

mast-cross-trees. There are fairy poems, and mermaid poems, and flower poems, and a clever fish poem by Laurence Binyon, and even a giraffe poem—a very humorous bit of verse by Geoffrey Dearmer; though perhaps Ianthe Jerrold's poem, "A Lovely Lady," is the loveliest of all.

Verse or prose,—the child or grown-up is hard to please who cannot find something to his liking in this book, something that will stir his imagination. I cannot help hoping that our friends, A. A. Milne, Rose Fyleman, Hugh Lofting, E. Phillpotts, and all the others who have found their places in "The Treasure Ship," "The Flying Carpet," and this new collection, "Sails of Gold," will keep on writing their delightful stories for children *ad infinitum*—that they may fill the holds of treasure ships brimming full of precious jewels and ornaments, and keep on weaving more and more of their wondrous golden sails.

The Native American

THE INDIAN HOW BOOK. By ARTHUR C. PARKER (Gawaso Wanneh). New York: George H. Doran. 1927. \$2.50.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

AT last there has appeared an Indian book, written by an Indian and reflecting in a hundred subtle ways the Indian's own feeling about his life and environment, which is written for children, and yet manages to convey to the adult mind more penetrating knowledge of Indians than any of the learned volumes prepared for that purpose. Gawaso Wanneh, of the Iroquois, is already known to American young people through his "Skunny Wundy and Other Indian Tales." But in this new book of Indian Hows, stuffed as it is with apt incidents illustrating extraordinarily lucid and charming accounts of how the American aborigine made his tools and houses, found his food, his mate, and his own personal connection with the Great Mystery, we have much more than a book of Indian craft. We have the most convincing revelation of the Indian soul in relation to its environment that has yet been given us. It is as convincing and as authentic as Paul Radin's story of Crashing Thunder, an Indian cast-away on the outskirts of white life, and gives the reverse of that picture, an Indian still poised and spiritually self-contained, and sufficiently entered into white life at its best to give his own best in return. It is a book which utterly justifies all those who have given their sympathies to the Indian to keep, by showing how completely charming the Indian at his most natural can be.

The book is crammed with directions for making Indian tepees, canoes, traps, war bonnets, and hunting stratagems, and simply and instructively illustrated. Every American youngster would love it for these things alone, and no parent looking for a suitable holiday book need hesitate over "The Indian How Book," no matter how many other outdoor books may be in the children's library already. Camp Leaders, Scout Masters, Woodcrafters, and Campfire Girls looking for things to do outdoors will find this book a compendium of delight. The naturally religious parent who does not adhere to any modern creed and has equally conscientious objections to bringing up his child in an anthropomorphic belief or without any religion at all, can do no better than to teach him the youth's prayer on page 230, beginning

Oh, Great Mystery, my heart is open.

It has long been the belief of the writer that we have terribly wasted our Indians in trying at such pains and expenses to make inferior whites of them; that we should have done better for ourselves and the Indians by preserving them to our children, a precious heritage. And here in this book of Gawaso Wanneh is illustrated the immense service they might have been—with prompt action still could be to our young people—in modulating adult life to the child mind. Between the ages of nine or ten and puberty all children pass through a phase for which our sophistication affords little aid. It is at this age that complete access to the Indian mode of life could be most effective in bridging the gap. The reviewer is personally acquainted with scores of Indians each in his own environment capable of being the guide and companion of American youth in that most difficult period, infinitely to the child's advantage. Probably we shall do nothing so sensible as make this connection for our growing generations. But with "The Indian How Book" we can make a profitable compromise between what we do and ought to do. Incidentally, the parent who buys this book for his children should sit down and read it, to reform his own notions of what primitive life really is in our own country.



From a portrait by Stanley Middleton

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This biography was authorized by President Wilson himself, and his entire private record was turned over to the author by Mrs. Wilson. It contains many letters hitherto unpublished, even in the newspaper serial of this work. On this book, beyond question one of the great biographies of all ages, posterity will rest its judgment of Woodrow Wilson.

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"Taboo" Primitive men surrounded their women with taboos and superstitions. Women have not yet escaped from these taboos.

