

Points of View

Ambassador Page

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

The Hon. Bainbridge Colby took a long chance when he let fly the little poison arrows at the record of Ambassador Walter H. Page, so apparent in his critique of the third volume of Page's Letters in the *Review* of December 5th. The memory of Woodrow Wilson needs no such pettifogging defence and that of Page most assuredly should be immune to such disingenuous slings, even from the former law partner of our famous Great War President.

One would naturally think that thirty years intimate friendship would have sufficed for a good, working knowledge on the part of the President of Page's qualifications for the difficult office of ambassador to the court of St. James. And it will take a fairer-minded and heavier-weighted critic than Mr. Colby to convince the American public that Walter H. Page made a damned fool of himself in that job. President Wilson's habit of sending to Coventry all and sundry of his official family who disagreed with him is too well known to cast any shadow on Page's record. His kindly benediction when Page left for England: "Go—and be yourself," tells an infinitely more eloquent story than his subsequent cautionary remark to Colby to avoid Anglophobia, etc. The real differences between the two situations lies in the apparent fact that the President had changed his mind about wanting Page to be himself and was more or less irked because of his disinclination to become a "rubber stamp," a contingency that seems to have had Mr. Colby's thorough and unquestioning acquiescence.

Making due allowances for the personal equation in each instance—the real reason for President Wilson's failure to get Page's point of view lies deeper than his rampant individualism and determination to "run the whole show." There is a "great gulf fixed" between the purely professional mind and that of the man who has "fixed it" with his kind and possesses that Christ-like quality of being able to put himself in the other man's shoes and render judgment accordingly. This latter was one of Page's crowning characteristics, combined with a gorgeous sense of humor. I am safe in saying that there isn't an advertising man, a newspaper man, or a salesman in the United States who would fail to get Page's slant on his job. Conversely—it is equally true that there are mighty few purely professional men who would understand it, much less sympathize with it.

Walter H. Page was a salesman of the highest type. His product was the United States, for which he was only "taking orders." His field was Great Britain—and God knows he faced a fierce problem in trying to popularize his "goods," with the head of his house utterly out of sympathy with his selling methods. This for the very simple reason that, like the president and general sales-manager of many commercial institutions, he was entirely "too busy" to make a personal investigation of the local conditions against which his salesman was striving, notwithstanding which, he would not accept his conclusions and hadn't the guts to remove him. Page's Letters reveal, most pathetically, his earnest efforts to induce the President to make a visit to Great Britain, in order that he might possibly sell himself on those actualities of the local situation which were so apparent to the man on the ground.

Here's where your strictly professional man, with a one-track mind, will lift his hands in holy horror at the suggestion that the President of the United States should leave the country on any such mission. It is worthy of note, however, that Mr. Wilson did that very thing later on and accomplished infinitely less than might have been the case had he journeyed to Great Britain when his presence would have meant so much for the cause of Anglo-American solidarity and possibly staved off the War.

Page was the most astounding combination of the reconciling compromiser and a "consuming fire" that I have ever known: a veritable Peter the Hermit with the long suffering of the Christ and the gaiety of Chaucer. No wonder Grey fell for him. No wonder the British people as a whole fell for him. His "shirt-sleeved diplomacy" was swathed in the finest samite. He

sold the Britishers his particular product against their will and made them like it. He broke through the barriers of England's prejudice as no Ambassador had ever done. They loved his simplicity, his quaintness, his whimsicality, and his glorious "punch," while they honored his fundamental greatness and god-like sincerity. It is unfortunate that they did not extend the same degree of confidence to his home government. But that was not his fault. President Wilson could have changed all that if he had had the slightest apprehension of Page's superb salesmanship. It was no childish suggestion that Page made to his chief concerning the vital importance of a visit to England. As a salesman, *par excellence*, he was not one whit less the Ambassador in his conception of his duties. He knew when the time was ripe to get his chief on the job, and what might be accomplished thereby. Pity 'tis that President Wilson had no "listening ear" for such an able *fidus Achates*, notwithstanding Mr. Colby's puerile observations to the contrary. Tragic, indeed, that Page was destined to an awakening that the man he thought he had known so well and intimately for over thirty years was more like a self-sufficient "iceberg" than a "regular human being." It will be scarcely necessary for me to state that the latter remark is offered as a generally recognized statement of fact and not as a bit of invective.

