

BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Marxist Science

SCIENCE AT THE CROSS ROADS. By A GROUP OF RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS. Kniga. 1931. In New York at Ankniga, 258 Fifth Ave. \$2.50.

Reviewed by AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

ENGELS, standing in Highgate Cemetery by the open grave of Karl Marx, formulated the materialist conception of history in a single sentence. He spoke of "the simple fact hitherto hidden under ideological overgrowths, that above all things men must eat, drink, dress, and find shelter, before they can give themselves to politics, science, religion or anything else." Since that day, the doctrine has ramified notoriously, and the non-Marxian is often unable to foresee where it will pop up next.

And now half a dozen contemporary, red-hot applications of the "M. C. H." have been formulated in a challenging symposium which has reached England from Soviet Russia.

"God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light." Perhaps. But were Newton's inquiries into the laws of energy and the motions of heavenly bodies in fact dictated by the demand of newly rich merchants for solutions of sundry problems of navigation, for better charts, and larger ships? Can his famous belief in a First Cause really be traced to the fact that Isaac Newton was a gentleman—with one foot in a still feudal hierarchy?

Today the apparatus of Millikan, in so immeasurably widening our sensual capacities, has perhaps changed a whole world of thought, poetry and all, while the world of physics has been permanently modified by Einstein's speculations.

Was it really some problem in production or distribution that (almost certainly unknown to Millikan or Einstein) originally posed the questions that they have answered? Did man found society and incidentally history, "much as he might have founded a chess club, with no other premise than a social contract?"

Those who (like the present writer) have lately made a habit of visiting Soviet Russia, have been aware that Russian scientists are talking about what they call "the crisis in bourgeois mathematics" and see special significance in the growth say of a vitalist school of biology in the west. Again, in the current attitude to literature, something new is obviously growing up. That Marxists might take a practical (sometimes an abhorrently practical) view of the task of contemporary letters was, of course, to be expected—that would clearly go with the new enthusiasms for the tractor, for the industrialisation of this, that, and the other. But apart from that, a great deal of new work is being done in literary history and criticism—Tolstoy, Gogol, Dostoyevski, and Tchekov are all being studied, and studied as figures as vitally interesting and even often as venerable to the present-day Russian, as to us.

Even with a fair idea of the sort of lines along which a belief in historical and dialectical materialism is likely to lead a critic, it has hitherto been very difficult for the onlooker to arrive at anything more definite than this general idea that there was "something up."

And now, at any rate in the scientific field, "Science at the Cross Roads" gives a detailed answer to the question of what this something might be. The book came to be written in this way. A party of delegates from the U. S. S. R., headed by Bukharin, attended an international conference held in London on the History of Science. They supposed that an international conference would be like a Russian scientific conference, and each delegate prepared a fully documented paper which he proposed to read. The time table forbade the delivery of all, or of nearly all, these papers *in extenso*. Fortunately the printing press was called in and (hastily, and sometimes almost incomprehensibly translated) the unread or only summarised papers were printed at length.

Those that have perhaps attracted the most attention in England have been Bukharin's introduction, Zavadovsky's paper on "The 'Physical' and 'Biological' in the Process of Organic Evolution," Colman's on "The Present Crisis in the Mathematical Science," and, most elaborate, longest, and best documented of all, Professor Hessen's detailed analysis of "The Social and Economic Roots of Newton's 'Principia.'"

What strikes the reader first is that Professor Hessen knows his history (understands for example the peculiar part played by The Levellers, and knows a great deal about Overton).

There is not space here to do justice to his argument but very briefly, he applies with great skill to Newton a fundamental Marxian principle. The opinions, conclusions and field of action (though not the genius) of a scientist or a writer are, he says, determined not by another such thing as fixations or any other psychological factors, but by (a) the means of production current at the period in which he lives, (b) that particular individual's place in the social structure. The result in the case of Newton of an analysis on such lines is challenging and provocative in the extreme.

"Science at the Cross Roads" is being read by most of the alert young scientists in England, and provides material for many a Senior Common Room discussion, at any rate in the younger universities. It is very much to be hoped that some sort of literary companion volume will soon be produced, for whether we agree, or do not agree, with such doctrines, they certainly bring with them eager freshness in debate. It is long since an original voice has been raised in the discussion of esthetics, even though there are few who are satisfied with the present state of the esthetic theory. If the modern Russians write thus rousing about the history of science, it will be exciting to see the same type of analysis applied to the great figures of Russian literature. This work has apparently been done. Why has none of it yet been made available for the English speaking reader?

