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Translated by
CASEY D. WOOD, M. D.

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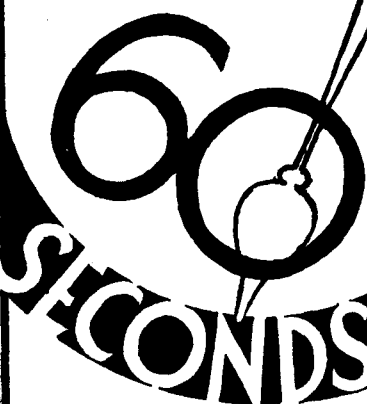
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Pinafores and Pantalettes

By WILBUR MACEY STONE

THE pinafore is long outmoded, and even its successor, the homely but protective apron, is somewhat of a curiosity and an anachronism in the twentieth century. Also, while the little girls of these times go about nearly naked from hip to ankle, and those of larger growth are isolated from the cold world by the sheerest chiffon only, in the days of George the Fourth and Victoria the nether limbs of young "females" were not only protected against the elements, but were screened from the gaze of the vulgar. Not only were stout stockings worn, but buttoned to the hidden panties were pantalettes which swathed the tender calf to the ankle bone. These most modest appendages, I regret to record, were often elaborately trimmed, edged with lace and other allure for masculine eyes.

Similarly, in the reading matter supplied to these prim, pantaletted, picturesque persons, there was a definite show of modesty and maidenly reticence. This all tended definitely to prudishness, degenerating sometimes into hypocrisy.

The common people of England, in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, were well supplied with ephemeral reading matter from the always busy presses of James Catnach in Seven Dials and by such rivals as Evans in Long Lane and Pitts in Great St. Andrew Street. Catnach was the yellow journalist of his day, and no event of horror or wonder was neglected by him. Almost before the body of a murdered man was cold, Catnach's hawkers were on the street with lurid accounts of the tragedy. Between sensational events, Catnach busied himself with toy books for children, fortune tellers, and even such instructive penny books as "A Visit to the Zoological Gardens."

His successor and former workman, Fortey, carried on the tradition and issued literally tons of penny books. Many of these were illustrated and even hand-colored, but under Fortey's management the hand-colored picture book reached its lowest ebb of crudity and daubiness.

John Harris, while proud to print upon his title pages the fact that he was successor to Newbery, failed to carry on the Newbery tradition of attractiveness in format and binding which gave such wide popularity to Newbery's charming little books. Harris was manager for Elizabeth Newbery, widow of Francis, nephew of the original John Newbery, and at her death succeeded to the business. He was a prolific publisher, but his books are undistinguished in appearance and mostly of larger size than the little volumes so dear to the children of an earlier generation.

We are, however, indebted to Harris for a series of four highly popular books, the first of which he issued in January, 1807. The title, "The Butterfly's Ball," was alluring, and the copper plate illustrations paved the way to an immediate success. This book was followed promptly by "The Peacock at Home," also a "best seller." Within twelve months, 40,000 copies of these two books were sold. The next year "The Elephant's Ball" and "The Lion's Masquerade" appeared and continued the success of the earlier titles. In 1883, Griffith and Farran, who subscribed themselves as Successors to Newbery and Harris, reissued this set of four books with an interesting description of their origin and success.

A publishing house contemporary with, and a rival of, Harris was that of Darton & Harvey. I have one book of theirs as early as 1798 and others as late as 1834. A descendant of the head of the house, F. J. Harvey Darton, carries on the traditions of his ancestors by publishing juveniles in London at this time.

But enough of statistics and genealogy. The books themselves are more interesting. Both Harris and Darton issued books on the Kings of England. These, while doubtless purchased by thoughtful parents for the instruction of their children, have a definite appeal to the childish mind, as at least the one by Harris is in rhyme and is illustrated with excellent hand-colored engravings of the various monarchs. The copy before me is dated 1824, is in two thin volumes in stiff paper covers, and was once owned by Robert

Homidge Buckland. Not only have his soiled fingers left their records, but under each portrait he has inscribed in pencil his estimate of the character of the King or Queen portrayed.