Precisely how much President Wilson's studied frigidity and unconscionable ignoring of the merest amenities contributed to the untimely death of Walter H. Page, we probably shall never know. That it played a dire part in that tragedy is not open to argument. And when Mr. Colby capitalizes Colonel House's unofficial mission, as a slap-in-the-face for Ambassador Page, it might be well to remember that that doughty Texan "came out by the same door where in (he) went"—an added demonstration of that "divinity" which doth hedge a king.

Yes—I speak feelingly. I was advertising manager of *The Forum* when Page was its editor. I knew the man and loved him, just as everybody did who really knew him. The lapse of thirty years has served only to increase my unbounded admiration of his genius, his intense human-ness, his far-flung spiritual horizon, his leadership, and his child-like faith in his brother man. He never forgot how to laugh. His memory will be a benediction to Democracy when "the little dogs and all—Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart" shall have been consigned to the limbo of the "hell-box."

*Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days,
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.*

ROBERT FROTHINGHAM
New York City.

"Stroking A Syllabub"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Apropos of Mr. De la Mare's "Come Hither," which is one of the best books of the sort it has been my good fortune to read, I am inclined to dispute a reading which he gives, having, I feel certain, a better definition to offer than his.

It is, perhaps, a confession, to say that Mr. De la Mare's "Come Hither" did not find me immediately as a reader. Perhaps it may not be quite so bad, if it is followed at once by the statement, that having once been found, I shall not easily be lost again. The real regret is that so many months of pleasure were unnecessarily missed.

In spite of which, I question a reading of Mr. De la Mare's, a definition, for which, it seems to me I can produce proof enough to ask, at least, for a hearing.

In poem 22, when one turns to page 16, occur the lines:

*Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;
Where, for some sturdy football swain,
She strokes a syllabub or twain.*

Mr. De la Mare has put a footnote to "strokes," giving "Whips, mills, or beats" as its definition.

On page 498, he gives the following recipe for a syllabub, on which he evidently bases this:

"If you would make a Lemon Syllabub (as advised by Mrs. Charlotte Mason, a professed Housekeeper, who, from about

1740 had upwards of Thirty Years experience in Families of the First Fashion') take 'a Pint of cream, a Pint of white wine, the rind of two lemons grated, and the juice. Sugar to the taste. Let it stand some time; mill or whip it. Lay the froth on a sieve, put the remainder into glasses. Lay on the froth.'"

Thus Mr. De la Mare's Syllabub; a poor weak thing, and not, I maintain, the drink for a football hero, or for his betters, if there be such, when compared with those offered by

"The Family Receipt Book or Universal Repository of Useful Knowledge and Experience in all the various Branches of Domestic Economy, etc., etc., London: Printed for the Editors, and published by Oddy and Co., 27 Oxford St.; and W. Oddy, 108, opposite Warwick Lane, Newgate St.," circa 1800.

We have our choice here, first; the italics are mine:

"Good and Cheap Staffordshire Syllabub: This is a very pleasant as well as a very cheap method of making a syllabub. *Milk into a bowl*, on a quart of cyder; mixed with a glass or two of good brandy, and some sugar and nutmeg: or, *if a cow be not at hand*, warm some good milk, and pour it, from a considerable height, through the spout of a tea-pot, into the bowl, the top of which may thus be almost equally well frothed. In summer, this is not a bad beverage even without the brandy or spice; as it is often drank in many retired parts of the country, some of them within thirty miles of the metropolis."

But everyone does not care for "Cheap Syllabub"; to them we present:

"Royal London Syllabub: Put a bottle of red port, a pint of Madeira, sherry, or fine old Mountain, and half a Pint of brandy, into a large bowl, with grated nutmeg and plenty of loaf sugar, then *milk into it* at least two quarts; and grate over it some more nutmeg. Good wine syllabub is commonly made, in London, with either red or white wine alone; it is however, sometimes half and half. Red wine is chiefly preferred, on account of its agreeable colour."

It is very evident that Mr. De la Mare does not know these recipes for Syllabub, and so has not had it made as plain to him as to me, that what Joan did was to stroke the milk from the cow into the bowl, which milk, falling from a height and with force, did all the milling for itself.

At any rate, I like my recipes better than his, and I am quite sure Joan and the swain did too.

