

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

SOME MODERN SCULPTORS. By STANLEY CASSON. Oxford University Press. 1929.

After a glance at Barye and Rodin the author passes in review such French successors as Maillol, Bourdelle, Bernard, and Despiau. There is an interlude on the archaizing Slavs, Mestrovic and Rosandic, before considering the British independents, Eric Gill and Gaudier-Brzeska, and the survey ends with Jacob Epstein who is properly set down as a belated romantic. Evidently the theme does not lend itself to systematic treatment, as Mr. Casson readily admits. We are dealing with the expressions of individuals with no binding principle of social sanction or control. There is no modern taste, just the various tastes of modern artists. All this is ably elucidated in an introductory essay which is the neatest part of the book. It abounds in points of view which are at once original and judicious. In particular the immemorial view that the best sculpture is multilateral and equally good in all aspects is challenged. Generally this is a suggestive book, treating in the main eccentric matter but without eccentricity.

Belles Lettres

MUCH LOVED BOOKS, BEST SELLERS OF THE AGES. By JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT. Boni & Liveright. 1929.

These sixty papers were serial articles in the *Chicago Tribune*, written to the theme and reminder that the old books are still the fashion, and addressed to the *Tribune's* very miscellaneous and possibly on the whole not very erudite, public. For the end in view they are decidedly well done. That the great old books are still read is quite certain. The conspicuous reading habits of millions obscure the less conspicuous habits of other millions, probably fewer but by no means few; and probably Mr. Bennett's unsophisticated but quite individual comments on the standard books of his choice is of the best possible service. Culture is the child of long tradition, and books are now the tradition's chief conveyance. The more readers of old books there are the sounder is the culture, maugre all theories that seem to preach the contrary. If Thucydides and Gibbon, Horace and Chaucer, Goethe's *Faust* and the Book of Job, Molière, Montaigne, and Thoreau, Bunyan and Burns and Byron—if these and the rest mean nothing, or nothing important, to any man—then he is so far an outsider. Mr. Bennett's sixty books are not all very old, nor all equally important, but they are all something in the great tradition.

A CONVERSATION WITH AN ANGEL. By Hilaire Belloc. Harpers. \$2.50.

THIS FICTION BUSINESS. By H. Bedford-Jones. Covici-Friede. \$2.

ASPECTS OF BIOGRAPHY. By André Maurois. Appleton. \$2.

A GUIDE TO BERNARD SHAW. By Edward Wagenknecht. Appleton. \$1.50.

LACTANTIUS AND MILTON. By Kathleen Ellen Hartwell. Harvard University Press.

Fiction

SAND. By WILL JAMES. Scribners. 1929. \$2.50.

Here is a volume with a theme that has supplied innumerable stories to the *Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas*, and it is an illustration of how little the theme matters compared with the handling. The weakling from the luxurious city who is somehow tumbled into the spaces where men are men, or boys are boys, according to the age of the expected reader, and there makes good—what could be expected of this venerable sermon? And yet once in a long while some writer who really has the feel of the places he tells about can make it a living story. Kipling did it in "Captains Courageous"; Will James has done it in "Sand."

The real value of "Sand" lies in the picture it gives of the cow country. The story is well managed; the capture of the wild black stallion on which the hero has set his heart is made both impossible and credible; but what one will remember is not the despair when the horse goes through the trap the first time, nor the triumph when he is caught and tamed, but the fellowship one has had with the cowboys, with their strange carriage "as if the ground wasn't for them to step on." The author knows his country intimately, and can convey some of his knowledge to his readers. The style is pleasantly colloquial, yet with here and there an awkward, pseudo-literary passive construction that suggests that the writer is treating the Muse as he would behave to any other lady—with an engaging shyness.

FAMILY GROUP. By Diana Patrick. Dutton. \$2.50.

LONE VOYAGERS. By Wanda Fraiken Neff. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.

SARAH AND SON. By Timothy Shea. Dodd, Mead. \$2.

AN ARTIST PASSES. By Arndt Giusti. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.

JIM THE CONQUEROR. By Peter B. Kyne. Cosmopolitan. \$2.

WAR. By Ludwig Renn. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.

THE LAUGHING QUEEN. By E. Barrington. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.

THE TORCH AND OTHER TALES. By Eden Phillpotts. Macmillan. \$2.50.

