

Miscellaneous

- SEA ESCAPES AND ADVENTURES. By "Tafrail." Stokes. \$4.
 AIR FACTS AND PROBLEMS. By Lord Thomson. Dofan. \$2.50.
 DOGS AND DOGS. By Joseph Edvard Harry. Scars. \$2.50.
 HOW TO LIVE LONGER. By John Clarence Funk. McKay.
 HISTORIC HOTELS OF THE WORLD. By Robert B. Lindy. McKay.
 DOGS OF CHARACTER. By Cecil Aldin. Scribners.
 PHOTOGRAPHIC ART SECRETS. By Wallace Nutting. Dodd, Mead. \$3.
 FLOWERS FOR EVERY GARDEN. By Louise Bush-Brown. Little, Brown. \$1.75 net.
 THE GREAT DAYS OF SAIL. By Andrew Shewan. Edited by Rex Clements. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50.
 BOLTON'S AMERICAN ARMORY. By Charles Knowles Bolton. Boston: Faxon.
 STUDIES AND RECORDS. Vol. II. Norwegian-American Historical Association.
 THE GREAT MESSAGE. By J. E. Richardson. Great School of Natural Science.
 ANTHEIL. By Ezra Pound. Covici. \$2.

Pamphlets

- EXPORT LITERATURE. By Francis M. Botelho. Wayne, Pa.: American Writers' Press.
 DAVID HUME AND THE MIRACULOUS. By A. E. Taylor. Cambridge University Press. (Macmillan).
 ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS. By Edward A. Choate, Jr. Rye, N. Y.: Rye Book and Gift Shop.
 LEOPARDI AND WORDSWORTH. By Geoffrey L. Bickersteth. Oxford. 70 cents.
 THREE WOMEN POETS OF MODERN JAPAN. By Glenn Hughes and Yozan T. Iwasaki. University of Washington.

Philosophy

- THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PERSONALITY. By P. F. VALENTINE. Appleton. 1927.

A modest purpose well executed makes a good book. "Personality" is in the air; many are engaged in broadcasting its message. To do it well requires a balanced ration of meat and flavoring and good, wholesome bread. This is provided by Mr. Valentine's volume, and it aspires to no more. It is a layman's book; and the ordinary student, despite a larger familiarity with the material and a more studious habit, is on the intelligent layman's level of comprehension. This survey fills the bill.

Its purpose is to set forth what goes into the making of personality, which is the total make-up of human traits and their organization. Contributing to the integration are the habit-systems, the fundamental traits in which we differ and yet only in proportionate distribution, the instinctive or hereditary components, the dominant feeling-tone and range of emotion (well termed the leaven of the mass), the type of disposition to which we belong, the moulding to which we have subjected the original clay, the level of intelligence at which it all functions, the contribution of the less explicitly organized trends called subconscious, the "go" or drive of the composite at work. The by-paths of discussion make up the rest. A chapter of good counsel for developing personality closes the book.

The level of the literature on personality is rising. No one has yet struck a key-note that penetrates deeply or inspires strongly. The common tendency in so much of the literature that seeks a wider audience, to "journalize" the reader into an effervescent interest, is wisely avoided. Style is admirable when it is natural; and doubtless much that fails to impress is needlessly dull and flavorless. But this gift of injecting personality into a survey of its components belongs to the chosen few. Its lack detracts from the total effect. There is little here that will grip; much that will stay.

Poetry

- ANNUS MIRABILIS. By John Dryden. Oxford. \$3.50.
 THIS WAY OUT. By Edward Gordon Ivens. Avondale Press.
 POETRY OF IRISH HISTORY. By Stephen J. Brown. Stokes. \$2.50.
 HAPPY ENDING. By Louise Imogen Guiney. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.
 BEHIND THE MASK. By Rosa Zagnon Marioni. New York: Henry Harrison.

Religion

- HUMANIST SERMONS. By various authors. Edited by CURTIS W. REESE. Open Court Publishing Company. 1927. \$2.50.

These sermons are earnest utterances by a group of pastors, mostly Unitarians, who believe that the only possible religion for intelligent people today is one which, in the words of one of them, Mr. John Haynes Holmes, has no gods, no churches, no sacraments, no Sundays, no Bibles, no prophets, no saviors. Such a religion is to be based solely upon a wistful impression that man is wholly competent to create a perfect

world. "We are using powers," says Mr. Holmes, "of which the gods themselves knew nothing." With the sincerity of these men no reader will feel like quarreling; there will be a certain group which cries assent; but probably most people, like the present reviewer, will feel that the point of view is a little antiquated. It smacks of the turn of the century. It is reminiscent even of Mr. Herbert Spencer.

