

Points of View

Imported Books

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

Notwithstanding the great increase in pleasurable occupations that has come about in the last dozen years or so, pastimes which were previously unknown or enjoyed only by the very few, reading still holds its place as the one resource always to be depended upon for the great majority of our people.

As evidence of this truth, it is only necessary to point out the enormous increase in number and circulation of our popular magazines, notwithstanding which the best sellers among the books of the moment still hold a foremost place.

It seems rather a pity that the publishers and the booksellers, aided by the reviewers, should have fostered this craze for the reading of the best seller, valueless and inappropriate as many of the books of that class are for the information, interest, or even pleasure of hosts of their readers. . . .

Imported books of this class, many of them of great importance (I may mention, as examples, Professor Whitehead's well known works on the "Principles of Natural Knowledge" and the "Principle of Relativity with Applications to Physical Science") are as necessary to the student, the professor, and the directors of our educational institutions as are the tools of his trade to the carpenter, the mason, or the electrical worker, notwithstanding which the circulation of such books in recent years has not kept pace, largely owing to their cost, with the growth of our public interest in the development of science and education.

Many of these books which are so necessary as the tools of his trade to the special student and educational worker are the productions of foreign scholars attached to the great universities of Great Britain and other countries, and such books, owing to their small circulation and their appeal only to students and scholars are seldom printed in this country and are usually imported in small quantities for those to whom their use is necessary.

Students and others who need such books in their work are seldom gifted with this world's goods in abundance and are often in receipt of most moderate salaries as compared with modern standards. It accordingly follows that the price at which such books are sold is a most vital matter from the standpoint of those who use them.

In the year 1903, an attempt having been made by the Custom House appraisers to increase greatly the dutiable value of books imported from abroad, which would have resulted in considerable increases in their prices to students, the importers of such books in New York appeared before the Board of General Appraisers in an effort to have such books declared dutiable at the then prevailing rate of 25 per cent on the cost of the books to the importers rather than on the advanced and fictitious cost advocated by some of the appraisers before whom these books were entered for assessment. After a long controversy, which was carried on partly in the newspapers and partly with the Custom House officials, the case was referred for final action to the Board of General Appraisers, who, after hearing fairly all the evidence, decided that books should be admitted into this country at the cost to the importer for the purposes of the assessment of duty; and the practice of so admitting these books at the cost to the importer plus the then existing duty of 25 per cent prevailed from 1903 for a period of nearly fifteen years, with the result that books necessary to the student and the scholar were not advanced in price, as would otherwise have been necessary, and were sold at a much lower price than is possible today.

In the year 1913 a new Tariff Bill was enacted in which Congress, evidently with the laudable intention in mind of reducing the cost of such books to students and others, lowered the duty on them from 25 per cent to 15 per cent. That it was the intention of Congress to reduce the duty on these classes of books mostly or solely is evidenced by the fact that in the new bill many other classes of books which are competitive from the American publishers' and printers' point of view were raised from the normal rate in various ways.

Apparently the action of Congress in reducing the duty met with objection on the part of the Treasury, and in 1918-19, through its Board of Appraisers and Customs Courts, the question of the value of the imported books on which the new duty of 15 per cent should be assessed was

again raised, and, notwithstanding the arguments of the publishers—arguments which convinced the Board of General Appraisers in the years 1902-03—the Customs Court declared that the duty should be assessed not upon the cost of the books but upon a fictitious price, which in many or most cases was double and in some cases more than double the actual cost of the books to the importers, the effect being that the books in question now paid a greater amount of duty under the reduced rate as authorized by Congress than was previously paid on such books at the higher rate of 25 per cent and the prices of these books to students and others were of necessity greatly increased.

There seems no reasonable excuse for this successful attempt on the part of the Treasury, through its Customs Court, to nullify the deliberate intentions of Congress, and the students and others who use books to which this new ruling applies apparently rejoiced too soon at the attempt of Congress to reduce their burdens. As has been pointed out above, books imported from abroad now cost these consumers more in relation to their foreign price than was the case before the duty was nominally reduced by Congress from 25 per cent to 15 per cent.

