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## Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

SEVERAL things have happened lately to make the general feeling of affairs more cheerful. For instance, Owen D. Young's excellent commencement address at Notre Dame, John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s sensible letter about Prohibition, and the fact that a lady walked into a bookstore on 45th Street, said she was only looking around, and then bought seven large and beautiful volumes on art subjects.

In journalism, I have been mostly pleased by the New York World-Telegram. When the Pulitzer committee goes over the files for the best cartoon of 1932, I hope it won't forget to consider Rollin Kirby's drawing of Doctor Wm. H. Walker (brother of the Mayor) performing the operation of fee-splitting.

In the same newspaper, George Abell's dispatches from Washington often contain delicious barbs of burlesque. His account, in grave social-column style, of the doings of butlers and second-men in the various embassies was superb; as also his report of Mrs. Dolly Gann's dialogue, naively entrusted to public kilocycles, on the gravities of her social routine.

Other satisfactions: The pamphlet *Give Us Small Books* sent out by the Lakeside Press of Chicago; the fact that James Bone, one of the ablest reporters in any language, is coming over to describe the Democratic Convention for the Manchester *Guardian* and Baltimore *Sun*; and reading the admirable article on ENGLISH SPEAKING WORLD in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. This last was commended to us by Mr. Benjamin Morton.

The most serious problem that remains is attending to unanswered letters before postage rises to 3 cents on July 6.

Micky Mouse, says a letter in the London *Times*, dates from 1650. A correspondent of the *Times* finds a legal document of that date in the Public Record Office, London, in which Michael Mouse and Nathaniel Mouse are listed among the defendants in a real estate dispute.

A good inscription for graduation time is that carved on one of the gateways of the University of Pennsylvania. HIS E PORTIS QUI EXIERINT DURUM PATI VERUM COLERE HONESTUM FACERE LAPIS SUCCURERE EAGENTIBUS AUXILIARI PARATI SINT. I asked a young U of P student if he could translate it for me. "I'm sorry," he said, "I'm specializing in Spanish." A scholar in Spanish might find a little Latin useful, too. Anyhow, it seems to go like this: "May those who leave these portals be prepared to endure hardship, cherish truth, work honestly, succor the fallen and assist the needy."

Speaking of Philadelphia, the article on that city in the new *Everyman's Encyclopædia* (vol. 10) offers possible controversy. We read: "It is sometimes called the Quaker City, though the Quaker influence is now nil. The Daughters of the Revolution, a society of great social importance, has a large contingent here. This town is noted, like Boston, for social exclusiveness. Though equally busy, it is a quieter and more sedate city than New York."

I hope you didn't miss Stella Benson's delightful article about the *Everyman's Encyclopædia* in this *Review*, May 28.

A loud cheer for Hugh Walpole, who says in his London letter to the New York *Herald Tribune* that Kipling's last volume, *Limits and Renewals*, "contains three stories of simply superb quality—stories that no living writer in England or America could conceivably rival. . . . There are, of course, some very bad things, as there have been in every volume that Kipling has ever published save *Kim* and the *Jungle Books*. But there is genius here."

This pleases me. Kipling is not, nor is any great writer, for those incapable of severe discriminations. But to miss the finest things in *Limits and Renewals* is to miss some of the headiest wine earth's vineyard affords. The book has sold about 7,000 copies in this country.

Remarkable among ship libraries, and mostly disregarded by passengers, is the collection of books in the Fall River Line steamers. Aboard the *Commonwealth* I observed not only an excellent assortment of standard fiction but many works on religion, philosophy, fishing, and New

England's picturesques. It was pleasant and surprising to see all the Houghton Mifflin poets in the good old Cambridge Edition. Other titles, unsuspected by cheerful twirlers in the *Commonwealth's* dancing café topside, were: *Best Thoughts of Plato*, *Swedenborg's Works*, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, and *Walden*. Among fiction: Frank Stockton, Eugene Field, Sara Orne Jewett, O. W. Holmes, Margaret Deland, Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, Anthony Hope, William De Morgan, Wilkie Collins, Rider Haggard, and several volumes of Sherlock Holmes.

