

## The Reader's Guide

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

WEDLOCK. By Jacob Wassermann. (Boni & Liveright).  
ENGLISH MEN AND MANNERS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By A. S. Turberville. (Oxford).  
MAKING OF THE MODERN MIND. By J. H. Randall, Jr. (Houghton, Mifflin).

G. T. M., New Haven, Conn., asks for the titles of books covering the social history of America. "This request is too vast and too vague to be reasonable," says he, so he will welcome any suggestions.

IF I might choose my own part of this terrain, it would be the records of our middle distance, those "decade books" that have been gushing from the press of late. "Our Times," by Mark Sullivan (Scribner), for instance—what a Christmas present that would make for anyone over forty, though a man verging upon fifty will get the most out of it. "The Mauve Decade," by Thomas Beer (Knopf), while sitting in the seat of the scornful, gets an excellent view from this position into the works and minds of writers of the nineties. Richard le Gallienne's "The Romantic Nineties" is frankly colored by remembered youth; also it brings back but a small group, more English than American. But it was an important group at that; and it was an Englishman, Mr. Le Gallienne himself, who wrote the book that remains as a sort of manual of the romanticism of the period, "the Quest of the Golden Girl." Then there is "New York in the Elegant Eighties," by Henry Collins Brown (Valentine's Manual, Inc.), whose attraction begins with its jacket—there's a fashion-plate on it—and holds through the spirited volume. Close on its heels lurks "The Dreadful Decade" (Bobbs-Merrill), Don G. Seitz's searchlight on the seventies, all the more revelatory for its calm and straightforward moderation. That this could be the same period as our "Age of Innocence" only goes to show that we regard politics as the business of politicians and none of ours. "The Last Fifty Years in New York," by Henry Collins Brown (Valentine's Manual, Inc.), is another of these repositories; you turn its pages as you would those of the family album—or as you would have done in the days when these were still accessible. Back of this there is Josiah Quincy's "Figures of the Past" (Little, Brown), a beautifully printed republication of a book of reminiscences that made some stir when it first appeared, forty-three years ago. Mr. Quincy was a "living witness" of our patriarchal days: he knew Lafayette, John Adams, Randolph of Roanoke, even Joseph Smith of Nauvoo.

"Steamboat Days," by Fred Erving Dayton (Stokes), came out last year and provided me with hours of browsing; there is something romantic about everything concerned with our old lines, sound or river. This year comes a new one, "Mississippi Steamboatmen" (Holt), the last work of Herbert Quick, brought to completion by Edward Quick. It is a flashing, smashing book, crowded with people that are every one alive and bouncing. Along with it appears "Old Towpaths," by Alvin F. Harlow (Appleton), the first illustrated volume to do justice to the American canal and canal-boats, with a bibliography of all literature of the subject. "The Book of American Ships," by Captain Orton Jackson and Colonel Frank Evans (Stokes), comes out in a new and enlarged version: this is illustrated at every point, whether of construction, types of craft, ship-yards, light-houses, or dramas of the sea: it would be a good gift for a boy, though it is not exclusively a boys' book. I was asked not long ago for a volume that would keep an inland boy, who spends his vacations on the Atlantic coast, in sight of the sea during the winter: this would be just the thing.

"Early American Inns and Taverns," by Elise Lathrop (McBride), is the widest in range of any book of its sort, going from Maine to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Sesquicentennial brought out several books, "The Independence Square Neighborhood," published by the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Society of Philadelphia is a lovely little piece of book-making with pictures of old Philadelphia and some of the new: I think if anyone

could show cause he would get one free, but I rather hesitate to turn a flood of requests that way, as it's a limited edition. "Christ Church, Philadelphia," is full of social history, and so is John T. Faris's new volume, "Old Churches and Meeting-houses in and Around Philadelphia" (Lippincott). Another Lippincott publication that would add distinction to this collection is "The Domestic Architecture of the Early American Republic: the Greek Revival," by Howard Major; this has 250 exquisite examples of the type introduced by Jefferson, a national style readily adapting itself to present-day use, though its greatest development was from 1830 to 1850. "Americana," by Milton Waldman (Holt), is a guide to early books, documents, and letters relating to this country in any way; it is a fine volume in itself, with many interesting reproductions, while for the collector its uses are at once apparent.

