

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

FOUNDATIONS OF ZOOLOGY
By William Keith Brooks

The field of natural science is reviewed from the standpoint of the biologist. "Huxley, and the Problem of the Naturalist," "Nature and Nurture," "Lamarck," "Zoology and the Philosophy of Evolution," "Darwin, and the Origin of Species" and "The Mechanism of Nature" are chapter headings.

Second edition, Revised
Pp. viii+339. \$3.75

AT BOOKSTORES
Or direct from the Publishers
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS



William Beebe's

account of his latest scientific adventure

The Arcturus Adventure

The New York Times says:
"He cannot be dull, even when he tries. He is too human and sees too much humanness in nature."

Stuart Sherman says:
"I know of just one book that can stand comparison with 'Galapagos' and that is 'The Arcturus Adventure.'"

Harry Hansen says:
"Trying to pick and choose from it [The Arcturus Adventure] is like digging into a well-filled treasure chest and bringing forth ropes of pearls and clinking coins. Thousands of jewels remain piled high in the chest."

64 Illustrations

\$6.00 at all bookstores

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
New York London

A SUMMER COURSE
July 6 - August 14
for **SHORT STORY WRITERS**
PLYMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, under
JOHN GALLISHAW, in person.
for folder, address—
The John Gallishaw School
301 College House - Cambridge, Mass.

YOU ARE A WRITER. Don't you ever need help in marketing your work? I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable. Send for my circular, I am closely in touch with the market for books, short stories, articles and verses, and I have a special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc. 135 East 58th Street New York City

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

THOBBIING. By Henshaw Ward (Bobbs-Merrill).

ROUGH JUSTICE. By C. E. Montague (Doubleday, Page).

THE ARCTURUS ADVENTURE. By William Beebe (Putnam).

E. G. says that the very title of "The Fat of the Cat," by Gottfried Keller (Harcourt) led her to get the book, and that no doubt there are other catlovers who would be glad of the names of books in which cats take a leading or even a subordinate part—so long as they are real cats.

KARL VAN VECHTEN'S "The Tiger in the House" (Knopf) is the monument to the species, a magnificent octavo with appropriate pictures, a book that really does the subject justice. Another landmark in this literature is Agnes Repplier's "The Fireside Sphinx" (Houghton Mifflin): this also is given a proper dress and decorations. Whenever you find cats in Algernon Blackwood's stories you can believe in them: it was he who pointed out that no egotistic or conceited person likes cats, for by no creature on earth may one be so magnificently ignored. Anatole France understood cats; Loit loved them and told how sailors find in the ship's cat a symbol of satiric civilization and feline femininities left on shore. Maeterlinck's experience with them must have been unfortunate, from "The Blue Bird," but Kipling, whether he likes them or not, has attached to them in the "Just So Stories" the inevitable, unremovable phrase. Colette Willy's "Cats, Dogs, and I" (Holt), has several little masterpieces of cat psychology, especially the study of the feelings of a harassed mother who finds it hard to keep count of the squirming family.

Cats have inspired poems of as deep feeling as ever moved man to sing of dogs. Thomas Hardy's "Last Words to a Dumb Friend," for instance, in his "Late Lyrics and Earlier" (Macmillan), goes about the house wiping away the traces of the little lost friend:

*From the chair whereon he sat
Sweep his fur, nor wince thereat—
Rake his little pathways out
Mid the bushes round about—*

and cries, as so many of us have cried, "Never another pet for me!" But Anna Hempstead Branch touches a note seldom sounded when in "So I may feel the hands of God," she comforts the infirmity of an old, old cat, bewildered by the loss of life's sweetness. This is one of the poems of sympathy advised "against hardening of the heart" in Robert Haven Schaffer's anthology "The Poetry Cure" (Dodd, Mead). There is a wonderful account of the chained cats of China used as watch-dogs, in Louise Jordan Miln's "In a Shantung Garden" (Stokes). Moma Clarke has a good chapter on the cats of Paris in "Regarding the French" (McBride). As one whose pedestrian speed is rated "three miles an hour allowing for cats, three and one-half straightaway," I can if required provide the student of group psychology with data on the personality of cats as affected by environment. Always themselves, mewing Esperanto, they yet take something of the nature of their surroundings. For choice, give me the cats of Ebury Street: I would have written a ballade months ago could I have found an iambic adjective that would do justice to their burly self-respect, between the competent mousers of Paris and the furred parasites of Belgravia. When an Ebury Street cat at last admits that you are alive, you feel you have the freedom of the city.

