

SOME RECENT FICTION

Jewish Life

THE MOTHER. By SHOLOM ASCH. New York: Horace Liveright. 1930. \$2.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD EHRLICH

THIS translation from the Yiddish introduces to American readers the work of Sholom Asch as novelist. The New York stage some years ago saw his play, "The God of Vengeance"; because it was pitched in a brothel and hence roused the wrath of our moralistic brethren, its sincere and moving qualities were obscured by a murk of sensationalism. Here then is opportunity for a juster evaluation of Asch's work.

"The Mother" comes to us with a prodigious salute from Ludwig Lewisohn: "... (He is) an artist of such creative sweep, power, and grasp as to link his name unquestionably with the most eminent names of our period." More exactly, Mr. Lewisohn does not hesitate to link Asch's name with Knut Hamsun. All of which seems to us quite unfortunate, and much like taking "many chaws at a cherry." Hamsun is among our giants; this work reveals at best—at its frequent low levels it is almost incredibly mawkish and laborious—an honest, vital talent, but decidedly a minor one. It is authentic; those of us who have knowledge of the bitter and strangely beautiful Jewish life of the Old World and American ghetto both, will recognize this. But it is genuineness of narrow limits, its reach is rarely beyond racial idiosyncrasy. Perhaps the projected translation of Asch's trilogy, "St. Petersburg," "Warsaw," and "Moscow," will reveal the universal and permanent attributes of which Lewisohn speaks.

The material here is twice familiar—the transference of Jewish peasants to an alien land, the spiritual readjustments, the heart-break of the deracinated elders, the sweat-shop experience for the young and the inevitable social revolt consequent upon it. It is an epic theme which has been drained of its marrow through constantly recurring occupation with identical elements. Unquestionably it has abiding and inherent significance. The possibilities for its artistic exploitation are infinite. Why then must we have a score of lesser "David Levinsky's"?

There is now a Jewish Book-of-the-Month Club. This is its first selection.

The Byways of Vice

RIDE THE NIGHTMARE. By WARD GREENE. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1930. \$2.

IT is to be feared that this book will be one of those houses of Liberty's friends in which Liberty is wounded. It has the jocose vulgarity, the anarchism expressed by the characters, and the excess of sexual looseness in the incidents, that are frequently praised, in the many recent books in which they occur, as so many blows struck at the forces of repression; but a book like "Ride the Nightmare" could do more to reconcile readers to a censorship than fifty books advocating it. So long as the attack upon certain books can be based only on their possible danger to the possible souls of citizens, the right of the state to interfere is debatable. There is an obvious physical danger, however, from that infectious form of insanity that has been responsible for at least one celebrated murder and for shamefully many lynchings, and in suppressing incitements to it the state is clearly within its rights. Hence sincere libertarians, who wish to keep the powers of the government as closely curtailed as possible, must regret that Mr. Greene has gone so far toward raising this issue.

"Ride the Nightmare" deals with sadism, not in the insinuating, feline manner of Parisian pornography, which is only repellent or ludicrous to the healthy mind, but in a vein of Rabelaisian heartiness. The hero is called by his creator "pantagruelian," and the whole implication of the style seems to be that excesses, whether of the vine or the rod, are equally mere Falstaffian fun. The complete absence of moral judgment is so amazing that it is a positive relief when the hero meets Bellerophon Cawdor, an erudite ogre of the old-fashioned kind, and one finds oneself among the familiar papier-mâché Satanists of the *fin-de-siècle*. Cawdor, with his stores of learning about Limoges china

and Rosicrucianism, and his knives and chains, is only a demon out of the Victorian decadence, quite as old-fashioned and absurd as one out of the Gothic revival; but without him the book might have a dangerous force.

This is, of course, not to say that man may not look at anything God has made. The world needs understanding of every type of mind, and the intuition of the artist is often of the greatest value in explaining the unknown types. But one does not feel that Mr. Greene has himself understood his hero. The explanation he offers of Jake's aberrancies is that he was tormented by the desire to be different from his fellowmen at all costs. Undoubtedly, when the example is at hand, vanity has led some experimenters to take their first steps in the byways of vice; but vanity would hardly suggest the idea with no help from either instinct or reading. Yet in the opening episode Jake, a raw country boy, has already started on his peculiar choice of gratification. On the other hand, the book will not serve as a study of the truly deformed mind; Jake has not one of the struggles which one would expect, and which one finds, for example, in "The Well of Loneliness." One of his friends says of him, "It's my private opinion he doesn't enjoy his little charades with rods and chains and crucifixes and so forth as much as he pretends to. But these tales get about, you see, distinguishing one from one's fellow." Which brings us to the other unacceptable explanation again. No matter how one regards him, Jake remains uncomprehended, and the author's reason for writing about him correspondingly obscure.

