

The Sun.

BOOKS AND THE BOOK WORLD

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THE CALF-BOY.

By Francis Carlin.

'TIS pleasant here to be herding calves
And they on the upland grasses,
For the beetle's tune is trailed across
The winds in the mountain passes;
And the crickets sing when the day is done,
As they do be singing nightly,
On hills that seem like the hearth of the sun
While the clouds are flaming brightly.

But I wish the heifers were brave and strong
And they in the valley's clover,
And I to be going off to the fields
With the tea and the crows and Rover;
For all the cows on the grass in the glen
Are out on their own resources,
And I would be listening once again
To the voices of men with horses.

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SECTIONS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

THE arrival of ten more of the fifty volumes which are called *The Chronicles of America* and which the Yale University Press is publishing is calculated to make you sit up late in front of the fireplace.

With these ten, thirty of the fifty volumes are published. Each book is complete in itself, but all fifty interlock in an elaborate treatment of almost every aspect of American history. The books are not scholarly texts, though scholarship is their firm foundation. They are highly readable, and often intensely interesting, narratives. They do, in the main, combine the excitement of good stories well told with the worth of important knowledge properly presented.

Of the ten volumes just out one is the first of the sequence of fifty—*The Red Man's Continent*, by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON. Mr. HUNTINGTON is a specialist on climate and its influence in human history. He starts on the lawn of Hampton Institute, where you may see perfectly representative specimens of three of the world's races—the American Indian, the negro and the white. He finishes with the conclusion that "in our own day the distribution of culture in America [meaning the two continents] is more closely related to climatic energy than to any other factor." Here are 172 pages devoted to a popular exposition of those physical conditions which, we are told, have shaped the whole course of civilization by compelling or coaxing men to migrate from one region to another. How did men first get to the American continents? Why are the Western prairies treeless? Can man make any spot, short of the poles, habitable—as our achievement at Panama might suggest? These questions and many others like them are answered by Mr. HUNTINGTON.

We were struck, on page 19 of SYDNEY G. FISHER's account of *The Quaker Colonies*, with the enthusiasm of WILLIAM PENN in 1682-83 for the neighborhood of Philadelphia. "Oh, how sweet!" exclaimed the eminent Quaker, "is the quiet of these parts, freed from the anxious and troublesome solicitations, hurries and perplexities of woful Europe." About 235 years later PENN would not have said this. The quiet of those parts was seriously impaired by a haste to build, at the urgent solicitations of woful Europe, ships to a number exceeding the fifty sail which, PENN reported, had arrived within a year. On page 45 we gleaned information about the people called the Pennsylvania Dutch. "Agents, called 'newlanders' and 'soul sellers,' travelled through Germany working up the transatlantic traffic by various devices, some of them," adds Mr. FISHER, "not altogether creditable." New Jersey began as New Caesarea, at least the difficulty of translating New Jersey into the Latin required for legal documents was circumvented by calling it that. The author tells us, in speaking of New Jersey settlers, that some families, it is said, can be traced steadily proceeding southward as they stripped off the forest and started sawmills and gristmills. The Swedes who had an early start in Delaware might have had some effect on the later history of that State if GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS hadn't jumped into the Thirty Years' War. But the Swedes were not, then and there at least, colonizers.

CHARLES M. ANDREWS's *Colonial Pathways* is

full of the kinds of people who came to America, the lives they lived in town and country, the houses they built, their clothes and habits, their efforts to think or not to think, their religions. We are pleasantly convinced that it took all kinds of people to make a New World (which may, after all, be not yet entirely or satisfactorily completed); that Councilman CARTER, who owned 60,000 Virginia acres, 600 negroes, an "elegant and spacious house," stock in the Baltimore Iron Works, and several farms, was a man well off; that the Virginia ladies who complained of Philadelphia as a place of small rooms and houses all alike were unreasonable; that when Madam SMITH declared the juice of Jerusalem oak had cured all the negro children on the plantation of a distemper she deceived herself; that it must have been hard to live with lingerie; that people were right in preferring Madeira wine to Cadary vidonia; that JONATHAN EDWARDS, beginning Latin at six years old, would have been found by RAMSEY MILHOLLAND to be as sickening as a girl; that a young man like CUYLER who went through Connecticut in 1757 on his way to acquire a wife was in no condition to notice whether the roads were good or poor.

You will learn from EDWARD S. CORWIN, in his *John Marshall and the Constitution*, that MARSHALL's conduct of the trial of AARON BURR for treason is the one serious blemish on MARSHALL's judicial record. As the subtitle of the book indicates, this is really *A Chronicle of the Supreme Court*, in any account of which MARSHALL is, of course, the grand figure. Actually he is in danger of being displaced, in the mind of the reader, by the fascinating spectacle of AARON BURR. Do not misunderstand the range of this volume, which stops before the coming of the civil war and narrows from history to biography in a later chapter describing MARSHALL's closing years, *Among Friends and Neighbors*.