Even although under a strictly narrow legal interpretation of the wording of the Tariff Act, backed by a report from a custom's agent which was biased, incomplete, and inaccurate, there is perhaps warrant for the ruling which was put into effect, it seems without doubt that common sense should govern the matter, as was the case in 1903, rather than a merely technical, narrow, legal ruling on the actual words used, the evident intention of Congress having been to reduce the duty, whereas the ruling of the Customs Court above referred to actually increases it, and the benevolent intention of Congress has been frustrated by the bureaucratic methods of the Treasury.

When this somewhat high-handed ruling was made there seemed little doubt that it was a war measure, and I accordingly, while appearing by attorneys at the hearing before the Customs Court, made little serious effort to influence or combat the Customs Court's decision, especially as the increased duty, as is always the case, could be handed over to our customers by the simple process of raising the prices.

It is time, however, that we went back to the saner view of this matter that prevailed for fifteen years, between the years 1903 and 1918, especially as the increased duty received by the Treasury was not large, the sums involved being tens of thousands rather than millions of dollars, and no appreciable increase of revenue resulted.

The fact that these imported books, as I have already said, fail to sell as well as formerly, largely on account of their increased prices, undoubtedly points to the fact that students and others are doing without, as best they can, books which are necessary to them in their daily work, and a relief from this condition is certainly greatly to be desired.

GEORGE P. BRETT.

New York.
The Macmillan Co.

Still More Beecher

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

I have been very much interested in the peculiar psychology of the defenders of the late Henry Ward Beecher particularly as revealed by Mr. Samuel Scoville's two letters about Paxton Hibben's "Henry Ward Beecher: An American Portrait." The curious thing about these people is that none of them seems to have read Mr. Hibben's book, and certainly Mr. Scoville cannot have read Mr. Hibben's letter to which he replies at such length in your issue of January 7th.

In the matter, for example, of Mr. Scoville's assertion that Henry Ward Beecher was not the editor of *The Christian Union* (now *The Outlook*) in January, 1870. Mr. Hibben countered with a quite overwhelming array of documentary evidence to prove that he was. Is Mr. Scoville convinced? Not in the least. He comes back with the charge that "it is quite typical of Mr. Hibben's method" that "he takes part of a statement and omits the rest" in quoting Mr. Scoville. But Mr. Hibben proved conclusively precisely the specific point which Mr. Scoville had questioned, and all Mr. Scoville has to say in reply is: "My authority is the unrefuted evidence of *The Outlook* which accused Mr. Hibben of perverting the truth by his statement."

Now on this point, I happen to know something myself, for when the editorial

in *The Outlook* first appeared, I wrote Mr. Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Henry Ward Beecher's successor as editor of *The Outlook*, and pointed out to him that there is no end of incontrovertible evidence that Mr. Beecher was the editor of *The Christian Union* from its very first issue and was even widely advertised as its editor before an issue had appeared. Did Mr. Abbott thereupon correct in *The Outlook* the charge of misrepresentation he had brought against Mr. Hibben? Not he. On the contrary, he replied to my letter that "if Mr. Beecher was editor" of *The Christian Union* in January, 1870, "he was not publicly acknowledged as such in the paper itself." But Mr. Abbott had accused Mr. Hibben of misrepresentation on the ground that Mr. Beecher was not the editor at that time!

In this same letter, Mr. Abbott advised me that if I should "wish to get a thorough exposition of Mr. Hibben's book" I should read a letter by Mr. Edwin D. Meade, in the *Boston Transcript*. So I did read it, and found that Mr. Meade, the author of Mr. Abbott's idea of a "thorough exposition of Mr. Hibben's book," admitted in his letter that he had not read Mr. Hibben's book!

Under these circumstances it is hardly astonishing to find Mr. Scoville assuming that "Mr. Beecher's purity and integrity" had in some miraculous way been established by resolutions presented to a mixed public gathering, or asserting that Mr. Hibben had, for some sinister motive, concealed the fact that Judge Neilson was present when this epochal event took place—though the fact is duly recorded on page 341 of Mr. Hibben's book. Facts seem to have little weight with people of the peculiar intellectual equipment of Mr. Beecher's followers. Mr. Scoville waxes highly indignant because, he says, Mr. Hibben presents his grandfather in the light of having received a little railroad stock in return for some excellent publicity for the railroad in the columns of Mr. Beecher's paper. He does not, however, deny the publicity.