SUSAN S. BENNETT.

Charleston, S. C.

A Point of Style

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

A mere instructor in rhetoric, deficient in "style" as all rhetoricians are, begs leave to cross swords with the esteemed editor of the *Saturday Review* in defense of the "rhetorics, composition books, manuals, guides." (*vide* issue of Nov. 21) Granted, for the sake of argument, that the text books make "a sermon on accuracy the sum of good English," might it not be wise to try to understand why clearness and accuracy are thus emphasized before criticizing the text books too severely? Nine tenths of the writers of text books are confronted with the practical problem of teaching young students how to write simply, clearly, and correctly. Of these students one in a thousand may some day attempt to write "literary prose." The other nine hundred and ninety nine are going to write letters, reports, and theses of various kinds. Their "yeasty" minds have no conception of clearness and accuracy, their habits of thought are undeveloped and untrained, their powers of expression decidedly limited. If the average teacher, with all his emphasis on clearness and accuracy, can send out into the world young men and women possessing at least that much of the elements of style, for clearness and accuracy are elements of style, he may be well content with the fruits of his labor. Too many of us, it is to be feared, lack even that satisfaction.

There is another practical objection to the teaching of "style." Style is an intangible quality, a something so colored and imbued with the spirit of personality that it cannot be analyzed. What are its elements? Figures of speech? Cadence and rhythm? Surely, if such were true, all our Elizabethan literature should be admirable; there is much that is objectionable in Shakes-

pere, much that is intolerable in his contemporaries. A teacher may, through the force of his personality, inspire his students with the love of ideas and of their effective expression, the basis of all true style, but he may not teach style. Moreover, where shall we find such teachers? or the students to profit from them?

He is unfair who blames the rhetorician for the effects of American literature. The rhetorician is a timid soul. He does not presume to teach style to our literary men. Who was Shakespeare's teacher of rhetoric? What original mind needs a book of rules to teach him how to write, or having read one allows it to hamper him in his practice? Why should an author come to me for the rules of his art when he may find them applied, exemplified, and often discussed by his masters in the classics of English literature? Let him play the sedulous ape with Stevenson. It will do him more good than a thousand text books.

If American literature be inferior, be assured that it is the man and not the style that is at fault. Great men will produce great literature, no matter what the ideals of rhetoricians may be, and for us lesser men, better an ideal of clearness and accuracy than an ideal of meretricious ornament, misnamed "style,"—better pure water than synthetic wine.

WILLIAM R. MACLEOD.

Emory University, Ga.

Mr. Lewis Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

In your issue of December 5 appear the reactions of several of your readers to my article, "Prep Schools for Rotarians," which was printed a few weeks earlier. If the subject is not already threadbare, I should like to offer a few different words in my own behalf.

In all humility, allow me to say that I wrote the article with no sinister motives against Rotary International. I am sorry if Mr. Lowery and Mr. Tripp mistook my purpose, and I admire, as much as could the most loyal of their brother Rotarians, the vigor with which they set upon me as the interloper. But they have overlooked the fact that I was discussing, not Rotary Clubs, but juvenile reading matter. I mentioned Rotary Clubs (in which I am not interested) because it seems to me that juvenile reading matter (in which I am interested) is too largely dominated by the standards of materialism which underlie Rotary Clubs and the similar "booster" organizations which today—whether we like it or not—are setting the standards for America. I protested with such vigor as I could against the wholesale instilling of Rotary ideals in minds not yet sufficiently developed to judge the value of those ideals, and if this heresy leads to my excommunication from every Rotary Club in the universe I shall accept the sentence with fortitude.

On the same page, a third subscriber, a Mr. Kempton takes exception to "Prep School for Rotarians" from another angle. On evidence gleaned from the article, he argues that I know nothing (a) about children, (b) about juvenile literature, and in particular (c) about juvenile periodicals. It is interesting to examine how he arrives at these conclusions. Because I presume to question if a "love of reading" is an inherent instinct born in every child, he doubts if I have ever observed the phenomenon of a child reading, and because I made the statement that in order to read words, a child must first learn the symbols of which words are composed, he scornfully remarks that I actually think children are still taught to read by "memorizing the alphabet." I would point out that letters are the symbols that made up words, and that to know the words the child must know the symbols, whether he learns them in the old A, B, C order, or backwards, or while standing on his head.