The Fall River Line indulges in nautical terms all its own, such as "dome deck" and "gallery deck." Most of its week-end patrons are not critical of marine vocabulary. "There's a bell-buoy with a green flash," said one of the dancers to his lady-friend. "Why does a bell-boy need a flashlight?" she replied.—The *Commonwealth's* moral emblem is a painting of three females who represent Justice, the Common Law, and (I guess) the State of Massachusetts. It is "Copyright 1908 by Geo. M. Carpenter." Common Law is rigidly disregarding a hornful of goldpieces at her feet, an attitude which Tammany might copy.

Bill Britton, Doubleday Doran's representative on the Coast, reports driving from California to New York to attend the semi-annual sales conference of his firm. Bill offers his Buick's record as a mark for the trade to shoot at. From Los Angeles via Seattle to New York he clocked 5,654 miles. He used 582 gallons of gas, cost \$109.76; 37 quarts of oil, plus grease, cost \$21.65. Washing and storage, \$17.50; other expenses, \$85.15; total, \$234.06. His overnight stops from Seattle were Spokane, Boise, Salt Lake, Parco (Wyo.), Denver, La Junta, Wichita, Hannibal, Fort Wayne, Ligonier (Pa.). His longest day's run was 583 miles. Actual driving time from Seattle, 100 hours and 15 minutes (4,162 miles).

I had not heard of Parco (Wyo.) before. Bill Britton says the hotel there is exceptionally good.

## Drawing Out Leviathan

(Drawn out from page 795)

when *Leviathan* was mentioned, as to whether she was wet or dry? Well, she's wet, as a good ship should be.

Wednesday, May 4.—Grand Salon, tied up to dock at Bremerhaven and I'm the only passenger on board. We docked about 1 P.M.; an hour later all passengers were ashore, and soon after that, those of the crew who had liberty. The ink wells are full, pens and blotters new, a bulging supply of paper and envelopes. When I'm stuck on a spelling I can look at the four episodes in the life of *Pandora*, painted by Gerard de Lairese (1640-1711). The Kaiser owned this magnificent set; the *Vaterland*, his pet ship, seemed the perfect setting for them. And here they are—not hung, but set two each in the port and starboard walls, with the rest of the Salon quietly but obviously acknowledging their pivotal importance. (There was one passenger who spent the voyage looking at them; he told me the Kaiser had them insured for a fabulous sum.) I wonder how many *Leviathan* passengers never see them. I wonder if the insurance was paid.

Directly under the smoking room was another quiet haven which I am almost ashamed to mention—the Library. And why ashamed? Because I was in it just one time—my first look-around. I'll be back, I thought, to grab one of these books after I've finished those I've brought along. I peeked through the glass at several titles as new as 1932, I think. *And Life Goes On*, *Three Loves*, *Her Secret Self* (Ellen Terry); What I Really Wrote About the War (unknown author), etc., etc. Also honorably shabby copies of *John Mistletoe* and of all surprises—*Seven Men*.

More will I be condemned when I tell you the titles I tucked in my bag—*Casuals of the Sea*, *Passing Stranger*, *Leaves of Grass*, *Leviathan*. Your own recommendation about Hobbes sent me scurrying to Alfred Goldsmith's for a second hand copy of the latter, but he had to order one for me, please rush, Oxford Press (\$1.50). You see I thought it would be great to read *Leviathan* on *Leviathan*; I could easily digest both at once. "I am large, I contain multitudes." O! Yeah?

W. S. H.

## PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientele; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

WILL business man who discussed economics in club car of Twentieth Century last Wednesday please read RECOVERY and tell me in this column why he shouldn't be autographed by Louis Untermeyer and sold down the river as a perfect mate for Donkey Hoté. EX-HOOVERCRAT, c/o Saturday Review.

TUTOR: Young man, A. B., experienced, wants position anywhere. Address G, Saturday Review.

NEWSPAPER WOMAN who jingles and rhymes

Dulcet as birdies, and mellow as chimes, Longs for to barter her talent for pelf. Ponder a bit—Can't you use her yourself? Miriam, Saturday Review.

YOUNG MAN, ready to lead America to Nirvana, desires following. Harvard students need not apply. D, Saturday Review of Literature.

TYLER'S OUTLOOK—A clean, healthful vacation place. Mountain scenery. Plenty of good food. \$18 to \$25. Folder. George L. Tyler, West Newbury, Vt.

ADVISE young woman on West 63rd Street, who is interfering with work of student by practising gymnastic postures before open window, to apply Fox Film Corp. for role of Margy Frake in STATE FAIR, if she can cry "Ah, God!" in anguish and delight. BINOCULARS, c/o Saturday Review.

