

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(Continued from preceding page)

simple diary of one of the colts. It is unsophisticated and unpretentious. It has a certain freshness and spontaneity. It is not particularly a literary effort.

THE WOMEN'S SIDE. By CLEMENCE DANE. Doran. 1927. \$1.50.

Miss Clemence Dane is an English writer of considerable ability. Her "Bill of Divorcement" was a very able piece of dramatic work and her "Regiment of Women" a penetrating and moving study of a child's unhappiness. Her story, "Legend," was still more interesting because of its form. A cluster of her friends sit 'round and discuss a young woman who has just died. They all knew her, all that is except the girl through whose eyes or rather ears the story is told. Gradually a sense of the dead woman's charm is evoked, of her character, of her struggles, and finally of her death. The story told in any other form would have been a tragic one, but by thus telling it backwards, an elegiac mood is evoked in which the beauty and dignity in this short life become apparent. It is a brilliant *tour de force*.

But here, as an essayist, or rather it might seem as a garnerer of her magazine articles, Miss Dane is very much less successful. Her power of characterization finds no place here. The clearness of her beliefs seem platitudinous, and her convictions lead her to be didactic. She is obviously sincere. She really does believe in sensible divorce laws, in the acting of historical episodes in school, in women in business looking better after their health, and in equal opportunity for the sexes. Unable, however, because of the forms she has here chosen, to resort to characterization or to dramatic events, forbidden as Dr. Johnson put it to "Exhilarate the reader with a giant or a dwarf," Miss Dane falls back on a dismal brightness and exclamatoriness of style.

Let us give an example of what we mean. Miss Dane is suggesting that "Woman" suffers more than "Man" from the strain and noise of modern life and that she should revolt from this "modern Nightmare."

Suppose that she thought so! Suppose that she had the courage to say so! Suppose that she had the strength—"are not women strong?"—to act on her convictions and—withdraw! Suppose that women should begin to insist on "living in the country" once more! Suppose, instead of acquiescing in the artificial civilization of today, she, a half of the human race, should set to work to impose upon the other half, a civilization of her own—a civilization of the country not of the towns. Could she? Would she? What would happen if she did?

However it is possible that the audience whom she addresses will not be worried by this sort of thing. Let us hope not, for Miss Dane's pleas are all for sensible ways of thinking, and her admonitions are as much needed in the United States as in her own country.

All the same we hope that she will soon turn to novel writing again.

THE NERVOUS CHILD. By H. C. CAMERON. Oxford University Press. 1927.

Devotees of Dr. Cameron's book rejoice in its growing popularity. The suggestions made as to the training of children are based on sound knowledge of the child's psychology, and are of great value. The book is aimed at cure rather than prevention of atypical behavior. The necessity for serenity as a parental personality trait is emphasized and reemphasized. If the book is to fall into the hands of the over-anxious parent the pictures and some of the illustrative incidents are unfortunately chosen in that they set forth chiefly the exaggerated cases.

Poetry

IN TOWNS AND LITTLE TOWNS. By LEONARD FEENEY, S.J. The America Press. 1927.

The Roman Catholic author of this attractive volume is more than a versifier. Often he merely versifies, but in some of his work a fluency in metrics is at the service of truly burning feeling, incisive irony, and quite fortunate phrase. For the most part he deals with simple things, he has no other desire, but sometimes he deals with them with peculiar felicity. Even so simple a verse as

*Solon, Plato, Socrates—
Where does your vaunted learning stand?
My grandfather was a schoolmaster
In Ireland!*

has the right ring to it, and a glamour. Of course much is plain sentiment (which has never noticeably done the world any harm), but once in so often a quizzical

touch steals in delightfully, as in "Love's Young Dream," addressed to Methuselah. For did he in his age recall with his spouse the time when they were young
*And count each lonely century,
And live the days again
When you were a hundred and twenty, and she
A hundred and ten!*

"To a Blacksmith," "Night Noises," "Prayer of a Crossing-Tender," "The Deathbed," "The Undertaker," "The Teller's Wife," "Obsequies," "Moonrise on Swampscott Beach," "Transformation," have special originality. The poems for Padraic Pearse and the Gifford Girl have fire. The devotional poems are rather better than most devotional poems. Father Feeney's work has the charm of genuine simplicity, which is of the heart. We will quote the brief one, "The Teller's Wife," though "Obsequies" we like even better:

*I've a little squirrel keeps
Me company.
I've a little yellow bird
To sing for me.*

*Counting money in the bank
My man's engaged.
Everything I love in life
Is caged.*

Compression as sure and significant as that is no mean attainment. The gift of the word is on the Irish, and Father Feeney demonstrates that he has it.

