

## A Fundamentalist

MY LIFE IN ADVERTISING. By CLAUDE C. HOPKINS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927. \$3.

Reviewed by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

THERE is in Claude Hopkins's "My Life in Advertising" the interest that inheres in any unvarnished tale plainly told. To the ordinary reader with no more knowledge of advertising than he gains from looking at it in the public prints, there is the feeling of being taken behind the scenes and seeing how these wonderful results are accomplished, and they are certainly wonderful results when Claude Hopkins accomplishes them. He tells in his forthright way how he put such products as Puffed Rice, Pepsodent, Palmolive, and Goodyear Tires on the business map, and there is no reason to believe that his account is not the true one. But the advertising man is annoyed by the cocksureness of his attitude and his intolerance of all methods but his own. There are other ways, he says, but they are slow and uncertain. Nor were his clients immune from these other ways. With the same frankness with which he records his amazing successes for various advertisers he relates how they one after another grew weary of well-doing, yearned after the flesh pots of Egypt, such as colored pictures or institutional advertising, and turned away from the one true God. "Nearly every client quit me," he observes pensively, "when he got into smooth waters."

In advertising Mr. Hopkins is a Fundamentalist instead of a Modernist. He believes old ways are best and always will be. Advertising can be reduced to a standardized formula and he has found the formula. He has no use for art or brilliant writing and he lives up to his belief on every page. The curious effect of writing mail order copy has left its impress on his style. Mail order advertising, you should know, is addressed to simple, single-track minds and its chief virtue is a monotonous repetition of some simple command. "Cut out the coupon," "Fill in the coupon and send it today," "Don't fail to mail the coupon at once." The many advertising apothegms and theorems with which the book teems and bristles are reiterated like the chorus of an anthem. The author has no conception of any methods outside his own experience, no vision, no imagination, and no belief in intangibles. His definition of advertising is like Mr. Gradgrind's definition of a horse.

But this is no place to discuss the work as a technical handbook. It is much better as a history than as a guide book, a history of Mr. Hopkins's own adventure with business. He thinks he is telling us what he did to advertising, but actually he reveals what advertising has done to him. As such he is an interesting human study.

For many years he was heralded as the highest paid copy writer in the world. His salary was reported to be a thousand dollars a week. He confirms this report, but naïvely adds that his employer, A. D. Lasker, President of Lord & Thomas, and formerly head of the Shipping Board, was worried at the smallness of his compensation and insisted on paying him in proportion to the results of his work, whereby he earned or at least received in one year \$185,000. What it all added up to he does not state, but the title of his book was originally "How I Made Five Million Dollars in Advertising." At any rate, the flower garden of his estate on the shores of Lake Michigan is half a mile long, and mass production of breakfasts in his summer home amounts to 3,500 a season. To these breakfasts come wealthy captains of industry, and though he mildly deplores having frittered away his life making other men rich, gaining for himself nothing but a modicum of fame, he insists he envies none of them. Money means nothing to him. His consuming passion is work. While his business life has comprised only thirty-five years, he insists it should be reckoned as seventy, because he always worked twice as long and twice as hard as anybody else. He has no recreations. He never played baseball, tennis, golf or bridge, and never learned to dance. Business is his only game. Even his book is not a diversion. It has the serious purpose of handing down to an unregenerate and skeptical generation of advertising men the mighty truths of the orthodox business religion. "The principles set down in this book," he says, "are as enduring as the Alps."

## The BOWLING GREEN

### Notes on Rosy

DR. ROSENBACH is one of the world's greatest hunters—and finders—of manuscript; yet there will be no manuscript (in any exact sense) of his own very interesting "Books and Bidders." It was dictated, and a remarkable job of dictation it was. Avery Strakosch, who was at the notebook end of the collaboration, must possess in high degree the great gift of translucency, for the Doctor's own easy colloquy and lively humor come through with every symptom of identity. It is a book packed full of Dr. Rosenbach's learning, but also rich in merry anecdote. One remembers the great day when an editor of the *World*, wishing to pay high tribute to Miss Amy Lowell's *Life of Keats*, avouched in print that he "had read nothing so nugatory in a long time." It was his idea, evidently, that "nugatory" meant "full of nuggets." And if that were the meaning, "Books and Bidders" would also be nugatory, delightfully so.

