

Points of View

Hollywood Analyzed

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

I have decided that you need a trip West. Now, please bear with me. Honestly, wouldn't you like to come West? I have thought and thought and schemed. There is nought else left for you to do. You know, you love New York—the East, the smug patch of coast with its peculiar wealth of atmosphere and tradition. You are an admirer of English life and literature, and again you are blameless. Of the French, too. But, sir, have you not, think, have you not neglected the rest of your country? How I presume, what awful cheek! (Do you remember when Andy Lang addressed a poem to R.L.S. saying something about "Louis with the brindled hair," and received one in reply—"Dear Andrew with the awful cheek." Or was it the other way around? Perhaps I absorbed some of Lang's own carelessness with quotations!)

This country begs to be written about as it deserves. As it deserves, please note. Those capable of writing about it have succumbed to a peculiar malady which is dwellant here. It is malady which strikes particularly at men of letters, painters, artists, and other sedentary workers. The bug of this malady immediately and effectively renders their work abortive, fantastic, ridiculous, according to its then-time strength. What it is I do not know—it is as yet a completely strange force, a culture whose isolation has not even been attempted. But it is here. It attacks those who would tell the truth, those who intend the greatest of sincerity. And literary men, who are renownedly frail organisms, have been, without exception, a prey to it. It attacks slyly, without hint or warning, and settles to its work with an uncanny lack of pother, with the result that its presence is unrecognized. The effect it has on the body it inhabits is truly deplorable. Its direct influence is this—that it attacks the centers of truth, so as to render them impotent of any sort of independent function, though not incapable of receiving stimulus from other sources. The position of correspondent for any high-hat periodical particularly favors any attack by this bug. As was said, it totally incapacitates its victim for the telling of truth while in its environs of life. The symptoms of attack by this bug are varied, and range magnificently. They can be anything from literary D. T.'s to Literati Retinitis (the latter an affecting and clouding of the perceptive retina, resulting in cloudiness of vision, squinting, and general mental slovenliness). However, it is no matter what the symptoms are—they are too general and tedious, embracing nearly all of psychopathology. It remains that the bug is there, and is a very sinister force.

The greatest fault that I have to find in those who have written of this country, is that they take it either too seriously, or not seriously enough. Of course, it is their ignorance as to the presence of that germ which causes those conditions. But nonetheless, it has not been represented with anything approaching accuracy. (Understand, that by "this country" I mean *not just* Southern California, but specifically that part of it known as Hollywood. I believe I shall call it just Hollywood, as that is where I want you to go.)

Hergesheimer has taken it too seriously—he seems to think that Hollywood really exists, that it is a place proper in existence. I think that he was kept up too late, was treated with too much deference for a literary man, and smoked too many cigarettes—all that besides the subtle influence of that germ. The reaction, naturally, was depressing, rather like the morning after. In that reaction, he conceived everything as ordered, commonplace, dull, with all its elegance and wealth. Van Vechten is merely cleverly reportorial, seemingly unable to pierce the mail of order and its gross, overwhelming accompaniments. He makes a very deft and polite farce of the whole thing, but the farce is still reality. Scott Fitzgerald has done nothing, Mencken nothing, Huxley, as usual, less than nothing. You see, it is the bug. Once arrived, this germ attacks them. They become as in a maze, and cannot see things clearly. It is unfortunate; but see, I am preparing you against it. Your immunization is your power to see clearly; and your immunization lies in absorbing my advice, the gist of which follows—

Hollywood is, and it is not. Its spirit is half quick, half in a torporous dream. You cannot say that it is wholly of either one—that is what makes it a tragedy. It is like no other city existent—New York, which nests so much of ambition, permits dreams of ambition, but they are not so dangerously close to emotion—they are much less prone to havocking. The dreams of Hollywood are so close to vanity, and so close to primitive emotions and dangers of vanity, that they are seldom anything but tragic, pathetic, and devastating. Those dreams are all of vanity—deep in the heart, there is no thought of art. Those dreams are as one in Hollywood—they commix to form its *elan*. There is the tragedy of dreams in every city, in every town, but you cannot say they are so damnably violent. That's what they are—they are damnably violent. And, like a magnet, the town continues to attract those given to that violence, to that dreamful press of vanity. Aye, we are all vain and pea-fowlish; all parts of the world have witnesses to it. But, may I repeat, it comes to a head here—it is at its apogee, where it is most spectacular, most near to being definite, and most tragic. That is why I say there is no order—it cannot exist (aside from the material) along with such violence.

