

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*.

E. M. M., Cambridge, Mass., asks for significant modern novels with some aspect of marriage as the central theme.

ONE who reads H. G. Wells's "The World of William Clissold" (Doran), may get the gist of several of his previous novels—such as "Marriage" (Duffield)—from which its matrimonial incidents seem to have been assembled: his "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman" (Macmillan), takes another aspect of the question. Frank Swinerton's "The Chaste Wife" (Doran), an earlier work, is a quiet and searching study well worth rereading. To this period belongs that haunting study in possession, Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" (Doran), the three-volume diagnosis of the case of J. D. Beresford's hero, beginning with "The Early History of Jacob Stahl" (Doran), and Oliver Onions's three interwoven novels of love and crime, the Jeffreys trilogy, lately rewritten so successfully into a continuous narrative in one volume called "Whom God Hath Sundered" (Doran).

A club in Middletown, N. Y., asks for books for a year's study of Norway and Sweden.

THERE is a reading-list for this purpose in "A Reader's Guide Book," by M. L. Becker (Holt), which gives all the important books up to the time of its publication. By the way, a new volume of the "Guide Book" is coming out next season, to continue along the same lines, and I will be glad to receive advice, suggestions, or requests as I did for the first volume. I have just delivered the manuscript of a book for the teens and twenties, called "Adventures in Reading," that Stokes will bring out in September: not that this bears on this subject, but the day you deliver a book-manuscript you always feel like telling the world.

W. S. Monroe's "In Viking Land," a book of general information on history, literature, art, commerce, and life in general, is now published as "The Spell of Norway" (Page). "Sweden and Its People," by Robert McBride (McBride), is a somewhat similar survey of this country. Knut Gjerset's "History of the Norwegian People" (Macmillan) is an authoritative and comprehensive work in two volumes; G. M. Gathorne-Hardy's "Norway" is one of the excellent summaries of present-day conditions in various countries of Europe that Scribner is publishing under the general title of "The Modern World." Voltaire's "History of Charles XII" is in Everyman's Library; this indispensable institution and constant friend of poor booklovers, Everyman's, has just been celebrating a birthday: a look through its present list of books will surprise even some people who think they know what is in it.

H. H. Boyesen's "Essays on Scandinavian Literature" has gone out of print, and so has the "History of Scandinavian Literature," by Winkel Horn, but Grondahl and Ragner's "Chapters in Norwegian Literature," lectures given at University College, London, has been published by Gyldendal. Craigie's "Icelandic Sagas" (Macmillan), the poems of Verner von Heidenstam given in "Sweden's Laureate," by Charles Wharton Stork (Yale), his plays "The Birth of God" and "The Soothsayer" (Four Seas), and the eighteenth century "Comedies" of Ludvig Holberg (American Scandinavian Foundation), should be added to the Ibsen, Björnson, Strindberg, Lagerlöf, Undset, and Hamsun that will figure on the literature programs.

D. M., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks for books on folklore of various countries, to be consulted in staging entertainments at a girls' camp.

"CAUCASIAN FOLK-TALES," by Adolf Dirr (Dutton), is a remarkable collection made by a philologist, with stories as entertaining as they are valuable. "Tales of Enchantment from Spain," by Elsie S. Eells (Harcourt, Brace), and "Fairy Tales from the Swedish," by N. J. Djurkoul (Stokes), are rich in material for this purpose, and so is Post Wheeler's "Russian Wonder Tales" (Century). The latest collection of Russian tales is the magnificently illustrated "Skazki" (Doran), told by Ida Zeitlin; several of these legends have been used in opera librettos. This book is brilliant and beautiful from any point of view. Asbjörnson's "East of the Sun and West of the Moon" (Doran), is a group of Norse tales marvellously illustrated by Kay Nielsen. Thirty heroic

legends of Ireland are retold in "The Boys' Cuchulain" (Crowell).

