

# 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).

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 participles 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.

BRITANNY 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.

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 hundredpercenter; 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

BY ERNEST WEEKLEY

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

4th ed.  \$2.00

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681 Fifth Avenue



# Points of View

## P. E. N.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

May I have the hospitality of your columns to reprint the following letter addressed to you in your capacity as delegate to the International P. E. N. Convention?

To Mr. Henry S. Canby:

SIR:

At the request of the Board of Directors of the American Center of P. E. N., expressed at a meeting in Town Hall Club April 28, 1927, I am embodying herewith, for formal presentation by you to the International Convention of P. E. N. in June, the main features of a letter and a project which I presented at that time to our Board of Directors.

In brief, the project calls for the establishment of an international clearing house of literary information to simplify, clarify, speed, and make more efficient to everyone concerned—author, publisher, and public—the flow of literary expression across language frontiers. Thus stated, the purpose of such a clearing house would seem to be not only wholly in line with the ideals and motives underlying the founding of P. E. N., but also to give active, concrete expression to these ideals and a substantial, practical basis for the continued life of our organization.

When I first stated my ideas to you a year ago, I was not aware that a similar project on a somewhat smaller scale was already under way at the instance of Mr. John Galsworthy and others. I am glad to hear from you that you have presented my ideas in a general way to Mr. Galsworthy on his recent visit to this country and that he appears to see no conflict between the two schemes. This gives me confidence to urge my project, not because it is mine, but because I feel that P. E. N. by its very nature is bound to do things on an ambitious and far-seeing scale and that only by planning ambitiously and with vision can it justify its existence.

We are all too well acquainted with the casual, accidental, and slipshod methods prevailing today in the introduction of the latest and best literary output of one language to the readers of other languages. Frequently less important works are given international currency to the neglect of more important works. Not only the neglected author but the true spirit of his nation is thus the sufferer, as well as the intelligent minds of the nation to whom he has been denied. Misrepresentation like this is not necessarily wilful; it may be merely the result of the whim or caprice of some individual publisher or translator. In either case, this situation will likely prevail until adequate data are readily available to all publishers, for it is only the rare publisher who, at great cost, maintains his own scout system in other countries. I feel, too, that there is something more important than merely literary and esthetic factors at stake in this situation. At a time when the precarious peace and the reconstruction of the world are dependent on prompt interchange of opinions among the nations, the tongues and the races, even so small a matter as unwarranted and avoidable delay in this interchange can assume undreamed proportions and entail disastrous results.

In order to provide a bureau making instantaneously and at all times available complete data for the use of publishers and writers in every country, I would suggest that International P. E. N., in convention assembled, sponsor the opening of a permanent secretariat, preferably in Paris, for geographic, diplomatic and economic reasons;

That this secretariat be empowered to solicit and to receive from a duly constituted body in each country, consisting of a jury representing that country's P. E. N., either P. E. N. members exclusively or including on invitation representative outsiders from all walks of cultural life, an annual or more frequent selection of that country's most representative and most significant literary output—novels, plays, poetry, history, essays, public affairs, etc., etc. This selection to be limited in number to assure only the best. Different countries to report in rotation through the year to avoid congestion of the secretariat. Each volume selected to carry attached to it a digest of its contents and a summary of facts, running from 200 to 500 words (who the author is, the circumstances and outcome of publication, critical reception, etc.). Also, in order to guard against

possible prejudice in jury selections, it is suggested that all publishers (or authors) be authorized to submit any other titles at their own expense, each with aforesaid digest attached, and to have their selections included in the secretariat's published bulletins, for a fee covering cost of translation and publication, provided that these titles be clearly distinguished from jury selections;

That this secretariat be authorized to translate these digests at once into all important languages, to publish these translations and to send them in return for fixed fees to subscribers all over the world. (It would seem that these bulletins could be made attractive not only to publishers, translators, and theatrical producers but also to libraries and to the various departments of schools, colleges, and universities. Tentatively, I suggest a triple bulletin service, as follows: A. Full service from all countries, \$50.00 a year. B. Bulletins from any three chosen countries, \$25.00 a year. C. Lists of jury selections, without explanatory digests, \$10.00 a year.);

That this secretariat be authorized, as soon as possible after indication of interest on the part of publisher or translator, to prepare and issue at a small fee a very rough translation of the work in question, to be a basis of a decision on the part of the publisher to accept the work and arrange for a finished translation, either through the secretariat or on his own account—this acceptance to be conditioned by a final small fee apart from royalty, etc.

To make this permanent secretariat and its proper and efficient functioning possible, I suggest the following cases of operation:

The initial expense of getting the project under way to be met by donation (or loan to be repaid out of future income) on the part of a few patrons of the idea.

