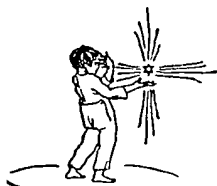


From "The Story of Mankind"

War

HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

By Annie Carroll Moore



From "Many Children"

The most invigorating, and I venture to predict, the most influential children's book for many years to come is Hendrik Van Loon's "Story of Mankind". I shall leave his fellow historians to deal with any sins of omission or commission. I cannot even compare or contrast his book with Wells, for I've not yet read the "Outline". But this I do know, that after many years of believing that universal history can be made a living thing to growing boys and girls and after many more years of looking and longing for *real* books to add to our libraries, a book is here that bids fair to revolutionize the writing and illustrating of history and biography for the fortunate youth of this generation and the next.

Far and few may be the historians or the biographers who can make their own drawings and animated maps, but ideas have been liberated in "The Story of Mankind" as well as in "Ancient Man" and these ideas are bound to multiply and bear fruit in the work of the artists as well as the writers of the next decade. "What's the sense of it?" "What does it mean?" Mabel constantly asks in "If Winter Comes". "I never have any such ideas." No more had the publishers, the booksellers, or the book buyers when Mr. Van Loon's "Short History of Discovery" appeared in 1917. Fortunately, Mr. Van Loon had plenty of ideas and his publishers have had the courage to put them through in so admirable a form as to take place among the most distinguished books of the year for grown people as well as children.

I had the rare pleasure of introducing "The Story of Mankind" to a twelve year old boy in the midst of the

ice storm which so cruelly wrecked many of the fine old trees in New England at Thanksgiving time. This boy had followed Wells a third of the way and expects to finish the book after reading Van Loon's. He had just finished reading "Captain Scott's Journal" and could talk of nothing else. As we followed the twelve year old Hendrik Van Loon to the top of the old tower in Rotterdam, with the uncle who shared his love of books and pictures leading the way to his first glimpse of the great world, I realized how absolutely with the heart of a boy and the brain of a man this book has been conceived, written, and illustrated. No boy is likely to skip a "foreword" that records an experience he can claim in imagination as his very own, nor will he skip a chapter of the story which makes the world he lives in seem so spacious and so teeming with human interest from the days of primitive man, rollicking and philosophizing down through the Middle Ages and the Napoleonic era, to the invisible heroes of "A New World". Before he finishes the book he is almost certain to turn, as this boy did, to the reading list at the back to see how many books he has read already and which ones he would like to read next.

This reading list is informed by an intimate personal knowledge of the books and a very true appreciation of the author's plan and purpose. Leonore St. John Power made the selection and arrangement of books. The appearance of the list would be improved, and it would be easier to use, if there were some differentiation in type. An index to the book is also desirable in an edition for public libraries and school libraries. Country libraries have great need of such a book to stimulate the reading of leg-

ends and stories with historical associations.

The country library should by all means have a copy of the new edition of "The Scottish Chiefs". Kate Douglas Wiggin's spirited introduction supplies a charming touch of reminiscence and these strong words which have a bearing for translators as well as for editors of the classics:

Neither of the editors believes in abridging the classics; still less in altering, interrupting, or adding to a text that should be sacred...not allowing a single romantic incident to escape us in a world that sometimes threatens to be dull, dreary and lacking in idealism.

Nora Archibald Smith's graphic and witty account of her own and her sister's editorial work on "The Scottish Chiefs", "Golden Numbers", and other classics, was the event of a library exhibit during Children's Book Week.



From "Many Children"

There has been no alteration of text in carrying out N. C. Wyeth's long cherished idea of making a series of illustrations in color for "Rip Van Winkle".

A new translation of Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales" challenges comparison of text with proved versions.

Those who are familiar with Marie Shedlock's interpretations of Andersen's philosophy and with her renderings of his stories will look in vain for an essential quality in Miss Toksvig's work, the recreation, in another language, of the spiritual atmosphere in which the story was conceived. It is not enough to translate the incident of the story nor is such phrasing as "step lively" and a score of similar terms calculated to bring an American child nearer to the real Andersen. No, it isn't done that way, nor by the kind of preface that Francis Hackett has written, nor again by such illustrations as Eric Pape has made. I feel sorry for the child whose first association with Hans Andersen is gained through this book. Even with Parker Fillmore's command of idiomatic English, I wish more time had been spent on "The Laughing Prince"—a book of Yugoslav stories. His free rendering of "The Shoemaker's Apron" was better work and his introduction more in



From "The Story of Mankind"

The First Winter in New England

keeping with it. Jay Van Everen's drawings are something more than a series of decorations. There is a very real imaginative quality in each story as he has seen it and lived in it and one feels he has more in reserve. The make-up of this book is attractive and it should be of general interest.

