

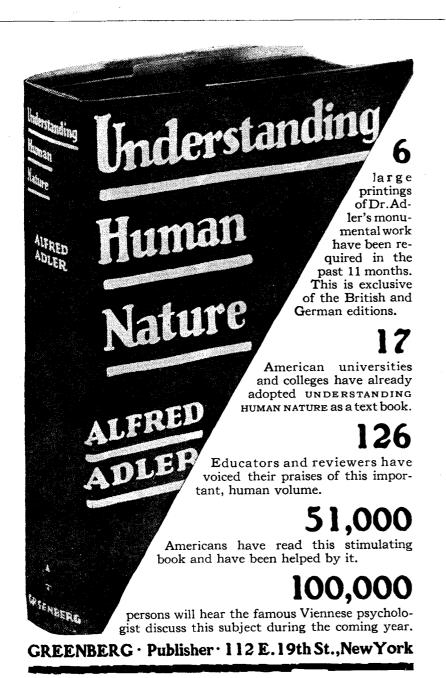
By RENÉ FÜLÖP-MILLER

THE HOLY DEVIL

The most spectacular figure of modern times, "preacher and brawler, redeemer and debauchee," is here set forth to the life. The Soviets have opened the secret records to a biographer who reveals for the first time the whole truth about the mysterious "holy devil" who ruled over rulers and swayed the destinies of nations by the power of his eye. "The human and inhuman breadth of his material surpasses any possible figment of the most audacious novelist's imagination."—New York Times

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Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

A Letter from England By Elizabeth Lowndes.

H OW many of us look back to the magic hour of "reading aloud" as the most ecstatic moments of childhood. But do not be disappointed, you grown-ups, when what you read suggests ideas to eager listeners far removed from your own. Tears of disappointment have been shed over Abraham's reprieve from having to kill his son Isaac: "But why not? The knife was all ready." And Cynthia Asquith, in a humorous and most human book, "The Child at Home," points a most useful lesson. In the chapter on reading aloud, she recalls the child's remark, "Mother! I think I should understand, if only you wouldn't explain."

Irrespective of grown-ups, at the present moment the most popular person among English children is Doctor Dolittle. It is doubtful if since the publication of "Alice in Wonderland" a character has had such a universal welcome into the nurseries of England. The arrival of "Doctor Dolittle's Garden" was announced to me this summer by a little boy friend of mine in slow, solemn tones. "Do you know Doctor Dolittle has now learnt the language of the insects?" The book was brought out to show me, and the best loved passages read over and over again. And now once more, it is said for the last time, we have Christopher Robin and Pooh and Piglet, and a new friend, the Strange and Daring Tigger, in "The House at Pooh Corner." Also, those who remember "The Story of my Heart," by Richard Jefferies, will rejoice to hear that his "Wood Magic" (Collins), a fantasy describing a little boy and his talks with the birds and butterflies, has been reprinted.

Another reprint we can expect is that of a book, now only obtainable in the second-hand market, "Forget-me-not and Lily of the Valley," by Maurice Baring (Heinemann). This charming story of the Spring flowers and the Summer flowers is illustrated in color by S. B., whom the fairies (so Major Baring says) taught to paint on purpose.

Do the children of America read fairy stories? Romer Wilson, who has written "The Death of Society" and other remarkable novels, has edited a collection of the world's best fairy stories under the title "Green Magic" (Cape). I should also like to draw attention to "The Little Blue Man," by Giuseppi Fanciulli (Dent), the first English translation of a puppet tale by the most popular Italian writer for children. It is the story of a little cardboard man's life and adventures in the Marionette Theatre. From another direction, the wellknown Polish writer, Zofja Kossak-Szczucka, sends us "The Troubles of a Gnome," a Polish fairy story.

Fairy stories bring to mind Hans Andersen. The Everyman Library has just added "More Fairy Tales" (Dent). I wonder how many lovers of that heaven-sent genius know Humbert Wolfe's lovely poem called "Denmark"—

... your little fir-tree, and your deadred sand, and then

with all the loves of my childhood and my dreams, Hans Andersen!

"My Animal Friendships," by Cherry Kearton (Arrowsmith), is also a new and delightful book for all ages.

Many English children seem to be natural lovers of poetry. John Drinkwater, of "Abraham Lincoln" fame, has brought out a volume described as "poems of childhood." When these poems were read to the seven-year-old daughter of another English poet, she exclaimed, "But that's all about me!" Hence the title "All About Me" (Collins).

Once upon a time a young English artist, who is now known in England and America as a master-etcher, found time to write daily letters "from Uncle Yule" to a child friend, and with them such pictures! Tigers yawning delightfully, fishes wearing straw hats, lions going out for a walk in top hat and cane! With the appearance of "Frolics of Uncle Yule," by A. Hugh Fisher, other children are to share the fun, and to shout over these very same drawings that went prancing through the British post in envelopes adorned with dragons and bulldogs!

Messrs, Heinemann announce the work of

a new writer for children, E. M. Channon, author of "The Griffin." This story is to be published next month. It is full of romantic adventure; at times the reader meets the whole assembly of the Heraldic Beasts. It is possible that this writer is going to prove a worthy follower in the E. Nesbit tradition?

