

quiou, his sometime friend, was one of those men about whom legends spring up even in their own lifetime. Montesquiou's memoirs in an abridged form are to be published shortly in English. Certain of these legends, dealing both with Proust and Montesquiou, are retold pleasantly in a book that has

just appeared by the Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre. The author knew the two men of letters intimately, and her volume with its number of hitherto unpublished letters throws some interesting sidelights on these two unusual characters.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

## SENTIMENTALITY

By Maxwell Bodenheim

SENTIMENTALITY,  
 S You win the love of men  
 Who look upon you as a soft  
 And indiscreetly reassuring minx.  
 You stand upon the street corner  
 Of their trysts and felonies.  
 Underneath your glance  
 Their disappointments grow less harsh  
 And assume a charmed, theatrical pose,  
 While their momentary victories  
 Feel an ardent ownership of life.  
 Again, to other men you seem  
 Obnoxious, cloying, and replete  
 With remedies that merely drug the wound.  
 To them, you wander through the sharp  
 And carnal vagaries of life,  
 And make the faces of men and women  
 Blind beneath your perfumed handkerchief.  
 Yet, you are none of the figures  
 Engraved upon you by the needs of men.  
 You stand, invincibly compassionate;  
 Disguised by frail, poetic mockeries;  
 Held up by an ephemeral erectness  
 Whose finely knitted lies  
 Are often better than the stripped  
 And grossly stooping honesties of life.  
 You wait for men to corrupt you  
 With their snivelings and heavy smiles,  
 But at your best you add  
 A quickly graceful, valiant compensation  
 To the underpaid and slowly wilting  
 Slaveries of minds and hearts.

## IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Was your rather puzzled query, "How Sell, Why Buy?" which appeared in the March BOOKMAN a rhetorical question, or would a reply be permissible? It seems to me that there are some definite reasons why people buy "one particular book instead of another very much like it in size and color", and also why publishers find advertising an effective means of selling their wares.

Generally speaking, readers are of two types — those to whom reading is as much a necessity as eating and sleeping, and who form their own literary judgments; and those admirable souls who read only the most talked of books. The laudable aim of these readers is to be "up" on literature, or else they are pursued with the American's great bogey, fear of missing something.

Individuals who comprise the first class differ widely in taste, of course. As you say, some booklovers buy Zane Grey's perennial novel as faithfully as they buy the Newsboy's Annual on New Year's Day, while others wait expectantly for new books of James Branch Cabell or of Aldous Huxley. But after all, every reader's list of favorite contemporary writers is comparatively short, and while some of these readers rely thereafter upon the "classics", a greater number are open to suggestion. At this point the ubiquitous book advertisement enters, and I really believe that advertisements even of books leave an impress on one's consciousness.

I have selected, almost at random, several book advertisements from a weekly literary review. The writer whose book is announced in the following is virtually unknown, hence the reader is given an idea of the book by the method of comparison:

### THE CONSTANT NYMPH

By Margaret Kennedy

As witty as May Sinclair at her best—fascinating—  
keen!

If the reader is particularly fond of May Sinclair's books, he will indignantly read "The Constant Nymph" to verify his preconceived decision that Miss Kennedy is not as witty as May Sinclair. On the other hand, if he is addicted to Harold Bell Wright and has never heard of May Sinclair, it is an even chance that he will not be interested in "The Constant Nymph". But he certainly wouldn't have been, anyway, if the advertisement had not appeared, and there is a possibility that the title may attract him!

Many book publicity men are evidently adherents of the theory recently made, that no novel can be a best seller which does not introduce a woman and the suggestion of a love affair within the first fifty pages. People who are captivated by the effusions of Elinor Glyn, Robert W. Chambers, and the like, are gratifyingly responsive to such announcements as the following:

BUY IT—READ IT—LAUGH AND THR-I-ILL!

The very prolonged spelling of the last word gives an anticipatory shiver of excitement!

Now that Percy Marks's "The Plastic Age" is being serialized in the New York "Evening Journal", the following brief announcement is more than sufficient:

MARTHA

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PLASTIC AGE"

Percy Marks

The thousands of "Evening Journal" readers are unswerving in their loyalty, and "Martha" will undoubtedly be a best seller in the most lucrative sense of the word.

Human beings, or at any rate, Americans, cannot resist the announcement of a bargain sale — an announcement to which is appended the warning:

COME EARLY — The DEMAND for these stockings will far exceed the SUPPLY — NO MORE THAN SIX PAIRS TO ONE PERSON!

Consequently, advertisements like the following react with great effect upon those who read to be "up" on literature:

13 Times

We have reprinted

THE DIVINE LADY

By E. BARRINGTON

Because of the insatiable demand — etc.

Since advertising in this country has been raised to a stage of perfection wherein "more than a million of us weekly" spend five cents to admire the artistic pictures of superb automobiles, browned biscuits, and several brands of toothpaste, each of which is the *only* way of avoiding frightful diseases of the teeth, small wonder that we cannot avoid the reading of book advertisements! As a result of years of travel in street cars, subways, and in motor cars, we have unconsciously acquired the habit of examining every spot of bright artificial color. One placard informs us that some enterprising American has invented an unfailing system of developing dimples where none have