

Announcing

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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

KENSINGTON GARDENS. By *Humbert Wolfe*. (Doran).
THE MALLETTS. By *E. H. Young*. (Harcourt, Brace).
DISRAELI. By *D. L. Murray*. (Little, Brown).

THERE can be such an emotion as generous envy.

I read many novels that I like, some that I highly respect, and a few that I greatly admire. But once in a long while comes one that I would give a considerable part of my life to have written. I do not write novels, but I would be just as hopeless if I did. This spring season has been marked for me by two of these experiences. The first was with "Mr. Fortune's Maggot." I do not only admire its gentle, relentless loveliness; if the Dark Gentleman from Miss Warner's earlier novel should promise me the power to write like that, I shiver for my salvation. But the Loving Huntsman offers no bribes beyond his power to pay, and as for my soul, even to be able to envy the writer of such a book enlarges it a bit.

The other novel is "To the Lighthouse." By wrenching it from my own hands every few pages I spun out the experience of reading it to stretch over seven days, and if seven years of my existence would be of any use to the Paræ, they could have them in exchange for the power to create either the first part, "The Window," or the second, "Time Passes." I have read, I think, everything that Virginia Woolf has written since the appearance of the American edition of "The Voyage Out," and her method—already brought to an exquisite subtlety in "Mrs. Dalloway"—is no surprise. It is what she does with it here that verges on the miraculous: out of the dipping and rising thoughts and emotions of living to be able to cause life itself continually to emerge "curled and whole like a wave," and to detach time itself from the incidents of the passing of time! It is not enough to admire this book; I wish to Heaven I had written it. This is envy, hopelessness and passionate. It is an ennobling sensation.

C. M. M., Van Wert, Ohio, asks if the liturgy of the Eastern Church and its hymns are available in any book or books published in English, and if the liturgy of the Roman Catholic Church is so published.

A VOLUME often seen in the gallery of the Russian Cathedral of St. Nicholas in this city, in which visitors follow the services and in which they have previously read descriptions of vestments and ceremonials, is the "Liturgy and Ritual Service Book of the Holy Orthodox-Catholic Apostolic Church" (Association Press, Y. M. C. A., 347 Madison Avenue, N. Y.), collated with the service books of the Greek Church, by Isabel Florence Hapgood. It shows clearly and precisely the services in general use.

"The Manual of Prayers" published by Murphy, Baltimore, will be of help to non-Catholics following services in a Catholic church. Other books giving information for the following of the services are "Blessed Be God," by Father Lasance, and "The Visible Church," published by Kenedy, which offers information as to ceremonial and other usages and an explanation of vestments. These may be bought at any Catholic bookstore.

B. B., Detroit, Mich., asks for the titles of books on Catholic, Greek, Anglican, and Jewish religious symbolism.

"A DICTIONARY OF THE SACRED LANGUAGES OF ALL SCRIPTURES AND MYTHS," by G. A. Gaskell, an English work published in this country by the McDevitt-Wilson Company, claims to give the significance of every symbolic representation in figures of speech, of spiritual truth in the sacred writings of nine religious systems: its title-page quotes Max Mueller's saying: "Unless we learn to understand this metaphorical or hieroglyphic language of the ancient world, we shall look upon the Upanishads and on most of the Sacred Books of the East as mere childish twaddle." I often have occasion to look up something in this.

There is a continual insistence upon symbolic meanings in Huysmans's "The

Cathedral" (Dutton), the English translation of his novel centering at Chartres: these are so constantly and carefully pointed out not only in ecclesiastical architecture, sculpture, and ceremonial, but in so many other details met in everyday life that for days after spending a vacation in and around this cathedral with the book in my pocket, I kept on trying to translate everything I saw. Elizabeth Goldsmith's "Sacred Symbols in Art" (Putnam), is a handbook for students; tourists could use it, as it is arranged for rapid reference. This and Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art" (Houghton Mifflin), are out of print, but to be found in many public libraries. A more recent work is "How to Distinguish the Saints in Art," by Arthur De Bles (Art Culture, 707 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.).

