

Points of View

A Protest

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

Nearly three months have gone by since your reviewer, Constance Lindsay Skinner, took occasion to fill two columns of your *Review* to show that my book, "Frontiers and the Fur Trade," wasn't worth that much space. That, I have always thought, was the province of the editor, but seemingly both reviewer and editor disagreed with their own premise, and my worthless study was generously raised from inconsequence to importance by her unrestrained outburst. Since Miss Skinner transgressed the rights of a reviewer by taking advantage of the publisher's announcement of my connections with the Floating University (which has nothing to do with the book) and resorted to personalities, I am absolved, I believe, from blame if I say that she did a mighty poor job. I feel certain that, had I been given a chance to review my book, I could have made a much better job of pointing out its defects than did this lady who, I believe, received some degree from Yale for a thesis on this subject.

Some time ago a western "questionarist" asked me to give some fundamental principles on which I base my reviews. Had I had Miss Skinner's outburst before me, I should have answered: "Pick out a few personal objections; add a dash of flattery for well-known authorities to put yourself on the safe side; look for 'smut' and be outraged if you don't find it; allow yourself to be irritated by a different point of view and treatment; look for a hint from the publisher in the biographical note."

Miss Skinner found her cue. I am still "floating." From the waters of the Atlantic I take occasion to answer Constance Lindsay Skinner. She charges me with incompetence. I charge her with deliberate misrepresentation. Miss Skinner objects to a historian seeing the places about which he writes because then he sees only their modern aspects. I have pondered her paragraph about the depths and undertows of the stream of history, but I fail utterly to read any sense in it. When I said that history should be treated as "news" I meant that it should be written as though it were something which would interest people to-day, as current news interests them. Miss Skinner contradicts herself in her own objections when she says that "to-day's 'news' is dead in twenty-four hours." If that is so, isn't last century's news even more dead? I challenge the editor to quote my whole paragraph on this point, page 227. Miss Skinner adds the usual safe comment: "The books of history, which defy time, live not because of journalistic style, for they never have that, but because they are literature." Now what does that mean? To me it is simple academic bunk. As a matter of fact, the most vital records of any era are written, not as literature, but as current news, to wit, Pepys Diaries. The simple annals of any era are vastly more important than the bulk of pseudo-literature.

Miss Skinner, in her third paragraph, makes an implication that is tantamount to a charge of plagiarism, but which turns out to be the best compliment she had the heart to make me. I had not run across Professor Wrong's references to rivers; I had seen only the pamphlet on the fur trade by Professor Turner; I have not read Biggar's reference to the fish trade. With this confession of ignorance, I am happy indeed that these three important authorities justified my humble conclusions.

Miss Skinner distorts beyond recognition my reference to the European fur trade. It is impossible to know where to begin to answer her. I tried to show that the search for furs in Europe a thousand years ago was strikingly similar to the search for furs in America two or three hundred years ago; that the process of conquering the wilderness is always the same; and that, having exhausted their own fur supplies, Europeans in the sixteenth century turned greedily to the American forest for furs. This is not conjecture; it is fact. Miss Skinner says nothing of this, and distorts the whole by deliberately picking half sentences which no one who had not read the book could possibly understand. This misuse of her material is true throughout her review. I can't for the world of me get the drift of her objection to my reference to Eric's venture to America. I nowhere said that Eric came hither in search for furs. I merely showed that by accident he became the first fur-trader in America.

The way she handles my chapter on "Zions and Sodoms in the Wilderness" is

typical of her other reviewing. She is disappointed because the title led her to expect "smut," but the chapter didn't have any in it. Now, I ask you, isn't that a serious case for the "Society for Prevention of Vice"? But what I want to know is whether any reader of this review got from her any hint that this chapter referred to Lord Selkirk's philanthropic endeavor to found a colony in America with some dispossessed Scotsmen, which was frustrated by trade rivalry; or that it deals with the triumphant traders who lived a high life in Montreal? I ask, is that fair reviewing?