Lincoln's Last Months

THE LAST FULL MEASURE. By HONORÉ W. MORROW. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1930. \$2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IN this story of Lincoln's last six months in the White House, Mrs. Morrow achieves something more than a successful piece of fiction and an effective conclusion to her well-planned trilogy of the Civil War. Though by strict definition it must be called fiction, for it is full of inverted dialogue and incident, it comes very close to the line of history. Nowhere else will the reader find so full and authentic a story of the plot of John Wilkes Booth against Lincoln's life, and of the part played in it by George Atzerodt, David Herold, Mrs. Suratt, and Lewis Payne. Mrs. Morrow, as in her two previous volumes, has saturated herself in the printed materials bearing upon Lincoln's last days and the machinations of the conspirators leading up to the assassination in Ford's Theatre. Much more than in her two previous volumes, she has clung closely to the actual facts, using no fictitious characters and supplying very few fictitious situations. The result is a fine, sweeping account of Lincoln's last days, of the peril that in the background is steadily drawing nearer to him, and of the final catastrophe.

Yet the best feature of the book—the best feature of the whole trilogy—is simply the portrait of Lincoln. Its very simplicity helps to give it reality. In this volume the kindly, shrewd, humorous, harassed statesman is shown as history fairly agrees he actually was in the last months of the war—far more sure of himself than at the beginning, far more serene as to the future of the nation, very tired and troubled, and more philosophical in spirit. If now and then Mrs. Morrow puts a touch of sentimentalism into the picture, it is only what the popular legend of Lincoln requires. His inward ruminations, his household life, and his relations with his public associates, are all carefully and ably done. Writing fiction instead of history, Mrs. Morrow is in a position to include many homely incidents, to show Lincoln in his relaxed moods, and to present him with those friends whom he most liked. Among these friends are Hill Lamon, Senator Harlan of Iowa, and Sumner; and a little love affair between Mary Harlan and Robert Lincoln runs through the book. The sketch of Stanton is adroitly executed, and furnishes an opportunity to show Lincoln's loyalty, his magnanimity, and his lack of petty vanity. The mercurial

Secretary of War had his insolent and arrogant moments, but Lincoln knew how to manage him.

The novel suffers, as a novel, from the constant mechanical switching of the scene from Lincoln's circle to John Wilkes Booth's and back again; it may suffer also, according to some tastes, from the fact that it is nine tenths history and only one tenth fiction. To other tastes it will be all the better for this proportioning of the ingredients. Most historical novels furnish their factual information in slender amounts and in dubious quality; but readers of "The Last Full Measure" may feel assured that they are reading an authentic and generously detailed record of actual men and actual events.

The Slums of Berlin

A ROOM IN BERLIN. By GÜNTHER BIRKENFELD. Liveright. 1930. \$2.

THIS story of a post-war, proletarian family in the slums of Berlin is dreadful enough, but its tragedy would be deeper did there not hang about it the notion that the author is inclined to weep into his beer.

Here you have the *milieu* which the inimitable Zille puts into his cartoons, but instead of the broad and beery humor of that historian of the Berlin proletariat, you have something close to that nightmare point of view which the cartoonists of *Simplicissimus* were accustomed to put into their hideously self-pitying sketches during the worst of the years immediately after the war.

Things like this may well have happened. Brothers and sisters, herded day and night in the same room; out of work, half starved, cut off from all the normal pleasures and excitements of youth, immersed in that common hopelessness which hung like a black fog over more than one European capital after the war, may have been driven to prostitution, incest, suicide, to any or all of the lengths pictured in this story.