Nowadays many thinking people are not by any means sure that all of life may be comprehended rationally, or that man is competent of his own ability to create a perfect world, or that the study of material and social science leads to unbounded hope for the future, or that man may safely be regarded as the center of the universe. Thoughtful men and women are apt to be more humble than the preachers in this volume, who are more sure of the unlimited adequacy of science than are scientists themselves. Persons really cognizant of what is going on in modern thought will not be much impressed. Compared with the point of view expressed in such a late volume as Dr. Streeter's "Reality" that of most of these sermons seems more than a little superficial. Their authors seem not to understand modern doubt. They think it is still doubt about God; it is really doubt about man.

When these preachers say that Protestantism is dying, they are telling a truth patent to any unprejudiced observer; but, whatever may be one's opinion about the advisability of the death of Catholicism, it can hardly be maintained that that demise is imminent. Nor is it safe to wave out of count the efforts of the Modernists, as being merely soft-hearted and soft-headed attempts to dodge facts. These sermons nowhere say exactly that, but they do imply it over and over again. It is not wise to maintain that everyone who differs from any religious point of view must be either a knave or a fool. One somehow feels that these liberals are often illiberal, and that the new sort of Humanist is not invariably humane.

Science

- THE SEVEN SEALS OF SCIENCE. By JOSEPH MAYER. Century. 1927. \$3.50.
 The author takes his title from the story in Revelations of the seven great seals binding the Book of Truth and applies the simile to the Book of Nature with its seven seals of mathematics, astronomy, physics,

chemistry, geology, biology, and psychology. His aim is to present "an account of the unfoldment of orderly knowledge and its influence on human affairs." His plan is to show that the sciences did, as of necessity they had to, follow an evolutionary course in which mathematics represented the first step followed by the other sciences in the order given. This is the theme the outline of which had previously been laid out by the elder Ostwald, great scientist, philosopher, and historian of science.

It may be said at once that here we have one of the best popular accounts yet written of the great adventure of mankind in deciphering the Book of Nature through the period of recorded history. Professor Mayer's discipline in mastering the history of the main currents of scientific evolution has enabled him to transmute his own wonderment and enthusiasm into an inspiring record of the conquest of ignorance, superstition, dogma, and authority by observation, classification, and experimentation. Not a page is dry, not a paragraph is ostentatious and yet the whole is an adventurous tale well told.

- ANIMAL MIND. By Frances Pitt. Stokes. \$4.50.

- THE NEW REFORMATION. By Michael Pupin. Scribners. \$2.50.

- TOWARDS HEALTH. By J. Arthur Thomson. Putnam. \$2.

Travel

- DAYS IN THE PAINTED DESERT AND SAN FRANCISCO MOUNTAINS: A GUIDE. By HAROLD S. COLTON and FRANK C. BAXTER. Flagstaff, Arizona: Coconino Sun. 1927.

Every lover of books of travel into whose hands this seventy-page guide book falls will recognize in it a rare find. Though Dr. Colton is a well-known scientist and both authors belong to the University of Pennsylvania faculty, it was prepared in vacation mood, *con amore*, and hasn't a shred of pedantry. While apparently bent on the undeviating performance of its duty as guide book, its swift pages communicate an enjoyable excitement, imparting an urge to fare forth and away over desert and mountain.

Twelve trips arranged on the mileage basis with clear direct notes of guidance and information make up the body of the book. Each trip is accompanied by a pictorial map, graphic, informing, whimsical. These charts reward study. The one

"From Flagstaff to Tuba City" is rich in entertainment from the bucking train on the Santa Fe tracks at the bottom of the page to the outlined Moenopi Pueblo at the top; and from the tiny Katchina-ed figure at the right to indicate Hopi-land to the sign board at the left announcing, "Nothing here but geology." The notes are meaty and authoritative. Many a juniper-cedar dispute will be quieted by "Here we enter a forest of single-seed juniper trees, called cedars." And the perennial snake dance controversy has nothing left to stand on:

The dancers are frequently bitten but seem not to suffer any serious effects. This is because the snakes, after they are captured, are kept in the kiva and continually teased and allowed to strike. From work on the venom of the rattlesnake which was conducted some years ago at the University of Pennsylvania it was found that after a rattlesnake had struck and discharged its venom, several days were required before the poison sacks were full.