As was said, there is an order to the material. There has to be, for existence. Hollywood is modern. But the material is not overpondering, as, say, in Youngstown. In all that occupation of duty and mean work, there can be no blessed absorption in the unesthetic, none of the Nirvana. Not with every other person being one of those violent. All are infected. I have seen it too often. In the eyes of the drug clerk, the bill-collector, the truck driver, is the vanity of which I have spoken. They all want work "near the studios"—and there are tales of many rash things done in an effort to accomplish that end. Don't you see—there is material order, work of production, organization, manual labor, but it cannot deaden that primitive, violent malcontent. There is too much of dreams about—the town is saturated with their vanity.

The result is that Hollywood is a world by itself—a world out of known dimensions. It is a small world, but it projects (to the few not visored to the sight of it) a stage, and actors, and drama which together present the most poignant tragedy of life that can be imagined. Jim Tully has glimpsed that tragedy, but he seems unable to tell about it. The spirit which he conceives has its feet too much on the ground. It is a tragedy enacted in a half-light, in a mist of the soul's disorder, in a fog from the sea of death. That tragedy should be recorded as a fantasy, nothing else. And with the action—rather, the inaction, wherein the pitiful aspirations are consumed—there should be a distinct and constant reminding that the thing is done in a half-light. (Through a veil of moonlight). It is big stuff—it is raw, and human, and still not real. It is a spirit, committing itself in this tableau. It is the spirit of man. It is important, but no one has done anything about it. No one seems to have caught the significance. The town is a stage; man, all of man, the actor. I tell you, it is immense. And, you are the one to do it. I have given you the advice against what blinds them all, what impoverishes them all. I have seen that subtle evil, perhaps because I have looked dispassionately. I do not deny that I would like to be a doctor.

Well, this thing has dragged to an awful length—I am very sorry. But I have been thinking and thinking of it for weeks, and the volume of the overflow is but the result of the accumulation of those thoughts. If it has had any annoying effect on you, remember that it has done me much good to get this off my chest, as it were.

MAURICE WIDDOWS.

British Spelling

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

I am moved to ask where Mr. Clifford H. Bissell in his letter to you, "Is It Pedantry?" gets that stuff about "British peculiarities of spelling English."

He reminds me of the people who tell me, an Englishman, that I speak English with "an English accent."

Now my stay of several years in this country has taught me to appreciate you

Americans, but really, you make me laugh sometimes.

Cheerfully yours,
J. C. W. BIRD.

Bloomfield, N. J.

Has our correspondent ever heard of "Anglicisms"? The recent conference on English in London decided that the best American usage had equal authority with the best English usage. Hence honest and natural variations from either norm would naturally be described as "peculiarities," though "customs" would be a better word. The British do not own the copyright on English—neither do the Americans.—Editor.

Logan's Speech

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

A correspondent in last week's issue asks Mrs. Becker where he can find a copy of the speech of Logan, the Mingo chief, so common in the readers of fifty years ago. She gives Howells's "Stories of Ohio" as one of the sources, being prevented from making further research in the matter by the fact that the paper was going to press.

The question offers an opportunity for giving an account of this famous speech, so well known to the older generation from their school readers. It will surprise many people to know that this celebrated oration is connected with American history and controversies about it are linked with a Presidential election.

I suspect most older people know this speech through having read it in McGuffey's "Fourth Eclectic Reader" where it is attributed to Jefferson. And McGuffey's reader dates from the 'thirties of the nineteenth century. But we may go back still further. In the very first reader by an American, Noah Webster's famous Third Part of his "Grammatical Institutes," issued in 1785, Logan's speech greets us. It is also in another famous reader of a decade or so later, Caleb Bingham's "Columbian Orator." Most of the later readers no doubt copied McGuffey.

The speech however received its greatest vogue because it appears in Jefferson's "Notes of Virginia" issued in 1782. The publication of Logan's speech in it led to so much bitterness that Jefferson issued a supplement in 1800 and his letters are full of allusions to an attack made upon him by a relative of Cresap the man whom Logan blames for the massacre. Jefferson instituted a rigorous research into the truth of the charge against Cresap. Logan was mistaken as to the man responsible for the massacre and the matter was brought up in Jefferson's campaign. The whole matter is thrashed out by Paul Leicester Ford in some of the volumes of his edition of Jefferson's works. Ford concludes the speech is genuine. Jefferson in a long letter tells how he came by the speech.

