



The Invention of Printing in China and Its Spread Westward

By Thomas F. Carter

Late Assistant Professor of Chinese, Columbia University

The world's first printed book appeared in China in 868 and fifty years before the Gutenberg Bible became known in Europe books were printed from metal type in Korea. The evolution of printing in the East and its migration westward is traced for the first time in this fascinating volume.

Pp. xviii + 282, 37 plates, chart, map, notes, bibliography and index. \$7.50. Circular of Reviewers Opinions upon request



Philosophy

HOW TO UNDERSTAND PHILOSOPHY. By A. E. BAKER. Doran. 1926. \$2.50.

The title of this book is somewhat misleading for what is in reality a brief history of Western philosophy couched in the simplest terms. Mr. Baker has such remarkable ability in presenting abstract and recondite doctrines in plain non-technical language that he succeeds in giving, without distortion, the gist of the great speculative systems in a manner which almost anyone could follow. It would be hard to find a better book for beginners in philosophy.

THE SUBCONSCIOUS SELF. By Louis Waldstein. Scribners. \$2.

Poetry

POEMS. By MABEL SIMPSON. Vinal. 1925.

Through this slight and inappropriately bound book of verse runs a strain of lyricism that is pure and clear, at the same time that it is mild and thin. There is something brooklike about its shallow murmur. The employment of refrain, and a nice choice of singable sounds render many inclusions preëminently fit for music. Indeed, the little volume might be called Songs Without Tunes. An exquisitely delicate touch is in such a moving bit as this Epitaph for a Child:

No ray of light,
No breath of sound,
Disturbs this chamber
Underground,
But overhead
A little tree
Moves merrily, moves merrily.

And there is charm of a not so different sort in Vesper:

I heard a meadow breathing grass
On a silent summer day,
I saw a glimmering insect pass,
And a petal drop away,
I laid my cheek against the ground,
My joy was sharp as a grief,
The wind went by with a lovely sound,
And the night fell like a leaf.

The majority of the lyrics are strongly colored with mysticism. The poet thrills with the certainty of a Divine law governing the universe, and observes insistently and gratefully that though flesh is as grass, and dust returns to dust, the good earth endures, and Love is Lord of all. Her ideas are few and are repeated stintlessly. She is not unacquainted with grief, but she seems to be ignorant of evil, and this gives her work some flatness. There are a few extremely inept pieces, such as the lines "To —":

I am for thee,
Thou art for me,
Eternally! Eternally!

But for the most part, the melody and the grace is all delightfully there.

Religion

JESUS CHRIST AND THE HUMAN QUEST: Suggestions Toward a Philosophy of the Person and Work of Christ. By EDWIN LEWIS. Abingdon. 1924.

As the subtitle makes plain, and as might be expected from the position filled by the author, this is not one of the many recent attempts to present the historical Jesus, but to evaluate the significance of his career to a philosophy of religion. The complete

(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

CLARA BARRON. By Harvey O'Higgins (Harpers).

FREE THOUGHT IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. By J. A. Hobson (Macmillan).

PLAYS. Sixth Series. By John Galsworthy (Scribners).

M. A. L. L., Hingham, Mass., sends me a clipping from the *Boston Herald* in which Philip Hale answers the call in the *Guide* for the source of the phrase "to throw her bonnet over the windmill." "Is it not," says he, "a translation of the old French folk saying 'jeter son bonnet pardessus les moulins,' which means to say good-bye to modesty, innocence, and the respect of the world, to step out gaily on the primrose path?" He suggests that the expression may come from "the fact that women in a fit of rage, not being able to restrain themselves, snatch the cap from the head without caring who sees them," and quotes from P. L. Le Roux's "Dictionnaire Comique" (1718) another use of the saying, when French parents, unable to finish a story they were telling to children, would wind up with "I threw my cap over the windmill and did not know what became of it."

R. B., New York City, asks for "new books on religion" and from the rest of the letter it is clear that he is trying to get his bearings, none of his old landmarks being available.