"Explain! Explain! Explain!" cried all the Tribe of Tegumai, and this cry is taken up and echoed by every child with a keen, clever mind. The construction of wireless sets has put model aeroplane making and such like amusements into the background, but there is a revival now in the demand for such books as "Scientific Amusements and Experiments," "100 Harmless Scientific and Chemical Experiments for Boys," "Simple Toy-making for Pleasure and Profit," and books on the care and management of pets, an excellent example of which that has just come out is "The Wonder Book of Pets and How to Keep Them" (Ward). By such books is the task of reading aloud made doubly delightful.

Reviews

THE ATLANTIC TREASURY OF CHILDHOOD STORIES. Selected and edited by Mary D. Hutchinson Hodgkins. Illustrated by Beatrice Stevens. Reviewed by Elizabeth C. Miller

HERE is a thoroughly satisfying book of familiar and pleasingly unfamiliar stories, well compiled and admirably ren-There is an evenness of excellence throughout that is rarely found in such a collection. The book is for all ages of children. Every child in the house can find a story to his taste and each child can grow his way through the volume, beginning with the little tales of "Animals Wise and Foolish," and passing through magic and fairies and giants to the vivid adventures of "Boys and Girls of Other Lands" and the stories of "Heroes and Heroines" which are based on history and lead the mind of the older child into the real world

The pictures are lovely and imaginative and yet full of a suitable realism. They are a faithful accompaniment to the consistently beautiful English of the text.

The reader-aloud will delight in that English while childish ears will be regaled with its purity and cadence. Here and there are scattered unusual words that will tickle the natural word-sense of a child, —expressive syllables out of the old wells of language—words that belong to the feeling of the tale and to the land that tale grew out of. "Slock," "whiddle," "nattering"—who would not love mouthing these? Flavor they have.

And the whole book has flavor. It is no mere "collection." "Enchantments and Magical Deeds"—such a heading is lure indeed to a child of our mechanistic scientific century. "Fairies, Pixies, and Elves," another group, takes the child into a world where he is always at home and happy; a world of dim-lit peasant cottages where is the smell of wood-smoke and the taste of bread and cheese, and where most fittingly the inhabitants live ever upon the edge of magic, the magic of the "true" fairies—"the little people." These are not the extravagant enchantments of kings and queens, but spells and wonders touching the lives of little boys and girls.

"Dwarfs, Giants, and Ogres" have their turn too and here we find the fantastic exaggerations of the huger denizens of Unreality. The Norse gods seem like the Paul Bunyans of mythland and child humor revels in the impossible draughts, the superblows and the incredible great deeds of these giants who do not stoop to the traditional cruelty and rapacity of their kind. And that we may not live too tender-minded there is just a taste of giant blood with justice triumphant.

Stories of foreign children should be like a real traveling to strange places, and for a while we live in these odd corners of the world with Viggo, and Sampo, and Moni and in the very strangeness about us find new pleasure.

The hero tales are brave and splendic stories, some forever loved through centuries of listening children. Here are the boy David and his Goliath set in the beauty of Bible English, and our own Columbus

and the great young Joan who never yet failed to thrill a child's heart. Then come pirates and Indians and Kit Carson; and not least—a true polar story in its original diary form. This last is an unusual and happy inclusion for our children know that though the days of pirates and Indians are over there still remains the struggle with Nature in the Arctic, and they know that there adventure even now lures men and asks of them the same eternal virtues-endurance, self-sacrifice, and a courageous

These stories of the last group are essentially stories of the real world of action and achievement, some farther back in time and others approaching the world of today. They will arouse in the child's mind a desire to hear more of such things and so this book like every other good book will not end with its last page.

THE TRUMPETER OF KRAKOW. By ERIC P. KELLY. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1928.

Reviewed by H. NOBLE MACCRACKEN Vassar College

F the testimony may be accepted of one young lady of fourteen summers, who could not sleep until the book was finished, "The Trumpeter of Krakow" will take its place among tales of permanent appeal. Couched in a sober and informative style, which without elaboration presents the medieval background that every child loves, a story full of action centering around a magic crystal of Tarnov unrolls rapidly and without effort.

It is a pleasure to one who has but recently visited the medieval city of Krakow, so rich in art and architecture, in legend and in the national history of Poland, to find this unknown wealth of tradition made available to American children. Krakow bids fair to become the Oxford of Poland. A former capital, now perhaps a little to one side of the swift current of Polish progress, it will, we hope, long retain its medieval charm. The Trumpeter still sounds the hours from the old tower on the square and any child who reads this story will make up his mind one day to hear the melody.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE WORLD. By H. A. DAVIES. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. \$2.50.

> Reviewed by EDWARD PULLING Avon College

IT has been said that history is best defined as the explanation of why we are what we are to-day, and that we need this explanation in order to decide intelligently what we want to become to-morrow.