Cats figure at least in the titles of several recent novels: in the mystery story "The Dancer's Cat," by C. A. Nicolson (Bobbs-Merrill), the poisoning of a Siamese figure in the plot, and there is another new detective story, "The Sleeping Cat," by Isabel Ostrander (McBride). In Naomi Royde-Smith's "The Tortoise Shell Cat" (Boni & Liveright), the animal does not enter until halfway through the book, and unimaginative readers ask why it is there at all. On placing this before Miss Royde-Smith she replied: "But it is such a little

cat!" and if you have an eye for symbolism you will see why it appears in this, one of my favorite novels of the year. But the best cat in today's fiction is in that delectable entertainment "Lolly Willowses, or the Loving Huntsman," by Sylvia Thompson Dunbar (Viking), a book whose instant popularity speaks well for the good sense of the world. Never was a novel so misrepresented by even its most loving reviewers: they tell you it is the story of a maiden lady who makes herself over to the devil and becomes a witch, as if that were all the tale, not mentioning the long and lovely account of her life before this happened, which takes the greater part of the book and is as demure and delicious as Jane Austen. Nor has one of them pointed out that the devil in question is no demon at all but really the unsocial side of God. Here is a woman who never in all her life has had a chance to be herself, and by herself. If you know family life where this is the norm of living, as it is in England, you know that it takes superhuman aid to get out of it, even if to do so means saving your soul alive. Seeing that Lolly needed to remove from her idyllic peace of Great Map a devoted nephew intent on taking care of her, it is clear that it would not have been the thing to pray for this boon to Him who setteth the solitary in families. But the mystic knows that there are other sides to the Divine Nature.

A. S., Georgia, asks for books or magazine articles concerning the lost arts of the ancient world, for which he looked in vain, on a recent visit to New York, through public and college libraries.

WE don't hear so much about the "lost arts" as we did, for we have become sceptical. The hardened copper of the ancients, one "lost art," was almost certainly an alloy. We can and do make any number of hard alloys. Malleable glass was another art: today we don't believe it ever existed. There are articles on "Lost Arts of Primitive Races," in *Leisure Hour*, v. 23, p. 583, and "Hunting for the Secrets of Lost Arts" in *World Today*, v. 16, p. 320. This information, with the hint that misconceptions, traders' tales, and common liars account for most of the "lost arts," I absorbed at the Engineering Society. From the Metropolitan Museum I learned that so far as lost or past processes in painting are concerned, the ancient world is represented by "Greek and Roman Methods of Painting," by Arthur Laurie (London, 1895), and the same author's "Materials of the Painters' Craft in Europe and Egypt, from Earliest Times to the end of the Seventeenth Century" (London).

C. C. F., Staunton, Va., wishes guidance in the assembling of weekly bulletins and house organs, and in general, books that will help him in business publicity.

"PUBLIC RELATIONS," by J. C. Long (McGraw-Hill), is a handbook of publicity as used by business enterprises: it includes material on house organs. Another valuable book for this purpose is "Business Writing: Articles, House Organs, Reports, Advertisements," by S. A. Hall (McGraw-Hill); this has methods of gathering data and of writing business copy of news, educational, and promotional character. "Publicity: Some of the Things It Is and Is Not," by I. L. Lee, is a little book published last year by the Industries Publishing Co.

The latest publication of this sort—all these books are of recent date, however—came from Appleton in February, and has been found to be of practical value in writing and handling publicity of all kinds: this is "Principles of Publicity," by Glenn C. Quiett and Ralph D. Casey. Another Appleton book that would be useful in this equipment is "Advertising: Its Problems and Methods," by John H. Cover; this carefully analyzes each problem and lays down principles, in every phase of advertising.