Some strange people do go to making up a world!

JEAN CRAIK READ.

Montgomery, Ala.

Mrs. Tighe's "Psyche"

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

Referring to the recent communication by Mr. W. A. Slade, Chief Bibliographer of the Library of Congress, in regard to Mrs. Tighe's "Psyche," I would like to inform your readers that Dr. E. V. Weller, whose important paper on Keats and Mary Tighe (Publications of the Modern Language Association, December, 1927) has reawakened interest in the works of this Irish poetess, is reediting the complete text of Mrs. Tighe's poems from the edition of 1811 with notes pointing out parallel phrases in the poetry of Keats. It will contain also a complete bibliography of Mrs. Tighe's poems.

This volume, which has already been sent to press, will be issued in the Revolving Fund Series of the Modern Language Association.

New York. CARLETON BROWN.

Stuart P. Sherman

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

We are preparing a biographical study of the late Stuart Sherman, in which we hope to include many of his letters. We shall be grateful to any of his friends who are willing to send us letters from him, and will return the originals as soon as copies can be made. Letters may be addressed to either of the undersigned.

JACOB ZEITLIN.

706 W. Nevada St.,
Urbana, Illinois.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE,
178 Cross St.,
Middletown, Conn.

Old and New Style

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

The comment in your last number anent the birthday of George Washington being celebrated (while he was alive) on February 12th, adds a naïve trifle to the mass of ignorance afloat regarding the change of Style from Old to New in 1752. He was born on the 22d of February (the 11th month) 1732 (the year then beginning on the 25th of March) and though ten days were "stricken from the calendar" in 1752 they were not stricken from his life. He was, therefore, just a year older on each 12th of February.

Since his death and the change of Style being forgotten, we logically celebrate the 22d because he was born on the 22d. This year it will be 175 years and 12 days since his birth, owing to the increasing difference between the Julian and the Gregorian systems of calendar.

JOHN COX, JR.

Alas, Poor Yorick

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

In *The Saturday Review* of December 31st, Mr. John Nicholas Biffels speaks quite feelingly of the sorrows of the small boys who wore Lord Fauntleroy suits and curls. Still I know a number of men, who as small boys, were very proud of their suits and curls. I remember very well indeed the delight my youngest brother had in his, and at seven years when it was decided the curls must go—he put his hands up to his head and cried "Oh please don't cut off my pretty curls," but the curls fell in shining heaps. A few days later he came running to the house and crying, said "Oh Mother, even the hens are laughing at me—saying 'Cut, cut, got your hair cut!'" As children we read and reread the story, during the long cold winter months, and I'm sure the older members of the family were exceedingly grateful to the author not once, but many times.

MARION KEITH KENNEDY.

Washington, D. C.

Roger Casement

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

Other than the fact that he writes himself down as a snob and a man whose soul is a sneer, I do not know who or what Edmund Lester Pearson may be. But when you permit him to use your pages to refer to the late Roger Casement as a "traitor," it is time for one constant reader, who has been with you from the beginning, to tell you that while you produce a first-class literary weekly, you are permitting entirely too much political bias to creep in; this is not the first instance.

Here is a brief bit of historical summary, with one space left blank:

_____ was a man of non-English nationality, whose country was, at the time of his birth, and until he had reached middle age, politically dependent on Great Britain. He served the British Government with credit and distinction. But the time came when the wrongs and oppressions practised against his native land by the British Government, compelled him and other leaders of his people to refuse further allegiance to that Government, and to join in declaring the independence of his native land. He entered into relations with another Government which was at enmity with Britain, and he furthered military operations against the British Government.

