

Indian Books for Children

By F. W. HODGE

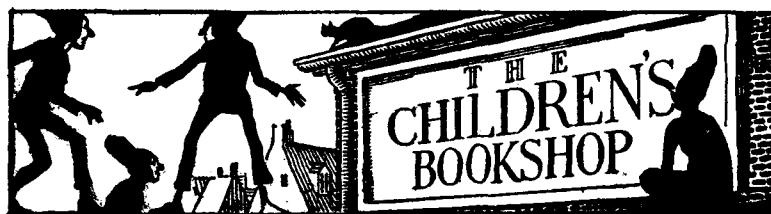
Museum of the American Indian

WITH such a surge of books for juveniles one is almost led to wonder whether there are enough English-reading children in the world to digest all of them! Even aside from those that can hardly be recommended for perusal by our youngsters, there never was a time when such a range of topics was available to suit the taste of every child, and the end is not yet. Nor has there ever been a time since the days of Cooper or of Samuel Griswold Goodrich (whom our great-grandfathers remember as Peter Parley) that such interest in our Indians has been manifested by old and young alike, as witness the splendid books on these First Americans issued within the last few years. With all the authoritative material readily at hand, there is little excuse nowadays for children's books, however fictional they may be, to have any but a background based on historical and ethnological verity. To have an Indian tribe which followed the life of buffalo hunters take on any part of the culture of a sedentary agricultural people is worse than nonsense, for it instills in the young mind nought but confusion as to what the Indians really were and are.

What may be said in criticism of so many present-day books for children does not apply to those of James Willard Schultz, whose latest, "The White Beaver" (Houghton Mifflin: \$1.75), is obviously a chapter of his own boyhood life among the Pikúni or Piegan division of the Blackfoot Confederacy, which he knows so intimately. It is the author's thirty-first volume on the Indians, all entertaining and most of them very instructive. In "The White Beaver," the white boy of the story, Richard Ellis seventeen years of age, went in 1862 from St. Louis with his father, a trader, and two French trappers to Fort Benton, Montana, a post of the American Fur Company in the midst of a camp of 6000 Blackfoot Indians. The lad is welcomed by the Indians, who name him Generous Raven, and becomes the bosom companion and friend of No Runner, a boy of his own age. Intimate friendships of the Damon-and-Pythias or David-and-Jonathan kind were not uncommon among the Plains tribes, and when such a companionship was formed it was at least as close as that which subsisted between blood-brothers. No Runner's sister, Star Woman, who is an "almost sister" of Generous Raven, is encouraged to dedicate herself to the Sun as a virgin warrior. To put herself to the test she accompanies her brother and Generous Raven on a hunting trip, during which many of the hardships of the hunters' life are experienced, not excepting a narrow escape from enemy warriors at night. The story of the hunt is replete with thrilling episodes and incidentally relates much of Blackfoot custom and belief while on the trail and in camp. It is an excellent book.

We wish we could say as much of "White Heron Feather," by Gertrude Robinson (Harpers: \$2), a story of the Indians of Maine in the seventeenth century. It is the tale of Elizabeth Converse, known as Nausaka, whose mother, Nusingee, had been captured by raiding Indians a month before her birth and exchanged to the "Kennibis," of whom Awashonks, a squaw sachem, treated them royally because of the desire of her son, Tispaquin, to marry the white girl some day. Nausaka is sixteen when the story opens, and the hateful marriage seems imminent. The book is the chronicle of her adventures in the effort to escape it and of the consequences that flow from her endeavors.

If the youthful reader is looking for excitement he will be sure to find it in Miss Robinson's book, and he will get also a glimpse of many things the Maine Indians never thought of doing. The author knows no distinction between a wigwam and a tipi, although before writing an Indian book it would have been well had she learned that skin tipis were used only by the hunting tribes of the great plains. She also imagines a tipi hung with "gorgeous blankets of woven wool of many colors," while "hanging in a silken noose" from the wall was a "tomahawk, slim and supple as a damascus blade." She makes her "Kinibis" Indians use a "shimmering stone mirror" and cook in stone pots on the fire; the squaw sachem is made to speak a "peculiar lingo" composed of four Abnaki dialects, if one can imagine such a thing, while the wooing Indian swain conducted courtship with "wailing stringed instruments," which were unknown even to the Aztecs, Mayas, or Peruvians. From all this one may well wonder what impressions the young reader will gain of the "Kennibis" or any other Indians in the seventeenth century. Worse



Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

and more of it Nusingee was called on to make the designs for every "robe of state" or head-dress or "quiver-carrier" for young men about to be admitted to the circle of their elders. Fancy a white woman captive engaged in making the paraphernalia of a native warrior! Altogether the book is filled with so much nonsense and so many impossibilities that it will be well for youth to ignore it.

Hildegard Hawthorne's "Mystery of Navajo Cañon" (Century: \$2) is a story of two high-school boys, Dick and Jerry, from the East, who join Jerry's father, an archaeologist engaged in excavating ancient Indian remains in the Navajo country of Arizona. Having befriended a Navajo chief during their journey by motor through New Mexico the boys strike up a close friendship with him on arriving at Jerry's father's camp. Through knowledge gained from this Indian the boys succeed in finding a hidden treasure with the skeleton of a Spaniard in armor—the mysterious "Iron Man" of the Navajo who had been abandoned by his companions and died in a cliff-dwelling four centuries ago. The boys had much trouble with two desperate white renegades who tried to find the treasure before them, but the rascals were defeated in their quest, the sheriff appearing on the scene in time to circumvent their threats and to settle old scores. The book is commendable; it is entertainingly written; it contains none of the incongruities which so often characterize story books about Indians, and one gains a very good picture of the country in which the adventure is staged because the author is familiar with the Navajo and with cliff-dwellings, and she has sniffed the scent of sagebrush.

"The Indian Twins," by Lucy Fitch Perkins (Houghton Mifflin: \$1.75), is the twentieth of the author's series of "Twin" books of various lands and peoples. The twins in this case, Beaver Boy and Pigeon, eight years of age, belong supposedly to the Wahpeton Sioux—at least there is internal evidence of it—although the tribe is more or less nondescript. At any rate the twins' people lived in tipis in a land of pines in the far Northwest; they hunted buffalo, fished, gathered wild rice, made maple-sugar, used canoes and the travois, cultivated corn and potatoes, sang Navajo songs, and were enemies of the Ojibwa. The reader is left to guess who they were. At any rate, the story is delightfully told and will charm young children interested in the daily life of Indian youngsters of the long ago. The book is printed in large type and is prettily illustrated by the author, who, however, like so many others, insists on decorating the children's hair with warfeathers. But then we cannot expect all writers of Indian books to be James Willard Schultzes.

THE UNKNOWN INDIAN. By GERTRUDE BELL BROWNE. Chicago: Albert Whitman & Co. 1930.

Reviewed by ERIC P. KELLY

IF, going back to "Orlando" (Mrs. Woolf, not Shakespeare), one can present in a single character the culture-substance of a whole race, Mrs. Browne has achieved such a result in the Indian character Occum in this excellent, unsentimental, and not too realistic book. It isn't a tale, nor a series of sketches, but is somehow a presentation, with story interest, illuminating the true lives of America's most colorful Indians, the Mohegans. Sixteen hundred and forty-two was the year, the background Connecticut with white folk at Harte-ford the settlement. The unknown Indian is the race symbol: he is exemplified in the list of succeeding chapters in much the manner that Charles B. Loomis once described the Indians of the Southwest.

The faults of Indian books are usually misinterpretations; the too keenly sympathetic, or the offhand, impersonal picture of "Redskins." This book has neither fault. It flows evenly with here and there a burst of poetry. The Indian is not the type we usually assume; he is emotional, though contained; not stoical, though not over-demonstrative. And while there are pictures that approach the idyllic, nature pictures, hunting, life in the woods, religion, there are other pictures in which no attempt is made to disguise the truth of warfare. Mrs. Browne in this her second In-

dian book has achieved a great evenness in a much disputed ground; it is a splendid book for older school children and indeed much of it makes excellent reading for younger children in the grades. Those parents who like to tell their children the truth, and teachers as well, will find this as good a book on the American Indian as it is possible to find.