WANTED, a Jonathan Scrivener. Bored, but imaginative. Will go anywhere, do anything affording mental stimulation. Salary of least importance to gentleman of "Parts." C. H., c/o Saturday Review.

TELL story of my life to good lis will pay for the drinks. Opport journalist needing rich material. Remember Trader Horn. OLD MAN OF THE SEA, c/o Saturday Review.

AUTOGRAPHS. Why pester innocent authors to sign books; bad manners, infernal nuisance. Few autographs worth having anyway. Buy genuine signed copies from famous second-hand dealer. List on application. SPARROW, c/o Saturday Review.

Ex-N. Y. WORLD reporter, female, accurate observer, humorous, trifle cynical, seen Big Shots from behind and did not peep. Will take job that requires and deserves absolutely prime copy. WOMAN OF "THE WORLD," c/o Saturday Review.

YOUNG LADY having just read Ernest Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms* would like to meet someone who would be willing to discuss it with her. Address F., Saturday Review.

CASTLE in the Austrian Alps, long a private residence, will take a few paying guests this summer. Lessons in German may be had from a university teacher. Trout fishing. Rates very reasonable. References desired. Z, c/o Saturday Review.

FATHER'S DAY—(whenever it is)—the ideal gift for a thoughtful sire, a subscription to this *Saturday Review*, \$3.50. Remit to Dept. P. E. G. Q., which has plenty of time on its hands this summer.

I WILL MAKE POEMS with reference to ensemble, said Walt Whitman. Literary ladies who want chic on minimum budget see my cotton ensemble. Admired at publishers' teas. JEANNE THILLE, Free Lance Dressmaker, c/o Saturday Review.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS. Anybody desiring to own an R. C. A. Radio in attractive Cabinet, 1930 Model which two years ago was purchased for almost four hundred dollars can now buy it for a song. Special attachment for eliminating crooners. Address E, Saturday Review.

ONE of 5,000 new Columbia graduates, but Gentle. Specimen preferences: Zasu Pitts, Dr. Seuss, *Variety*, *Saturday Review*, Edgeworth tobacco, stories by Saki, woollen socks. Good dancer, agnostic, bashful, prefer French literature to English. Need job. UNPRINCIPLED, c/o Saturday Review.

DESIRED, personal communication with one specially interested subscriber in each State (and D. C.) to report occasionally on literary and bookselling activities in his own territory. Business Manager, Saturday Review.

# What did Christopher Morley say about THREE GO BACK?



If you missed his review in the S. R. of L. on May 14th, read these extracts from it now.

THREE GO BACK is a magnificent yarn, a glorious book. It has all the thrill that Rider Haggard and Conan Doyle gave our youth, but done with new and cunning grace, and with mischievous humor.

Romance and science and a genius of good story-telling are here wound up together in perfect efficiency.

I should like to imagine 100,000 people laying aside the woes and colics of our flea-bitten life to revel in this cosmic adventure. It is my candidate for the BOOK OF THE SUMMER.

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# The PHOENIX NEST

NEWS comes from Pacific Grove, California, that the wife of a Stanford professor has written a satire of present day life that impressed no less a writer than Harry Leon Wilson and has caused much mirth on the Coast. It is called "Look What Brains Can Do," and the author is Mrs. W. K. Fisher, or, as she is better known in Salinas, Evelyn Benson, bacteriologist. The book is published by W. T. Lee, Inc., Monterey, California, and is illustrated by one Albert McKibben. It costs a dollar. It "takes off" with good-natured raillery, everything from the Western college to senators and congressmen who drink wet and vote dry. We hope the little book will come East soon. . . .

A twenty page booklet bound in stiff paper cover and selling for fifty cents a copy is "Scottsboro Limited," four Poems and a Play in Verse by Langston Hughes, illustrated with lithographs by Prentiss Taylor. It concerns the tragedy of the nine negro boys tried at Scottsboro in the State of Alabama, eight of whom were railroaded to the death house at Kilby. Apply Prentiss Taylor, The Golden Stair Press, 23 Bank St., New York City.