The student proceeding along the trail of our "bad men" finds it now strewn with documents. "The Saga of Billy the Kid," by Walter Noble Burns (Doubleday, Page), "Wild Bill Hickok," by Frank Wiltach (Doubleday, Page), "The Rise and Fall of Jesse James," by Robertus Love (Putnam), are being gobbled up by readers, and now comes a book that bunches them all and half a dozen more in one gory volume, "Trigger Fingers," by Owen P. White (Putnam). There is even a reprint of that callous production, "Sixty Years a Gambler on the Mississippi" (Holt), a human document if ever there was one, whether the old rascal is giving us the exact facts or not. The latest account of an outlaw's life comes from Jack Black in his autobiographic "You Can't Win" (Macmillan).

C. A. G., Mt. Pleasant, Mich., asks for the best reference work on Eugene O'Neill, to be used in preparing a club review.

For any purpose, an excellent study of his developing genius is to be found in the latest addition to a series of books on American authors published by McBride, "Eugene O'Neill," by Barrett Clark. It will be welcomed by drama study clubs.

M. S., Washington, D. C., asks if a life of Sister Juana de la Cruz has appeared in English or French or a translation of her famous poem "La Inconsecuencia de los Hombres."

JUANA Inés de Asbaje y Ramires de Cantillana, the "Musa Decima Mexicana," was born in 1651, learned to read at three, and at eight composed a *loa* to the Blessed Sacrament. As her parents would not permit her to carry out her plan to attend the University of Mexico dressed as a man, she had to do with twenty lessons in Latin—the rest she seems to have taught herself before her teens. Strikingly handsome, as one may see from her portrait by Cabrera in the National Museum at Mexico or the one by Andrews in the State Museum, Toledo, Spain, she was "tormented for her wit and pursued for her beauty" till at seventeen, she took the veil and became Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz. Her cell became her study; at one time she had gathered a library of 4,000 volumes. Her collected works include poems and plays: some, in the prevailing Gongorist manner, have faded with that vogue, but the colors of her lyrics and of her most famous poem, directed against foolish men who blame women for the very faults for which they are responsible, remain bright as ever, and a correspondent of the *World*, writing from Mexico on the eve of the recent unveiling of her tablet in San Miguel de Nepantla, says that every well-educated person in a Spanish-speaking country knows "The Inconsequence of Men" as we do "The Raven."

I have assembled these notes from several sources: there is a review of her work as a literary artist in Coester's "Literary History of Spanish America" (Macmillan)—an invaluable work for this subject—and in the *Revue Hispanique*, June, 1917, there is a biographical sketch of her. This magazine is published under the auspices of the Hispanic Society, Broadway and 157th street. I do not know of any translation of "La Inconsecuencia," nor does the Pan-American Union, which I consulted, but a translation of her poem "To Her Portrait" was published in the *Bulletin* of the Pan-American Union, September, 1925, while a portrait of her is in the same magazine for January, 1913. These issues may still be purchased from the office of the chief of the Pan-American Union, Washington, D. C., for twenty-five cents each. should interest study-clubs.

Columbia University Press 2960 Broadway New York, N. Y.

**GAMES FOR SPANISH CLUBS**  
By Colley F. Sparkman  
Associate Professor of Spanish in the University of South Dakota

To fill the need for a collection of games suitable for Spanish language clubs this little book was prepared under the auspices of the Institut de las Espanas. It includes games played by Spanish-American children and adaptations of familiar American and English games. The bibliography of Spanish songs, plays, jokes and fables, games, drills and other information is of particular value to Spanish teachers.  
Just published. Paper. 108 pages \$1.00

AT BOOKSTORES  
Or direct from the Publishers  
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

**Old Books**

For every occasion rare books form most acceptable gifts. Always a reflection of discriminating taste, old books are one of the few gift selections whose value actually enhances with age.

On the Chaucer Head shelves you will find choice gift sets of the Elizabethan and Restoration dramatists, as well as many other volumes of XVII and XVIII century literature,—all in the fine old contemporary bindings.

The Chaucer Head Broadside S3 will be mailed you free on request.

**The Chaucer Head**  
32 West 47 Street  
New York

**THE HOLLY HEDGE**  
by Temple Bailey

A most delightful collection of Christmas stories.  
An ideal Holiday gift.  
Decorated Box \$2.00

The Penn Publishing Co., Phila.

SECOND PRINTING

**The Last Fifty Years In New York**  
By HENRY COLLINS BROWN

Full of laughter and pleasant memories. Over a hundred illustrations.  
424 pp. Price \$5.00 at all bookshops.  
A HANDSOME GIFT

2nd Large Edition

**RENEGADE**  
by Arthur O. Friel

A story of South America with bitter fights, thrilling adventure and a keen love interest.