Likewise, take her private resentment at my use of the word masochistic. There is not a reader who would have the faintest inkling of what I had said from her "review." The reference is to my chapter on "Fathers of the Forest," the story of the Jesuits in the wilderness. Now I challenge anyone to find an unkindly reference to these missionaries in the whole book. All I said was that some of these missionaries had themselves declared that they welcomed torture and violent death for their faith. "Father Lalemant declared that some of the missionaries 'protest that the fires of the Iroquois are one of their motives for the journey.'" I suggested that "they rejoiced in their martyrdom with masochistic satisfaction." Now I don't give a hoot whether Miss Skinner objects to this word or not; I do charge her with deliberate distortion of fact when she implies that the tenor of my chapter was derogatory to the missionaries. Your readers are entitled to the truth about a book; not to personal taste with regard to words.

Miss Skinner gives no indication of the general contents of the book. She says absolutely nothing about my chapters on the influence of the fur trade on American and European literature, the destruction of wild life on this continent, the relations of Indians to the trade, the struggles of monopolies for possession of the continent, the life of the trapper, the conflict between hunter and farmer—nothing of this is even indicated in her "review." Yet she took two columns of your space to show that the book wasn't worth it.

The book went to press without my having access to my notes, hence there is no bibliography. Had there been Miss Skinner's little brochure on the fur trade would have been mentioned.

SYDNEY GREENBIE.

Fairies' Farewell

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

In his review of D. B. Wyndham Lewis's "Straw and Other Conceits," Mr. Arthur Colton wonders what is "the charming ancient poem . . . explaining that most of the Fairies vanished at the same time (about 1539) as the Friars." I find it difficult to believe that he has not remembered (and for some good reason rejected) Bishop Corbet's famous "Fairies' Farewell" which appeared first in 1648 in his "Poetica Stromata" and has since been reprinted by most good anthologists of the period. Kipling used some of its first words as a title for one of his books.

*Farewell rewards and Fairies!
Good housewives now you may say;
For now foule sluts in dairies,
Doe fare as well as they:
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds six-pence in her shoe?*

Percy reprinted the whole poem in his "Reliques" noting "the departure of the Fairies is here attributed to the abolition of Monkery." Bevan Wyndham Lewis is just the man to slip alliteratively from Fairies to Friars, though nobody knows better than he does the distinctions between the worlds of Monkery and Friary. At any rate, this, I think, is the poem he had in mind. It is a century less ancient than the occasion from which it sprang.

EDWARD DAVISON.

Arlington, Vermont.

Horace Liveright will publish in October a volume of letters by Frances Newman, edited by Hansell Baugh. Mr. Liveright asks anyone who has letters from Frances Newman that should be included in this collection to send them, or copies of them, to his publishing offices, 61 West 48th Street, New York City, as promptly as possible. Originals sent will be carefully returned.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 63. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best Lines (not exceeding thirty) to a Neglected Poet. Living men or women are not admissible, and the chosen poet should be named. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of July 15.)

Competition No. 64. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best lyric containing neither adjectives nor adverbs. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of July 29.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

COMPETITION NO. 61

The prize for the most amusing satirical Jazz Song and Chorus called "The Intellectual Blues," such as might occur in a piece called "The Highbrows' Revue," has been awarded to Homer M. Parsons of San Bernardino, Calif.

THE PRIZE "INTELLECTUAL BLUES"

*I WAS one of these *Edipus wrecks*,
With a yen for the opposite sex:
Those of fifty or more
Were the ones I'd adore—
Till a psychoanalytic clinic shattered
my complex
And cured
my*

CHORUS—

*In-telli-hectual blu-hues!
And I don't mean maybe! (Dad
da dad—or rather, pater pater.)
Now I've got younger views!
I want a calid, thermal, pachydermal,
Titian-haired and unmaternal
baby,
As sweet as peach preserves,
With lots of speed and curves,
Who EATS like a HORSE, and
DRINKS like a CAMEL,
And with evidence a-plenty of the
fact that man's a mammal;
And then I'll ne-ver go back
To the in-telli-hectual track.
I'll trade my Einstein for a wine
stein filled with escharotic liquor,
Till my watch runs fast and my pulse
beats quicker
And I lo—se
My intellectual blues.*

HOMER M. PARSONS.