Jefferson was not the author of the speech and he says it had been current for a number of years. As a matter of fact the school boys of the Revolution were also committing it to memory. The massacre took place in 1774 and a copy of the speech appears in one of James Madison's letter dated February, 1775, though the old edition omits the speech in print, as too well known. The speech had already around 1774 and 1775 been circulated in a Virginia and a New York newspaper and was copied in later years in the American Archives, in the first volume of the Fourth Series, Page 1020.

There is an account of Logan himself in the American Encyclopædia and the speech itself appears in the earlier edition of the work. His real name was Tah-Gah-Jute, and not Logan, which was taken from the name of the Secretary of Pennsylvania. He was killed by a relative after a drunken brawl.

The school readers naively tell us that the little speech can be compared with Cicero and Demosthenes. Its eloquence was of course exaggerated. It is a translation and probably embellished. It is undoubtedly a real cry at injustice for Logan's entire family were killed.

We think of the conclusion of the speech of about 200 words, "Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one," and we go back to our childhood days. The speech has had imitations in the readers, one, I recall in Mrs. Monroe's New Fourth Reader.

ALBERT MORDELL.
Philadelphia.

The New Books

(Continued from page 76)

Philosophy

BEYOND BEHAVIORISM: The Future of Psychology. By ROBERT COURTNEY. Grant Publications, Inc. 1927.

The claim made for this pretentious little book, as "the most important contribution yet made to the psychology of our time," indicates the futility of further acquaintance. It is a fantastically organized set of speculations by analogy, seizing upon the current interest in behaviorism and the other rivals in psychological interest, to lure the unwary reader. It proposes to save man from mechanical determinism by reinstating an esoteric type of inner awareness, derived from Oriental mysticism and a psychic resurrection like that of the butterfly, to replace the abandoned consciousness. It is a negligible playlet of ideas masquerading in some of the garments of science.

Religion

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. Second Series. By BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL. Dutton, 1926. \$5.

Despite its title, this second series of essays and addresses by the late Baron von Hügel hardly deals with philosophy of religion at all, in the ordinary sense of that phrase. The fundamental and universal problems of religion, the questions concerning its origin and function in the general economy, are not here treated. On the contrary even the specific dogmas of Christianity are here presupposed as accepted. Thus, if not philosophy, still less is the book a work of Christian Apologetics; it does not lamely attempt to prove what it everywhere takes for granted. It might be called a volume of undogmatic theology—the spontaneous reflections of a sensitive and subtle mind or many aspects of Christian thought. Baron von Hügel's position as a liberal Catholic makes his utterances on "Official Authority and Living Religion," or on "The Facts and Truths concerning God and the Soul which are of most importance in the Life of Prayer," particularly interesting. Anyone who finds difficulty in entering into the psychology of contemporary Catholicism, and yet desires to do so, could not meet a better opportunity. One still occasionally hears the rather stupid statement, "I do not see how so intelligent a man as So-and-So can be a Catholic." Baron von Hügel, whose intelligence, sincerity, and learning were beyond dispute, in his essay on "The Catholic Contribution to Religion" gives seven striking reasons for the faith that was in him. Anyone who can do as well by his own variety of faith or unfaith is to be congratulated. Beyond its value as a tolerant and clear statement of Catholic thought, the volume has the further significance of bringing one in contact with a transparently pure and lofty mind.

HUMANIST SERMONS. Edited by CURTIS W. REESE. Open Court. \$2.50.
PARADISE FOUND. By LOUIS AARON REITMEISTER. Hitchcock. \$3.50.

Science

THE HUMAN BODY. By TREVOR HEATON, M.D. Dutton. 1927.

The attempt to interest the layman in physiology has often been made and perhaps never with better success than in the present work. It is a somewhat difficult undertaking. This is a science which cannot be studied at all profoundly unless one has become well grounded in the fundamentals of several other branches. A physiologist who has thus prepared himself is likely to forget the serious gaps in his reader's knowledge and to bewilder him by a presentation which assumes too much in the way of background. The author of this book never loses sight of the reader's limitations. He assumes intelligence but not a great deal of technical information. His vocabulary is simple but accurate, his style is entertaining without being flippant. The story is always straightforward but good taste is never transgressed. The writer properly concerns himself mainly with objective and experimental facts but he gives place to the philosophical and devout attitude.

Hygiene is secondary to physiology in these chapters. The nature of the diseases which most frequently affect each of the systems receives reasonable attention. What is said is concise and well considered. The achievements of medical science are set forth and the great problems which still confront and challenge it are fully recognized. The illustrations are of superior quality and selected with rare judgment.