\$2.00

The Penn Publishing Co., Phila.

**RAMBLES WITH ANATOLE FRANCE**  
by Sándor Kémeri

Translated from the Hungarian by Emil Lengyel  
Introduction by Paul-Louis Couchoud

Here is a journey that will become memorable in literary annals, adding fresh associations to already famous shrines. Never has the personal charm of France been felt as in this book of his enthusiasms.

To ramble with Anatole France, running the fire of his comments on art, on men and women, and ideas could be the good fortune of few. Of these Sándor Kémeri was happiest in sharing his confidences at the richest period of his genius and in ability to seize and capture not only the word but the mood. In her pages is offered the rare privilege of visiting with the great French writer old Paris, Naples, Rome—all the places he loved most.

**"Anatole France to the Life"**  
—EMILE HENRIOT in *Le Temps*

"It is the gentler, mellow France who is presented here. A welcome addition to the growing library of Franciana."  
—*Monthly Book Review*.

"Sándor Kémeri may well be envied for her tour through the great galleries and over the famous historical sites with Anatole France."  
—*New York World*.

"A very interesting revelation of France—important as a part of the full length portrait of the man."  
—*Philadelphia Record*.

22 Illustrations from hitherto unpublished photographs and facsimile letters. Handsome octavo. \$5.00 at all Bookstores.

**J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY**  
Philadelphia London



## Scribner Suggestions for Christmas Gifts

**The Golden Key**—Henry van Dyke—  
"The best book of America's best-loved  
author." \$2.00

**The Silver Spoon**—John Galsworthy—  
"Probably the highest level the novel  
has reached this season." \$2.00

**Our Times: The Turn of the Century**—Mark Sullivan—An epoch-making history—"a souse in the fountain of youth." \$5.00

**East of the Sun and West of the Moon**—Theodore Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt—"To the Roof of the World." \$3.50

**Smoky**—Will James—"One of the few truly great horse stories," says William T. Hornaday. \$2.50

**Ignatius Loyola**—Paul van Dyke—"An inspiring book . . . An entrancing study."—The Catholic Herald, London. \$3.50

**Foundations of the Republic**—Calvin Coolidge—"The President speaks his mind," says the New York Times. \$2.50

**Fix Bayonets!**—John W. Thomason, Jr.—Men get excited over it. \$3.50

On sale at all bookstores

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons

## LIFE OF OUR MASTER, CHRIST JESUS

by SEPTINA BAKER

A simple presentation of the Master's life for young folk and their SENIOR FRIENDS. Undenominational. Use of Jesus' own words a leading feature. King James version of the Bible used.

Written comments by readers:—"It caused me to search the Scriptures." "I felt I was present there in the story." "Have finished the book. It is more interesting all the time." "A work of art." "Boys and girls of high school age should thoroughly enjoy reading it." "Not too long or complicated for young people and just as interesting and refreshing to older people."

\$3.00 Postpaid. Cloth Binding.

At Book Stores, or address

CALIFORNIA PRESS, Publishers

300 Broadway, San Francisco, Calif.

(Send for Circulars)

Boys Will Welcome this as a Christmas Gift—

## THE BALLOON BOYS

By Nels Leroy Jorgensen and  
Samuel Taylor Moore

"A wonderfully interesting story of the courage, perseverance and heroism of a group of boys who persisted in their flying ambitions and succeeded. It is accurate technically, and is an excellent book for every boy interested in flying. It is just what aviation needs."—WALTER HINTON (President of the Aviators' Preparatory Institute.) \$1.75

Harcourt, Brace and Company—383 Madison Ave., New York

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE'S

## HEARTS & HICKORY

One of the greatest American Historical Novels ever written. An authentic story of the intrepid Andrew Jackson and his picturesque, inspiring career. It is true history, fictionized by a master story teller.

A happy Christmas gift to your friend who knows the history of his country and would enjoy a thrilling tale of those Tennessee frontier days, the Creek War, and the Battle of New Orleans.

"Real drama, thrilling adventure and pure romance combined with authentic and vital history."—St. Louis Star.