THE EAGLES' NEST. By ISIS HARRINGTON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930.

Reviewed by ALTA B. APPLIGATE

MISS HARRINGTON'S book tells of the adventures of two Navajo boys while driving their fathers' flock of sheep and goats through the desert to the high pastures on the slopes of Mt. Taylor in New Mexico and what befell them after arriving there. The boys accompanied by a dog and a burro have exciting encounters with bobcats, wolves, wild burros, a bear, and predatory eagles, and discover Indian treasure in ancient cliff dwellers' ruins. No human enemies are met with by these two young Navajos, so that there are only animal villains to be circumvented: thus the blood and thunder element incident to many Indian stories is absent. The text, being simple and direct, can be followed easily by children from eight to ten years of age and even boys of fifteen will not find the story too juvenile to enjoy. However, since fictional books of this character are usually intended to be educational as well as entertaining, the author could have been a little more careful to authenticate her environmental material, and especially so, since she lives in the Southwest, and could have done so easily. Of course such details, though incorrect, do not detract from the interest of the story, but neither would they if correct.

For instance: It would be difficult to convince a Southwesterner that sheep or the hardy Navajo goats will eat the tough, fibrous spines of the small New Mexico yucca, or bayonet plant, or that even the most ingenious Navajo can build a good fire of it. Students of Indian customs know that owl feathers are used only by the most evil Indians in harmful or black witchcraft and that such Indians have been known to have been killed for even being suspected of having used them in this manner. Also that Navajos are notoriously superstitious concerning burial places and will go out of their way to avoid them. The cliff-dwellers were not the ancestors of the Navajos as the text implies. The latter are comparatively late-comers to the Southwest and their culture is quite different from that of the cliff dwelling precursors of the Pueblo Indians.

Two Poems

By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

SHORE SONG

THE sea-gull curses his wings,
The sea-gull turns his eyes.
Get down into the water, fish!
(If you are wise.)

The sea-gull slants his wings,
The sea-gull turns his head.
Get down into the water, fish!
(Or you'll be dead.)

GARDEN RHYME

VIOLETS, daffodils,
Roses and thorn,
Were all in the garden
Before you were born.

Daffodils, violets,
And thorn and roses,
Your children's grandchildren
Will hold to their noses.

Reviews

PLAY THE GAME. By MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY. New York: Viking Press. 1931. \$3.50.

IN the foreword to Mr. Charnley's book Fielding H. Yost, one of the best recognized authorities in the country on college athletics, has written: "Never since the days of the Greeks and the Romans has a nation been so interested in sports as are the American boys and young men today."

The truth of this prefatory remark emphasizes a factor that should lend popularity

to a carefully abridged encyclopædia on sports. With sports in general numbering legions of actual participants and the major national phases grossing millions of dollars annually, it is hardly illogical to take it for granted that the average American makes a hobby of at least one branch of sport and is probably interested in two or three others. Further support for the supposition is seen in the fact that newspapers that fifteen years ago carried only a few columns relative to sports, today devote as many as six or eight pages to news of athletic activities, both local and foreign.

Such being the national popularity of sports, "Play the Game," roughly three hundred and fifty pages on sports, should appeal not only to boys, but also to readers long advanced beyond their teens. Studies on the attainment of par performances are discussed at varying lengths by outstanding authorities and stars. Baseball, football, basketball, track, and tennis are treated as the more important topics, with the minor sports given a proportionate amount of discussion. All together, sixteen sports are considered. In the cases of those of most importance to boys, different writers have contributed opinions from different angles. The result, though, does not give the effect of a coaching staff delivering blackboard talks to a team. Anecdotes concerning actual occurrences are freely interspersed throughout the book to illustrate some particular point. Moreover, in some instances, as in the case of a discussion on the use of football plays in which rival quarterbacks talk over a Yale-Princeton game, instructions are subtly imparted by unfolding the playing of contests. The partial use of the narrative form in "Play the Game" has removed the cut and dried text-book method of approach without destroying the informative value to be found in the usual athletic guide. Consequently, each topic discussed, instead of holding interest merely for the golfer, or skater, or basketball player, is, rather, of universal interest. This is a well-edited book.

