

The Politics of Peace

By CHARLES E. MARTIN

THIS book gives the world a constructive statement of the modern goal of nations. The author examines the governments of the various world-powers, discusses their characteristic policies, and enumerates the changes that must take place before these harmonize with present-day purposes. The politics of war is well known—Dr. Martin suggests the politics of peace.

\$4.00

STANFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Just Out!

A Rich and Splendid Book—

ALTAI HIMALAYA

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

"In the saddle and in the tent", the world-renowned Russian artist-philosopher has written a travel-diary of his famous expedition through the mystical lands of India, Tibet, Chinese Turkestan and Siberia. Incomparably illustrated.

At your bookshop \$5.00.
Stokes, Publishers

The New Books Science

(Continued from preceding page)

HOW WE INHERIT. By EDGAR ALTENBURG. Holt. 1928. \$3.

Professor Altenburg of Rice Institute has succeeded admirably in telling how we inherit in terms so simple that the reader without previous training in biology can understand the process as it is understood by students of genetics to-day. To be sure, there may be some difficulty in comprehending the discussion of complicated inheritance involving multiple factors, such as skin color in the negro-white cross, and in the limitations of the selective power in changing racial characters, but still for brevity and clearness the present volume stands forth conspicuously.

The author has been especially successful in his presentation of the subject of linkage, by virtue of which the factors for certain traits tend in definite but different degrees to be inherited together, and from a study of which in fruit flies the geneticist has been able to indicate the approximate location of these factors on the chromosomes.

This knowledge of the location of the genes has made it possible to predict and control the inheritance of many features of the experimental animal. There is no reason to question the probable similarity of the process in man. Yet the difficulty of collecting the scientific data necessary for such work in the human species is so great that it taxes the imagination to apply the knowledge to the end that the heredity of man can be controlled as in the prolific and convenient fruit fly. This is not to say that human inheritance is for ever beyond the power of man to control and that eugenics is entirely theoretical, all that is implied is that for years to come less exact methods must suffice.

Travel

FRENCH FRANCE. By Oliver Madox Hueffer. Appleton.

NEW ROADS IN OLD VIRGINIA. By Agnes Rothery. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.

THE OUTPOST OF THE LOST. By General David L. Brainard. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.

JUNGLE GODS. By Carl von Hoffman. Holt. \$3.50.

COMING THE CARIBBEES. By Harry L. Foster. Dodd, Mead. \$3.

THE LAST HOME OF MYSTERY. By E. Alexander Powell. Century. \$4.

RED TIGER. By Phillips Russell. Brentanos. \$5.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 56. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most convincing rendering of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam as it might have been translated by Mr. Carl Sandburg. Specimens must not exceed 400 words. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of April 8.)

Competition No. 57. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short Song for May Day, 1929. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of April 22.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

THE FIFTY-FOURTH COMPETITION

You were commissioned to design a special deck of cards for the Bridge-cum-Literature Club of America. Each of the sixteen court cards was required to bear the facial likeness of a living American author. The prize of fifteen dollars offered for the list of suggestions carrying the most amusing critical implications has been awarded to Dalnar Devening, of San Francisco, Cal.

THE WINNING ENTRY

THE Ace of Hearts? Eugene O'Neill

*Who probes them with a pen of steel.
The King is he who knows the strife
And stress of Helen's "Private Life."
Her studies in rejuvenation
Win Atherton the Heart Queen's station.*

*But who's this Knave? Well, I'll be blest,
If it's not blushing Eddie Guest!*

*The Ace of Spades is easy. Why, sir,
Who digs more thoroughly than Dreiser?*

*The King is Cabell who won fame
By calling spades another name,
While Djuna Barnes the Queen is made*

*Because she calls a spade a spade.
Here George Jean Nathan is the Knave—*

He's helped dig many a playwright's grave.

*The Ace of Diamonds? Let me see!
Wright's earnings smack of Kimberley.*

*The King's none other than the bluff
Jim Tully, still a trifle rough!
And, putting cap and bells away,
The brilliant Queen is Miss Millay.
The Knave (two "grand" his weekly hire)*

Is, oddly, Oscar McIntyre.