Now, is not that statement equally true and exact whether you put in the blank space the name of George Washington, or that of Benjamin Franklin, or that of Roger Casement? Is there any difference in the quality of the acts committed by those three men against the British Government? Is there any essential difference except that Casement was caught and hanged, thus furnishing material for one of those Historic British Trials which you let Mr. Pearson, to his evident gloating delight, tell about in a review fully three times as long as your usual article about an important book; while Washington and Franklin were not caught and not hanged, thereby depriving Mr. Edmund Lester Pearson of the opportunity which he would plainly enjoy, to sneer at them as "traitors"? I hope I may never have to meet Mr. Edmund Lester Pearson, but I shall never forget that I had the honor to meet Roger Casement.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Bunner Letters

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

May I take this means of informing students of American literature and other friends or acquaintances of the late H. C. Bunner, that with the consent of the family I am engaged in collecting the material for a biography which may grow into "The Life and Letters of Henry Cuyler Bunner"? At present I am collecting the letters, and I will appreciate the opportunity to make copies of any now in the possession of individuals or libraries. Bound volumes of *Puck* for the years 1877, 1878, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, and 1895 are not available in New London; possibly I can borrow (one at a time) such volumes as I may need?

GERARD E. JENSEN.

Connecticut College,
New London, Conn.

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. P., Ithaca, N. Y., resolves my doubt concerning the pronunciation of Sze. "Having met him—he lived next door for the better part of a summer—I would advise you that the good man is known as Z (with a little lingual after-thought). This pronunciation is confirmed by Upton Close, who lectured here recently on Russian and Chinese affairs. He referred to the gentleman with a happy, though indefinable, mean between Zeh and Zuh. I leave you to figure it out!"

E. B. T., McGill University, Montreal, Canada, asks "Can you tell me something of the 'Tennessee poets'? I came across 'Grace Before Meat,' by John Crowe Ransom some time ago, and hear he and others have written more since. I can find nothing of them from booksellers here."

IN a beautifully printed little book with a phoenix upon the jacket and another in mauve upon the title-page, the eleven poets who for four years issued most of their verse in a journal of poetry called *The Fugitive*, published in Nashville, Tennessee, find themselves assembled under the title "Fugitives" (Harcourt, Brace). Originally they were seven, Donald Davidson, whose "The Tall Men," lately published by Houghton Mifflin, is one of the verse-volumes not to be this year passed by; James Marshall Frank, Sidney Mittron-Hirsch, John Crowe Ransom, the best known of the group, represented in contemporary poetry by "Poems About God" (Holt), "Chills and Fever" (Knopf), and "Two Gentlemen in Bonds" (Knopf), Alec B. Stevenson, and Allen Tate. Others joined the movement later, including Laura Riding, whose "The Close Chaplet" has been published by the Adelphi Company. The history of the journal *The Fugitive* is told in the foreword to this book, and in this are named some of the magazines in which poems by these writers have appeared, beginning with *The Double Dealer*. One finds here "The Lover, the most ingratiating of Mr. Ransom's poems—which for the most part scorn to be ingratiating at all, and "Bells for John Whiteside's Daughter," the poem that first made me his admirer. Here is the cerebral music of Laura Riding's "Afternoon," and the extraordinary evoca-

tion known as "Fire on Belmont Street," by Davidson, which I here discover won the prize of the Poetry Society of South Carolina for 1926. Altogether it is a find, this book; it gleams with cold fire.

E. A. A., Charleston, W. Va., asks for books for a student of journalism and for one who plans to study general advertising; books such as are used in trade schools or colleges.

THERE is a new, revised edition just from Appleton of the standard work, "Effective Direct Advertising," by R. E. Ramsay, a comprehensive text. "Advertising Procedure," by Otto Kleppner (Prentice-Hall), and "Advertising Handbook," by Samuel R. Hall (McGraw-Hill) are solid and reliable books covering all departments of the subject; "Principles of Advertising" (Ronald), by Harry Tipper and others, deals with economics, market analysis, planning and carrying out campaigns, preparing copy, and designing display. These are all large volumes costing around five dollars, for reference or study purposes. Daniel Starch's "Principles of Advertising" (Shaw) is a college text-book treating the subject theoretically as well as practically, using the scientific point of view and applying scientific methods.

Two new books are announced by the John Day Company whose descriptions sound to me as though they belonged on this list: Howard W. Dickinson's "Primer of Promotion," a small book of first principles, by one who has used them with success, and Carl Percy's thorough treatment of the subject of "Window Display Advertising," with many illustrations.