There is a new book on amateur costume that should be in every little theatre library, and would not be out of place in a camp's collection. This is "Stage Costuming," by Agnes Brooks Young (Macmillan). The author is costume director of the Cleveland Playhouse and the directions are not only practical but given in an unusually spirited fashion; the book even has a chapter on the making and use of masks. Another recent book that will be valuable to amateurs as well as to professionals is "The Art of Pantomime," by Charles Aubert (Holt). It has been a standard work, one might say a classic, in French for years, and this translation fills a gap in our theatrical libraries. There are many clearly drawn illustrations.

M. P. E., Louisville, Ky., asks for novels concerned with librarians and library life.

THIS inquirer blockades my reply by adding that he knows the heroine of Margaret Widdemer's "Rose-Garden Husband," and the colored librarian in Carl Van Vechten's "Nigger Heaven," this is two-thirds of all these books I know, the other being "The Late Mattia Pascal," by Luigi Pirandello (Dutton). This is the story—famous long before Pirandello was known as a dramatist—in which a man takes advantage of his mistaken identification as a drowned man to give up his identity and begin over in another city—where he met with even more trying circumstances. The novel has been made into an unusually interesting moving-picture. By a sardonic Pirandellism, after he has quite lost his political and social existence, he ends his days as town librarian, a man of books, a shadow among shadows.

When I fish about in my memory for a librarian-heroine, she usually turns out to have been in a book-shop. Such is the lady in Florence Converse's "Into the Void" (Little, Brown), an amusing mystery story, but as this was a college bookshop it had no doubt a lending-library somewhere about the premises. Surely there should be someone to give the humors and sadnesses, the eccentricities and exaltations of the librarian's life something the same interpretation that Myra Kelly gave to public school teaching in a great city.

A. T. N., New York, has been for some years in correspondence with a French family in which the daughter is now twelve years old and studying English. He has promised to send her some books in this language, but is at a loss because though twelve in years she is "only about seven or eight in English." Her teacher is an Australian.

THE language of cats being much the same the world over, and the language of Neely McCoy's "Story of the Good Cat Jupie" (Macmillan) being good enough for me as well as clear enough for a small reader, I suggest this delightful tale as one on the list. From what I hear from France, Louisa Alcott is as popular there with little girls who can read English as she is here; "Little Women" and "Old-Fashioned Girl" are both in the "Beacon Hill Book Shelf" (Little, Brown), with charming colored pictures in the fashion of their times, so she won't take them to be present-day accounts. If a French heroine would be an advantage, there is a pleasant story called "Jeanne," by Alice Ross Colver (Penn), in which a French girl after various trials becomes part of an American family: before anyone writes to protest that this is a "series" book, I explain that I recommend it because it so pleased an intelligent girl of my acquaintance—speaking both languages—that she read all three of the following stories, to "Jeanne at Rainbow Lodge." Marguerite Clements's "Once in France" (Doubleday, Page), has the advantage of being on familiar subjects, and the pictures are beautiful; this book is really hands-across-the-sea and there are not many of these for young readers. I have just been reading a new volume of Macmillan's "Children Classics" with such comfort that I must put it in: the stories in "Captain Boldheart" are assembled from those groups of tales with which Charles Dickens used to brighten the Christmas numbers of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. I don't know where I read the tender little tale with which it opens, in which a group of little children decide to wait until they are ninety before they again attempt to "pretend" all the

romantic adventures at which grown people unfeelingly laugh, and agree meantime to "pretend" to be little children: this is not in my volume of "Christmas Stories" in the Biographical Edition, but is somehow familiar, as is, of course, "The Magic Fish-bone," but I never saw the delightful one in which a little girl antedates M. Maurois's little daughter's "Mape" with a magic country in which children decide matters for grown-ups. The pictures are exactly right for the spirit of the piece.

A. E. B., Lakewood, N. J., asks for books of interest to two travelers who will spend five or six weeks in Greece and three in Constantinople, and if there are other novels than John Buchan's "The Dancing Floor" whose scene is laid in Greece.