Mr. Kempton calls attention to "astonishing omissions" in the juvenile magazines mentioned. I named *The American Boy* and *Boy's Life* because I was considering boys' magazines and because these two happen to be the best known in that field. I purposefully omitted *St. Nicholas* (edited for boys and girls alike), *The Youth's Companion* (which likes to be considered as appealing to all the family), and the other magazines he names, as well as some two dozen he does not name. Finally, to prove how "wholly and lamentably wrong" I am,

(Continued on next page)

The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK D. BROWN

A KIPLING collection comprising a large number of rarities, including first editions, association items, and other material of intimate intrinsic interest and value to the collector, brought together by E. P. Dutton & Co. of this city, consisting of 172 lots, was sold at the Anderson Galleries, December 15, bringing \$12,662. The sale was well attended by dealers and collectors and there was much spirited bidding. Prices on the whole were very satisfactory.

H. C. Smith, vice president of E. P. Dutton & Co., in a letter printed in facsimile in the catalogue explained that the greater part of the collection had been made in 1912, although additions were made later. Within a year some excellent association items were included. The collection was held intact for a considerable period and when it was decided to break it up, it was sent to auction to be sold without reserve. This sale, we believe, marks a new departure. In the not remote past, booksellers' stock fared badly at auction. Apparently this collection sold just as well as if the catalogue had borne the name of a well known collector.

A few of the rarer and more valuable lots and the prices realized were the following:

"Schoolboy Lyrics," square 16mo, original brown paper covers, in case, Lahore, 1881. Rare first edition of Kipling's first book. \$1,450.

"Echoes," by two writers, square 16mo, original stiff glazed paper covers, in case, Lahore, 1884. Rare first edition. \$1,225.

"Quartette," Christmas annual of the *Civil and Military Gazette Press*, 8vo, original wrappers, in case, Lahore, 1885. The quartette was composed of Rudyard Kipling, his father, mother and sister, Beatrice. \$475.

"Departmental Ditties and other Verses," narrow 8vo, in case, Lahore, 1886. Rare first edition. \$325.

"Plain Tales from the Hills," 12mo, original cloth, in case, Calcutta, 1888. First issue of the first edition. \$100.

"Soldiers Three," 8vo, original gray pictorial wrappers, Allahabad, 1888. First issue of the first edition, presentation copy from Kipling's father to Burne-Jones. \$850.

"The Naulahka," written in collaboration with Wolcott Balestier, 12mo, original cloth, London, 1892. First edition. \$62.50.

"Old Johnny Grundy," in "Fame's Tribute to Children," done in facsimile for the benefit of the Children's Home of the World's Columbian Exposition, 4to, cloth, Chicago, 1892. First edition. \$100.

"The Jungle Book," London, 1894; "The Second Jungle Book," London, 1895. 2

London, 1896. The earliest form of this story of which only five copies were printed in violation of copyright. \$490.

"White Horses," 12mo, original wrappers, London, 1897. First English separate edition. \$95.

"The Absent-Minded Beggar," folio, printed and folded in the form of a triptych. London, 1899. Rare first edition printed on satin. \$120.

"From Sea to Sea," galley proofs with hundreds of corrections by the author in ink, 64 pp., 4to, in box. \$850.

"The White Man's Burden," 12mo, wrappers, in cloth case, London, 1899. First separate English edition. \$110.

"The Friend," 30 numbers, folio, unbound, printed at Bloomfontein, March 15, 1900, to April 18, 1900. This paper was taken over and edited by the war correspondents with Lord Roberts's forces. \$1,150.

"The Elephant's Child," 12mo, wrappers, London, 1900. The rare first and copy-right issue. \$450.

"The Beginning of the Armadillos," 12mo, wrappers, London, 1900. The rare first and copyright issue. \$325.

"The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo," 12mo, wrappers, London, 1900. The rare first and copyright issue. \$400.

"With Number Three," surgical and medical and new poems, 12mo, wrappers, Santiago de Chili, 1900. Very rare first edition. \$270.

"The Science of Rebellion," a tract for the times, 8vo, wrappers, London, 1901. Rare first and only edition. \$105.

"The Sin of Witchcraft," 8vo, wrappers, London, 1901. Rare first edition. \$65.

"The Islanders," 8vo, wrappers, New York, 1902. First edition and copyright issue. \$125.