THE STORY OF KETH. By Blanche Girouard. Macmillan. \$1.75.

EAGLES FLY HIGH. By E. B. Dewing. Stokes. \$2.

SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE. By Percival Christopher Wren. Stokes. \$2.

History

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By GEORGE VERNADSKY. Yale University Press. 1929. \$4.

So far as we know this is the best one-volume work in its field among those written for foreigners. Factual, but not overburdened with details; precise, but with the largest sociological perspective; thoughtful, but quite scientific; original in its particular attention to Asiatic influences in Russian history and culture, but free from romanticism in idealization of these influences, the book presents a remarkable outline of the origin, growth, and change of Russian people, culture, and political organization. Half of the book is devoted to recent events in Russian history, the War and Revolution. It would be hard to find any other work which gives so competent, so concise and impartial a history of the Russian Revolution as the story which it carries up to 1929. A complete and excellent bibliography adds to the value of the work. Without any hesitation we recommend it both to students and to the general reader.

EARLY HISTORY OF ASSYRIA. By Sidney Smith. Dutton. \$12.

THE BLOODY ASSIZE. By Sir Edward Parry. Dodd, Mead. \$5.

THE COÖPERATIVE MOVEMENT IN RUSSIA DURING THE WAR. By Eugene M. Kayden and Alexis N. Antsiferov. Yale University Press. \$4.

THE EFFECT OF THE WORLD WAR UPON THE COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY OF JAPAN. By Kakujiro Yamasaki and Gotaro Ogawa. Yale University Press. \$4.

SEA WOLVES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. By E. Hamilton Curry. Stokes. \$1.50.

PERIL OF THE SEA. By J. G. Lockhart. Stokes. \$1.50.

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. Epilogue. Vol. I. By Elie Halévy. Harcourt, Brace. \$6.

Poetry

WREN'S NEST. By T. Y. Cooper. Hanover, Pa.: Picket Press. \$2.50.

POEMS AND ESSAYS IN CONSCIOUSNESS. By Alfred Hitch. Published by the author, Box 122, Stockton, Calif.

HOVERING SHADOWS. By Elizabeth Hollister Frost. Harpers. \$2.

ENGLISH POETRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Oscar James Campbell and J. F. A. Pyre. Crofts. \$3.50.

ABBEYFEALE. By Mary Quinlan Laughlin. Badger.

Travel

A GLIMPSE OF GREECE. By EDWARD HUTTON. Macmillan. 1928.

Travel in modern Greece is a mixture of sentiment and irritation. The discomforts of travel are constantly alleviated by the beauty of the country and the ruins of its past glory. The perfect equipment for enjoying the land are, an ardor for archaeology, a tough constitution, and an abundant humor. Mr. Hutton is apparently blessed with all three, and has made an enjoyable record of his tour with a deal of learning carefully concealed by small talk, and with much useful and definite information for the benefit of those who would see the high spots of Greece and who have not the energy to master Baedeker. Of course, since the last Baedeker was published in 1909, there is a good deal that Mr. Hutton has to say which is not accessible elsewhere. The indifferent reproductions of very good pictures are rather for those who stay at home, but the big map in the back of the book is a boon to all.

TRAILING THE TIGER. By Mary Hastings Bradley. Appleton. \$3.50.

THE ITINERARY OF LUDOVICO DI VARTHENA OF BOLOGNA. Translated by John Winter Jones. McKee. \$10.

"IT WAS
HIGH TIME
FOR THIS
BOOK TO BE
WRITTEN."
—New York
Times.



"A FINE,
TIMELY
BOOK. GO
OUT AND
BUY IT."
—The Outlook.

MEN AND MACHINES

By STUART CHASE

"Is man the master of the machine or the machine tender, enslaved by the thing he tends? . . . Stuart Chase gives the most complete and satisfactory weighing of benefits conferred against harm done; potentialities for good against the most horrible potentialities for evil."
—New York World.

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By A. S. EDDINGTON

An intellectual adventure for all intelligent readers. "One of the most fascinating of all the books that deal with the complex problem of physics, philosophy and religion. . . . It succeeds in binding them together with a common meaning."
—Philadelphia Ledger. \$3.75

For connoisseurs of fiction

TRYPHENA

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Another delightful novel of the Devonshire folks written with the master touch that so distinguishes Eden Phillpotts' books. Here the charm of rural England; the homely philosophy of the countryside; the complications, fears and joys that came to Tryphena in her search for love bring hours of genuine pleasure to the reader. \$2.00

VICTOR AND

VICTI

By JOHN R.

