

## The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

### Belles Lettres

WHAT IS CIVILIZATION? By MAURICE MAETERLINCK, DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI and others. Duffield. 1926. \$2.50.

It was a happy idea on the part of the *Forum* magazine in its campaign for tolerance to run a series of articles on civilization by representatives of different racial cultures. The idea was, however, somewhat difficult to carry out successfully and it is more than doubtful whether the series deserved republication in book form. The danger in any such collection is that the various authors will have such divergent notions of their duties and such divergent capacities with which to perform them that the resulting work will lack unity of conception. "What Is Civilization?" not only lacks unity, it is a messy book in other ways as well. It is badly proportioned, and not all of the assignments were made with sufficient discretion. Thus in a volume which omits all consideration of Romans, Jews, or Saracens the longest, and incidentally the least accurate, contribution is on "Ancient Egypt," by Maurice Maeterlinck, who is more eminent in other respects than as an Egyptologist. Only if civilization be considered synonymous with dulness is there any particular appropriateness in Herbert Spinden's essay on the agricultural products of Yucatan which does duty as "The Answer of Ancient America," or in the group of personal anecdotes by Dhan Mukerji which masquerades as "The Answer of India." The book, however, has some fertile stretches that almost compensate for the surrounding aridity. Ralph Adams Cram writes eloquently and with persuasive knowledge of the lost beauty of Mediaevalism. There is an able essay by Ramsay Traquair on "Women and Modern Civilization" in which Mr. Traquair tilts against the superstition of women's aesthetic ability, points out that in all times her efficient activities have been practical and economic, and deplores the unspiritual tendencies in America resulting from the fact that education is so largely in her hands. Finally, if we wish to know what civilization is, we can, so far as this volume is concerned, best learn it from the Chinese and the Negro, represented respectively by Chi-Fung Liu and W. E. Burghardt Du Bois.

### Economics

THE THEORY OF INTERNATIONAL PRICES. By James W. Angell. Harvard University Press. \$5.

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES OF COÖPERATIVE MARKETING. By Elliot Grinnell Mears and Mathew O. Tobriner. Ginn.

### Education

THE STORY OF OUR AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Charles F. Horn. 2 vols. New York U. S. History Publishing Co.

TEXAS FLAG PRIMER. By Karle Wilson Baker. World Book Co.

MAIN CURRENTS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Percy Hazen Houston. Crofts. \$3.

STORY OF OUR CIVILIZATION. By H. A. Guerber. Holt.

### Fiction

THE SECRET LISTENERS OF THE EAST. By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI. Dutton. 1926.

Is America responsible for the decline and fall of Dhan Mukerji? Has he looked so long upon his western brother's face that familiarity has bred contempt and he has decided to give the brute what he wants? Or have his own standards gone glimmering? His recent work has been increasingly careless and slipshod until in "The Secret Listeners of the East" he approaches the zero point of literature. It is bad enough for a promising writer to descend to pot-boilers, but there is something worse—to write pot-boilers that are not even good pot-boilers.

"The Secret Listeners of the East" is a mystery story dripping with gore. The plot is too confused for one to be sure what it is all about, but apparently it deals with the fiendish crimes of a group of Mohammedan fanatics in India. Murder is piled upon murder, horror upon horror. Mr. Mukerji strives to freeze, curdle, and boil the unhappy reader's blood. The book abounds in impossible disguises, ab-professor of economics at a girls' college,

ductions, doubles, and all the rest of the clap-trap to be found in juvenile detective stories. It is about on the level of the tales of Nick Carter that used to sell for a dime and were worth, perhaps, half as much.

MR. MOFFATT. By CHESTER FRANCIS COBB. Doran. 1926. \$2.50.

One is tempted to suggest that "Mr. Moffatt's" pedigree may be by "Mr. Prohack" out of the Book of Job. If so, a fickle star must have blinked upon the matting, and the comic and tragic spirits evidently turned their backs and bestowed no gifts upon their godchild.

Obsessed with the hope that a large painting left in his possession in lieu of a bad debt may prove to be worth a fortune, Mr. Moffatt, coddled and cozened by his imagination, endures misfortune upon misfortune until he walks out of the book, a naked man. This plot, little more than an anecdote—and an anecdote with implications of farce rather than of pathos—is developed for three hundred pages through the stream of subconsciousness of an Australian chemist, fitted neither by Fate nor the author for the rôle he is designed to perform. The method of presenting him gives the hero a kind of reality, but it is wearisome in itself and quite unable to redeem the futility of the tale as a whole.