The gift of jocundity seems to be a characteristic of the great bibliophiles. Here again, popular tradition is wrong as usual. The general notion of book collectors as prosy ancients, shiny at elbows, soupy on the vest, shrivelled and stooped by years among fungus-smelling pages, is certainly false in my observation. So far as I have seen them they are pink and plump, connoisseurs of vivacity, tellers of phosphorescent adventure, frolic amateurs of all life's more generous pastime. They seem to get more fun out of this planet than any other class of human beings. They extra-illuminate the book of life with fore-edge painting.

Book Collecting, like horse racing, has always been the supreme sport of the Rich and Powerful. But it now stands on a peculiar apex of joy in America, for it has seriously entered the ranks of Big Business. Dr. Rosenbach often shows the specially amused and quiet smile of the scholar who has outwitted so many great merchants at their own game—as indeed the scholar so often can, if he cares to. Not without humor he tells of the hard-headed investors who tuck away Conrad MSS and Whitman items in safe deposit boxes as negotiables more stable in time of crisis than many an engraved certificate. Dealers themselves confess their amazement at the soar of prices. The old bookseller, once the symbol of musty eccentricity, is now often a power in finance. Ernest Dressel North, in the preface to his 25th anniversary catalogue, points out that the price of a single book offered in that catalogue (a 1667 *Paradise Lost*, priced at \$5500) exceeds the total of the prices of the 401 items listed in his first catalogue in 1902. And he adds, remarking on the prices lately paid for Shakespeare folios and Gutenberg Bibles, that perhaps in another twenty-five years only Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., will be able to afford such books. Dr. Rosenbach himself, who is slow to make predictions, suggests that \$250,000 will be a modest price for a Gutenberg Bible ten years hence. None of us have forgotten how Mitchell Kennerley, two or three years ago, brought home the Melk copy of the Gutenberg from England in two suit-cases—one volume in each case—and kept them in his cabin under his berth. It was the wisest thing to do. He would not even entrust them to the purser's safe, for he wanted to be able to grab them instantly in case of any sudden taking to the boats. So also did Colonel Isham, generously carrying some of the incredible richness of his Boswell MSS to show to a sanhedrim of the Three Hours for Lunch Club, entrust them to a gruesome old wicker valise that looked only likely to contain a week-end wash. No one, in any horrid emergency, would have suspected such luggage of secreting anything notorious.—It was that copy of the Gutenberg Bible, incidentally, that Dr. Rosenbach bought for \$106,000, and which is now at Yale University.

There will always be many to deplore so much discussion of these great memorabilia of human life in terms of price and trading; yet that sentimentality may easily become only an empty snobbery. Money after all is the only esperanto we have, the sole universal measure of our possessive passion for things that (for reasons of our own) are precious. And in the case of the perfect amorist, the paramour of

print, he only thinks of the thing in terms of price before he has got it. Once acquired, the money phase is oddly irrelevant. It was only a few years ago that Dr. Rosenbach with characteristic humor gave tranquil Walnut Street in Philadelphia a considerable shock. He put a collection of Shakespeare folios and quartos in his show window with a small card stating that the price of the lot was \$985,000. I cannot resist the feeling that (except for the amusement it would have caused him) he would have been very unhappy if anyone had walked in, paid the price, and taken away the books. It would have been a sound investment, too, for anyone who could afford to tie up a million cash for a few years.

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Perhaps it was because Dr. Rosenbach was born in Philadelphia in its great romantic year, the year of its famous Centennial in '76, that he was endowed with his miracle of book instinct. For, though the metaphor is not appropriate to his solid form, he is a willow-wand for the hidden springs of book lore. He is the Pied Piper of rare editions. He blows an airy wheedling note, and the old vellums and calfskins come trotting after him. They disappear into his twin Venusbergs—on Walnut Street or on Madison Avenue—and if he happens to take a fancy to keep them himself they are never heard of again. There is no one in the world rich enough to buy from Rosy anything that he thinks belongs on his own private shelves. There is no man more generous with his treasures, and no man who gets a finer sentimental pleasure out of the things he values for associations of their own. When he was only eighteen, still an undergraduate at the University of Pennsylvania, he spotted the fact that a group of old pamphlets bound up together included the long-lost first edition of Dr. Johnson's famous *Drury Lane Prologue*. These, with beating heart, he bought for \$3.60 in Stan Henkels' old auction-room in Philadelphia. And I think the most significant comment on Rosy's career is that a few years later, when he needed money very badly, he refused an offer of \$5000 for his treasure. The panting customer toiled after him in vain. He still has it.