BEGINNING with the Baedeker "Greece" (Scribner), there is an excellent general survey of the country and people in L. M. J. Garnett's "Greece of the Hellenes" (Scribner), and for the Grecian archipelago a guide and descriptive travel-book by Philip Marden, "Greece and the Aegean Island" (Houghton Mifflin). For the archipelago, however, the most luxurious travel record is Anthony Dell's "Isles of Greece" (Stokes), a combination of history, description, and unusually beautiful large pictures, including flowers. "Athens, the Violet-Crowned," by Lilian Whiting (Little, Brown), describes architecture and sculpture, and a little book for the pocket, "The Hill of Athens," by H. H. Powers (Macmillan), sketches the history of Greece by a series of views from the Acropolis at various times in the city's life.

The most important book involving Greece that has come from an American press in a long time is Susan Glaspell's biography of George Cram Cook, "The Road to the Temple" (Stokes). The chapters on Greece are enough to impel anyone to go there; from every point of view it is a book to be treasured, however exasperating one may sometimes find it. Another book about a visitor is "Byron: the Last Journey," by Harold Nicolson (Houghton Mifflin), the record of his part in the struggle for freedom, incisively told. "East and West of the Hellespont," by Z. D. Ferriman (Houghton Mifflin), is the leisurely remembrances of fifty years by a man who knows the country not only as traveller but as antiquarian.

"Modern Greek Stories" (Duffield), translated and with an introduction by Demetra Vaka, are well chosen to give a foreigner not only some idea of what is being done there in fiction, but of some of the strange wild customs of the soil. Julia Dragoumis's "Tales of a Greek Island" (Houghton Mifflin) is another authentic source of information; her "Man of Athens" (Houghton Mifflin) is out of print. If ancient Greece is included in the scene, there are a good many novels, some of the later ones being C. W. Harris's "Persephone of Eleusis," Caroline Snedeker's "The Perilous Seat" (Doubleday, Page), W. S. Davis's "A Victor of Salamis" (Macmillan), and Naomi Mitchison's "Cloud Cuckoo Land" (Harcourt, Brace). V. Sackville-West's powerful novel "Challenge" (Doran) takes place in an imaginary country—on an island—that if not exactly Greek is certainly Greekish: this story must have been powerful to make me remember it at least four years.

For the second part of the list there is one of the most valuable travel-guides and reading-journeys of recent years, George Young's "Constantinople" (Doran). This combines history, legends, and Turkish politics up to the present time. The tiny "Things Seen in Constantinople," by A. M. Goodrich-Freer (Dutton), is as useful and well illustrated as the rest of this excellent series. One who is interested in the work of the Constantinople Women's College will be glad to know of Hester D. Jenkins's story of the work of Mary Mills Patrick in "An Educational Ambassador to the Near East" (Revell). There are travel pictures of Constantinople in Princess M. L. Bibesco's "The Eight Paradises" (Dutton), and studies of the changed status of women in Demetra Vaka's two books several years apart, "Haremlik," under the old régime, and "The Unveiled Ladies of Stamboul" (Houghton Mifflin) under the new.

What is perhaps the most comprehensive study of Bolshevik Russia to be published outside of Russia itself is the large and lavishly illustrated volume entitled "Geist und Gesicht des Bolschewismus" (Vienna: Amalthea Verlag), by Rene Fülöp-Miller. The book presents a panoramic survey of political, social, economic, philosophical, and educational conditions in Russia, based on first-hand observations and a wide acquaintance with the literature of the subject.

The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

Travel

BRITTANY AND THE LOIRE. By CAPTAIN LESLIE RICHARDSON. Dodd, Mead. 1927. \$4.

The author of "Motor Cruising in France" tells how he explored Brittany in 1925 with the *Sylwabelle II* (an auxiliary ketch). The yacht went up the canal from Nantes to Brest. A chauffeur and car followed by road, to allow shore-going excursions. There were a number of unexciting adventures. The absence of an adequate map makes them difficult to follow, and the omission of an index makes them troublesome to find.

(Continued on next page)

Two Challenges to Men!

