

## 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 St., Chelsea S.W.3, London, England.

Susan McCormick, U. S. 38, Bronx, says: "I am making an historical study of magazines published in secondary schools. At present, I am searching for any early issues before 1890. After that date for first issues. I shall be grateful for information as to where these magazines are to be found at present. Articles, books, or reports concerning these magazines are of interest to me also."

Readers will save time by writing directly to Miss McCormick.

A LITTLE book has just been added to those needed by a recent inquirer: "Parliamentary Law," by Edith Theall Chafee (Crowell), is of pocket size, and so clear and easy to use that it is really a help to the inexperienced. I wish someone would ask me about cook books, for I have just had two on one day and both noble. "Two-hundred Years of Charleston Cooking," by Blanche Rhett, Lettie Gay, and Helen Woodward (Cape & Smith) is fine: I set about building a sweet potato pie within an hour. "The Cape Cod Cook Book," by Suzanne Cary Gruver (Little, Brown), would make an exiled New Englander weep bitter tears; it has all the old indispensables, of which I especially recommend clam-cakes, these being not so well known as they deserve. The seeker after strange and succulent recipes will find several in—of all places—the novel, "Down in the Valley," by H. W. Freeman (Holt), the recent novel by the author of "Joseph and his Brethren." For instance, there is pudding made of fresh garden marigolds.

Also I could have added to the list of Emily Dickinson recent books "Portrait of the Artist as American," by Matthew Josephson (Harcourt, Brace) in which a section is devoted to her. One is forthcoming, too, from Genevieve Taggard. The Emily Dickinson bibliography published by the Hampshire Bookshop, Northampton, Mass., in an edition of 500 copies, has just reached me: it is an exquisite little work.

CLYDE FURST, of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, sends me "as a small token of appreciation of the Guide," the following pages which had to be taken from his review of the new edition of Trollope, in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, May 3:—

"The revival of interest in Trollope is marked by four biographical and critical volumes. T. H. S. Escott's 'Anthony Trollope, His Public Services, Private Friends, and Literary Originals,' 1913, included personal remembrances of Trollope by intimate friends and younger contemporaries like Mr. Escott himself, numerous additions to the detail of the Autobiography, carefully documented discussions of the most important books, a bibliography of first editions and of articles about Trollope, and, throughout, discriminating criticism, concluding: 'At each successive stage of the novelist's course, Trollope . . . gained in breadth and depth of outlook upon life, in power and certainty of character analysis, as well as in a dramatic perception of the potential tragedies belonging to everyday existence.' Spencer Van Bokkelen Nichols's 'The Significance of Anthony Trollope,' 1925, privately printed but deserving a wider circulation, contains the author's map of Barsestshire produced in color with vignettes by George F. Muendel, a gazetteer of important places described in Trollope's own words, a classification of the novels into ten groups which are now generally accepted, a documented statement of the increased demand for Trollope's work, and a rich appreciation which ventures to conclude 'In literature the two great Victorians were Thackeray and Dickens, but greater than these was Anthony Trollope.' Michael Sadleir's 'Anthony Trollope, a Commentary,' 1927, discusses Trollope as a mid-Victorian in his moral thoughtfulness and high sense of duty, gives eighty pages of information, mostly new, concerning Trollope's mother; adds sundry facts from Trollope's gradually recovered correspondence and from printed reminiscences; prints Trollope's map of Barsestshire, together with those of Father Knox and Mr. Nichols; reviews and quotes other reviews of the books; reminds us that Trollope as an editor discovered Austin Dobson and Olive Schreiner; provides careful calendars of events, bibliographies, and classifications; and, in general, thoroughly reaps and gleans his field. Hugh Walpole's 'Anthony Trollope,' in the English Men of Letters Series, 1928,


depends upon his predecessors for biographical facts, but gives a rapid survey of Trollope's writing from the point of view of a practicing novelist. Mr. Walpole considers Lucy Robarts "the most adorable Cinderella in fiction," Hopkins in the 'Small House at Allington,' 'one of the best gardeners in fiction,' praises 'Ayala's Angel,' 1881, as 'possibly the most unjustly neglected of all the Trollope novels,' adds 'in the Barsestshire series of novels Trollope achieved an especial success allowed to very few novelists in any country at any time—he created a world,' and concludes 'there has never been an English novelist who produced so many novels on an equally fine level as did Trollope.'