And, as one might expect from one who has risen so high in his own line, Dr. Rosenbach's book is full of good wisdom for the beginning collector, pointing out the very necessary fact that one does not have to begin with high-priced books. He is shrewd enough to know, though too modest to point out, that the great prizes in the collecting game will always go to those who have that queer specific instinct for which there is no counterfeit and no substitute. But the real fun, if you are a beginner in the collecting field, is to stake your own judgment. To choose something in which you yourself believe—perhaps the work of some still unknown author. The "wild vicissitudes of taste" in this matter are part of the sport. I see, for instance, in a current catalogue, that H. M. Tomlinson's "The Sea and the Jungle," which I bought for \$1 in 1920, is now listed at \$90. I haven't the faintest intention of selling my copy; but it is a pleasant confirmation of one's own judgment. Can any zigzagging of the stock market give one better fun than that? The kind of collecting that appeals to me is not chasing after things that everyone knows are great, but trying to hunt out the things that are going to be great ten or twenty years later. And this means, as Dr. Rosenbach points out, a lot of brooding over catalogues. He himself has a special marsupial overcoat, with a specially large pouch built in, to carry his brood of catalogues which he studies diligently as he rides to and fro between Philadelphia and New York.

"Books and Bidders" is so full of nourishing anecdote that I have made no attempt to cull any of its plums. Those who are interested in the comfortable folly of book-collecting will find them for themselves. But one thing should be said: that Dr. Rosenbach has an unerring instinct for knowing how a story should be told. He always begins with a vivid little 'lead,' as reporters say, that lures you into the narrative unawares. Like this—

"The *First Folio* had lain idly at anchor for two long, sultry days . . ."

"The gas lamps in Stan Henkels' auction rooms were being extinguished . . ."

"It was a cold winter in my uncle Moses Pollock's shop in Philadelphia . . ."

I'm sorry there's no manuscript of this book. If there were, I think I should go after it for my own collection.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



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#### On Chinese Art

CHINESE ART. By R. L. HOBSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927.  
GUIDE POSTS TO CHINESE PAINTING. By LOUISE W. HACKNEY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. \$10.  
Reviewed by LANGDON WARNER  
Fogg Art Museum

TWELVE pages of extremely adequate introduction by the best authority in the world on Chinese pottery and porcelain and one hundred colored plates of Chinese lacquer, ceramics, bronze, painting, and jade, make a book that is immediately impressive. One jumps for the splendid illustrations (one hundred of them) and one reads the twelve significant compact pages of text wishing for more. Surely this must be the ideal book for a Christmas gift and yet—and yet where is the scholarship and the authority that we have learned to expect from Mr. Hobson's pen? Where is the wealth of new material and of precious old things which the title "Chinese Art" promises?

If the Chinese were great at anything it is conceded that they were masters of landscape painting. But of the hundred brilliantly colored plates only five are devoted to painting and but one of these is a landscape—"after Li Su-hsun." With the collections of Europe and America and the East to pick from he has not given us a single splinter of rock in the ink of Ma Yuan, not one distant peak of Hsia Kuei, no romance of Mi Fei's brush. The other paintings shown are well enough, two of them are even great though available in several other publications. But the sixteen lacquers (remember he gives only five paintings) seem almost an over-emphasis of this interesting craft. For lacquer in China, in spite of the implication in the carefully worded preface, never reached the heights touched by the Japanese.

A third time and a fourth we turn the lustrous colored pages before the truth dawns. One is slow to think an unkind thought when a new book appears on a subject in a subject where so much is needed. One should be slower still to write an unkindness about a distinguished scholar to whom we owe so much. But the truth must out about the book—the colors that shine so expensively gay are all alike on all the pages. The colors are simply bad. Porcelains and jades are perhaps expressed better than lacquers but the reproductions of paintings, even the meagre five devoted to that greatest of the Chinese arts, are all glossy mud. Every value is wrong, every tone relation is hopelessly false. If indeed this is Chinese Art as the title reads I must lay it down with a sigh. Luckily it is not and we have other books by Mr. Hobson and by his colleagues in the British Museum to prove it.