A Short History of Women

by JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

Author of *The New Age of Faith*



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THROUGH the ages women have been victims of taboos handed down from generation to generation. By the unconscious inheritance of these taboos women have been an eternal enigma to men—an enigma made doubly puzzling by the confused ideas of thousands of writers. John Langdon-Davies, eminent scientist and writer, has mapped this wilderness of superstitions and surmises and constructed a plain road through it, pointing out along the way woman's place in society from the earliest days up to the present.

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Why we behave like men and women is the essential subject, for a history of women is inevitably a history of men. It begins with a discussion of the biology of sex and ends when there emerges from the fascinating parade of facts the woman of tomorrow.

Primitive woman possessed a mysterious force, known as *mana*. She was feared for her power of harm and exalted for her power of fertility. See pages 79-145.



In ancient Athens women were slaves in a slave state. Men's worship of reason lessened their worship of women as goddesses of fertility. See pages 157-165.



The Witch, the Nun, and the Lady stand out as symbols of Mediaeval womanhood. See pages 240-302.



In Queen Elizabeth's reign there came a golden period of emancipation for women, but it was shortly ousted by puritanism and the licentious court of Charles II. See pages 310-315.



What will the woman of the future be like? What will become of the man of the future? Read the prophecy in this book. See pages 360-382.



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Foreign Literature

German Landscape

DER DEUTSCHE IN DER LANDSCHAFT. Edited by RUDOLPH BORCHARDT. Munich: Verlag der Bremer Presse. 1927.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

GERMAN travel-literature has much that is remarkable to show, from both the scientific and artistic points of view, but it was late in its beginnings. It can produce no parallels to Hakluyt and Purchas; it has no Marco Polo or Maupertuis. The early German cosmographers, such as Sebastian Münster, wrote in Latin, so did early geographers, such as Klüber, first of that long line of German travelers who felt and knew how to express the fascination of Italy. Travel-description in the vernacular begins more or less at the same time as classical German literature; its limits may be fixed approximately between 1770 and 1870, and it is from writings published within this century that Herr Borchardt has made the extracts that compose this fascinating anthology, a monument at once to German scientific exploration and German descriptive prose.

In his instructive "Nachwort" Herr Borchardt divides his travellers into five categories, those who feel the sensuous attraction of particular landscapes, those with an interest in geological structure, geographers, historians with a special leaning to geography, and the scientists. And in this collection, in fact, the purely literary traveller is hardly to be found. Goethe and Herder are, of course, represented, but both were quite as much scientists and philosophers as men of letters when on their travels. Two women-writers, Bettina von Arnim and Johanna Schopenhauer, are the only strictly unscientific travellers, and their contributions are slight, though the latter's impression of the English country-house deserves to be noted. Practically all the other writers had some scientific motive for their journeying, whether botany, as with Philipp Franz von Siebold's account of Japanese flora, archaeology, as with Jakob Philipp Fallmerayer's too-little-known descriptions of Greece and Asia Minor, general scientific exploration, as with the great achievements in South America of the Humboldts, geology, as with Heinrich Nissen's account of the formation of the Italian peninsula. There are even two military landscape-descriptions in this admirably comprehensive collection—Moltke's account of Thrace and Roon's description of Spain from a geographical-strategic point of view.

Regarded purely as science, no doubt most of these descriptions have been overtaken by modern research. But the historian of scientific exploration will always remember most of these pioneers, and, more important to our present purpose, there are many of these pages which are written in perennial characters in the history of classical German prose. Where a harvest so rich has been gathered by so thorough yet discriminating a reaper, it is impossible to do more than single out more than a few of the most notable descriptions. But there is constant fascination in Wilhelm von Humboldt's account of the Orinoco, in Alexander von Humboldt's description of Chimborazo; Eduard Poeppig's impression of standing on the peak of the Andes, and Carl von Martius's pen-picture of the primeval Brazilian forest reveal the poet in the scientist. The sketches of Germany, France, and England are slight and comparatively rare, while the United States does not appear to have been described by any of these classical explorers, or at least Herr Borchardt has not included any of their descriptions. The favorite subject is Italy; in every generation there were writers who asked "Kennst du das Land," in tones not of wistful romanticism, but of scientific enquiry. The answer is given in a score of chapters, by Jakob Grimm, by Ludwig Richter (an account of Olevano, surely one of the most deservedly popular resorts of artists in Italy), by Wilhelm Heinse, on Rome and Tivoli. With this book one can travel vicariously round the world; not only in German readers will it stir the "Wanderlust."

