

Winter Night

By MARY HUME MILLS

THE moon shone in on the nursery floor,—
I had never seen it so bright before.
The nursery chairs stood straight and black,
The toys seemed frozen in their track,
And everything was still as still,
But the frosty wind across the sill.
I didn't whisper, I didn't stir,
Nor snuggle under the comforter,
But stared and stared where the moon-beams lay
On the nursery floor, as bright as day!

Reviews

THE SHEPHERD AND THE DRAGON.

By BOZENA NEMCOVA. Translated by ELEANOR LEDBETTER. New York: Robert M. McBride, 1930. \$2.50.

Reviewed by ERIC P. KELLY
Author of "The Blacksmith of Vilno."

THERE's a whole new world of adventure, new emotions, new experiences in this book. I cannot recommend it too highly. For those who like real fairy tales, folk tales, stories of magic, it is on the same plane as Jacob's "Old English Fairy Tales," or Lang's "Red Fairy Book." The folk-tale makes the very best fairy tale anyway, and these have all the virtue that goes with folk-lore. George Borrow once translated some folk-tales from many lands, and gypsy or Tsigan that he was, managed to keep the original flavor and feeling.

Mrs. Ledbetter in like fashion has brought to American readers the charm of Czechoslovakia. And she knows her subject thoroughly, language, background, customs, and manners. In addition she has lived among Slav people and has added much to social betterment in two Slav nations as two government decorations will testify. In dealing with this subject it is not the case of a writer filling a summer vacation notebook with impressions and then jotting them down,—this translator has spent years and years among the Slavs whom she loves and when she turns about to interpret them to us, does so with absolute authority.

These fairy tales are fascinating. I did them all at one reading, and I haven't done that to a book of fairy tales for years. I say to myself as I read "Here is just the chance for children to feel the charm of a Slav people." The rest of us meet that charm usually through some special study or in middle life. For here are the stories that came out of the beginnings of things; perhaps they originated in the Carpathians, perhaps some came up the valley of the Danube, perhaps others came through the passes of the mountains in the days when the Slavs were closer united; the Czechs have them—the Slovaks, the Slovenes, and the Russians—Who-Live-Under-the-Carpathians (for that is the name of one group that belongs to the family). Czechoslovakia is a land of wonder, of mystery, of age, of beauty, of charm: it's all here in this book.

Among these fascinating experiences of what to most of us is a new world are some old friends in different costume: there is that story of "Beauty and the Beast" which Aksakov heard from his nurse in Russia as the "Red Flower." Here the story is called the "Rose Bud." Who knows? Perhaps the Varangians brought that story out of the north when they came to old Novgorod in the land of Rus; perhaps it was told to Cyril or Methodius when those two were traveling about the Slav lands. There is also "Salt Rather Than Gold" (a King Lear plot), which appears in a different form in one or two other familiar books.

But all the others have roots in the Slav heart. They go way back to the dim days when there were giants and dragons and witches on earth; I like immensely the way Mrs. Ledbetter has kept the original names,—Baca, Dunaj, Rados, Mikesh, Marushka,—I like the way she has kept the flavor and the Slav way of saying things, of the greetings, and the formal peasant talk. How is this? "So they had a grand wedding. Cheese and honey ran over the edge of the plates, and the mountains reverberated with the echoes of the music." Oh, this Slav experience is such a fine experience,—and here comes a new set of experiences from a country that has not been much exploited in translation, yet a country which contains innumerable sources of literature.

Nemcova is much beloved in her own country, but her charm could not carry over into English unless the translation were in itself a masterpiece. It is a rather noteworthy thing about Slav books that they generally contain so many ideas that the possibility of carrying over to another language much that was in the author's mind is quite good if the translator is in



Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

absolute sympathy with the native culture and understands the language well. I think that Dostoevsky is just as popular in English-speaking lands as in Russia, and this is due perhaps to the excellent translations of Constance Garnett.