WINTER WHEAT. By ALMEY ST. JOHN ADCOCK. Doran. 1926. \$2.50.

Those who, like Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd, feel that they are fools to read novels which merely depress their vitality will do well to avoid "Winter Wheat." As an exercise in unilluminated realism it is competent enough and certain scenes are not without vividness and power. Miss Adcock undoubtedly knows her drab background and the dull, misshapen creatures she drags before it. But the truth is that a grim and meaningless tale concerned with individuals belonging to the lowest stratum of an English rural community must vindicate its existence by something more than photographic verisimilitude if it is to get itself read.

The theme in this case hardly justifies the efforts either of the author or the reader. Jason Unthank, a handsome good-for-nothing, deserts Nancy Fallow despite her humble worship of him and then finds in after years when he desires her again that she cannot be won back by blandishments or threats but can merely be cowed into a cold marriage for the sake of her son. The theme, weak enough in itself, is developed by means of a plot that descends at times to unconvincing melodrama. But this might be forgiven and certain blemishes in the characterization overlooked, if one felt that there were in the tale any intrinsic or, for that matter, any artistic significance.

PRECIOUS BANE. By MARY WEBB. Dutton. 1926.

Mrs. Webb's novel has so many unusual merits that we shall, if we are not watchful, overlook its two serious faults. First, it is overloaded with detail, both descriptive and narrative, weakening by profusion its effectiveness; second, it lacks the driving vitality, the untamable power that tragic native must possess if it is to pass the boundary that separates second- from first-class literature. These two flaws aside, however, "Precious Bane" is a novel of rural England, set in the early 1800's, that will live long in the memories of those who are fortunate enough to read it. The archaic diction which Mrs. Webb has employed serves as a delightful setting for her narration of the customs, superstitions, and thought of the days long past. As we follow the tragic story of Prue Sarn and her brother Gideon, we see the countryside, desolate and uncanny, taking its part in the narrative. Outside of Thomas Hardy's works, no remembered novel of English life on the soil can outdo "Precious Bane" in quiet dignity and beauty. We have here the period novel at its best, taking the reader's imagination a willing captive, and stimulating his interest at the same time by an impressive story ably told.

HONK! A Motor Romance. By DORIS F. HALMAN. Stokes. 1926. \$2.

There is a little fun, a little love-making, and a great deal of tiresome travel-talk in Miss Halman's novel, "Honk!" We have a rather preposterous situation to accept, before we can read far into the story. Peter van Kleeck, a young and handsome

flees the pursuing students and goes as the friendly guardian of two old maids during a motor trip through Spain and France. Even in these countries a girl from his class is on his trail. So slight is the plot that it needs characters or setting of unusual excellence to save it from anæmia. There is no help, however, and, long before the final pages are reached, the novel dies on the reader's hands.

UNCONQUERED. By MAUD DIVER. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. \$2.50.

DESMOND'S DAUGHTER. By MAUD DIVER. The same.

Reprinted after an interval of approximately ten years, "Unconquered" and "Desmond's Daughter" will do little to heighten or to lessen the reputation of Maud Diver as a novelist. We know her already as a facile story-teller, quick to make use of the contemporary scene, whether it be in England or India, as background for her genteel adventures and romances; we do not expect her to wander far from the beaten path of character or motivation. In these two novels she does not disappoint us, for they are leisurely, entertaining, and usually well written.

In "Unconquered" we have the first year of the Great War, with its effect upon a family of the English aristocracy. There is a good deal of journalism and considerable propaganda, but in general your money's worth of fiction. Probably, however, the novel will need the author's reputation to lend it moral support. "Desmond's Daughter" is a far better story, although it is too long. With India as the setting, the narrative takes us through genuinely tense scenes of border warfare; it could well be used as a counter-demonstration to "A Passage to India." Somewhere between the two points of view the balance of truth must rest.

Certain major similarities in plot between Mrs. Diver's two novels are rather strange. In both a widowed mother marries an omniscient friend of the family; in both the hero is badly mutilated in battle and can only be persuaded to marry the heroine after she has proposed to him heartily and at length. We might almost think that one actual incident had been the starting point for both stories. Is such repetition quite fair to the reading public?

THE YEAR OF THE WOOD-DRAGON. By AHMED ABDULLAH. Brentano's. 1926. \$2.