*The Ace of Clubs is Sinclair Lewis
Who takes the big shillalah to us.
And that stout King who whacks the boobs*

*Is H. L. Mencken. Run, you rubes!
Here Dorothy Parker is the Queen,
Wielding a club of satin sheen.*

Art Brisbane is the Knave, now cursed

To play a part that's well rehearsed!

DALNAR DEVENING.

Why is it, I wonder, that so many people will not take the trouble to read the terms of these competitions before they write their entries? Week after week numbers disqualify themselves by sheer carelessness. It cannot always be ignorance that sends a Ballad when a Ballade has been requested, or Free Verse instead of a Sonnet. A few weeks ago, when a Sonnet in monosyllables was asked for, at least thirty out of two hundred entries completely disregarded the condition. And now this week, although the plain request was for a list of American authors, at least a dozen entries contain the names of Englishmen and Irishmen. Edith Darrow Goldsmith ruined one of the best lists of the week by naming Warwick Deeping as the Ace of Hearts. She was one of the few who took the trouble to define the significance of her suits. Her spades were realists—Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Ernest Hemingway being Ace, King, Queen, Knave respectively; in hearts Warwick Deeping was followed by three other "sentimentalists"—Harold Bell Wright, Kathleen Norris, and Coningsby Dawson; diamonds stood for "Irony, Fantasy, Wit, the writers with a cutting edge," viz., Willa

Cather, James Branch Cabell, Anne Douglas Sedgwick (with a note to say that this place would have been Elinor Wylie's but a short time ago), and Ring Lardner as Knave; and, finally, her clubs were the satirists—Louis Bromfield, Sinclair Lewis, Agnes Repplier, and H. L. Mencken. But the one English name disqualified Mrs. Goldsmith.

Large numbers of merely thoughtless, haphazard lists had to be set aside. But enough remained to set at rest some of the uncomfortable misgivings which overcame me after (in a fit of high spirits) I had set this competition. Nobody compiled a list that gave thorough satisfaction. But the Bridge-cum-Literature Club might have trouble in finding a better committee than Dalnar Devening, Homer Parsons, Marguerite Melcher, Eleanor Lockwood, who prepared a portrait pack, and Isabel Shurtleff, who, between them, covered most of the promising ground. Dalnar Devening takes the prize for a list very little better than the best of the others. I paused over his Ace of Spades. He deserved to win for the additional reason that he pointed his entertaining implications in rhyme, a self-imposed difficulty which is well overcome. I liked Mrs. Melcher's "suit mottoes":

Clubs

*Follies that big sticks harm no whit
Fall vanquished by a touch of wit.*

Diamonds

*Stars, like diamonds rich and bright,
Flash across our dazzled sight.*

Hearts

*Love and life and lore and art
Poets find hid within the heart.*

Spades

*When realists, like farm dogs, dig
Sometimes their dirt goes over big.*

Hers was one of the few lists that took sufficient notice of the poets. Homer Parsons' list is printed below. One competitor, for reasons that wholly eluded me, built her club suit out of the editorial staff of the *Saturday Review*. And I am rather apprehensive as to the implications surrounding Christopher Morley's name.

Homer Parsons' list follows in A, K, Q, J order.

Clubs—H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Dorothy Parker, and Eddie Guest (Kiwani's variety).

Hearts—Lindbergh, E. A. Robinson (*Tristram* earns him this), Edna St. Vincent Millay, Upton Sinclair (read his preface to Sterling's "Sonnets to Craig").

Diamonds—James Branch Cabell, the brilliant; Jim Tully (in-the-rough), Fannie Hurst (since Elinor Glyn is English), Robert W. Chambers, with accent on the "jack!" (But isn't this last author English? —Ed.)

Spades—James Weldon Johnson, Joseph Collins (The doctor looks at the Undertaker's prospect), Anne Nichols, whose royalty is unquestioned. A spade is a spade, even here (but it should be a scoop shovel), Octavus Roy Cohen.

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 City. 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.

DARK STAR

Gertrude
Atherton
says:

Dark Star is a lovely, fragrant book. So fresh, spontaneous, absorbing, the first part contained little more than a hint of the passion and drama of the latter part.

It seems to me this is the most notable first novel of our time.

In spite of its strange, elfish, elusive quality it never ceases to be real—indeed it is quite terribly realistic at times.