Catholicism

THE CATHOLIC FAITH. By PAUL ELMER MORE. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1931. \$4.

By the late B. W. BACON

IN this little volume the well-known Platonist, author of a series of volumes on "The Greek Tradition from the Death of Socrates to the Council of Chalcedon" offers his individual solution to the problem outlined some ten years ago by Dr. Newman Smythe under the provocative title "Passing Protestantism, Coming Catholicism." Agitation ceased when it was discovered that for "Catholicism" one should read "Catholicity."

According to Dr. More, "the normal end of Protestant theology is a cold and irreligious rationalism or a vapid sentimentalism." He is willing to admit that a few mystics, such as Whittier two generations ago and Rufus M. Jones in our own, have a flavor of religion in them without being vapid sentimentalists; but they lack the "authority" of a corporate institution. They are individualists. Dean Inge and the late Archbishop Söderblom, who cannot be said to fall short in this respect, and who have at least equal claims to scholarship with Doctor More, must be "cold and irreligious rationalists," with which destructive group should then be classed also Albrecht Schweitzer; for none of these is any less opposed than More himself to the fundamentalist authority of Rome or that of the Princetonian bibliocists.

According to More, theology in our time is confronted, by the appalling alternative of despotism (prelatical or demagogic) on the one side *vs.* chaotic individualism on the other. His remedy is a *tertium*

quid, an "authoritative" Church which is not "absolute." The tragedy of present-day religion is "The Demon of the Absolute." "The zealot who forces upon hesitant doubters the harsh and false dilemma of submission to an infallible Church or of irresponsible individualism, and who repudiates any notion of authority between despotism and anarchy, has simply signed the death warrant of organized Christianity."

There is much truth in this warning and much occasion for it in the two opposing types of religious absolutism. But he who carries his own individualism to the extreme of an indictment of the Protestant principle of the right of Private Judgment as inevitably leading to "a cold and irreligious rationalism or a vapid sentimentalism" shows greater rashness than he who merely "indicts a nation." He ignores the steady progress of Protestant orthodoxy toward responsible control, a constitutional system to replace both types of irresponsibility. The authority of the expert will be needed to study the history of religion in all its manifestations as More has himself studied the religious tradition of India and Greece. But the expert will offer his conclusions on the merits of the evidence. Here is authority sufficient to conserve the liberty of the religious instinct in our own time within the limits of past experience and contemporary aspiration. True, this authority also has its dangers. Witness that scribism in revolt against which Christianity had its origin. But the Church which built upon the democracy of the Synagogue retained the germs of protest against Jewish biblicism and will know how to overcome modern religious dictatorships, whether of prelate or proletariat.

Doctor More supports his thesis by a series of five essays reflecting his own studies in the history of Indian, Greek, and Hellenistic religious thought. The first, "Buddhism and Christianity," sets in instructive contrast the atheistic and nihilistic revolt of Gotama against Hindu polytheism and the revolt of Jesus against the scribal interpretation of Old Testament religion. Jesus's conception: Good life, more and more abundant through the goodness of a fatherly Creator, does indeed stand religiously at the opposite pole from Buddha's, whatever the agreement in ethics. It has taken and will retain world leadership. The second essay gives More's interpretation of "The Creeds" as reflections of Hellenistic theology. Historic accommodation is properly urged, but the interpretation would be better for large knowledge of the Semitic background. The three essays which follow interpret similarly "The Eucharistic Sacrament," "The Church," and "Christian Mysticism." The five as a whole offer what Doctor More regards as the continuity of Christian thought. This turns out, however, to be much the same thing as the continuity of Greek thought.

