

CHINA

EXTRATERRITORIALITY
Its Rise and Its Decline

By Shih Shun Liu

"During these days when in this part of the world the abolitionists of extraterritoriality and its defenders are hurling against each other arguments pro and con, Dr. Liu's work is a particularly timely publication. It ought to be welcomed by all impartial and unprejudiced students of international affairs."—Liang Yueng-li, of *The Comparative Law School*, Shanghai, in *The China Weekly Review* (Sept. 25, 1926).
Paper. \$3.75

THE FOREIGN TRADE
OF CHINA

By Chong Su See

Published under the auspices of *The China Society of America*

China's commercial relations with the outside world are traced from the earliest period to the present time. The author points out the injustice and impracticability of the unequal treaties imposed upon China by the foreign powers. \$5.75

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By Mabel Ping-Hua Lee

While other great nations declined with the depletion of their soil, Chinese farmers with scientific agriculture have cultivated their lands for forty centuries and supported China's teeming millions.
\$6.75

THE STATUS OF ALIENS
IN CHINA

By V. K. Wellington Koo

Foreign Minister of the Peking Government

The Peking Government has served notice on the powers that all treaties will be abrogated as soon as they expire. This book, written while the author was a student at Columbia University, considers the status of aliens in China from the Chinese point of view.
Paper. \$3.75

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
New YorkCHILDREN OF THE SUN. By JAMES
RORTY. Macmillan. 1926. \$1.75.

James Rorty has already made an appearance as a so-to-speak private poet by way of a pamphlet limited in size and circulation. But with "Children of the Sun" he makes his professional debut. It is a few exceptions where the poet plays off-key, a striking exhibition of what the musical critic would call d virtuosity. But let me take the metaphor out of the concert hall. James Rorty is no longer a poetic possibility. He is a poet; this book proves he is a distinctive one.

This is established at the outset by "Prelude: When We Dead Awaken." On the surface float scraps of Whitman, snatches of Robinson Jeffers, who, incidentally, owes much to Mr. Rorty's eager championing. But the undercurrents, the submerged tides carry a salt strength, a sweeping crescendo that is no one else's. This power increases as one reads. "What Michael Said to the Census Taker" lifts it full force; the title poem condenses it without minimizing it. Here, as an instance of Mr. Rorty's idiom and, incidentally, as an example of his control of an unusually extended line, is a fragment:

*The Census Taker of the skies
By day, by night, in gray and sunny weather,
By moonlight and by starlight goes his rounds,
Counting "One!" for each apple that
thumps on the ground in November—
Counting "Two!" for each year that flares
and falls in the night.
Calling the roll of the creeping things under
the sod, each answering shrilly in its turn;
Counting the waves of the sea, and the eye-
less fishes under the sea, and the coral
cells that strive and multiply in the depths.*

*Ageons of time for the counting—casual,
scrupulous, unpressed,
See, where the Census Taker goes his rounds.*

But it is as a satirist that Mr. Rorty compels the greatest attention. No one who has ever traveled west of Sioux City or has ever eaten a Sunkish orange will forget "San Francisco Ad Man" or the still more infectious "California Dissonance." It is a note that is not precisely "new," Alfred Kreymborg has sounded it in his mordant "Advertisement." But James Rorty is not only more explicit but more exact; knowing at first hand how sweet the uses of advertising really are, he has translated into poetry the ironic and incongruous blattancies of the booster, the yes-man, the service-above-self deception, the loud-speaker on two legs casting its "measure of dust in the sun," reproving the pewee that cries "la, sol, me" in a discouragingly minor cadence, and assuring himself that

*The warnings of right-thinking men
Will bring him to himself again.*

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
DOOMSDAY. By Warwick Deeping
(Knopf).
PALMERSTON. By Philip Guedalla
(Putnam).
WE TIBETANS. By Rin-Chen Lhamo
(Lippincott).

NO two ways about it, for quick action this department beats the world. In the issue of February 5 I asked some reader of the Guide to make a book out of real letters written to children by famous people. On February 6 I am reading the book, "A Book of Letters for Young People," by Stella C. Center and Lilian Saul (Century). Every famous letter to a child that I had read is here—some of them, like De Morgan's, in facsimile with drawings—and I find numbers of new ones, like Hugh Lofting's account of the Natural History Museum he organized in his mother's linen closet. The collection could be used as a school-book, and there is an end-chapter on the art of letter-writing with a good working bibliography, but just for pleasure the little book is well worth owning.

