

to, the book verges on folklore and suggests that archaeology treated in connection with this time-honored source of children's stories ought to prove at least as interesting as history.

Added to the children's illustrations are admirable black and white drawings directly adapted from Egyptian originals by Coleman Kubinyi.

Mrs. Howard follows the story with a little explanation which contains much of pedagogical interest. Finally, she includes photographs of the works which inspired the illustrations, and a useful bibliography.

**DARING DEEDS OF SEA ROVERS.** By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. New York: Lippincott. 1928. \$2.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED F. LOOMIS

**M**R. CHATTERTON, prolific writer and compiler of nautical literature, has here grouped for juvenile reading some of the more spectacular exploits of roving mariners from Phœnician times down to the present day. Not all of these rovers, piratical or explorative, were British, but it is well worthy of note that where ships were captured on the high seas their cargoes or effects were "taken" by Britishers and "stolen" by foreigners. Perhaps this pernicious propensity of non-British mariners has been a cause of much of the international strife of the past centuries. In any case, a student of maritime history à la Chatterton cannot fail to gain the impression that British tars attacked only when the odds were against them, and that French, German, Portuguese, Spanish, and American ships won only when their British adversaries were pathetically inferior.

The boy reader of this fat volume, looking for some grain of comfort to bolster his diminishing faith in American prowess, will learn with joy that the outstanding feature of the War of 1812 was "the success of the American privateers, which were very fast sailers." After this gracious admission, he will naturally expect the author to recount a couple of lively scraps in which the Americans knock the tar out of their opponents. Alas for such expectations. The only reported encounter between British and American vessels is one in which the Americans use their superior speed to flee from the enemy.

The material of the book is compiled with the author's usual skill and gives an excellent view of the important part played by sea rovers in the advance of civilization and knowledge. The present reviewer, a confirmed Anglophile, is moved to protest only because of the author's aggressive nationalism, which ill becomes a modern historian and which may go down hard with other than British readers.

**MARIO'S CASTLE.** By HELEN FORBES. Illustrated by MARGUERITE DE ANGELI. Macmillan. 1928. \$1.75.

**A** VERY difficult task Miss Forbes has set herself in attempting to write "a mystery story for girls from ten to twelve" as the cover specifies. We should stretch the upper limit to fifteen with some gallery seats for mothers and grandmothers who love their daughters and their Italy, and then testify that Miss Forbes has succeeded most charmingly.

Boys like their mystery stories with plenty of blood and thunder through which they may wade to victory with the hero. Older people usually take theirs mixed with love interest, but young girls, though they read their brothers' books for lack of others, prefer their excitement more finely drawn and within the range of possibility in their more sheltered existence. Miss Forbes has sublimated the passion for mystery by making it center about the discovery of a painting by an old Italian master. The discoverer is a young American girl, of thirteen, named Elizabeth, who has been brought to Italy to learn the language and incidentally to be cured of her habit of stuttering. The picture had belonged to the owners of the castle which dominates the fascinating walled town where Elizabeth is studying, and to Mario, the attractive young heir of this castle, Elizabeth immediately communicates her news. Together, they frustrate the attempt of the villainous German tutor to steal the canvas by the aid of a mediæval trick and all ends happily with a village festa in honor of the picture and its discoverer.

The Italian setting and characters are true to their romantic originals; the American viewpoint true to what goes on in the head of an idealistic American girl, and the whole told with a purity and simplicity of style and with an absence of sops thrown out to grown up taste, that is most refreshing. This book should be given a very gold star on the list of possible Christmas presents for the young girl.

## The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

### Art

**CARICATURE.** By C. R. ASHBEE. Scribners. 1928. \$8.

This nicely printed, richly illustrated octavo offers not a history but rather a series of critical essays on caricature written in a mellow and genial style. The author, a veteran of the Arts and Crafts movement in England, writes with detachment, does justice to the great modern caricaturists of France, Germany, and America, perceives the lack of real caricature quality in much of the amiable social chronicle in *Punch*. He properly exalts his theme: "The history of modern Europe is indeed best told in its caricature, and such a history has yet to be written. It will reveal the power and the vision of the greatest caricaturists." The only encyclopedic feature is a list of caricaturists, which omits two of the strongest Americans, Homer Davenport and Art Young. In general the book may be cordially recommended to collectors or students of caricature who have passed the accumulative and aspire to enter the critical stage of their hobby.