The old booksellers were very shrewd in their titles, for instance, "Cobwebs to Catch Flies," or "Dialogues in Short Sentences Adapted to Children," and, "Lined Twigs to Catch Young Birds." This last is by the Taylor sisters, widely known to fame.

The Rev. Isaac Taylor was the pastor of a small congregation in Ongar, England. Being possessed of a "chargeable" family, he supplemented his small income by writing books, many of them books of travel for children. His chief claim to fame,



Illustration from "One Thousand Quaint Cuts."

however, rests upon the fact that he was the father of Jane and Ann, who, with their friend Adelaide O'Keefe, gave to the world in 1803 "Original Poems for Infant Minds" in two volumes. Jane was twenty and Ann was nineteen. This work of theirs attained instant popularity and was reprinted many times both here and in England. "My Father" and "My Mother" were titles of two of the poems which were many times separately printed with attractive pictures. Many of the poems were highly admonitory. Titles such as "Meddlesome Mattie," "Careless Matilda," "Greedy Richard," and "Dirty Jack" show the character of the verses. In 1882, "Little Ann and Other Poems" was issued with colored illustrations by Kate Greenaway. The Taylor sisters followed up their first success with "Hymns for Infant Minds" and other volumes which ran into many editions.

During the first decade of the last century, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, the wife of that always impecunious philosopher, William Godwin, opened a little publishing house and bookshop at 41 Skinner Street to boost the family finances. From thence were issued the now famous Charles and Mary Lamb juveniles, such as "Poetry for Children," "Mrs. Leicester's School," "The Adventures of Ulysses," "The King and Queen of Hearts," and others. First editions of these books are now cheap at thrice their weight in gold. But soon after the opening of this century, several of the Lamb juveniles were reprinted in facsimile, so even the impecunious lover of children's books may know how these much-prized items looked.

The recent hue and cry of certain pedagogical psychologists against the supposed pernicious influence of the old nursery tales seems very modern, but a handful of books which belonged to little Anna Maria Foley more than one hundred years ago and which recently fell into my willing hands, indicate that censors are of ancient lineage. These books were in beautiful condition in their bright flowery and gilt covers, but Ann's mother had been through the volumes, not only with pen and ink, to obliterate offensive words, but with scissors for the removal of many complete leaves. In some cases a leaf has been cut out from its legitimate location and pasted down over some objectionable portion elsewhere. This meticulous miscreant has had a full share of my reverse blessings! In "The Ladder of Learning or Select Fables," the exclamation, Bless me, has been inked out in several places. Heaven defend us, as cried by a frog in one fable, has been deleted and, Oh, substituted. Mighty clever has been replaced by very clever; in, Such a scurvy trick, the word scurvy has been crossed out. A cat is addressed as Poor Soul, but mamma has substituted thing for soul, doubtless on the

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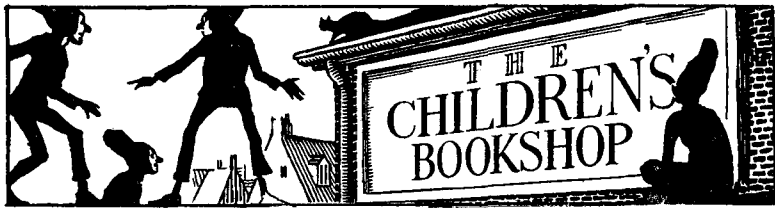
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theory that a cat has no soul. Poor little Anna Maria! You were much put upon, but when you grew up and learned the ways of the world, I hope you had your fling!

To the reader of old juveniles, the town of Ride a cock horse to Banbury cross, has a location on the map of fairyland only. But Banbury is also on the map of England, and I have a correspondent who dates his letters from that old town. He well remembers J. G. Rusher as a dignified old man in knee breeches and swallow-tail coat. Rusher lived to be over ninety years old, but in his early days he carried on the nursery tradition in Banbury by the publication in 1820 and later of a vast quantity of delightful little penny books for children, which were distributed broadcast over the country. These little books were not over four inches tall, were well illustrated, and included, in condensed form, such old favorites as Dame Trot, Jack and Jill, Mother Hubbard, Whittington, and a host of others. I am the happy possessor of a set of a dozen of these little books, with the cuts beautifully hand-colored.

