

IT is a feat to write a large book of more than three hundred pages, even about such an exciting event as an expedition to the South Pole, and to keep every page of it free from dullness. The average "travel" book has an occasional green oasis, but much of it reminds the reader of the Sahara desert, as described by a certain learned professor: "Limitless wastes of sand, blown about by hot air." The spirited and heroic men who constituted the Scott Expedition included scientists but no pedants. Mr. Herbert G. Ponting's book, "The Great White South" (McBride), may have had for its first purpose the publication of his extraordinarily interesting photographs. He was the official photographer of the expedition, and the book seems to have hundreds of his clear and beautiful pictures. Many readers of this will have seen the moving pictures taken by Mr. Ponting on the expedition; they were shown in this country about eight or ten years ago. The pictures of the Arctic scenery were remarkable, but the average spectator remembers them for the highly amusing pictures of animals and birds—especially for the penguins. This book includes, as illustrations for the chapter on penguins, many of the best of these views with penguins in all their amazing and unconscious humor.

By the loyalty and admiration of his friends, the verse in the late Bert Leston Taylor's "A Penny Whistle" was praised rather more than some readers could understand. But there can be little doubt that he had no real rivals as a writer of paragraphs. The new book by him, "The So-Called Human Race" (Knopf), with a preface by Henry B. Fuller, is nearly all in prose, and it consists of the brief paragraphs from his column "A Line-o'-Type or Two" in the *Chicago Tribune*. There are his own compositions, and also the delightful captions which he added to

the naïve items which his correspondents sent to him from the rural newspapers. Here are a few examples:

With the possible exception of Trotsky, Mr. Hearst is the busiest person politically that one is able to wot of. Such boundless zeal! Such measureless energy! Such genius—an infinite capacity for giving pains!

We have always been in sympathy with President Wilson's idea of democracy. He expressed it perfectly when he was President of Princeton. "Unless I have entire power," said he, "how can I make this a democratic college?"

Fish talk to each other, Dr. Bell tells the Geographical Society; a statement which no one will doubt who has ever seen a pair of goldfish in earnest conversation.

Maxwell Bodenheimer has published a book of poems, and the critics allow that Max Boden's brays are bonnie.

We were sure that the headline, "Mint at Chicago Greatly Needed," would inspire more than one reader to remark that mint is the least important part of the combination.