At All Bookstores \$2.00

COKEBURY PRESS

Nashville

Tennessee

## Points of View

### To War Revisionists

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

Permit me to thank you for the announcement that the articles on the question of war guilt and alleged post-war diplomatic atrocities committed by the allied and associated powers are to be followed by others from more or less divergent points of view. The "great revision" is too often a great piece of special pleading on the part of vain and shallow persons who are quite incapable of weighing evidence. We must have the truth from minds and pens that in intellectually and morally equal to the difficult task you and others have undertaken.

May I not put a few concrete questions to the great or small revisionists for the sole purpose of saving time and space and getting down to real issues:

In the first place, I want to know whether the revisionists believe that Austria was justified in rejecting the Serbian note in reply to the ultimatum—a note which even the erratic German kaiser declared to be sufficient to deprive Austria of all excuse for attacking Serbia?

In the second place, I should like to know why, if Germany was obliged to back Austria to the limit, regardless of the latter's criminal folly, France was not under a like obligation to back Russia despite the latter's blunder in ordering mobilization prematurely. I am assuming, for the sake of the argument, that France did so back Russia, although Poincaré vigorously denies that charge.

Thirdly, let the revisionists offer some proof in support of the assertion that Russian mobilization "meant war," and that Russia knew that and intended the consequence. *Since when has mobilization meant war?* There are instances of general mobilization without war as the inevitable sequel, and I recall that even Bernard Shaw—no pro-Ally fanatic—took the position that Russian mobilization did not justify Germany's double ultimatum, since she might have mobilized in turn, thus effectively warning Russia, and calmly awaited the next move. Why did Russian mobilization make the world war absolutely unavoidable? Was Germany thrown thereby into panic and utter demoralization? If so—and that is very doubtful, because Germany's intelligence department must have had knowledge of Russia's unpreparedness,

corruption, and gross inefficiency—Germany was still the aggressor, the hysterical, demoralized aggressor, perhaps, but the aggressor all the same.

Grant that Russia wanted war—which remains to be demonstrated—and that France did not endeavor very earnestly to restrain Russia, because she was not at bottom afraid of war, did not Austria's frivolous and reckless statesmen, as well as Germany's arrogant and stupid junkers, court disaster by their characteristic blunders and their offensive and provocative tone and spirit?

I am prepared to revise my opinion concerning the responsibility for the war, but I demand facts and honest, reasonable interpretation of them, instead of the juggling, shuffling, distortion, assumption, and violent partisanship we are treated to by some of the self-styled historians.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

Chicago.

### A Correction

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

In my review of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, translated by Lewis Piaget Shanks (see *The Saturday Review* for November 13), the printer has made me write a paragraph which means nothing. My manuscript read as follows:

Nor does he betray him *metrically*, even though he does not exactly reflect his meters. Baudelaire, of course, used the Alexandrine for most of his poems, and Professor Shanks uses it not at all. But this is because he knows it would be a disservice to his poet to reflect the most flexible and musical of French meters by any except the most flexible and musical of English meters. He has represented Baudelaire's Alexandrines, in almost every instance, by our pentameter line in iambic movement.

F. B. LUQUIENO.

### Erratum

The following paragraph was omitted by accident last week from Mr. Chase's review of Ernest Hemingway's new novel, "The Sun Also Rises":

In his choice of these details Hemingway shows an amazing penetration. Perhaps it is the tilt of a girl's head, or the harsh light of an acetylene flare, or the attitude of a man giving a tip. Whatever it is he sees it and without interpretation he sets it down, relying for his effect upon the perfect relation and balance of the details. Where Dreiser, for instance, has to spend pages upon a minute record of everything about a situation, for fear the essential quality of it will escape him, Hemingway writes with an economy and precision engendered by his supreme self-confidence and his unfailing knowledge of what is "right."

## The New Books

### Biography

(Continued from page 456)

of this book, "The old sailor men he writes about—Dan Crellin, for instance—are so true to life, in those days, that if I have not sailed with the actual individuals he mentions, I have at any rate been shipmates with their counterparts."

Commodore Hayes's feeling about this book is shared by the reviewer. It is a worthy addition to the growing library of the sea.

TIME EXPOSURES. By SEARCH-LIGHT.  
Boni & Liveright. 1926. \$2.50.

These anonymous portrait sketches seem even more penetrating, more extraordinary in their intimate knowledge, and their impersonal detachment, when gathered together in a single volume than when they appeared surrounded by the fickle superficiality of the *New Yorker*. Until that tantalizing great novel about New York is written "Time Exposures" may very well remain the standard work on "smart" New York, upon the New York of the casually, and sophisticatedly intellectual.

