



Hellenic Civilization

By G. W. Botsford and E. G. Sihler

Pp. xiii + 719. \$4.50.

An anthology of excerpts from original authorities in the field of Greek literature, inscriptions and papyri, revealing the progress of Hellenic civilization in all its phases from 3,000 B. C. to 219 B. C. One of the series, Records of Civilization: Sources and Studies. "To produce an up-to-date source-book in this field has required profound scholarship and rare critical power. The bibliographies, the critical notes, and the introductory chapter on the sources of Hellenic history are all admirable; yet it is the character of the selections actually made which chiefly challenges our attention."—*The Journal of Philosophy*.

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Travel

GRECIAN ITALY. By HENRY JAMES FORMAN. Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$3.

Anyone who knows the beauties of Grecian Italy will appreciate the mood in which Mr. Forman has written his volume. It is less a description of that beautiful corner of the world—who could justly describe the magnificence of Sicily?—than a sustained outburst of enthusiasm, the reflection of the feelings which the island evoked in Mr. Forman and his fellow traveler rather than a poraroyal of its scenic aspects and its points of historic and artistic interest. Mr. Forman has lent a lively character to his narrative by introducing into it jocular allusions to the small hardships and mishaps of traveling, and to the variant views of himself and his companion, and he has given it enough of specificity to make it recall pleasantly to the minds of others who have journeyed, as he has, to Palermo, and from it through the savage pass that leads out into the wind-swept, cactus-hedged plains before Segesta, to Girgenti, Taormina, tragic Messina, or Siracuse, the enchanting beauty of land and sea and sky in magnificent conjunction. And who that has shared it but would chuckle at his experience of ancient Sybaris—to cross for a moment to the Italian mainland? We are not so sure, however, as to the quality of that bean soup at the railway buffet, not if it bore any remote relation to the brand of breakfast served at that restaurant. We should have to sample it before we admitted its perfection, for . . . *Et ego in Arcadia*.

ALONG THE PYRENEES. By PAUL WILSTACH. Bobbs-Merrill. 1925. \$4.

Mr. Wilstach knowing little of the stalwart land that fringes France and Spain struck out blindly. Chance conversations determined his course, made him turn his steps to quiet old Toulouse, and gave him from there the finest far view of the Pyrenees. He went where and as he listed, and the result seems extraordinarily successful. Moreover, his should be a valuable guide-book, for he has done nothing that is impossible to the most casual traveller.

But for pure enjoyment and fireside consumption, Mr. Wilstach's volume falls far short of other books upon the Pyrenees and the far corners of France and Spain. He lacks a ringing sense of the picturesque, his Catalans are dry dust beside those of John Dos Passos, his historical facts are facts and little more. Time and again he rouses anticipation, as in his visit to the tiny land of Andorra, set high up among the peaks. But if Andorra is excellent in anticipation, its actual description is none so good.

But this is certainly not true of Mr. Wilstach's best chapter, that on Lourdes and its miracles. Here he loses all his surface dulness, his inaptness at description and his halting style, and really presents an absorbing picture of the pilgrims and their shrine. It is a pity that he did not set down Garcassonne in prose as good.

Yet because Mr. Wilstach went everywhere that could be reached with due comfort, and because he followed the beaten trails that other travellers may themselves take, his is an excellent hand-book for the tourist. His running narrative sets down all sorts of interesting facts, points out the best places to see and the best ways to see them, and gives a good general idea of the fascinating land that lies between two countries and two seas.

(Continued on next page)

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*.

A BALANCED RATION

MEEK AMERICANS. By Joseph Warren Beach (University of Chicago Press.)

THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN. By Alexander Woollcott (Putnams.)

THE BEST STORIES OF SARAH ORNE JEWETT (Houghton Mifflin.)

"Years ago," says J. P. B., *Standford, Ky.*, "I read all the published works of Dickens except 'Edwin Drood': I could not stand the idea of starting and not finishing one of his tales. Some time back I picked up a copy with the intention of reading a few pages to see how it started, and before I knew it had reached the end." He has heard that the work has been "completed" by more than one writer, among the number Sir William Robertson Nicoll, and asks which succeeded best in "waving the magic wand of Dickens."