SERENADE. By HUGH WESTERN. Chicago: Walter M. Hill. 1926.

One's first thought is, what a charmingly prepared book of poems! Jacket, cover, title-page decoration, print and paper are all of the choicest. Christopher Morley writes a most felicitous "word in parenthesis" at the beginning. Hugh Western is not the author's real name. This is the work of, as Mr. Morley puts it, "the poet and connoisseur valiant behind the man of affairs." But few men of affairs could compass the grace and originality of much of this work. Mr. Western, as we must call him, was assuredly born a poet. His title is fortunate, "Serenade,"—for this is an antique and gallant music and the delicate charm of the phrase is alien to most modern verse. Unfortunately alien, we think.

We are prepared for deftness of touch by the opening poem, "The Serenader," and what more charming than to read in italics the quotation from Milton on the facing page, "My name is Parrot, a byrd of paradise." "For Fun" shows the author an entertaining fellow. Mice, wrens, and bees he likes, and such odd small matters. But the "Lines Suggested by Symonds's Letters," "The Horned Horse," "To a Reader of Brantôme," "Actaeon," "Amalfi," show the rich fabric of his thought, and a line like "on curdled storms the lightning finds a pillow," from "Of Tantalus, His Children," gives great relish. We say the same of this from the long "Night Thoughts in a Prairie," which, save for "L'Envoi," ends the volume:

*the curtain of the sky
Foils the clear glitter of its single star
Theatrically.*

Yes, the man has the genuine troubadour touch and an air about him. When he is derivative he is derivative in a fine fashion, but at his best he affords us flavor of his own. The frail note lingers.

SONNETS FOR PETROVA and Other Poems. By EDITH BURROWS. Boston: The Four Seas Company, 168 Dartmouth Street. 1927. \$2.

The first section of this book is a sincere tribute to a striking personality, written in fluent cadences but without any particularly striking phrase. In the second section are simple songs of no particular individuality. The third and fourth sections are a mixture of tributes to others, lyrics, and sonnets. We cannot find much salience in Miss Burrows's work.

HURDY-GURDY ON OLYMPUS. By BERTON BRALEY. Appleton. 1927. \$2.

Berton Braley is the magazine verse-writer *par excellence*, never without a subject, an accomplished rhymester and metrist, and indefatigable workman. He is a characteristic phenomenon of the business man's America. He could almost take out articles of incorporation as a verse manufactory. He has won to the front, however, through the arduous development of natural gifts. The book before us, illustrated by De Alton Valentine, is a garnering of his best work on the Pan Pipes in Jazz, as he calls them, in the Suburbs of Parnassus, as he terms his habitat. There is a good deal of fun in the volume, some mellow sentiment, some matter for office mottoes, the satisfaction of verses neatly carpentered and, to mix the metaphor, adequately engined. Among the light versi-

fiers of America he has his acknowledged place, though F. P. A., for instance, and Arthur Guiterman, distinctly rank him by quite a few files.

WORDS FOR THE CHISEL. By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD. Knopf. 1926. \$2.

Genevieve Taggard vivifies writing that, taken word by word, at first appears half meaningless, but which proves deeply significant as a whole. Her readers must be subtle in imagination. She will write such sentences, for instance, as this, taken from "The Runner":

One wind is your wind

Which can only be understood if the reader thinks, as it were, in "poetic seizures." Yet she conveys her moment.