In 1894 and 1895 Dent & Company in London paid a pleasing tribute to Rusher and Banbury by the reissue of a number of the old nursery tales and rhymes under the general title of *The Banbury Cross Series*. These books were delightfully illustrated by the prominent artists of the day, such as Anning Bell, Granville Fell, and Charles Robinson.

Our very modern mechanical books, such as the *Hole Book* and others, with movable features are but revivals of similar ones of a century ago. In 1810, S. and J. Fuller, at The Temple of Fancy and Juvenile Museum, in London, produced a series of highly attractive story books in rhyme, each accompanied by a set of colored cut-out pictures illustrating the adventures of the little hero or heroine. Also, and here was the attractive feature, all of the figures in the pictures were headless, but a movable head was supplied which could be inserted in place in each picture in rotation as the story was read. The cut-out pictures were loosely laid into the book, so that a child could handle them like paper dolls. Of course, all this "looseness" contributed to the early loss of figures and heads, and very few perfect copies of these old books have survived. "Phoebe, the Cottage Maid," "The History of Little Henry," "Cinderella and Ellen, or the Naughty Girl Reclaimed," are some of the titles. These books were advertised as *Illustrated with Figures that Dress and Undress*.

This character of toy book was further developed and elaborated by Dean & Son about 1840. The Dean books were much larger than those by Fuller and comprised such popular stories as "Mother Hubbard" and "The Old Woman and Her Silver Sixpence." In the pictures in these books the heads and limbs of the characters were pivoted and by an ingenious arrangement of stiff paper strips on the back of the leaf, could be made to move in very lifelike manner. These animated pictures were, of course, very frail, and I have spent many a busy hour repairing the wreckage of such books.

A revival of interest in toy theatres has been promoted in the present generation by the display, in a number of bookshops, of old examples of miniature stages adapted for the presentation of juvenile plays, with cardboard scenery and characters. For the past thirty years substantially all the toy theatre sheets to be had in this country have been of German origin, but the best known purveyor to the cult in England was M. Skelt, who from Swan Street, Minors, in London, early in the last century, catered to the romantic aspirations of the children of his day with books of plays and plain or colored sheets of scenery and actors. Skelt has been immortalized in Stevenson's essay, "A Penny Plain and Twopence Colored," in "Memories and Portraits." While Skelt is a name to conjure with, he was not the pioneer in his line. About 1808, West in Wych Street and Hodgson in Newgate Street, issued many toy plays with such alluring titles as "Black Beard," "The Magic Flute," "Ferdinand of Spain and Philip Quarl." In the eighteen twenties "The Battle of Waterloo" was a favorite piece for presentation.

Stevenson as a child possessed a rich store of these romantic sheets, bought, one set at a time, with diligently saved pence. He chose the Penny Plain, not primarily because he could thereby have twice as many,

but for the later joy of coloring them. The very name of Skelt was big with romance for him. He coined the term Skelttery to define the stogy and piratic in life and letters. He said: "Indeed, out of this cut-and-dry, dull, swaggering, obtrusive, and infantile art, I seem to have learned the very spirit of my life's enjoyment and acquired a gallery of scenes and character with which, in the silent theatre of the brain, I might enact all novels and romances." Chesterton, in his recent brilliant volume on Stevenson, cites Skelt as a predominant influence on Stevenson's art and entitles his second chapter, "In the Country of Skelt." The successor of Skelt was Reddington, and after him came Pollock. The Pollock shop in Hoxton Street, London, sur-



Illustration from "Old Fashioned Children's Books."

vived until recent times, finally perishing with the death of Pollock at a ripe old age.

But we have been sadly neglecting American juveniles. The founders of the present firm of William Wood & Company, publishers of medical books in New York, specialized in children's books more than one hundred years ago. They issued both school and story books in large numbers. John and Sidney Babcock must not be passed without a few words. John was the father, who at the beginning of the nineteenth century was a printer in New Haven, Conn. He issued many books for children which bore the imprint of Sidney's Press in honor of his young son. Later, Sidney succeeded to the business, which he continued until about 1850. The Babcock books were particularly attractive for their small size, many being only three and a half inches high and of sixteen pages each, with bright colored covers and, of course, with many cuts.