**THE ART AND CRAFT OF STAINED GLASS.** By E. W. TWINING. Pitman. 1928. \$12.50.

The frontispiece and other illustrations of this book dealing with stained glass as an artist's medium recall the pictorial prettiness of the eighteen eighties and nineties, and quite fail to celebrate the present vitality of the craft in England (to say nothing of America, France, and Germany). While its esthetic service may well be symbolized by zero, it has a distinct value as a text book of the fundamental workaday expedients of the craft.

The author is evidently an accomplished craftsman who knows how to make clear to a beginner the intricate details of the various processes implied in the making of a stained glass window. Especially to be commended are his chapters on Cutting, Painting, Firing, and Kilns. If he would call his book "The Craft of Stained Glass," we should have no quarrel with him.

**A HISTORY OF WOOD-ENGRAVING.** By PERCY DOUGLAS BLISS. Dutton. 1928.

This rapid survey by an English practitioner is conducted with vivacity and knowledge. It is a book of personal views, an extended essay, rather than a formal or complete history. The illustrations, one hundred and twenty in number, are chosen with taste and include singularly few hackneyed examples. As an introduction, and to awaken interest in this charming art, the book deserves generous praise. Its omissions and defects are more or less inherent in its very plan. In treating woodcuts one can hardly overstate book-illustration, yet it is unfortunate to omit the large single sheets, especially the sheets from Titian's designs, with their notable freedom of execution. Our American white-line men seem to deserve something more than the brief kick with which Mr. Bliss speeds them to oblivion. Against these defects we must set an amusing chapter on chapbook cuts, a subject usually ignored in the larger histories, a sufficient bibliography, and a good index. In his criticism of contemporary wood-engraving the author deplores the cult of the line block with its strong blacks, and pleads for methods which, while free from the smallness of the school of the 1870's and 1880's, should admit grays and generally enlist the wide resources of the burin. Broadly speaking, one can hardly imagine a better book for anyone who is beginning with wood-engraving, either as a student or as a collector.

### Belles Lettres

**BEOWULF AND EPIC TRADITION.** By WILLIAM WITHERLE LAWRENCE. Harvard University Press. 1928. \$3.50.

This book is not, as the title might indicate, another special study of Beowulf, but—what is far more welcome—a manual intended primarily for those who read the "Beowulf" for the first time. The "Beowulf" in translation is likely to prove more baffling to the average student than Chaucer in the original. Professor Lawrence discusses all the aspects of the poem that make it difficult for the beginner—the curious combination of folk-tale and history, the structure of society in the Heroic Age, the struggles and the tragedies of the various Germanic dynasties, and finally the interrelation of pagan and Christian ideals. The

purely literary elements of the poem, such as the slow-paced narrative method and the alliterative style, he rightly leaves to the reader's own appreciation or the teacher's interpretation. As one might expect from a writer of Professor Lawrence's eminence in mediæval studies, the book may be read with profit by all students of our early literature. It is not a mere text-book. The author's fine scholarship and independent view of the problems involved constantly show through his clear exposition of the tangled body of criticism that has grown up around the Old English epic. Now that the "Beowulf" is taking its rightful place in the survey-courses of our colleges, this volume, the only book of its kind in English, should be particularly valuable to those who teach and those who learn there.

**FORM AND STYLE IN POETRY.** By W. P. KER. Macmillan.

**WANDERINGS IN MEDIEVAL LONDON.** By Charles Penderill. Macaulay. \$4.

**KEATS'S SHAKESPEARE.** By Caroline F. E. Spurgeon. Oxford University Press. \$10 net.

**LIFE IN FREEDOM.** By Jiddu Krishnamurti. Liveright. \$2.

### Biography

**MEMORIES OF A SCULPTOR'S WIFE.** By MRS. DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. \$5.

Mrs. French's memories begin at Washington with the assassination of Lincoln and, for the purpose of this book, close some ten years ago with her sculptor daughter's marriage at Taormina. Between these points, there are contacts with many great Americans—Saint Gaudens, Mark Twain, Peary among others. The stream of recollection ripples clearly and pleasantly, but too rapidly. The book seems addressed to an intimate circle to whose members the characters are known, and hence for whom a hint or even an enumeration suffices.