I cannot do better than transcribe part of the prize-winner's covering letter. "There is jazz, you know, and jazz—slow-time and shake-away quickstep, barbaric blue chords and tricky syncopation till your feet can't rest. A hopeless lyric might be given an excellent jazz setting. But blues—ah, there you round up the maverick ideas for branding. Blues imply something lost and the search for a compensating pleasure; a dragging, hesitating melody which manages to keep just a little way ahead of the relentless, but unhurried chordal accompaniment. . . . Here, when a word is extended by the insertion of hyphens, each orphaned dash indicates a musical beat, a rhythmic accent. To help you in scoring the music, make allowance for some muted trombone effects after the patter line about the hot and thick-skinned redhead. The break between 'Mammal' and the succeeding line, clumsy in verse, has the precise stub-toe rhythm that is needed and that a good jazz blues musician can score effectively." These are good footnotes. Mr. Parsons's satire was not a whit better than Arjeh's, but his jazz and jargon seemed to me subtler. All the same Arjeh must be quoted in part.

*Sure—I got them intee-lectual blues!
The most digressing -est and depress-
ing -est -blues,
Wyndham Lew's'
Whose?
The most be-numingest, E E cum-
mingest blues;
Most abiding, Graves and Riding
Blues!
Everyone owns 'em, everyone groans
them
Blues.
So I sing like a canary, literary, ceme-
tery,
As I choose . . .
Them perpetual, ineffectual, inteelect-
ual blues!*

The "ests" and the "als" were marked for the attention of Ross Gorman. Ralph B. Yule ran hard for the first place with—

*Mah sweet writer went away an' left
me cold
(Writers always leaving me cold)
Sneaked away and wrote a piece that
everyone read—
Money there, for everyone read!
Now Ah'm blue.
You'd be too,
If your sweet writer turned and went
Popular on you.*

Claudius Jones wrote the most amusing song of the week; unfortunately it was nearer to Gilbert than Jazz. I hope to print it in a later issue. Dr. Henry A. Davidson, too, reminded me more of "Patience" than anything else. His verses were excellent.

*After months of ineffectual
Pursuit of intellectual
Matters for sophisticated souls
We have finally concluded
That we must have been deluded*

*In searching for our philosophic goals
We abandoned all romantic ways
And sought the truth in frantic ways
Until we wondered what we hunted
for
And all this would be bad enough
But then to make it still more tough
It turned out to be such an awful
bore.*

Marshall M. Brice, John A. L. Odde, Hebe, and Elmer Ellsworth who rhymed Freud with—

*Oh, mammy, let me go low-brow
And call a bird a "booid."*

all deserve praise. But Homer Parsons and Arjeh ought to collaborate on a "Highbrows' Opera" and besiege Broadway.

The following sonnet could not be printed last week:
*The Coolidges are gone, and all the
dust,
Once raised in clouds by Cal's electric
horse,
Is settling on this famous attic course
Where nothing has above eight years
to must.
An attic cleaned so often I mistrust;
Can fables grow from such a harried
source?
Will superstition sometime, somehow,
force
A President to tremble when some
gust
Of wind awakes the echo of that
speed
That made a hundred millions hold
their sides?
Will memories of witchcraft make
him heed,
And say, "Tonight, my son, Cal
Coolidge rides,"
—Or must the unsung ghost of that
poor steed
Defer to ghosts the library provokes.*

WILLIAM E. WILLNER.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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, 2 Bramerton Street, Chelsea, S. W., London, England.

O. E. W., *Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio*, writes: "Noting the inquiry for fiction with an Australian setting, I recall an old-fashioned novel by Henry Kingsley entitled 'Geoffrey Hamlyn,' which might claim a place in the collection. It describes planter life in Australia, with escaped convicts in the background.

"And someone recently desired books on Avebury. It seemed to me that 'Downland Man' might have been recommended to him among the other books for it gives a theory of the civilization that produced the Avebury monuments and other works of that region.

"I was much interested in your walk over Salisbury Plain, but you said nothing about Stonehenge, which must have been your goal. Was it because you found the great stones humiliated with a barb-wire fence and a ticket office, like the elephants in a circus, with picnickers spreading their sandwiches and ale on the 'altar,' and photographing each other against the megaliths? When I took that same walk, long ago, I was alone at Stonehenge all the memorable day. And when the approach of night drove me to Amesbury, the little inn was all my own. I shall never forget the soft chimes in the church tower, the very bells that rang the hours for Guinevere—perhaps. At least I dreamed so, for my pilgrimage was to the places of the Arthurian story, and archæology would have been my enemy."