W. H. B., Chicago, gives every year a series of addresses on the religious messages of modern novels: he has used in the past "One Increasing Purpose," "The Great Hunger," and "The Enemy," and asks for suggestions from the new fiction. This reply will do also for M. L. B., Washington, D. C., who asks advice on the choice of a novel for discussion by a Sophomore group, one "in which the emphasis is not entirely upon the sexual life of the main characters."

RADCLYFFE HALL'S "Adam's Breed" (Doubleday, Page) has just won the Femina Prize as the best novel of the year suitable for translation into French—a much-coveted award and one that carries with it a quite unusual dignity and distinction. I don't see how a clergyman could read this book without wanting to talk about it: I've talked about it in public myself, and about Elizabeth Madox Roberts's beautiful "The Time of Man" (Viking). But let no one rush this book, nor speak about it without dedicating some time to brooding over it: it took ten years to write and should take at least ten days to read—ten weeks would be better. When the author describes how something looks or smells, give yourself a chance to stop and see or smell it: let her make your own toes feel the sensation of the soil. At least that is how it enlarged my own content in consciousness.

Anne Parrish's "Tomorrow Morning" (Harper) is another novel a teacher or preacher might use: they have all used Warwick Deeping's "Sorrell and Son" (Knopf) already, judging by reports; in a recent "Literary Vespers" Edgar W. Burrill used this with Galsworthy's "Silver Spoon" (Scribner), and Sylvia Thompson's "The Hounds of Spring" (Little, Brown). Struthers Burt's long and thoughtful look at American life in "The Delectable Mountains" (Scribner) is as well fitted for this purpose as "The Interpreter's House" (Scribner) which was taken into many a pulpit. I rather think, though, that this one won't get many pats from Philadelphia pulpits. As for Hugh Walpole's "Harmer John" (Doran) it is a parable complete.

"The Minister's Daughter," by Hildur Dixelius (Dutton), newly translated from the Swedish, has as good sermon-timber as "The Great Hunger." It is the life-story of a woman surrounded by types familiar to the reader of "Gösta Berling's Saga," a woman whose recuperation and serenity draws from a humbly but firmly held religious faith. There is the usual infanticide, which Hamsun, Bojer, and Nexö have accustomed us to consider as a sort of Scandinavian measles, but as this happens in 1807 the culprit is beheaded.

C. W., Kent, Conn., asks for a list of books that deal with the modern American Navy, and the name of an illustrated magazine published by the U. S. Navy and dealing with the same subject.

THE Naval History of the World War," by Thomas G. Frothingham (Harvard University Press), has just reached, in its third volume, "The United States in the War," this is not only a story of exploits, but a serious and important work of reference. There are several histories for the general reader; only one is

actually in print, "A Short History of the American Navy," by Captain G. R. Clark and others (Lippincott), but the succinct and authoritative "History of the United States Navy," by J. R. Spears (Scribner), and W. O. Stevens's popular "Story of Our Navy" (Harper), though out of print are not hard to get. "The Navy as a Fighting Machine," by Rear-Admiral Bradley Fiske (Scribner), describes its organization, principles, and operation. "A History of the Transport Service," by Vice Admiral Albert Gleaves (Doran), tells adventures and exploits of our transports and cruisers in the World War, and "Soldiers of the Sea," by Willis Abbot (Dodd) presents the marines. "Life at the U. S. Naval Academy," by Ralph Earle (Putnam), is a detailed account of how cadets are chosen, what they study, and how they live at Annapolis, with a historical sketch of the academy. "Annapolis: Its Colonial and Naval Story," by Walter Norris (Crowell), is more concerned with the colonial record: it is a good companion for a visitor to this rare old town. For younger readers there is Willis Allen's "Navy Blue: Cadet Life at Annapolis" (Dutton).

Many readers get naval history through biography: "A Sailor's Log," by Robley Evans (Appleton), has been popular since its appearance in 1901. "From Midshipman to Rear-Admiral," by Bradley Fiske, R.A. (Century), is a general favorite: boys read it as gladly as men do. "Memoirs of Thomas O. Selfridge, R.A." came from Putnam in 1924, and Gleaves's "The Life of an American Sailor" (Rear-Admiral Emory), from Doran in 1923. For younger readers there are several collective biographies: "Makers of Naval Tradition," by Alden and Earle, lately published by Ginn; W. O. Stevens's "Boyhood of Our Naval Heroes" (Harper), and Jessie Frothingham's "Sea-Fighters from Drake to Farragut" (Scribner), which as the name shows include British seamen. I cannot come so close to its subject without at least naming I. A. Callendar's recent and authoritative work on "The Naval Side of British History" (Little, Brown). The inquiry calls for fiction also, but I know of none in which the contemporary navy figures: Daniel Henderson's "Pirate Princes and Yankee Jacks" (Dutton) is in the days of Decatur.