Search-Light, whether or not he is, as the publishers hint, a well-known author having the time of his life under a *nom de plume*, does seem to lay bare the very essence, the quality that is both the strength, and the weakness, of his subjects. No one, it would seem, but a close friend could write with such intimate penetration, but no friend, one hopes, would write with such calm indifference to the feelings of his subject. The

sketches are more than facile, and brilliant caricatures; though the satire in them is often cruel, almost invariably they give evidence of a basic sympathy and understanding on the part of the author. It is an entertaining volume in which one acquires an embarrassing intimacy such contrasting people as Otto Kahn and Charlie Chaplin, Dreiser and Orage, Katherine Cornell and Alfred Stieglitz.

BUTTON GWINNETT. By Charles Francis Jenkins. Doubleday, Page.

HENRY CHAPLIN. By the Duchess of Londonderry. Macmillan.

VAGABONDS ALL. By Edward Abbott Parry. Scribners. \$5.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES W. ELIOT. By Edward H. Cotton. Small, Maynard. \$3 net.

THE LETTERS OF GEORGE ELIOT. Selected by R. Brimley Johnson. Day.

ANATOLE FRANCE. By Barry Cerf. MacVeagh. Dial. \$4.

PRINCE LUCIEN CAMPBELL. By Joseph Schafer. Eugene, Ore.: University Press.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON. By Dorothy Burne Goebel. Indianapolis, Indiana: Library and Historical Department.

MR. CHARLES, KING OF ENGLAND. By John Drinkwater. Doran. \$5 net.

GEORGE IV. By Shane Leslie Little. Brown. \$4 net.

ALL SUMMER IN A DAY. By Sacheverell Sitwell. Doran. \$3.50 net.

MARIE OF RUMANIA. By Mabel Potter Daggett. Doran. \$2.50 net.

MY EARLY LIFE. By William II. Doran. \$5 net.

FANNY BURNEY AND THE BURNEYS. Edited by R. Brimley Johnson. Stokes. \$5.

ISRAEL: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. By Hervey Allen. 2 vols. \$10.

### Drama

SUCCESS. A Play in Three Acts. By A. A. Milne. Putnam. 1926.

We first read this play a year or so ago in the original English edition; remarkable, we recall, for Mr. Milne's preface on the ethics of dramatic criticism. This preface is, unfortunately, not included in the American edition by Messrs. Putnam which is regrettable, for it was better than the play. "A few years ago" (ran a part of it) "I published a book of essays called 'Not That It Matters.' There were some reviewers who liked it less than others, but no reviewer went to the title for a cheap jeer. If I wrote a play called 'Not That It Matters,' a dozen dramatic critics would tell me joyfully that it certainly didn't matter as a paying proposition, and half a dozen would tell me . . . that it certainly didn't matter as a work of art." Reading the play then, we felt that probably the author had fared no worse than he deserved. We have since seen it uncut in amateur performance. It is quite as good as four or five of his least interesting plays. It is infinitely better than "The Lucky One," let us say; but considerably under "The Dover Road."

It is typical Milne, with a good deal of whimsy and sentiment thrown into the story of a Member of Parliament who tries to escape success that "closed in" on him and to recapture the life and love of his youth. As a piece of drama it is a rather obvious volume of which humor is the principal recommendation.

### Juvenile

THE GAUNTLET OF DUNMORE. By Hawthorne Daniel. Macmillan. 1926. \$1.75.

This is a boy's book of the Hundred Years War, teeming with hairbreadth escapes, incredible archery, stern knights and crashing battle-axes, but we suspect that modern girls too will prefer it to the wishy-washy and characterless stuff proffered them by this machine age.

It is a theme dear to the heart of romantic youth—a stalwart and gentle boy, raised in secret by old Friar Ambrose and doughty Robin, the Archer, that he may avenge the foul trick which killed his father and cheated him of his rightful inheritance. Chapters hum with events, but never grow melodramatic; characters are simply but vividly felt; the style is vigorous; the pattern skilfully interwoven with medieval detail.

Artistically—and the book is worth so considering—it suffers from occasional lapses into author-to-reader reminders, such as, when Edward is quitting his monastery: "If you can imagine yourself suddenly moved from the quiet of a distant farm to the turmoil of a city, then you can imagine . . ." or such unnecessary textbook phrases as: "Thus did gunpowder do much to change the medieval to the modern world." These are a distinct detriment to a good tale, and we hope that in the next book of the series, Mr. Daniel will tell his story only through the eyes of his medieval characters.