New translations of the tales of Perrault, including two or three from Madame d'Aulnoy, appear so often and in such indifferent form as to make very little impression on the reader. The distinction of "Old-Time Stories"—a very beautiful book—is given by the illustrations in color and in full page black and white drawings of great charm, provided by W. Heath Robinson—"Puss became a personage of great importance" gives "Puss-in-Boots" a new place in the memory. "Favourite French Fairy Tales" is an attractive volume in large type, containing the same stories retold from the French in more lively form by Barbara Douglas and illustrated in color by R. Cramer.

A spirited translation or re-rendering of the classics should be insisted upon by the artist on whom the success of a new book depends. Far too many good drawings have gone forth in company with inferior texts. Readers in general are more critical of the work of editors and translators than they were ten years ago. There is daily evidence of this in the Central Children's Room of the New York Public Library, to which all kinds of people come in steadily increasing numbers for comparison of texts and illustrations before making their own selection for purchase. Such evidence is confirmed by the practical experience of the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston, by the Children's Bookshop in New York, the Hampshire Bookshop in Northampton, Massachusetts, and by those general bookshops and book departments which have provided thoroughly informed service for the sale of children's books. No phase of public work is so absolutely fascinating to me as this volun-

tary education of all sorts of people in country or in city communities concerning children's books. Very early in my library experience, I discovered that it was not possible to accomplish this by speaking from a library desk or an educational platform, without an outside point of contact with the people who were making, selling, and buying the books we buy or do not buy for libraries. And so I began to visit publishers in midsummer and early autumn and to haunt the bookshops and book departments of department stores between Thanksgiving and Christmas, to the neglect of many other duties, but to the infinite delight and profit of the person the children began to speak of as "the lady who knows the books". To keep that title in the active tense challenges one's full powers of observation and absorption in a season when so many good books are appearing. "It's impossible to write the holiday review without visiting the Boston publishers," I said firmly to the editor of THE BOOKMAN. "I had a very good time with Palmer Cox and Gelett Burgess and all the others on 'Children's Day' of BOOKMAN WEEK at the Wanamaker Auditorium, and I enjoyed seeing Hector MacQuarrie's surprise and delight over Bernard Sleight's 'Ancient Mappe of Fairyland', but I want to be surprised and delighted myself by somebody or something in Boston."

My first surprise was in the nature of a shock when I found the ten year old sister of the boy to whom I carried "The Story of Ancient Man", reading "Elsie Dinsmore", borrowed from the charming little friend with whom she had been dramatizing "Fairies and Chimneys" a few months ago. "Do you really like Elsie?" I asked. "Nobody reads about her in New York. They just laugh at her and call her an

insufferable prig." The phrase *insufferable prig* captured her dramatic sense and she repeated it frequently during my visit. Next day I visited



From "The Story of Mankind"

The Flight of Mohammed

the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in the character of a bona fide aunt to buy the book I did not bring from New York, because I wanted to give her the fun of choosing it for herself.

There was no hesitation in her mind. She laid a firm hand on Montrose Moses's "Treasury of Plays for Children" and apparently lost all power or inclination to look at any other book. "I suppose it costs too much," she remarked. "Mother said so the day we came here to see Marshal Foch go by. We had to hurry and I got 'Peggy in Her Blue Frock' by the author of 'The Blue Aunt' and love it, but it isn't long enough. This is such a *thick* book and I love plays, and all their names sound so interesting."

Here was confirmation of my own reminiscent reaction to Mr. Moses's altogether admirable book, as I re-

viewed it for the library. It is a book with which I should have been incomparably happy between the ages of ten and perhaps fifteen. Notwithstanding, I deferred purchase for this particular child because I wanted to get her reaction to other books, which I left her to discover for herself. She assisted in making a choice of books for a brother of six and a baby sister of three. "It has to be funny," she stipulated. "She's so funny inside." Then she wandered away by herself into the fairy tale alcove of the fascinating new quarters of the Bookshop. Nearly an hour later she came back very hesitatingly with "The Princess and the Goblin". "I wish I could have this book—it has the loveliest pictures, but it costs more than the plays." "Never mind the price if you are quite sure you will like it." It was the beginning of the tragic ice storm, and after we had had tea we came back to the Bookshop and read poetry and selected more books to carry home to the other children. Next day I was housebound with the four children and I watched with a new thrill of admiration the power of George MacDonald to interpret and dramatize the spiritual experience of childhood. I didn't offer to read the book aloud. This child manifestly preferred to read it alone, expressing only her love of it and of the pictures Jessie Willcox Smith made for it last year. To the boy of six I read Nancy Byrd Turner's charming verses and stories in "Zodiac Town" from beginning to end. Then he brought out the books he likes best and we reread most of them, ending the day with "Russian Picture Tales", "Uncle Remus", Edward Lear, and "Mother Goose".