The "employee's magazine," which is in no way to be confused with the "house organ," is dealt with in "Employee Magazines in the United States" (Nat'l. Industrial Conference Bd. 1925), in which is a list of those published in this country, and in P. F. O'Shea's "Employees' Magazines for Factories, Offices, and Business Organizations" (Wilson, 1920) with a brief list of exchanges.

The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Volume 11
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1926
No. 458-459

Skunk Cabbage
The Skunk Cabbage is a plant which grows in swamps and bogs. It is a member of the Araceae family. It is known for its strong, unpleasant odor, which is used to attract insects for pollination. The plant is also known for its ability to grow in very wet, acidic soil.

This Week
The New York Times has published a special issue on the occasion of the centennial of the birth of William Shakespeare. The issue contains a number of articles and reviews, including one by Henry Seidel Canby, the editor of The Saturday Review. The issue is available for purchase at a special price of 10 cents.

The Artist as Southerner
The Artist as Southerner is a book by Henry Seidel Canby. It is a collection of essays and reviews, many of which deal with the art of the South. The book is published by The Saturday Review Press.

HERE you are reading *The Saturday Review* each week, agreeing with some of its opinions, differing violently with others, wondering where we found that exceedingly boring essay and hoping we shall soon get another piece from that interesting person who wrote the article on "The Artist as Southerner."

YOU like *The Saturday Review* for being an adequate, interesting, entertaining and authoritative review of contemporary literature but it seldom occurs to you that you would get more out of it (because we could put more into it) if you entered into the game we are playing with these subscription advertisements.

AREN'T there many of your friends with cultivated tastes like yours who would never know about *The Saturday Review* if you didn't play your part in getting this coupon back to us?

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

25 West 45th St., N. Y. C.
If you sent a sample copy of your paper to:

I think you might find a new subscriber. This friend of mine is really interested in books.

Points of View

S. O. S.

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

Have we made fun enough of the various schemes for, "French at sight," "French in twelve lessons,"—"in a fortnight,"—"made easy,"—"by the direct method,"—in short, French advertised like miraculous pills, or painless tooth pulling! And now, we professionals, come to propose exactly similar schemes for the imparting of literature to our students. And yet it takes only a little thought to realize that such methods are, if possible, even less in place in that field than in language. Why not elementary metaphysics in University Extension Courses, or integral calculus in Kindergarten grade, or the mysteries of the universe in ten lessons?

Of course one can say that in France also they have elementary and short Histories of French Literature; but besides the fact that for the understanding of French literature you can leave unsaid in France a good many things which cannot be taken for granted here, their "manuels" are of comparatively very respectable size. The best known, at this hour, are Abry, Audic & Crouzet, and Desgranges, which although called "short," still count respectively 658 pages and 1,008 pages; Lanson has 1,150; Doumic, 632; and one of the shortest ones, Pellissier's "Précis," has 548 pages of small print. In America we had something about corresponding in Wright's "History of French Literature," 964 pages, or Dargan and Nitze's, 781 pages. But for some years now, a tendency has been gaining ground which expresses itself in throwing more and more ballast overboard, and boldly shortening the short histories of French Literature to 400, 350, even 300 pages. In vain did those who felt the danger of hopeless superficiality and flimsiness, protest, discreetly at first, louder lately, things grew worse and worse . . . and now the time has come when a warning should be made public.

A few days ago a little volume landed on our desk, printed by one of our leading American firms of text-books, prepared by a young lady Licenciée-es-Lettres, Université de Paris: the book is called "Précis de Littérature Française."

This is really *le chef-d'œuvre du genre*. Imagine a complete History of French Literature (one of the very richest literatures in the world), and selections from the great authors, and abundant pictures, and "Questionnaires" for oral work based on the lessons of the book, and suggestions for written work also based on the lessons, and suggestions for collateral reading—all in 231 pages of an average of 250 words to the page (for, some of them are partly blank, or partly taken by pictures).

All Voltaire takes five pages, including ½ p. for pictures, ¼ pp. for selections, 1 p. for "questions et lectures."