"The Spies' March," 12mo, wrappers, in case, Garden City, 1911. First edition of the American copyright issue. \$110.

"Cockoo Song," 4 p. leaflet, 8vo, in case, New York, 1909. First edition and the American copyright issue. \$135.

"The Irish Guards," 4to, wrappers, London, 1918. First issue of the first edition. \$125.

NEW SHELLEY POEMS FOUND

PROF. WALTER EDWIN PECK of Wesleyan University says that two hitherto unpublished poems by Percy Bysshe Shelley have been discovered in a note book of the poet which was willed to the Harvard library in 1902 by Edward A. Silsbee of Boston. Prof. Essor Peck, who has examined the note book and manuscripts it contains, says that it was obtained by Mr. Silsbee from Claire Claremont, foster sister of Mary Shelley, the poet's second wife, whom he met in Florence. The two poems are a translation from an epigram of Plato, cited in the "Apologies of Apulcius," and "Verses written on receiving a Celandine in a letter from England." The note book also contains a first draft of Shelley's song, "To Constantia Singing," written at Moscow in 1817 and first published after the poet's death by Mary Shelley in posthumous poems in 1824.

NOTE AND COMMENT

HITHERTO undiscovered records of Jews in Portugal, Spain, and Sicily are contained in a group of extremely rare volumes recently obtained for the library of the Jewish Theological Seminary of this city. Professor Alexander Marx, librarian at the seminary, discovered the books on a recent trip to Italy, and was enabled to purchase them by a gift from Mortimer L. Schiff of this city.

A story by Hans Christian Anderson, the famous Danish author of stories for children, has just been published for the first time in *The Evening News* of London. It was recently discovered in the Royal Library of Copenhagen by the librarian, and appears to have been written in 1868. The story is about a little boy and his adventure with the kings, queens, and knaves of a pack of cards. Because at the end the kings and queens are burnt up, the author, on the advice of friends, refused to have it published lest his loyalty as a subject be doubted.

A new press, The Argonaut Press, has been formed for reissuing travel books of outstanding merit in a manner worthy of their importance. The works issued by the press will not be restricted to any particular part of the world, but will be selected irrespective of locality or nationality. Particular attention will be paid to volumes devoted to early exploration in Africa, Asia, America, and Australasia. "The World Encompassed" by Sir Francis Drake, reprinted from the edition of 1628, with a contemporary map, will be ready shortly, and will be edited in the light of recent research with an introductory essay by Sir Richard Carnac Temple, Bart.

Points of View

(Continued from preceding page)

Mr. Kempton invites me to "concoct" a story according to the ideas mentioned in the article and "try it on the juvenile editors." "He will collect good wishes and rejection slips." I can only answer that during the past few years I have "concocted" some 250 such stories, which have appeared (with the exception of *The American Girl* and *The Open Road*) in all the juvenile magazines, and I will add that as well as in some fifteen or twenty other Juvenile Magazines, and I will add that as I write, I have on my desk a letter from the editor of one of the magazines Mr. Kempton named, and that this editor writes of "Prep School for Rotarians" in terms of warm approval.

All of which proves—what?

O. J. LEWIS

Berkeley, Calif.

Man's Stupidity

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*: Sir:

In your recent review of Richet's essay, you say that ignorance and not stupidity is responsible for the failure of mankind to perfect itself. That this is not true is easily shown and I select but one example: The Friends' Service Committee announced that Russia was in need of supplies of quinine to combat the ravages of malaria. When I opened my mail on the day following, I found in it a handsomely illustrated and obviously expensively published brochure entitled "Chinium: Scriptiones Collectae," published by the Bureau tot bevordering van het kinine-gebruik in Amsterdam, The Netherlands. This signified that Holland was seeking fields for exporting the quinine produced in her colonies. The inability of the two nations concerned to match supply with demand is not ignorance; it is stupidity. That Holland was well aware of the conditions in Russia is witnessed by a series of statements in this red-covered book. That the Russians know the therapeutic value of quinine is easily proven. Why then the malaria of the Urals?

This is a single, but signal point in evidence that it is not man's ignorance, but his failure to use the means he has in his possession for combating disease. Did he use his knowledge, every form of infectious disease could be eradicated within a decade.

WITHROW MORSE.

Lansdowne, Penna.

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