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For Summer Reading
COLUMBIA VERSE

Poets who have gone forth from Morningside Heights to win literary fame are well represented in this first complete review of undergraduate verse at Columbia. The selections appeared in undergraduate magazines from 1897 to 1924, and were selected by Cargill Sprightsma. Professor John Erskine in an illuminating preface gives the characteristics and background of the poetry of youth.

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Foakes-Jackson (Boni & Liveright, \$4), is a critical and biographical study of the life and work of St. Paul, with an attempt to estimate his importance as a religious and historical figure. It presents him in the light of the known facts and circumstances of his age.

With the hot afternoons of summer coming on apace books for young people ought to be welcome as affording a means of amusement less strenuous than exercise. A small group of volumes has recently made its appearance, grading upward from tales for children of the nursery age to yarns for those just entering upon adolescence. For the very small folk come Mildred Batchelder's "Topsy Turvy Tales" (Scribner: \$1.60), a pleasing story in which the honors are evenly divided between an invalid girl and the kitten which wanders in to cheer her solitude and open the way to friendly intercourse with other children; "Gray Noon Tales," by Minnie Belle Mitchell (Bobbs-Merrill), in which an old Southern mammy unfolds fanciful histories of birds and beast, interjecting now a bit of superstition and then a discreetly concealed didacticism; "Playmates in America," by Ransford Beach (Holt: \$3), whose verses, it must be admitted, contain more of history than of poetry, and whose metrical versions of events in America's annals are accompanied by line drawings by Elsa Alison Hartman, and "The Middle Country," by Olivia Price (World Book Co.), a charmingly illustrated and gracefully presented narrative of a Chinese lad's adventures in his own lands which should win the interest of boys in our country. Somewhat older children will find instruction as well as entertainment in Amy Cruse's "The Young Folks' Book of Myths" (Little, Brown: \$2 net), a concise and lively retelling of some of the famous episodes of mythology, and in Zoe Meyer's "Followers of the Trail" (Little, Brown: \$1.50 net), a volume of stories of animal life in the wilds. Girls whose reading is still on the borderland between adult fiction and romances of more youthful character will enjoy Agnes McClelland Daulton's "Green Gate" (Century: \$1.75), a story of considerable charm in which the fortunes of orphaned girls possessed of a load of debt left them by their father, a home in the country, willed them by an aunt, and endowed with a resolute spirit and high purpose work out their own livelihood and, incidentally, win happiness. Miss Daulton tells a wholesome tale without sentimentality. To girls of the same age Isabel Hornibrook's "Penrose Lorry, Torch Bearer" (Little, Brown: \$1.75 net), a chronicle of the adventures of a group of Camp Fire girls whose wanderings carry them into the home of an Egyptologist should prove of interest; into a tale of girlish activity and budding romance incidental archaeological information finds its way. Finally for boys are two books of well-tryed type, the one an Indian yarn, "The War Eagle," by Elmer Russell Gregor (Appleton: \$1.75), and the other "Uncle Sam's Sailors" (Appleton: \$2), in which Fitzhugh Green, in a clumsily written narrative, presents details of navy life and paraphernalia. Indeed, the book is almost a circular for the United States Navy. In Reginald Wright Kauffman's juvenile romance, "Spanish Dollars" (Penn. \$2), Nicholas Rowntree tells of his adventures in the American colonial war of the British against the French. It is a lusty, high-spirited narrative, alluringly illustrated, and an ideal book for boys.

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

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY. By Will Durant (Simon & Schuster).

NOMAD'S LAND. By Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doran).

AFTERNOON. By Susan Ertz (Appleton).

H. S. J., Princeton, N. J., was so much interested in the study of *Henriette d'Orléans d'Angleterre* (1644-1670) in Ethel Colburn Mayne's "Enchanters of Men" (Putnam), that he wishes to know if there are any modern biographies of this sprightly lady, and what sources of information about her are available for his reading. He has Mme. de La Fayette's "Histoire de Mme. Henriette d'Angleterre."