The most important contribution to the subject that has been made in recent years is "The Migration of Symbols and Their Relations to Beliefs and Customs," by Donald Alexander Mackenzie, in the History of Civilization series now in process of publication in this country by Knopf.

A. B., New York City, asks for books about Austria, which she is soon to visit.

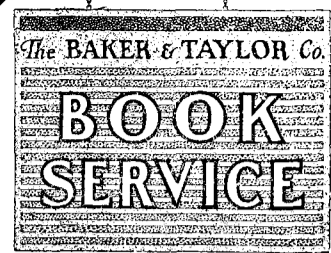
"THE LURE OF VIENNA," by Alice M. Williamson (Doubleday, Page), endeavors by stories, history, and personal reports of the life of today, to convince American travellers that this is one of the most charming cities of the world. No one who keeps even within distant sight of the vanguard of progress in decorative art needs much persuasion to visit Vienna, where the air is now electric with creation. There are few books for the tourist about this part of Europe now in print in this country: George Birmingham's "A Wayfarer in Hungary" (Dutton), is a recent publication, pleasantly written and illustrated, but Austria is represented mainly by studies like "The Social Revolution in Austria," by C. A. Macaulay (Macmillan), "The Economic Situation of Austria," by Layton and Rist (World Peace Foundation), "Austria in Dissolution," by S. Burian von Rajecz (Doran), and a section in "New Governments of Central Europe," by Graham and Binkley (Holt). F. E. Clark's "Old Homes of New Americans" (Houghton Mifflin), was written before the war to promote understanding of Austro-Hungarian immigrants in this country, and the old "Austria-Hungary" Baedeker (Scribner), published in 1911, is still good. For an idea of what the city went through just after the war read the novel "Viennese Medley," by Edith O'Shaughnessy (Harcourt, Brace), and no traveller should leave out of his mental reckoning the plays and novels of Arthur Schnitzler and the waltzes of Johann Strauss.

F. K. W. DRURY, Assistant Librarian of Brown University, noticing that M. P., Chicago, asks someone to start a list of Stay-up-all-night Books, sends in Part Six of his leaflet bibliography, "Novels Too Good to Miss" (Wilson), devoted to "Tales of Adventure," and starting with "All-Night Thrillers." Here they are: G. A. Birmingham's "Spanish Gold," C. S. Brooks's "Luca Sarto," John Buchan's "Greenmantle," "Huntingtower," and "Prester John," S. R. Crockett's "The Raiders," Dumas's "Count of Monte Cristo," Jeffery Farnol's "The Broad Highway," Théophile Gautier's "Captain Fracasse," Conan Doyle's "Study in Scarlet," leading into the other Sherlock Holmes stories, J. A. Mitchell's "Amos Judd," Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein," Bram Stoker's "Dracula," Jonathan Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," H. G. Wells's "The War in the Air," and "The War of the Worlds," and Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," leading into "The Mysterious Island."

If this advice is generally taken, what yawns we shall see—and perform—in street-cars going downtown in the morning rush hours!

A. B., New York, asks for the name of a book published something over a year ago, containing a description of Ledbury, England, the scene of "The Everlasting Mercy."

SHE says that "even Bumpus the infallible" did not know it in England this summer, so she thinks it may be an American book. This fallible institution, finding no trace, turns over the responsibility to its sleuths.



Modern Magic

When books were still beechwood boards in which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors carved rude, angular letters or "runes," there was held to be some wizardry about reading and writing, and any letters at all were considered potent charms.

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YOUNG LADY OF
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NOTICE

Saturday Review subscribers who are interested in having a complete index to their files of the magazine will be glad to know that the

INDEX
VOLUME II—PART II
AND THE
INDEX
VOLUME III—PART I

are both ready for mailing. There is no charge for copies of these indices and all requests should be addressed to the

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

The Saturday Review
of Literature

26 WEST 45th ST., NEW YORK CITY

Points of View

The Minority

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

Your editorial on standardization in letters, art, and education was excellent and pertinent, and particularly good was the bit of advice to the critical tribe. He or she who can do fine, serious, artistic work had better do that work than indulge in lamentation and cynical complaints. As you say, a little less recrimination and a little better example!