Carrefours in Paris, at 16 Rue Denfert Rochereau, with New York offices at 475 Fifth Avenue, has recently issued a statement concerning an international movement founded in Paris in 1930, whereby offices for the distribution of anonymous books were established in New York and in conjunction with Desmond Harmsworth, Ltd., in London. One of the books published was "USA With Music." This was written 1924-1928 by Walter Lowenfels with music by George Antheil. The authorship is now disclosed, Carrefours intimate, because of a similarity which has distressed them between the plot and action of "USA With Music" and the recent prizewinning "Of Thee I Sing," which won the Pulitzer award. They quote a comment in *The New York Times* of May 2nd which mentioned "obvious similarities," and say they are now giving up the experiment of publishing anonymous books. Carrefours furnishes a mimeographed page of a few parallels, out of "some forty pages of parallels," between "USA With Music" and "Of Thee I Sing." Last Fall the Richard Aldington Award for Poetry was divided between Walter Lowenfels and E. E. Cummings and Mr. Lowenfels is the author of an elegy, "in the manner of a requiem," in memory of D. H. Lawrence, which Carrefours will soon bring out. . . .

Louis Untermeyer furnishes us with the following:

You remember, of course, that lovely early English "The Cherry Tree Carol" without my referring you to page 30 of "The Book of Living Verse." Well, Sam Barlow, the composer, has made one of the loveliest settings of this condensed ballad I have ever heard. Further, it seems that Nina Kochetz was to sing it over the N. B. C. The song, however, was not sung, for Mme. Kochetz was informed by letter from Julian Street, Jr., that "the lyric was deemed unsuitable for broadcasting." Just who, I wonder, would be offended by the story of Mary and Joseph? The Cherry-Growers Association?

Arthur Guiterman and his wife have sailed for Holland and expect to spend some time in Belgium and to go down through Southern Germany to Vienna. Arthur is due back in this country the end of July, however, when he will go to Boulder, Colorado, to conduct a semester on poetry writing for the University of Colorado. After that he expects to spend some weeks in Arlington, Vermont. . . .

Ben Ray Redman, author of "Down in Flames," and erudite commentator on new editions of old books for *Books of the New York Herald Tribune*, and his wife Frieda Inescort, who has been seen this past season on Broadway in the comedy, "Springtime for Henry," have sailed for England where they expect to spend a good part of the summer. . . .

Faith Baldwin recently wrote a poem to her publishers, Farrar & Rinehart, the last verse of which runs

Oh, Mr. Hodges and Mr. Mays  
Please sell my books, because it pays;  
Oh, Mr. Mays and Mr. Hodges,  
Seek out man's farthest haunts and lodges,  
And pounding at each (literate) door  
For every book within, sell four.

And Arthur W. Bell of Falmouth, Massachusetts, sends us the following well-turned verse which the Tentmaker would have relished

For Omar's soul he asks no mass;  
And here's our chance to pull one:  
Turn down for him an empty glass,  
Who ne'er turned down a full one.

We have several times mentioned *The Frontier*, a Western magazine which is trying to help writers of the Northwest to genuine expression of life in that region. Connected with it is a project to be undertaken by the State University of Montana at Missoula this summer. The State University offers a School of Creative Writing from June 20th to July 29th and will hold a Second Conference of Writers on July 18th, 19th, and 20th. Another feature of its summer session will be a trip through Glacier Park, July 21st to 24th. H. G. Merriam, Professor of English and Editor of the *Frontier*, will have the school and conference in charge, and full information may be obtained from the Director of the Summer Session, State University, Missoula, Montana. . . .

The story goes that Gene Fowler, author of "The Great Mouthpiece," which has been a best-seller since last October, refused to sign a new R. K. O. writer's contract because one of the clauses in the document called for him to remain "moral" while in the studio's employ. Fowler retorted:

I can make no promise, and at my age—and particularly with my liver—immorality is a luxury.

Rudyard Kipling has now been elected to honorary fellowship of Magdalene College, Cambridge, the college of Samuel Pepys, who entered it as a sizar in 1651. "When his shade and Mr. Kipling get together," comments the *London Times*, "as they certainly will—between midnight and dawn, what glorious yarn-ing there will be about ships and ship-ping, and books and ciphers, and workers and shirkers, and a score of other subjects of interest to these two lovers of life and of the men and things that fill it!" . . .