MURDER AT BELLY BUTTE. By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH and HENRY VERNON. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co. 1931. \$3.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

THE jacket and the cover title of this book promise a Western mystery story in the fiction line, until one opens to the title page, which adds: "and other mysteries from the records of the Mounted Police." The book therefore deals with facts, but it is no less interesting, for all that. The chapters involve the danger-trail, the long pursuit, and patient detective work of the highest order. And while the book may be listed among books for boys, to whose zest for adventure it will appeal, it is wholly adapted to their elders with the taste for a theme built around performances signaling the triumph of close deduction, persistence, and nerve.

The fourteen chapters (one of which supplies the title) narrate thirteen criminal cases and cover practically all the territory, including the Yukon gold fields, served by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The scope of operations extends also into the States, for much of the work was done out of uniform. The criminals apprehended by dint of attention to the smallest of clues number not only murderers, but counterfeiters, narcotic peddlers, and other offenders against the laws of the Dominion; and they are Whites, Indians, Eskimos, and Orientals.

To single out any case as typical of the methods and achievements obtaining throughout the book is difficult. While the pursuit of the evil-doer might result in that man-hunt, in the wild open, which has formed the basis of so many stories of the Force, it also often demands keen analytical qualities in the following of obvious physical signs. By a start from a dulled key-ring tag, a cold and empty cartridge, a fragment of bone, the troopers of the Mounted, as detectives, finally run down their quarry. The demands of this work are wide. Sergeant Joy goes alone to the Eskimo of Baffin Island, where he at last locates and arrests the native murderer of Captain Bob Jones; and, again, we have the "Spanish Consul Case," which centers in Montreal where a smugglers' ring was active, and that "Contest in Ingenuity" between members of the Mounted and Chinese drug vendors in Vancouver.

Mr. Longstreth, one of the compilers of "Murder at Belly Butte," is known to readers, youths and adults, by reason of his preceding stories regarding to Royal Mounted. He also has written a history of the Force. Mr. Vernon is a Canadian authority upon the same topic. The eight full-page illustrations are by Bert Caldwell and E. J. Dinsmore.

The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*, c/o *The Saturday Review*

To D. H. A., Morganton, N. C., my anonymous benefactor in San Jose, Cal., and many others:

SEND no more gifts or greetings to John Walter. That gallant little life is over. There will be no more about him in the paper; I could write about old Mike, the British Museum cat, but not about young John. This is not fair to him; he earned a memorial. After all, life is life, and I would come off better than I expect at the Judgment Seat if I could give as good an account of the slice of it I have had as John can of his. Even to the end he helped me; several people have showed me how to live, and now a little cat has taught me how to die.

L. B. J., Blossburg, Pa., needs a biography of George Washington that would make interesting reading for a small club next February. "Naturally, we can not use one of the 'knock-him-off-his-pedestal' variety; we aim for something warm, human, interesting, yet not offensive." And that, I fancy, disposes of Messrs. Woodward and Hughes; at least I gather that they would not fill this particular bill. Mrs. Shelby Little's "George Washington" (Minton, Balch) is well praised by historians; it is largely personal, interesting, and though not especially warm, leaves him a hero. John Corbin's "The Unknown Washington" (Scribner) is concerned especially with his part in the formation of the Constitution and his relationship with Jefferson and Hamilton, though it has new evidence on certain much-discussed episodes of his life; though candid it is not one of the debunking books. Though I scarcely think the club will be especially interested in Washington's military career, the fact that T. G. Frothingham's "Washington, Commander-in-Chief" (Houghton Mifflin) is the only modern book that devotes careful research and appraisal to his career as military chief of the American Revolution makes me include it here. There is also the charmingly written "George Washington's Country," by Marietta Minnegerode Andrews (Dutton), which combines history, local geography, legend, and personal tradition, and presents it pleasantly. I have no idea how many more works on the Father of his Country will be in print by the time the Great Celebration of next year breaks loose; I have only this to say, that if that Celebration keeps up as the program promises, every school-child in this fair land will be sick of the sound of his name by the first of next March.