Mr. Furst sent it for my files, but I have Trollope enthusiasts in mind who would not wish me to keep it there.

C. M. W., St. Paul, Minn., asks for "a group of books on the history of the religions, something readable and not too difficult to follow."

TO many readers this calls to mind Lewis Browne's "This Believing World" (Macmillan), a rapid sketch of the religious impulse and the shapes it has taken in the course of history, a useful work for one who has thought of religion only in terms of his own faith, if he will bear in mind that the opening part is bound to be largely inference. The author reminds his readers of this, but his style is so convincing they may forget. Somewhere just beyond this book runs the line dividing useful "popular" histories of religion from mere labor-saving devices that have brought "outlines" down to "stories" and "hours" in the interests of predigestion; well over this line is the superficial "Story of Religion" of C. F. Potter (Simon & Schuster). A number of excellent textbooks prepared for theological students are also available for home study or general reading: R. E. Hume's "The World's Living Religions" (Scribner) is one of the smallest of these, packing a great deal of information into easily accessible paragraphs. George A. Barton's "Religions of the World" (University of Chicago Press) is a lucid, concise textbook for college classes in comparative religion, widely used; another is T. H. Robinson's "Outline Introduction to the History of Religions" (Oxford University Press) "Andrew Menzies's 'History of Religions' (Scribner) is a sketch of primitive beliefs and of the great systems. E. W. Hopkins's 'History of Religions' (Macmillan) condenses a vast amount of information into one volume for students. The range of George Foot Moore's "History of Religions" (Scribner, 2 vols) is wider and its treatment scholarly. The student has also C. H. Toy's "Introduction to the History of Religions" (Harvard University Press), E. W. Hopkins's "Origin and Evolution of Religion" (Yale University Press), and Churchward "Origin and Evolution of Religions" (Dutton)—incidentally, these four are more expensive, most of those on the list above costing no more than novels.

It is, however, with the "reading histories" that this inquirer is no doubt more concerned. Of these the most widely known and read is Salomon Reinach's "Orpheus," long out of print and now just brought back by Liveright in a revised and enlarged edition; this is a review by an expert, for the general reader, of religions from early myths to present creeds, with special reference to Judaism and Christianity. For many years James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions" (Houghton Mifflin, 2 vols.) has induced a sweet reasonableness in the attitude of the Christian reader to other historic faiths. Of late years Edward Carpenter's "Pagan and Christian Creeds" (Harcourt, Brace) has been enthusiastically received; it is a study of the evolution of religious rites and ceremonies. I cannot come so near to Frazer's "Golden Bough" without noting the one-volume condensation of this great work (Macmillan), but it is scarcely within the intention of this inquirer. Edmund D. Soper's "Religions of Mankind" (Abingdon) describes them from Egypt to Christianity. "The World's Great Religions and the Religion of the Future," by Alfred W. Martin (Appleton), has been lately much read; Bertram Windle's "Religions Past and Present" (Century) is a popular account of beliefs, superstitions, and racial morals; Father Martindale's "Religions of the World" is one of the volumes of Benn's sixpenny library, which does so well by so large an audience in England and is now reaching us here.



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## The New Books

### Fiction

(Continued from page 1147)

nique, but by comparison with the second it is seen to be little more.

Such an interest in technical problems as Mr. Paul's is a great gift especially when, as with him, it is accompanied by a constantly increasing feeling for character. "Imperturbe" was primarily a book of mood; "Low Run Tide" and "Lava Rock," of character; "The Amazon," of character; and each marks an advance over its predecessor.