In Mr. Abdullah's swiftly moving tale of adventure in Tibet, we see the spirit of Horatio Alger called into modern service. Who but an author in that tradition would take an orphaned English urchin wandering as a native in the bazaar of Chawkpore, and elevate him to the instrument that saved India from ghastly civil war? There in the novel is all the glamour of adventure in mountain strongholds, of secret caves, of Lhasa, and finally of the Dalai Lama himself, despot over that mysterious land. What if the glamour is generally sprinkled with tinsel? What if the exotic setting often becomes merely a painted backdrop? Luckily we do not have to believe in the adventures of Jimmie; all we must do is admire the pluck, the honesty, the shrewdness of the boy, and applaud the phenomenon of his success. "The Year of the Wood-Dragon" is for whoever wishes to play, in unfamiliar surroundings, the pleasant game of make-believe.

THAT FOOL OF A WOMAN. By MILICENT SUTHERLAND. Putnams. 1926. \$2.

This book consists of a novelette which titles it and four somber short stories. Of these the novelette is infinitely the most interesting. It is the story of a queenly, emotional widow of poise and position, who possibly because she was naturally a person of sentiment and trust, possibly because she never sowed garden oats in her youth, proceeds to make a fool of herself over equally inane men. In one case the object of her affections is a polo-playing ladies' man, callous, selfish, a slacker no-end. She marries him at the outbreak of the war somewhat, be it said, against his will. The war for her is a chance for great service; for him a soft job in England or farther Gallipoli. Disillusioned, but unable to stand alone, she hangs all her old illusions and some new ones about the neck of a distinguished soldier with artistic impulses, who also is a little loathe to marry. To be with her he gives up his job in some far outpost of civilization—but free from duty and grown familiar with her sentimental unprotected charm he finds in Paris of the after-war the easy, cheap theatrical sophistication after which his soul has

(Continued on next page)

Roosevelt  
as a  
Companion  
Rancher  
Knew Him



## Ranching with Roosevelt

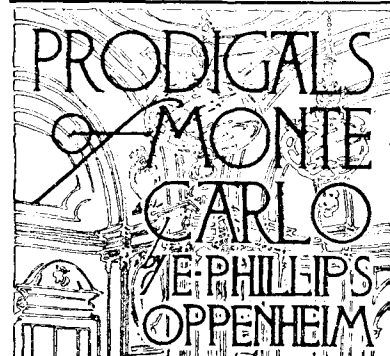
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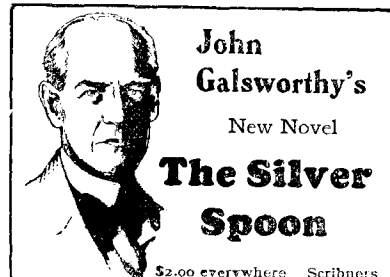
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## What Size, Books?

And there did appear at Ye Little Booke Shoppe or the Energetic Emporium Book Department one man, rich in this world's goods; yea, greatly so. And he did ask for the salesperson, seemingly in great haste for his boot tapped, raptap-tap, on the nicely polished floor, and he did say, "Verily that confounded (or something) architect did cause a booke shelf to be builded into my new domicile. At what price can I purchase *eight feet of literature?*"

\* \* \* \*

In order to heighten the most evident fact that this story is a falsehood, it has been told in psuedo-fairy-tale form. And now that it has been made to appear untrue, please allow the writer to whisper, confidentially, that it not only happened once, but twice, within a very short space of time at two separate and distinct bookshops. Strange to the booklover? Possibly, but not to one who has had a chance to talk things over with his bookseller during the duller periods in the shop or book department. They can many a talk unfold—some of them even more unbelievable than this one of the person who bought books by the foot.

\* \* \* \*

After all, it all depends on what you want things for. Some of us eat because we have to; others because of the taste of certain foods. The bills of fare are likely to differ; so too with books. Those who buy them solely for their decorative value never taste the joyful, sweet, invigorating and filling meat which they contain. They have a nourishing and, paradoxically, appetizing effect on the bibliophile. Satiation is never attained. The appetite increases with each mental mouthful.

\* \* \* \*

Perhaps, with the realization of true conditions, the day will come when the booklovers of the country will combine to teach the others, so that they too may become browsers and readers. But from the looks of things I don't expect to live to see it.

ELLIS W. MEYERS,  
Executive Secretary,  
American Booksellers'  
Association.

## The New Books Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

hankered. And so Chloe again is disappointed and learns at last, if not to stand alone, not to lean too heavily or too long.

The power of the book lies in an emotional but extremely intelligent style, in an analysis of character which is revealed as much by detail as by words, in a feeling for atmosphere (war-charged Europe is particularly real), but mostly in the fact that the heroine is a sentimental heroine with a brain. Never does she see her mistakes quite in time—but neither is she hopelessly stupid nor a wilful misrepresenter of unflattering fact. Lonely, lovely, sentimental creature that she is, very much too late she sees the wherefore and why of foolish choice and subsequent disaster.