The especial pleasure in "Words for the Chisel" lies in her changing cadences, altered tone to altered matter, perhaps most pronounced in her narrative poem "Poppy Juice." There her lines are passionate or sober,—finally steadied to a tragic numbness. Her manner is various, as in pauses to recover thought:

*The little shack the schooners anchored
by . . .*

*They tried, the other day to raid the den,
They found a passive Buddha hung up
high,*

*Eight grams of opium and some Chinamen,
With one kanaka hag.*

or by the placing of vowels to convey the mood:

*And she would sit aside and sigh and dream,
Dream as she lingered at the window-pane;
or in swift intervals of natural description:
The water-fall that poured, rushing in
quiet,—*

*That seemed to fall and then to wane and
hang;*

*. This picture was a pang.
She saw it with the shutting of an eye
White on the darkness of another sky.*

*Waves mocked her then, and the whispering
hush*

*Spreading with sunset gave her heart small
ease;*

*At night along the reefs, the unending
rush—*

*Not like the noise that falters in the trees
Above the lesser ripples of the breeze;*

The story's climax is reached through lines of finely dramatic reserve.

Other poems grouped as "Swarms," "Moods of Women," and "Voice in the Cloud" shows the same sensitiveness to verbal values. Miss Taggard's weakness is indicated by herself in her book's title, for is not "Words for the Chisel" inviting us to pare away a few extraneous syllables? Some just will not fit into place in her lines. But then often the very words you trip over give you pause in which to discover the depth of the thought. She can attain perfect clarity and smoothness, as in, "To Almost Anyone":

*You are too wise, too wise, I want
A lover not so chill, so sure.
I might make verses for a taunt
To turn you bold and burn you pure—
So sane you are, so faintly brave. . . .*

Go get yourself a cosy grave! or she can write as surely, though more intensely, the lines of "Memoir" and "Galatea Again." In "Green Parable" we recognize the maturing artistry of her last four years. On the whole, most of Miss Taggard's work now stands free of the marble.

Religion

CAN THE CHURCHES UNITE? Century. 1927. \$1.25.

In July, 1927, at Lausanne, Switzerland, nearly two years after the Stockholm Conference of the Churches on Life and Work, comes the long expected World Conference on Faith and Order. To help clarify opinions on church unity in preparation for that conference Bishop Brent edits a symposium of brief essays. The authors, who include some well known church leaders, represent several denominations. They also present several points of view. Some are strongly desirous of unity of belief and practice among Christians. Others are doubtful whether progress in this direction can readily be made. They all contribute to a resultant impression of the many-sided character of the simple and sentimental ideal of a reunited Christendom.

THE STORY OF JESUS AND THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CHURCH. By B. W. BACON. Century. 1927. \$2.50.

This is the third considerable volume to be issued by Professor Bacon within a few months. Those who have read his "Gospel of Mark" or his "Apostolic Message," know that they will find here a combination of acute documentary criticism and of subtle

theological differentiation. Here, however, Dr. Bacon comes to grips with the central problem of early Christianity, the actual figure of Jesus and his own thought of himself. It is true that Dr. Bacon professes that a knowledge of the deeds and words of Jesus is not to him so much a matter of historical interest as of religious value. Nevertheless, he strives to penetrate behind the Christian apologetic and interpretation of the earliest records to what Jesus really did and said. He relies on certain theological rubrics as indicating the strata of early Christian thought: the continuator of John's work, for instance, or a suffering Messiah rather than an apocalyptic or a Son-of-David type of Messiah, or a martyr dedicated to the sanctifying of God's name and to the bringing in of God's kingdom. In spite of its simple title this book is not a new popular life of Jesus. The methods of the analysis are not easy for the tyro to follow. The material was originally presented in lecture form to theological students or graduates. It will appeal to a similar class as its readers.

THE PARABLES: THEIR BACKGROUND AND LOCAL SETTING. By REV. N. LEVISON. Scribners. 1926. \$2.50.

The parables of Jesus have been a favorite subject for both scholarly and popular monographs. The present example belongs rather to the latter type, though it reflects independent thought. The author brings to the subject a somewhat unusual equipment. He was brought up in Palestine in a conservative Jewish home and is now a minister of a Christian church. The local color from modern Syrian life is particularly useful to him in interpreting the parables. When he tries, however, to discover the application to which Jesus gave the illustrations he meets the greatest difficulties to which all interpreters are subject. Reported in the gospels, often apart from their original context, they permit of more than one meaning. Except where they become prosaically modern, Mr. Levison's suggestions are often novel and appropriate.

THE CHRISTLIKE GOD. By Francis John McConnell. Abingdon. \$1.75.