The undoubted value of this little work within the field of historical inquiry where its author is an acknowledged expert is unfortunately marred by his ignoring (if not his ignorance) of the results of historical inquiry in fields where he is something less. In the interpretation of Christianity knowledge of Jewish religious thought in the first century is at least as important as knowledge of medieval attempts to combine it with Platonic and Aristotelian philosophies. But our author wastes no time on historical criticism or interpretation of the Gospel records. He repels what he designates the Protestant (meaning the Zwinglian) doctrine of the Eucharist by saying: "It is neither logical nor consistent to celebrate the Holy Communion as a Christian while disclaiming the significance of that rite as it must have been felt by Christ and his disciples." His "must have been" would carry more weight if it did not ignore the Petrine tradition of the Supper, as reported in Lk. 22: 14-20 (shorter text), a tradition supported by other witnesses such as the primitive liturgy of *Didache*, to follow the super-imposed longer text which introduces I Cor. 11: 24f. Sweeping

generalities, such as "no student familiar with the mentality of the Hellenistic age can reasonably doubt" that Jesus intended to institute "a sacramental mystery of some kind," cannot take the place of critical research. Neither is the historian at liberty to choose at random between parallels such as the Matthean and Lukan version of the Beatitudes, or to expound Mt. 5:8 in a medieval instead of a biblical sense.

Arguments based on alleged sayings of Jesus quoted indiscriminately from the fourth and the Synoptic Gospels, as if each had equal historical support and were equally meant to reproduce words actually uttered, will be no less futile with modern scholars. To ignore the distinction recognized here since the days of Clement of Alexandria and admitted by the most conservative champion of Johannine authorship, may affront "cold and irreligious rationalism" but does not promote real catholicity.

We are told that at Princeton it is difficult to maintain the proposition that Jesus was a Jew because it is so well known "that his Father was a Presbyterian." Nevertheless the proposition is correct and has a very direct bearing on the origin and nature of the Catholic faith. Conditions and beliefs of the first century in Palestine have also something to say toward the Catholic faith, though we do not undervalue the contributory importance of the Greek tradition.

Benjamin W. Bacon, whose recent death removed from the field of religious studies one of the outstanding American authorities on the New Testament and Pauline literature, has been a frequent and highly-valued contributor to the Saturday Review for years.

World Impressions

MEN ON THE HORIZON. By GUY MURCHIE, JR. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Company. 1932.

Reviewed by LUCILLE DOUGLASS

PEOPLE view the world from different angles and their impressions register accordingly. We have had the records of other youths just out of college, who have set forth penniless to see the world, to satisfy the urge for adventure. Some have returned with marvelous tales, which have gained applause from the multitudes and fat contracts from the lecture managers. Young Mr. Murchie, if in these days of sophistication one can be called young at twenty-two, was not seeking adventure of the lurid type when, with Harvard behind him, he set forth on the great quest. It was rather to satisfy an inward curiosity as to the motivation of alien peoples, to see them in their native habitat. The result of this journeying is a sincere and meticulous diary, written simply but with a clarity of style that is very readable. His pictorial impressions are characteristic pen and ink sketches.

In seeking the answer to his questions, Mr. Murchie followed the undercurrents that flow in the sluggish waters of humanity's undertow. His impressions of the different countries are gathered from his associates in boiler rooms, from the gambling sailors in the foc'sles, in Alaskan and Japanese jails, licentious bars in Kobe, fourth-class Chinese trains, beach combers in Hawaii, and Farmer's Homes in Moscow. The scraps of conversation quoted may add to the local color, but not to the relish of the reader.

Mr. Murchie sets down his facts in compact presentation, with a close observance of the trivialities which impress most tourists, but he has missed the deep understanding of the fundamentals and their influence on present-day conditions. This is especially true of the Far East. The chapter on Japan, which is the high spot of the book, is mainly given over to the curious processes of bathing and their "almost maniacal" national patriotism.

Mr. Murchie evidently wrote this book before the recent unpleasantness in Manchuria—and Shanghai.

Points of View

"Poetry"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

No doubt you have seen the April issue of *Poetry*, in which Miss Harriet Monroe throws a challenge into the arena of American art. But in case you have not, you should be told of it, so that the *Saturday Review* can help if possible.

It seems that unless a sufficient sum is guaranteed for the continuance of *Poetry*, it will have to die with the present volume. The hard times and deaths among the guarantors have so diminished the magazine's income that it no longer can be carried on unless the deficit is corrected. Miss Monroe is more than willing to stop, but there has been such a storm of protest (accompanied by nothing more substantial than words) that she has sounded an SOS to those who want her to go on.

If after twenty years of unequalled service to poets and the public, *Poetry* is allowed to die for lack of \$3,500 a year, it will be a terrible criticism of the American literary world. I am not writing this as spokesman for either Miss Monroe or her periodical, but as a very humble contributor and subscriber who is determined to do everything in her power to stop this catastrophe. Can't you do something to help?

MARY N. S. WHITELEY.

Washington, D. C.