All the eighteenth century theatre (meaning Marivaux, Beaumarchais, Diderot, Nivelle de la Chaussée, Sedaine), and poetry (for one puts gaily Beaumarchais in the same chapter with André Chénier) holds 2 pages, plus three pictures, plus 2 pages of the "Barbier de Séville" (—not even the Figaro monologue).

All Victor Hugo (life, works, pictures, selections, directions for exercises, and readings) fills six pages and three lines.

And watch the inspiring Questions. On p. 86 a letter by Mme. de Sévigné begins: "Ma fille je vais encore vous parler de M. de Turenne. . . ." Question: "Est ce la première lettre que Madame de Sévigné écrit sur ce sujet?"

No, really: *De qui se moque-t-on ici?* Witness the results: p. 231: Question 1, of concluding chapter: "Faites un tableau synoptique des écrivains français que vous avez étudiés (!) en les classant *verticalement* par époques, *horizontalement* par genres." So, a checker board of names is the result! . . . And *not one* of the names can possibly mean anything to the pupil. "Des écrivains que vous avez étudiés!" What a prodigious profanation of the word *étudier*: But this is madness. If this is "study," let us close our schools and go " . . . chercher sud la terre un endroit écarté, u, d'être homme d'étude, on ait la liberté!"

In all fairness, however, one must keep in mind that this is only a particularly fine sample of the sort of books becoming the fashion now; and again, besides the "survey courses" proper, there are many volumes of selections prepared for survey courses and which are just as bad, scrappy, quick, movy-type—but not exciting at all!

The argument to excuse such nonsense

we know well, better half a loaf,—they keep on saying,—than nothing at all. But this is not half a loaf, neither a quarter of a loaf, nor an eighth of a loaf. There is no nourishment to it at all. Or would you consider that one spoonful of soup, and one bite of fish, and one of meat, and one of salad, and one mouthful of ice cream, constitute even a fraction of a meal? Offer a plate of soup and nothing else, or a dish of meat and nothing else, or a saucer of pudding, or even a crust of bread: this would be different. And something of this sort is entirely feasible in our case. Calculate the time at your disposal, and examine how much material you can "study," and limit the scope of your course accordingly. Take some of the authors of the classical period in France, or some of the period preceding the modern era (eighteenth century), or of the romantic period,—and be done with it. Or do what Mornet of the Sorbonne just proposed ("Histoire Générale de la Littérature Française," 21ème partie, Larousse, 1925): Take not even an author, but a few representative works: One "Essai" of Montaigne, two or three plays by Corneille, Racine, or Molière, some "Caractères" of La Bruyère, Rousseau's "Emile," Lamartine's "Méditations," Hugo's "Contemplations," etc. This is sensible; while to give a string of names and titles and dates will ever remain utterly useless, and, of course, distasteful to the student.

ALBERT SCHINZ.

Smith College.

Baring or Horace?

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

When Mr. Freeman Day accuses me of a bad break, he seems to take it for granted that, even though I have published a volume of pervasions entitled "Including Horace," I never heard of Q. Horatius. Had Mr. Day read the complete poem by Maurice Baring—the first quatrain of which I quoted in my review—he would have seen why the vein is Georgian-bucolic rather than Roman fatalistic. Mr. Baring's title as well as the plot of "Diffugere Nives" is, it is true, taken from Horace, but the tone of voice, the polite platitudes, the clichés are entirely Mr. Baring's. Mr. Day will look in vain through the Horatian ode for the "starred grass," the "buttercups," the "singing blackbirds," and the other properties which are so recognizably the adjuncts of the present pastoral reaction in English verse. Mr. Baring's "paraphrase" is as definitely "in the more recent tradition" as Thomas Campion's version of "Integer Vitæ" is, in spite of its adherence to the Latin original, distinctly Elizabethan.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

New York.

Mr. Blau Replies

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

Mr. Lewisohn has succeeded in crowding not a few errors within the short compass of his charmingly urbane letter in which he has seen fit to reply to my review of his book called "Israel."