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The Saturday Review of Literature

26 WEST 45th ST., NEW YORK CITY

The Phoenix Nest

WE hear great things of *Conrad Aiken's* coming novel, "Blue Voyage," which reminds us that *Louis Untermeyer* has said of him that:

With a fresh point of departure and a genuine adjustment to the world of reality, Aiken may find a larger power and a wider audience. And, whether the medium be prose or verse, his sensitivity need not be lost; it may well add new values to the roaring diapason of our day.

The medium now seems to be prose, and Louis's prophecy seems to be coming true. Meanwhile Aiken is at South Dennis, Massachusetts, and will be when his book appears through Scribner's on July 22nd. All he says is, "I'm deeply buried here in the middle of Cape Cod. And it's nice to hear a silence again."

If you can write a Spirit of St. Louis poem before July 25th, you had better hustle up and do it! You may get a prize for it. Maybe we'll try one, for we certainly could use five hundred dollars, which is the first prize. But we know who will win it: *Daniel C. Henderson*, indefatigable poet, editor, prize-winner, and now novelist, as he came in the other day, beaming in his usual mild fashion, to remark that he had just had a novel accepted by Stokes, inasmuch as it had been an honorable mention in the Stokes Forum Contest. We never knew Dan to enter a competition that he didn't rate if not at the top pretty darn near it.

But about this Lindbergh-Spirit of St. Louis business. Anyone can compete. The first prize will be five hundred dollars with two additional prizes of two hundred and fifty dollars each. Contributions may be from fourteen to three hundred lines in length. Only those that have not previously been published are eligible. The judges will be *Christopher Morley*, *John Farrar*, and *Mitchell Kennerley*. One hundred of the poems submitted will be selected for publication in book form by the George H. Doran Company. See another page of this issue for further particulars.

The death of *Keith Preston*, literary editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, removes the wittiest literary columnist in the United States. We all read him avidly here in the East and we all could learn from him. He was only forty-two when he died. There seems to be no one left in Chicago who can exactly take his place.

"In 1924," says the Oxford University Press American Branch, "*George Leigh-Mallory* was one of the party who tried to rush the last few hundred feet of Mount Everest. They were last seen 800 feet from the summit and have never been heard of since." That seems to us like a remarkably short distance in which to have failed, less than three hundred yards; but then we know nothing about Mount Everest. Anyway, the Oxford Press, American Branch, is publishing an account of the life of *George Leigh-Mallory*, written by *David Pye*, who knew Leigh-Mallory intimately.

Says Appleton, "With the coming of summer and the inevitable skin troubles of sunburn, freckles, ivy poisoning and what not, *Dr. Strickler's* new book 'The Skin—Its Care and Treatment,' is sure to prove of great use to many." That's what we call a good timely ad, in the old Kora-Konia spirit of "Do you chafe?"

The same firm, by the way, is extremely versatile. For they are also bringing out a new book of poems by *Katherine Tynan*, "Twilight Songs." But we've got to pick on somebody, so why do they call it a "new book of verse"? Miss Tynan doesn't write verse. She writes poetry. Sometimes she writes darn good poetry. The quality of her poetry is not, as her publishers say, "shown by the fact that many of the poems have been published in English magazines such as the *Spectator*, the *Athenæum*, etc." We have seen some of the worst poetry we have ever seen in English magazines, and in the *Spectator* and the dear old *Athenæum* we have read some of the dullest. The quality of Miss Tynan's poetry is shown by the fact that some of it is, as we have just said, darn good, which the late *Francis Thompson* was one to recognize.

The *Red Book* sends us itself regularly. Finally we will mention this from *Sam Hellman's* story about the humors of Hollywood, in the August number. "What's an epic?" inquires his Hollywood hero. "An epic," explains Cole, "is any picture more than six reels long that uses a hundred extras."