JUDAISM. By George Foote Moore. Harvard University Press. 2 vols. \$10.

THE LIFE OF PRAYER IN A WORLD OF SCIENCE. By William Adams Brown. Scribners. \$2.25.

THE NATURE AND RIGHT OF RELIGION. By W. Morgan. Scribners. \$3.75.

THE CLASS WAR IN HEAVEN. By Luke. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP AND ITS FUTURE. By G. A. Johnston Ross. Abingdon Press. \$1.

Science

THE MIND AND ITS MECHANISM. By Paul Bousfield. Dutton. \$4.

PREHISTORIC MAN. By Keith Henderson. Dutton. \$3.

ABSTRACTS OF THESE. Vol. III. University of Chicago Press.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HEREDITY. By William M. Sadler. McClurg. \$2.50.

THE LOGIC OF MODERN PHYSICS. By P. W. Bridgman. Macmillan. \$2.50.

THE ELEMENTS OF RADIO-COMMUNICATION. By O. F. Brown. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

STARS AND ATOMS. By Arthur Stanley Eddington. Yale University Press. \$2.

BEING WELL-BORN. By Michal F. Guyer. Bobbs-Merrill. \$5.

SCIENCE AND THE FALSE MESSIAH. By C. E. Ayres. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.

THE NATURE OF MAN. By George A. Dorsey. Harper's. \$1.

MARVELS OF MODERN MECHANICS. By Harold T. Wilkins. Dutton. \$3.

Sociology

SOCIAL MOBILITY. By Pitirim Sorokin. Harpers. \$3.75.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF THE FAMILY. By Ernest R. Groves. Lippincott. \$2.50.

HISTORY OF CUTTERS' UNION LOCAL 10—I. L. G. W. U. By James Oneal. Local 10.

THE GOAL OF SOCIAL WORK. Edited by Richard C. Cabot. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.

READINGS IN URBAN SOCIOLOGY. Edited by Scott E. W. Bedford. Appleton. \$5.

Travel

MY JOURNEY TO LHASA. By ALEXANDRA DAVID-NEEL. Harper. 1927. \$4.

The frontispiece portrait of Mme. David-Neel shows a woman with an independent poise of the head, fearless eyes, and a humorous mouth. The only white woman to succeed in entering the forbidden city is entirely feminine, not least so in her motive for undertaking the risky journey. She did it to spite the British government, and to demonstrate that "the earth is the inheritance of man, and that consequently any honest traveller has the right to walk as he chooses, all over that globe which is his"—or hers. And so eventually, in a photograph which piques the imagination—for who could have

taken it—we find Mme. David-Noel in Lhasa, seated in triumph in front of the Potala, the palace of the Dalai Lama, with her adopted son and faithful companion near her. She remained in Lhasa for two months, in disguise, enjoying the New Year's festivities and taking notes to her heart's content. Her book is a thoroughly absorbing tale of adventure, heightened by touches of the supernatural, quite matter-of-factly treated, and also a highly valuable first-hand record of the customs of the Tibetan people with whom she lived in an intimacy probably more interesting to look back upon than enjoyable to endure at the time.

IN BORNEO JUNGLES; AMONG THE DYAK HEADHUNTERS. By WILLIAM O. KROHN. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. \$5.

Disgust with (evidently) the Loeb-Leopold trial drove Dr. Krohn from this country for change and refreshment. He forsook the jungle of civilization, as exemplified by medico-legal work in the courts, for the jungle of the savage headhunters of Borneo. It must be said that in his account of his journey thither he hangs so many particulars as almost to qualify as a murderer himself. Jocular puns, emphasized by inverted commas in the manner of Henry James, are also conducive to restlessness. All this vanishes, fortunately, when our adventurer reaches Borneo. The book resolves itself into a straightforward account of the Dyaks and Malays of Dutch Borneo, with all the details which any reader most wishes to have in learning for the first time of the manners and customs of a little known people. Headhunting, it seems, is a question of etiquette, courtship, and ceremonial, and not all the Dutch authorities' prohibition of the practice itself and the *kanjar dodo* (war dance) and flute-playing that lead up to it has been potent to quench the Dyaks' natural desire to do the correct thing in the correct way.

LLAMA LAND. By ANTHONY DELL. Doran. 1927. \$10.