L. B. D., Welland, Canada., has in contemplation the building of a windmill as a garden embellishment, and needs a work to set him right on design, dimensions, and proportions. It is not necessary that his windmill should work, but he wants it to look as if it could. This matter I set before one of those modest authorities on whom the reputation of this department for knowing it all so largely depends, because they advise me and then won't let me quote them. He said that R. Thurston Hopkins's "Old Windmills of England" (Payson & Clarke) has many photographs of actual windmills and a few notes on dimensions. He also says that the man who knows most about old New England windmills is E. P. Hamilton, 14 Douglas Road, Lowell, Mass., who has not an idea that his name and address are in this column at this minute.

G. H., Pennsylvania, asks if there is a rather different sort of garden book, to give an enthusiast who may be expected already to own most of the well-known works.

TRY "The Scented Garden," by Eleanor Sinclair Rohde (Medico), which approaches the subject in the way many of us appreciate a garden—by way of the nose. That is, the book goes round the year by odorous plants and flowers, enchanting the sense with lovely description, giving plenty of practical advice, and closing with old recipes for flower perfumes and scent-bays, pot-pourri, pomanders, and the like, and directions for scenting gloves, tobacco, and even snuff, and for making candles to give out a beautiful smell. In short what someone called "the lost angel of the senses" has here a chance to get back into Paradise. Or you could take "Perennial Gardens," by H. Stuart Orloff (Macmillan), a little book with everything

one should know about the kind of garden that comes up every year in the same spot; or "What Greater Delight," by Dulcie Smith (Knopf), a book of familiar essays such as keen gardeners love to read either in a summer hammock or by a winter fire; most of its pictures are of actual gardens, but one shows a medieval tapestry of a crowd of gorgeous blooms and grazing among them a white unicorn. This should interest unicorn fanciers of this column. And finally there is Karel Capek's "The Gardener's Year" (Putnam), a delightful work for the amateur gardener.

W. L., New York, has just finished reading Barton's "God's Country" and thinks he would enjoy other works of satire, not necessarily contemporary.

IF you would follow from the twelfth to the twentieth century the course of a great English tradition, there is Hugh Walker's "English Satire and Satirists" (Dutton), and to supplement it one of the brief and usually sparkling Hogarth Lectures, "Notes on English Verse Satire," this one especially sparkling because it is by Humbert Wolfe; it attends compactly and competently to poets from Chaucer to Chesterton, Belloc, and the Sitwells.

But it is not so easy to unravel the satirist from the web of present-day literature. Most of the novelists are now satirists, at least some of the time, because most of us are at least somewhat dissatisfied most of the time. Aldous Huxley's "Point Counter Point" (Doubleday, Doran), is a satire; it is also a faithful reproduction, in fugue form, of how London life sounds to him. The difficulty some downright souls had with John Erskine's "Helen of Troy" and "Galahad" (Bobbs-Merrill) was that his satire wore unfamiliar clothing; by the time his later works came along it had worn the clothes thin. Robert Nathan has been a satirist from "Jonah" to "The Orchid"; satire gives coherence and direction to the realism of Sinclair Lewis. André Maurois—to step for a moment out of the language—showed what he could do in this line with his "Voyage to the Articoles" (Appleton) and I have often thought Abbé Dimnet must have a satire somewhere in his system, for all his helpfulness.

But for a beginning, get Ronald Knox's "Essays in Satire" (Dutton) to see how it should be done in rapier technique, the neat swordsmanship whose victim doesn't know his head is off till he sneezes. In this delightful volume you will find "Jael's Hammer," a discussion of church unity in the great sardonic tradition, and several amusing examples of higher criticism used with contemptuous ease for laughable purposes—for instance, the identification of the pseudo-Sherlock Holmes as indicated by internal evidence in the later books. For downright savage satire, gleefully biting its way through contemporary society, nothing beats Evelyn Waugh's "Decline and Fall" (Doubleday, Doran) and the even more carnivorous "Vile Bodies" (Cape-Smith)—but keep these away from the middle-aged; this meat is too strong for any but the young. High satire marks Hilaire Belloc's "Missing Masterpiece" (Harper), a spirited burlesque; it motivates Bruce Marshall's charming "Father Malachy's Miracle" (Doubleday, Doran); it fascinates the reader of Eimer O'Duffy's ingenious "King Goshawk and the Birds" (Macmillan) and his amazingly successful transportation of values in "The Spacious Adventures of the Man in the Street" (Macmillan). There is a verse satire in the manner of "The Rape of the Lock," published not so long ago by the Nonesuch Press, "A Stitch in Time," which I cannot be kept from including by the regrettable fact that I have ungratefully forgotten the author's name.