Two odd bits of information from Houghton Mifflin are that Rafael Sabatini's "Scaramouche," which, though he had been writing fiction and biography for some time, first made him a big best-seller, was turned down by six publishers before, he says, "like Columbus, it discovered America for me." Another item is that Kate Douglas Wiggin's delicious "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," published years ago by Houghton Mifflin, and being released the end of this month as a motion picture by the Fox Film Corporation, has by this time sold nearly one million copies. . . .

Anne Pursee, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, writes us, "apropos of Mr. Holt's delightful 'Wild Names I Have Met,'

it possible that you are not already acquainted with my favorite story about the English lady who was visiting in America who pronounced the name of the mid-Western metropolis Chick'-a-go? An American friend attempted to enlighten her: 'Pardon me, but here we call it She-cog-o.' 'Do

you," replied the Britisher. "Well, I call it Chick'-a-go."

Sara Teasdale has been announced as Honor Poet of Poetry Week 1932, for New York State. She will be awarded the gold medal of honor, suitably inscribed, by Miss Anita Browne, sponsor and organizer of Poetry Week through the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs. In August, Macmillan will publish Miss Teasdale's "Christina Rossetti: An Intimate Portrait." . . .

Zelda Fitzgerald, the talented wife of F. Scott Fitzgerald, has written her first novel. It is called "Save Me the Waltz," a title which, say the publishers, "is a cry from the heart of the woman about whom the novel is written, a woman who resolved to pay gladly for the freedom she deliberately determined to have." Scribner's will publish it in the Fall. . . .

From Benjamin De Casseres we have received a small pamphlet entitled "Prelude to De Casseres' Magazine To Be Written Entirely By Benjamin De Casseres (To allure the many from the herd . . . for that purpose have I come . . . Zarathustra)." Well, Ben, get on with it. . . .

Hamlin Garland has been spending the winter in Hollywood but will return to his summer home in the Catskills this month, bringing with him the completed manuscript of the third volume of his literary reminiscences which Macmillan will publish in the early autumn under the title, "My Friendly Contemporaries." This volume, based on Garland's diaries, brings the narrative down to 1922.

THE PHOENICIAN.

## Notes of a Rapid Reader

(Continued from page 794)

Scholarship is represented in recent books, by a Harvard University Press publication (\$4.50) *The Restoration Court Stage* (1660-1702) by Eleanore Boswell. This book is another step in the correction of our misapprehensions about the theatre in the century after Shakespeare. It deals with the strong influence of the Court upon the drama in its shift from romantic-realistic to romantic-escape, and is documented by the most careful investigation into production, patronage, and nature of the audiences. A specialist book but likely to be quoted in later histories on the drama. Also by Professor Charles Howard McIlwain's *The Growth of Political Thought in the West: From the Greeks to the End of the Middle Ages* (Macmillan, \$5), a careful and comprehensive study for students in which one of the interesting themes is the author's demonstration that an absolute monarch in the Middle Ages was governed by his own necessity to obey what were called the laws of God and nature, the latter covering the private person's right to property, whereas in contrast the later theory of sovereignty inhering in the people has been based ultimately upon power coming from violence. Herbert L. Willette, who wrote *The Bible Through the Centuries*, now publishes *The Jew Through the Centuries* (Willette, Clark & Co. \$3), a running history of the Jewish state throughout its centuries of history, a rapid survey of the status of the Jew through the Middle Ages and up to the present time, and a more detailed account of the Jew in the modern state. One result of the White House Conference on Child Health protection appears in the report of the committee on the school child. The book is entitled *The School Health Program* (Century Co. \$2.75) and is a comprehensive survey covering private, public, Indian, rural, elementary, secondary schools and such subjects as nursery nutrition, medical service, mental hygiene, etc.

A. A. Milne, writing in the *London Evening Standard* of Lewis Carroll, says:

"Don't suppose that this strange Lewis Carroll was trying to amuse a world-audience, or that he was thinking, when once he had put pen to paper, of his Liddell girls. He was writing solely to amuse the strange Lewis Carroll, this childlike person whom he had suddenly discovered in himself. Sometimes one of the old Dodgsons would elbow his way in and insist on being amused, too. Then would come prolonged aquatic jokes about 'feathering' and 'catching crabs,' such as would appeal to an unathletic deacon and be the occasion of sycophantic laughter from a nice girl."

Milne goes on to comment upon the original Alice's vivid memory of her first introduction to the White Knight, and evokes the charm and glamour of that fantastic scene in the forest.