Time Tables

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

At last I have found someone who can see some sense to that great book "The Railway Guide." It used to be my bible and many are the hours I have spent studying it. Mr. Morley's article in the *Bowling Green* has found at least one appreciative reader.

Do you happen to know that the Maryland and Pennsylvania is affectionately called the Ma and Pa?

And speaking of railroads which don't go near one or more of the towns for which they are named there is the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk (commonly the Nipanden) which starts at Delmar, Delaware (on the Maryland line) and ends at Cape Charles, Virginia. Also the Chicago Rock Island and Pacific which ends at Santa Rosa, New Mexico. And one road for which I have always felt a great affection—the Ouannah, Acme, and Pacific which is, as I remember about 90 miles long and is located somewhere in south Texas near the gulf. With what high hopes must that road have started its career!

Some time ago you mentioned the Youghiogheny in one of your *Bowling Greens*. Does the Railway Guide still give the Pittsburgh, McKeesport and Youghiogheny a separate existence? It is a part of the New York Central system.

And in closing I would call your attention to the Mt. Tamalpais and Muir Woods Railway—"America's Greatest One-Day Trip. The Crookedest Railroad in the world. Twelve miles from San Francisco, no cogs, no cables, steepest grade 7 per cent."

Have you ever traveled on the poor old Erie and passed through Horseheads and Painted Post, N. Y.? Those towns always seemed to me to be more suited to the wild and woolly open spaces of this great Southwest!

Again I say three cheers for the man who can see the romance of the Railway Guide and also can write most delightfully about it. WILLIAM CHAUVENEL.

Santa Fe, N. M.

The Exploring Racket

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Now that exploring has become a "racket," and the writing about it a source of income for the facile scribbler in pseudo-science, who supplies an alternative to the readers gorged with best sellers, the encountering of one more of the Wonder Tales occasions no surprise; but it is a matter for astonishment to find a recently published book by F. A. Mitchell-Hedges favorably reviewed by reputable journals, though damned by *The Saturday Review*.

Of course, at present, the Maya graft is being worked industriously by every writer who takes the tourist route through Central America. No doubt Mr. Mitchell-Hedges and his traveling companion visit-

ed some of the ruins known to Dr. Gann, but his references to the vast unbroken jungle stretching through the less known parts of Guatemala, San Salvador (actually the capital city of the republic of El Salvador), Spanish Honduras, and Nicaragua to Panama, would give a moment's passing amusement to the coffee and sugar planters, the cattle owners, the politicians, soldiers, and adventurers of all races, who in addition to the native Indian, have passed their lives in this region since the time of the Conquistadores, and particularly to those of the present inhabitants who saw the expedition traversing so much of the jungle by motor, chair-car, and steamship. If Quirigua and Totonicapan are jungles, so is Bronx Park. The former is passed by the railroad from here to Puerto Barrios, and the latter can be reached by motor car in a few hours.

Santiago Volcano is a small crater near Managua, and the journey to the top takes two or three hours by motor, followed by an hour or two on horseback.

Finally, the Nicaragua revolution to which reference is made, was viewed by the Mitchell-Hedges party from a distance of several hundred miles, in the capital city of Managua, where they were lodged at the principal hotel, and were entertained by the President at a tea dance. The most revolutionary activity they saw was the sewerage and paving of the city, then being initiated under the writer's direction.

Very sincerely,

HENRY WELLES DURHAM.

Guatemala City.

What He Bought

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Since you seem to be interested in book prices, sales, authors, and what not and since you appear to desire the truth and nothing but the truth, I am giving you herewith my "buying reactions" to a recent, number of the *Review*—an ultimate consumer speaks!

These are the books I wanted: "Chaos Is Come Again," "Hopi Girl," "Flesh Is Heir," "Boomerang," "Unicorn," "Fathers of the People," "Unclay," "1919," "A Glastonbury Romance," and "Two Living and One Dead." These are the books I actually bought; "Fathers of the People," "Unclay," "1919," "A Glastonbury Romance," and "Two Living and One Dead." Five selected and five rejected. Why?

Price. Two dollars and fifty cents should purchase a worthwhile book. A book that you can enjoy, keep and read again. Today, two dollars and fifty cents should purchase only quality in the book business. Applying the theory of price, and of lasting qualities, "Chaos" was discarded as unimportant; "Hopi Girl" as not worth the price; "Flesh Is Heir," too expensive for that sort of stuff; "Boomerang" and "Unicorn," too much for two hours of romance.