A book like this

must be more than the toy or a season and carve a deep and permanent place for itself.

\$2.50 all stores

Bobbs-Merrill

A
Novel by
LORNA MOON

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

ONE at least of the quotations offered for inscription upon the wall of a children's library has stood the test of actual use upon a living-room wall. L. W., writing on note-paper headed "Port of Rest, Weekapaug, Rhode Island," says that "for thirty-five years we have had the stanza beginning 'O turne thy rudder hetherward awhile,' and including 'This is the Port of Rest from troublous toyle,' under discussion on a fireboard against the fireplace; hence the cottage has always been as above, and I may add, still true to name, though the Atlantic is booming outside. We took it from a private library in Raleigh, where it had been used many years. I should say we copied it, for I dare say it is still in position in Raleigh."

My own experience with the stanza is that it keeps alive under impalement better than any other that I have seen set against a wall. My copy has stood for some weeks midway of the shelves that scale the wall of my study, just where I collide with it on my way toward the "Publishers Trade List Annual" and other airy examples of restful modern literature. But I have never passed it without a sense of gratitude.

Speaking of children and libraries, the Dolls Convention lately assembled under the auspices of the Bookshop for Boys and Girls, Boston (inspired by a doll contest in Eliza Orne White's "Tony"), debated among other matters the important question "Are Animals (such as Pooh, Piglet, and others) Replacing Dolls in the Home, School, and Playground?" The vote was all for dolls, but its effect was a trifle impaired by another vote taken to determine the favorite book of the doll-owners present. This proved to be "Winnie-the-Pooh." This I learn from the *Dolls Convention News*, published at the bookshop on Boyleson Street, a leaflet worth sending for.

"Years ago," says E. S. N. D., Baltimore, Md., "I read a book dealing with the insular pronunciation of English names and with a chapter on customs in England differing from those in the United States." Any information will be appreciated.

IT was not many years ago that "Spoken in Jest," by an anonymous author called "Chateds," was published by Dutton; it may have been out some five or six years and is still popular. But it does answer the requirements of this question, and if the earlier book is not located by some reader, I advise E. S. N. D. to get it. It would be well to get it anyway, for in a light-hearted and skittish fashion it introduces one nation to another, not through the large matters on which we are in general agreed, but through the little ones forever reminding us of our differences. It is no Anglomania that leads me to ask a huckster for *tomah-toes* in London, but the knowledge, born of experience, that I will have to ask for them twice unless I do. It is no pusillanimity that makes me shift back to *tomaytoes* on returning to New York, but a firm reliance on the Oxford New English Dictionary, that from the Olympian majesty of its ten-volume shelf lets it be known that one is *Eng.* and the other *U. S.*, and makes no pronunciamientos on which is "right"—beyond inferring that the sound may have been assimilated here to that of potato, for which we did set the style. "Spoken in Jest" is a gay little book with pictures.

A. S. M. C., Battle Creek, Mich., asks for fiction and non-fiction about spies in the World War.

THERE doesn't seem to be much reason for making fiction out of spy stories; they are usually so much wilder in reality. Compton Mackenzie has one spy novel, "Extremes Meet" (Doubleday, Doran), and there is always "Mare Nostrum" (Dutton), in which Ibañez utilizes the experience of Mata Hari. In "The Scarlet Tanager," by J. A. Tyson (Macmillan), there is a plot to blow up all civilization in 1930, a date that has been creeping up on the author until it rather gives a reader the creeps. But Mata Hari appears also in Joseph Gollomb's "Spies" (Macmillan), a series of authentic records of the exploits of actual men and women, not only of the Great War, but of history in general, and in this she is quite incredible enough.