IT'S the old story, once you let that first chapter get you are in for good. Long ago I read the second of the continuations, "John Jasper's Secret," by a New York newspaperman, Henry Morford, which like the first—a burlesque by Orpheus C. Kerr—identified Datchery with Bazzard. Though hopeless as a real continuation it is at least possible to get through it. But the third, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood Complete," published in Brattleboro, Vt., in 1873, is something awful: a "spirit pen" announcing itself as Charles Dickens goes droning on interminably in the best style of the Family Story Paper; it is one of the scandals of literature. Mrs. Richard Newton ("Gillan Vase") wrote a continuation, but this I have not read. The worth while books are not the continuations, but the attempts made by devoted scholars to figure out what Dickens would have done with the plot, given time to write down what was evidently clear in his mind to all but minor details. The first of these was Richard A. Proctor's "Watched by the Dead": a loving study of Dickens' "Half-Told Tale" (1887); this gave what was for long the best-known solution and is yet a popular one. J. Cuming Walters' "Clues to the Mystery of Edwin Drood" came in 1905, William Archer's "Mr. Datchery" and Andrew Lang's "The Puzzle of Dickens's Last Plot," in the same year. In 1908 came Edwin Charles's "Keys to the Drood Mystery"; "About Edwin Drood," by Henry Jackson, three years later, and in 1912 "The Problem of Edwin Drood," by Sir William Robertson Nicoll, the book of which J. P. B. has heard. This should not be confused with "Dickens's Own Story" by Sir W. R. Nicoll, published by Stokes last year: this latter is a series of studies of the novelist's personal life as it appears in his books, notably in the Dora and Flora episodes.

All these theories are summarized in "The Complete Mystery of Edwin Drood," by J. Cuming Walters (Chapman & Hall, 1912), the best single volume for beginning a Drood collection—for I may as well warn J. P. B. that he is in for it, and likely at any moment, once he gets the Drood fever into his system, to find himself tearing through all the literature on the subject. Walters's book begins with an account of the circumstances of the novel's production, pictures of Rochester and its cathedral, and identifications of a number of minor "Cloisterham" characters. It then gives the text as it appeared in print, with a fragmentary additional chapter discovered by Forster, and summarized statements of all famous

theories adduced to that time, with Walters's own contribution, and a tremendous bibliography of Droodian magazine articles. But did that settle it? By no means: after that came "The Murder of Edwin Drood," by Percy Carden (Cecil Palmer), that, as I admit in my chapter on mysterious disappearances in the "Reader's Guide Book," took Edwin out of the missing and moved him for me, at last, into the other column of the casualties. And I have just read "The Mystery of the Drood Family," by Montagu Saunders (Cambridge University Press, 1914), that has a new Datchery theory. Curiously, the one other solution, so far as I have read, to bring in a new person altogether to take the part of Datchery is the unspeakable "spirit pen," but this Datchery is not that one.

Speaking of Dickens, as I get a chance to do so less often than I would like, let me improve it by mentioning "When Mr. Pickwick Went Fishing," by Dr. Samuel W. Lambert, lately published by the Brick Row Book Shop. Dr. Lambert is a devoted Izaak Walton collector, and browsing these fields came upon a book of "Maxims for Anglers," published three years before Pickwick Papers, illustrated by Robert Seymour, and showing in several plates the unmistakable figure and appurtenances of the Sage of Goswell Street. Following this clue he establishes to his own content and quite probably to that of many others, the paternity of Pickwick, who appears as an angler only once in the Papers, and then in a vignette on the green cover of the parts, a picture left quite unexplained in the text. And so much of the Drood mystery has to do with green cover design, this little book indirectly qualifies as part of this literature, as it certainly does as a Dickens item of interest.

Now I wish someone would tell me where I can get reports of the trial of Jasper for the murder of Drood, conducted by British men of letters for some charity some years ago.

L. M., *Muscadine, Iowa*, asked weeks ago "if there is in print a collection of the tales, the very tall tales, that all lumberjacks tell of their mythical hero, Paul Bunyan?"

I HAVE just found the book, which was not printed until December, 1924, and has just reached a second edition. "Paul Bunyan," by Esther Shephard (McNeil Press, Seattle), is genuine folklore in process of becoming. The legend grows with his exploits, the giant hero digs the Columbia River for a log-chute, builds a bunkhouse so tall that the top stories must be put on hinges to let the moon ride by. Reading, one gets the atmosphere, the laughter, even the language of the old White Pine Camps where these yarns got to going back in the sixties and have in the meantime taken on considerable momentum. There is little enough of this type of American folklore in print, and I am glad this has been printed. Next month Knopf is to publish "Paul Bunyan," by James Stevens, with delightful woodcuts by Allen Lewis.