The decided weakness of the book lies in the fact that the other stories are largely projections of the same character. In one she is a murderess, in one she goes mad, in another her lover is murdered, but fundamentally she is Chloe the queenly and the sentimental. Wherefore one wonders very much indeed whether Chloe is the only string in the author's fiddle or whether after all she has others.

CYNTHIA CODENTRY. By ERNEST PASCAL. Brentano's. 1926. \$2.

Perhaps these few chapters from Cynthia Codentry's biography may have been entertaining when told in mellowing firelight, but put between the covers of a book they become unprofitable; Mr. Pascal has not recast them into the proper form to hold the attention of the reader. Without having the obvious anarchy of a "Manhattan Transfer," the narrative is too episodic and loosely knit to look its reader in the face. In addition to this incoherence, "Cynthia Codentry" has the misfortune to be unbelievable. We can by no stretch of the imagination suppose that the girl who married Tweed and refused Waldron would, in her final plight, fly to Swedge, the farmer with metaphysical leanings. The crowning reason for the failure of the novel is that our sympathy is never aroused for any one of the characters. They are all inclined to be nebulous and fragmentary, what reality they do possess being often repellent.

DUSK OF DAY. By CATHARINE CLARK Seltzer. 1926. \$2.

"Dusk of Day" could have been written as a tragedy. Instead of keeping to the somberness of her opening scenes, however, Miss Clark chose to turn her novel into a romance. We cannot help wishing that her courage and her good judgment had not forsaken her. At the beginning of the story we see a quarrel between two brothers, aged ten and eleven, that results in the laming of the younger for life. The injured one, by nature selfish and tyrannical, makes, from that time forth, the days of the family miserable. In such a situation the implications of tragedy are strong. Nevertheless, the rough places are gradually smoothed, and the final chapter discovers a happy, sympathetic group. The processes by which this harmony is attained are a little too awkward and obvious not to be thoroughly resented. All in all, the novel is hardly of moderate worth, and can do no more than appeal mildly to the average reader.

MR. BOTTLEBY DOES SOMETHING. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. Doran. 1926. \$2.

The curator of a museum in a small English town has spent the first thirty-nine years of his life functioning in a vacuum as a purely intellectual instrument. Instead of a head he carries on his shoulders an encyclopaedia, in which he has filled in every department except the section "S." In his ardor to collect facts about news and tadpoles, he has never noticed that he had a self, that people were moved by sentiment, or that human beings were not all of the same sex. The author has kindly undertaken to teach him his three S's. Few novel readers will be surprised that the method of instruction was to send the curator a charming and sensitive young woman as assistant.

The reader, who in affairs of this kind meets the author half-way as a matter of courtesy, is merely expected to believe in this case that a man whose vital energy is so tepid that in thirty-nine years he has never felt any tremble of joy or grief, nourished any secret aspirations, noticed that people sometimes swerve from the path of pure reason, has nevertheless developed a vigorous and original intellect. A glance at Paul de Kruif's "Microbe Hunters" or the private letters of any original scientist would, of course, wither this illusion.

Mr. Thurston tells this utterly unreal story with a suave and competent realism for the things that are irrelevant, and generously adds a hint of mystery by introducing an Egyptian mummy, a little talk of transmigration of souls, and a kestrel hawk. It is so arranged that those who would enjoy believing that the spirit of the mummy finally entered into the daughter of the curator and his charming assistant, may do so, while the tougher-minded are left an alternative based on natural explanations. Nothing could be fairer.

GRANITE. By THOMAS QUINN. Vinal. 1926. \$2.

In "Granite" a myopic intelligence moralizes about the wickedness of pleasure and the need of an interest in the finer, nobler things of life. The author calls his hero "a man of soul-searching thought." His portentous conclusions are that for each man there is waiting somewhere the one Ideal—a "good woman," who neither drinks, kisses, nor bobs her hair. She alone can save him from himself. In return for her services as a domestic Salvation Army worker, a woman "looks primarily to a man for protection." After several disillusionments the hero finds his ideals embodied in a young lady to whom he is united in a love which shall last "forever." Being "builded upon respect" their love "was not related by any bond of consanguinity with low passion."

Such second-hand thinking and tedious windy language have no consanguinity—as the author would say—with the genuine evocation of human nature in living prose.

TOM FOOL. By F. TENNYSON JESSE. Knopf. 1926. \$2.50.