George Barton tells the stories of "Celebrated Spies and Famous Mysteries of the Great War" (Page), following an earlier volume on "The World's Greatest Spies" (Page). Spies appear in Basil Thomson's book, "My Experiences at Scotland Yard"

(Doubleday, Doran), and in W. N. Taft's "On Secret Service" (Harper), and there is a big book of them, "Spy and Counterspy," by R. W. Rowan, published by the Viking Company. "My Experiences with Spies in the Great European War" is published by the author, B. P. Holst, Boone, Iowa; "German Spies at Bay," by S. T. Felstead (Brentano), is said to have been compiled from official sources. "Tales of Ægean Intrigue," by John Cuthbert Lawson (Dutton), is a brilliant and often amusing account of the experience of the author in the naval intelligence, when Constantine, Venezuela, and the Allies were playing diplomatic poker. "On Special Missions," by C. Lucieto (McBride), is an inside story of the spy and counterspy system, translated from the French. Ferdinand Tuohy's "The Secret Corps" (Liveright) is an explanation of methods of espionage and counter-espionage used in all countries during the Great War, enlivened with many anecdotes. "Throttled," told to P. M. Hollister by T. J. Tunney of the Bomb Squad (Small, Maynard), is concerned with the detection of the anarchist bomb-plotters.

M. A. L. L., Boston, Mass., bought Fowler's "Dictionary of Modern English Usage" under the impression that it was more in the nature of a history of words than it proved to be. Is there a similar compilation with more of the etymological flavor?

SOME time ago a constituent wrote to ask what was the matter with the editor of this department. "You have not mentioned 'Weekley's Etymological Dictionary' for three months," said she. "I think you must be ill." Fancy then my gratitude to an inquirer who gives me a legitimate chance to bring it in again. The big fat one I own is now out of print, but Ernest Weekley's "Concise Etymological Dictionary of Modern English" (Dutton) is evidently the book for which this reader is looking. An eye might also be cast in the direction of his "Words Ancient and Modern," "The Romance of Words," "Surnames," and "The Romance of Names"; Dutton publishes them all, and once you begin on this charming subject, you read all you can find. I have, for example, been dedicating the greater part of my spare time for some weeks past to joyous rambles through the New English Dictionary, the Oxford Dictionary, whose first volume appeared in 1884 and whose tenth triumphantly completed the series in the year from which we have just emerged. My excuse was that I was giving a lecture in celebration of its completion, but the truth was that I had announced that lecture just to give myself a chance to discover what *toad-eater* comes from, the history of *cockney*, *yankee*, and *laudanum*, the wanderings of *bogus*, and the use of *y* with a verb to indicate (in dialect) continued action, as in Devon, "How the dog do jumpy!" I cannot see why some people are afraid of the dictionary; they must be, or I should not be so often asked to decide "arguments" on the pronunciation of a word. There is no more sense in arguing over the pronunciation of a word than there is in shutting the eyes and arguing whether a man has red hair, when all you have to do to settle it is to open your eyes and look at him. Yet it occurs to so few people to open the dictionary. Having opened it, however, let your glance slip down the page and see what happens; or, better yet, try spending the afternoon in the society of the New Oxford; making it was a romantic and disinterested adventure, as one discovers upon reading the account of that forty-year undertaking; reading it should be adventurous and disinterested.

Let not this reader regret the purchase of Fowler; whatever brought that book into the house, it will turn out a bargain sooner or later.

And here is another chance to speak up for a personal preference. A. H. B., who keeps the book shop at Syracuse University (where they have a parrot who won't talk and a cat that sleeps in the window), asks where to find "Sammy the Turtle," saying that a customer gave her the title and said that I had owned to reading it three times, and therefore it must be good. The full title of this appealing work—it has even some of the special charm to be found in "The Wind in the Willows"—is "Travels of Sammie the Turtle"; it is told and illustrated by Marion Bullard and published by Dutton. Sammie manages to shed his shell and goes out to see the world, and anything

more amusing—and somehow more touching—than the pictures of Sammie on the road, or looking up at the Woolworth with his sweater under his arm, or jumping high for sheer joy, it would be hard to find. It is a book for children; people buy it to give children and then have to get another copy to keep.

E. A., Baltimore, Md., fears that a poor translation may have been the cause of her unhappy experience with Balzac, and asks what is considered the best one in English.

