the discerning eye.

Of the new novels within my reach as I write, I place "Adam's Breed" (Doubleday, Page), at the head of the list. It is by Radclyffe Hall, a woman young in years but rich in understanding, capable of creating characters in the round, "real people," as we say when we mean people in books whose hearts we can read as well as their faces. The hero is an Italian waiter in a Soho restaurant, and the book, which takes the reader through every step in the providing, cooking, and serving of luxurious food to the luxurious, might have been written upon the text that man may not live by bread alone. It is a book to read slowly, forcing the reader to lay it down and meditate and calling him to take it up and go on reading.

"Precious Bane," by Mary Webb (Dutton), has been chosen by two French prize committees as the best novel of the year by an Englishwoman: it should be on our reading lists, and I hope it may turn interested readers to her earlier novels as well. "Man Trap," by Sinclair Lewis (Harcourt, Brace), interests me partly by the exercise it affords in identifying, in his own earlier novels, the sources of its various characters and situations; partly by the speed and sweep of the action. "Beau Geste" has been followed by "Beau Sabreur" (Stokes), in which Percival Christopher Wren swoops down once more out of the clouds of romance. Ben Ames Williams's "The Silver Forest" (Dutton) comes just in time for me to include it; Warwick Deeping's "Sorrell and Son" (Knopf) has been with us long enough to win favor with those who believe that sympathy between father and son deserves a larger share in fiction than it has lately received. Harvey O'Higgins's "Clara Barron" (Harper) and Storm Jameson's "Three Kingdoms" (Knopf) are about what we used to call "new women," a perennial subject for club discussion. I am glad to see that one of the clubs lately applying for advice on review books had already begun its list with C. E. Montague's "Rough Justice" (Doubleday, Page); this is a war book with a difference. Susan Ertz's "After Noon" (Appleton) I have already offered to club reviewers; it presents problems that would daunt the young but that middle-age has earned the power to resolve. If the book to be reviewed is to be concerned with travel, or with conditions in far-off countries, there is a new novel, "But in Our Lives" (Appleton), by the famous explorer Sir Francis Younghusband, which gives a vivid and convincing view of English life in India, and J. C. Snaith's new novel, "What Is to Be" (Appleton) goes into the Balkans, where a tangle of intrigues of court and throne are resolved by destiny with the help of an attractive Englishman. Admirers of Thomas Burke will find in his new "East of the Mansion House" (Doran) much of the power, intensity, color, of "Limehouse Nights" and "The Wind and the Rain."

"Mape," by André Maurois (Appleton), is rather biography than fiction, but no list compiled for women's reading, in or out of clubs, should omit it. It is a book to own, even improving with time. Nor should a woman's club leave out "Memoirs of Halide Edib" (Century), which is history in the making.



More Argosies of Literary News

IT'S curious how words suffer abuse in the course of time. Take "gossip," for instance. We started to use it just now in connection with our Reader's Guide and were suddenly halted by the thought that some misguided soul might apply it in its derogatory sense instead of in its archaic meaning of a "friendly acquaintance."

We had intended to use it because we wanted to tell you that our good "gossip," Mrs. Becker, was coming back from England full of delightful reminiscences of the celebrities with whom her stay in London had brought her in contact. There was Christopher Robin, to begin with the youngest, who lives in a golden-walled nursery with the most human of Teddy-bears for a companion; there was Frank Swinnerton, domiciled in a tiled-roofed cottage in Surrey, with a garden blazing with flowers stretching away from his study windows; there was the "audacious Miss King-Hall, who hoaxed the world by 'The Dairy of a Young Lady of Fashion,' and who is nineteen and looks sixteen, and about whom everything from her curly crop to her adolescent elbows quivers with glee at her adventure;" there was Silvia Townsend Warner, "who lives alone, guarded by a mysterious chow, smoke-black and as silent as all London dogs;" there was—

There's no use going further. We've reached the end of our space, and Mrs. Becker's recollections would fill many columns. You will be interested in her sprightly characterizations—there's a long instalment of them coming next week in place of usual answers to requests for information. Perhaps some friend of yours would enjoy them also. If you think of anyone who would, won't you put his name and address on the coupon below? That might introduce *The Saturday Review* to a new subscriber.

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Points of View

The MacDowell Colony

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

When we read of a society that has been established "for the purpose of giving creative workers in the seven arts a practical workshop in a favorable environment, free from distractions and care," we are apt to think of it as having more of aspiration than possibility of achievement. But, oddly enough, in this instance, "a practical workshop in a favorable environment" has been established, and for quite a time now creative artists have been living in it and working in it, free, as far as outward arrangements are concerned, from distractions and care.

The quotation is from a leaflet issued by the Edward MacDowell Association; it is that association, founded under the inspiration of Edward MacDowell, that seeks to do and that has succeeded in doing such service for creative workers in the arts. Edward MacDowell, who had to combine teaching with musical creation, had to solve, like most other artists, the problem of how to secure some months of the year for the work he wanted to do, and how to use these months without hindrances and interruptions. He was able to buy for himself a farm in New Hampshire—a farm that had beautiful pine woods near it, and to build for himself a studio in the woods.