Somehow in these Czech fairy tales one steps from the present directly into the time world of the book. No Renaissance nor prosy eighteenth or nineteenth centuries clog the cultural outpourings of the Slav writers. Centuries between are gone in a trice;—take the "Kingdom of Time," for example, where the Twelve Months, I believe, sit in council about the eternal mountain-fire of Sklenena. One needs no theory of art to appreciate the beauty of it: one needs not remember a single comparison in order to make up one's mind whether one likes it or doesn't. One does like it. It is primitive and real. And it is so with the kingdom of Nachod and the peasant who uproots trees for diversion,—or it is so in the person of the Sun who is not too busy to advise now and then, or the Moon to help, or the Winds to search for lost princesses. Fascinating stories, new (to us) of their kind, original,—splendid for reading to children, and beautifully illustrated by William Siegel.

MORE ABOUT ME. By JOHN DRINKWATER. Illustrated by H. M. BROCK. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. \$2.

Reviewed by JOHN FARRAR

THE test of any book of poems for children might be whether children like them or not. This, however, is not an acid test. Some children like all rhymes and will listen to anything. Others cannot sit still long enough to listen. Still others prefer Edgar A. Guest to Sara Teasdale. So, to say that this reviewer has tested "More about Me" and found it approved by four-year-olds is not enough.

Mr. Drinkwater's method in his verse is acute observation of the routine of life expressed in simple words and rhythms. Occasionally he breaks away to a rollick as in "Davy Dumpling." His children are not above making jokes. Nor do they neglect the play on words. They are interested not only in familiar objects and animals; but in relatives, friends, policemen, chimney sweeps; those many strange figures which clutter the approaches to maturity. Having disposed of these, Mr. Drinkwater tells a long adventure in rhyme which should make many bed-time story hours agreeable. Through verse that is intentionally homely, the frogs and pigs and grownups come alive and attain that warmth of presence which is essential in all writing for children that is to find a place in their memories—and that perhaps more important still, since younger children can be reached only through their parents, strike a chord of memory in elders.

Mr. Drinkwater's poems for children place this emphasis on the common thing. They fit without jar into the pattern of the child's day. They are made for the nursery, and they should find their way into many.

I saw a baby in a pram,
Who was much taller than I am;
Yet eight or seven years ago
I understand that I was so.

THE TREASURE HOUSE. By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ARTHUR ALDEN KNIPE. New York: The Century Co. 1930. \$2.

Reviewed by GRACE KING

THIS is a romance fresh and fragrant, plucked from that good old romance-bearing tree, the history of New Orleans. Frenchmen and Spaniards play their accustomed parts in it, and make a record that holds the interest from the first page to the last.

Père Dagobert, Galvez, and the Maxents, are among the historical personages, and act their rôles well. O'Reilly, also, adds to the plot in a genial mood. As for the young hero, and heroine, they are charming, as well as (it would seem) impossibly precocious. Better scribes for their records, more meticulously careful as to style and language, or more sensitive to the convenances of sentiment and situation, could hardly be found than themselves.

Of course, there are historical improbabilities, and a slip, now and then, in French; but it were churlish to mention them, after enjoying a story so well conceived and car-

ried out. As to that, romance, as we know, laughs at historical impossibilities in New Orleans, the least technically bound city in the United States: and when Frenchmen and Spaniards combine to give us a good story, we must not expect the accurate details of prosaic accounts.

THE BOLD DRAGON: And Other Ghostly Tales by Washington Irving. Selected and edited by ANNE CARROLL MOORE. Drawings by JAMES DAUGHERTY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. \$3.50.

Reviewed by LOUISE H. SEAMAN

HERE is a rare combination: Washington Irving telling his wildest, funniest, most satiric "ghost stories," and James Daugherty capering along, seeing almost more pictures than a book can hold, in those fat burghers, rollicking soldiers, devil-haunted colonials, gibbet-scared treasure seekers. All of Irving's best wit and verve are here; and Daugherty matches him line for line, with swift, wild rhythms, uproarious caricatures, fearful and wonderful conceptions of "Discord," "The Agreement with the Devil," "Gossip," etc.

These two geniuses were brought together by that same Miss Moore of our New York Public Library who has inspired other new editions of Irving. The idea of reviving Irving's ghost stories for an age that loves mystery tales, came to her on a Halloween walk near Sleepy Hollow. That very night, says her charming preface, she found a friendly publisher. May she long continue her walks in a country which may have forgotten its own legends, and may she often come home with such publishing projects. The publisher of the present volume has done excellently in paper, typography, layout, binding, to fulfil her idea of a fine book.