The first appearance on any stage, as you

may or may not know, of a play by *Eugene O'Neill*, was in the Provincetown Playhouse built of an old boat-house on the wharf at Provincetown, Cape Cod. Other playwrights introduced to the American theatre at large by the Provincetown Players have been *Susan Glaspell*, *Edna St. Vincent Millay*, *Floyd Dell*, *George Cram Cooke*, and now *Paul Green*, the Pulitzer Prize winner. So we are glad to report that the Provincetown Players are, after all, to continue to hold sway in MacDougal Street. "Jig" Cooke was their founder, and if you haven't yet read Susan Glaspell's book about him, "The Road to the Temple," why, hurry up and get it from Stokes.

"Doctor Dolittle," alias *Hugh Lofting*, is, with his family, enjoying the summer in Haverhill Cove, Lyme, Connecticut. They have a new motor-boat and a new fox-terrier, named "Swizzle" after the clown dog in "Doctor Dolittle's Circus." "Swizzle" recently got in a jam chasing a neighboring farmer's lamb (we just can't help being tuneful!) so Mr. Lofting bought him a real, live lamb of his own.

They are now friends.

Ben Hecht discovered *Nat J. Ferber*. Wa-a-it a minute! His name is Nat J. Ferber. He is not trying to trade on the reputation of the famous *Edna Ferber*. He is, so far as we know, no relation. For twenty-two years he has been a crusading journalist in the cause of social justice. His wife is the "Sweet Marie" Ganz, who led the food and unemployment riots in New York in 1914 and 1917. He grew up on the lower East Side and he has written a romance called "Sidewalks of New York." *Pascal Covici* in Chicago is bringing it out on August 18th.

Meanwhile *Cap'n Felix Riesenbergs's* novel, "East Side, West Side," is being made into a movie that promises to be a whale. And how the Cap'n is enjoying it. He even took a small part in one scene. Well, we contemplate writing one called "All Around the Town," to be followed by "Annie Rooney," "London Bridge," "Boys and Girls Together," and "Me and Mamie O'Rourke." What do you call a series of five novels—a Quincology?

Just a moment! Who, please, is *Constance Sitwell*. We thought we had met all the Sitwells. We like the title of her fall book through Harcourt, "Flowers and Elephants." We like Elephants. It is a description of travels in India and she is Mrs. Sitwell. Then, too, there is *Professor Edith J. Morley*, who brings out through the Oxford University Press the "Correspondence of *Henry Crabbe Robinson* with the Wordsworth Circle." What relation is she to *Christopher Morley*, or to *Frank Vigor Morley* of the well-chosen middle name, or to *Felix Morley*?

But we know who *Ella Young* is, for we met her once at the *Padraic Colums*. We can't yet understand how a lady who obviously lives with *Deirdre* and *Cuchullain* and *Fionn* in a palace of cloud could have taken honors in political economy, history, and jurisprudence at a University. But such a marvelous creature is *Ella Young*. In her youth *Ella Young* did not know that Ireland had the great heroes; for in County Antrim she encountered no teachers who could tell her of them, says *Jane Verne Terrill* in "The Horn Book" published by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston. They told her of *Tell* and *Wallace* and *Robert the Bruce*, rather than of *Dagda Mor*, the *World Maker*, or of the little *Sun God, Lugh*. But *Ella Young* was wise.

"She went to the out-reaches of Ireland. She learned to speak Celtic. She made the life of the Irish peasantry her own." So go you,—and this is the second time we have published this injunction,—and buy "The Wonder-Smith and His Son" from Longmans, Green & Co. Give it to your children and they will fare better in their childhood than did *Ella Young*, and beside making the acquaintance of heroes will, through her style, make the acquaintance of one of the remarkable women of this century.

If we haven't recommended to you *Don Marquis's* "The Almost Perfect State" (Doubleday), it is because we thought an hundred would. If you never used to read *Don Marquis* in his old columnist days because you were too far out of New York to subscribe to the paper he was in, why then "The Almost Perfect State" will come as a glorious surprise to you.