However, I beg to take exception to the statement that our mass culture is deadly for civilization, or that it is always possible that the minority will be swallowed by the Babbittian majority. There is no such danger, save in academic theory. Genius and ability will out, and neither tyranny nor standardized hosts can stifle them. The artist will write, or paint, or compose to please himself, and the audience will have to come to him, not he to the audience.

The author of "Babbitt" and "Elmer Gantry" had his temptation, but he resisted them. He knew what the commercial publishers wanted, but he deliberately turned to something else, and his success is not attributable to any concession to vulgarity or hypocrisy. There are, as you know, other graduates from the school of conventional and vapid weeklies and magazines. Man does not live by physical comforts and luxuries alone.

Consider some of the recent literary productions—"The Time of Man," "Mr. Fortune's Maggot," "Tristram," etc.—and ask what the mob and the market had to do with them. The answer is—nothing.

Nature may love the average or common man, but she manages to throw up not a few sports, eccentrics, original, and unconventional individuals who form their own notions and ideals, criticize themselves more severely than does any professional censor, and despise work made to sell.

It is not true that the demand for leaders, pioneers, and revolutionary innovators always and necessarily brings the appropriate supply, but it is true that no generation or period lacks its radicals, heretics, and audacious experimenters.

There is no occasion for pessimism as to American letters and thought. Standardization, as you observe, has its encouraging aspect. It increases the number of half-educated and half-uplifted persons who furnish recruits to the inevitably small minority of discriminating judges and lovers of the best work.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

The Daily News, Chicago.

A Close-Up

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

May I be permitted to say a few words of praise in behalf of "Cleopatra's Private Diary," by Henry Thomas, which is a most successful attempt to visualize the modes and customs of ancient Rome in modern terms?

It is quite the custom now for authors to give us "close-ups" of famous men and women in history, with "enough of their lives to explain their characters." Two of the most familiar examples are, of course, John Erskine's "Helen" and, "Galahad," but it seems to me that "Cleopatra's Private Diary" is much more successful than either of these books in its attempt to get under the skins of famous historical characters, such as Caesar, Cleopatra, Mark Antony, Brutus, and other members of Rome's early smart set, who are made to live for us in this book. They come out of the dry pages of history under the magic of Henry Thomas and "strut their stuff" as humanly and vitally as Al Smith, Al Jolson, Senator Borah, or any of our other present-day immortals.

Mr. Thomas has also been most successful in satirizing the intelligentsia of today by bringing to life some of the Heywood Browns and the Menckens of Rome's Hotel Algonquin days, when little groups of serious thinkers were fond of saying the last word on the literature of the day. Verily one realizes in reading "Cleopatra's Private Diary" that history hath indeed a most uncanny way of repeating itself.

"Cleopatra's Private Diary" is, in my estimation, a most brilliant piece of writing. Its humor is deliciously satirical and the dialogue is pungently witty. The character of Cleopatra is a masterpiece of shrewd insight into feminine psychology, and the accompanying dialogue is a spicy mixture

of paprika and French dressing that seasons the whole dish and makes it appetizingly piquant to the palate of the most fastidious literary epicure.

CARTY RANCK.

Cambridge, Mass.

Exception Taken

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

I am grateful for Mr. Leonard Bacon's sympathetic review of "Red Damask," but I must protest at, "He (Mike Heron) is rather a woman's idea of an interesting man than an interesting man." Now what's the difference between an idea of an interesting man, and an interesting man, in a book? In actuality, isn't an interesting man somewhat of an idea in the mind or senses of the beholder? He isn't a definite thing like an umbrella, which is apt to be an umbrella to everybody.