It is, of course, a book truly "for all ages." Such editing as Miss Moore has done is not to the end of "fixing" Irving



Illustration from "The Bold Dragon."

for children. The dedication to the memory of that wonderful story-teller, Miss Tyler, who told these tales, and to the boys and girls of New York, is a link in the tradition Miss Moore has established, of leading adult literature. Such a point of view cannot be overemphasized in an age when the tendency is to segregate the things for the child, to make things easy for children. Of course, half of Irving's fun is lost if one is not old enough to appreciate his satire. So perhaps this book will be best for people over twelve years old. The first tale is of "my grandfather, a bold dragoon, a saucy sunshiny fellow," who "rode jollily into Bruges" at the time of the fair, got himself a haunted room in a tavern, and vanquished the ghost with his high spirits. Next comes Tom Walker, who was so used to a terragant wife that he got on well with the Devil himself—so well that nothing was left of wife or Tom, in the end. Then comes Wolfert Webber, and his golden dreams of fortune among his cabbages in old Manhattan; "Guests from Gibbert Island," and their effect on Dutch treasure seekers of Communipaw; the last, the best, and the longest of all, the adventurous ghost story of that engaging scamp, Dolph Hey-

liger, which includes the familiar tale of the storm ship.

This reviewer had met very few of these tales before. Now the van Pelts and Rappelyes of the tales have supplanted the respectable portraits of her own Dutch ancestors, in the family Bible; the little old Dutch farm houses of her youth, now buried amid apartments or gone forever, are revived and peopled with Wolferts and Dolphs and with "little bulbous bottomed Dutch goblins." Astride her horse, from the top of a windy hill near Sleepy Hollow, she sees Dolph's ship sail into the Tappan Zee, and watches in a wild autumn sunset the flight of the storm ship under Dunderberg. Pictures and words can give us new memories.

THE TALE OF TOM TIDDLER. By ELEANOR FARJEON. With Rhymes of London Town. Illustrated by NORMAN TEALBY. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. 1930. \$2.

Reviewed by DOROTHEA H. WITHINGTON

ELEANOR FARJEON is one of the most successful writers for children today, and we have come to expect from her an unusual freshness of fancy. In the "Tale of Tom Tiddler" she makes a charming story by means of a series of imaginative interpretations of London place names. Moor's Gate, Shepherd's Bush, Lavender Hill, Petticoat Lane, Knightsbridge . . . these names ring in the mind with their sweet resonance and their many associations. Miss Farjeon has brought out the fantastical and whimsical rather than the historical aspect. She is so peculiarly fitted to write the history of London place names for children that it is a disappointment to find that she has come so near to doing it in this book and has not done it. A churlish criticism, no doubt, in view of the winning story that she has written.

Her story is based on the formula of the story of the "Old Woman Whose Pig Wouldn't Get Over the Stile." That is, each incident is dependent on the next for its solution. It is a device very pleasing to young children and one that cleverly holds the interest throughout the book. Tom Tiddler pursues his adventures delightful and terrifying through the brightly enameled scenes and among the charming characters whom Miss Farjeon has named after the streets and squares of old London.

Each chapter is followed by a little verse telling the story of another place. For instance, Clement and Clifford are given a solid and substantial character, very fitting—thus:

Clement and Clifford do not roam.
When you call they are always at home.
"Yes," says the Maid as she lifts the pin,
"Clement's in and Clifford's in."

Altogether it is a pleasant little book and deserves better illustrations.

RING-A-ROUND. By MILDRED P. HARRINGTON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. \$3.

Reviewed by DAISY NEUMANN

WE all have our private anthologies of beloved childhood verse, though not many people have, like Mildred Harrington, taken the pains to set them down in writing. It is quite obvious at the outset that the more dearly personal this poetry is, the less perfect is it likely to be as literature. The hardest among us will not reject indifferent verses simply because they sang themselves into our memory in those years we think on fondly.

