

and not more than ten pictures. Since they will be asked to try to use first those pictures nearest them, the necessary moving about will not disturb the other section reciting in the same room.

B. Guiding the class in orderly arrangement of their work.

Before the study period, the class will make a table form to use. I shall ask, "What will you put as the heading to the first column? for your second? for your third? What name will you give your table?"

The table form will depend somewhat upon the children's suggestions, but I shall expect something similar to the following:

<i>Number of Picture</i>	<i>Point Suggested</i>	<i>Title Suggested</i>

C. Directing the individual work.

Before this period I shall fill out the table for all the pictures, trying to think of more than one way of stating the points, and of several titles for each picture. As the class works, I shall pass among them making comments on penmanship, spelling, and spacing of the work. I shall give no child direct help; where the child seems unable to work independently I shall ask such questions as: "What do you think is happening in the picture? Could you state that in still fewer words without leaving anything important out? Is the title short enough? Do you think it would make you want to hear the story? Would the title do for a story with a different point?"

III. *Judging the Individual Work.*

A. Each child will be asked to report on certain pictures; in so far as possible, the child will be allowed to choose which part of his table he prefers submitting to the class.

B. The children will write the points and

titles suggested on the blackboard. In order that this may move smoothly, I shall number the children in each group. Then the No. 1's for each picture will write at the same time, and so on. These No. 1's will be expected to put column headings up so that when all work for each picture is on the blackboard it will be in a table form.

C. The class will select the best statement of the point for each picture and the best title.

D. I shall suggest to the class the preparation of stories based on these titles thus introducing the next unit, oral and then written incident stories.

KATHARINE M. ANTHONY

TRENDS IN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

IT IS the Century of the Child proclaimed by Ellen Key. Childhood has ceased to be a terra incognita taken for granted. Like the North Pole, it has become worth much adult attention. Along with devoted pioneering and conscientious study, as in all new fields, much of the hubbub about children, I suspect, is mere exploitation of their parents and of them. Maury a reformer and politician, mindful of the Catholic Church, is out to catch the children. We are more often bred than born little conservatives and little liberals. Commerce has discovered the number of expensive things that parents can be made to desire and purchase for their offspring. Yet for all that, there is a hopefulness and a warmth—an illusory air of romantic escape, too, from the world of social castes, and machines and wars—in all enterprises that pertain to youth. The friendliest people I know are the international group experimenting in education. They are more humble than oth-

er theorists, for the practice of their theories seems often its own reward. And in the field of children's books, inhabited by teachers, librarians, and publishers, parents and children, there is an air of excitement and a lively exchange of ideas that makes one wish that Ruskin were alive.

His dream that somehow all youth should be a ward in chancery and inheritor of the culture of the ages is nearer than it was. But chancery is chancery, social machinery is cumbersome, and conflicting forces prevent youth from the spiritual gold. The gold itself is hid in matrix, and counterfeit glitter confuses three-quarters of our bookshelves.

Yet more and more children today have access to books, independent of family taste and income. City public libraries and state centres that deliver books by truck or rural parcel post multiply and flourish. A reading room with motley text and reference books, stories, histories, biographies, and poetry is a feature now of many private and public schools, and a necessity wherever the Dalton Plan is being tried. Normal and library training schools discuss the possibility of a tremendous increase in the calls for teachers with library training. Supplementary reading in many places means no longer forty copies of the same title for the pupil regiment to goose-read, but forty different titles, forty chances instead of one to invite permanent interest in books. And with this element of choice entering the school, we are discovering things that we should have known all along—that we need not have set Billy down as without a taste for reading. It was just because he had tastes and interests personal to himself that he rejected what we offered. Fairies were dull; *Sohrab and Rustum* bored him, but *The Boys' Book of the U. S. Mails*, by Irving Crump, was easily tied up with his collection of air mail stamps, and he was reconciled to reading. We discover new evaluations for books—what do *children* think of them, or need from them? Carleton Washburne's *The*

Winnetka Graded Book List (a misleading title) published by the American Library Association, and *Children's Interest in Reading*, by Professor Jordan, of the University of North Carolina, which includes a study of magazine reading, are statistical beginnings in this field. The librarians have long been making observations on the subject. Lucy Sprague Mitchell, of the City and Country School, has been studying the reading interests of very young children, and the Pedagogical Technicum in Moscow is keeping similar records, using Mrs. Mitchell's *Here and Now* stories as the basis of their experiment.