Anyone contemplating a trip into the back country of Peru will find this book a mine of accurate and useful information. A pleasant record of the journey of a man interested in birds, plants, and primitive people. The volume lacks, however, the sense of adventure and dramatic visualization needed to transport the armchair traveler beyond his own fireside. Those who travel for others should see life more vividly, should see the forest and not merely the trees.

LOAFING THROUGH THE PACIFIC. By SETH K. HUMPHREY. Doubleday, Page. 1927. \$3.50.

The implications of this book are hardly as restful as its title. On his leisurely way through the Pacific to China and Japan Mr. Humphrey dropped in at several American island possessions, and his remarks on what he found show him to be an acute, shrewd, and clear-eyed observer who is gratifyingly free of any tendencies to indulge in fine writing. He predicts that in a decade or so the Japanese will be in a decided majority over all other races in the Hawaiian Islands—and notes that the United States Government is spending millions in fortifying the island of Oahu. No one outside of a uniform (except, perhaps, the authors of "Rain") can conjecture what earthly use Pago-Pago in American Samoa is to its owner, he says. The chief difficulty in the way of granting independence to the Filipinos is that no Filipino would ever be likely to have a finger thereafter in the political control of the islands. Every man in a recent legislature was a *mestizo* (half-caste). His description of the social intricacies of transportation in Manila is not merely amusing; here as elsewhere his faculty for selecting a significant detail forestalls any impression of thinness in a book which covers so much territory.

THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO. Revised from Marsden's Translation and edited by Manuel Komroff. Boni & Liveright. \$3.50.

THE LURE OF THE GREAT SMOKIES. By Robert L. Mason. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.50.

OLD CALABRIA. By Norman Douglas. Dodd, Mead. \$5.

BRITTANY AND THE LOIRE. By Leslie Richardson. Dodd, Mead. \$4.

SAVAGE LIFE IN THE BLACK SUDAN. By C. W. Dornville-Fife. Lippincott.

ON HIGH HILLS. By Geoffrey W. Young. Dutton. \$6.

ON TOUR WITH QUEEN MARIE. By Constance Lily Morris. McBride. \$2.50 net.

War

AGRICULTURE AND FOOD SUPPLY IN FRANCE DURING THE WAR. By Michel Augé-Laribé and Pierre Pinot. Yale University Press. \$4.

THE FORMS OF WAR GOVERNMENT IN FRANCE. By Pierre Renouvin. Yale University Press. \$2.50.

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 HONORABLE PICNIC. By Thomas Rauca (Viking).
DISRAELI. By D. L. Murray (Little, Brown).
THE FRANTIC ATLANTIC. By Basil Woon (Knopf).

H. M., *Johnson City, Tennessee*, asks for a collection of short stories to send to three German ladies "enthusiastically becoming acquainted with the English language and America." These stories must have plots that will hold the interest, and must be very modern and about America. In German literature the ladies are devoted to Schnitzler; they found the O'Brien "Best Short Stories" and the O. Henry annual had too much dialect—negro, gangster, etc.; the only tale they liked was Sherwood Anderson's "Death in the Woods." H. M. thinks that Willa Cather's stories would not have plot and circumstance enough to hold their interest at present.

GIVE them Thyra Samter Winslow's "People Round the Corner" (Knopf); this country is safe in her hands as interpreter, so far as she goes. These delicate ironies, these brief illuminations of everyday lives, while not in the least like Schnitzler's, are as truly American as his are Viennese. And give them Edna Ferber's new volume, "Mother Knows Best" (Doubleday, Page); these are sparkling stories in the American manner. If the tales were not required to be American, I would recommend William Gerhard's "Pretty Creatures" (Duffield), for its masterly story of a German non-producing genius and his daughter, "The Vanity Bag." If these ladies would like to absorb a knowledge of American cooking in the course of reading a volume of short stories, let them by all means get Sophie Kerr's "Confetti" (Doran). These are the most chewing stories I ever did read; there is one that describes a series of competitive dinners, giving the menus and all but the recipes of every meal; so far it is all very well, and I remember being quite moved when I read it first in the *Sateve*, but taken so many on this order together in a volume shows fatty degeneration of the style.