The book opens with a priceless introduction and a few compact pages of serviceable information about the geography, climate, flora, fauna, and geological, archeological, and human history of the country. It closes with an annotated list of Arizona maps and a practical bibliography.

- TRAVELERS' TALES. By H. C. ADAMS. Boni & Liveright. 1927. \$3.50.

It is quite certain that the present publishing season will not witness the appearance of a more delightful volume than this informative and interesting work. Originally published in 1882, according to a note, and now reissued in a durable binding, with many pleasing decorations by William Siegel, it is most appositely subtitled "A Book of Marvels."

Within this short review it is impossible to give more than the barest outline of the scope of this work. First, it is not an anthology but the retelling by one man of the most exciting adventures, the most wonderful sights, and the most marvelous phenomena of nature, embroidered and elucidated wherever possible. Rather a naïve man, one judges, the author seems "taken in" by some of the tall stories, but perhaps he had his tongue in his cheek as he penned this book in the vicarage of Old Shoreham, Sussex.

Passing over the voyages of Sinbad, the wanderings of Ulysses, the sojourn of Marco Polo at the palace of Kubla Khan, Sir

(Continued on next page)

*The spirit of the world
 Beholding the absurdity of men—
 Their vaunts, their feats—let
 a sardonic smile
 For one short moment wander o'er his lips.
 That smile was Heine!*

—MATTHEW ARNOLD



A New Biography by Lewis Browne

THAT MAN HEINE

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 In Collaboration with Elsa Wehl*

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Here is a biography that subject and writer combine to make romantic, tragic, lyrical, humorous, stranger than fiction.

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY - NEW YORK

The New Books Travel

(Continued from preceding page)

John Maundeville's account of Noah's Ark on Mount Ararat is characteristic. On the top of this mountain, which is seven miles high (sic), Noah's Ark can be seen distinctly, though only one man, a monk, has ever been to the top. This monk brought back a plank from the side of the Ark, which could still be seen in the Monastery at the foot of the mountain, thus confounding

all unbelievers. And the Holy Father endorsed the veracity of Sir John's book!

Other chapters, containing equal exaggerations, tell of strange birds, beasts and insects. The section devoted to plants is extremely interesting, telling as it does of the virulent Upas Tree, the Mandrake, which it was considered dangerous and sinful to gather, herbs which not only cured the sick but also brought the dead to life.

Read the book for yourself. It will afford you many engrossing hours, recalling many stories which you read at school and many you never heard of before.

Points of View

Our Sincere Regrets

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

It is to be regretted that, when you printed in your issue of October 8 a letter from Mr. Norman Douglas under the caption "A Repudiation," you did not at the same time print a letter sent you simultaneously by us and relating to the same matter. Mr. Douglas's letter, by itself, may have given some of your readers the impression that we are publishing over his name a book he did not write; our letter conveyed the information that we had already severed any publishing connection with the book he refers to.

The Mss. for the book in question was offered us by a literary agency as a Douglas book, with the title-page "One Might Do Worse, a collection from the writings of Norman Douglas, with a preface by the author." We accepted it, announced it as a Douglas book in our catalogue and began to take orders (many, many orders!) from the booksellers. But the agency then informed us that it had subsequently discovered the collection was not the work of Norman Douglas at all. Since our catalogue was obviously guilty of a misstatement, we immediately agreed with the agent not to publish it; and we notified all the literary editors and the book trade that we had done so, that we would not fill the orders on hand, that we would not accept further orders, and that "One Might Do Worse" would not appear at all under our imprint.

GEORGE MACY,
for Macy-Macius: Publishers.

cause no changes other than those in language and popular custom, although even here we can see ample influence exerted by the contact of one people with another.

Now with the type of frontier which we had in America for so long and still have in modification, in mind, it is quite easy to see what influence it will have upon art. The pioneer people will gradually find itself and adjust itself to the peculiar surrounding conditions. When culture and native art appear, they will and do bear marks of the early struggles. This is evident in much of the literature which comes to us from the West. Even aside from art, this pioneer influence is evident. Much of the political reform comes from new sections, many of the social experiments have their birth, in our own case, in the newly settled areas.

It is not my intention to try to add anything to Mrs. Hazard's conclusions. However let me say this, the frontier will always have a dominant influence upon the institutions of a people. It acts as added fire under the kettle of human existence causing the dull mess to change its surface and bubble fiercely, bringing new ideas, new problems and perhaps some beauty to the top, all of which offer a virgin field to the artist.