The last eight years have seen not only a trebling of the numbers of children's books published annually, but the beginnings of a critical literature about them. Credit must be given the *Bookman* for opening its pages to Miss Annie Carroll Moore, of the New York Public Library. The publication of her critical comment on the writers and illustrators of children's books, her tireless work in bringing to the attention of publishers the need for new editions of old favorites, her respect for what children choose themselves, and her own positive taste in literature can be felt wherever two or three are gathered together to discuss her subject. Her Three Owls page in the Sunday New York *Herald-Tribune*, to which an increasing number of witty and observant writers contribute, is a thorn in the side of more than one publisher who used to put mediocre contents between bright jackets and profit by the rush of Christmas shopping, and a delight to many more whose beautiful and quiet offerings might have been lost in the Niagara of new titles were it not for this public heralding of good work. *The Horn Book*, published by the Bookshop for Boys Girls, under the auspices of The Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston, is the only magazine devoted entirely to children's reading, and its editor, Miss Bertha Mahoney, has a growing influence, notably because her interest in all educational

experiments is recorded as well as her interest in books, and the magazine can be depended on for carefully chosen bibliographies. A parent seriously interested in children's reading will find these two streams of critical comment the most valuable in the country. Miss Moore's *Roads to Childhood*, *New Roads to Childhood*, and *Crossroads to Childhood* (Doran), and *The Three Owls* (Macmillan), contain both her own opinions and little essays from her flock of reviewers, and the *Horn Book*, too, is available in bound copies. *Children's Reading*, by Lewis M. Terman and Margaret Lima (Appleton) approaches the subject from a slightly different angle; and *The Children's Catalogue*, published by the H. W. Wilson Company, makers of *The Reader's Guide*, is invaluable in acquainting those who are not within reach of a good library or a modern bookstore, with 1,200 recommended titles on a variety of subjects, chosen from library lists the country over. Of shorter lists and guides there are a growing number, some good and some bad. The United States Bureau of Education makes lists of recommended books; so do department stores, parents' associations, The Girl Scouts, The Boy Scouts Reading Council Committee. The public libraries prepare lists on a hundred different lines, for holidays, by age, by subject, for girls, for boys. It is interesting to note in passing that librarians report an appetite for so-called boys' books by girls, but no corresponding eagerness by boys. The Child Study Association of America has an excellent pamphlet on *The Child's First Books*, and many of the experimental schools have made suggestive reading lists. The world is teeming with advice on the subject. One adviser will plead for books about the real world. Excellent for little Chester, who interrupts every story with: "Is it really so?" and goes back to his hammering if one hesitates to back Cupid and Psyche. Another will be eloquent on the harm we do with *Little Red Riding Hood* to tender natures. Yet what about Bridget

de Sélincourt, dancing in her English garden, who always greeted me, "Have you any tales of horror today?" and has grown up gently on shipwreck and murder and *The Faerie Queen*? Lists are not gospel. First, you must know your particular child; and a sceptic will take into account the probable motives of the list maker. Half those that circulate are mere advertisement, and even librarians anxious for grand totals in the annual report have made stupid ones.