Much of the best American satire of today is entangled in parody, Donald Ogden Stewart's "Parody Outline of History" (Doubleday, Doran), for instance, or his "Perfect Behavior" (Doubleday, Doran). There is not much left of the follies of these United States when Edward Hope is done with them in "Alice in the Delighted States" (Dial). Then there are the spoofs sent out with the avowed or implicit purpose of putting an end to some form of literary expression of which the satirist has had more than enough; of these "The Cruise of the Kawa," by "Dr. Traprock," George Chappell (Putnam), not only put an end to a certain sort of South Sea bubble but made a beginning of a long line of elabo-

rately organized parodies, not only Mr. Chappell's own, such as "My Northern Exposure" and "Through the Alimentary Canal with Rod and Gun" (Stokes), but Corey Ford's "Salt Water Taffy" (Putnam) which put the lid on Joan Lowell, his latest offering, "June in Africa," Phyllis Crawford's "Elsie Dinsmore on the Loose," and Wolcott's "Bird Life at the Pole" (Morrow). I must go buy me another copy of "The Cruise of the Kawa"; my own has long since followed someone else home, and I feel a need to meet once more in print the Fatu Liva bird.

Returning to the great tradition, the smashing effect of John Collier's "His Monkey Wife" (Appleton), a plain but far from simple story of a man who married a chimp, goes to show how strong the effect of genuine satire dealing with basic emotions and human relationships, will always be upon thinking and especially upon sophisticated people. Here is a book that took England by surprise—David Garnett's "Lady Into Fox" was no manner of preparation for it—and in America the devoted Emily, the chimp in question, has already devoted partisans. And to refer once more to a satire on America lately listed here, Eric Linklater's "Juan in America" (Cape-Smith) goes on the principle that truth, as collected by the tabloids, is strange enough to make fiction out of it.

M. L. B., Appleton, Wis., asks if there are small handbooks for the recognition of trees, like those for use with birds and wild flowers.

THE one I first think of, because it is the one I used for a summer in New Hampshire, is Harriet Keeler's "Our Native Trees" (Scribner); it is a decidedly good one, much used in schools and camps, but there are several others well worth owning. "What Tree Is That?" by E. G. Cheyney (Appleton), has an unusually rapid scheme of identification; the "Field Book of American Trees and Shrubs," by F. S. Mathews (Putnam), has, besides many pictures, maps showing distribution. These cost around three dollars; then there are the little handbooks with good but less elaborate pictures, such as the excellent "Key to the Wild and Commonly Cultivated Trees," by Collins and Preston (Holt), or C. C. Curtis's "Guide to the Trees" (Greenberg), or "Our Most Popular Trees," by L. N. Gilbert (Sully), with colored pictures; these cost around a dollar and a half. For the earnest student the "Manual of the Trees of North America," by C. S. Sargent (Houghton Mifflin: \$12.50), is invaluable, and for readers interested in the social and economic side of the subject there is a comprehensive survey of "Trees as Good Citizens," by C. L. Pack (American Tree Association: \$4), while anyone who wants to know what trees have had to do with religion, literature, history, and human life in general will find in "Forest Folklore, Mythology, and Romance," by Alexander Porteous (Macmillan), a collection of data from all over the world and for all times.