Ever since Mr. Wells first published his now famous "Outline of History" we have become increasingly conscious of the necessity of perspective in the study of history, if this explanation is to be really helpful. The old-fashioned method of studying history in chronologically and geographically water-tight compartments-a method which unfortunately has been fostered in schools by the fact that the college entrance board has not yet come to appreciate the value of a comprehensive examination paper in world history—is giving way to one in which emphasis is placed on the unity, not on the diversity, of history.

Some teachers, wishing to include in the curriculum a course in world history as a background for more detailed study of different periods, have tried out Mr. Wells's "Outline" and found it to be a little "too much of a muchness" for the average student in school. Others, who have used Van Loon's "The Story of Mankind," have found it stimulating but sketchy, with the ire element Mr. Davies in his admirable new book has hit upon the happy mean between the two. His work is compact and yet inclusive, solid but not heavy.

One does not have to depend on the author's own statement in the preface to know that "An Outline History of the World" is "the result of much practical experience as a teacher of world history." This must be at once obvious to anyone who reads the book. It is especially noticeable in the excellent grouping of the related facts of modern history and of movements which have particular bearing on the world situation to-day. There may be those who will complain that this grouping (what a relief it is from the usual year by year, country by country, method of presenting facts) will make it too difficult for young readers to keep their chronology straight. To them Mr. Davies has only to say: "Use the time charts at the back of the book." No reader need be confused if he glances at them from time to time.

Although "An Outline History of the

World" will make good reading for anyone interested in new interpretations of history from the point of view of world unity, it will be found particularly valuable as a text-book. The fact that it does not look like one is a strong point in its favor. There are no marginal headings, no "questions" and "topics for study" at the end of chapters, no lists of dates to detract from the reader's attention. It is a book no history teacher should overlook.

ANDY BREAKS TRAIL. By CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER. Decorations by LANG-DON KIHN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928, \$1.75.

Reviewed by T. Morris Longstreth

THREE years ago Miss Constance Lindsay Skinner turned from adult history and interrupted the rhythms of Plem-Salia-Kwi the Hunter to write for youth. She brought a unique equipment with her. As the daughter of a Hudson's Bay Company Factor, she knew those wild and shadowy things which the less lucky can only wonder about. "Silent Scot," her first boys' book, drew on this inheritance of wilderness feeling, presented an exhaustive knowledge of our frontier history in a lively way, and leaped into favor. Its hero, Andy Mac-Phail, and his Indian friend, Tuleko, lived in the imagination after the book closed by virtue of a vitality new to recent juvenile

pages. "The White Leader" followed, introducing Lachlan Douglas and fat Barking Water—on rivers of blood.

This autumn sees these friends, still in their teens, united under one cover in "Andy Breaks Trail" heading for Oregon with Lewis and Clark. And, as Lachlan contentedly remarks, "Bein' a governor isn't worth any man's attention compared wi' makin' a trail to the Pacific." Certainly not, with companions like these.

Boys will read the book first for the story, and for their benefit the action runs like a river, all dulness deleted. Between rapids of excitement come eddies of wisdom and stretches of broad humor-a pity not to quote about the fleas or some of Barking Water's ludicrous self-satisfaction -but there are no carries. The killings are copious and graceful. One man, or more, falls to the chapter, and less momentously than a new spice drops into Wewoca's cook-pot. Ambush, mutiny, cloudburst, prairie fire, stampede, the discovery of new animals, and-rare touchthe rescue of a manuscript, swell the current and carry the reader swiftly past poetic underbrush and epigrams hardly noticed. Let those who desire childrens' books to be sissified shudder at the slaughter. The courage, the loyalty, the friendship, and the justice, from which men draw their greatness are all there. Even when the agreeable dog named Wolf chews up a miscreant, who would have it otherwise? "Andy Breaks Trail" could be called excellent before one comes to its finer graces.

The greatest of these, hoisting the book high above contemporary juveniles, is the skill in characterization which peoples the pages with comrades who actually breathe, eat, joke, and dare. One realizes Boone, and that Lewis and Clark are young; but the vivid personalities are the five friends: Andy himself, oatmeal-made and a verra true Scot; Tuleko, so Indian that he haunts the pages like a ghost, appearing and disappearing unpredictably; Blue Arrow of the fatal blow-pipe; Lachlan, my favorite; and Barking Water, cook, butt, and wit, together with his dog.

Next most remarkable is the atmosphere of humor in which these boys rough it, genuine humor, not wise-cracks. It plays over the entire work, often accompanied though not, as in Barrie, close to tears. These thigh-slappings and these noiseless laughs will be preservative.

The style is vigorous, intense, picturesque, and at the same time one sees the poet loitering in the background, observing that "the flaming pine chips snap off sparks." Only a poet could condense to leave all the fine

But this condensation, this poetic paring, brings me to my one quarrel-more with a current custom than with this author or her publisher. Why was the epic left out? Why was a masterpiece of interest and character delineation curtailed to be read at one sitting? They say that boys will not read nor parents pay for more today. I don't believe it. Not in this case where such vitality and skill and material could have run to 600 pages and compel reading. There are no Crusoes, no Deerslayers, no Swiss Family tomes this year; but there might have been one entitled "Andy Breaks Trail"-had the book been immense enough to get lost in; not a woodslot but a BY L

wilderness.

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