The implications of this title do scant justice to the spirit of this novel. "Tom Fool" is primarily a tale of ships and the sea—of a man who could not live happily away from either of them—and his nickname plays no vital rôle in it.

From the time that Tom Fould sailed to Australia as a child and fell in love with the *Mary Prosper*, throughout his hardships, friendships, and perils on other ships, even in his final great adventure when he "put the bloody fire out with the damned waterspout," he craved the keen edge and excitement of danger. Mingled with that craving at times was the desire for the ecstasy of passion, but in the end he realized that whether he found beauty in a woman, a ship, or a sense of peril, the poignancy was somehow very nearly the same for him.

Mrs. Harwood is an accomplished writer and widely experienced both in life and in her art. Her novel is crowded with incidents, many of them vividly presented, and her prose is for the most part sensitive and richly textured. One feels that the earlier parts, the emigration to Australia and life aboard Tom's first two or three ships, might advantageously have been curtailed—the book is ill-proportioned because of them—and one resents the Conradian manner in which the tale flows backward from the opening pages both because it is unnecessary and because it has been achieved by means of an unhappy device. Accurate characterization, also, and especially realism in the matter of the dialogue, have often been sacrificed in the accumulation of a superabundance of detail.

But when the upper topsail yards have been mast-headed, the royals and topgallant sails loosed and set, and one races out to sea with Tom, one is inclined to forget the defects of the novel. With him one rejoices in the smell of Stockholm tar and teak panelling, in the steady rustle of the water past the ship's side, and with him, too, one longs for the rush and thrill and fulness of life in a beautiful sailer. It must also be added that two of the episodes on shore are among the best things in the book: Tom's night in the Cartagena *casa* with the little Guarini girl is unforgettable, and his brief but lovely idyl with Jennifer is visualized with rare delicacy of thought and feeling.

WHAT IS TO BE. By J. C. SNAITH. Appleton. 1926. \$2.

A purveyor of romance so skilful as Mr. J. C. Snaith is bound sooner or later to turn to the imaginary kingdom in the Balkans which has served so well as a background for the intrigues of innumerable authors, and under many names, as Graustark and Zenda and Legion, has witnessed the triumph of love and the right political party. Mr. Snaith calls his particular incarnation of the realm Carmania. The Princess is a refugee in London, where she encounters the narrator-hero, who later takes care of her kingdom for her when chance restores it. They have a highly exciting time with old-fashioned palace plots and new-fangled Bolshevik machinations. In the end she comes to a chilly death in the mountains, fleeing from

her subjects, who did not approve of her English consort. Although one must regret the fashion, since Anthony Hope, of ending these affairs so tragically, one must also admit that Mr. Snaith wrings every drop of emotion from his climax, furnishes all the requisite properties, and deserves all praise for his courage in rushing in where many have already trod. But he writes very well at times. Let us hope that the attraction of analytical neo-realism does not prove too strong, and deprive Carmania of her able spokesman.

THE FOOL IN CHRIST: EMANUEL QUINT. By GERHART HAUPTMANN. Translated by THOMAS SELTZER. Viking Press. 1926. \$2.50.

Gerhart Hauptmann is one of the few writers who have attained eminence in both fiction and the drama. Yet his first serious novel, "The Fool in Christ," is also probably his best. The question as to what would happen if Jesus should reappear on the earth today has been asked by fool and wise man but never answered as convincingly as in this work. The character and convictions of Emanuel Quint are modeled upon those of Jesus; his career closely parallels the Biblical story. Hauptmann is too great an artist, however, to allow the symbolism of the story to submerge its realism; the work is poignantly, almost unbearably, tragic. Whether the Christ character is a suitable ideal for humanity is left uncertain. "The Fool in Christ" is written for the skeptic rather than for the orthodox believer, yet no believer who takes his Christ seriously can fail to be moved by Hauptmann's profound treatment. Of the many contemporary presentations of the reincarnated-Christ theme, his alone is certain to endure.

THE BAKER'S CART. By GERALD BULLETT. Doubleday, Page. 1926. \$2.