Surely it is not captious criticism to say that a book full of illustrations without an index is an imposition. In his introduction the author tells us that two decades have seen the full span of our western knowledge of this vast subject. Can it be that Chinese art is outworn and we have reached the stage where jaded appetites demand merely a Christmas book from a master? We crave fresh knowledge from him who has not disappointed us in the past, and true colors, not false, from the English printers who made the book and who could, if they only would, give us better than we can make ourselves.

A new approach to this almost illimitable subject and illustrations not found in all the other books on Chinese art make Miss Hackney's volume important. Certainly it is handsome. Perhaps after all it is not illogical to think of Chinese painting in terms of the author's chapter headings: "Why the Chinese painter painted what he did;" "Flowers, Birds and Animals;" "Figure Painting," etc. etc.

But one can imagine more satisfying arrangements with less emphasis on subject and more on that noble process of unfolding the national genius which is so impressive to the student of Chinese painting. Then too, though Chinese art has not yet produced any Berenson, with his terrible microscope, one would relish some actual analysis of a particular masterpiece, some light thrown by pure reason on the dark places.

We have criticized Mr. Hobson of the British Museum for failing to include paintings from Oriental and American collections in his book. Our author has produced one similarly limited, but this time to our own Atlantic seaboard. And

yet it gives one so much pleasure to find that one person at least has dug up from the Boston Museum those masterpieces in the Ross collection painted on bricks, that many shortcomings are to be forgiven. They are among the greatest Oriental treasures in this country and quite unknown to most people. She must be forgiven also for having neglected our newest and one of the most important "Guide Posts" when she omitted the flood of wall paintings which has come to the West during the last five years. Many of these are noble compositions echoing with undoubted accuracy the masterpieces of an earlier time. It is harder to forgive her for slighting the ancestry of these frescoes, which still remain on the walls of the cave chapels of the West and which are Guide Posts more packed with significance than any to be found later along the way. In fact her whole treatment of Buddhist painting reflects the attitude of the rest of the book in the way the deities who sit for their portraits are listed and the great driving force which produced these icons for worship is not considered.

But the condescending reviewer becomes a bore. This book may contain no fresh tidings for Sinologues but persons to whom the subject is fresh will find it full of facts grouped in a readable rather than a logical manner. Chronological lists of artists and museum catalogues will never catch such people; from their ranks the future collectors and even the connoisseurs will be drawn. There is an index, and there is a bibliography for beginners who are content with what can be found in English. The illustrations are well chosen and executed.

#### Garden Lore

GERARD'S HERBALL; The Essence thereof distilled by MARCUS WOODWARD. London: Gerald Howe. 1927.  
Reviewed by MARION PARRIS SMITH

ANY reprint or abridgment of Gerard's "Herball or Generall Historie of Plants," however charming or discriminating it may be, must send one back to the old calf-bound original folio with renewed zest. It is of course not possible for every lover of English gardens to possess an original Gerard. For most people this delightful book of selections must suffice. But the foundation volume of any real collection of English books on gardening is a Gerard's "Herball," as its crowning treasure is a Parkinson's "Paradisus." My copy of the "Herball" is the second edition, edited by Thomas Johnson, and once belonged to Mary Wotton. She notes on the title page that she acquired it in 1634, "the tenth year of King Charles' reign."

John Gerard was born at Nantwich in Cheshire in 1545 and died in 1607. In his youth he studied medicine, travelled in the North of Europe and possibly about the Mediterranean. On December 9, 1569, he was admitted to the Company of Barber Surgeons in London. He seems to have been eminent in his profession for in the year 1598 and again in 1607, he was appointed examiner of the candidates for admission to the Company. But his main interest in life was in botany and horticulture, and to this day his book can infect all readers with his enthusiasm and vivid curiosity about all forms of plant life. Lord Burghley became his patron and appointed him superintendent of his town garden on the Strand, and of his great show place, Theobald's, in Hertfordshire. In addition Gerard had his own "Physick Garden" in Holburn, and published in 1596 a list of his plants, of which a single copy of the first edition exists in the British Museum. This is the first catalogue in English of any public or private botanical collection.