Our Navy, an illustrated magazine now in its twentieth volume, is published semi-monthly at Washington, D. C., and costs 25 cents a number. The U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings, now in its 53d volume, is a technical monthly, also illustrated. In vol. 41, 1922, of this is an article on "Our rich but neglected old naval historical literature."

G. L., Brooklyn, N. Y., relays to me from a German publisher a call for the name of any or all novels written in English in which a stenographer, a poor girl, marries her employer. He thinks it would be a good idea to translate one for his home trade.

"I'll just send him a half-dozen titles by mail," thought I in the airy manner I use when I think I know more than I do, and then get together a real list for print. There must be a lot of those Cinderella stories floating about. The end of three days finds me asking where they are afloat. Every time one bobs up in my memory, by the time I have it by the hair something shows it is all wrong and down it has to go. In L. Allen Harker's "Hilda Ware" (Holt) a secretary marries her novelist-employer, but she must first pry him loose from a quite satisfactory wife, and when he finds himself married to anyone else he dies of shock. Now this would be nothing to look forward to as a reward for turning out neat copy. And anyway, this stenographer's strong point was inspiration: her dictation is admitted to have been slow. Frank Swinnerton's "Coquette" (Doran) and Arnold Bennett's "Lilian" (Doran) marry their employers, but look how they act; oh, look, look at what happens to Mr. Swinnerton's young lady in the last chapter. The girl in Viola Paradise's "The Pacer" (Dutton)—and a novel worth reading this is, too—works in a pickle-factory and marries the owner, but she is not a stenographer, and the girl in Sinclair Lewis's "The Job" (Harcourt, Brace) is a stenographer and marries, but she doesn't marry the boss; and when she remarries she takes the man into her business—unless I have quite forgotten that admirable office romance she does not even

take him into the firm. Edna Ferber's Emma McChesney married one of the firm, but she traveled for them. The only American story that now looks likely to me is a serial that ran forever in the New York Evening Journal, called "Gilded Kisses," there were two sisters, both stenographers, and though when I sailed last April the chances that the good one would really land her employer seemed pretty slim, I infer from the general tone of the work that she did so some time during the summer.

It worries me that I cannot fill this bill. Is stenography no longer regarded by fiction-writers as a road to the altar? Or—dreadful thought—is matrimony no longer regarded by them as a reward? Does it just happen that there are no more such novels, or is it a system?

R. A. A., Morgantown, W. Va., asks for anthologies for students who wish to get a connected view of current and recent American poetry. He has "New Voices" and Miss Wilkinson's smaller volume, "The New Poetry," by Monroe and Henderson, and Untermeyer's collections of various sizes, and prefers a collection with more poetry than comment.

THE choice in "Poems for Youth," edited by William Rose Benét (Dutton), is made with unusual felicity, and such comment as there is is inspiring and especially fitted to the alert mind approaching twenty. There is a new collection from Mr. Untermeyer, meant to fit in between "Modern British and American Poetry" and the children's book, "This Singing World," it is just out, and is appropriately called "Yesterday and Today: A Comparative Anthology" (Harcourt, Brace). This includes British and American poets; the first section is from poets born in the first half of the nineteenth century, the second from those born since 1850. I am well over nineteen, the age-limit suggested—though not imposed—on the title-page, but I can get plenty of pasturage in these Elysian fields.

D. W., Boston, suggests that the inquirer for books on present-day Turkish women would be interested in Demetra Vaka's "The Unveiled Ladies of Stamboul," and says that even though her "Haremlik" and "A Child of the Orient" are not up to the minute, their picture of the changing status of Turkish women gives them more than passing interest.

E. E. C., N. Y., recommends from use in the field Georges Cain's "Walks in Paris" (Macmillan) as the best Paris book except Lucas's. "Georges Cain was the curator of the Carnavalet Museum, which means that he knows Paris from the viewpoint from which I want to know it. This aspect would not interest those Americans whose Paris is a triangle bounded by the Ritz bar, the cabarets on Montmartre, and the shops on the rue de Rivoli. But such people do not write to your column." On the chance some mere vacationist might get a look at it over the shoulder of a gifted subscriber, he is hereby informed that Holt will soon publish a guide called "How to Be Happy in Paris Without Being Ruined," by John Chancellor; the ruin meant seems to be, from the description, financial. Anyway, it will give prices as well as information.