SOME months ago a series of reports from British men and women of letters, each called "My Religion," appeared in English newspapers and were soon welcomed in the American press. They were of all shades of belief, and many of the faiths were hand-made, or at least shaped to individual needs by honest thinking and tested by living; about all they had in common was strong and searching sincerity. The set is now published in this country by Appleton, as "My Religion," and a similar series is now running in the *Herald-Tribune*, by American writers. If the inquirer wishes to survey the faiths of the world, especially in their ethical bearings, there is Alfred W. Martin's "Comparative Religion and the Religion of the Future" (Appleton). For a vivid and inspiring record of rich experience, Dr. George A. Gordon's "My Education and Religion" (Houghton Mifflin) will be long remembered by anyone who so much as begins it, for to begin it is to go on. Dr. Gordon is a Scotchman who has had forty years of Boston and his education is set down on both sides of the ocean and from life in the world as well as in the pulpit. The collection of "Best Sermons of 1924" gathered by Dr. Joseph Fort Newton (Harcourt, Brace), has been followed by another which seems to me an even better selection, "Best Sermons of 1925" (Harcourt, Brace), and Macmillan has this year brought out "The American Pulpit: the Mind of the Church Mirrored in the Sermons of Twenty-five of the Most Influential Preachers in the United States." Edward M. Chapman's "A Modernist and His Creed" (Houghton Mifflin) is based upon personal experience.

A. D. P., Chevy Chase, Md., asks what newspaper man has lately written a life of Sargent, and what else has he written?

WILLIAM HOWE DOWNES, author of "John S. Sargent" (Little, Brown), was art editor of the *Boston Transcript* for more than thirty years previous to his retirement in 1923. He has written many magazine articles on art matters, besides his newspaper criticisms under the familiar initials W. H. W., and several books, of which the most important is the "Life and Works of Winslow Homer" (Houghton Mifflin).

Several readers have sent reports on difficulties attending getting a copy of the original work of Bishop Meade on the old families of Virginia, or of the reprint, and have suggested lines of search, but the Rt. Rev. Beverley Tucker of Norfolk, Va., makes this unnecessary by telling me that there is a recent edition issued by Lippincott. "Old Churches, Ministers, and Families of Virginia," by Bishop Meade, with index to same, compiled by J. C. Wise, two volumes octavo, ten dollars.

J. A. B., Clarkeville, Tenn., asks for recently published books on the study of the opera, including modern opera.

"THE OPERA," by R. A. Streatfield (Dutton), was first written thirty years ago, and long held high rank among the books of plots because it combined with these an outline of the history of opera. It has lately been brought to date by Edward J. Dent, who has recast the later chapters and added much new material, especially in the sections on Russian and on English opera.

The very newest book of this sort is also the most original in its method of arrangement; it would seem as if a new grouping of opera plots would by this time be out of the question, but Frederick H. Martens, in "1001 Nights of Opera" (Appleton), has accomplished this feat by grouping by subject instead of by schools, by composers, or by the time at which the opera was written. Dividing into chapters on operas of the Orient, of Greece and Rome, the Middle Ages, the New World, and so on, he arranges within these limits so that the Faust operas are brought together, those on Don Juan, on Cellini, or on the Lorelei, and countless others. The more important are told through, briefly but quite well enough to get a good idea of the plot; of those that have faded he names the arias that remain, like "Bois Epais" in Lulli's "Amadis." The modern operas are especially well represented: the book leans over the edge of tomorrow. Carpenter's "Sky-scrapers" is here as well as his "Krazy Kat" ballet, and a surprising number of works bears the date 1925. All told, it is one of the most readable and generally useful reference books for the opera-lover.

J. A. B. asks also for a new book on interior decoration, for home use.

I HAVE found "Your Home Beautiful," by Lucy D. Taylor (Doran), as practical as it is stimulating. It would not come amiss if one were spending a great deal of money, but it would be a boon to the amateur with limitations both of space and of money. Many drawings and colored pictures make what it says even easier to understand.

J. A. P., New Haven, Conn., asks if there is a book of camp songs for boys from seven to fourteen, especially for tramping and paddling.