The "Handbook for Newspaper Workers," by Grant M. Hyde (Appleton), is a valuable and widely used desk-book for every kind of copy preparation. "Essentials in Journalism," by Harrington and Frankenberg (Ginn), is a text-book that includes editorial writing, book-reviewing, and dramatic criticism. A spirited and intensely practical guide to every-day affairs is "Editing the Day's News," by George C. Bastian (Macmillan) of the *Chicago Tribune*, and the boy with an ambition to get on a newspaper may see what it is like through "Getting the News," by William S. Maulsby (Harcourt, Brace), a reporter's first-aid. There is a new edition of the popular text-book by L. N. Flint, "The Editorial" (Appleton): this has been completely revised.

"Writing and Editing for Women," by Ethel Colson Brazelton (Funk & Wagnalls), may not interest this inquirer, but I suggest it to girls whose ideas turn this way—and to clubwomen writing papers on opportunities for women, for it has a good deal to say on this subject. "Free Lancing for Forty Magazines," by Edward Mott Woolley (Writer Pub. Co.), is the straight story of a determined writer; others who are determined to write will find many experiences set down for their help.

G. C., Brooklyn, N. Y., is writing a paper on "Daring Women" and asks for material for documentation.

ONE could, I suppose, turn over the responsibility for this paper to Cameron Rogers, and dodge looking for the women by just reviewing his recent book, "Gallant Ladies" (Harcourt, Brace), for surely the ten whose lives he gives us were adventurous enough. Two pirates, two female desperadoes, Lola Montez, Mata Hari, Mlle. de Maupin, and Jeanne de la Motte, Adrienne Lecouvreur, the Duchess of Kingston—high or low, they took their lives in their hands, from which in more than one instance there were taken by the hand of justice. "Gallant Ladies" is a fascinating book, more glamorous even than Duncan Aikman's "Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats" (Holt), though several of this company appear also in the Rogers Group. This may be because the taintypes with which Mr. Aikman illustrates his book put too great a strain on any heroine—especially when her features, none too cozy at the best, are surmounted by an iron-bound sailor-hat riding high.

But regretfully as one turns from these relics of the early feminists, I must indeed

do so, for from the accompanying letter I infer that the daring desired is along geographical rather than sociological lines. Rosita Forbes, for instance, qualifies with her "The Secret of the Sahara: Kufara" (Doran), and Lady Richmond Brown, whose "Unknown Tribes, Uncharted Seas" (Appleton) tells of adventures in Jamaica, in Panama, in the jungle, and among the wildest kinds of Indians, on San Blas Island. Mme. Alexandra David-Neel qualifies with "My Journey to Lhasa" (Harper), and a young Englishwoman, W. Lavallin Puxley, with "Wanderings in the Queensland Bush" (Houghton Mifflin), a naturalist's penetration to "the dead heart of Australia." In "A White Woman Among the Masai" (Dutton), Marguerite Mallet told of hunting lions and leopards in Africa, the climax coming when the Masai destroyed all her possessions and she had to fly for her life. Lady Warren described her journey "Through Algeria and Tunisia on a Motor Bicycle" (Houghton Mifflin). Mary Hastings Bradley has hunted gorillas through more than one book, and now the golden-haired daughter appearing in these records has a book to herself, and a vivacious one, in "Alice in Jungleland" (Appleton). Lilian Overell, in "A Woman's Experiences in German New Guinea" (Dodd, Mead), described her escape into the interior when war broke out and her life for several years among the untamed aborigines: this book was admired by no less an authority than Captain Moncton. In "The White Heart of Mojave" (Fisher, Unwin), Edna Brush Perkins describes the adventure of two women in Death Valley. Marguerite Harrison's "Marooned in Moscow" (Doran) tells her experiences in Bolshevik prisons.

A new item has just been added to this collection: in "Dragon Lizards of Komodo," by W. Douglass Burden (Putnam), the young wife of the author takes an important part in this unique "expedition to a lost world of the Dutch East Indies." This naturalist, having heard a rumor that true dragons were still living upon a remote island just behind the beyond, said to his wife "There is plenty of time to be careful and to play safe when we're a doddering old couple, tottering on the edge of the grave. Let's go!" So they went, passing through various Chinese and Javanese thrills, and there were the dragons all alive—oh, and back to this very city of ours some of them came, still alive, though I understand that the life here was too much for them in time. The pictures are marvelous; fancy a sort of degenerate dinosaur taken in the act of swallowing the entire hindquarters of a deer at one gulp. The stuffed specimens may be seen in the Komodo lizard group at the American Museum of Natural History, but in this book even without the pictures the sense of coming suddenly upon something left over from the Carboniferous Era is so strong as to be disturbing. Mrs. Martin Johnson takes part in the adventures set down and beautifully illustrated in Martin Johnson's "Safari: a Saga of the African Blue" (Putnam). This list might be greatly extended by applying for information to the Society of Women Explorers, New York, an organization whose records quite take one's breath away.