THE headquarters of the Guide now being London, and Kensington at that, where Ethel Colburn Mayne lives, I could go to headquarters for this reply. She says that "your reader will find a great deal about Henriette d'Orléans in Saint-Simon's 'Memoirs' and in the book by Mme. de Motteville to which I refer more than once. Anatole France's preface to an edition of Mme. de La Fayette's 'Life of Madame' is a mine of information—perhaps your reader has not had that edition? There is a beautiful book on Louise de la Vallière by M. Lair, published a good many years ago in French and translated into English by myself. This is a masterpiece of its kind, and of course there is a great deal about 'Madame' in it, as in any book about La Vallière. Once he begins seriously reading about any prominent figure in the life of Louis XIV he will find (in any good public library) book after book suggesting itself. Mlle. de Montpensier is inexhaustible; he will find her own book, and any books about her, in any large library. Then there is his essay on her death by Littré, in his 'Médecine et Médecins,' which I quote and refer to. There is an English 'Life of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans,' by Julia Cartwright (1894), which would probably be good, but I went straight to the French sources and have not read any English lives of her."

Read that over, and according as you thrill, or otherwise, to that phrase "book after book suggesting itself," you may know yourself as student or not.

I don't see why "Enchanters of Men" would not make a working basis for a study club's program; it would be a welcome change from these "Women in the Making of History," and "The World's Famous Women," whose Ellis Island standards of admission bar out most of the interesting and historically important ladies of their periods. Not all the "enchanters" in this volume were no better than they should be: some were far better than they needed to be to get what was, after all, the only power they could exert on history. There are white witches in this book, and most of the black ones come to a bad end, which should appease the censor. In short, it is a series of studies of important women, good and not so good, whose specialty was indirect influence, a direction of energy often recommended to my sex.

"Did you mean," writes M. E. T., Chicago, exploding into italics, "to leave 'The Wind in the Willows' (Kenneth Grahame, Scribner), with its exquisite chapter about Pan, out of your list of books about the Oldest God?"

OF course not; it was just thickheadedness. This chapter presents the authentic Pan and nothing in contemporary literature touches it. E. H. L., New Haven, reminds me that B. E. K. should add to his collection of tales of fauns, satyrs, and the like. "The Celestial Omnibus," by E. M. Forster, sends a word of strong commendation for the ghost stories of Montague James, "Ghost Stories of an Antiquarian" (Longmans, Green), which she says are "the real thing and the best I ever read." They are my own first favorites in this class of literature.

W. M. H., Philadelphia, Pa., wishes to know more about Georgian silver and Sheffield plate.

"CHATS ON OLD SILVER," by Arthur Hayden (Stokes), and a companion volume, by the same author, "Chats on Old Sheffield Plate" (Stokes),

will give the collector wise guidance and interest any lover of beautiful things by their many photographs. They are not too large to carry about on a trip abroad, and would make certain shop-windows of England even more alluring than they are, and that is enough to set most Americans a trifle crazy.

J. S. T., Falmouth, Indiana, is taking the enforced leisure of a broken arm to read up on the religions of the Aztecs and the Incas.

WHEN I read this letter, typed with the left hand only, I am abashed to recall how I plumed myself over my own single-handed performances with my uninjured right. It is curious what can be done if it must be: in the short time that my left arm was out of commission I developed such a degree of "dexterity" that now I feel as if I had three hands. This should come in handy for next winter's work. Lewis Spence's "Myths of Mexico and Peru" was published by Stokes in 1913. The same authority's fine work on "The Gods of Mexico" (Stokes) is of more recent publication. "Inca Land," by Hiram Bingham (Houghton Mifflin), is an absorbing record of explorations in the highlands of Peru, copiously illustrated; it makes an admirable approach to this subject. The student of mythology should know of the monumental production, "Mythology of All Races," in twelve volumes, seven dollars each, being published by Marshall Jones. The volumes on Celtic mythology, on that of Latin-America, on Egyptian and Indo-Chinese myths, to name some of the more striking of the series, are dazzling in erudition, in details of production, and in illustrations, both color and photographs.

E. K., Jackson Heights, N. Y., asks for a book on minor repairs about the house, and for books with suggestions for interior decorating, the making of lamp-shades, curtains and the like.