This novel was unanimously selected by the Pulitzer Novel jury as "the best of the year's offerings." It tells the absorbing story of a man's struggle to regain his standing after a fall from grace. It has been termed "one of the most powerful books in years." \$2.50

A KING OF SHADOWS

By MARGARET YEO

A thrilling tale of James Stuart's attempt to regain the English throne. "It brims with action based on firm historical ground and teems with people of importance. . . . It is history in the finest form and romance in its most sturdy type." "Vivid in characterization, dramatic in incident, supple and swift in movement." \$2.00

"An extraordinary book"

ANDREW JOHNSON

By LLOYD P. STRYKER

"Not merely a biography of Johnson; it is rather a complete portrayal of the man in his relation to the times, a comprehensive study of that evil conspiracy to Robespierize the South and of the undaunted man who opposed his single sword to the revolutionists and suffered for it."
—New York Times. \$6.00

Business English

The Secretary's Handbook

By SARAH A. TANTOR

Clearly, definitely, and in convenient form the special information needed by secretaries is carefully compiled in this manual. It is planned from their point of view and stresses their problems in the correct usage of English. \$3.50

The Useful Art of Economics

By GEORGE SOULE

"I have yet to read better written and clearer non-technical statements of the well-known facts on the protective tariff, the chief problems of foreign trade (including reparations and the inter-allied debts), the means of stabilizing business and the present status of the American farmer than are to be found in this volume."
—New York Herald-Tribune \$2.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY · NEW YORK

Points of View

"A Reg'lar Feller"

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

In recent numbers of the *Review* there has been some discussion concerning the genesis of the description of George Sterling's face:—"like a Greek coin run over by a Roman chariot." It is said that Sterling was peeved. Very probably. So much depends upon what might have been on the coin. If it was the bust of some Greek worthy it would not be pleasant to have one's face referred to as "a good bust ruined by a Roman chariot." If it exhibited the Mithraic bull and accessories someone might call it "a stick-up man mashed flat by a Roman flivver." This might be equally unsatisfactory to one whose face had to be worn as publicly as that of George Sterling.

But this letter is not concerned with George Sterling's face and its relation to ancient history. It merely takes advantage of this mention of Sterling to recall an incident of his early youth that may be interesting to those who know him only through "The House of Orchids," "A Wine of Wizardry," or "The Testimony of the Suns."

When Sterling was a boy he lived in a coast town on Long Island; a town anciently of the whaling industry but more recently of fishing in general. The town was old and was proud of its age and its whaling memories, its whaling ancestry, its whalers' descendants, and its whalers' yarns. It was a decorous town with tried and true Victorian traditions. The man who whistled on Sunday would hardly be more welcome there than in Aberlady a hundred years ago. The great interest on Sunday was Church, and everybody went to church regularly or lost standing in the community promptly. And the Episcopal Church with its tall, slender spire was the receptacle for all the best people on the Sabbath Day. The town was proud of that church and all it stood for; but its pride was greatest in the spire. That spire was famous in the whole region round-about. It was the last thing the whaler saw as its tip dipped below the horizon and he faced the open sea. It was the first thing he saw on coming back from his labors, and he watched for the first glimpse of it as he watched for the welcome he knew awaited him at his home. Even the whales were said to keep an eye open for that steeple; but when they saw it they made for the deep sea immediately.

Now George Sterling was emphatically one of the boys of that town. Not that he was the topmost apple on the topmost bough; the distinction of that lofty and remote eminence belonged to another youngster of the most exceptionable ancestry, whose reticence and dignity effectually removed him from suspicion of any mischief—to all those except the wise ones who really knew him. But this pair, Sterling and his chum, could explain more queer things that happened in that town than any other combination of skill and intellect existing therein. Whenever the town was Eulenspiegel—which was not too seldom—none of the knowing ones ever thought of going beyond these two serene young saints.

Now it came to pass that this combination required a pirate flag; and as the chum had a flock of sisters and, at the moment, that flock was increased by the addition of a visitor to his home, it was decided to entrust the construction of the Jolly Roger to

the young ladies. It may be here remarked that the visitor aforesaid became my wife many years later, and it is from her that these details are derived. The task was undertaken with enthusiasm, and not only was the job well done, but, by working far into the night, it was finished within the time specified. Being discreet young persons, they asked no questions but handed the flag to the youngsters and thought no more about it. Sterling and chum did a lot of boating and swimming, and certainly a pirate flag could fit into activities of that kind.