I sympathize with sufferers from dialect in foreign stories, but I have accumulated too much bile from trying to read the jokes in *Simplicissimus* to put too much effort into protecting anyone in Germany from a corresponding experience. Still, in the stories I have named dialect is at a minimum.

R. G. H., *New York City*, asks for something to send to a man of a philosophic turn of mind, not averse to exercising his brain in the summer.

I WISH that readers of this department who take an interest in theories of the structure of time, or indeed in theories of space and time in general, would read a book lately published in this country by Macmillan, so startling in its apparent conclusions and in its nature so unusual that I fear it may be passed over as pseudo-science by those who look only at its jacket. This is "An Experiment With Time," by J. W. Dunne, an English scientist led into making these investigations by a series of dreams in which he saw events that took place some days later. Of course this suggests dream-books and general foolishness, but the work is serious and elaborately documented; I have given it to two experts who have confirmed my own quite unofficial view that it is as important as it is surprising.

The first part of this book, describing the experiments, is easy enough for one interested to follow, but the second part takes all the intelligence you have, even to keep in sight of the mathematics. For this reason I suggest as a work of transparent directness of speech and beauty of content, Canon Streeter's "Reality" (Macmillan). This book is making a steadily widening ripple through my acquaintance; it seems to speak to old or young, and to carry its messages not only to the learned but to the simple. Every one to whom I lent my copy has bought at least two copies to send away.

G. P., *St. Louis, Mo.*, asks for two or three humorous books.

OF all the funny books this year my first choice is Robert Benchley's "The Early Worm" (Holt), and I have an idea that as long as Mr. Benchley continues to provide me with an annual book, it is likely

to be my favorite. But I have a copy of Ring Lardner's pseudautography, "The Story of a Wonder Man" (Scribner), at my bed's head, and I must have reread it almost as often. "Whoops, Dearie," by Peter Arno (Simon & Schuster), gives one a chance to keep a number of the energetic Whoops Sisters pictures where you can look at them without having the *New Yorker* bound, but the story continually fades out. P. G. Wodehouse is another of these dependables; if you read him at all you read everything he writes, and this new one he has written, "The Small Bachelor" (Doran), is as good as the others. Lest that sound somehow as if I were not a Wodehousian, I hasten to enroll as a hundredcenter; at least I think I have read everything he has written. Magdalen King-Hall, who as "Cleone Knox" scored a hit with her plausible "The Diary of a Young Woman of Fashion" (Appleton), has just brought out a demure parody of the standardized memoirs of unimportant Victorians, called "I Think I Remember" (Appleton); it will depend on whether you have read many of these as to the amount of fun you find in this delicate burlesque: for my sins I have gone through seas of them, and I find the book most amusing.

G. J., *Bronxville, N. Y.*, asks for six travel books, recent, and valuable for information, entertainment, and literary merit; the place visited makes no difference.

I HAVE been reading Knud Rasmussen's "Across Arctic America" (Putnam), with extraordinary interest; not that I care so much for cold weather, but I do care greatly for first-hand accounts of the customs, legends, and myths of primitive peoples, and these reports on life among the Esquimaux are fascinating. The stories, songs, and photographs make this a most enlivening book.

If this reader knows Richard Halliburton's "The Royal Road to Romance" (Bobbs-Merrill), he will by this time have procured the next book by the same young man, "The Glorious Adventure" (Bobbs-Merrill), and probably found it not so good. But again I don't know; it is the personality of the traveler that gives it its immense popularity and genuine hold on the affection of readers, and the same personality is strong in the second book. One might call William Beebe's "Pheasant Jungles" (Putnam), a travel book as a natural history record, and all that Beebe writes is to be treasured.

"To the Land of the Eagle," by Paul Edmonds (Dutton), is about Montenegro and Albania; the unusual illustrations are by the author. This is as good entertainment as an armchair traveler could wish: a land whose discomforts are such that a lazy person is quite willing to let someone visit it for him and whose people, cities, and scenery have the qualities that call for an artist's eye and power of reproduction by word or brush, and a writer who can put all this between covers. "From Corsair to Riffian," by Isabel Anderson (Houghton Mifflin) goes through Tunisia, Algiers, and Morocco by motor; another woman, Mme. Alexandra David-Neil, goes further in "My Journey to Lhasa" (Harper), an account of her fifth expedition in remote parts of Asia. In this book she tells how she spent eight months in unknown Tibet and was the first white woman to enter the Forbidden City. The importance of Abel Bonnard's "In China" (Dutton) is at present enhanced by newspaper reports from the Far East, but at any time it would have been a book to own, sympathetic and of unusual literary quality. For an island story—including the sea—there is Seth K. Humphrey's "Loafing Through the Pacific" (Doubleday, Page), in which he rambles from Hawaii to Japan by way of Samoa, the Fijis, and Australia. I have already spoken of Nina Larrey Duryea's "Mallorca the Magnificent" (Century); it could well go on this list.