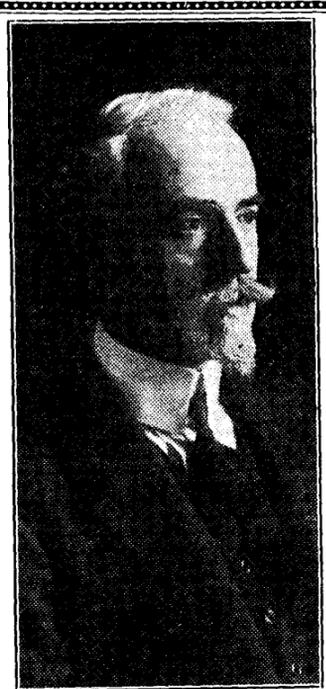
THE "Boy Scout Song Book," published by Ditson, or sold by them for forty cents, will answer this purpose. C. C., Wheeling, W. Va., asks if any firm deals in photographs and prints of contemporary men of letters: he knows that they may often be obtained from the publishers, but wishes to go to one source. Underwood and Underwood, of this city, seem to be indicated in this case. H. G., New York City, asks for a book with information as to how various things are eaten at the table, and on table manners in general, for a boy "with surprising holes in his information and too shy to hunt up what he needs. Mrs. Post's 'Etiquette' is rather post-graduate and a little too general." This boy is about to enter one of the smaller colleges. "Etiquette at College," by Nellie Ballou (Handy Book Corporation, Harrisburg, Pa.), deals with table manners as directly as it does with the other exigencies of life for young people away from home. "Eating roasting-ears," it says, "is perhaps the most savage demonstration at modern tables," and advises the student to "go at it frankly and as conservatively as possible," remembering that "while engaged with corn on the cob, nothing else should be attempted, gestures or conversation." It has many other uses for its special audience, such as the admirable advice it gives on introducing speakers or on the technique of showing old grads about the place. In the latter case it says, "It is risky to make remarks about old pictures to a visitor. The subjects may have been relatives."

(Continued on next page)

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



WHAT'S in a name? Confusion, on occasions. Wickham Steed, who holds the place of honor in our issue this week, must often have smiled over the errors which arose because of the resemblance of his own name to that of that knight-errant of British journalism who went down on the Titanic, W. H. Stead. But beyond the fact that both were journalists, and both were idealists, there was small similarity between them. "That distinguished looking man, so slim, so handsome, so intelligent, so ready to speak at length after dinners, and in every way so unlike the popular conception of what an Englishman should be," is the picture which his compatriot, H. W. Nevinson, has drawn of Wickham Steed as he appeared during the Washington Conference. For Mr. Steed has been a diplomat as well as a journalist and an editor; indeed, his advice was sought by kings before the war and by statesman after it. As editor of the *London Times* from 1919-1922 he exerted a powerful influence upon British public opinion at a time when to influence that was to influence the world. As editor of the *English Review of Reviews* he is still according to his own confession "prejudiced in favor of what seems 'right' and against what seems 'wrong.'"

When we cabled Mr. Steed that "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House" was about to be released and asked whether he would review the work for us, he replied with the promptness of the seasoned journalist that he would. Do you not think that there may be some of your friends as eager to read Mr. Steed's review as he was to read the Colonel's book? If any such friend comes to mind just take a minute to write down his name and address on this coupon.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

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If you sent a sample copy of your paper to:

I think you might find a new subscriber. This friend of mine is really interested in books.

The Reader's Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

G. N. D., New York, is looking for a book on typing: he uses the favorite hunt system, but it is too slow, and he wants to go at the matter more systematically, but without a teacher.

If he uses a portable, the maker probably issues a booklet about the touch system as applied to this machine—one of these has been blinking reproachfully at me from a nearby pigeonhole for these many moons. But there is a book on the subject in general that is interesting from a psychological viewpoint, apart from its usefulness as a guide: "Learning to Typewrite," by William F. Book (Gregg). The author is professor of psychology at Indiana University and director of the psychological laboratory there, and the book has a discussion of the psychology and pedagogy of skill.

E. N., Stamford, Conn., tells G. W., who asked for French nursery books, of the French editions of Beatrix Potter's books (the titles come out beautifully in the Gallic tongue) and of Bannerman's "Little Black Sambo," published by Stokes and Warne, "L'Entente Cordial des Bêtes," and "Jean Gilpin" (Stokes), adding that for rough-house fun this family recommends "David Blaize of Kings" (Doran), "The Adventures of an Irish R. M." (Longmans, Green), and Miss Warner's "Life's Minor Collisions," and "Groups and Couples" (Houghton, Mifflin). For two even older treasures "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine" (Scribner), and

"The Colonel's Opera Cloak" (Little, Brown). H. G., Boston, also recommends the works of Miss Warner complete for fun books. And S. R. L., Oneida, N. Y., is reminded by the "brothers" discussion of a story that was the first piece in either the *Century* or *Harper's* or perhaps *Scribner's*, a few years ago, which she recalls as the most beautiful story about brothers that ever she read, and which she would fain recover, but cannot recall the name and so asks for help from readers.