This slender volume is evidence of the interest which the Elizabethans took in garden lore, especially in "outlandish plantes" and "exoticks." From the rediscovered Far East, and the newly discovered Western World, information about rare plants, and in time, new species of trees, shrubs, and flowers began to appear in Europe. In Gerard's early manhood (1577) the first English translation of Monrader's book on the flora of the West Indies was made by John Frampton; "Joyfull Newes out of the Newfounde Worlde, wherein is declared the virtues of herbes, trees, oyles, plantes, and stones." In 1580 Sir Walter Raleigh returned from circumnavigating the globe with a notable collection of plants, many of which were planted at Theobald's. 1588 saw the return of Cavendish. Moreover it was an age of great botanists, Dodoens, Clusius, Camerarius, Lobel, Berg-

zabern, better known as Tabernaemontanus, and a host of lesser men. Their books were eagerly read and English translations began to appear in the last quarter of the sixteenth century, when Gerard's book was in the making.

The famous "Herball," dedicated to Lord Burghley, "not as an exquisite worke (for I know my meanesse) but as the greatest gift and chiefest argument of duty that my labour and service can afford," was published in December, 1597. Strictly speaking it was not an original work. It was based on the "Stirpium Historiae Pemptades Six" of the great Flemish botanist Dodoens, while the classification of plants followed that of Lobel. Indeed Gerard was not entirely ingenuous as to his source material. In his note "To The Courteous and Well Willing Reader," he states that "Dr. Priest, one of our London College, hath (as I heard) translated the last edition of 'Dodonaeus,' and meant to publish the same; but being prevented by death, his translation likewise perished." But his scholarly editor and stern critic, Thomas Johnson, who brought out the greatly enlarged second edition in 1633, states in a long bibliographical introduction, that Dr. Priest's translation fell into Gerard's hands "which is apparent from the worke itselfe, which you shall find to contain the Pemptades of Dodonaeus translated so that divers chapters have scarce a word more or lesse than what is in him." This borrowing, Johnson attributes to an endeavor on Gerard's part "to performe therein more than he could well accomplish; which was partly through want of sufficient learning," and he adds "But I cannot commend our Author for endeavoring to hide this thing from us, cavilling (though commonly unjustly) with Dodonaeus wheresoever he names him."

But John Gerard had a touch of the Shakesperian ability to appropriate another's work and yet transmute it into something utterly original and delightful. His method is to describe each plant minutely, to indicate the place where it is to be found, its name in various languages, its "temperature" or qualities as a simple, and its "virtues" or medicinal qualities. Caution must be exercised in reading these last items aloud in mixed company. Many of the descriptions have the lyric note of the true plant lover; thus, "the Eglantine or sweet brier doth oftentimes grow higher than all other kinds of roses; the shoots of it are hard, thicke and wooddie, the leaves are glittering, of a beautiful green colour, of smell most pleasant." Constant references are made to friends who have sent him plants; "the double Daffodill I received of Robinus of Paris," the German Fleure-de-Luce Joachinus Camerarius, "the sonne of old Camerarius of Noremburg . . . himselfe did give me at his being in London," and the great Clusius himself sent a Salomon's seal "to Mr. Garth, a worshipfull gentlemen, and one that greatly delighteth in strange plants, and who very lovingly imparted the same to me." There is much miscellaneous lore throughout the book as to the original habitat, the discovery, and the diffusion of new species.

The "Herball" is divided into three books; the first "containing grasses, rushes, reeds, corne, Flages, and bulbous or onion-rooted plants," the second, "herbs for meate, medicine, or sweet-smelling use." The third book is hospitable to miscellaneous knowledge. It includes "gums, roses, some Indian plants, and other rare plants not remembered in the proeme to the first book. Also mushrooms, corall, and their several kindes." The whole is embellished by 2717 wood-cuts, so exquisitely and realistically drawn, so true in every detail of root, leaf, stem, and flower that it still performs the functions which its author promised to his patron. In Gerard's Herball "a man doth behold a flourishing show of summer's beauties in the midst of winter's force, and a goodly spring of floures when abroad a leaf is not to be seen." It is in truth a most lovely book.

"In the White Swan Inn at Stratford-on-Avon," says the London *Mercury*, "there has been discovered, during a process of redecoration, a series of Tudor wallpaintings which had been whitewashed over. The subject of the series is the story of Tobias: the Elizabethan costumes of that personage and his companions leave no doubt about the date of the work. It is not so long since the magnificent series of earlier frescoes in Eton Chapel was brought to light, and it is impossible to wonder how much more in the way of old English painting remains covered over with wash, plaster, or wood-work."