"TINKERING WITH TOOLS," by H. H. Saylor (Little, Brown), is a practical helper, clear in its directions, and covering the sort of repairs and upkeep that handy men in the country learn to perform without calling in an expert. This, as any New Englander knows, is a large range of activity. "Your Home Beautiful," by Lucy D. Taylor (Doran), is one of the most useful books for the amateur decorator that could be found. I was moving when my copy arrived and put it to use in a dozen unexpected ways. "House and Garden's "Second Book of Interiors" (House and Garden, Greenwich, Conn.), includes arrangements for every room in the house, with color schemes for each, an outline of period furniture, and a portfolio on how to select and how to make curtains, lampshades, slips, covers, and other details of decoration. It is edited by Richardson Wright.

J. M. D., Evansburg, Alberta, asks for a book on careers for women, one that can be used by a club of young girls for vocational guidance.

"FIELDS OF WORK FOR WOMEN," by Miriam Simons Leuck (Appleton), has the advantage of being the latest book to appear in a field where data must be up to date to be useful. This manual, by a specialist working with the Y. M. C. A. in the University of Chicago, as social worker and as Girl Scout leader, shows what training and aptitude are required in numerous occupations, and what advantages and disadvantages they have. It is meant for high school as well as college girls; the latter are considered especially in a new book by the Personnel Director of Smith College, "Guidance for College Women," by Mabelle Babcock Blake (Appleton). This shows what guidance is planned in all colleges admitting women.

F. M., Davenport, Iowa, is planning a course of reading for a club with the title "Great Prophets of Today," to include "the men who have distinctive messages, philosophers, men of science, and letter-men of any country who are influencing thought today."

SOME four or five years ago Dr. E. E. Slosson prepared, possibly with study-clubs in mind, but certainly to their advantage, two books with titles almost the same as this. "Major Prophets of Today" (Little, Brown) presents criticism and personal reminiscences of Maeterlinck, (Continued on next page)



"NOT FOR JUST A YEAR,
BUT ALWAYS"

(We thank Mr. Irving Berlin for this happy phrase)

IT'S actually true, one of our prominent subscribers has renewed his subscription to *The Saturday Review* in perpetuity. What's more, he did so though he intends making his residence in Europe for some time to come, feeling that thus, though living abroad, he will be able to keep fully in touch with literary matters in his own country.

This is the strongest vote of confidence and appreciation that we can expect to receive, and to have it come before *The Saturday Review* has completed its second year of publication is exciting.

Until this record-breaking renewal appeared we were proud of the fact that 72% of all subscriptions renewed during the last three months had been renewed for two years instead of the usual one-year period.

The strength of this response to our expiration notices must mean that our readers agree with Robert Bridges who says *The Saturday Review* is "the outstanding literary journal in America." Either that is the case or they are influenced by Harry Hansen's opinion that our subscription list should be the "roll call of American culture."

How does your subscription stand? Have you already renewed it or would this coupon save you the trouble of writing?

**THE SATURDAY
REVIEW OF
LITERATURE**
25 West 45th St., N.Y.C.

Gentlemen: For the inclosed \$6 I wish you to extend for two years the subscription of:

One year, \$3.50. Other rates on fourth page of any issue.

Points of View

The Need of Philosophy

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

Mr. I. A. Richards in his article appearing in your issue of June 5th has touched upon a problem which seems to be of the greatest importance. He has good reason to fear that the advance of the sciences, particularly of psychology, will so overwhelm humanity with a black chaos of bald facts that all aspiration will seem vain and all endeavor futile. This is a very real danger, and I have no doubt that the well-springs of creative effort in the soul of many an artist have been poisoned at the source by a mistaken conception of the implication of science. Mr. Richards thinks, with Matthew Arnold, that we shall be thrown back upon poetry, and that poetry can lead us to salvation. But unless the poet possesses a very positive faith in the value of poetry, I don't see how he will be able to create. Every artist must believe himself in some sense a messiah with an inspired message for mankind; otherwise the infinite labor and pain of creative effort would be impossible. What every man must have in order to live, and what every artist must have in order to create, is a positive faith which, satisfying his critical intelligence, gives to life a meaning.

Today the intellectual scene is in confusion. Scientists are invading the precincts of religion which formerly were held sacred; churchmen are foolishly parading about in scientific fields where they have no business to be; moralists are turning irresolutely between science and religion; and finally the creative artists, bewildered by the claims of science, are filled with devastating uncertainties which make whole-souled creative effort impossible.

Where shall we look for a solution of the difficulties? My answer is: to philosophy.