For this reason, and because poetry for children is much a matter of personal prejudice on the part of the parent, much a case of accidental association in the mind of the child, it is impossible for anyone to appraise the value of anyone else's choice. For our part, we think that the editor has displayed splendid taste and judgment. This does not mean that all the poems are very good. Such of them as "The Cow," "The Sheep," and "The Egg" are, judged by any sort of poetical canon, hardly admissible. But the indiscriminating and insatiable reader for whom they are intended is likely to enjoy these as much as the better verses. As to such things, there is no foretelling. On the other hand, that book is certain to be charming which harbors such dependable friends as Blake, Mr. W. S., Walter de la Mare, Rose Fyleman, Stevenson, and Sandburg, supplemented by many poets both new and familiar. "The Chinese Nursery Rhyme," Tagore's "Paper Boats," "Mr. Nobody," "Two Little Kittens," and the wood- and fairy-poems will please everyone. Surely, out of this fat book "the youngest children," for whom, as the jacket recommends, this book is meant, as "very first reading," will draw treasures that will haunt their lives and color them.

The Reader's Guide

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*.

THIS is the time of year when the Guide does a land-office business in free advice by return mail on the selection of Christmas presents for special cases. These calls come for the most part so late that in the ordinary course they could not reach print till January, and so this activity, remaining a mail matter only, has been for the most part confined to individual clients, unshared by the column's public. A few recent replies, however, I am shoving ahead of their turn in the hope that they may help last-minute choosers with like problems. *A. F. C., New York*, for instance, wanted a "something for an advertising man, not informative; he liked Ralph Burlingame's 'You Too.'" This gave me a chance to shout for "The Dickens Advertiser" (Macmillan) in which Bernard Darwin has collected, classified, and deliciously commented upon the original advertisements bound in with the monthly "parts" of all the Dickens novels from "Pickwick" on. Now that this has been done, the wonder grows that it was not done before, the high value of these ads as sidelights on social history being at once apparent, but then it might have been done poorly, and under Mr. Darwin's hand it has become a charming social commentary, sophisticated without being in the least snuffy. Here are wigs and crinolines, stereoscopes, smokes, outfits for making hair chains and ornaments, Pears' soap, pills—how could anyone resist the appeal of Morison's pills, to which a monument was erected in 1856 in the form of a lion "with an expression of countenance which seemed to say that if the pill does not do him good he will know the reason why." Here is the tailor who advertised in verse, and a whole chapter on books, magazines, and newspapers whose announcements trailed along with the vast vogue of Boz—a chapter that should send one straight into Amy Cruse's rollicking, erudite "The Englishman and his Books in the Early Nineteenth Century" (Crowell), an account of what the masses were really reading while the classics were coming out. In Professor Cruse's book, by the way, there is a lovely chapter on lecturers and their audiences, the latter shown in their beautiful big hats and Empire gowns. "Archibald," by Frederick Markham (Brewer & Warren), is a cheerful novel about a British stunt publicity man, not so subtle as Mr. Burlingame's probing of the psychology of an American expert in the same line, but quite as amusing in its own way: it pleased Frank Swinnerton, whose "Young Felix" has an advertising office clearly set down from youthful memory. I would rank "Archibald" with W. L. George's "Caliban": the author is an experienced advertising man prudently using a pseudonym. "What Groucho Says," another pseudonymous work (Harper), is the "almost amiable growls of a Hard-Working Advertising Man," an account-executive who has lost his illusions and kept his sense of humor: like many a funny book, it has plenty of hard-boiled truth.

D. M., *Cincinnati, O.*, asked for books on seeing New York: I told her about "Rider's Guide" (Macmillan), the standard work corresponding to a Baedeker; "New York in Seven Days," by Dayton and Barratt (McBride), a practical arrangement of tours for shopping as well as sight-seeing, and about two new ones, "Shopping Guide to New York," by Gretta Palmer (McBride), an unusually complete survey of where to get whatever you want, especially if you want to wear it, and "Dining in New York," by Rian James (Day). This calls for special mention; it is a light-hearted presentation of solid news about 125 New York restaurants, so arranged that a visitor might by the brief ray of a pocket flashlight find out where to go, what he would see, and approximately what it was likely to cost him, in a careening taxi on the way. My only criticism is that it puts more stress on color and atmosphere than on food specialties, but then that seems the local habit. I have a quaint old-world custom of eating when I go to a restaurant, and of caring less for features than for food, so naturally I jumped with surprise to find my favorite place set down—in the appendix—only as "smart, swanky, and expensive." This has been for some time my port of safety for foreign guests for three quite different reasons: (1) the cook; (2) the waiters; (3) its address, I don't know why, is the only one I can remember when naming a place over the telephone. However, the book would be a very present help to strangers or residents, and I can't see the restaurants complaining.