### Juvenile

(The Children's Bookshop appears on page 1146)

**PLAYING THE GAME.** Edited by SARAH McLEAN MULLEN and MURIEL SIMPSON LANZ. Century. 1930. \$1.50.

Twenty stories have been selected from *St. Nicholas* by these ladies in the hope of making the sports tale into a Splendid Influence. And no pains, we must say, have been spared. Where the sacrifice hits or the last minute victories fail to "function in character education" obviously enough, questions before and after taking reveal the ideal. These "Reading Comprehension Tests" (which pretty well give the story away before it is read) take one back to Rollo's babyhood. While, after the reading, no straw of moral value is left uncleaned. The stories chosen are naturally of the softer sort, with Joseph B. Ames's "Ramsey from Montana" and Brewer Corcoran's "The Hippo and the Humming-bird" above the average in fibre. We know of no more refined way of sterilizing creative interest than this, and believe that one page of wicked Stalky, unexplained, and even half understood, is worth this entire book.

**GLEAMING RAILS.** By GRAHAM M. DEAN. Appleton. 1930. \$2.

As the blurb says, "Towhead soon proves his ability to handle any situation" which, as soon as found out, deprives the story of much interest or any value. Young Clancy would have been more likable if less competent in his railroading. He crawls across a trestle and saves an express, and it is good work. He prevents a "silk special" from crashing, and you forgive the boy. But when he outwits a bandit, breaks up a strike, and performs other miracles, you throw the book away. For, in spite of the interesting slants on his job, you know he isn't human.

### Philosophy

**PLEASURE AND INSTINCT.** A Study in the Psychology of Human Action. By A. H. BURLTON ALLEN. Harcourt, Brace. 1930.

It's a genial slander, but a libel none the less, that maintains that a psychologist (in older days a philosopher) gives a wise man's answer to questions that only a fool would ask. What is truth? is in all truth a wise man's question; and What is pleasure? equally so, with more prospect of satisfaction in answering it. It is both wisely asked and satisfactorily answered in this well-knit study by Mr. Allen. The intellectual phase of psychology has receded; yet knowledge and the nature of the intellectual life must ever claim close attention. But with the shift of psychology toward behavior and personality, the emotions have come to their own. So we explore with a richer understanding the sources of our psychic pulsation.

Pleasure starts at the organic level of functioning, finds its enrichment in the sensory endowment, which in turn as it moves away from use to luxury, develops the life esthetic. In another evolution the organic expands in the channels of the instincts, again in an ascending hierarchy from the instincts of nutrition, to reproduction, to the impulse to knowledge, to power, to the social and the altruistic field. Urges mature desires, and these, set in a plan, establish a scale of values, paralleling in the capacities for happiness the ranges of personality in the drama of life.

Such is the setting of the pleasure-scale in which we live and move and have our varied being. The psychologist focuses upon the array of data revealed by experiment and self-observation higher-powered lenses than would suit the field-glasses of the dramatic gazer upon the human scene. He finds mystery in the simple, speaks of unpleasure rather than pain, invents theories to bring in one formulation the variety of experiences and their expression, of which the rich facial repertory of man is so eloquent an index.

As civilization matures, we grow in feel-

ing even more significantly than in thinking. The story of man is the record of the shifting and the evolution of his pleasure-fields. We should still be crude savages if we were limited to the primitive varieties of pleasure and unpleasure. Against this background every clarification of the processes of body and mind that supply the endowment for this significant human story, itself becomes significant. The volume of Mr. Allen is a serviceable guide to emotional psychology; it is critical, free from the fallacy of easy solutions, shows appreciation for the problems and their intricate relations.

### Poetry

**THE COLLECTED POEMS OF STEPHEN CRANE.** Knopf. 1930. \$2.50.

It is part of the irony of Stephen Crane's career that he should continue to be known chiefly as the author of "The Red Badge of Courage." His subsequent work was richer in every way: "The Open Boat" and "The Monster" have the power of the *tour de force* Crane wrote at twenty-three, but it is a power disciplined, a force formed.