R. E. M., Lexington, Ky., is making a study of pioneer women in American novels of the twentieth century and asks for additions to a list already containing Willa Cather's "O Pioneers," Churchill's "The Crossing," Garland's "Trail-makers of the Middle Border," Rolvaag's "Giants in the Earth," Roberts's "The Great Meadow," Quick's "Vandemarck's Folly," and Aldrich's "A Lantern in Her Hand." The transplanting of a wife from Charles Town to the westward country, at the time of the American Revolution, is the theme of "Up Country," by Donald and Louise Peattie (Appleton); in Thomas Boyd's "Shadow of the Long Knives" (Scribner) a friend of the Indians of Ohio just before and during the Revolution has some difficulty in convincing his wife (a former captive) of the lovable qualities of Indians in general. Edna Ferber's pioneer country in "Cimarron" (Doubleday, Doran) is Indian Territory. Florence Everson and Effie Louise Power, in "Early Days in Ohio" (Dutton), describe the life of a pioneer family in the days of the Western Reserve, using authentic sources. In Vardis Fisher's "Toilers of the Hills" (Houghton Mifflin) there is a convincing picture of the conquest of the dry hill country of Idaho. In Sheba Hargrave's "The Cabin at the Trail's End" (Harper), Aunt Morning Ann brightens life in Oregon in the 'forties. There are pioneer women in John Fort's new novel, "God in the Straw Pen" (Dodd, Mead) as well as in his earlier "Stone Daugherty" (Dodd, Mead), in which the daughter of the title character plays an important part. Josephine Donovan's "Black Soil" (Stratford) concerns an Irish family pioneering in early Iowa. Gerald John-

son's "By Reason of Strength" (Minton, Balch) deserves to live by reason of its strong, sympathetic portrayal of a grand old pioneer, Grandma Whyte, and Caroline Snedeker's "The Beckoning Road" (Doubleday, Doran), for its lifelike picture of Owen's Utopia at New Harmony; this is a story for young people in that its heroine is young—she is the "Downright Dencey" of an earlier tale—but it should be in all our historical collections. There are many other novels of our pioneer life, but in these the part taken by women is stressed enough to fit them into this reading course. I hope it includes also the square-jawed epitaphs of pioneer women in "Spoon River Anthology." The continued success of "A Lantern in Her Hand"—the most popular of all the novels with pioneer heroines—directs attention to the author's new novel, "A White Bird Flying."

JUST to give an idea of the geographical distribution of devotees of Dr. Donne among readers of this department, the quotation about "some old lover's ghost" was sent in, on the second instalment of replies, from Yellow Springs, Ohio; Columbus, Ohio; Springfield, Mass.; Clinton, Illinois; Woods Hole, Mass.; Oakland, Maryland; Cleveland, Ohio; and New Orleans, Louisiana. Most of these had taken the trouble—clearly to them a pleasure—of copying out the four seven-line stanzas in full, most of them spoke of them with deep appreciation, and the book in which the verses appeared was given as "Songs and Sonnets" in The Muses Library (Lawrence & Bullen), "Seventeenth Century Lyrics," edited by Judson (University of Chicago Press), and the new Oxford edition of John Donne.

H. L., Jersey City, N. J., asks where one may find Clive Bell's essay on Proust. It is published in book form, "Proust," by Harcourt, Brace. H. R. S., Urbana, Ill., believes that the *Saturday Evening Post* serial asked for is "The Great Van Sittart Mystery" by George Agnew Chamberlain, though the title may have been different when it appeared in the magazine. "Our family found it fascinating and read it aloud; the vivid pictures of changes in a certain section of the city—changes which formed a background for the plot and might be regarded as actors i—were the most enthralling part to i

M. T. R., New York, raises dahlias. He describes them in a catalogue that he "tries to make as good as it can be made." He asks who has described dahlias in literature. Edith Thomas has described them deathlessly in "Frost To-night," the poem Louis Untermeyer chooses to represent her in his "Modern American Poetry" (Harcourt, Brace).

I come to the velvet, imperial crowd,
The wine-red, the gold, the crimson, the
pied,—
The dahlias that reign by the garden-side.

The cutting of dahlias, lavishly, grandly, as the last gesture of life before the frost of death, is the motive of this characteristic poem. I don't recall meeting this amazing and unaccountable flower elsewhere in literature; no doubt someone else will. I say unaccountable because we never know what will come up from dahlia seed.

Frank C. Reilly, producer of "Pickwick," which was presented on Broadway in 1927, is planning a musical version of that Dickens play to open late in October.

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By
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