There are more readers, and more books, and I think better books than there were ten years ago. The new editions of old favorites astonish and delight me. The Little Library edition of *The King of the Golden River*, quaintly illustrated by Mary Lott Seaman, is one of the most satisfactory of them all. Doran has brought out a cheaper edition of Margery Bianco's beloved *The Velveteen Rabbit*, with William Nicholson's illustrations, which every poor aunt should buy for Christmas stockings, and *Hansel and Gretel*, quarto, boxed, with Kay Nielsen's illustrations in black and white and color, is a proper purchase for rich uncles. The Riverside Bookshelf edition of *Laven-gro*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and William J. Hopkin's *She Blows!* and *Sparm at That* (Houghton, Mifflin); the Scribner edition of *The Last Days of Pompeii*; *Adam Bede* and *Lorna Doone*, in the International Classics series from Dodd, Mead—Lorna whole, not cut by a timid puritan editor as sometimes happens in editions for the young—all these seem to me beautifully made and satisfying editions. And this in spite of my personal preference for little pocket-size books printed on thin paper with no opulence about them at all. The most distinguished of the new editions is the *Tales of Laughter* for little children, by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, long out of print, and never available at all before with anything like Elizabeth MacKinstry's illustrations of goats and geese and old women with pancake trays, drawings at once beautiful and truly comic.

The Story of Jesus, edited by Ethel Nathalie Dana, a collection in color of pictures by Giotto, Fra Angelico, and other Italian painters, with New Testament text first issued in 1920, comes again in a less expensive edition (Boston: Marshall Jones Company: \$12) and is still unique among children's books. *Skazki*, tales and legends of old Russia, told by Ida Zeitlin and illustrated by Theodore Nadejen, should get the Pulitzer prize for color printing, if there were one, and *Bubbloon*, by Edith Keeley Stokeley, is gaily illustrated, too, but a bit affected reading after *Poor Cecco* (Doran), or the timeless *Pinocchio* (Macmillan). Story books must live by the story. The pictures, however enticing, are, after all, "extra."

Certain general trends in children's books can be observed in the fall list. We are in for more and more anthologies. A new edition of *Modern Biography*, edited by Marietta Hyde (Harcourt), introduced as a school book last year, offers a rare chance to let children browse in biography. Chapters describing Mark Twain's life on a Missouri farm, Emily Dickinson's school days, Edison's first workshop, and Queen Victoria's marriage are among the eighteen. I am not at all helped by the editor's notions of "in-born greatness" as expressed in the introduction, but the chapters from Strachey and Sandburg are extraordinarily well chosen. *Modern Great Americans*, by Frederick Law (Century), *The Story of the Williams*, by Grace Humphrey (Penn), *Little Stories of Famous Explorers*, by Laura Large (W. A. Wilde Company), all offer variety in subject, but little distinction in style. Last year's *Microbe Hunters* and *Rebel Saints* still overshadow other studies in biography and should go hand in hand to make a balanced story of science and religion. Believing, as I do, with Mary Heaton Vorse, that it is the spirit of P. T. Barnum, and not Abe Lincoln's that broods over America, I welcome *The Boy's Life of Barnum*, by Harvey W. Root (Harper's), and I shall buy three copies of *A Magician of Science*

(Century), though the title is rather Barnumish, because here is a record of Charles Steinmetz, "who never took statements on hearsay," a great mathematician, a courageous and wise man.

Children have their "Outlines" as well as their biographies, following the fashion of adult books. Mrs. Mitchell's book on horses is the best. Lady Erleigh's *In the Beginning* (Doubleday), a first history for little children, and *The Adventure of Man*, a brief history of the world by F. C. Happold, of the Perse School, Cambridge, supplement but do not supplant Von Loon's *The Story of Mankind*.

Mary Austin estimates elsewhere the new books from Indian life. The other native tales, formerly on adult lists, have quietly moved over and announced themselves as "juveniles." *Paul Bunyan and His Great Blue Ox*, retold by Wallace Wadsworth, with Will Crawford's illustrations (Doran), *Paul Bunyan* by James Stevens, with woodcuts by Allen Lewis (Knopf), and *Tall Tales of the Kentucky Mountains* by Percy Mackaye, with decorations by Miss MacKinstry. Language and tales are salt and native, North American Hercules and Munchausen. Reginald Wright Kauffman's *Seventy-six* (Penn), *The American Twins of the Revolution* by Lucy Fitch Perkins (Houghton Mifflin), Elsie Singmaster's *Book of the United States* (Doran), are notable additions to the history shelves. But I presume it will be years before the young get any taste of the history debunked that is now permitted to their elders.