The New Books Religion

(Continued from preceding page)

and accurate use made by the author of the bibliography of his subject is an assurance of his competence to a public to whom his name is not well known.

Professor Lewis makes quite clear to his readers that the Human Quest cannot place in any other than the foremost position for inquiry the career of which the Synoptic Gospels give us both the fullest reliable report, and the most direct religious impression. He gives credit for unquestionable "sincerity and ability" to the historical critics who depict that career without resort to the supernatural in the sense that this category is employed by the evangelists. At the same time he brings against them the serious charge of prejudging the case. "They want no other than a humanitarian Christ; they also believe that the humanitarian was also the historical Christ; and they so employ the method (of "comparison, criticism, and correlation") that the

Gospel story is made to support the pre-judgment." How such a charge can be brought without questioning either the ability or the sincerity of critics who strenuously deny the charge is difficult to understand. Nevertheless the book is to be heartily commended.

THE REASONABLENESS OF CHRISTIANITY. By DOUGLAS CLYDE MACINTOSH. Scribners. 1925. \$1.50.

This volume won the Bross Prize of \$6,000 in a competition of over seventy manuscripts submitted. If the public may judge by previous awards the decision was a wise one. The standard of Bross volumes will certainly be raised by this latest addition. Of the thirteen chapters the first is entitled *Apologetics Old and New*. The book itself illustrates the contrast, much to the advantage of the New.

Professor Macintosh is well known to students in the field of the psychology and philosophy of religion by his fearless and logical treatment of the facts of present-day experience. Particularly has he interested himself in the problems of epistemology. His justification of Christian Morality, Moral Optimism, the belief in Freedom, Immortality, God, Providence, Revelation, The Historic Jesus, and the significance of His Person and Work, make a clear and logical approach to his conclusions as to Knowledge in General, Religious Knowledge, and Reality.

The main contents of the book were given as lectures on the Nathaniel W. Taylor Foundation at the Convocation of The Yale Divinity School in April, 1925. Their reception at the time by constantly growing audiences of appreciative hearers proved that not merely their substance was welcome, but that it was put in a form so clear and logical as to be easily apprehended even without the printed page.

WHY I AM A SPIRITUAL VAGABOND. By THOMAS L. MASSON. Century. 1925. \$2.

The combination of wit and wisdom should suffice to make a book both readable and worth while. Mr. Masson's book has this and more. It is profoundly sincere and intensely earnest. If Mr. Masson has a deep-seated antipathy to any group of human beings it is that known as "critics" in the larger group of "intellectuals." The present writer is willing, however, to sacrifice such aspirations as he may have had to rank with either class in order to commend Mr. Masson's book. A "spiritual vagabond" appears to mean a student of life in its deeper meaning who has determined to explore the problem which Carlyle defined as that of "duty and destiny in the mysterious universe in which we find ourselves," and to explore it "on his own." May there be many to accept Mr. Masson's invitation to join the company!

It may not have occurred to students of the psychology of religion to take as a practical guide the veteran editor of *Life*. That may be because they wrongly regarded *Life* as only a comic newspaper. Its former editor shows that he has studied life to real purpose, and with a seriousness no whit behind the great mystics of the church. Augustine and Francis of Assisi had not acquired the art of "snappy" writing. But Masson proves that one can be as earnest as they, as profoundly religious, as devoutly eager to imbue others with the victory and peace he himself has found in conversion, without relinquishing the style that has long characterized America's leading satirical and humorous weekly. If The American Tract Society has funds to spare we would suggest the subsidizing of a popular edition of Masson's "Spiritual Vagabond."

SEVEN DAYS WITH GOD. By Abraham Mitrie Ribbany. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.
THE BIBLE UNMASKED. By Joseph Lewis. The Freethought Publishing Co. \$2.50.

Travel

AROUND THE WORLD AT EIGHTY. By FLAVIA CAMP CANFIELD. Rutland, Vt.: The Tuttle Co. 1925. \$2.50.