Turn to page 35 of CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER's *Pioneers of the Old Southwest* if you want to know how the log cabin was built, without nails or glass for windows. Figures of frontiersmen, traders and warriors move thickly through these pages. But of course the great pageant of the book has its dominant figure; he is DANIEL BOONE. BOONE married REBECCA BRYAN in 1756. For ten years, from 1764 onward, BOONE and his son JAMES were comrades in the wilderness. "In the cold nights of the open camp, as DANIEL and JAMES lay under the frosty stars, the father kept the boy warm snuggled to his breast under the broad flap of his hunting shirt." At 17 JAMES was killed by an Indian tomahawk as his father was leading the first settlers toward Kentucky. It was in 1799, when he was far from young, that the father set out for the unknown country of Missouri. The place, he declared, was getting too crowded; for his part he needed more elbow room.

THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

Mare Nostrum (Our Sea), by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. German submarine warfare in the Mediterranean. A novel as tremendous as his *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*.

The Old Madhouse, by William De Morgan. Lasting charm, and a mystery story so fine that even Mrs. De Morgan's final chapter cannot spoil it.

Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children, edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop. An irresistible revelation of the man. The best book for readers of all ages.

The Command Is Forward, by Alexander Woolcott. Superb stories of the A. E. F., collected from the pages of the *Stars and Stripes*.

From the Life, by Harvey O'Higgins. Fictional biography. Material at times like O. Henry's. Some capital stories.

A Woman's Woman, by Nalbro Bartley. An American family from 1901 to 1918. More truth than exaggeration.

Ramsey Milholland, by Booth Tarkington. An American boyhood matured into manhood by the events of 1917-18.

The Moon and Sixpence, by W. Somerset Maugham. Candid novel of a genius. "There are few men to whom love is the most important thing in the world, and they are not very interesting ones."

Mary Olivier; A Life, by May Sinclair. For those to whom introspection and memory are the breath of life.

The Story of a Lover, Anonymous. For those who care for beautiful prose and honest candor and who can forgive human nature.

The Young Visitors, by Daisy Ashford. A nine-year-old's novel of a social climber.

The Re-Creation of Brian Kent, by Harold Bell Wright. For those who enjoyed the author's other books.

The Librarian's Corner

CONDUCTED BY
FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE.

JACKDAWS IN SPITE OF THEMSELVES.

CENSORSHIP of opinion is at all times and under all circumstances intolerable—something to be defied, resisted and defeated by every available means. Censorship of facts is something else again.

Honest persons can have only sympathy for every honest and intelligent effort to check the dissemination of falsehood and misinformation, nor need this attitude imply agreement or even sympathy with every effort to promulgate any given set of truthful facts. One may honestly believe the world or any part of its people would be better off for not knowing some facts. No one, however, can honestly believe that any good purpose is served by the promulgation of untruth.

Yet that is precisely what is going on, unchecked, tolerated, even indorsed, through the medium of great numbers of books issued by reputable publishers, circulated freely by the public libraries and bought in great numbers by loving parents for the education and edification of their young.

Did you ever study the colored pictures of animals, birds and flowers in any of the popular "nature" books?

Gerrymandering the Gallumpus.

Let a naturalist write that the Ringtailed Gallumpus has three vertical parallel peagreen stripes on his nose, when everybody who has ever talked with a traveller who has returned with his life from the vasty solitudes of Baffin's Land, where the Gallumpus has his habitat and pursues his prey, knows that the two outer stripes diverge from the median one at an angle of two degrees, thus being parallel, if at all, in a strictly non-Euclidean sense, while these outer stripes, to the observing eye, are not peagreen in any real sense, but a color somewhere between olive green and Nile green, much more nearly matching the familiar string bean in tone than its aristocratic cousin, the pea—let, I say, pausing for breath, a naturalist venture an assertion so divergent from fact as the example just cited and there will immediately pounce upon his unsuspecting and unprotected neck a score or more of his fellow naturalists, with whom the term "nature faker" is one of the mildest epithets in their battery of denunciation and abuse.

Falsification of the facts as to the parallelity or the peagreenness of the facial stripes of the Gallumpus must not be tolerated. All honest persons must sympathize with such efforts to suppress the lie and its vendor. But what is to be said of a public or a public librarian that will strain at the peagreen stripes of a Gallumpus and swallow a full set of red stripes on a chipmunk?

"Why do you represent the cedar waxwing in the colors that belong to the Baltimore oriole, or thereabouts?" I asked the publisher of one of the popular nature books last summer.

He explained that they had been having trouble with the ink, due to the shortage of dyestuffs, or something equally impertinent. It did not seem to occur to him that the responsibility of the printer was at least as great as that of the author—equal, in fact, to that of the artist.

Let Blackbirds Be Black.

For it is through pictures chiefly and through the printed word very slightly that those who get their nature lore from books acquire whatever they get. The author has a fairly free hand; if he is not sure of a fact he may omit it. His description of an animal or a bird may go no farther than the most salient points, but the artist must picture the whole of his subject. The author may focus all of his rhetoric upon the peacock's gorgeous tail, but the artist must no more draw a tail without a peacock than he would a peacock without a tail.

It is easier to describe than to paint the purples and greens that make the plumage of the Eastern blackbird one of the most beautiful things in nature. But what city child who does not know the blackbird can get a true impression of it if the printer lies by mixing too much purple or green in his inks? I saw such a picture not long ago; it represented a blackbird as it might have looked after bathing in a pot of violet ink!

A censorship that would pass on the accuracy of the pictures in the constantly growing output of nature books (and of each new edition for which the printer has mixed his inks afresh) would eventually help in removing the popular distrust of information obtained from books.