The lively records of the doings of those model children, Rollo and Lucy, formed the chief mental pabulum for American children from 1838 to 1878. Jacob Abbott, a prolific and popular writer for children, was the father of Rollo and Lucy, who, with the attendant Jonas, sported through twenty-eight volumes, to the delight and instruction of two decades of children. These books were each illustrated with a few full-page wood cuts of good character, but in some cases cuts were repeated in the same volume, which was a bit unkind. Jacob Abbott wrote his earlier juveniles for his young son, who grew up to become the Rev. Lyman Abbott, well-known as a preacher and editor. Later, the Dottie Dimple and Prudy books by Sophia May had a wide vogue among growing girls just after the Civil War. These books were illustrated by Thomas Nast, who later became famous as a political cartoonist.

Samuel Goodrich, under the pen name of Peter Parley, in the 'thirties and 'forties of the nineteenth century, flooded this country and England with a series of more than a hundred books of instruction and amusement for children. Among them was a two-volume work of Universal History, which had the distinction of Nathaniel Hawthorne as author.

This brings us to the books on which the middle-aged folks of to-day were brought up and to the birth of modern illustrating. I am sure I need but to mention the names of Greenaway, Crane, and Caldecott in England, and Pyle, Jessie Wilcox Smith, and Anna and Ethel Betts in this country, to enable all to visualize the host of beautiful books with which these talented people gave happiness to young and old.

Personally, I am too old-fashioned in my play books to have caught up with the activities of this century. Of modern authors of children's books, I am lamentably ignorant, and, in any case, this is a story of children's old books. Vale!

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The New Books

Fiction

(Continued from page 863)

On her father's death she comes to New York where she passes as white (as some twenty thousand colored people are said to be doing now). Eventually she moves into an apartment with two other girls, both white, and outwardly her life becomes that of the ordinary good-looking working girl. But always in the back of her mind there is an acute fear that her deception will be found out. And on three occasions it is—the last time with tragic results.

PLUM BUN. By JESSIE REDMON FAUSET.
Stokes. 1929. \$2.50.

This book is described by its author as a novel without a moral. Very well: she knows. But it is the story of a near-white

colored girl who decides to "pass." She deserts her brown sister, comes to New York, acquires a wealthy white lover, establishes impermanent, if cordial, relations with groups of people who, beyond being white, are rather hard to place, and is presently abandoned. Lonely, she finds that through her pose she has nearly lost her sister and the man she really cares for, who conveniently turns out to be colored, too. She admits her color, returns to her own people, and everybody is happy—her white friends love her still, and honesty is again proved the best policy.

What with the twisting, decidedly miraculous course of the plot, the sentimentality, weak dialogue, a rather bromidic style, and one distressing misquotation of Mr. Browning, you pretty well lose sight of the one strong point of the book, aside from the interest inherent in the problem itself. This is the comparison of the white and negro races, which Miss Fauset accomplishes deftly and with examples, and from which you do get a sense of the warmer vitality and the growing purposefulness of the negro race today.

STEPPING HIGH. By GENE MARKEY.
Doubleday, Doran. 1929. \$2.50.

This tale resembles a good musical comedy. It is not overburdened with plot—it is the story of a vaudeville dancing team whose unexpected success goes to the head of the girl. Socially ambitious, she undertakes all manner of affectations. The one thorn in her flesh is her incurably vulgar and utterly delightful husband, who, quite unbeknownst to himself or his wife, is the genuinely well-liked one of the pair. However, she gets a good scare, and comes back to earth, her husband, and the vaudeville stage. There are the stock comedy characters—the English butler who gets very drunk on the night of the most important dinner party, the bluff, amusing English lady of title, the pretty heroine who, while wrong-headed, is fundamentally sweet, the boyishly awkward, lovable hero, and—this is the best character in the book—the lachrymose comedian. There are even the wisecracks that you want to remember but never can. But these people are real people, and the humor is good, authentic, indigenous American humor. It is as much better than the all too frequent efforts of authors to whom art is Art and humor is non-existent, as a good musical comedy is better than a weak melodrama.

GARDA. By ROSE O'NEILL. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. \$2.50.