It was Oliver Wendell Holmes, we believe, who coined the expression "eighty years young." Surely to no one has it ever been more applicable than to the author of this brief record of travel around the world. For Mrs. Canfield, despite her long line of years, took experience with as frolic a welcome as could ever a youthful journeyer, was obdurate against mischance, oblivious of discomfort, and receptive to impressions. She went on her trip alone, and lagged no whit behind her companions in the energy with which she took in the sights her extended itinerary provided. Her narrative ought to fill the hearts of the ageing with courage.

INDIAN DREAM LANDS. By MARGARET MORDECAI. Putnams. 1925. \$4.50.

Mrs. Mordecai is an enthusiastic traveler and an observant sightseer even if not a particularly lively narrator, and her account of journeyings in Ceylon, India, and Burma is informed and many-angled. Her route lay along the main traveled ways in great part, her trip affording little that lies without the experience of other travelers to the Orient. But she examined much and carefully, inquired concerning native customs and history, and faithfully recounted what she saw and learned. Her record is a personal one presenting her own reactions to people and events, and introducing occasional anecdotes concerning fellow-travelers and casual acquaintances. An admirer of the Orient, Mrs. Mordecai is tolerant of its divergencies from Occidental manners and points of view, and is always sympathetic in her attitude towards native peoples and customs. Her book lacks vivacity, but it nevertheless has considerable interest.

THE TOUR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO AFRICA AND SOUTH AMERICA: An Intimate Record. By RALPH DEAKIN. Lippincott. 1926. \$4.

The interest of this travel narrative, by the special correspondent of the *London Times* who accompanied the expedition, is contained in the vastly illuminating and valuable descriptions of England's colonial possessions in West and South Africa. Of course these significant passages are constantly interrupted by the inevitable tawdry show which attends the presence of Prince Edward—rousing cheers from whites, cordial grunts and yells from natives, prolonged stretches of hand-shaking, flag waving, bowing, scraping, dining, ceremonious receptions, patriotic orations, and other obvious hokum. We are told solemnly, if without any very substantial proof being given of its portentous accomplishments, that "the mission was perhaps the most important trip of our time." At any rate, the author does his best to make it seem so. His book is well illustrated with forty-six photographs, not all of which have "the greatest salesman in the world" for their featured subject.

MY CROWDED SOLITUDE. By JACK McLAREN. McBride. 1926.

Here is a literary skill of a rare sort—simple narrative by a man who has lived through a most uncommon experience; restrained, modest, but none the less (really, the more) gripping. The language is graceful, forceful, quiet, as becomes a doer. No striving after effects, no rococo, no baroque. Because of the author's capacity for selection of material, he presents an unforgettable delineation of his eight-year solitary struggle against nature and savage, which has no dull spots and no futilities of expression.

The first page catches you like a steel trap, and you are held for hours helpless in its velvet grip. Such an unassuming manner Jack McLaren has in telling about it that one almost forgets the strain and struggle of his exploit, the self-reliance, the daring. He refuses to take himself seriously, and this endearing quality makes the reader in after-thoughts on the book take him and his tale all the more so. It is no slight thing to change a sector of Australia's paleolithic era into twentieth century times; to lead a tribe of black Esaus into becoming Jacobs, by kindness and not by the orthodox way of gunpowder and lash. No slight thing to make a literary story about it, either.

No Cocoa palms on Cape York? Very well, he, the wanderer, will put them there!—even though it involves eight years' abstinence from wandering. What nature's ocean currents and trade winds could not do with the floating nuts in ten thousand years, he would do with transplants in eight years—and he did. After eight years of solitude ("crowded" with life) the tamed jungle blossomed into rows of stately palms dropping nuts like manna. And then, the Wilding came again, and he was off, leaving the solitude a better place to live in for his having been that way,—and the world's bookshelves the richer, too.

"The Journals of T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, 1879-1922," in two volumes, will be published by R. Cobden Sanderson, in a limited edition this Spring. The journals form a record of the last forty years of the diarist's life, and includes the history of the founding of the Doves Press. Catalogs are also given of books bound by Cobden-Sanderson personally between 1884 and 1893, before the founding of the Doves Bindery, and of books printed and published at the Doves Press between 1900-1916.

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