Then Mr. Bacon says, "He is blood brother to Will Ladislav and Thaddeus of Warsaw, and even Darcy, and all that long array of heroes created by the feminine mind, who madden men as Eustacia Vye, and Cleopatra, and She who must be obeyed infuriate actual women." I wouldn't elope with Will Ladislav, though he'd be a charming companion for awhile; I don't remember Thaddeus, but Darcy I adore! He's as enchanting as Paul Emmanuel, or Gösta Berling, or Cleopatra. For Cleopatra would infuriate me only if I had to compete with her.

Ask ten people of assorted sexes to name an interesting man in life or literature. After the argument, look at what they married.

Anyway, unless Mr. Bacon is in training, he'd better not punch Mike Heron's eye! And anyway, I am deeply thankful for Mr. Bacon's understanding of the book.

EMANIE SACHS.

One of the Masters

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

The somewhat condescending review of Sir Hugh Clifford's latest book, which appeared in your issue of May 7, stirs me to address you. I have no quarrel with anyone who dislikes or fails to appreciate any book whatsoever. I sometimes pity, but I have learned not to reprobate. It would be unfortunate, however, if someone did not point out to such of your readers as have never encountered Sir Hugh Clifford's work that many persons of discrimination regard him as one of most distinguished and accomplished story-writers now living. This group of persons would also agree, I believe, in considering "In Days That Are Dead" one of his best books. For my own part, I should suppose it to have a more general appeal than "The Further Side of Silence" or "Malayan Monochromes," although I am not sure that it is more remarkable than those volumes. At all events, no one who cares seriously about fiction as an interpretative art can afford to ignore Sir Hugh Clifford. Whether liked or disliked, he is one of the masters. It is high time for American readers to awake to the fact, as—somewhat belatedly—they awoke to the significance of Conrad.

GORDON HALL GEROULD.

Princeton, N. J.

Words, Words, Words

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

Your very interesting article in this week's *Saturday Review* concerning the literary antics of lady Stein and her little group reminds me of the following quotation from a book published in 1923:

"Myriads of us keep growing in numbers, also in largenesses; locks and keys, keys, locks, locks, keys, keys, locks, keys, keys, locks. Myriads of us quick-foot full through, ev-er no mat-ter. Locks, keys, keys, locks, locks, keys, keys, locks. Myriads of us ev-er full as keep lives giant's growths, ev-er lives giant's keeper, ev-er no mat-ter. Locks, keys, keys, locks, locks, keys, keys, locks. Lives giant's wealth, health and pleasures, ev-er no mat-ter. Lives sweet foreigners, ev-er no mat-ter.—I cannot give any more; locks, keys, keys, locks, locks, keys, locks. Me don't know any more; locks, keys, keys, locks, locks, keys. I will get in trouble. I have been raking away at it outside and in and inside out again. I have tried to write poetry, but could not write any more than six fools."

But the book from which this is taken

is the work of no expatriate genius. It is White's "Outlines of Psychiatry," published not in Paris but in the very respectable city of Washington, and the quotation is from an example of the kind of language characteristic of a certain type of dementia præcox. Yet the insane mind which produced this has produced something which the great Gertrude might envy, but would probably praise.

So, if the Stein influence grows, we might do well to look to the asylums for the Great American Work of Genius, and require of reviewers a knowledge of psychiatry rather than of literature.

Easton, Pa.

W. B. SCOTT, JR.

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(Continued from page 886)

LAUGHS FROM JEWISH LORE. By Jacob Richman. Funk & Wagnalls. \$2 net.

AN OUTLINE OF SALES MANAGEMENT. By Charles C. Knights. Pitman. \$1.50.

ORNAMENTAL HOME-CRAFTS. By Idalia B. Littlejohns. \$3.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF WITCHCRAFT. By Montague Summers. Knopf.

PUBLIC WELFARE ADMINISTRATION. By Sophonisba Preston Breckenridge. University of Chicago Press. \$4.50.