There is a certain discordance between Miss O'Neill's theme and her style. The theme involves a "Wuthering Heights" sort of atmosphere of dark and stormy passion, but the style is tricky and whimsical. One has often noticed something similar in her drawings. When she draws monsters, horrors, and bull-necked brutes, her style does not seem to fit as well as when she draws silken maidens and quaint little gnomes. The style has its charm, but it is a style in which to be happy and amused, rather than

one to walk grimly with in a valley of shadows.

THE GREEN TOAD. By W. S. Masterman. Dutton. \$2.

THE BROKEN MARRIAGE. By Sinclair Murray. Dutton. \$2.

ARMOUR WHEREIN HE TRUSTED. By Mary Webb. Dutton. \$2.50.

THE KING MURDER. By Charles Reed Jones. Dutton. \$2.

A YOUNG PEOPLE. By Hans Kinck. Dutton. RABELAIS. By Anatole France. Translated by Ernest Boyd. Holt. \$5.

THROUGH THE LATTICE. By Evelyn Close. Henkle. \$2.

OUTSIDERS. By Josephine Bentham. Henkle. \$2.50.

THE THREE AMATEURS. By Michael Lewis. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

THE CUIRASSE OF DIAMONDS. By Edgar Jepson. Vanguard. \$2.

THE BOOK OF MONELLE. By Marcel Schwab. Translated by William Brown Maloney. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50.

THE FIERCE DISPUTE. By Helen Hooven Santmyer. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.

THE BLACK PIGEON. By Carolyn Wells. Greenberg.

YOUNG BLOOD. By Francis Lynde. Scribners. \$2.

DEATH ON THE AIR. By Herman Landon. Liveright. \$2.

WILLOW AND CYPRESS. By Catherine M. Verschoyle. Longmans, Green. \$2.

ROUND UP. By Ring W. Lardner. Scribners. \$2.50.

SAND. By Will James. Scribners. \$2.50.

SIR GREGORY'S LAMP AND OTHER STORIES. By Ivan R. Wely. Abingdon. \$1.50.

THE STORISENDE EDITION OF THE WORKS OF JAMES BRANCH CABELL. Vol. 10. SOMETHING ABOUT EVE. Vol. 11. THE CERTAIN HOUR. Vol. 12. THE CHORDS OF VANITY. McBride.

THE C.V.C. MURDERS. By Kirby Williams. Crime Club. \$2 net.

Juvenile

(See Children's Bookshop on page 864 and Brief Mention on page 871.)

Miscellaneous

DICTIONARY TO THE PLAYS AND NOVELS OF BERNARD SHAW, WITH BIBLIOGRAPHY OF HIS WORKS AND OF THE LITERATURE CONCERNING HIM, WITH A RECORD OF THE PRINCIPAL SHAVIAN PLAY PRODUCTIONS. By C. LEWIS BROAD. and VIOLET M. BROAD. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. \$4.

Some books of reference transmit the flavor of their subjects unalloyed while they preserve the integrity of the facts. This dictionary presents varied information about Mr. Shaw's work in economical detail and in several accessible arrangements, and yet misrepresents the qualities of Mr. Shaw.

The two largest parts of the book are the analyses of the plays and novels and the dictionary of characters and places. Each analysis combines Mr. Shaw's own pronouncement with such an adequate account of the plot that it is odd no chemistry should result. In the dictionary each character's function and movements are capably set forth but no personality is revealed. The subordinate parts, which are strictly lists of Mr. Shaw's magazine articles, chronological lists of his writings, and compact histories of play productions and clashes with the censor, have the usefulness of collected information and do not need the firm hand of an interpreter.

The whole book, in spite of the truthfulness of its contents, gives a remarkable impression of a singlehearted Mr. Shaw who writes earnest prefaces to plays of guileless melodrama. The authors have kept their summaries and synopses clear, and they have gathered facts that could hardly be found in any other place, but they have unguardedly neglected to indicate the ideas which Mr. Shaw omits from his prefaces.

If a dictionary could confine its field to spelling there could be no objection to this evasion, but since some entity must emerge from a definition the result is more likely to be accurate if it is intentional. To trust his own words is playing into his hands.