Speaking of Australian novels, "The Emigrant," by Frank J. Howard (Longmans, Greene), is a recent one that I missed; it tells what happens to an Englishman who goes to Australia, beginning in Melbourne as a dock laborer and settling at length on a farm. And speaking of that inn at Amesbury, it was not till just as I was paying my bill to leave that the proprietor told me it was the original of the Blue Dragon in "Martin Chuzzlewit."

R. G., *Oskaloosa, Iowa*, wants a biography of Sydney Smith. "The man," she says, "who fastened antlers to the heads of his donkeys and passed them off as deer, and who wrote 'Noodle's Oration,' intrigues my interest."

I DO believe everyone who reads an American book knows that Sydney Smith asked who ever read one. Beyond that, however, we don't know much about him. His brisk and spicy biography is in the first series of English Men of Letters published by Macmillan: "Sydney Smith," by George W. E. Russell. It has the added recommendation of being for the most part in Smith's own words.

P. W. D., *Barnard College*, asks for a list of legal novels to supplement the one that Dean Wigmore published in 1908. The one in my own "Reader's Guide Book" (Holt), which takes up a chapter of that familiar work, was compiled quite recently, since then the best way to keep in touch is through the index of the library periodical *The Book Review Digest*, which lists such fiction under the head of "Novels of Law and Lawyers." This inquirer does not include legal lights in detective stories, and neither does my list, but the ones in S. S. Van Dine's murder cases are in a class by themselves; the legal mind enters into their actions as well as the legal phraseology. One may find it especially in "The Canary Murder Case" (Scribner). Arthur Train's "Ambition" (Scribner) is another good "legal" novel.

I thought I was to get a legal novel, probably concerned with the divorce question, when I lately received a typewritten note from Appleton: "We are sending You and I and the Law, Darling." It proved, however, to be S. Boyd Darling's admirable brief compendium of legal advice for householders, renters, business men, and other law-abiding citizens, a little book with much in it.

I. G. C., *Salem, Mass.*, returned from a trip to the West Indies, is reading everything about this part of the world.

"THE Caribbean Cruise," by Harry A. Foster (Dodd, Mead), is a fine handbook for the use of the winter-tourist, and his new "Combing the Caribbees" (Dodd, Mead) carries his explorations into unfrequented country and keeps a reader busy on trails he had not opportunity to follow when he was on a conducted tour. There are many photographs. Mr. Foster is a man who does love to travel, and he writes in that spirit.

M. S. A., who taught high-school English in Washington, D. C., before she opened the Green Door Gift Shop, says: "Did you think to tell L. M. G., *Geneseo, N. Y.*, that 'Porto Bello Gold,' by F. Howden Smith, tells how the treasure was buried and all the rest of the story of Silver and the rest up to Treasure Island? It serves for supplementary reading along with 'Treasure Island' and is a good thing to have around for those pupils—usually a majority—who have already read that one of Stevenson's long before it is 'taken up' in class."

IF one more inside story of crime comes out in book-form, I shall let the janitor read it for me. I have been trying to assemble a list of new, realistic novels of life in the United States, to send abroad to two foreign correspondents who wish us well, and it seems as if every time I hopefully open a package of books, out comes a thug.

M. C. H. J., *Toronto, Canada*, has found the book about Fictitious Creatures for which someone was looking: it was, just as the man in the Victoria and Albert Museum said, "Fictitious and Symbolic Creatures in Nature and Art," by John Vineycomb, and was published by Chapman & Hall in 1906. The catch is that it has been out of print since at least 1913. This does not mean out of reach in England, however, judging from the number of entrancing second-hand-book catalogues that come to me from across the ocean.