From *Possum Poke* in *Possum Lane*, Georgia, came a darn kind letter early in May, relaying certain news. Now belated-

ly we note that *James B. Hendryx* "will be sent this summer by his publishers to Hudson Bay. A squad of his own mounted police will go along." Also the writer, *Chase S. Osborn*, tells us we're wrong about sonnets, as the first definition of a sonnet was a little poem (we know, but it isn't now). Then rhymes were "inbred" as he says. "This led to Ra, the sungod, writing a college yell and sonnets went out with the sun. The thing can be made clear by consulting a Greek restaurant or a Syrian rug dealer."

Sic semper tyrannis!

THE PHOENICIAN.

The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

Brief Mention

ANOTHER shelf of poetry confronts us. Best of the small volumes is "Sonnets," by *Amory Hare*. (Macmillan. \$1.25.) While of no great distinction, these sonnets are nicely turned. The initial ones embody the somewhat playful and fantastic image of human beings like small mice escaping from the large black cat, Death. The later ones achieve more power, though lacking lines so original. Sonnet 19 seems to us one of Miss Hare's best.

*I have walked forward eagerly today,
Each moment met my wits as foil meets
foil
With lordly thrust and courteous counter-
play,
And quiet humor after each recoil;
Hour after hour came toward me as a sword
Whose point my own blade found and
turned aside,
Leaving my faculties in smooth accord
And courage running through me like a
tide.
Then, as the sun left and the silence came,
The stillness in my room confronted me
Like a last swordsman in a kingly game
Before whose skill my blade broke, sud-
denly;
And all the hours until our hands should
meet
Surrounded me like ruffians in the street.*

"That You Come After," is by a new poet, *Mary Siegrist*, and the book is introduced by *Nathalia Crane* and *Edwin Markham*, fledgling and veteran. It is published by *Harold Vinal*, 562 Fifth Avenue. The poetry is flexible and mystical. The lyrical impulse is here, though no one lyrical utterance makes a profound impression. An interest in world events and public affairs is displayed. The poet also deals with elemental things, with a sensitive spirit, but with no great power over language. *Katharine Lee Bates's* "The Pilgrim Ship" (New York: The Woman's Press) is the work of a most accomplished technician; it deals chiefly with travels in the Holy Land and Egypt and with the life of Christ. In "Into the Desert" and "The Home-coming," Miss Bates creates rather impressive pictures. Her work has color and movement. Like Miss Siegrist's work, it is all deeply serious, but richly colored where Miss Siegrist's is misty. A good example of Miss Bates's best seems to us this verse, from "By the Sea of Galilee":

*Where are Chorazin's walls
And her columned synagogue
Of Corinthian capitals?
Scattered about the bog
Fragments of carved blocks
Are trampled by wild hog
And meagre, muzzled ox.
Bethsaida? A waste
Of black basaltic rocks
Dishonored and defaced.
And thou, O deaf and dumb
When Christ thy fair streets graced,
What utter woe is come
On thee, Capernaum!*

Next come three collections, "The Riverside Book of Verse," edited by *Robert M. Gay*, "The Bookman Anthology of Verse" (Second Series), and "Canadian Poets," edited by *John W. Garvin*. "The Riverside Book" (Houghton Mifflin. \$3) has had in mind as readers "young men and women of from eighteen to twenty-two years of age" though the contents chosen is not particularly juvenile, "my conviction being," says the editor, "that youth is quite as capable as age of appreciating the best." Many types of poetry are included beside lyrics. The inclusions are divided into period sections. "Some Notes on Poetry" introduces the whole. This is an interesting sketch for the average reader, and it makes good use of *John Drinkwater's* analysis of poetry as "the exact and vivid definition of emotion in words." The "power of image,