A correspondent in the Philippines who has twice written to see if the third part of Alfred Noyes's poetic trilogy "The Torch-Bearers" were ready, has been informed that the concluding volume, "The Last Voyage" (Stokes), came out in time for Christmas. Opening with an emergency operation in mid-ocean, a famous surgeon directing by radio from another ship, the long poem muses, with shifting scenes from scientific history, upon the long struggle with disease and death that now—by way of men like Lister, Harvey, Pasteur—takes for granted the use of means once miraculous. Closing at a ship's service and on a high spiritual note, it envisages science and religion finding mutual fulfilment. Though linked with the other two volumes, it is in some respects the best with which to make a beginning on the whole work.

S. D. A., *New York*, wanted to send to the country something on the order of the Nonesuch Press's "Weekend Book" or the Christmas Miscellanies that came out last year. "A Book of Days," by Christopher Morley (Day), is my own first choice; it transfigures the old "birthday book" and household diary through leaving space enough for personal notes by reinforcing every day's page with a quotation so spontaneous, so fresh fitting, that it is like hearing C. M. speak to you in the morning. Another lovely new companion is "A Winter Miscellany," made by Humbert Wolfe, who adds several new poems of his own (Viking). It covers everything you can think of concerning winter, country or city, like it or not, long ago or to-day, and as it seems to sportsmen, poets, indoor people, travellers or those with a mind on heaven; prose and poetry are comfortably mingled.

W. C. O., asks for a gift for a clock enthusiast and E. L. S. inquires on behalf of a collector of early American bottles. The best illustrations I have seen in a clock-book—and here pictures are of high importance—are in "Connecticut Clockmakers of the Eighteenth Century," by Penrose R. Hoopes, published by Edwin Valentine Mitchell and Dodd, Mead. They are photographs on so large a scale that the least feature of the dial may be examined, and the text gives biographies of seventy-nine clockmakers, sprinkled with bits of local history. There are several bottle-books, notable "Early American Glass," by Rhea M. Knittle (Century), one of a series of excellent guides whose feature is that they provide historical background as well as data for collectors of Americana. Another fine book with beautiful pictures is "American Glass," by Mary Harrod Northend (Dodd, Mead). A more expensive one with a wider range, is N. Hudson Moore's "Old Glass, European and American" (Stokes); this is the most comprehensive work on the subject in English. In case your clients would be collecting coverlets, the book for her is "Old Patchwork Quilts and the Women who Made Them," by Ruth Findley (Lippincott), with pictures, endless anecdote, and legendry. If you are looking for an unusual book for a book-collector, get "The New English Collectors of Books and Manuscripts (1530-1930)," by Seymour de Ricci (Macmillan), and give him the joy of being in a long line of good company; the book gives marks of ownership and has many illustrations.

E. W., *Long Island*, needed "anything about ships," so of course I told her about "When Ships Were Ships—and Not Tin Pots," by Captain William Barnes (Boni), sixty years a sailor and now at eighty a prince of story-spinners, and about Captain Aylward Dingle's story "Seaworthy" (Houghton Mifflin) about a boy saved by being shanghaied for a four-year trip on a whaler; this is a boys' book that fathers are likely to borrow. I told her also about "The Atlantic," by Stanley Rogers (Crowell) who made its hundred or more illustrative drawings; it is made of history, ship-craft, legend, and romance, no book to read if you could never get away from your desk; it is likely to make you long to sign on as anything from coal-passer to steward-ess.

H. W. T., *Charles City, Iowa*, wanted a book that "handles the French novel in an intelligent way," and I sent him a list of standard works, but since then and in time for Christmas a new number has been added to the One Hour Series (Lippincott), "The French Novel," in which Pierre Mille brings his incisive mind and sparkling manner to bear on a brief, definite, and provocative review of the course of French fiction past and present.