PUBLIC SCHOOL FINANCE. By Homer P. Rainey. Century. \$3.

EASTER IN MODERN STORY. Edited by Van Buren and Katharine I. Bemis. Century. \$2.

PRODIGAL SONS. By Montgomery Evans. Norton. \$1.

PEAKS OF INVENTION. By Joseph Leemmg. Century. \$2.50.

THE NEGRO. By Elizabeth Lay Green. University of North Carolina. \$1.

FAR-AWAY HILLS. By Wilhelmina Harper and Agnes Joy Hamilton. Macmillan.

THE ECONOMICS OF FARM RELIEF. By Edwin R. A. Seligman. Columbia University Press. \$3.

METAL CRAFTS IN ARCHITECTURE. By Gerald K. Geerlings. Scribners. \$7.50 net.

THE READER'S DIGEST OF BOOKS. By Helen Rex Keller. Macmillan. \$6.

SECRETS OF CHARM. By Josephine Huddleston. Putnam. \$2.50.

(Continued on page 871)

Is Humanism Lost to the World?

HAS the title of humanist, once held very high, been allowed to fall into disuse? Has it gone because modern society has produced no one fit to bear it? From Petrarch to Milton there lived a succession of poets, statesmen, thinkers, and men of letters, counted among the fashioners of our present world, humanists, not only because they loved the classics, but because they were absorbed in man, his personality, his fortunes, his passions and fancies and desires. With Milton, apparently, the great tradition breaks off; for since his time "no important figure (save possibly Goethe) has sufficiently interested himself in man's whole life or devoted himself to man as man to deserve the name of humanist." Why should this be so? And what is the difference between the sort of humanist meant here and the modern claimant of the title—the so-called "new humanist?" Will the sociologist and the scientist better fit the name?

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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*.

The Tribe of K, Gary, Indiana, asks help in preparing a list of books for a young man interested in the development of a system of chain stores.

"CHAIN Stores: Their Management and Operation," by W. S. Hayward and P. White (McGraw, Hill), is a large volume covering all phases of the subject; it is now in its second edition. "Chain Store Accounting" is given special treatment in a work with this title by H. C. Greer, also published by the McGraw, Hill Company. And if the young man wants to know what the other stores think about him, there is "The Menace of the Chain," published by the Millis Advertising Co., Indianapolis, which I have not read, but which sounds lowering.

C. Z. L., Portsmouth, Va., inspired by the references to *The Archive* in the columns of Howard Mumford Jones and *The Phœnician*, asks where it may be obtained, the Virginia Quarterly being on their stands but not this publication.

THE ARCHIVE is the monthly published at Duke University, Durham, N. C., and the best way to get it would be to subscribe for it. "*The Archive Anthology*," edited by R. P. Harriss, with an introduction by Professor Jay B. Hubbell, is a collection of verse that appeared in this magazine in 1924-25.

This letter goes on: "I only wish I could drop in and borrow one of the Luckies you keep in your drawer—and see if you look anything like the mental picture I have of May Lamberton Becker. All subscribers are familiar with Mr. Morley's pipe; why can't we have *your* favorite picture?" My favorite picture would never look like me with a Lucky; there is not even one in the drawer of my desk, high over Morningside; I am the only other writing woman in the world who does not smoke, and I say other because I suppose there must be one somewhere. I have given up explaining that this is no more a moral issue than my preference for tea without sugar. But I cannot have my picture taken tapping a neat cigarette, becoming though it might be; it wouldn't be like me. If I have indeed no favorite picture it is because I am by nature a friendly person, and the camera frights this look from my features and smites them with an unholy glare; I look like the little friend of nobody on earth. Just once I was taken, all but embedded in Girl Scouts, and the effect of youth and beauty seemed stronger than the command to look pleasant; the result is that ever since my personal friends have been obliged, in order to get my likeness, to carry about with them a

number of Girl Scouts they never met. It reminds me of the man who fell in love with a Tiller girl. I have one picture, taken with the kind assistance of a diffused lens, that looks something like me, but rather more like Jackie Coogan; my managers have been suing it for advance publicity, and so long as I carry about a copy of the *Saturday Review* for identification purposes, reception committees can usually pick me out on station platforms. It would seem that this department must function without my portrait—unless I can chisel off some of those Scouts and present my unescorted face to my friends.