trope, and symbol" are illustrated by thirty chosen passages. Sound reason is exercised in the discussion of the ingredients of true poetry and the contention that the integrated beauty of any great poem is really beyond analysis. That the whole is equal to the sum of its parts is certainly not the whole truth poetically considered. When one comes to examine carefully the compilation, covering a period from the year 1250 to 1925, one cannot cavil greatly with the choices. A large measure of distinguished verse is here from all periods; there is some tang of originality of choice; and the whole is in a little book that slips easily into the pocket. Of course there are many old favorites and the modern poets are plucked rather haphazardly. But as a whole the small volume has a certain freshness. "The Bookman Anthology" (Doran. \$2) is a selection of poetry contributed to the *Bookman*. Forty modern poets are represented and the book is dedicated to the late *Amy Lowell*. *John Farrar*, the editor, thinks that we are now "enjoying the summer solstice of American poetry." "The temper of the literary circle of the moment is against poetry." But his remark, that "No 'Book of the Month' Society has yet chosen a book of poems for its monthly diet recommendation. It is probable that no such society would dare so to do" happens to come at the precise time when "Tristram" by *Edwin Arlington Robinson* has been sent out to their subscribers by The Literary Guild of America. Mr. Farrar concludes by saying, however, that "American poetry has gained in scope and solidity, even while the critics are neglectful," the latter phenomenon having not greatly impressed itself upon us. The contents of the book is not extraordinary. *Amy Lowell*, *Hervey Allen*, *Sterling*, *Miss Reese*, *Joseph Auslander*, *Leonora Speyer*, *Robert Roe*, *Nathalia Crane*, *Robinson*, *Genevieve Taggard* and *Marguerite Wilkinson* are among the best poets represented. Of the Canadian poets in "Canadian Poets" (McClelland & Stewart [Dodd, Mead] \$5) *Bliss Carman*, the various members of the *Roberts* family, *Robert Service*, *Arthur Stringer*, *Gilbert Parker*, *Ethelwyn Wetherald*, *Marjorie L. C. Pickthall*, and *John McCrae* are familiar to American readers. These, with *William Henry Drummond*, the poet of the habitant, with *Florence Livesay*, *Constance Lindsay Skinner*, *Beatrice Redpath*, *Duncan Campbell Scott*, *Alan Sullivan*, *Father Dollard*, and others, crowd a large book illustrated by photographs of the authors. Many of the Canadian poets write at too great length with too stereotyped phrase. Poems like Carman's "Spring-Song," Drummond's "Wreck of the 'Julie Plante,'" Marjorie Pickthall's "Lamp of Poor Souls," Scott's "At the Cedars," McCrae's "In Flanders Fields," Theodore Goodridge Robert's "The Maid," Arthur Stringer's Irish poems, and Gilbert Parker's "The Red Patrol" stand out from a mass of essentially uninspired work. From which volume we progress to an equally large one, and Canadian, "The Poems of *Duncan Campbell Scott*" (McClelland & Stewart [Dodd, Mead] \$4). Scott is Deputy Superintendent General of Indian Affairs at Ottawa. He was born in Ottawa in 1862. His first volume of verse, "The Magic House and Other Poems," was published in 1893. He has a great knowledge of music and was for some years president of the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra. He is at present president of the Ottawa Drama League. As a poet Mr. Scott has distinction. He describes beautifully.

His sonnet on March, the weirdness of "Avis" and "The Forgers," such things are good, and his observation of nature is all through his work, there is a fragrance of balsam and pine about it. "Poems" by *Stanley Burnshaw* consists of a mere handful of verses compared to Scott's tome. This is an artistic pamphlet published by the Folio Press, of Pittsburgh. There are beautiful lines here and a sensitive touch upon the strings. "Days" is a moving statement. "We Know Better," by *James Aswell*, comes from Gordon Lewis, the publisher, at Charlottesville, Virginia. The cover and frontispiece are woodcuts by *Don Millar*. There is much more to this parchment-bound and beautifully printed thin book. There is the bitterness of sensitive youth in it, the tang of a still young sophistication. Such things as "Wise Husband," "Farewell, Gently Spoken," "The Last Class," the melodrama of *Maizie*, are all interesting, even the "Technical Hint to Young Ladies," which is frankly outrageous. Mr. Aswell has a good deal of talent, and one speculates as to what he may do later.

(Continued on next page)