JOHN L. HALLSTROM.
Philadelphia, Pa.

English Spelling

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

I have been behind with my reading, and did not notice till a few days ago Mr. Bird's reaction to my use of the phrase "British peculiarities of spelling." Your note to his letter settles the matter so neatly that there is perhaps no occasion for my adding anything to it, but had the spellings in question occurred in a British book, written and published by Englishmen, I should have had no comment to make. I did not consider their "natural variations" from the noun; on the contrary, they seemed to me unnatural and affected in an American book.

However, even if the word "peculiarities" be taken to mean something absurd and illogical, I am willing to go on record as believing that British English contains more of these than American English. The entire English language, in its spelling and pronunciation, is a mass of absurdities, but on the whole, except for our pronunciation of "been," we are a trifle less absurd than they in England. We have fewer proper names pronounced totally unlike the way they are spelled, and the British pronunciations of "clerk" and "lieutenant" are certainly more "peculiar" than ours.

Mr. Bird, like so many Englishmen, seems to forget that Americans inherit the English language as much as do his compatriots, and have an equal right to modify it. And why should he object to being told that he has an "English accent"? Is it because the word "accent" means, to him, an incorrect enunciation? If it does, then he should be equally careful to avoid speaking of an "American accent," for one is no more incorrect than the other. The word, to my mind, means an enunciation different from the normal one of the country. At any rate, that there is such a thing as an "English accent" is an obvious fact, and an Englishman who applies the generic term "American accent" to manners of speech as different as those of a Vermonter, an Indianan, and a Kentuckian, should have no logical difficulty in admitting it.

CLIFFORD H. BISSELL.

As a corollary to the book on English tradesmen's cards which Scribner's brought out in this country some time ago, now appears "Early American Trade Cards from the Collection of Bella C. Landauer," announced for publication by William Edwin Rudge.

A recent book from the Golden Cockerel Press "Art and Love" by Eric Gill, is a metaphysical essay by one of the most skilful of modern engravers. It is a duodecimo of twenty-six pages, printed in Caslon type, in an edition of 260 copies, thirty-five of which contain an extra set of engravings. And these engravings, on copper, in a line as sure and delicate as Flaxman's, deserve attention from all who appreciate the work of this very fine craftsman. The book is published by Douglas Cleydon, Bristol.

BORZOI BOOKS

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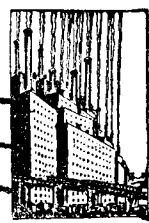


Publisher, N. Y.

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GOOD BOOKS

Wonders We Perform

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

Credit where credit is due. In your issue of October 8th, in my review of "Kant's Philosophy of Religion" by Clement C. J. Webb, I can lay no claim to the authorship of the particularly brilliant sentence which runs "But before the end of his life he came to see that the creator of this shabby world must be an immortal intelligence rather than a God to be worshipped." What I actually wrote was: "But before the end of his life he came to see that the argument from design, if followed logically, would lead to the belief that the creator of this shabby world must be an immoral intelligence rather than a God to be worshipped." Any of your copy-readers who desires it may have the honor of the amended version.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.
Washington, D. C.

The Frontier Again

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

Mr. Werner, whose criticism of Mrs. Hazard's "The Frontier in American Literature" appeared in this column in an earlier issue, argues narrowly and seemingly with little thought. He emphatically denies the influence of the frontier in art and in this case, particularly literature. I think the best way for me to express my views is to take Mr. Werner's points singly and attempt to show wherein lie his fallacies.

In regard to his first contention that frontier life is hostile to art and that authors flee from frontier conditions at the first opportunity. It is true that artists do leave the frontier but certainly not because there exists no subject for their work. The reason the more cultured section of the country draws the artists is because there exists the appreciation of the work and, incidentally, the market. However, do these "refugees" (as Mr. Werner would call them) write of the place to which they come or of the place whence they came? Certainly of the latter. What is more, there exists in the frontier life an almost inexhaustible store of material for artistic endeavor. All literature is not of the drawing-room or the boulevard.

Secondly, Mr. Werner will find many others besides myself who will not agree with his estimation of the worth of Cooper and Harte particularly.

Thirdly, Mr. Werner gets slightly mixed in his frontiers. The American frontier in question is not the political frontier as such but rather the natural frontier. That is to say the jumping-off place, where culture ends and social and ethical codes of civilized sections fall behind and stern necessity comes to the fore. The frontiers of the European states are essentially political and