Let us risk one quotation, but not as a precedent: I do not know the author of the stanza quoted on the title page of Aldous Huxley's "Point Counter Point," and D. G. S., *Dawson, New Mexico*, would like to have the rest of the poem from which it is taken:

*Oh, wearisome conditions of humanity!
Born under one law, to another bound,
Vainly begot and yet forbidden vanity:
Created sick, commanded to be sound.
What meaneth Nature by these diverse laws—
Passion and reason, self-division's cause?*

M. G. B., *York, Pa.*, asks for travel books in which an account of Singapore and the surrounding islands may be found.

ONE volume of the comprehensive and informing series, "Carpenter's World Travels," by Frank G. Carpenter (Doubleday, Doran), is "Java and the East Indies"; these books are large and have a great many pictures, and the details of getting about and even of remaining for a longer time are carefully set down. H. M. Tomlinson's "Tide Marks" (Harper) is a famous literary record of a journey to the Moluccas and the forest of Malaya. "Into the East," by Richard Curle (Macmillan), is the result of extended travel in the Federated Malay States, and "Six Years in the Malay Jungle," by Carveth Wells (Doubleday, Doran), of a civil engineer's stay for this period, which he spent in surveying and in making observations of natural history, agriculture, and commerce; it has a list of other books on Malaya. I hoped there would be enough about Singapore in Stanley Warburton's "An Avatar in Vishnu Land" (Scribner) to put it in, for this entertaining yarn circles about that part of the world for a while, but Singapore comes in only once: this story which may be based on truth but seems to have more *Dichtung* than *Wahrheit*, is chockful of violent romance and piratical adventure.

H. A. T., *Brooklyn, N. Y.*, needs a book or books on modern building construction with special reference to alterations, for one with some technical education, engaged in altering stores and offices for tenant occupancy.

THE authority to which I referred this commission recommends Underhill's "Standard Construction Methods" (McGraw-Hill) for its concise description of methods in general, and Kidder-Nolan's "Architect's and Builder's Handbook" (Wiley) as a miniature encyclopedia. Dingman's "Construction Job Management" (McGraw-Hill) is also to be recommended. For estimating the cost of work a number of good books are at hand: Barnes's "Estimating Building Costs" (McGraw) is a very good one. Beyond this are books for the special trades, like Croft's "Wiring for Light and Power" (McGraw-Hill) and

Gray's "Plumbing Design and Installations" (D. Williams), but the first-named volumes will no doubt cover this inquirer's needs.

The New Books Fiction

(Continued from page 1165)

impressionistic writing with unusual restraint and excellent effect. From the three treatments of the subjects there finally emerges the only picture of adolescence we know that escapes both levity and morbidity: Mr. Stevenson sees it as a time of suffering and intense loneliness, when kind and merciless nature, for her own purposes, sets child against parent, and brother against brother for a while, but a time to be won through as healthily as birth itself.

Juvenile

(The Children's Bookshop will appear next week)

Miscellaneous

- THE ANGLICAN EPISCOPATE OF CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND. By Owsley Robert Rowley. Morehouse. \$4.
- A HISTORY OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY. By Colonel P. M. Ashburn. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.
- THE NEGRO IN GREEK AND ROMAN CIVILIZATION. By Grace Hadley Beardsley. Johns Hopkins Press.
- DESIGN. By F. R. Smith. Pitman. \$1 net.
- CHICAGO. By Charles Edward Merriam. Macmillan. \$3.25.
- SPANISH GARDENS. By C. M. Villiers-Stuart. Scribner. \$8.50.
- LEARNING TO FLY. By Frank A. Scoffer. Pitman. \$2.25.
- THE HISTORIC DEVELOPMENT OF LOGIC. By Federigo Enriques. Translated by Jerome Rosenthal.
- SCHUBERT'S SONGS. By Richard Capell. Dutton. \$6.
- BUYING ANTIQUE AND MODERN FURNITURE IN PARIS. By Thérèse and Louise Bonney. McBride.
- A GUIDE TO THE RESTAURANTS OF PARIS. By Thérèse and Louise Bonney. McBride. \$1.50 net.
- PSYCHOLOGY AND PROFITS. By Donald A. Laird. Forbes.
- THE FINANCING OF BUSINESS ENTERPRISES. By Avar L. Bishop. Harpers. \$5.
- THE NURSE IN PUBLIC HEALTH. By Mary Beard. Harpers. \$3.50.
- THE POLITICS OF LAURENCE STERNE. By Lewis Perry Curtis. Oxford University Press. \$3.
- THE NEUROSES. By Israel S. Wechsler. Saunders. \$4 net.
- HARTRAMPF'S VOCABULARIES. By Gustavus A. Hartampf. Atlanta, Ga.: Hartampf.
- CHAMPIONSHIP BRIDGE HANDS. By Wilbur C. Whitehead. Stokes. \$1.50.
- CHIPPEWA CUSTOMS. By Frances Densmore. Washington: Government Printing Office.
- PROGRESSIVE RELAXATION. By Edmund Jacobson. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. \$5.00.
- TEACHING HEALTH IN FARGO. By Maud A. Brown. New York: The Commonwealth Fund. \$1.50.