Come to think of it, "Trader Horn" (Simon & Schuster) must be a travel book, as well as a number of other kinds of entertainment. As everyone seems now to know, this book was written by an actual Alfred Aloysius Horn, and taken by him a chapter at a time to Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, who edited it, but without extracting the flavor. At the end of every chapter the conversation he had with her about it is reported, and so far as I am concerned, these are the priceless parts. It is the kind of book from which one looks up every few minutes to give one's self time to turn over the full taste of something on one's tongue.

Simon & Schuster have just sent word to the world that "old man Horn need never sell gridirons again" as the result of the book's success; he is taking refuge from the bitter cold of winter at Johannesburg in an old man's home at Durbar, but his new prosperity will let him come out when he likes and go where he pleases.

M. H., *Indiana*, asks for advice on the selection of French books of the past season to present to American students of contemporary literature.

PROFESSOR ALBERT SCHINZ, who writes the regular article on this subject in the "New International Year Book" (Dodd, Mead), has just published in the *Modern Language Journal* a survey of the year in French literature, "L'Année Littéraire 1926," which has been reprinted in pamphlet form, and though I see no press imprint, I suppose could be bought at Smith College, to whose faculty Professor Schinz belongs. I recommend this brief summary to anyone interested in keeping track of events in French publishing circles; there are not too many books named to be confusing, and enough to allow choice. Plays are included, and a selection of important "travaux d'érudition et de critique."

J. J. W., *Denver, Colorado*, asks for stories to tell to children from four to ten years old.

THE best book I know on the technique of story-telling is Woutrina Bone's "Children's Stories and How to Tell Them" (Harcourt, Brace), though I know many story-telling artists still prefer Marie Shedlock's "Art of the Story-Teller" (Appleton), which includes eighteen stories as well as many lists.

If the stories are for home consumption, a new book from Longmans will be worth keeping in mind: it is not out yet but soon will be, and the author is one whose hold on young imaginations is sure. This is "Ten Minute Tales," by Stephen Southwold, for children from eight to ten. One who has found how strong the appeal of the right kind of poem can be to little children will be glad to add to "When We Were Very Young," a gay little collection, "Joan's Door," by Eleanor Farjeon (Stokes), with amusing drawings such as young artists might have produced. These are by the author of the romantic fantasy "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard" (Stokes), one of my standbys when people ask me for a love-story for very young girls. There is a large volume called "A Staircase of Stories," by Louie Chisholm (Putnam), that has found its way into several families on my advice, and made friends generally; it ascends by ages, but there are plenty for little readers or listeners. These are English and some of them are old. "Sunshine Farm," by Zoe Meyer (Little, Brown), is good to take into the country for little children's vacation-reading: the type is large and the vocabulary adapted to theirs.

M. I. C., *New Bedford, Mass.*, asks books for planning a walking trip through Cornwall.

"DAYS in Cornwall," by C. L. Hind (Brentano), is a pleasant record of actual walking tours in Cornwall, full of legends. I found C. E. Vulliamy's "Unknown Cornwall" inspiring when I was meditating a walk in this part of the country last summer (I went through La Perche instead, however), so I was glad to find that it had been published here by Putnam. "King Arthur's Country," by F. J. Snell (Dutton), is another new book that would be inspiring here; it of course has much to do with Cornwall, but includes also Dorset, Devon, Wales, Northumberland, and Brittany.

When Napoleon was asked who his ancestors were, he answered, "I haven't any." But words are different. They have ancestors, and in

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

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you will find it great fun to trace their genealogy. The *Philadelphia Evening Telegraph* says "The book is more fascinating than a novel."

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