Mr. Gerald Bullett, the author of a successful novel of last year, "Mr. Godly Beside Himself," publishes thirteen short stories under this title. Most of his subjects lie in the realm of the grotesque, or of the supernatural. Nevertheless, the few stories in which he remains firmly fixed in reality show his skill most clearly. Among these, though suggesting famous recent models, the title story, the ironic picture of "Simpson's Funeral," and the analytical "Attitudes," are best. Control of style and form all Mr. Bullett's work shows, but in the balance of the book, despite his talent in handling outlandish dramatic incidents there is a less even quality. Too often, having carefully achieved some horrifying effect, he destroys it in a final and unnecessary paragraph of exposition. He seems anxious to point out to the reader, after finishing his narrative, precisely what has happened. The narrative itself is sufficiently well conducted to render this primary-school recapitulation superfluous in such stories as "Queer's Rival" and "The Dark House." "Three Sundays," containing a first rate murder is less crippled by the author, while "Prentice," a brief and violent souvenir of the war, is entirely unspoiled. An idea of the range of Mr. Bullett's talent through his thirteen pieces may be gained by comparing this story with "Sunflowers," in which a child of six is the principal character and the removal of a few flowers from a garden the principal incident. That both are admirable in their vastly different ways is perhaps the highest and most hopeful token of the author's ability. In the collection as a whole it is obvious that some story will please even the most captious reader.

THE TRAIL OF GLORY. By LEROY SCOTT. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. \$2.

Mr. Leroy Scott is seriously concerned over the plight of the champions of amateur sports. A championship in tennis has become an exacting, though unpaid, profession, which leaves a man no time to make money on the side. This no doubt offers a practical problem to many young men with ambitions on the courts and nothing in the bank. It is a problem for the Lawn Tennis Association (and the champions) to meet. Mr. Scott has turned it into a book which is a "novel" by courtesy only. His characters are puppets, the dialogue that of a school-boy, and the premises those of a Rotary Club.


His hero, who started poor, has found a rich Maecenas, and has become the "greatest tennis player the world has ever produced." But he is unhappy in his glory. In spite of his skill and fame, he is ashamed to declare his love to the lady of his choice because he has not yet "begun to try to make something of himself"—by which he means: make money. On the other hand he is afraid to drop tennis because his idealistic patriotism tells him that America is counting on him. This is his "tragedy." He



# The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*



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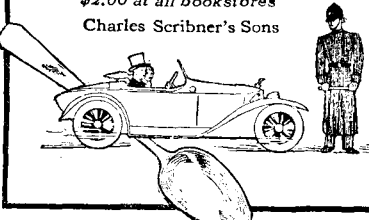
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is finally freed from his dilemma by an injury to his foot, enters business, which is a "real career," and marries the lady. At last he has the satisfaction of "work that is a real man's work"—which means that he is present at a desk each week until Saturday noon; "and business takes most of his evenings as well."

In an Introduction Mr. William T. Tilden, 2nd, describes this twaddle in which, as he points out, "all that is done . . . springs from unselfish motives," as "the greatest sport novel he has ever read."

## Poetry

- SCARABEUS. By *Elizabeth Shaw Montgomery*. Vinal.
- WILD GINGER. By *Marion Hamilton*. Vinal.
- A JEWELLED SCREEN. By *Ann Hamilton*. Vinal.
- WORDSWORTH PRELUDE. Edited from the Manuscripts by *Ernest de Selincourt*. Oxford University Press.
- SATIRICAL POEMS OF THE REVEREND WILLIAM MASON. With notes by *Horace Walpole*. Oxford University Press. \$14.
- IS FIVE. By *E. E. Cummings*. Boni & Liveright. \$2.50.

## Religion

- THE UNKNOWN BIBLE. The Sources and Selections of the Scripture Canon. By *CONRAD HENRY MOEHLMAN*. Doran. 1926. \$2.
- With bewildering learning and much trenchancy of statement, Professor Moehلمان opens to the reader unfamiliar vistas in the history of the Bible, with all its difficulty of understanding and curiosities of translation. The Catholic and Protestant attitude to the Bible are presented from the point of view of a church historian, and the conditions under which the New Testament arose are sympathetically and intellectually described. This sketch of the *Unknown Bible* covers a wide span and leads to a sound appreciation of the deeper values in which its greatness really lies.

- A SUMMER PROGRAM FOR THE CHURCH SCHOOL. By *Miles H. Krumbine*. University of Chicago Press. \$1.50.
- ASPECTS OF ETHICAL RELIGION. Edited by *Horace J. Bridges*. American Ethical Union, 2 West 64th Street, New York City.

## Travel

- TRAILS AND SUMMITS OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS. By *Walter Collins O'Kane*. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.
- A STUDENT IN SICILY. By *Mrs. Nevill Jackson*. Dodd, Mead. \$4.
- SIGNPOSTS OF ADVENTURE. By *James Willard Schultz*. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.
- BUT IN OUR LIVES. By *Sir Francis Young-husband*. Appleton. \$2.