(Continued on next page)

The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK

IF the inquiries received by this department are any criterion, there is a steadily growing interest among collectors in worth while illustrated books of all periods. We have had several inquiries recently about the best course to pursue in studying the history and art of the illustrated book. From the block books and the earliest books printed by movable type, on through four and a half centuries, illustration has played its significant part in the printed book. It makes a long story, if well told.

Some years ago the New York Public Library held an exhibition in its print gallery studiously calculated to tell this interesting story by noteworthy examples of illustrated books since the beginning of printing. The library drew from its own resources, including the S. P. Avery collection, both for old and modern books, and with the aid of J. Pierpont Morgan, Henry E. Huntington, William Barclay Parsons, and Cortlandt F. Bishop, who assisted with loans, it was possible to assemble a collection which exemplified book illustration at its best throughout four centuries. This exhibition and its significance was reviewed in a pamphlet written by Frank Weitenkampf and printed by the New York Public Library. A year later the same library printed a catalogue of the books exhibited, divided into periods, fully described, with scholarly notes, under the title "Illustrated Books of the Past Four Centuries."

These two pamphlets, of nominal cost, can still be furnished by the New York Public Library and they make a good starting point for the collector interested in the illustrated book. It not only gives a bird's-eye view of the subject, but it gives a long list of books by which a study of the subject can be carried further. The collector interested in this subject should have these two pamphlets.

THE AMERICAN COLLECTOR

THE *American Collector*, founded by Charles F. Heartman and conducted by him for nearly two years, has been brought to this city and is now under the editorial direction of W. N. C. Carlton. The August number is the first to be published since the change. The leading article, "The Younger Generation in the Colleges," refers to the interest that students in Yale, Harvard, and Princeton are taking in book collecting and predicts that as the "old guard" of collectors pass away their places will be filled by younger men equally enthusiastic over rare books and equipped for their work with a fine foundation of bibliographical and literary knowledge. Under the title "Fine Books in America, A Review of Two Current Exhibitions," Paul Johnston reviews the exhibition of Fifty Books of the Year by the American Institute of Graphic Arts, and the display of the work of Bruce Rogers at the office of the Pynson Printers. Other

articles include "Joaquin Milleriana," by Henry Meade Bland; "Balzac as He Was Not," by William H. Royce; "Alexander Auld," by Frank J. Metcalf; "Henry Edwards Huntington, 1850-1927, An Appreciation," by W. N. C. Carlton; Peter P. Good's "Materia Medica Animalia," by Harry B. Weiss, and "The Passports" and their Press," by Randolph G. Adams. The departments "Book Reviews," "Notes on Catalogues," and "Comments and Marginalia" are continued although they are given less space than formerly. This is distinctly a collector's magazine and deserves support.

ANOTHER NATIONAL SHRINE

THE historic Adams House at Quincy, Mass., is to be thrown open to the public. The grandchildren of Charles Francis Adams have decided to do this, and the home of many generations of their family will soon be a national shrine. The house has many portraits, among them those of John and Abigail Adams painted by Gilbert Stuart, and George and Martha Washington by Savage. Books of the two presidents, of Charles Francis Adams, of Brooks Adams, and of Henry Adams are everywhere. The house is literally filled with relics of the Adams family for a century and a half. In "The Education of Henry Adams" its author devotes many pages to the old New England home and his early boyhood days there. This shrine will refresh many fading recollections of famous men who have dwelt there, of John Adams, defender and signer of the Declaration of Independence, and second president of the United States; of John Quincy Adams, president and for a generation storm center in the National House of Representatives; of Charles Francis Adams, statesman and diplomat of the Civil War period; and of Henry Adams, author and historian of great brilliance. For a century and a half this house has been the home of a family closely identified with American history and progress. It is noteworthy that the same decade that has made a shrine of the home of the author of the Declaration of Independence has also made a shrine of its chief defender.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE Gregynog Press, of Newton, England, announces the issue of "Selected Poems by Edward Thomas," with an introduction by Edward Garnett, in a limited edition of 275 copies on Japanese vellum. This press has also issued a prospectus of this forthcoming volume and full particulars of other limited editions which are still procurable.

Forthcoming publications of the Duke University Press of Durham, North Carolina, include a study of "The Social Philosophy of William Morris," by Anna A. von Helmholtz-Phelan; "English Verse between Chaucer and Surrey," a volume of selections,

with introductions, notes, and bibliographies, by Eleanor P. Hammond, and a study of "The New England Clergy and the American Revolution," by Alice M. Baldwin.