YOU ARE A WRITER. Don't you ever need help in marketing your work?

I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable.

Send for my circular. I am closely in touch with the market for books, short stories, articles and verses, and I have a special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc. 135 East 58th Street New York City

Mathilde Eiker

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MRS. MASON'S DAUGHTERS

by Mathilde Eiker

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In "Mrs. Mason's Daughters," Mathilde Eiker has done a great character study. It is keen and true and promises to be one of the great books of the year. \$2.50



Isabella Holt

THE LOW ROAD

by Isabella Holt

A story of three sisters—a domestic one, a romantic one, and a brilliant one, with the latter, "the meteor," in the limelight. Their three contacts with marriage, their various disappointments, and the flashing Juliana's descent "like the stick of a skyrocket" into the very domesticity from which she had fought to free herself compose a remarkable character study, to which a most talented authoress has brought all her powers. \$2.50

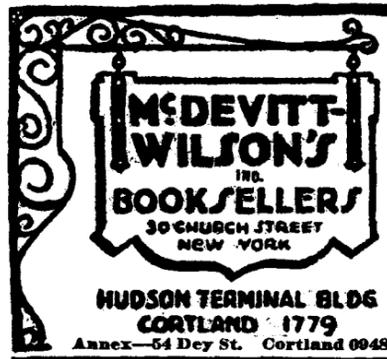
A VOICE FROM THE DARK

by Eden Phillpotts

Explaining in unusual fashion a seemingly impossible manifestation of purely physical means, "A Voice from the Dark" is one of the most satisfying mystery stories issued in some time. The story tells of a famous detective who, going to a lonely hotel in Cornwall, is disturbed by a childish voice pleading in terror to be saved from some peril.

"A real thriller. Only a very strong-minded reader will find it possible to put the book aside before he knows the reason and origin of that very mysterious thing, 'A Voice from the Dark.'" —N. Y. Times. \$2.00

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Points of View

Chekhov's Letters

The Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Professor Wiener's review-notice of my edition of Chekhov's "Letters on the Short-Story, the Drama, and Other Literary Topics" is, I think, very decidedly a misrepresentation and belittling of the volume. My aim in preparing the work—as my Introduction to the book makes clear—was to gather those of Chekhov's letters that dealt with the short-story and the drama, and to group them in such a way that they would be of service to workers in the two literary forms of which Chekhov was a master. My hope is that the volume will be of practical worth to writers and "beginning" authors.

With this, I felt also that the general reader, and the student of Chekhov and of Russian literature, would welcome a volume of Chekhov's epistolary *causeries*—arranged, grouped and properly related—on many of his great literary contemporaries, on the Moscow Art Theatre, etc., etc.

By far the greater part of the material included in the volume was translated into English by myself and my assistants prior to the appearance of Mrs. Garnett's book of "Chekhov's Letters" (1920). I was the first to quote excerpts from these letters, in the course of an article on Chekhov printed in the *Dial* (Chicago, 1917). I have known Mrs. Garnett's excellent volume of "Chekhov's Letters" since its appearance—as the Introduction to my volume indicates. I certainly have no wish or intention to deny indebtedness to a predecessor. No worker in the field of literature would take so crass and ignorant an attitude. I am sorry that Professor Wiener imagines, quite gratuitously, that I would not acknowledge such indebtedness.

As for the "literary atrocities" that Professor Wiener cites against me—I hesitate to take issue with one of his standing in Russian studies. Certainly, he knows far more of the Russian language than I do, but Chekhov, I fancy, was not unacquainted with that language. When Chekhov talks of a Moscowite (that is, in a very particular sense of a denizen of the city of Moscow) he does not say Muscovite (that is, an inhabitant of Russia, in the general sense). Professor Wiener has yet to learn that English is a very tricky language. It has pitfalls even for the most learned of men.

When Chekhov writes *Lvo Lvovich* Tolstoy, Professor Wiener wishes to take issue with him for not spelling the first name *Lvo* (which your reviewer prefers to *Lyov*, *Lyev*, *Lyef*, *Lyeff*, etc.). But Professor Wiener forgets that, when writing letters, one sometimes—quite often, in fact—indulges in queer locutions and off-hand, friendly forms. Chekhov did not wear his mortar-board inside his head.