Permanent fixed income for acquiring and keeping offices and meeting staff salaries to be drawn from annual contributions from P. E. N. members or centers, either as addition to or allocation of a portion of existing dues.

Additional income to pay for work of translation of digests, etc., office supplies, extension of the project, etc., etc., to come from fees and subscriptions for service—this income as it grows also to repay original loans or contributions.

To any such project as this, there are natural and inherent objections and unavoidable obstacles, even if they are not prohibitive obstacles. They might as well be faced at the start. Someone else who is less enthusiastic than I am may think of more than I can. Here, however, are a few:

Publishers, I am told, are already in touch with all profitable material in other languages. To whatever extent this may be true in America, I doubt very much whether it applies to any other interrelationship between nations. I think, however, that the statement takes too much for granted even in the case of America. In the first place, only a few publishers make any such careful and exhaustive attempt to "scout" the foreign field. Furthermore, since these are few, the public gets only what happens to appeal to these individuals—certainly not an infallible or cosmopolitan test. Nor does this course take into account that considerable portion of contemporary literature in every country which does not exert primarily a financial appeal to the publisher, which he might nevertheless be glad to publish if it were called to his attention and which is of supreme esthetic and political importance to publish.

Again, I am told that existing engagements, arrangements, and agreements between authors and literary agents might conflict with this project and tend to nullify it or to arouse bad blood. For my part, I hardly see how this follows. Nothing in this project need interfere in any way with existing contracts, or with existing agencies or bureaus. On the contrary, literary agents themselves might very well make use of the secretariat to extend the field of their negotiations. It is extremely important from the outset that such individuals and bureaus should understand the spirit of this project, and, in case of its adoption, I suggest that the committee empowered to put the plan into action communicate at once with all such individuals and bureaus with a view to enlisting their friendly cooperation.

I have no preconceptions or prejudices about any of the details of this project and shall be only too happy if others whom it may interest can propose revisions that will make it more effective and speed its realization.

I am heartily in accord with the judgment of the Board of Directors of the American P. E. N. in believing that this project should be kept primarily a P. E. N. affair, independent of all other agencies, and that, while it may receive stronger financial support and be more intensively utilized in America than anywhere else, still its international aspects should be kept unmistakably uppermost.

I hope it is not beneath the dignity of the project to remark, in conclusion, that, wholly apart from the direct advantages that may be achieved, I foresee widespread and unusual indirect benefits to the cause of literature and its expanding influence through the legitimate news value of the successive jury awards and the inevitable discussion that would ensue in the public prints.

OLIVER M. SAYLER.

## Gissing Stories

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

The letter from I. F., New Haven, Connecticut, printed in your issue of June 18, leads me to write you to the effect that Houghton Mifflin Company have scheduled for fall publication a collection of short stories by George Gissing which have not hitherto appeared in book form. The book takes its title from the story called "A Victim of Circumstances."

The collection is highly characteristic of the man and his method of bringing out the poignancy of humdrum tragedies. The corrosive action of poverty on character and personal relations is his main theme. Gissing seldom writes without pointing a moral and in these "sombre studies in gray" he is again the uncompromising realist. Not a few of the stories are mere crescendos of heaped up misfortune imitatively portrayed. "A Victim of Circumstances" contains a preface by Alfred C. Gissing.

DALE WARREN.

Boston, Mass.

## Heterodoxy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Perhaps Professor Lowes's "The Road to Xanadu" merits the space that it has received in your review, editorial, and correspondence columns. Certainly the author's high place among American scholars is unquestioned, and certainly this book shows his thoroughness, his industry, and his imaginative powers. Furthermore, apart from facts, the book will appeal to those readers who like Henry James's psychological novels and to those who enjoy literary detective work.

But is not this book as purposeless as the rest of our literary scholarship? Your editorial said, "Many men investigated; few made valuable use of what they found." What use shall we make of "The Road to Xanadu"? Your editorial said that it is "essentially a critique of genius." Professor Thompson's letter said that it seeks "through sources to throw light on the workings of the poetic imagination." Of what value to us is a knowledge of the workings of the poetic imagination? Suppose it were possible to prove every one of Professor Lowes's reconstructions to be wrong, what difference would that make in the poem, in its greatness and its durability?

Is not most of our scholarship of this futile nature? The science of mathematics is not concerned with the manner of Tycho Brahe's death, but English scholarship is much concerned over the details of Marlowe's death. Students of art do not concern themselves with Phidias's health, but English scholarship makes much of Carlyle's indigestion, and Poe's drinking, and Wilde's immorality. Coleridge read travel books, Milton sold real estate, Lindbergh ate half a ham sandwich—what of it? Others have read travel books, sold real estate, and eaten ham sandwiches—but nothing happened. The vital process remains unexplained. The creative process is a psychological one; the amateurish attempts of English scholars to explain it result in lop-sided and futile theses.