On Sunday morning the good people of the town were wending their way tranquilly to the Episcopal church, clad in all the serenity peculiarly the attribute of small coast towns. Someone more impressed than the others with the beauty of the morning and the thought of the beauty of holiness that it suggested, happened to raise his or her eyes to that lofty steeple to gaze upon its proud aspiration to the heavens; and right there that town had the shock of its whole existence. For waving from the topmost top of that spire was the pirate flag which the devoted young ladies had made in response to brotherly solicitation. There was no evidence of how the thing had been placed in its position, nor had anyone seen anybody around the church at any time during the night; nevertheless there was the Jolly Roger flaunting its disgraceful self for the edification of all whales and whalers past and present. The town went into executive session right then and there, and the mass consciousness turned instinctively to Sterling and Chum who were gazing serenely at the flag. Being duly interviewed, cross-questioned, bullied, threatened, and implored, these young persons produced an alibi of proof that withstood all attacks. For days the town was upset in its quiet ways, and meanwhile the flag was doing its stuff where nobody could get at it until a scaffold was constructed for its removal. The scandal was so great that Sterling and Chum found it desirable to leave town. They went west and stayed there for years and years. The chum came back shortly before his death many years after the incident, but it is not clear whether or not Sterling ever came back at all. The incident of the flag was town talk for years, and how it got to the top of the steeple was matter of frequent discussion. As a matter of fact, someone had climbed up the lightning rod in the dead of night and had nailed it there. It is not necessary to be too explicit as to the actual climber. Both the members of the firm of Sterling and Chum are now dead. George Sterling certainly was a "reglar feller" in his home town.

G. H. CUNNINGHAM.

Valley Cottage, N. Y.

Henry Arthur Jones

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

I am literary executrix of my father, Henry Arthur Jones, and I am engaged on writing his life. I shall be obliged if any of his friends in America could give me information respecting his visits there between 1885 and 1900. I shall be most grateful for the loan of any interesting letters written by my father, and I will return them as soon as they are copied.

DORIS THORNE.

The Guards Club, Brook St., London, W.

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Modernistic Printing

I HAVE remarked from time to time on the fact that the modernistic chaps who are having a riotous time in advertising have as yet had no chance with books. Payson & Clarke send me a copy of "The Naked Year," as an instance of modernism in typography, but unfortunately it is merely freakish—with quite erratic use of sans-serif type to justify any supposition of modernity. In the same package is a copy of their "Autumn Books, 1929"—and that is another story. It is frankly done in a readable sans-serif type, with an ultra-modern letter for the classification heads. It seems to me very well done indeed, for that sort of thing—adhering to the conventional sufficiently to make for quick and easy reading, and going in for jazz where permissible. And furthermore, the same sort of type is used throughout, making for a unity which so many of the devotees of modernism seem to think they can disregard with impunity. Also—though this is impertinent—I find that I can read the "Autumn Books" more understandingly than I can "The Naked Year."

R.

Practical Book-Binding

IN 1901 Mr. Douglas Cockerell wrote his "Bookbinding, and the Care of Books," which was issued in the Artistic Crafts Series of Technical Handbooks. In 1904 W. H. Smith & Son issued Mr. Cockerell's "Note on Bookbinding." Now Oxford University Press has issued a small book entitled "Some Notes on Bookbinding," based on Mr. Cockerell's lectures at the London County Council Central School of Arts and Crafts. These three books taken together (the 1904 "Note," by the way, is reprinted in the current volume) are an admirable and restrained consideration of bookbinding by one of the most competent of binders.

The soundness of Mr. Cockerell's views is easily tested by his chapter on "Covering Material," where the relative values of various leathers, cloths, etc., are correctly assessed, and such dubious substances as artificial leathers are condemned. The author's recommendations are in no way fanatical, but can be studied to advantage by all who have to do with the binding of books, even by those who have little to do with and no knowledge of the craft of binding. To those who are interested in an ancient and honorable craft this book, while offering nothing new, is excellent reading.

R.