The New Books

Miscellaneous

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architect will find presented within its pages not only the familiar houses of the Maryland shore, but also a very considerable number of houses, as, for example, "Sotterley" and "Havre de Ventures," of whose existence he was only vaguely aware, together with sufficient data as to the date of construction and the principal pieces of architectural design still remaining to enable him to make up his mind whether it is worth while to go and see the house, and in many cases the photographs give him information not previously accessible. On the other hand, with each house there is a brief résumé of the history of the family which built it, always pleasantly told, sometimes with very amusing and slightly satirical comments, so that the book taken as a whole is an admirable document on the life of the wealthier settlers of pre-Revolutionary Maryland.

OUR NEW PROGRESS. By James Bayard Clark. Putnam's. \$2.

GRATITUDE. By Henry Van Dyke. Dutton. \$1.

CHRIST ON CÉSAR. By William Lyon Phelps. Dutton. \$1.

CONVERSATION. By André Maurois. Dutton. \$1.

COLLECTOR'S LUCK IN SPAIN. By Alice Van Lee Carrick. Little, Brown. \$3 net.

AN HOUR OF AVIATION. By Captain Norman Macmillan. Lippincott. \$1.

MILITARY RECORDS OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY IN THE WORLD WAR. Cornell University Press.

EARLY AMERICAN SILVER. By C. Louise Avery. Century. \$4.

WHAT'LL WE DO NEXT? By Edward Longstreth and Leonard J. Holton. Reilly & Lee. \$1.25 net.

YESTERDAY. By Frank Wing. Reilly & Lee. \$1.25 net.

INTERNAL MEDICINE. By Sir Humphrey Rolleston. Hoeber. \$1.50.

WINNING BACKGAMMON. By Grosvenor Nicholas and C. Wheaton Vaughan. Appleton. \$1.50.

SCHERMERHORN'S SPEECHES FOR ALL OCCASIONS. By James Schermerhorn. Sully. \$2 net.

THE ROMANCE OF OLD GLORY. By Ethel Clere Chamberlin. Sully. \$2.50 net.

POPULAR QUESTIONS ANSWERED. By George W. Simpson. Sully. \$2 net.

HOMES OF THE CAVALIERS. By Katherine Scarborough. Macmillan. \$5.

TREATMENT OF EPILEPSY. By Fritz R. Talbot, M.D. Macmillan. \$4.

SOCIAL WORK YEAR BOOK. Edited by Fred S. Hall. Russell Sage Foundation.

AN INTRODUCTORY STUDY OF THE FAMILY. By Edgar Schmiedeler. Century. \$2.50.

KNOWLEDGE, BELIEF, AND OPINION. By John Laird. Century. \$4.

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES. Compiled and published by the American Institute of Accountants. \$3.

THE LONG VIEW. By Mary E. Richmond. Russell Sage Foundation. \$3.

PRONUNCIATION. By Thorleif Larsen and Francis C. Walker. Oxford University Press.

PLAY-MAKING AND PLAYS. By John Merrill and Martha Fleming. Macmillan. \$2.60.

THE LOGIC OF DISCOVERY. By R. D. Carmichael. Open Court. \$2.

FLY FISHING. By Viscount Grey of Fallodon. Dutton. \$3.75.

CONTRACT-BRIDGE OF 1931. By Elizabeth Clark Boyden and Mrs. Prescott Warren. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.

AVIATION ENGINE EXAMINER. By Major Victor W. Page. Hanley. \$3.

YANKEE PAMPHLETS. By Harry Gannes. International Pamphlets. 10 cents.

EXPERIMENTAL CHEMISTRY. By J. Frederick Collins. Appleton. \$2.

Philosophy

FOUNTAIN OF LIFE. By HAVELock ELLIS. Houghton Mifflin. 1930.

It is somewhat trying for any mind, however rich, however contributory in its sustained efforts to the thought of the day, to reduce its *obiter dicta* to the rigid finality of print. The three series of "Impressions and Comments" of Mr. Havelock Ellis, now made available under a revised title, pass the test favorably. It is a book to be taken up and laid down as mood and moment determine.