Even if we admit that "The Road to Xanadu" is one of the least futile of these theses, the job is only half done. An explanation of a process is useful only when some one can and does learn the process from it. Do we have evidence from any modern poet that this study of Coleridge is useful to him in learning his art? Or will Professor Lowes give scholastic credit to students for studying this book and imitating the methods of Coleridge with some success? When Stuart Sherman raised this latter question in the *Nation* twenty years ago, the answer was almost unanimously no.

The situation today is bad as then. The colleges minutely study all the details of literary creation (heredity, environment, reading, health, matrimonial troubles, repressions, notebooks, and manuscripts). Then they reconstruct the writing process as well as any one can without psychological training and after a lapse of centuries. Then at this halfway point, they stop. "This is the way Shakespeare transformed his material," they say. "This is the way Coleridge worked his ore." "Let me try it!" cries the eager student. "Not as part of your work here," say the professors firmly. So the live students escape and get jobs on newspapers. And the circle is complete when the melancholy professors denounce all modern writers as "not in the great tradition, ignorant of their art, unschooled, without roots, journalistic!"

W. L. WERNER.

State College, Pa.

## Brief Mention

A MOST miscellaneous assortment of books once again confronts us upon our reserve shelf. First let us call your attention to some small volumes which will be useful to you upon your contemplated vacation, if you intend to spend it abroad. (1) "All About Going Abroad," by Harry A. Franck (Brentano's, \$1) is a compilation by a thoroughly experienced traveller, with maps and a handy travel-diary included. It slips into the pocket and contains much useful tabulated information. Paris being, of course, the particular mecca of most of us, we can recommend to you (2) both "The Epicure's Guide to France: Paris, the Environs of Paris, Normandy," by Curnonsky and Rouff (Harper's, \$4) and "Dining in Paris," by Somerville Story (McBride, \$2). The former is the first part to be translated of a remarkable guide to French good eating and drinking which, in Paris, proceeds by arrondissements and suburbs, and in the province does not neglect the humblest inn which has something to offer. Local recipes are included; a titillating book. The second book is less detailed and elaborate, and English in its point of view.

Further afield is Lester G. Hornby's "Balkan Sketches" (Little, Brown), a travel guide to the lands of Slavs, Croats, Slovenes, and so on, by a distinguished artist and illustrator who elaborately decorates his own narrative with pen and pencil. More in the realm of history is "Canadian Footprints" (Toronto: Macmillan), a study in foregrounds and backgrounds by M. O. Hammond, consisting of chapters with pictures and a descriptive text on famous scenes and houses in Canadian history. Not the Mexico of today but that of the Vice-Regal Period is treated in "Mexican Architecture," by Walter H. Kilham (Longman's, \$5). This book is illustrated with pictures of little known and very charming architecture, the text consisting of an introduction and descriptive notes to each picture.

Virginia Robie fares upon another quest than that of foreign scenes. "The Quest of the Quaint" (Little, Brown, \$3) sets forth a collector's adventure illustrated by pictures of her finds. "The Dictionary of Canadian Biography" on the other hand, is a delving into the lives of famous Canadians, a scholarly work intended to be definitive (Toronto: Macmillan). It is valuable for libraries, newspaper offices, scholars, and historians. The biographies are much briefer than in the British Dictionary of National Biography and the work is in one volume.

From the Oxford Press come three volumes of *belles lettres*. First we have "Saint Joan," scenes from the fifteenth century, selected and translated by Joan Evans (\$2.50), a translation with the text on the opposite page and an historical introduction. Second is "Richard II in Ireland 1394-5, and Submission of the Irish Chiefs," by Edmund Curtis, M.A. (\$5), a scholarly study of an obscure period when Ireland nearly went back to the Gaels, including hitherto unpublished documents. Last is "The Lady of the Lotus: Rup Mati Queen of Mandu," by Ahmad-ul-Umri (Turkoman), translated by L. M. Crump (\$6). The author calls this Persian narrative now translated with poems attributed to Queen Rup Mati, "A Strange Tale of Faithfulness." The book has a careful preface, and is exquisitely illustrated by reproduction from the Persian originals. "Arabic Literature," by H. A. R. Gibb (Oxford Press \$1) is authoritative and comprehensive in brief space, running from the heroic age to 1800. "Omar Khayyam the Poet," by T. H. Weir (Dutton, \$1.50), gives the facts about the real poem of Omar as distinguished from Fitzgerald's recreation with literary and philosophical criticism.

"The Mercury Book" (London: William & Norgate, 7/6), with a foreword by J. C. (Continued on page 954)