E. P., Vandergrift, Pa., asks for suggestions on writing a club paper on "Intelligent Women and Their Leisure."

READ Loraine Pruette's "Women and Leisure: A Study of Social Waste" (Dutton), and see if it does not afford material for a season of papers. Of if you prefer a historical treatment, read Emily James Putnam's "The Lady" (Putnam), and see what a perfect lady has been according to the standards of society from the Greeks to the present day. Loraine Pruette's book will bounce a reader about a bit; thus prepared, she might not find Thorstein Veblen's famous "Theory of the Leisure Class" (Huebsch) such rough going.

THE publishers of "Picturesque America," as the title of this book has now been shortened to read, ask me to say that the price is now ten dollars, the original *de luxe* edition, lately mentioned here, now being out of print.

An intimate contemporary account of the private and public life of the Italian Renaissance will be issued in an English edition for the first time during the spring under the title "A Florentine Diary from 1450 to 1516," by Luca Landucci. The diary, which is now nearly ready for publication, with its continuation by an anonymous writer till 1542, describes, among other things, the erection of numerous buildings now famous, and refers to many historic figures. The translation is by Alice de Rosen Jervis.

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Much the best brief presentation of the Far Eastern situation of which I know.

Hon. Setsuzo Hawada, Counsellor of the Japanese Embassy:

I feel sure it will help the reading public gain a better understanding of Far Eastern affairs.

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THE collected satires of Lord Alfred Douglas have come to us from the Fortune Press in London. The edition consists of five hundred and fifty copies. "If satire is to exist at all," says Douglas, "it must be savage, fierce, bitter and, perhaps also, even occasionally unfair," but he contends that he "wrote all these poems either in sheer self-defense against cruel and malignant attacks on myself, or as the result of genuine moral indignation." Lord Alfred can certainly wield the weapon of satire. He can toss off such allusions as "Strabismic Strachey's Spectatorial squint." He can wield the scourge in a sonnet. In fact, he qualifies immediately as one of the ferocious sonneteers we are striving to stir up; and we therefore quote the following in substantiation of that claim:

TO A CERTAIN JUDGE

Master of dubious arts, the sophist's cloak
Rests all too aptly on your cynic mind.
Justice we know is never quite so blind,
Under her hood-winked eyes, as simple folk
Simply suppose. A deft judicial spoke
Thrust in her wheel, a crooked push behind,
Invisibly bestowed, are, in their kind,
Cantrips that cozen jury-fogging smoke.

England expects, when ministerial boots
Accite subservience to the lingual task,
Vigor and zeal. Your ludship's verbal grace
Outhimes the varnish that your tongue
salutes.

Red-robed automaton, behind your mask
You hide (too obviously) a leering face.

We are in receipt of *Overtures*, combining *The Greenwich Village Quill* and edited by Henry Harrison. It leads off with a eulogy of the editor by Ralph Cheyney, and a description of the new kind of magazine Harrison intends to edit. It will be a combination of the old *Quill* and a modern poetry magazine. *Nellie Reback* in an article, delves interestingly into the past of Greenwich Village, from the time of *Admiral Warren* and his daughters onward. We learn that Barrow Street was first called Reason Street as a tribute to *Thomas Paine*. *Richard Harding Davis* wrote his New York stories in Waverly Place. In the home of *Bayard Taylor* on Eighth Street *Paul de Chailly* wrote "Ivan the Viking." Miss Reback sums up the present Village as "the result of evolution from about 1670 till 1915, revolution from 1915 till 1920, and devolution to the present day." Nevertheless, the Village still remains interesting to us, and despite certain freakish manifestations a thorough investigation of its inhabitants would reveal a surprising number of genuine artists who have achieved durable reputations. . . .

The Youth's Companion launched before New Year's a fiction contest for the purpose of bringing out new and young authors and helping them to find their place. This is part of its hundredth anniversary program. Boy and girl authors between the ages of fifteen and twenty are eligible to enter, and for the best short story, written in English, five hundred dollars will be awarded, with second and third awards of two hundred and one hundred dollars. The contest opened last December 30th and will run until April 15th. For rules of the contest, write to the Secretary, Junior Fiction Contest, *The Youth's Companion*, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. . . .

Macy-Masius of two fifty Park Avenue are about to send to press a collection of American Esoterica, a volume of sophisticated pieces to be published handsomely and with dignity. The late *George Sterling*, *John Cournos*, *Orrick Johns*, *John Russell*, *Clement Wood*, *Dana Burnet*, and *Djuna Barnes* are some of the contributors. . . .

Albert Brecknock is the latest to have written a biography of the poet *Byron*. The book is published by Appleton. It is said that some new facts have been discovered and brought to light in this volume. We wonder what they are? . . .