HERE ARE MYSTERIES. By J. C. Lockhart. Stokes. \$3.

SURNAMES. By Ernest Weekley. Dutton. \$2.50.

PUTNAM'S BOOK OF PARTIES. By Marguerite Aspinwall. Putnam. \$1.75.

MORROW'S WORD FINDER. By Paul D. Hugon. Morrow. \$4.

SCENES FOR SCENE-PAINTERS. By A. Rose. Dutton. \$1.60.

THE PHYSIOGRAPHY OF THE REGION OF CHICAGO. By F. M. Fryxell. University of Chicago Press.

NUMBERS. By Isidore Kozminsky. Putnam. \$1.25.

THE WOMAN'S SIDE. By Clemence Dane. Doran. \$1.50 net.

TOOLS AND THE MAN. By Helen Drusilla Lockwood. Columbia University Press. \$3.

VACATIONS FOR INDUSTRIAL WORKERS. By Charles M. Mills. Ronald Press. \$5.

THE CASE OF PATIENCE WORTH. By Walter Franklin Prince. Boston Society of Psychic Research.

BESTLAPPS OF THE YEAR. Harpers. \$2.50.

BALBUS OR THE FUTURE OF ARCHITECTURE. By Christian Barman. Dutton. \$1.

RIDDLES IN RHYME. By L. B. R. Briggs. Washburn & Thomas. \$1.75.

THE TEACHING OF THE EARLY CHURCH ON THE USE OF WINE AND STRONG DRINK. By Irving Woodworth Raymond. Columbia University Press. \$3.

WAR AND INSURANCE. Yale University Press.

I OUGHT TO KNOW THAT. By Berton Braley and George B. Hill. Appleton. \$1.50.

Poetry

GEMS OF CHINESE VERSE. Translated by J. B. FLETCHER. Shanghai, China: The Commercial Press. 1927. \$2.

MORE GEMS OF CHINESE POETRY. The same.

The liberalizing influence of trade has frequently been pointed out. In the effort to do business, we learn to understand the heritage of alien groups. The Commercial Press of Shanghai, China, was originally intended to serve only utilitarian ends, but it has now branched into *belles lettres*. Mr. J. B. Fletcher has translated two volumes of Chinese poetry, giving a disproportionate amount of space to Li Po, but on the whole representing adequately the bards of two thousand years. He is a good sinologue, but he is not as fortunate in copying with verse. Unfortunately, he did not follow the free verse form of Amy Lowell and Florence Ayscough, and some of his rhymed songs are as bald as George Borrow's translations from the Welsh. He has no biographical notes, but in his second volume, he shows the universality of the poetic impulse by quoting parallel passages from the poets of the Victorian era.

KENSINGTON GARDENS. By Humbert Wolfe. Doran. \$1.50 net.

FOUR NEGRO POETS (The Pamphlet Poets). Simon & Schuster. 25 cents.

THE NEW YORK WITS (The Pamphlet Poets). Simon & Schuster. 25 cents.

WITTER BYNNER (The Pamphlet Poets). Simon & Schuster. 25 cents.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (The Pamphlet Poets). Simon & Schuster. 25 cents.

EMILY DICKINSON (The Pamphlet Poets). Simon & Schuster. 25 cents.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY (The Pamphlet Poets). Simon & Schuster. 25 cents.

LAMPOONS. By Humbert Wolfe. Doran. \$1.50 net.

POETRY OF TODAY. Edited by Rosa M. R. Mikels and Grace Shoup. Scribners. \$1.20.

Sociology

SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF THE FAMILY.

By ERNEST R. GROVES. Lippincott. 1927. \$2.50.