Then came two delightful days in the cosy offices and book rooms of Boston publishers. Most of them are in

houses, but LeRoy Phillips keeps his books in a stable—a stable with fireplaces, and brick walls with a strong reminder of London quarters. There I found Oliver Herford's "Æsop", rejoicing in a red Christmas jacket with a lion on it. At the Atlantic Monthly Press I was greeted by the original drawings which give such charm to Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's "Many Children", a book of verse which is more of children than for them. Florence Wyman Ivins, who made these lovely line drawings of children, which were recently exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum, made the decorative illustrations for a fascinating edition of "A Visit from St. Nicholas", reprinted from the edition of 1837. This Christmas poem was composed in New York's Chelsea at Christmas time 1822 by a man I've called from childhood Clement C(hristmas) Moore. "Wild Brother", the true story of a bear, which I heard Mr. Underwood tell at the National Arts Club, is not advertised as a children's book, but will be sure to be read by boys and girls. The photographs which illustrate it are unusual.

I visited Little, Brown's on Louisa Alcott's birthday and it struck me as a very happy coincidence that one of the books of the year from this house should be the "Treasury of Plays". At Houghton Mifflin's I had the happy inspiration of taking a load of books to review in the train. So I gathered up "The Puritan Twins", which is remarkably human, John Martin's "Children's Munchausen", illustrated delightfully by Gordon Ross and a very real addition to the best re-renderings of classics for children, "Caleb Cotton-tail", written as well as illustrated by Harrison Cady, "Peggy in Her Blue Frock" by Eliza Orne White, and "The Romance of Business" by W. Cameron

Forbes. With these books and others to bridge the distance between Boston and New York the afternoon seemed hardly an hour long. I came back to find in my office that fascinating "Gargantua" extracted from Rabelais, with its colored pictures of Paris, two Italian books so related to things dramatic as to claim special attention, with a wonderful book of colored plates of bats and frogs and flowers, which I had the good fortune to introduce to William Beebe; "The Tony Sarg Marionette Book", new editions of "Grimm's

The Story of Mankind. By Hendrik Van Loon. Boni and Liverlight.

The Scottish Chiefs. By Jane Porter. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Rip Van Winkle. By Washington Irving. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. David McKay.

Fairy Tales and Stories. By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Signe Toksvig. Illustrated by Eric Pape. The Macmillan Co.

The Laughing Prince. By Parker Fillmore. Illustrated by Jay Van Everen. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Old-Time Stories. By Charles Perrault. Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Favourite French Fairy Tales. Retold by Barbara Douglas. Illustrated by R. Cramer. Dodd, Mead and Co.

An Ancient Mappe of Fairyland. By Bernard Sleigh. E. P. Dutton and Co.

A Treasury of Plays for Children. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. Illustrated by Tony Sarg. Little, Brown and Co.

The Princess and the Goblin. By George MacDonald. Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. David McKay.

Zodiac Town. By Nancy Byrd Turner. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

The Herford Æsop. By Oliver Herford. Le Roy Phillips.

Many Children. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Illustrated by Florence Wyman Ivins. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

A Visit from St. Nicholas. By Clement C. Moore. Illustrated by Florence Wyman Ivins. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

Fairy Tales", "The King of Ireland's Son" by Padraic Colum, and a full score of other good books for boys and girls. I felt, as you must, that the story of the holiday books of 1921 has only just begun, and since no one person could hope to finish it, I am glad to remember how well parts of it have been told in "The Bookshelf for Boys and Girls", in the unusually attractive catalogues of the publishers, and in an excellent "List of Books for Boys and Girls" compiled by Jacqueline Overton.

Wild Brother. By William Lyman Underwood. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

The Puritan Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Children's Munchausen. Retold by John Martin. Illustrated by Gordon Ross. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Caleb Cottontail. By Harrison Cady. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Peggy in Her Blue Frock. By Eliza Orne White. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Romance of Business. By W. Cameron Forbes. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Gargantua. Illustrated by Adrien Leroy. Text by Sautriax. Duffield and Co.

Batoecchio e Caviechio. By Giuseppe Adami. Illustrated by Brunelleschi. Brentano's.

Narran le Maschere. By Giuseppe Adami. Illustrated by M. Montedorz. Brentano's.

A Voi Bimbi. By Edoardo Goja. Brentano's.

The Tony Sarg Marionette Book. By F. J. McIsaac. Illustrated by Tony Sarg. B. W. Huebsch.

Grimm's Animal Stories. Illustrated by John Rae. Duffield and Co.

Grimm's Fairy Tales. Illustrated by Noel Pocock. George H. Doran Company.

The King of Ireland's Son. By Padraic Colum. Illustrated by Willy Pogany. The Macmillan Co.

The Bookshelf for Boys and Girls. By Clara Whitehill Hunt, Ruth G. Hopkins and Franklin K. Mathews. The Publishers' Weekly.

A List of Books for Boys and Girls. By Marian Cutter and Jacqueline Overton. The Children's Bookshop.