This form-making impulse—so little appreciated by Crane's contemporary appraisers—is most apparent in the "free verse" to which Crane turned and, in spite of public apathy, returned. "War Is Kind" and "The Black Riders" presented a kind of poetry which must have tasted wryly on the sweets-craving palates of the 'nineties. Here, twenty years before the Imagists persuaded skeptics that a pattern could be achieved through forms less regular than sonnets, Crane put the part of himself he could not trust to prose. Bitter these records are; the key is usually as mordant as:

*In the desert  
I saw a creature, naked, bestial,  
Who, squatting on the ground,  
Held his heart in his hands,  
And ate of it.  
I said, "Is it good, friend?"  
"It is bitter—bitter," he answered.  
"But I like it  
Because it is bitter,  
And because it is my heart."*

Not all of the poems are as clenched as this; some are bright extensions of anger, some are violent frustrations, some mere cries of a contemptuous spirit. But there is nothing contemptible in the least of them. Acidulous and brilliant, unappreciated in his time, these elliptical concisions have not yet received their due from a generation which employs their very technique. It was forty years before Emily Dickinson won her rightful audience and a quarter of a century before a publisher ventured a "Complete Works" of Stephen Crane. It is a cause for gratification that the same publisher has also risked the first complete—and popularly priced—collection of Crane's concisely intimate poetry.

### Travel

**SHAMBHALA.** By NICHOLAS ROERICH. Stokes. 1930. \$2.50.

Mr. Roerich, who may aspire to the title of universal genius (since he does almost everything with distinction), is nevertheless better known as a painter than in any other capacity. His Museum and Art Center in New York has received a good deal of attention and his lectures and writings still more. But it is as the painter of Diaghileff's settings for the "Prince Igor" ballet that most people will remember him. The steppes of Central Asia, which gave him his inspiration then, serve now as the field of his new book, "Shambhala." It is in the main an account of his travels in that region, which were long, arduous, and often far off even the most unbeaten tracks. The account is a very complete expression of the author's unusual personality, in which much experience and knowledge is used to support a vague tendency to philosophize and prophesy after the manner of the founders of all cults, ancient and modern, in order to prove the righteousness of his doctrine. To the numerous disciples who hang on the Master's every word there is no doubt that "Shambhala" will seem an extremely important document, but to most westerners, firmly anchored to the earth, it will all seem as distant as the Himalayas. Mr. Roerich's style is excessively grand at times, and one rather wonders in what language he originally wrote the book; yet at his best, like all prophets, he convinces, in spite of reason. To undergo to the fullest extent a test of his power it is necessary to hear him in person, since his force is naturally somewhat diminished on the printed page.

**IN QUEST OF THE SUN.** By *Alvin Gorbault*. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50 net.

**THE AIR-TOURIST'S GUIDE TO EUROPE.** By *Capt. Norman Macmillan*. Washburn. \$3.

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### A Model Bibliography

**A BALZAC BIBLIOGRAPHY.** By WILLIAM HOBART ROYCE. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1929. \$5.

Reviewed by CHRISTIAN GAUSS

"THE interest of the American university professor in scholarship is professional rather than profound." It was in these terms that a distinguished European recently summed up his criticism of our system of higher education. He was challenged rather fiercely by a group of my colleagues but held his ground and retired with the honors of war. We talk, he said, in the colleges glibly, often fanatically, about research in the humanities but our interest is factitious, a sort of defense reaction, and he offered as proof the fact that we have never created in our country any such body of non-professional scholars as exists in England or France or Germany. The best we could do was to create the book collector. This, he insisted, was only an intermediate step since success in this field depended not so much upon a love or knowledge of books as upon a deft manipulation of that generally accepted measure of American success, the dollar. There may be something to his indictment. For this reason it is a pleasure to salute the appearance of so excellent a work as "A Balzac Bibliography," written by William H. Royce who has never been tarred by the academic stick and who is in the best and highest sense an amateur.

There are, however, other excellent and incontrovertible reasons why every student of French literature should be gratified by the appearance of this volume. In the development of, perhaps in our over-emphasis upon, the historical method of approach to all problems we have created the necessity for what in our professional jargon we call "spade work." In attacking any important problem in literature or history, the modern scholar must draw upon the work of previous students who have provided the tools and prepared the ground. The most valuable of all such tools is, of course, a careful bibliography of his subject. For years students of Balzac have been praying for this. Mr. Royce has answered their prayers.