BALZAC has suffered less from translators than most French authors; it might almost be said of him, as it is of Cooper, that he has never been translated without being improved. He was the last to admire his own bricks-and-mortar style, and his repeated revisions ate up his money in proof-corrections; his genius is in the creation of human beings who tear their way through the paper and live outside the book, between the books, waiting their turn to go on, perhaps as hero, perhaps as walking gentleman, but always implacably alive. The Centenary Edition of the "Comédie Humaine," published by Little, Brown, is translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley; it is complete and unexpurgated, and that is the main thing; there is also a translation edited by George Saintsbury, the chief volumes of the "Comédie" being in Everyman's. My experience with English-speaking devotees of Balzac—and I am by no means the only one of my generation who dived into the middle of the "Comédie" and came out with the last available line—is that they are not afraid of melodrama and can become intensely interested in people they do not like. Those who cannot be happy in the society of characters of whom they cannot approve should keep away from "Cousine Bette" or "Père Goriot." But when the first of these was republished last year by Little, Brown in a popular edition I leaped into it as if I were attending a class reunion, and when I found the second in French on a Flemish steamer, I lived in that unspeakable boarding-house through a grand storm and hardly noticed it.

There is an important new book for Balzicians, just announced by the University of Chicago Press; "A Balzac Bibliography," by William H. Royce, which is said to be a model in bibliographic studies, "an up-to-date, complete, comprehensive *bibliographie raisonnée*."

D. A. de F., Ponce, Porto Rico, has found that "reading an exquisite poem to Elinor Wylie, 'Peregrine,' in the current Vanity Fair, has reawakened a recurrent dream of knowing more about falconry." Extensive study of the medieval in college has made her rather more familiar with the subject than the average reader, but that is all; she would like a book that explains the language and proceedings of falconry, the types of hawks, and their training.

JUST where such a book is to be found at the present time and in this country, I do not know; there is Freeman's "Practical Falconry," published in London in 1869, and Salvin and Broderick's "Falconry in the British Isles," in 1873, and in 1914 the American magazine *Outing* (vol. 63) had an article, "An Ancient Sport in the New World," describing successful experiments in falconry here, using a Cooper's hawk. Other than this, there are the encyclopedia, from which one learns that the sport was popular in China 2000 B.C., and almost as long ago in Babylonia; and that in England after the Conquest rank was determined by the particular species of hawk carried on the wrist. That is, royalty alone could carry the gyrfalcon, an earl the peregrine, a yeoman the goshawk, a priest the sparrow-hawk, and a servant the kestrel. In the eighteenth century the sport, which had fallen off, was revived for a season, but declined as soon as shooting birds on the wing became fashionable, along in the 'thirties. England, France, and Holland have made successful experiments at restoring it; in America we have the hawks, better ones than anywhere else, but not the tradition to give us the impulse. Perhaps someone knows of a book on falconry not too far out of reach.

M. B. M., Oshkosh, tells me to add to the books about Australia by Australians the comparatively new book "The Singing Gold," by Dorothy Cottrell, saying that the story is delightfully told and the descriptions colorful. As this goes to press, other mails are coming in from readers who feel defrauded because it was not put in. E. R. W., Philadelphia, sends as an inscription for the library wall, from Proverbs 8: "Wisdom hath builded her house . . . for him who wanteth understanding she saith (Continued on next page)

PERCY MARKS

writes another winner comparable to *The Plastic Age*



A DEAD MAN DIES

A vital dazzling woman, savoring life to her finger-tips—her three grown children, eager to taste the tang of living their own lives, free and untrammelled—and a deep, passionate conflict, they pulling away, she pulling back. By all odds Mr. Marks' finest novel. \$2.50

THE BRAND OF THE SEA

By KNUD ANDERSEN

A rugged, moving tale of how the sea possesses the souls of men who follow it. \$2.50

A GOOD MARRIAGE

By MARY BREARLEY

An honest woman looks back over her "good" marriage. "A haunting novel."—*London Times*. \$2.00

COCHRANE THE UNCONQUERABLE

By ARCHIBALD D. TURNBULL and NORMAN R. VAN DER VEER

The vivid career of the bold sea-dog who swept the Dons from South American waters. \$2.50

AT HOME AMONG THE ATOMS

By JAMES KENDALL

Chemistry popularized, clarified and tinged with humor for the inquiring layman. Illus. \$3.00



MARRIAGE in the MODERN MANNER

By DR. IRA S. WILE and MARY DAY WINN

A sympathetic and practical guide to modern marriage which recognizes that conditions do change and that marriage must often adapt itself. \$2.00

For full information about our Spring books send for CENTURY BOOKS AND AUTHORS

THE CENTURY CO. 353 Fourth Avenue, New York