Odd Items

THE managers of the Cygnet Press have sent out to their friends a small paper-covered brochure about William A. Dwiggins by Paul Hollister, the essay having originally appeared in *Direct Advertising*. The type has been set at "The Sign of the George," and printed at the Harvard University Press. Some of Mr. Dwiggins's designs are reproduced, including that for the Cygnet Press.

ANOTHER German almanac for 1929 comes from the printing firm of Jahoda & Siegel of Vienna. The current issue contains a selection of animal stories from various European writers, with pictures by Hanna Schiff, together with the usual "Kalendarium" for 1929. The small book is gotten up in the current interesting style of German printing.

R.

"A Way Out"

ROBERT FROST'S one-act play, "A Way Out," has been simply printed by the Harbor Press in an edition of four hundred and eighty-five copies. The dedication, "To Roland A. Wood, who created the part of Asie," gives a clue to the interest which the Harbor Press must have taken in printing the play.

This is no place, as I have before remarked, to speak of the value of literary productions (though I sometimes rush in where I should not!) and in any case to read a dramatic piece is pretty tame compared with seeing it acted. But in all my

experience of Yankees of Asie's mentality, I never heard one utter so academic a sentence as "I so seldom have occasion to speak of 'em."

The printing of the book is of that straightforward quality which distinguishes the Harbor Press, and for which, in a day of febrile typography, one is very glad.

R.

"Monsieur Vénus"

SO much time and energy to-day goes into the printing and publishing of erotic literature which really isn't worth the paper it is printed on, that it is rather a relief to come on a reprint of Madame Vallette's story of Raoul de Vénérande and her decadent desire to create a new sin. Here is a story which might easily have been marred in the telling, since the subject is already *vicié* in the imagining. But the telling is done with quite extraordinary skill: that delicacy of touch which alone redeems the erotic has been exercised in the history of the morbid but imperious Raoule, and the translator, Madeleine Boyd, has not been unfaithful to her original. The present edition is quite worth while as a suitable setting of a story which ought not to die—or be quite suppressed by the Pecksniffian regulators of public affairs: though it is well to remember that Madame Vallette was fined by the Belgian Pecksniffs!

The printing, as is not always the case, has been done with restraint and good craftsmanship, though a typographic arrangement more suggestive of the subject might easily have been worked out. The illustrations by Majeska are the less satisfactory in that the book calls for something better.

Twelve hundred odd copies have been published by the Covici-Friede Company; with thirteen copies on Van Gelder paper, each containing an original drawing. Ernest Boyd and Maurice Barrès contribute introductory pages.

R.

Some Advance Notices

CATALOGUE OF WORK OF THE DE VINNE PRESS shown at the Grolier Club, 1928 . . . with addresses by I. H. BRANERD and J. C. OSWALD. Privately printed. 300 copies.

New York, The Grolier Club.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE, by ELWIN L. PAGE. 750 copies. \$6.50.

Boston, Houghton Mifflin Co.
NEWS-LETTER OF THE LXIVMOS. The October number will be printed in Didot's microscopique type by Hertzberger of Amsterdam.

WE printed last week a few of the titles and the high prices brought for them at the sale at Sotheby's June 3-7, inclusive, and now add the following to the list:

The high prices for first editions of eighteenth-century books were: Thomas Gray's "Elegy," 1751, £1,340; Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," 1719-1720, 3 volumes, rebound by Bedford, £1,100; Smollett's "Roderick Random," 1748, £220; Fielding's "Joseph Andrews," 1742, £235; Richardson's "Clarissa," 1748-1751, £70; Gay's "Fables," 1728-1738, £60; Oliver Goldsmith's "The Traveller," 1765, £60; "The Deserted Village," 1770, £68; and "Retaliation," 1774, £400; Johnson's "The Plan of a Dictionary," 1747, £110; Boswell's "Life," 1791, £120 (a copy of this last, entirely uncut, in the original boards, sold later at Hodgson's for £880).

The nineteenth-century authors brought equally impressive prices: Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," 1847, with 32 pages of advertisements, and in the original cloth, £690; Shelley's "Laon and Cythna," 1818, inscribed on the title-page "From the author," £230; his "Zastrozzi," 1810, wanting the half-title, £58; "Queen Mab," 1813, with the title and next leaf taken from a shorter copy, £50; "Rosalind and Helen," 1819, in the original wrappers, and with two leaves of advertisements, £285; another copy of the same title, rebound, and

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