He wanted to have other studios in the woods near his, and he wanted to have other artists producing in them the work they most wanted to do. Before he could realize this particular plan Edward MacDowell died. Mrs. MacDowell resolved to carry out the plan that he had put his heart into, and those who wanted to commemorate Edward MacDowell's life co-operated with Mrs. MacDowell in this plan. The Edward MacDowell Association was formed, and the MacDowell Colony in Peterboro, New Hampshire, came into existence.

Only artists know of the difficulties under which every artist produces work. They, if no others, know that to write a few notes of music, to make a little sketch for a picture, to write a verse of a poem, to write a readable page in a story or an essay, to model a little figure, requires an amount of concentration of thought and mind which people who produce other kinds of things have rarely to employ. They know how easily such concentration is dissipated. And they know that a great many "creative workers in the seven arts" have to make a living in ways that use up nine-tenths of their energies, and that it is only during short intervals that most creative workers can give all of their minds to the work that they want to do. Knowing all this they must feel that what

has been established in the MacDowell Colony is of the greatest possible benefit to "creative workers in the seven arts."

Through the labors of Mrs. MacDowell and through the coöperation of the Edward MacDowell Association the Colony that was established in Peterboro has grown more and more adequate to Edward MacDowell's idea. More than twenty studios are now in the woods near where the American composer set up his lone studio. Fine halls have been built to give other accommodation to the artists who are invited to the Colony and who go to live there for various terms from June to September.

What does it mean for an artist to be at the MacDowell Colony? It means that he or she has the most congenial surroundings, it means that he or she has two things which are necessary to an artist and two things that are not easily combined—solitude and society. Each artist has a studio in the woods. There he or she can do a full day's work without interruption. The workers have not to go back to one of the halls for luncheon—a mid-day meal is brought to them in their studios. They can go into their studio any time they want to go into it—they can stay in it all the time there is light. In the evening they come back to one of the halls. People working in the Colony meet in the evening; they can talk about their affairs or about how the world is going on. The living accommodation is excellent. And for it all there is only a nominal charge—ten dollars per week, a sum which even the most struggling artist can afford to pay. Only those who are known to be engaged in creative work are invited to the Colony.

The Colony created by Mrs. MacDowell and the Edward MacDowell Association is the best, because it is the most practical way of helping the creative worker in the arts. It gives him or her a chance to get to work. It is especially helpful and it is intended to be especially helpful to younger people, to people who have not yet made their name or done their most important work. At the same time many men and women who are famous and whose work is important go there and return again and again.

The MacDowell Colony gives a chance to the individual artist. It is possible that it is doing something besides that. One of the difficulties in the way of artistic production in America arises out of the fact that things are scattered over a vast area, and that in America there is no point of focus. In Europe there are the ancient capitals in which artists come together, kindling each other's ambition, backing each other's belief in the importance of artistic creation. In America there is as yet no

such point of focus. It may be that the MacDowell Colony is making a point of focus. If it is doing that, even to a slight extent, it is doing something more than helping the individual artist to get his work done—it is doing a national work by fostering the creative forces in the country.
New Canaan, Conn.

PADRAIC COLUM.

The Scholastics

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

The reply of Mr. Ernest Sutherland Bates to the letter of Mr. Durant, in which the author of "The Story of Philosophy" gave his explanation for his summary treatment of Scholasticism, leaves one with a suspicion that Mr. Bates is a special pleader for Schoolmen.

No one who is conversant with the history of philosophic thought in Europe during the Middle Ages questions for a moment the decisive part played by the Schoolmen in shaping the intellectual foundations of the period. For a thousand years the Catholic Church made civilization in Europe, and Scholasticism wrote the title deeds to her empire.

That Scholastic philosophy is only the vestibule to the temple of "Sacra Theologia," as Mr. Durant maintains, is abundantly supported by innumerable references in the works of the Scholastics, and it is laid down today as one of the prolegomena to the study of philosophy in the text books of the modern Scholastics. To qualify Mr. Durant's statement, that the Scholastics belong to the history of theology rather than to the story of philosophy, as "specious," is little short of presumption. "Quod gratis asseritur gratis negatur."

The word "supernatural" is never an ambiguous term in Scholastic philosophy or theology, and Mr. Durant's Scholastic training has left him with no doubt as to its precise meaning. It is a vague word only in modern dialectics, and only a modern philosopher could attach any meaning to the term when applied to "Platonic Ideas, the Substance of Spinoza, or the Absolute of Hegel." If Mr. Durant's argument is "purely specious," then Mr. Bates's contention that mediæval cosmology is no more based on "supernaturalism" than the cosmology of Aristotle, is more than specious; it is absurd.