L. W. Darrah, of Ellwood City, Pa., sends us a poem and says he can do one even more ferocious, if we wish. But unfortunately it is not a sonnet, though it starts off flamingly as follows:

Is there love in hell,
Do the demons ever kiss,
Or does Satan sound some awful knell
To interrupt such bliss?

Last Saturday was the birthday of *Charles Darwin* as well as of *Lincoln*. The great evolutionist was born in 1809. Appleton first published Darwin's works in America. . . .

William Ellery Leonard pays us the compliment of writing to say:

It was, they say, a Phœnician that introduced the alphabet into the Western World, and you are his worthy descendant in introducing some

of the higher products of that alphabet to a still more western world.

To try to live up to that, we specially call your attention to the publication by Doran of *T. E. Lawrence's* "Revolt in the Desert," though we have spoken of this before. It is a book that will cause a great deal of discussion, and a book in which one of the most mysterious and daring adventurers of our day proves that he can write in the most distinguished fashion. We hear that ten copies of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," of which "Revolt in the Desert" is a briefer version, are for sale in this country for \$20,000 apiece. No, that isn't a misprint. They are the only ten in existence or that will ever be printed. Here's what Lawrence himself has to say about the abridgment, which is "Revolt in the Desert." It was brought out to raise money to pay the artists of the original richly produced edition. "It amounts to less than half of the original text (which occupied the reading hours of my friends for months), but half a calamity is better than a whole one, and this fairly represents all sides of the story." He goes on:

If I am asked why I have abridged an unsatisfactory book, instead of recasting it as a history, I must plead that to do so nice a job in the barracks which have been my home since 1922 would need a degree of concentration amounting in an airman to moroseness; and an interest in the subject which was exhausted long ago in the actual experience of it.

This astonishing man is now a private in the British Air Service (instead of Emperor of India). His name always appears in quotes. His is the greatest adventure story of modern times. . . .

This week *The Saturday Review* is privileged in printing a portion of *Edna St. Vincent Millay's* opera, "The King's Henchman," music by *Deems Taylor*, which opened on Thursday night at the Metropolitan. We urge all and sundry to buy the full book, published by Harper & Brothers, as we have read it through and think it most extraordinary. We would comment on the opera itself as witnessed, save that, owing to the necessity of dashing off our column almost a week in advance, we have not witnessed it yet. . . .

LECTORI SALUTEM!

Die XXI^o mensis Februarii anno MCMXXVII^o CCL post Benedictum de Spinoza defunctu manni elapsi sunt.

Piae Benedicti de Spinoza memoriae dies ille ut consecratur, Societas Spinoza sibi proposuit.

Hunc ad diem philosophiae cultores omnes Hagam convocat. Quo in congressu Leo Brunsvigie Parisiensis / Johannes Hermannus Carp Haganus / Carolus Gebhardt Francofurtensis / Adolphus Ravà Patavinus / necnon Anglicanus vir doctus quidam sermone patrio disserent de Benedicto de Spinoza ejusque apud saeculum nostrum auctoritate.

Ut saecularis hujus diei commemoratio apud posteritatem vigeat, domum in via vulgo dicta Paviljoensgracht, in qua Benedictus de Spinoza sex per annos vixit et in qua CCL ante annos Ethicam suam absolvit, conservare studiisque Spinozanis consecrare Societas Spinozana statuit.

Ad diem illum celebrandum domumque Spinozanam inaugurandam Societatis Spinozanae Curatorium Hagam Comitibus ex animo vos vocat.

Commemoratio sollemnis fiet in edificio quod dicunt de Ridderzaal* die XXI^o mensis Februarii hora VIII^a post meridiem, Domus Spinozana inauguratio die XXII^o hora X^a ante meridiem.

Curatorium Societatis Spinozanae: Leo Brunsvigie / Johannes Hermannus Carp / Carolus Gebhardt / Haroldus Höfding / Fredericus Pollock. . . .

Anne Parrish has sailed for a trip through the Panama Canal and a cruise around South America; she will return the first of April. *Francis Brett Young's* new novel, "Love Is Enough," in two volumes, will be published March 18th, more than a month earlier than previously announced. Mr. Young is on a lecture tour here, having recently visited Chicago. *Richard Connell*, whose first novel, "The Mad Lover," is just out, lately returned with his wife, *Louise Fox Connell*, to whom the book is dedicated, from a visit in Bermuda. . . .

About two years ago *Booth Tarkington* dropped his work in the middle of winter and played in the sunshine of Africa and Sicily during the early Spring, climbing the Berber trails over which he was later to take his Tinker, Lawrence Ogle, and Madame Momoro of "The Plutocrat." . . .

And as for us, just at present we ourselves are yearning to fly to some tropic clime and bask on sun-bright sand. . . .

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