Speaking of pictures, I have just received from D. G., writing from the charming address of Tite Street, Chelsea, London, a picture of Mike and the news that Sir E. Wallis Budge, the titles of whose books on learned subjects occupy two solid columns in the British "Who's Who," has just written the slimmest book of his career, a sixteen-page pamphlet called "Mike: The Cat Who Assisted in Keeping the Main Gate of the British Museum from February 1909 to January 1929." In this for the first time the origin of Mike is made known to the public. There was a cat who adopted the British Museum some twenty years since, a forceful personality known as "Black Jack"—this seems to have been one of those miscalculations in naming that hasty people put upon cats. Having his own ideas on the suitability of leather folios for keeping claws in condition, this animal was officially condemned to death, and indeed an official report of his execution was sent to headquarters. But this, it appears, was only in a Pickwickian sense; he was being kept nearby in a place of safety. "Early in the Spring of 1908," the record goes on to state, "the keeper of the Egyptian cat mummies was going down the steps of his official residence, and he saw Black Jack coming towards the steps and carrying something rather large in his mouth. He came to the steps and deposited his burden at the keeper's feet, turned, and walked solemnly away. The something that he deposited was a kitten, and that kitten was later known to fame as Mike."

This comes just in time to meet the call of correspondents in San José, Cal., and other localities, for "more about Mike." Alas, this is all there is about Mike, London's most famous cat since Whittington's.

A. B. T., Cambridge, Mass., says that "if A. W. L. S., Cleveland, who asks for guide-books to Spain, reads French, there is the excellent "Guide Bleu" (Hachette) of 1927 (not a reprint of the 1916, but a new

edition). The Spaniards themselves published in 1924 a bulky "Guia Novísima," available in three bindings, one without advertisements on the maps and plans, 45 p.; one with such advertisements, 35 p.; two volumes with the advertisements, 40 p. It is not nearly so exact as Baedeker or the "Guide Bleu," and much of the extra matter is mere discursiveness, but it is not without value, and I found it and Baedeker supplemented each other nicely. For one who is interested in art, archaeology, and history, as well as hotels and obvious landmarks, there is the series of regional guides published by Calpé of Madrid. Whether the entire series is in print I can't say, but the one entitled "Levante," which includes the old kingdoms of Valencia and Murcia, is excellent. The editor of that particular volume is Sr. E. Tormo y Monzo, the well-known art critic and scholar, and the others are prepared under the editorship of equally capable authorities.

"If I could take but one, it would be without question the 'Guide Bleu.' For one going to that Fortunate Isle, Mallorca, 'Chamberlain's Guide to Majorca' is complete and full of practical information, although one's pleasure in reading it is lessened by his studied discourtesies to the reader. He goes out of his way to be insulting. In spite of that, one can obtain information for walking tours covering the entire island, and suggestions for motor tours of varying lengths."

B. H. H., Cathedral of Saint Mary, Manila, Philippine Islands, asks if there is a study of Erasmus which approves of his course in regard to the Reformation and which is as worth while as Preserved Smith's work.

PRIOR to Preserved Smith's biography of him, the best book we had was Ephraim Emerton's "Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam" (Heroes of the Reformation, Putnam). A briefer work is by Professor John Alfred Faulkner of Drew Theological Seminary, who is a Methodist. The authority whom I consulted on the matter says, "The people who really approve of Erasmus's turning his back on Luther and staying in the Church of Rome are usually Roman Catholics, high churchmen, or psychologists who like to speak of the 'Catholic Reformation' and object to the term 'the counter-reformation.' This point of view has been common in Oxford and reflects a tradition of hostility to Luther which goes straight back to Henry VIII's time and has learned little in the intervening centuries. (See an instructive article by Preserved Smith in the *Harvard Theological Review* a dozen years ago entitled, "English Ignorance of Luther.") To-day, of course, Oxford is making, in the person of P. A. Allen, the most valued of contributions to the exact knowledge of Erasmus and is far more likely to do justice to Luther than was

(Continued on next page)

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said Emerson,
"read a book
until it is
a year old....."

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