These things could happen, and Herr Birkenfeld is artist enough to make them happen quietly, without any shrieking, with a very real feeling for atmosphere and character, and to immerse them in a certain beauty. His is deft and to a certain extent persuasive work. It fails of full persuasion, it seems to us, in that one can't escape the notion that the author is a little too intrigued with his idea of the hideousness that might be compressed in, and partly produced by, his one tenement-house room; that it is with the room, perhaps, rather than with life that he started, and that given that plan and initial direction, its wretched occupants had to be carried to the direst extremities, whether or no.

It isn't fair, of course, to measure a novelist's truth by the truth of everyday, objective life. An artist makes his own truth, or is free to do so. One questions, nevertheless, whether a young man as quick-witted as Paul, in the story, and strong and active enough to make a fair success as a lightweight prize-fighter, would, without drink or dope, have sunk to such abject, helpless, and hopeless lengths as young Schwarzer did. Wouldn't he have kept his head above water, somehow or other, even in the bog of post-war Berlin? It seems to put a bit too great a strain on the sinister influences of that tenement room. In short, one has the notion that Birkenfeld's novel isn't so much life as the proletariat lives and sees it, as it is the proletariat as seen through the slightly sickly imagination of a writing person determined to make his readers shiver, and, if possible, weep.

Russia of the Past

THE FLAMES OF MOSCOW. By IVAN LUKASH. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. \$2.50.

LUKASH'S novel takes the reader back to the Russia of the beginning of the nineteenth century—to the assassination of Emperor Paul I, the reign of Alexander I, Napoleon's invasion, the "Scythian campaign"—i.e. retreat into the depths of their vast country—of the Russian army, and the burning of Moscow. Alexander's initial

plans of social reform, the revolutionary notions which many of the younger officers brought back to the East after their campaigns in the West, the reactionary measures which followed from the throne, are all part of a period with which most American readers are little acquainted, and in so far as the novel brings those first two decades of the last century to life, it has interest. As fiction, however, it is somewhat lacking in those mordant qualities which cause so many Russian stories to hold their readers, whether the latter are familiar with the stuff of the story or not.

The Story of Edith

RINGS ON HER FINGERS. By RHYS DAVIES. New York: Harcourt, Brace. 1930. \$2.

THIS book has much in common with the school of super-naturalistic novels that appeared in this country nine or ten years ago. They were marked by the choice of an ugly and cruel setting, which was presented with a careful and detailed vividness, and by a strong interest in the physical manifestation of sex. Similarly "Rings on Her Fingers" is laid in South Wales, a region where (according to Mr. Davies) the countryside is made up of slate and slag from the mines, and the towns are ridden by a dingy genteelness and a drab Puritanism. In this sterile desolation, the thoughts of Mr. Davies's characters are as much concerned with generation as those of some of our portrayals of small towns; for example, take the heroine's reflections about her husband:

She felt he was one of those men who seem never to free themselves of the umbilical cord, who feel themselves shadows when they are not attached in a kind of spiritual blood-flow with a woman. Perhaps she was wrong, perhaps in that prim and trim small body of hers there was waiting for her, like a sheathed sword, a devastating maleness.

If there is, he has never showed any sign of it, and he never does do so; he is always designedly weak-kneed, the very last person to suggest a devastating maleness; but to Edith, as to every one else in the book, sexual passion is apparently so great an abomination that she must speculate on it in the most unlikely places.

Edith is the chief character. She is the eldest of the children of an ineffective schoolmaster and his shrewish wife, and her childhood is passed in the quarrelsome squalor of the worst sort of shabby-genteel household. When she is wooed by a young linen-draper, rich as her mining valley conceives riches, and by a socialistic collier, her long acquaintance with poverty makes her refuse the collier, whom she desires, and take the other. The book is the story of her marriage. The story is unsatisfactory, because the woman, on whom everything depends, is not large enough by nature to support the length of a book. Her life has nothing in it but a futile attempt to eat her cake and have it; and she has none of the cleverness and determination that might make this interesting, nothing but the desire for pleasure, chiefly physical. At the end of the book, indeed, she does voice a certain philosophy, arising perhaps from her wish that the miner had carried her off: she asserts that what women most desire is to be mastered, and that there is at present a hostility between the sexes because men have given women too much freedom. But it is impossible to determine whether this is Mr. Davies's own view, which the book was written to illustrate, or is meant to be taken only as Edith's view, like her designedly silly ideas about socialism.