Readers of Roger Martin du Gard's "Thibault" who have been looking forward to the continuation of the romance will be interested to learn that the fourth, fifth, sixth and possibly the seventh parts of the work will appear during the course of next year. They will be published respectively under the titles "La Consultation," "La Sorella," "La Mort du Pere," and "L'Appareillage."

Foreign Notes

ICELAND has recently been watching performances of a play by a woman dramatist whose reputation as a novelist is already considerable in that country. Kristin Sigurdottir, of peasant origin, is in every sense a self-made woman, having even taught herself to read and write. After her marriage she ran a farm, churning butter and working in the fields. While thus employed she published two novels which won her acclaim both in Iceland and on the Scandinavian peninsula.

André Billy and Moïse Twersky, who with the "Fléau du Savoir" began an epic portrayal of the Jews, have now published a second volume retelling further the adventures of their hero, Menache Foigel. "Comme Dieu en France" (Plon), as the book is called, recounts the experiences of Foigel and his wife, after they reached France whither they had sought refuge from the hostility to their race that prevailed in Russia. After a difficult adjustment to their new environment the charm of their adopted country had just begun to pervade them when the war broke out. The ex-Russians, confronted with the calamity, discovered at once the difference between their own reactions to it and those of the native French. Their one idea being to protect themselves against the devastating madness which had seized upon France, they resolved to leave Paris. The book is one of genuine merit.

In the death of Ricardo Güiraldes, Argentina has lost a poet and novelist of much distinction. Signor Güiraldes was particularly appreciated in France where he was the friend of many of the leading writers of the day. In his own country, too, he was highly regarded, his volume of poems entitled "El Cencerro de Cristal," and his novels "Raucha," "Xaimaca," and "Don Segundo Somora" having had widespread popularity.

Students of European history will find in Professor Joseph Redlich's "Oesterreichische Regierung und Verwaltung im Weltkrieg" (Vienna: Hölder-Pichler-Tempsky) one of the most illuminating studies of the Austrian Empire from the settlement of 1867 to the outbreak of the World War and during the period of that struggle, that is available. Professor Redlich concludes his book with an analysis of the reasons that made possible the readjustment of Austria after the war without the precipitation of general chaos, and of the grounds on which government officials felt justified in transferring their allegiance from one régime to another.

Jean Dorsenne, who has had access to all the letters which Gauguin wrote to his wife between the time of his betrothal and his death, has recently published a volume, "La Vie Sentimentale de Paul Gauguin" (Paris: Cahiers de la Quinzaine), which reveals a tragic incompatibility of temperament and ideals between husband and wife. As is of course known, Gauguin for a time was a successful stock broker but afterwards gave up financial security and social position to lead the life of an artist and a Bohemian. His wife, whose standards and interests were of the most conventional, was irreconcilable to his new mode of life, and remained obdurate to all his importunities. Since he loved her, and was separated from her—she would not accompany him to Tahiti—the estrangement was very bitter to him.

Under the auspices of the German Officers' Union, the former German Crown Prince has published a pamphlet based on the Reichsarchiv's official account of the Marne campaign. "Der Marne-Feldzug 1914" (Berlin: Dob Verlag) is a narrative that glosses over Germany's failures and mistakes in that battle and that throws emphasis on anything that can be accounted in its favor. The Crown Prince throws the greatest share for the blame on Moltke whom he depicts as a man without moral influence, fearful of dangers that had no actual existence, and entirely different from the conception of him which the Kaiser had formed in peace times.

It is reported that one of the two Nobel Prizes for literature to be awarded this year will probably go to the Italian novelist, Grazia Deledda. Though her works are little known in America Signora Deledda has been immensely popular in her own country.