The best of the fall "busy books" is *Your Workshop* (Macmillan) by Edna Plimpton, teacher of manual arts in the Brooklyn Ethical Culture School. It is a beautiful and practical little volume for child carpenters, and is a promise that from the new schools, where children "do" things in shops and laboratories, a whole wealth of books is yet to come helping the child to order its activities. *The Complete Playcraft Book* by Patten Beard (Stokes), will make for quiet in

the home and noise in the barn, but is not so interesting from a teacher's point of view, nor such an attractive example of book-making.

Children's Book Week, the evangelical week promoting better books for children in which the National Association of Book Publishers, the Girl Scouts, the Boy Scouts, The General Federation of Women's Clubs, schools, libraries, and other organizations collaborate, has proved under Marion Humble's executive lead, a clearing house of ideas. It was celebrated for the eighth time this year from November 7-13. The giving of the Newbery medal, the gift of Frederick Melcher, to the author of the most distinguished American book of the year for children, was for the fifth time a feature of the annual convention of the American Library Association last month when Arthur Bowie Chrisman's *Shen of the Sea* was added to *The Story of Mankind*, *The Story of Dr. Dolittle*, *The Dark Frigate*, and *Tales from Silver Lands*.

Yet in spite of the facts that since the machines squeezed the world to the size of any free, or rich man's hand, we have Japanese children's books on Boston counters, that enterprising young editors comb the earth in an imperial search for tales to translate, that writers from Ireland and Africa, artists from Italy and Russia come to live and trade in New York, and that the salutary process of criticism is building up sales resistance to bad and futile "juveniles," and everywhere there is interest, we are really only a step along Ruskin's road. All books, and especially children's books, are much too expensive. Real distribution can hardly be said to have started at all. In Vienna Helene Scheu-Riesz dreams of a little paper covered library of a thousand titles, beautifully illustrated and well printed, riches from Goethe, Tolstoy, Lewis, Swift, and Gautier, at less than ten cents the copy; and a day when we shall not only teach children to read, but graduate them from school each with a hundred little books

as private property. She has already chosen many of her titles. They have been printed in many languages, including English, for it is to be a world library for all children everywhere. Perhaps she, perhaps the National Committee for Juvenile Reading in Madison Square Tower which for many months has been studying children's books and magazines quietly and mysteriously, perhaps some Junior Golden Book possessed of second serial rights, perhaps Geneva where more than one official of the League of Nations can be heard murmuring, "Something must be done about books for children," perhaps Russia, where paper-covered works for young readers about newspapers and wireless and economics and country life, with imaginative illustrations by the best artists are reproduced by a color printing technique far superior to our own, will give the lead in cheaper editions of both old tales and modern ones.

The recent discovery of a horn book, under the floor of Anne Hathaway's cottage, with initials carved W. S., that *may* be William Shakespeare's, gives me pause. There was a boy who had no *Book of Knowledge*, no *Child's Garden of Verses*, no *Alice*: a fact which has nothing to do with the case, and leaves undiminished my wish for a Machine Age horn of plenty spilling the treasures of the past and the creations of the present, beautifully, variously, and widely.

ERNESTINE EVANS

Presentation of a play, including the writing, costuming, and advertising, as well as production, is an annual art project of the Bloomsburg State Normal School of Pennsylvania. This year's play, *Cinderella*, proved exceptionally good, and the performance was filmed, funds realized from proceeds of former art club plays financing the project. The work had to be done outside school hours, and occupied two months, required 6,000 feet of film, and cost about \$2,000. The film is to be loaned free to educational institutions.