Science

THE HISTORY OF BIOLOGY: A Survey. By ERIK NORDENSKIÖLD. Knopf. 1928. \$6.

Evidence from numerous sources points to the ever increasing appreciation of the development of science as an inseparable part of the history of civilizations. Not only professional historians are rewriting our political annals from the standpoint of the intellectual—chiefly scientific—outlook of the period, but also professional scientists are taking a broader, if still a somewhat pragmatic, interest in the backgrounds of their speciality—"the mountains whence cometh their strength." In harmony with this modern trend there has been presented to the English reader a survey of The History of Biology founded on a course of lectures delivered a decade ago by Professor Erik Nordenskiöld at the University of Helsingfors.

The object of the author is to draw a picture of the development of biological science throughout the ages, viewed in conjunction with the general cultural development of mankind. Emphasis is placed on the theoretical principles that have guided research, both because the influence they have exerted on culture in general is so great, and because the records of these are not so readily accessible to the student. Accordingly the record and appraisal of very modern biological contributions are more summarily treated. The presentation falls, almost unavoidably, under four chief headings: biology from classical antiquity through the renaissance; during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; during the first half of the nineteenth century; and from Darwin to our own day.

It is probably within the truth to say that the author has attained his objective. At least he and his translator, Mr. L. B. Eyre, have given the best survey—at once intensive and broad—of the development of biological science, projected against the general cultural background, that is available in the English language. It can be thoroughly recommended to advance students in biology and medicine who wish to extend their perspective beyond that afforded by the well-known brief histories. And the physician, with this volume for concurrent reading with Garrison's "History of Medicine," is especially well served.

However, for one with merely a cursory interest in biology—just a word of warning. The more than six hundred large, closely printed pages of Professor Nordenskiöld's book are rather forbidding. The paragraphs are long and the numerous illustrations, arranged in plates, seem few and far between. One wonders whether the air of aridity which to some extent permeates the book is evidence of the unavoidable vicissitude attendant upon its passage from the Swedish to the English language, or of the wisdom of Heraclitus of Ephesus: "the driest soul is the wisest."

(Continued on next page)

PHILOSOPHY BAKES NO BREAD

TO the taunt of the skeptics that "philosophy bakes no bread" a lover of wisdom replied that its function was merely to furnish "freedom, God, and immortality. . ." There was an unspoken undercurrent of this conviction when, in May 1926, *The Inner Sanctum* of SIMON AND SCHUSTER issued a faltering first edition of 1500 copies of a book called *The Story of Philosophy*. In three years more than a million American readers have felt the lure of "that dear delight"—"not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose, but sweeter than Apollo's lute"—and have surveyed the wisdom of the world's great thinkers from Socrates to Santayana as chronicled in WILL DURANT'S spirited pages. . .

Now these readers are again invited by WILL DURANT to his latest book, *The Mansions of Philosophy*—a book whose chapters are haunts of happiness set aside for the good life, the life animated and disci-

plined by that total perspective which is philosophy.

The advance sale of *The Mansions of Philosophy*—like its celebrated predecessor, it is a \$5.00 book, although 125 pages longer—was 11 times greater than that of *The Story of Philosophy*. A week after publication the largest book wholesalers in America ranked it first in the best-seller list for general literature. Critical acclaim has accompanied and accelerated this mounting public demand.

Here is a survey of human life and destiny—an observatory, at once lofty and accessible, from which WILL DURANT contemplates the timeless issues of man and metaphysics as well as the current problems of our distracted civilization. Here unity is illuminated by wit, wisdom mellowed by scholarship. For all persons whose mental horizon goes beyond bread and circuses, another liberalizing adventure will be found in *The Mansions of Philosophy*.

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