The remaining three "literary atrocities" that your reviewer has unearthed in my edition of "Chekhov's Letters" involve the question of transliteration. I wish to state that in my translations from the Russian I follow the system of transcription employed by the Royal Geographical Society of England—which I consider the best mode of transliterating from Russian into English. If Professor Wiener advocates this system of transcription, and if he finds any departures from it in my Chekhov book, he would have the right to infer that I have courted disaster, and would be justified in taking me to task. His wrath would then be righteous, though severe, I should judge. Unfortunately, I do not have access, at this time, to a copy of my edition of Chekhov's literary letters, so that I am unable to determine whether I am responsible for the errors which your reviewer displays horribly impaled on the end of his pen—but I am very eager indeed to disclaim infallibility. I do not know how it is with professors, but I am convinced that, in spite of precautions and infinite pains, the reading of proofs is a ticklish business: sometimes, little o's will turn into a's, and tiny t's have a way of disappearing like cockney h's and reappearing when they are not needed. Such things happen to ordinary mortals. I wish I were in a position to offer your reviewer a guinea apiece for the three errors he reveals. It may be that the royalties from the sale of the book will enable me to gratify this desire—but I shall make no payment unless your reviewer agrees first to withdraw the words "literary atrocities," and to substitute for them "atrocious misprints, atrocious carelessness, atrocious atrophy of attention while proof-reading," or some such castigating and ireful phrase. I am quite prepared to have

the reviewer call me "atrocious editor," but I cannot help wishing that he had found a few words of appreciation to bestow on Chekhov's delightful Letters. Very many of them appear for the first time in English in my volume. As regards most of the others, the literary contents are for the first time completely translated and published.

LOUIS S. FRIEDLAND.

Baseball and Books

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

As a follow-up on your recent controversy about Zane Gray, I thought perhaps this would be of interest to some of your readers.

I have often wondered what a high-salaried ball player reads. I was disappointed, but not surprised.

This spring when the Chicago Cubs left for Catalina Island for spring training I gave Grover Cleveland Alexander, the famous pitcher, a copy of Willa Cather's "My Antonia," and asked him to read it and write some comment on it.

Here is what he wrote:

"That author certainly knows her Nebraska. I had three arguments with Mrs. Alexander before I finished the book. I won them all.

"But they were not serious arguments the missus and I had. You see, I am a little older than she is, and I can remember back farther.

"My father went to Nebraska in 1871. The first thing I remember was the sod houses. They were not the 'dobe huts, but red clay. There were also dugouts, just scooped out places in the side of a hill.

"Mrs. Alexander insisted that the author was all wrong, that log houses were the first shelters the settlers had. Her memory only goes back that far. She was right in a way, but so was I. . . .

"This 'Antonía' book was interesting to me only because it was written about Nebraska. I don't care for such stories as a rule, but I went all the way through it for I thought I was back home again. If it had been New Jersey, I probably wouldn't have gotten past the second page. I much prefer Zane Grey's works. He puts a lot of zip into all of them. There's a fellow who has something on his fast one."

I have been trying to dig up a real literary man among the ball players, but they tell me Fred Merkle, who made himself famous by failing to touch second one time, is the only genuine book fan in the game.

RALPH CANNON.

Chicago.

Town and Library

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

Not that the brilliant pen of Christopher Morley needs defense nor further tribute, yet we pause to inquire if his critic from the noble free city of Waterbury is aware of the twelve-mile limit? Surely the intriguing cafés of the Burlé Mieli and vicinage are well out beyond that!

To "see America first" is a patriotic and instructive thing (if one sees it with both eyes open), but a little journey to the "Café de la Sorbonné," for example, might improve an American's taste and style—for, obviously, a crass allusion to "booze" in relation to the dimly-glowing bottles of the Bowling Green are beside the mark.

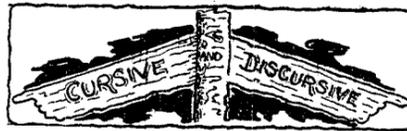
Moreover, Mr. Morley explains—in his current "Memoranda" (perhaps to obviate a possible misunderstanding on the part of his aridistic readers)—that he is drinking black coffee while yet standing at the bar. Could a Kansan do more?