To mention philosophy today seems almost an anachronism. Behaviorists have done their best to drive it out of court. But philosophy is as necessary to man as the air he breathes. To have philosophy of life is to have an attitude toward life that satisfies the mind—and the mind must be satisfied whether we have one or not. The function of philosophy today is not to erect a beautiful structure of words upon a basis of false or incomplete premises, but to criticize the pre-supposition of science, the principles of art, the precepts of morality and the doctrines of religion. Philosophy is the critical intelligence of mankind—it is from Missouri and demands to be shown. When psychologists make assertions about man which presupposes a clear conception of the nature of matter, of organism, and of life, the philosopher has a right to raise an incredulous eyebrow, for there is not a scientist living who can give a satisfactory definition of these three terms.

The business of science is to give man a true conception of reality; its function is to observe and organize facts in order that the laws of nature may be deduced. But facts as facts are worthless to man; it is the relation of facts to man that is important. And it is the business of aesthetics and not of science to arrange facts in a sequence of values. In the words of Havelock Ellis: "Science is the organization of an intellectual relationship to the world we live in; aesthetics is the organization of an emotional relationship to the world."

Under the heading aesthetics come art, morality, and religion—all of which are concerned with values. All three must turn to science for their facts and have no business to dispute with the science regarding the facts. But neither has science any business to dispute with them regarding values. Art is concerned with the relationship of man to nature as nature is perceived through the five senses. Art determines what is beautiful to look at, to hear, to taste and smell and touch. Morality determines what kind of conduct gives man a feeling of satisfaction as he passes through his environment. Religion is concerned with the emotional relationship of man to the universe that he cannot understand. But it is up to philosophy to sit in judgment upon the premises and conclusions of both science and aesthetics; to keep each within its own sphere and in the proper relationship to man.

Science is concerned with truth; aesthetics with beauty. Science appeals to the intellect; aesthetics to the emotions. But man is a single whole—a unified living organism. And his intellect and emotions are but two phases of that quality of the whole

which we call the soul. Truth is that which satisfies the intellect; beauty is that which satisfies the emotions. And so in a sense truth and beauty are one, for each is defined as that which is satisfying to the soul of man.

Mr. Richards concludes that we will be saved by a poetry whose pseudo statements have been cut loose from belief. But what poet will be able to create when he knows in his heart that his poems are no more than fairy tales? To my mind the poet, like any other artist, must believe in the significance of his work or his efforts will prove sterile. And to achieve the sustaining faith that he needs he will ask philosophy to explain to him why poetry is as necessary to man as science or religion; and he will appeal to philosophy when pseudo-science encroaches with its deadening influence upon fields which properly belong to the poet alone.

My conclusion, then, is that before we can be saved by poetry there must be a recrudescence of philosophy in order that the creation of poetry will be made possible. And by philosophy I don't mean a web of words but the development of an attitude toward life as a whole which will satisfy the mind. If philosophy can keep each in its proper relation to man, then science and aesthetics can work in harmony together to make human life more joyous and more free.

GEORGE R. WALKER.

Boston, Mass.

More on the "Saints"

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

In response to Mr. Mather's reply to my objections to his criticism, may I point out the following:

1. I will leave the question of St. Galgano and the Last Suppers prior to Giotto to the end of my letter.

2. Under no circumstances was it necessary for me to include Beato Agostino Novello in my book, though I am quite as well aware of the pictures relating to his legend as your reviewer. Mr. Mather says "the student might wish it explained." The student might wish a number of things explained which have no place in a book on a fixed subject. Your reviewer goes on to say similarly, "the saints the omission of which your reviewer remarked are all represented in works of art." By this sentence, your reviewer deliberately leads your readers to believe that there are a number of other saints of whom he has remarked the omission, in view of the fact that he has already mentioned, with the exception of St. Victor of whom he speaks below, all the saints who according to him should be in my book.

In regard to the paragraph on the Trinity, I misunderstand nothing except Mr. Mather's absolute refusal to accept a fact, and I am perfectly willing to discuss in public or anywhere else the subject of the iconography of the Trinity or any other branch of that subject with your reviewer. My reference does not concern symbolism, and is a distinct literal representation of the members of the Trinity as three identical persons, each bearing his own symbol. Your reviewer's absolute refusal to look at the representation on page 33 (top left) and his reiteration of a totally false charge will be incomprehensible to your readers.