"Fathers of the People" was purchased because of its author; any book by any Powys is automatically purchased by me because I like them and dare to believe them important. "1919" stayed because I like Dos Passos and refuse to wait for the dollar edition; "Glastonbury Romance" may be the book we've all been waiting for during these three dreary publishing months. So it stayed. Besides, it was by another Powys! "Two Living and One Dead" may be important and I still like hard-boiled Swedes!

Those are "consumer facts," pleasant and unpleasant. Today, the consumer cannot keep pace with the publishers. When you started your campaign, we hoped that a lower price would maintain it for no other purpose than to restrain the publishers. We thought—in our ignorance, that if publishers had to get out large editions in order to make a profit, they would be a little more careful about what they published. We even thought they'd give up "me tooing" by publishing "similar books" whenever a hit does appear!

Seriously, the book business may be deflated in sales and profits, but until it can deflate its production of just books, books, and more books, it will continue to so far outstrip the income of the consumer of books that its future may well be worse than its immediate past and present.

Very truly yours,

HARRY R. WELLMAN.

Amos Tuck School of Administration and Finance, Dartmouth College.

Notes of a Rapid Reader

Another volume of the highly important *British Documents on the Origins of the War: 1898-1914*, edited by G. P. Gooch and Harold Temperley, has just appeared. This is Volume Seven on the Agadir Crisis and in its documentation may be regarded as definitive. (British Library of Information, 270 Madison Avenue, New York City. \$4). . . . Two more interesting textbooks have just appeared, the first *A History of the Novel in England*, by Robert Morss Lovett and Helen Sard Hughes. (Houghton Mifflin. \$3.25) begins with Elizabethan fiction and comes down to *Ulysses*. There is a bibliography and the general purpose of the book is to bring out the relation of the novel to the interests and attitudes of successive ages. . . . The other text, *Types and Times in the Essay*, selected and arranged by Warren Taylor, (Harper. \$2) seems to be an interesting and valuable book for the study of the essay in all its types. It includes a prefatory essay on the essay and then groups of famous essays classified with two or three particularly interesting sections, one consisting of essays and letters on the art of writing, the letters having been written for this book by a group of British and American contemporary authors. The section called *Essays on College Matters*, and the section *Essays in American Life and Problems*, are also fresh and interesting. . . . Among miscellaneous books should be noted *From Intellect to Intuition*, by Alice A. Bailey, (Lucis Publishing Co., New York), a study of the philosophy and practice of meditation; also *China Speaks: On the Conflict Between China and Japan*, by Chih Meng, Associate Director of the China Institute in America, (Macmillan, \$1.50); and in very different fields another of those contributions to what might be called practical and immediate sociology which the University of Chicago has been publishing. This book is called *The Taxi-Dance Hall: A Sociological Study in Commercialized Recreation and City Life*, by Paul G. Cressey (University of Chicago Press. \$3). The author says, "the taxi-dance hall before summarily dismissed from thought as 'a den of iniquity' should be analyzed in terms of the human relationships which it fosters." . . . Last in this group is *The History of Pestilence: (1625)* by George Wither, edited by J. Milton French (Harvard University Press. \$2.50). George Wither's poem on the dreadful year 1625, through most of which England was manuscript. . . . Sir Josiah Stamp has written a little book of primer size called *The Financial Aftermath of War* (Scribner. \$1.75). Some authoritative economists, at least, do not think highly of it. . . . Those interested in what some people call the new softness of hard scientists will wish to see *The Religion of Scientists* edited by C. L. Drawbridge (Macmillan. \$1.25) which contains recent opinions expressed by two hundred Fellows of the Royal Society on the subject of religion and theology. . . . Important essays on Judaism will be found in *Judaism at Bay* by Horace M. Kallen, an authority on that subject (Bloch Publishing Co.). . . . Geology has, for all those who once studied it, a lasting fascination. A good book, scholarly but written with sufficient simplicity to instruct the general reader and abundantly illustrated, is *A Textbook of Geology. Part 1. Physical Geography*, by Professors Longwell, Knopf, and Flint of Yale University. (John Wiley & Sons.) Such a book should be read before any extended mountain expedition. . . . The sixth volume of the *Vassar Journal of Undergraduate Studies* (Vassar College) contains scholarly articles of a remarkably high standing considering the age of the writers and covering a wide field through Greek, literature, physiology, and economics. Particularly interesting is Betty Frey's study of the archaeological basis for some of the more important Arthur stories. . . . The Yale University Press has published the text of Cennino Cennini's *Libro dell'Arte*, edited by Daniel V. Thompson, Jr., a guide to the materials and practice of painting and allied operations written by a painter of the fifteenth century. . . . In lighter fields, William O. Inglis's *Champions Off Guard* (Vanguard. \$3) contains intimate reminiscences of John O'Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons, and Jim Corbett, and Alexander Powell's *Undiscovered Europe* (Washburn. \$3) is a pleasing description of Luxembourg, Lithuania, Estonia, Andorra, and Albania. . . . Only Publishers and booksellers will presumably be concerned with *The American Book Trade Directory for 1932* (R. R. Bowker Co.), but for them it will be indispensable. . . . Frederick B. Fisher's *That Strange Little Brown Man*,