### A BALANCED RATION

- THE SILVER SPOON. By *John Galsworthy* (Scribner).
- HUMAN EXPERIENCE. By *Viscount Haldane* (Dutton).
- THE POT OF EARTH. By *Archibald MacLeish* (Houghton Mifflin).

M. F. D., *Battle Creek, Mich.*, needs ghost stories to tell in boys' camps and clubs; H. F., *New York*, needs them for girls' camps; both have exhausted the well-known collections and find that good stories of ghostly character, even if not intended for actual narration, can readily be adapted to this purpose by an experienced raconteur. As G. H., *Newark, N. J.*, asks what use is now being made of the supernatural in fiction, as for example in *Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Red Lamp"* (Doran), let us combine the three in one horrendous list.

### "HUMOROUS GHOST STORIES"

and "Famous Modern Ghost Stories," two collections edited by Dorothy Scarborough (Putnam), are unusually good for retelling. "Great Ghost Stories" (Dodd, Mead), with an introduction by Professor Hyslop, "Best Ghost Stories," recent examples of the supernatural (Small, Maynard), and "Best Ghost Stories," ranging from Defoe to Ellis Parker Butler (Boni & Liveright), have been proved useful in camp libraries. The most unusual and distinctive ghost stories I know, and the ones that will give a hardened reader the coldest and most insidious chills, are written by Montague Rhodes James and published by Longmans, Green. I made his acquaintance with "A Thin Ghost and Others," caught this up for a moment and froze to it like cold iron until the last page: then came "Ghost Stories of an Antiquarian" and "More Ghost Stories of an Antiquarian"—this being his peculiarly favorable angle on the subject—and now comes his new one, "A Warning to the Curious." "Haunted Houses," by Charles Harper (Lippincott), is crowded with tales that go beautifully when told; he gives the *locale* of every one, for the book is made up of experiences at least believed to be true by those most concerned: another book of this sort, considering the evidence in psychic phenomena, is Flammarion's "Haunted Houses" (Appleton), and "Real Ghost Stories," by W. T. Stead, has just been brought back to print by Doran. In R. Thurston Hopkins's "Sheila Kaye Smith" (Palmer), which is an excellent literary guide-book to Sussex especially if you are going on foot, there is a genuine ghost story, very creepy.

There have been several collections of stories this year that take this tone; indeed it is one that sounds clearly in recent British fiction. The first volume of "Georgian Stories" (Putnam), published two years ago, was overwhelmingly concerned with the supernatural, and the second of the admirable collections of short stories by British and American writers, "Twenty-Nine Stories by Twenty-Nine Authors" (Appleton), was altogether chosen from tales of terror, or at least of the uncanny. "The Smoking Leg," by John Metcalfe (Doubleday, Page), is nineteen gruesome or mystic tales of England and the Far East. In "The Happy Ghost," by H. H. Bushford (Harper), the note is rather whimsical than uncanny, and a delicate fantasy called "God and the Bud Openers" deals with the problems rising from a late Spring. Edith Wharton, in her new volume of stories, "Here and Beyond" (Appleton), returns to this field, in which she has long since shown proficiency, in the remarkable psychological study "Miss Mary Pask." "The Baseless Fabric," by Helen Simpson (Knopf), is concerned with borderland vibrations and delicate echoes from beyond the world. In Conrad's posthumous volume, "Tales of Hearsay" (Doubleday, Page), there is a tale, "The Black Mate," of one whose hair turned white presumably at an apparition; it is a shock to find that his supply of hair dye had given out on the long voyage, and this explanation occurred to him as a means of saving his face. "Visible and Invisible" (Doran) is E. F. Benson's harrowing set of stories of this sort. Of full-length novels, Virginia MacFayden's "Bittern Point" (A. & C. Boni) is a murder mystery involving evil and

occult powers. Mrs. Rinehart's "Red Lamp" (Doran) I have already named; she does not altogether clear up her ghosts in the general solution of the murder-mystery, leaving a pleasing uncertainty. In "Pender Among the Residents," by Forrest Reid (Houghton Mifflin), there is a love-affair with a charming ghost, and in "Haunting," by C. Dawson Scott (Knopf), a poisoned brother comes back to the conscience of his undoer.

H. W. C., *Chicago*, asks for other books in which Englishmen give their impressions of America, as W. L. George did in "Hail Columbia," Chesterton in "What I Saw in America," and Arnold Bennett in "Your United States."