Mr. Royce is not a university professor. He does not even pretend to be a student of French literature. He is simply and *bonnement*, as the Frenchman would say, a lover of Balzac. This volume, therefore, represents the patient, modest, and devoted labor of thirty years. It is, however, in accuracy, completeness, and arrangement so nearly a model that we who in greater or less degree count ourselves professionals are forced to regard it with humility.

Its importance to all libraries, to all students of Balzac, is such, and its history so unique, that perhaps I may be pardoned a personal confession. When a number of years ago I learned that an amateur bookman in New York was preparing a compendium of all Balzac items, I am afraid I smiled indulgently. The task had appeared so vast that it had discouraged professionals. If there is one nineteenth century literary figure whose influence has permeated Europe it is the author of "The Human Comedy." It is impossible to write the history of the novel in any country without crossing his path and a proper bibliography would therefore necessarily lead to patient, systematic search through not only French but Russian, German, Italian, Spanish, Scandinavian, English, and American and other sources. I had dabbled in only one small corner of Balzac bibliography which had to do with one of the ramifications of his influence in German literature, a field in which Mr. Royce disclaimed any special competence. I felt it would be wise and merciful to discourage him in his Herculean task or at least to convince him that he must restrict his range. I sought out a German compendium which would give particularly all German items on the novelist that had appeared in a given year. It was a fairly long list and though Mr.

Royce had never used that particular short cut to bibliography, to my great astonishment he had not only picked up these items in other sources but in two instances offered corrections upon this standard work. I gave up my attempt to convert this dogged investigator to professional methods and from that time to this have waited hopefully for the appearance of his work.

Mr. Royce graciously acknowledges the assistance he has received from American professors who are authorities in this field, like Walter Scott Hastings of Princeton and particularly E. Preston Dargan of Chicago, and the latter has no doubt given much assistance in sifting and arranging this mountain of material as well as in providing a most interesting introduction. I am, however, violating no confidence when I recall that Professor Dargan also was once hesitant. He was afraid the Swedish items might have been less thoroughly combed and engaged a Swedish student to make a survey. Many long hours of well-directed search disclosed only one item not previously garnered. It is for this reason that this volume which is to be supplemented by a second, contains ten times as much systematized material as any previous bibliographical aid to Balzac study, and for workers in this field may well be rated as indispensable.

### An Indian Captivity

**NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY AND RESTORATION OF MRS. MARY ROWLANDSON.** Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1930. \$1.25.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

"THE Narrative of the Captivity and Restoration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson," republished in reference to the Tercentenary of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, is one of those "authentic and graphic contemporary delineations" which should never be allowed to die out of American literature. Not altogether because it was among the earliest books published in its locality, being first issued in 1682, but because it is less revealing, as the introduction declares, of the "manners and customs of the primitive children of the soil," than it is of the mind and manners of our ancestors who wrested it from them. As the fore-runner of a long line of narratives of Indian captivities among vanished tribes, it disappoints as they all do in the paucity of genuine information on tribal manners and customs, and constitutes itself one long shudder of the mingled terror and contempt in which the Indians were held by the English settlers.

For terror there was excuse enough. The account of the Indian raid with which the narrative opens, is scarcely surpassed in literature for scriptural simplicity and succinctness. "On the tenth of February, 1675, came the Indians in great numbers upon Lancaster. Their first coming was about sun-rising. Hearing the noise of guns, we looked out. . . ." Equally explicit the account of shootings and knockings in the head. Mrs. Rowlandson and the young child she carried were both wounded. For days she had to watch it suffer and die for want of the commonest necessities. Two of her children were carried captive out of her sight, and on the rare occasions when she was able to see and talk with them during the months of captivity she was unable to afford them any alleviation. During that time she suffered the extremes of cold and hunger and rudeness, but no other offense. In these narratives of captivity among American Indians the women were remarkably free from the sort of violence that is immemorably offered to women among Christian tribes at war. Mrs. Rowlandson met and talked with King Philip and was treated courteously by him. She was the recipient, as she frequently records, of kindness, such as food and shelter, from other Indians, when the one she was constrained to regard as her master, neglected her.

One of the tribe presented her with a Bible, which became her chief spiritual support. She met "praying Indians," that