The Cambridge University Press has nearly ready the first volume of "The Poetry of the Age of Wordsworth," with which Professor J. Dover Wilson makes a new beginning to "Cambridge Anthologies," a series interrupted by the war and now resumed under his general editorship. The present selection is devoted to the five major poets of the romantic revival, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats.

The question was recently raised as to whether the copy of Keats's poems which Shelley had with him when he was drowned was the "Poems" of 1817, or "Lamia," etc., of 1820. Leigh Hunt, in his "Autobiography," settles this point:

"Keats's last volume also (the 'Lamia,' etc.) was found open in the jacket pocket. He had probably been reading it when surprised by the storm. It was my copy. I had told him to keep it till he gave it to me again. So I would not have it from any other. It was burnt with his remains."

W. Penn Cresson, Glendale, Mass., has been engaged during the past two years in preparing a two-volume biography of James Monroe, president and author of the Monroe Doctrine. The Monroe family has greatly facilitated his work by placing at his disposal a large deposit of Gouverneur papers containing much original manuscript, and he has also had access to some material for the first time available among the Rush papers in Philadelphia. Mr. Cresson would be glad to know of other material in the hands of private individuals which might aid him in his work.

The New Books Travel

(Continued from preceding page)

THE RIDDLE OF THE TSANGPO GORGES. By F. KINGDON WARD. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1927. \$7.50.

We are rather inclined to think of a botanist as a mild and conservative individual, perhaps slightly timorous, and certainly not overly adventurous. Such preconceived ideas will be rudely shattered by even a glance through Captain Kingdon Ward's book.

It is a difficult thing to write of a botanical expedition in such a manner that it will interest a layman, and the only other books dealing with botanical exploration in which we can recall taking a genuine interest are those delightful volumes by the late Reginald Farrer, "On the Eaves of the World," and "The Rainbow Bridge." Farrer was dealing with the mountain ranges of Southern China, but it was during the course of an expedition into Burma that he contracted fever and died far up in the interior of the country.

Captain Ward has taken part in many expeditions and has approached Tibet both from the Chinese and the Burmese sides. He has had much experience in both tropical and subarctic exploration. He must possess great advantages in physique over Farrer, who was very poorly equipped physically to undertake such difficult field work. Farrer seems never to have been in anything but poor physical shape, whereas Kingdon Ward must be a very unusually hardy man. The quality they have in common is the ability to paint charming word pictures of their botanical finds. The enthusiasm they feel upon the discovery of a new primula is vividly communicated to the reader, and that is no easy task when, as must often be the case, that same reader does not know the difference between a primula and a rhododendron.

They must of course give due consideration also to their scientific audiences, and to do so necessitates the employment of much Latin nomenclature, and a series of numbers to identify the particular specimen referred to. This will act as a deterrent upon the casual reader, but he to whom these differentiating scientific appellations mean nothing, can soon accustom himself to skip over them without breaking the thread of the narrative.

The expedition described in this volume had as its objective the almost unknown regions of Southwestern Tibet where the Tsangpo River breaks through the last barriers of the Himalayas before entering Burmese territory, where it suffers a change of name and is known as the Brahmaputra. The amazing gorges of the Tsangpo have long been a region of mystery. Some still believe that in their heart there exists an immense waterfall greater than Niagara, or Iguassú, or the falls of the Zambesi. They have never yet been fully explored.

In order to reach this district Captain Ward was obliged to cross over the barren highlands of Tibet. At one time his course took him within fifty miles, as the crow flies, of Lhasa, the mysterious capital of the Forbidden Country. We are accustomed to think of Tibet as a relatively small country, but in reality Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and Portugal could be comfortably accommodated within its boundaries. It is sparsely inhabited throughout, with some sections practically uninhabited, and no railroad approaches within fifty miles of its boundaries.

Captain Ward was gone for a little short of two years. Lord Cawdor was his only companion, and during the last year they saw no other white man. Lord Cawdor's special province was the making of the photographic record of the expedition, and how well he succeeded may be judged by the excellent and well chosen material used to illustrate the book. In addition he has contributed two interesting and informative chapters upon the inhabitants of South-eastern Tibet and their mode of life.

"The Riddle of the Tsangpo Gorges" is the account of an achievement most worth while, ably carried out, and excellently recorded.

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