ALLAN NEVINS in "American Social History as Recorded by British Travelers" (Holt) preserves for posterity a chronological record of opinion as expressed by visitors to this country from its earliest days to the present time. It makes entertaining and enlightening reading; sometimes our clear-eyed critics saw more than we were willing to see, sometimes more than we at the time realized was there, but it is in the main a more inviting picture than has been drawn in late years by some American novelists, historical and contemporary. It goes to the year before last, and since then there have been the usual precipitates of travel and lecture-tours, the most reasonable and illuminating being in magazine articles by Rebecca West and Frank Swinnerton. But the most important is written by two young Englishmen, Bertram Austin and W. Francis Lloyd, who came over last year at their own expense and stayed long enough to visit and to study twenty-nine American commercial organizations in an effort to discover what they use as the title of their resulting report, "The Secret of High Wages," now published here by Dodd, Mead. The book should arouse as much interest here as it has abroad, though not for so painful a reason; it puts aside notions current in the British Isles as to causes that make it impossible for us to be other than prosperous, and assigns the sources of our economic prosperity to nine principles that in their opinion not only earn but deserve it. One does not too often find a book in which a foreign visitor really tries to find out what life is like in this country. I love to converse with Englishmen about our respective countries, I find out so much without saying a word: in this country they tell me all about England and when I visit them they tell me all about America.

B. H. K., *Schenectady, N. Y.*, asks if there are two poems, one "I have a rendezvous with life," the other "I have a rendezvous with death," and which came first.

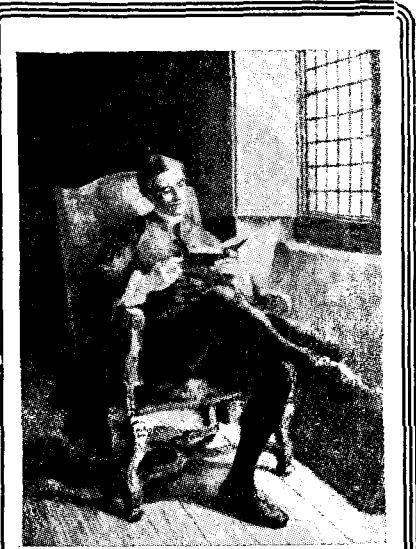
ALAN SEEGER'S "I have a rendezvous with death," one of the most widely-quoted poems of the war, was followed by "We" by Hervey Allen, whose last stanza is:

*We have come back who broke the line  
The hard Hun held by bomb and knife!  
All but the blind can read the sign:  
The time is ours by right divine,  
Who drank with Death in blood red wine,  
We have a rendezvous with life!*

I do not know when it first appeared, but it now may be found in one of the most practical, personally useful anthologies I ever saw, "The Poetry Cure," edited by Robert Haven Schaffler (Dodd, Mead). This, the editor protests, is no more a cure for poetry than the Keeley cure was a cure for Keeleys: it is Tried and Tested verses "good for you" in various emergencies, from "stimulants for a faint heart" and "poppy-juice for insomnia" to "anodynes for sorrow." It is a plain citizens' poetry book, and I hope it has a vast circulation.

F. D. S., *Washington, D. C.*, asks for the newest books on methods for teachers in the Junior High School.

"THE Practice of Teaching in the Secondary School," by Henry C. Morrison (University of Chicago), is an analysis of teaching procedure in the field of non-specialized education which lies between the beginning of the fourth grade and the end of the junior college. It is both critical and constructive, developing a theory of teaching that would do away with the learning of "lessons, and too often not a great deal more." It is the result of twenty-five



**N**O, we won't quote it; it's been worn too threadbare with repetition. But it's as old as Ecclesiastes, that statement on which we are silent as to the making of books. Their multiplicity is about us to prove its veracity.

How shall we choose among them? "Never the time and the place and the loved one all together" might be said of the reader and his desire. But it is within his power to have a book to fit his every mood and every need if he will but accept the guidance of those who are trained to winnow the literary harvest. Theirs it is to separate the wheat from the chaff, and to label the product. Even more than that, however, is it theirs to present a fillip to appetite in piquant criticism, and an aid to digestion in considered appraisal. Wouldn't you choose your books the more readily, or enjoy them the better, for such comment as this?

He was red-headed about life; he was a perpetual erupting volcano. His words were spears, battle-axes, hand-grenades. In short, as has often been pointed out, he was an upsidedown idealist, a wild and snorting romantic whose fantastic indignation ran out and revelled in the ugly, the grotesque, the obscene. Descriptive science be hanged! He didn't describe a world—he created one.

We have culled this from a recent *Saturday Review of Literature*. It might disturb the buckled elegant at the top of the column, but it might interest some friend of yours. If you think it will, won't you jot down his name and address on the coupon below?

### THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

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