He is quite mistaken to think—

That my approval of his book is grudging: this depends, obviously, on the measure of praise expected;

That, as he seems to imply, rabbinical lore is incompatible with literary ability: it simply is not;

That, conversely, literary ability or fondness for fine writing stamps a man, *eo ipso*, as an Earth-Man, an Am-ha-aretz: *non sequitur*;

That he himself belongs to the tribe of Earth-men like Herzl and Nordau: he rather belongs, by virtue of this thought, to the tribe of Ahad-Haam (Asher Ginzberg), who, far from being an Am-ha-aretz, is well-versed in rabbinical lore;

That men possessing both rabbinical lore and some literary skill have not in the past said those things which suddenly engaged Mr. Lewisohn's attention: they did;

That, if they did, they said them (to quote him) "in such a manner as would not persuade many people to listen" on the contrary, they were listened to, although it is a thousand pities that Mr. Lewisohn was not among their hearers or readers.

Plainly, the Prodigal Son has been away for too long a spell from his Father's House to possess the inside information that might have saved him from this imposing array of errors.

JOEL BLAU.

London.

A Rhymed Review

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

Enclosed herewith you will find a rhymed review of Christopher Morley's "Thunder on the Left," written by Keturah Rollinson, a student in one of my classes.

BURGES JOHNSON.

First we see a children's party,
Where the merriment is hearty
And is hale.
They play games for us and dine us
And present a mouse that's minus
Any tail.

Next we see them when they're grown-up,
And their weaknesses are shown up:—
Each mistake,
Each misplacement of affection,
And a certain predilection
Toward cake.

When a man in conversation
Says "depot" instead of "station,"
Sense-bereft,
Then our minds are in a jumble,
And we hear the thunder rumble
On the left.

On the sleeping-porch above us
Are three little tots who love us,
Sweet and small.
Look! They lean upon the railing,
And the frail support is failing.
They will fall.

Now, loud the thunder's rumble,
As the three wee figures tumble
With the rail!
(Oh, what a nightmare house, that!)
But they're rescued by a mouse that
Lacks a tail.

Yes, the whole was just a vision,
And our ultimate decision—
With a wail—
That the chapters just entwine us
With a mouse, moreover minus
Any tale.

"By Any Other Name"

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

Why not "Skunk Cabbage"? The author of your leading editorial for Saturday the fifteenth would seem to be a better botanist than patriot or poet. How many of us who early learned to recognize *simplicarpus foetidus* as the harbinger of spring would have been edified to know that "its leaves when crushed had the raucous odor of musk"? What was musk to us or we to the musk deer? But skunk was our friend the pole cat. And what is wrong with cabbage, that magnificent vegetable which we might well use in decoration as the Greek used his acanthus, that great green rose of the truck patch, nursery of vitamins and succulent storage of wholesome winter fare?

And why not blood root? In a rich language the poetry of nomenclature should have many moods. And do not the wind flowers blow beside the blood root and spring beauties troop at the edge of the woods and Quaker ladies stand in the field and soft little mouse ear? The advancing season will range in suggestion from the Indian's pipe to Bethlehem's star, but could any name hint a grace or a mystery more likely to open the mind of a child to poetry than the uncanny thrill of finding on his hand the blood of a little white lily?

Anyone who dislikes the silly name of dogtooth violet has the option of using the equally common name of adder's tongue. And if he has so far forgotten the sensuous interests of his childhood as to have no fondness for the name of milkweed let him say butterfly weed and celebrate the hoverings of black and orange wings over a flower that, in either of its colors, well sets off the butterfly.

Dogwood is now a meaningless name, and better so. Let lesser beauties claim reference, it needs no metaphor. A "tulipoplar" is surely a poplar with a difference. We often call it tulip tree. We might have found other names for those flowers with pale flames for petals, red at the base and yellow at the tip, and for the strenuous lift of limb that bears them. But surely the best name for those great candelabra with the globes of cool fire comes from the simple marriage of the tulip with the tree.