Again, your reviewer is absolutely wrong in contesting that "The Hunt of the Unicorn," and the presence of the Skull on Golgotha require a place in my book. I have mentioned the Unicorn in its proper place as the symbol of Chastity which accompanies St. Justina of Antioch, though it is frequently given as an additional symbol of St. Justina of Padua. I repeat, the title of the book is "How to Distinguish the Saints in Art," as Mr. Mather knows if he has read the book, not "The Meaning and Representation of Symbolism and Symbols in Art." With due respect to your reviewer, and in view of the clearly established aim of my book, there was no necessity to consult Rohault de Fleury. It is even possible that I know the significance of the Unicorn and also the Skull on Golgotha as well as your reviewer does, and if I did not put it in, I had a very sound reason for not doing so.

It is interesting to note that your reviewer acknowledges his error in regard to St. Victor though it is difficult to understand the sentence which follows his acknowledgment of error: "having sought a Saint more common in Italian Art than elsewhere under an Italian name. . ."

Again with due respect to your reviewer, my book is written in English, and if I were to give the names of every saint mentioned in it in Italian, it would have increased very largely and quite unnecessarily the index pages. If Mr. Mather was unable to find St. Victor because he was not with St. Vittorio, how on earth did he manage to find St. Lawrence who should have been, according to him, San Lorenzo? How did he manage to find the Blessed Virgin, who following his line of argument is Santa Maria? His argument is not only unsound, but knowingly unfair.

In regard to the Cano picture of St. Christopher, your reviewer states "with light-hearted enthusiasm," but apparently without a "plethoric scrap-book" that there are plenty of Spanish St. Josephs of this type. Will he be good enough to name one only, which would be quite sufficient to establish his case in my mind, in which St. Joseph is shown as a young man holding the Infant Christ by the hand? Such a representation is contrary to scripture, to begin with, and I do not understand the falsity of Mr. Mather's assertion on this point for he is as well aware of it as I am.

In regard to St. Galgano, the fact remains that he was a local saint of very minor importance and Mr. Mather's statement that he appears in Duccio's masterpiece "Majestas" is again incorrect. The saints represented in that picture are John the Evangelist, Paul, and Catherine of Alexandria, while on the right are John the Baptist, Peter, and Agnes. Below are the Bishop St. Savino, St. Aniano, Crescentius, and Victor, the patron saints of Siena at the time of Duccio. Nor is he in the "Majestas" of Simone Martini, where, again, the same four patron saints of Siena are represented. This is according to Mr. Mather's own preferred authority, Van Marle. In fact, Van Marle only mentions up to the year 1400 six pictures in which Galgano appears. Of these, three are by absolutely unimportant artists; Ugolino Lorenzetti, M. Di Filipuccio and Lippo Memmi; and a fourteenth century unidentified Pisan artist, while of the other three, Van Marle questionably attributes one to Orcagna, and the other two to Bartolo de Fredi, and Andrea di Bartolo, respectively.

Here, then, is this terribly important saint whose absence from my book is the corner-stone of the edifice of lack of scholarship. Mr. Mather says that Galgano was a patron saint of Siena. I deny that assertion completely. Furthermore this saint is of such minor importance that his name does not appear even in the index of the Britannica, nor in Larousse, either in the big or the condensed edition, nor in Boccardo's New Italian Encyclopædia, nor in Mrs. Jameson's famous work, "Sacred and Legendary Art," nor in Mr. Clements, nor in Husenbeth whose book has constituted the authority on this subject for many years, nor in Drake whose great compilation of every saint, local and otherwise, comprises no less than five to six thousand names, nor in any of the other books on the subject which are used by students, nor even in the Catholic Encyclopædia. I have not had an opportunity of re-examining Voragine's "Legenda Aurea" (Ulm 1478), but in view of Galgano's absence from all other works on the subject, I doubt whether he appears in that. His omission, therefore, is not a great crime nor a serious defect from the point of view of the utility of my book as Mr. Mather should be fully aware. The only place in which I have found any mention of St. Galgano from the point of view of his importance as a saint is in a Spanish Encyclopædia in which mention is made of a Saint Galgano who was Abbot of a Cistercian Monastery in Siena, where he died in 1181. No mention is made of him as a warrior saint.