So rapidly in the medical sciences does new discovery follow close upon the heels of formulation that a medical text is almost out of date before it can be printed and bound. But the maker of textbooks in one of the social sciences is usually confronted with the reverse difficulty. The present volume, for example, is a gallant attempt to state fairly the present day trends in family life, and the subject is one about which everyone has views while few have facts. Evidently Professor Groves feels that the great practical importance of the subject to each college and normal school student compels us to face it in the class room even though we can do no more than sift out there our guesses and opinions with regard to courtship, marriage, the companionate, birth control, the economic independence of women, and the new, somewhat paralyzing notions about the relations of parents and children. He discusses all these things and many more with frankness and, on the whole, without bias, recognizing that it is "merely mischievous dogmatism that leads some interpreters of our present psychological and sociological sciences to formulate their teachings with finality." This attitude, combined with no small degree of industry in gathering together what is now definitely known, makes his new volume the best handbook on family life in America that has yet appeared. What is still needed is a series of careful, strictly objective stream-pictures of family life, for any cross-section view would ignore the fact that a family is really a slow-developing, long-term experiment. As it is a human institution, its successes and failures can be measured, but measured very inadequately if the period covered is less than a generation. A family may fail lamentably at certain points—it is almost certain to fail at some—and yet may become a very valuable asset in the community of which it is a part. Wise Benjamin Jowett once said, "A man's life must be taken as a whole." It is so that we should learn to take the family, dealing with it in all our studies both concretely and inclusively.

Science

INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE. By George Sarton. Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins.

THE WAR ON MODERN SCIENCE. By Maynard Shipley. Knopf. \$3.

THE GENERAL THEORY OF THERMODYNAMICS. By J. E. Trevor. Ginn. \$1.60.

EMINENT CHEMISTS OF OUR TIME. By Benjamin Harrow. Second Edition. D. Van Nostrand Co. \$3.

Travel

LOAFING THROUGH THE PACIFIC. By Seth K. Humphrey. Doubleday, Page. \$3.50 net.

PERO TAFUR. Translated and edited by Malcolm Lettis. Harper's. \$5.

IN BORNEO JUNGLES. By William O. Krohn. Bobbs-Merrill. \$5.

A VOYAGE TO THE SOUTH SEAS. By John Bulkeley and John Cummins. McBride. \$3 net.

THE NARRATIVE OF SAMUEL HANCOCK. McBride. \$3.

THROUGH KAMCHATKA BY DOG SLED AND SKIS. By Sten Bergman. Lippincott.

ACROSS ARCTIC AMERICA. By Knud Rasmussen. Putnam. \$5.

THE FAMILY FLIVVERS TO FRISCO. By Frederic F. Van de Water. Appleton. \$2.

IN AND OUT OF THE OLD MISSION. By George Wharton James. Little, Brown. \$4.50 net.

IN CHINA. By Abel Bonnard. Dutton. \$5.

IN SAVAGE AUSTRALIA. By Knut Dahl. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.

THE SPANISH JOURNEY. By Julius Meier-Graefe. Translated by J. Bobroyd-Reece. Harcourt, Brace. \$5.

A ROYAL ADVENTURER. By H. H. Prince Aage. Doubleday, Page. \$2 net.

WHAT ABOUT NORTH AFRICA? By Hamish McLaurin. Scribner's. \$3.

PHEASANT JUNGLES. By William Beebe. Putnam's. \$3.

MY JOURNEY TO LHASA. By Alexander David Neel. Harper's. \$4.

THE FURTHER VENTURE BOOK. By Elinor Mordaunt. Century. \$4.

MALLORCA THE MAGNIFICENT. By Nina Larrey Duryea. Century. \$3.

THE LAND OF MAGELLAN. By W. S. Barclay. Brentano's. \$4.

HERE IS ENGLAND. By Marion Balderston. McBride. \$3 net.

THROUGH EUROPE ON TWO DOLLARS A DAY. By Frank Schoonmaker. McBride. \$2.50 net.

BAEDEKER'S TYROL AND THE DOLOMITES. Scribner's. \$5.

JESTING PILATE. By Aldous Huxley. Doran. \$2.50 net.

THE SHIP OF REMEMBRANCE. By Ian Hay. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25.

(Continued on next page)