The reader can fairly ask for more than he has been given in the story of three incomplete amorists of which the end concludes nothing; yet in the setting and style he has been given a great deal. The narrow Welsh valley is drawn with a pitiless and compelling force. And the writing has an unusual quality. Although the attempt to escape the ordinary is perhaps too evident, it has an obvious visual clarity and a vigor that are worthy of more important types than Mr. Davies has drawn.

The Lookout

FIVE words that hushed a theater—and traveled from coast to coast:

Perhaps you heard them spoken, over two decades ago, these words that gave the title to a play everybody discussed:

MARY: What are you?

MANSON: I am . . . (the great bell tolls the Sanctus) . . . I am the servant in this house. I have my work to do. Would you like to help me? And "The Servant in the House," with its ancient message of the healing power of love, turned the thoughts of everyone to the Golden Rule, and brought fame to its author, Charles Rann Kennedy. You may read it anew in the collected edition of his works, "Plays for Seven Players," presented in attractive typography by the University of Chicago Press, at \$5. Always a conservative, Mr. Kennedy remarks, with apparent satisfaction, that some of the issues raised in these plays are more acceptable now than when they were written, between 1906 and 1919. "The Winterfeast," "The Idol-Breaker," "The Rib of the Man," "The Army with Banners," "The Fool from the Hills," "The Terrible Meek" and "The Necessary Evil" are the plays in which Mr. Kennedy helped build the American theater of ideas.

"Morally careless rather than deliberately criminal," this is the verdict of the newest research on Gen. John C. Fremont, whose career belongs to the mysteries of human conduct. Cardinal Goodwin, professor of American history at Mills College, reaches this conclusion in a new study of documents and writings called "John Charles Fremont: an Explanation of his Career." His book is the analysis of a drifter—a man who loved to wander over vast, unexplored areas with congenial companions, rather than one who was a forceful, energetic, powerful leader. No man is wholly emancipated from his times; Fremont was, in the opinion of this writer, the victim of his age. To prove this theory Prof. Goodwin has avoided partisanship and drawn on much new material. (Stanford University Press, \$4.)

Once historians, like Fourth of July orators, made the eagle scream. Today historians make no compromise with the emotions—they tell what the record reveals.

THAT is why "The Growth of the American Republic," which Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager have just completed, is a book for the true patriot, who foregoes the cheering in order to get an accurate understanding of his nation's affairs. The United States cannot be considered in isolation, as the center of the universe. Throughout its history it has been influenced by the movements of peoples in other lands, and often its own policies have influenced nations far overseas. Yet Prof. Morison is able to call its growth "the most amazing drama in modern history." "The Growth of the American Republic" is a running account of our history, with terse estimates of its great leaders from Washington to Woodrow Wilson, taking into account internal and external policies, the influence of economic conditions on its expansion and the importance of social and racial forces in its development. The iconoclastic historian, who pulled down popular idols, passes; he is succeeded by the historian who weighs men and events without bias. This book of nearly 1,000 pages contains a detailed reading guide on every phase of American life. The Oxford University Press is publishing this book at \$6.

EVEN Italy, the land with "a burning desire of life," swings toward classical models in its newer literature. In America humanism; in Italy classicism point the way. There futurism ran its course before the war; materialism and disillusion followed; today comes a wish for order and harmony, and action. Dr. Domenico Vittorini, professor of Italian at the University of Pennsylvania, has described this cycle for the American reader in his new book, "The Modern Italian Novel." (University of Pennsylvania Press, \$3.) He traces the growth of the novel from the days of Manzoni and Giovanni Verga through to D'Annunzio, Pirandello, Croce, Papini, Borgese and Italo Svevo, and the younger intellectuals. This book is for the general reader who seeks wider literary horizons.

DOES smoking help or hinder your activities? Does it reduce your waist-line, or enlarge it? Does it make you a hail-fellow-well-met in your club, or a nuisance around the house? Perhaps these and similar questions have perplexed you as they did the students of Harvard University when Dr. Walter L. Mendenhall, professor of pharmacology in Boston University, first broached the subject. Dr. Mendenhall has literally packed a score of useful and sane observations on smoking into the little book he calls "Tobacco," discussing whether expectant mothers should smoke, whether tobacco stimulates or retards, and to what we really owe the evils and the enjoyment of the weed that has cast its spell over men from Sir Walter Raleigh to Sir James M. Barrie. This is one of the Harvard Health Talks, put into a booklet by the Harvard University Press at \$1.