It would have been pleasant now and then in recent years, in pre-war times and after, to "call up" Mr. Ellis and share his reflections for the day. A diary it is not; for that obligatory form of communion has properly gone out of fashion; it magnifies what only time can reduce to a seemingly focus. Yet approached with no more serious motive than

that of intellectual stimulation, the "Fountain of Life" affords jets and sprays that refresh one's acquaintance with an author who has contributed variously and notably to modern thought. The volume companions "The Dance of Life" but lacks the unity of that theme.

What is peculiarly distinctive of Mr. Ellis is his equal expertness and parallel interest in the contributions of science and the inspirations of literature. We live neither by bread nor by brains alone. Repeatedly Mr. Ellis returns to the theme that the memories of one's years and supports of one's living take the form of a treasury of feelings rather than of a sheaf of opinions. His readers, to whom he has been prophet and interpreter, will find scattered through these random reflections the "expiration" (as opposed to "inspirations") of a penetrating mind.

Printing

TALES FROM CHAUCER, THE CANTERBURY TALES. With twelve plates in color by Russell Flint. London: The Medici Society. 1930.

Necessarily painful to any reader of Chaucer in the original, this expurgated prose version may serve its purpose of introducing the admirable story teller if not the poet to children. It is readable, and the changes made in the interest of decency for lads and lasses are, being a sorry business at best, well enough contrived. Mr. Flint's color illustrations are insipid, rather in Abbey's poorer manner, but they brighten up a text that seems to need it.

THE WANDERER. By Nathaniel A. Benson. Ryerson Poetry Chapbooks.

SILKEN THREADS. By Wilhelmina Stitch. Dutton. \$1.

COLLECTED POEMS. By Stephen Berrien Stanton. Minton, Balch. \$2.

PASS, STRANGER. By Mrs. Peyton Mackeson. Smith.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER. Translated by S. H. Butcher and Andrew Lang. Hale, Cushman & Flint. \$7.50.

War

AS I SAW IT. By ALDEN BROOKS. Knopf. 1930. \$3.50.

An observant American, commissioned a lieutenant in the French heavy artillery, present at every important action on the western front in the Great War's final year, Mr. Brooks saw more than a little. To writing of his reminiscences he brings good staff officer's qualities—first-hand knowledge, wide experience, detachment, and unsparing criticism. If these same characteristics traditionally tend, in battle or on the march, to awake in the simple, slogging infantry either raging resentment or grudging respect, they certainly help to make this book a treasury of frank information as to what transpired in the Allied line and behind it during the closing months of the gigantic struggle, when tempers and endurance were strained to the breaking-point.

His comment is spicy and dispassionate. Though he paints feelingly the indignation and despair of the French, struggling to repair the breach when the British, overconfident or "fed up," melted before the German attacks of March, 1918, he depicts in equally graphic terms the rout of French divisions before the onrushing "Friedenssturm" of two months later. He praises the splendid work of the American 3rd and 42d Divisions on the Marne and in the fighting above Chateau Thierry, only to criticize severely the wasteful expenditure of the 2d Division in dismal Belleau Wood to accomplish, as many military students maintain, no sound military purpose. He scores unmercifully, with strokes as sharp as they are deft, the incompetence and stupidity of certain American generals and staffs, who, now that all is being told, bungled sadly many of the highly touted Meuse-Argonne operations. The book fairly crackles with echoes of the spicy opinions expressed during combat at dozens of French and American headquarters. It tells what battle commanders, the staffs of combat units, and simple soldiers were thinking and saying at times of crisis. By his vivid depiction, furthermore, of the anxieties, desperate worries, and herculean labor of the men responsible for the successful conduct of difficult movements, by his many and striking illustrations of the tasks an operations staff must accomplish in the face of apparently insuperable odds, Mr. Brooks has rendered a genuine service to the memory of a much misunderstood but perfectly invaluable class of officers. He will interest without question all those readers who, after years of hearing the "brass-hats" berated and blamed by all self-appointed champions of troops of the line, incline to give ear, when opportunity offers, to the modest staff officer's side of the story.

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