In regard to the question of the pictures of the Last Supper prior to Giotto, a careful examination of his own authority, Van Marle, fails to disclose the thirteen pictures prior to the Giotto representation of which Mr. Mather speaks. It is easy to take an index and count the number of representations as given in the list, but a careful examination of what is behind the index figure changes the situation very completely. By modern, which implies Western, in the mind of the arch historian, we mean the work done from the time of Cimabue on, and that division of time in the history of painting is universally recognized except by a number of hypercritical individuals who are more interested in their own notoriety than in producing evidence of value, but all the pictures of the "Last Supper" listed in the index by Van Marle, are either purely Byzantine or Romanesque,

by which is meant a sort of recrudescence of the art of the Catacombs or the early Christian Basilica in Rome.

The "Last Supper" attributed hitherto by common report to Giotto—one of a polytych with a Tree of Jesse in the center—is most likely by Taddeo Gaddi. Nevertheless from the point of view of my book, the attribution, doubtful at the best, was of minor importance. Had it been a book on the History of Painting, such an error would have been inexcusable, but the case is different. Then, however, if the "Last Supper" in the Refectory of Santa Croce is not by Giotto, that in the Arena Chapel in Padua is, I believe, uncontested, and as that picture has the same composition as the Florentine one, my statement in regard to this question still holds good.

ARTHUR DE BLES.

New York.

The Reader's Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

Bergson, Poincaré, Metchnikoff, Ostwald, and Haeckel. "Six Major Prophets" (Little, Brown) dealt with Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, F. C. S. Schiller, John Dewey, and Eucken. Since then has a great light shone, Einstein, and Dr. Slosson has attended to him for the beginner in a piquant little book, "Easy Lessons in Einstein" (Harcourt, Brace). Certainly no account of present-day civilization can leave out Freud, and for the purposes of this group a beginning could be made with Edwin B. Holt's "The Freudian Wish and Its Place in Ethics" (Holt), though for the serious lay reader beginning a longer course of study Sigmund Freud's own "General Introduction to Psychoanalysis" (Boni & Liveright) is elementary and easily understandable.

A club embarking on such a course as this should by all means take on board the "Today and Tomorrow" series of little books issuing from the press of Dutton. It is marvelous to mark how the initial impulse of "Dædalus," and "Icarus" keeps successive volumes spinning ahead at such a rate of speed. They are prophecy, of course, but (save for a couple of volumes that fall below the standards), their foretelling is based upon inside information.

E. B., Sheldon, Iowa, asks for information on cooperative farming societies in foreign countries.

THERE are chapters on this subject in some of the histories of farming lately recommended to this inquirer in this column, but of the books devoted entirely to it and now in print in this country the greater number are concerned only with Denmark. "Denmark: a Coöperative Commonwealth," by F. C. Howe (Harcourt, Brace), is the latest of these, a brief and informing account interesting to the general reader. Another, published in 1917, is "Rural Denmark and Its Lessons," by Sir Henry Rider Haggard (Longmans, Green), in 1918 the same firm published an English adaptation of Hertel's "Andelsbevægelsen i Danmark," Harold Faber's "Coöperation in Danish Agriculture." Senate Document 902 is "Notes on Agricultural Conditions in Denmark Which Served as a Basis for the Hon. M. F. Egan's Series of Lectures Delivered on Various Southern States," and Bulletin 1266 of the Department of Agriculture is C. L. Cristensen's "Agricultural Coöperation in Denmark."

Two historical studies might be added to the list, Isabel F. Grant's "Every-day Life on an Old Highland Farm" (Longmans, Green), and "The Mesta," by Julius Klein (Harvard Economic Studies, vol. 21), a study in Spanish economic history.

I plunged through the pages of Beatrice Webb's "My Apprenticeship" (Longmans, Green), which is my present companion and delight and which is being read at a pace to make it last, in order to see if she touched this phase of the coöperative movement. But it is with consumers' coöperation that she is concerned in the chapters that tell of her gathering a "bunch of keys" to unlock the hidden stores of experience in the minds of officials, employees, and members, from aged Rochdale Pioneers on. This big book is one that I hope will be in every library in this country: in a way it is a sort of one-volume library. Incidentally, Mrs. Webb is a woman without vanity: on the jacket is a photograph of her taken by Bernard Shaw with the feet pointing into the camera. I haven't seen one of these since the kodak was a child.