As for the poets of yesterday—where are they, and why do they fade? There was Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, so popular ninety years ago that not to know her was to be ignorant of literature. True, Edgar A. Poe once damned her as "the American Hemans," but later sought her poetry for Graham's Magazine. Gordon S. Haight, who has found the key to the mystery of her extraordinary reputation, describes her as a singer of graveyard verse, dwelling on death and piety and the sublime when she was not describing the Deluge in these terms:

And slowly as its axle turn'd
The wat'ry planet moved and mourn'd.

Mr. Haight has revealed her story in "Mrs. Sigourney: the Sweet Singer of Hartford" (Yale University Press, \$3), and thus introduced us anew to a period in which Poe, Rufus Griswold, Horace Greeley, N. P. Willis, Longfellow were familiar on the American Parnassus. A letter from Poe, reproduced in facsimile, throws light on his editorial days.

L. O.

Books of Special Interest

A Study of Italian Art
SIENESE PAINTING OF THE TRE-
CENTO. By CURT H. WEIGELT. New
York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. (Paris: Pe-
gusus Press.) 1930. \$42.

Reviewed by G. H. EDGELL
Harvard University

THE task of a reviewer is not always a grateful one. He is expected to criticize, and his criticism is too apt to be opprobrious. Indeed, he often picks up a book and runs through it with the chief idea of finding misstatements, or at least statements which he can dispute. In so doing he loses sight of his more important duty: that of stating the general character of his subject, with some estimate of its completeness, readability, and authority. Let us say at the outset, therefore, that Doctor Weigelt's book is an unusually satisfactory piece of work. It is well written and to the point. Useless descriptions of subjects, wordiness, "padding" of all sorts have been eliminated. Controversial points are discussed incisively and the material reduced by copious notes with specific references to articles. Above all, the author shows himself up to date in the literature of his subject. Whether or not the reader agrees with his conclusions on individual points, the author constantly proves that he is familiar with the opinions and arguments of other scholars, ancient or published within the year, and regardless of the language or type of publication in which they appeared. The book is a serious, readable synthesis by one of the very few great experts on the subject.

As one might expect in a book on the trecento, the lion's share of both text and illustrations go to an analysis of the styles of Duccio, Simone Martini, and the brothers Lorenzetti. It is fair to question, however, the size of this proportion. If we except Barna, whom the author tends to date unusually early, only two of the fifty pages of text are devoted to painters who worked subsequent to 1348. The same general proportion holds for the allotment of plates. Such an attitude can be defended. The greater Sieneese were much more important than the lesser, but there is a danger in overemphasizing them. Too long the general public has had the idea that there was no Sieneese painting after the Lorenzetti. Modern scholarship has busied itself with the resuscitation of forgotten minor artists and the disentanglement of minor personalities. It is a pity, therefore, in the most up-to-date book, to curtail so radically the discussion of them. Some that are beginning to be fairly well known and represented not only in public galleries but in private collections, are missing entirely. There is no mention, for example, of Ceccarelli, of Giacomo di Mino, of Gregorio di Cecco, of Niccolò di Segna, of Francesco di Vannuccio. The minor artists that are most emphasized are the Ducciesques. One resents a little the space devoted to the Master of the Città di Castello Madonna or him of the panel at Badia a Isola, when so imaginative an artist as Barna is given a cavalier treatment and none of his works outside the Collegiata at San Gimignano is reproduced.

It is fair, therefore, to say that the author stresses the early school. This is natural in view of the importance and the highly controversial character of the problems of Guido da Siena and of the Madonna Rucellai. Perhaps the most intriguing point to the expert is the author's alignment in the first of these problems. Since his book on Duccio, he has always been regarded as one of the staunchest and most scholarly adherents of the belief that Guido's famous Madonna in the Palazzo Pubblico was painted in 1221. The author now abandons this belief and dates the painting from the middle of the dugento. This was foreshadowed in an article in *Art Studies* in 1928. The later arguments, however, hardly seem as convincing as the earlier. The whole problem of the Sieneese dugento is shadowy and difficult. Many believe that a Sieneese school, in the sense of a school with Sieneese characteristics, did not exist before Duccio. The author's statement that already in the thirteenth century we can clearly recognize the characteristics which we call Sieneese, is certainly open to challenge.