Trusting the Bowling Greens may still retain their piquant dash of cognac flavor,

Appreciatively yours,

VA.

The *Nouvelle Revue Française* has just lost a brilliant editor and contributor in Jacques Rivière, who died the other day at the age of thirty-nine. He was an excellent writer, one of the first to recognize the genius of Proust and to encourage the advanced school of novelists by furthering the publication of their works. He himself wrote a clever psychological and analytical novel called "Aimée," in which he used tentatively his new theories on novel-writing; but his mature work was yet to be done. His latest critical articles, full of frank originality and initiative, which appeared in the "Nouvelle Revue Française" and elsewhere, will be gathered into a book. His personal influence on his friends and literary contemporaries was vital and fruitful.



By the PHOENICIAN

A GREAT American epic has been written. "Paul Bunyan," by James Stevens, the myth of the gargantuan American logger, whose original was Paul Bunyan, the French-Canadian of the Papineau Rebellion, is a grand tale. Stevens has concocted it from all the Bunyan stories afloat in lumber-camps and made it into a story full of high imagination, great fantasy, and superbly humorous detail. There is uproarious gusto in the telling. We have been enthralled for an hour or more skimming the first half of the advance copy that fell into our hands. The book will be published on the tenth of April, and we recommend every one but the deadly literal-minded to beg, borrow or steal one. * * * A new collection of short stories by Richard Connell, under the title of "Variety," includes a comic story, a satiric story, a sex story (of a most original sort!) one of mystery, one of sentiment, one cynical, an advertising story, a success story, a business story, a love story, and so on. While Connell does not always hit on all cylinders he, nevertheless, produces light comedy that usually floats one genially about the giblets (to borrow a phrase from Browning). * * * Stephen Bone has illustrated with most attractive woodcuts the "Selected Poems" of W. H. Davies, which Harcourt puts out at two dollars. And a small, pleasant book for children is "Nurse Lovechild's Legacy: Being a Mighty Fine Collection of the Most Noble, Memorable and Veracious Nursery Rhymes, Embellished by C. Lovat Fraser,"—another item for collectors of the work of this late master-draughtsman with the reed pen. * * * "The 8.45" is herewith recommended to all commuters. It is written with a light, entertaining touch by Robert M. Gay, who, as the narrator, encounters all the difficulties of living in the country and catching the 8.45 every morning. The humors of suburban existence are handled with just the proper cheerful lugubriousness, a paradoxical state that can be obtained only by seasoned commuters. * * * Coy Spring brings poets in its train. Edwin Arlington Robinson's latest book, "Dionysus in Doubt," though not one of his very best, is of considerable interest. Aline Kilmer's "The Poor King's Daughter," her third volume, is slight in bulk but of no slight charm. John Drinkwater brings "New Poems," the result of two years' writing, and Charles Hanson Towne has collected the poetry of Robert Gilbert Welsh, who died so gallantly rescuing a girl from drowning. This last named volume is in the Appleton Library of Verse under the title of "Azrael and Other Poems." Towne has furnished it with a preface. * * * Harold K. Guinsburg, formerly of Simon & Schuster, and George S. Oppenheimer, who for the last three and a half years has been advertising and publicity manager for Alfred A. Knopf, have now founded *The Viking Press*, which has taken the name Viking as a symbol of enterprise, adventure and exploration in the publishing field. The Press's list will consist of only a few titles each year, and there will be especial concentration on format. Rockwell Kent has designed the Viking Press's trademark. * * * A youngster of twenty-one who has had two books of poems published and whose translation of Francois Villon is now on the press is Lucius M. Beebe, at present taking a special course at Harvard. Last year at Yale he was Fence Orator of his class and a Cup man of the *Yale Record*. Beebe has just assumed editorship of the *Harvard Crimson Bookshelf*, the only literary tabloid magazine published by any college newspaper in the country. * * * On April 16th a Thomas Seltzer Testimonial Dinner will take place at the Hotel Plaza to celebrate Mr. Seltzer's fifth publishing anniversary. Among the speakers will be Glenn Frank, Carl Van Doren, and Padraic Colum. * * * The *Youth's Companion* announces with satisfaction that the *Atlantic Monthly* has acquired an interest in its business, and will aid actively in the management. The new Board of Directors will include Ellery Sedgwick, President, and MacGregor Jenkins, Treasurer, of the *Atlantic Monthly Co.* * * * At N. Y. U. the drama has now taken its place on a par with football and baseball. Chancellor Elmer Ellsworth Brown recently awarded varsity letters in dramatics to ten