Gandhi (Ray Long & Richard Smith. \$2.50) contains additional evidence of Gandhi's dependence upon Thoreau for some of his formative ideas: "On that balmy night, not so long ago, when Gandhi was arrested and taken from his bed on the roof of a Bombay house, it was discovered that he had on the table at his bedside a copy of Henry Thoreau's *Essay on Civil Disobedience*." . . . The last in the series of books attacking and defending Mr. Hoover's record as a mining engineer, a business man, and as the head of the Belgian Relief, has just appeared. It is called *The Truth About Hoover* and is written by Herbert Corey (Houghton, Mifflin. \$2.50). Arthur Train's little book, *The Strange Attacks on Herbert Hoover* (John Day. \$1) effectively disposed of the charges against Mr. Hoover's conduct of the Belgian Relief and made clear that the defamatory books published previously were crowded with mis-statements. As several authorities of judgment pointed out, however, the controversy over his conduct of the Eastern mines was not so easy to handle. Train made clear certain obvious errors in the aforesaid books of scandal, but did not have sufficient specific knowledge of a subject remote in distance and in time to upset all the charges. Mr. Corey has assembled much more evidence in support of Mr. Hoover's actions in the East. It is unnecessary to go further in comment on the rather absurd charges against Hoover's later career, but the questions arising from the mine scandals are interesting and we hope later to have a competent mining engineer analyze and explain Mr. Corey's strong defense. Such an analysis is particularly needed, in all fairness, at the present time.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

A NUMBER of readers have noticed, and remarked on, the gay little aquatic window-display in a restaurant in the building of the St. James Hotel, on 45th Street, West of 6th Avenue. Beside a small ornamental pond bask two tiny mermaids, one green and one blue, in attitudes of allure. We regard these as symbolic of our own fish-mermaids who have occasionally been mentioned in this department. Pilgrims to that part of 45th Street will also be sure to look at Uncle Sam's umbrella shop nearby, where Charley Chaplin's flexible canes are made. There is always much of interest to see on 45th Street, including a tavern hung with the originals of Ripley cartoons. Old Quercus used to think of offering a free renewal of subscription for the best descriptive essay written about 45th Street. But the theme is so alluring he wants to keep it for himself, and very likely the subscriber would renew anyhow.

One of the very pleasantest loitering places in a warm lunch hour is the back garden of the Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47. Passing through that excellent bookshop you find yourself in a large courtyard, with tables and flowers and brightly painted boxes of second-hand books like those along the Seine. There is even a sort of old barn in the yard where books can be studied during a shower. One litterateur in the neighborhood likes to bring his luncheon sandwich and cold canteen into the courtyard and look over the books while he chaws. If he drops crumbs in a book he always buys it, as a matter of courtesy.

In his excellent talk at the recent booksellers' convention in New York, Dr. Larry Gould, geologist of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, reported that the most read book in the library taken to the South Polar regions was *Green Mansions*. The three authors most favored by this group of 42 men locked up in the ice were Donn Byrne, Joseph C. Lincoln, and Mark Twain.

As graduation present, don't forget First Editions. Looking over a number of current catalogues I find two firsts listed by Alfred Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, that seem very reasonable. Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone* (London, 1896) at \$3.00 and Bret Harte's *Tales of the Argonauts* (Boston, 1875) at \$4.00. These prices are typical of the bargains that alert browsers can pick up nowadays. This is going to be the best summer that ever was for the intelligent book-hunter. In years to come, how we shall brag of our finds.

(Continued on next page)