From first to last the Scholastic revival of Aristotle was tinged with the bias of the principle that there can be no contradiction between reason and revelation. Starting with revelation as their unquestioned datum, Scholasticism set about the task of squaring the ways of the universe with the revealed word of God. The great Schoolmen did indeed address themselves to an understanding of "the world, life, and conduct," but consciously or unconsciously always *sub specie theologarum*. To assert the contrary is to be ignorant of or to ignore the whole undercurrent of mediæval speculation. St. Thomas Aquinas was one of the greatest dialecticians the world has known, but he was *semper et ubique* a devout son of the Church.

If Mr. Durant is too prone to dismiss the whole Scholastic movement in philosophy as of no interest to the modern reader, Mr. Bates's enthusiasm for the Schoolmen has led him to the opposite extreme. They were good Aristotelians, but what precise help they offer to a modern mind in a study of "the main themes of philosophy" Mr. Bates has not made clear.

EDMUND C. RICHARDS.

Small Type

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

Is there any way of "getting under" or making war against publishers who produce books with small type?

As a seller of books for boys and girls, I have been literally bombarded with complaints from customers about them. Many refuse to consider books with excellent material just because of poor print.

For example, Friday two new things came to us from the Sears Co., "These Splendid Painters," selected accounts of Vasari's about Giotto, Leonardo, and many others, and "Big World Fights" as told by Herodotus, Southey, Victor Hugo. Although they are offered for sale for only \$1.25, we know that most of our copies will be "dead wood" on our hands.

The printers of such books are not only defeating their own purposes as to sales, but they are sacrificing the eyes of boys, girls, and grown-ups.

ETHEL RANNEY.

Bookshop for Boys and Girls,
Boston, Mass.

Johnson's Letters

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

Some twenty-five of Johnson's letters were sold at Sotheby's on January 22, 1907. They passed, through a London bookseller and a Philadelphia bookseller, to an American collector who cannot now be traced. But as no one of them seems to have been in the market since, it may be presumed that the collection is intact. Its chief importance to a would-be editor lies in the fact that it includes several letters which have not been printed. The rest are in Mrs. Piozzi's volumes; but here the brief quotations in the auction catalogue exhibit tantalizing variations. For example, in the letter from Otsig, in Sky, September 30, 1773, where Mrs. Piozzi prints "I cannot think many things here more likely to effect the fancy than to see Johnson ending his sixty-fourth year in the wilderness of the Hebrides," the catalogue has not "to see Johnson" but "Mr. Sam. Johnson."

Can anyone disclose the whereabouts of this hoard?

R. W. CHAPMAN.

The Clarendon Press, Oxford, England.

On the Air

During the present month digests of the following magazine articles, selected by a Council of Librarians, have been prepared under the auspices of the *Saturday Review of Literature* and broadcast through Station WOR.

HOW DID WE GET THAT WAY? James Harvey Robinson in *Harper's Magazine*.

Is history dull? Yes, as usually studied and taught, says the author of "The Mind in the Making." But history as the study of "how we got that way" is fascinating, frees us of prejudice, shows us our world in new perspective.

THE NEW TAMMANY. Gustavus Myers in *Century*.

The Tiger changes his stripes. No longer does Tammany Hall suggest corruption. The new administration which controls the government of New York City is something new in the city's experience. The author vividly contrasts the old and the new.

GROVER CLEVELAND. Edgar Lee Masters in *American Mercury*.

The author has from his early youth taken a very keen interest in politics. In this article on Cleveland, Mr. Masters discusses his subject with an understanding born of a thorough knowledge of the entire literature and politics about him.

A TEMPERAMENTAL JOURNEY. A. Edward Newton in *Atlantic Monthly*.

All city folks now on vacation will relish the author's ludicrous efforts to find a proper country house in England. As a result, Mr. Newton found that there was no place like his home in Daylessford, Pennsylvania.

PROHIBITION IN THE LONG RUN. Sir Arthur Newsholme in *Survey Graphic*.

A distinguished British health authority who considers that prohibition puts America in first place in the public health world traces British experience with drink control.

THE NEW SECESSION. Langdon Mitchell in *Atlantic Monthly*.

This article is directly opposed to the picture portrayed in "Home." Here's a paper on the history and ideals of the South which will be clipped and treasured in a thousand scrap books. It bears the sub-title "The Record of a Noble Inheritance."

HOME. By a returning American in *Atlantic Monthly*.

It will not be difficult to accept the searching criticism of an American who, after a sojourn abroad, returns to find tumultuous changes in our home life. All observing travelers will find this article stimulates discussion.

TRAVELING INTELLIGENTLY IN AMERICA. Henry Seidel Canby in *Scribner's*.

Mr. Canby, editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and member of the English Department of Yale University, tells what's wrong with the attitude of most travelers and with travel books, then he offers constructive suggestions.

THE GIFT OF ONE COMMON TONGUE. J. C. Breckenridge in *Survey Graphic*.

A colonel in the United States Marine Corps draws on his round-the-world experience with the riddle of languages and suggests a sensible solution as a step toward world peace.

THE MORALS OF COLLEGE JOURNALISM. E. C. Hopwood in *Scribner's*.

The editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* appraises college life by the quality of its journalism and analyzes seven humorous publications to discover the way of the campus wits. A new angle of approach to the ever-present younger generation question.

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