members of the Dramatic Society! Golly, but we wish they'd given us our "Y" for writing light verse when we were at college! * * * W. L. George has written "The Story of Woman." But then W. L. was always a daring man. * * * Macmillan have just got out an attractive publicity brochure on *Stella Benson*. * * * The advisory board of *Pan: Poetry and Youth*, a new publication which will prance out of the wilderness in late April, includes Don Marquis, Conrad Aiken, George Sterling, Vachel Lindsay, Maxwell Bodenheim, Witter Bynner, etc. The editors, Charles Phillips and Harry McGuire, should be addressed Box 73 University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana. "Pan" will interpret for older folk youthful realistic novels, chameleon-like youthful philosophies, youthful plays, poetry, and what-you-will. * * * "The Nervous Wreck," a recent popular play was founded on a novel by E. J. Rath, and we learn for the first time from E. C. Ranck in the *Louisville Courier-Journal* that "E. J. Rath" was the pseudonym of Chauncey Corey Brainerd, for many years city editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and his wife, Edith Rathbone Jacobs. The name was formed by using Mrs. Brainerd's initials and the first part of her middle name. Brainerd and his wife were killed in the Columbia Theatre disaster in Washington. Ranck speaks of Brainerd as "the finest and whitest newspaper man that I have ever known." * * * The special poetry number of the *Southwest Review* (formerly the *Texas Review*), edited by Jay B. Hubbell, contains some excellent poetry. John Gould Fletcher's "The Seven Cities of Cibola," Lew Saret's "Altyn," and Robert Graves's article on "Poetic Control by Spirits" are particularly good. * * * Dropped along the Gypsy Trail is the information that a certain hotel in Switzerland, one hour from Interlaken, (about one hundred and fifty rooms at only three dollars and up a day including meals) is called Schloss Hotel, Schöneck, Spiez, and appeals especially to artists and literary people. We've seen pictures of it, and it looks to us like a grand place! * * * James Boyd, whose first novel, "Drums" is out, is said to be a boss novelist. John Galsworthy, when visiting in our midst, considered him a writer of exceptional promise. Scribner's spring list has a lot of boyds now that are erl right: Thomas, Ernest and James. * * * And finally, for a while, a privately printed work in *belles lettres* entitled "The Triptych's Penny Toys" has pleased us extravagantly. The rhymester is Wilbur Macey Stone, and the artists Jay Chambers and William Jordan. The book is a labor of love, the illustrations are colored by hand, the edition is of 99 numbered copies only, of which 75 are for sale, and if you apply to The Triptych, Room 1127, 15 Park Row, you may be able, for two dollars, to get hold of a copy to take home to the children. As for us, we wouldn't part with our copy for five!

The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

War

THE MILITARY USES OF ASTRONOMY. By MAJOR F. C. MOLESWORTH. Longmans, Green. 1924. \$1.25 net.

Here is a volume which makes the soldier long for active service in the field, far from the back bending desks of Washington. It is simple enough to be understood by anyone who reads with attention; it is scientific enough to tell how the thorough astronomer determines and calculates; and still it is a practical field manual.

Officers of the British Army (says the General who writes the Foreword), spend much of their service in the empty places of the world, where there are no roads or sign-posts, and often no maps. If they can learn thoroughly what Major Molesworth has explained so clearly, and can apply the knowledge instinctively in desert or bush, they may save the lives of their men, or make certain the success of an operation.

British troops might have to land on coasts where tides are uncalculated; and here is a rule-of-thumb method of approximating their occurrence. The stars are of use in military operations (with instances cited) for telling the time and for finding direction; and a workable method is laid out. Yet for guiding a night march a planet may be more useful because brighter, more visible on hazy nights, and apparent to the entire column; and thus and so you use the stars. So eminently applicable and useful does the material in the book seem that it makes one long for the night sky in open country where soldier, or scout, nature lover might enjoy the keen satisfaction of fitting the appropriate constellations into the fascinating cross-word puzzle pattern of Major Molesworth's book.