E. F. S., San Francisco, Cal., asks if a biography of James Stephens is available, but I cannot find a record that any has ever been made. Nor can I find, in response to another inquiry whether the essays published by Benn in the same inexpensive form as the Augustan Poets have appeared in this country, any evidence that they are expected to appear here: at any rate not through Stokes, who brought out the English pamphlet poets. And will someone tell S. G., New York City, in which of Kipling's books, and in what connection, money is defined as "the stuff that goes from hand to hand and never grows any warmer"? This information is needed as soon as may be.

"Adam's Breed," Miss Radclyffe Hall's novel of the Italian waiter who went in quest of his soul, has again won a coveted literary honor. News comes from London that this story which was awarded last year's Femina Prize as the best English novel of the year, has been chosen for the James Tait Black Prize of 250 sterling for the best novel of the year. The prize is a memorial to James Tait Black, the Scottish publisher, who did much to promote the best in literature. The terms of the trust provide that the adjudication is to be made by the Professor of English Literature in Edinburgh University. Professor Grierson, who has the chair of English Literature at the Famous Scottish university, is the judge who made the award.



SHOP TALK

It was a cold winters evening. We were all sitting around an open radiator discussing the ever increasing tendency to sell more non-fiction than fiction. Things went along reasonably enough, in spite of the radiator's competition, until we ran into these new histories. It was apparent that we didn't know enough about the subject to carry on even a semi-intelligent conversation. We wondered if Mr. Rupert Hughes would be interested in writing a piece for this column. Lo! and behold! He is and here it is.

"If it is possible to speak generally of the vast jumble and infinite variety of outpourings called 'history,' it may be permissible to note one general 'trend' that might be called 'new,' without too great violence.

"It is the scientific spirit that has so largely revolutionized the mental and physical aspects of the world. A century or more ago the human mind began to seek freedom in all directions. The investigator learned to desire and to demand permission to observe without any other purpose than observation; to record with no other purpose than accuracy; and to deduce with pure logic and no fear, favor, or predilection.

"Science has more or less completely thrown off preconceptions, prejudices, radical and religious ambitions and terrorisms. The scientist is not seeking with microscope, telescope, spectroscope or any other device to prove the existence of anything except what is actually there. He does not keep one eye on nature and one eye on the angry preacher or the Holy Bible or the Inquisition. His Holy Bible is facts, conditions, and processes.

"In consequence, the world has gone forward with inconceivable leaps and bounds in the fields of material knowledge and invention. In a hundred years vastly more has been done for human health, prosperity, comfort and freedom than in all the countless centuries before.

"The new historian is trying to be a scientist. He searches the records as the geologist searches the strata and the paleontologist the asphalt beds. He describes what he finds. Impartiality is his passion. He has no religion, no patriotism, no party, no theory to glorify or to protect from the truth. His religion is the truth. His theory is the offshoot of the facts as he uncovers them.

"The result of truth-seeking for its own sake is as beneficial in history as in science. It is building an increasingly authentic picture of the past and it is offering to mankind an increasingly impregnable foundation for its attitude toward the present and the future.

"It is toppling many idols, changing many devils to decent people, revealing the clay feet of many gilded statues. But it is restoring humanity to humanity, and turning the human soul toward the true truth as its highest ideal. It is giving 'honesty' a new definition of almost mathematical impersonality and integrity."

We wish to thank Mr. Hughes for his aid in clarifying the situation for us. It would be well indeed if our many contemporaries who learned the fairy tales that were once labeled "history" would turn to the new scientific historians. They can be found in all A. B. A. bookstores, as can many of the older books. The booksellers are quite capable and can recommend those in which you will find the greatest interest.

Ellis Cowdrey

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

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