It is interesting to note how the author stands in some of the most mooted questions with regard to Sieneese painting. The much discussed Madonna Rucellai he gives to Duccio, thereby reiterating his oft promulgated opinion. The weight of present authority is probably slightly against this attribution, but the reviewer confesses his agreement. It is not so easy to accept as by Duccio the fine Madonna from Santa

Cecilia in Crevole, now in the Opera del Duomo at Siena. Doctor Weigelt's list of Duccio is generous, and this is gratifying, as no other scholar has ever made so intensive a study of the subject. Some lists are obviously too restricted. The late Dr. de Nicola would have had us accept as authentic only three Madonnas in addition to the Majestas: the small Madonna of the Franciscans in the Siena Gallery, the large ruined polyptych in the same gallery, and the exquisite Madonna from Santa Maria dei Servi at Montepulciano, now in the Uffizi Gallery. Doctor Weigelt's list includes these and a judicious selection of others that most critics will accept.

The much discussed Madonna of the Gualino Collection at Turin he calls Florentine. This seems most probable. He makes a plausible group of paintings by the Master of the Madonna at Badia a Isola, and another and larger one of the works of the Master of the Madonna of Città di Castello. This helps to bring order out of chaos, though other critics will dispute in detail.

In some other questions the author has shown a more easy-going acceptance of previous opinion. For example, he attributes to Lippo Memmi the lateral wings of the Sant'Ansano Annunciation in the Uffizi, giving Simone the central panel. This is obvious, but is it not too obvious? It is extremely doubtful if a careful scrutiny of color, craftsmanship, and morphological detail would justify such a distinction. A docta ignorantia is ignominious but safer in this case. Another ancient attribution, oft challenged in modern times, is that of the Triptych in the left transept of the lower church of San Francesco at Assisi. For years this has been conventionally given to Pietro Lorenzetti, and many able critics still hold this opinion. Nevertheless, it has often been attacked, and it is at least noticeable that the author accepts it without question. Similarly, he accepts as by Pietro the Polyptych of the Beata Umiltà in the Uffizi. He is probably right, but it is strange that an author so familiar with the most up-to-date opinion did not at least mention Dewald's attack upon the attribution.

Doctor Weigelt devotes some time to a discussion of Berenson's restored personality, "Ugolino Lorenzetti." He also outlines Dewald's arguments in favor of the "Ovile Master." One could wish that he had come out squarely with an opinion as to whether the two were one and the same. It is an extremely difficult and highly controversial point. Perhaps the compiler of a synthesis is justified in dodging it. On the other hand, granted the restraint, it is not so easy to understand the author's acceptance of Rowley's revolutionary theories about Ambrogio Lorenzetti. It is quite possible that Doctor Weigelt came to these conclusions independently and before reading Rowley's article. More than that, it is quite possible that he and Rowley are correct, and that a follower and not Ambrogio did the frescoes of the Chapel of San Galgano at Monte Siepi, the exquisite Santa Petronilla altarpiece of Siena Gallery, and the Madonna of the Platt Collection at Englewood, New Jersey. If so, however, we should like to have a more careful analysis. At least the author might have pointed out the importance of the distinction. The public will be left with the impression that these important paintings are removed from Ambrogio's list because they are unworthy of the master. They may be removed because they are different, but it should be pointed out that such a modification of Ambrogio's list is somewhat like eliminating from Shakespeare's works "Hamlet," "Othello," and the "Merchant of Venice." Their segregation postulates an unknown artistic personality practically as important as Ambrogio's.

We seem to have abandoned ourselves to the reviewer's favorite sport of criticizing detail. However we may disagree in detail, we should not lose sight of the value of the book as a whole. It is a pleasure to read a work which is so convincing in authority, so free from the superfluous, so honest in attacking controversial points, and so well-bred in the avoidance of polemic.

The law library of Columbia University has acquired 4,250 volumes, comprising the collection of Karl Otto Johannes Theresius von Richthofen, a teacher of law in the University of Berlin, who died in 1888. Approximately 1,200 volumes in this collection are legal, and the rest are historical source material. They include rare works in old Frisian law and in early Dutch and German legal history, in which Von Richthofen was an authority.

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