Shad bush? That, too, we accept. What is this dyspeptic complaint that would have spring only a matter of airy visions and "a thousand sonnets," spring that draws up the sweet sap in the maple and calls the fish back to the streams, that sets the foot of man again in the furrow and lifts his eyes to range. Do let us enjoy the thawed earth beneath our feet and the sun on our backs, and when Nature shakes out white flowers to signal that the shad have returned to the river let us think on our hungry antecedents

and regard the bush with gratitude and taste spring with every sense.

The world is so full of a number of things that we can be lavish with their names. The robin was named for a memory and the cat bird for a joke, the kingbird in the orchard for his crown and his courage, the cardinal for gorgeously clad churchmen in Europe and the high hole for his nest in the woods. So be it. And the turkey buzzard let us think of exactly as he is—a bird that eats our dead sheep and then rises on mighty wings to glide and sail in the forehead of the wind, lifting our hearts with his glorious motion, a creature that, like man, can gorge and also soar.

ALICE S. CHEYNEY.

Washington, D. C.

The New Books

(Continued from page 844)

Poetry

MONICA, Or the Chronicle of Marcus.
By SAMUEL VALENTINE COLE. Marshall Jones. 1926. \$1.50.

In the poem founded on the life and character of the mother of St. Augustine, we have a religious poem of dignity and charm, never ridiculous, never insincere, a simple tale that if not enthralling is at least reasonably interesting. In narrative blank verse interspersed with lyrics in the manner of "Idyls of the King" it tells how a child of faith grew to girlhood, married a pagan, was disappointed in his worldliness, prayed, gave birth to a pagan, was hurt by the boy's worldliness, prayed, and finally found happiness and untold joy in the conversion and belief of her son.

The characters are human, and the verse sufficiently imaged and alive to carry the story easily—

*Prayer is not taking God's hand to lead
Him,
But to be led of Him.*

the workmanship is careful and the point of view in good taste. There is really only one criticism—cautiousness. If Mr. Cole wrote no inane line he wrote no remarkably good one. It is perhaps too much to demand that poetry be great, but it is certainly not necessarily to be presumed that it is good because it is not inane. Balance is here. Control is here. The work is quiet, careful, thoughtful, and—un-inspired. And so, perhaps because of a lack of that more than compensating greatness that sometimes is coupled with the inane, the poem is less for the layman than for those who are already religiously inclined and who have themselves an interest in the subject that is here presented faithfully and well.

CASEMENTS. By Richard Clondesley Savage. Dutton. \$2.

NEW VERSE. By Robert Bridges. Oxford University Press. \$2.

BALLADS AND SONGS OF THE SHANTY-BOY. Collected and edited by Franz Rickaby. Harvard University Press. \$3.50.

THE POET'S MIDNIGHT SERENADE. Translated by Angelo de Lucas. Privately printed.

TROILUS AND CRISEYDE. By Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited by Robert Kilburn Root. Princeton University Press. \$6 net.

POEMS. By Robert Louis Stevenson (Everyman's Library). Dutton. 80 cents.

NOTATIONS FOR A CHIMERA. By Herbert S. Gorman. Milton I. D. Einstein, 295 Fifth Ave., New York.

Travel

THE PARIS THAT'S NOT IN THE GUIDE BOOKS. By BASIL WOON. Brentanos. 1926. \$2.

A more exact title for this book would be, "A Guide to the *Paris Herald*," Basil Woon manages to include in it a bit of gossip about some 250 members of the American colony whose names keep recurring in that official bulletin of Parisian America.

If one desires to know the specialties of the many bars and cabarets catering to Americans, along with a bit of the history of each one, the present book is to be highly recommended; the information in it is detailed and accurate. The habitués of the Ritz bar, of Henry's, of the New York bar, the superiority of the small room at Ciro's to the large one, the atmosphere of a gala night at the Chateau de Madrid and of a Sunday night at the Ritz, the proper method of procedure during a swing around the night clubs of Montmartre, and the best way of sight-seeing in Montparnasse, are all described. For the most part the author's histories of "American institutions in Paris" are interesting and amusing. As much cannot be said for the gossip that fills most of the book; it is largely cheap and insipid.