As is usual in autobiographies the early chapters are the best. One feels vividly the pall that fell upon Washington as Lincoln passed, one is transported to that Concord in which the aged Alcott and Emerson were still familiar figures. Here Mrs. French makes her picture, and it is one of the best bird's-eye views of old Concord that we have. The touch is very sketchy, but it is often telling and deft. One likes to think of the prophet Alcott remarking of his equally famous daughter Louisa that "she has passed that age beyond which a woman ever goes," and, more heroically, when saved from jail for refusing to pay taxes to a government supporting slavery, asking "What right Squire Hoar had to pay my taxes." One also welcomes the picture of Judge Hoar presiding at the unveiling of French's Minute Man and flustered at the appearance on the platform of Louisa M. Alcott, uninvited and accompanied by admiring fellow women. To her question, "Where shall we sit?" he answered promptly: "Anywhere in the town of Concord, Miss Alcott, except upon this platform."

Such are better samples of recollections that, often rather thin, are always amusing and very readable.

**MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS.** By Eddie Cantor. Harpers. \$3.

**NOTES BY LADY LOUISA STUART ON GEORGE SELWYN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.** By John Hennege Jesse. Oxford University Press.

**THE BROWNINGES.** By Osbert Burdett. Houghton, Mifflin. \$4.

**THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SURGEON.** By John Morris. Dodd, Meade. \$5.

### Fiction

**MONSIEUR X.** By ROBERT W. SNEDDON. Dial. 1928. \$2.

Sicilians bearded and unbearded, an American reporter whose strongest expletive is "gee whiz," French detectives, circus performers, Apaches, *restaurateurs*, *concierges*, and antiquaries, and a young Scotch journalist engage in a scramble for possession of the original manuscripts of Molière's plays. The scramble is complicated by the chagrin of certain of the villains at not having their love returned, and by the rewarmed ashes of an ancient feud. The vile Monsieur X's minions commit murder, assault, and other atrocities in various parts of Paris and its suburbs. Love and the right conquers all at the end of this rather naïve and unconvincing, but otherwise pleasant enough, piece of trade goods.

**THE ENCHANTING DANGER.** By VERA WHEATLEY. Dutton. 1928. \$2.50.

In her novel taking its title from Humbert Wolfe's phrase, "love's enchanting danger," Vera Wheatley has followed to an unhappy ending the emotional lives of four young people whose loves cross-fire. Of the four only one ever intended harm to any of them, but the powers of nature and fanaticism have their bitter way and youth goes under, as it must, when it is proud and true and thwarted. The scene is laid in Somersetshire, and the author's love of the country comes out very clearly in her picture of it, although this fondness blinds her not at all to the narrowness bred in the little village she describes. The sincerity of the book is indubitable, the characters achieve at moments a stark reality in their intensity, but there are also long stretches of the novel devoted to filling in which, however effective in themselves and atmospheric in their dialect, halt the action and blur decidedly the enchantment of the danger.



**CHINA'S CRUCIFIXION.** By PUTNAM WEALE. Macmillan. 1928. \$2.50.

Putnam Weale evidently had a great deal of material on modern China at his hand and decided, perhaps unfortunately, that it could most attractively be presented to the public in the form of a novel. Of wholesale action there is plenty; kidnapping, revolutions, intrigue, or what-have-you, go on apace; but the characters who bring to birth these adventures never graduate from the puppet class. If you want to know what and how things happen in China, viewed by one who seems always to consider the Chinese as foreigners, "China's Crucifixion" is a good book to read; if you want to know what and how things happen to people it is less commendable.

**BLUEFEATHER.** By LAURENCE W. MEYNELL. Appleton. 1928. \$2.

Though it is a well told, fairly interesting story of adventure and intrigue, this tale is handicapped by repetitious obviousness and a lack of ingenuity in the working out of the action. Alien conspirators have brought to its peak a gigantic plot to over-

(Continued on next page)



Harry S. Keeler wins the  
Dutton Mystery Prize for January  
with

## THE SPECTACLES OF MR. CAGLIOSTRO

Around a criminal use of psychology and  
psychoanalysis, Mr. Keeler has built  
one of the most baffling and intricately  
constructed mystery stories ever  
written.

A murder mystery by the author of  
*Sing Sing Nights*  
To be published Jan. 1

\$2.00



## The New Books Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

throw British power in India, using as their chief tool a gentle Hindu visionary, Mahni the Deliverer, or "Bluefeather." For service agents have been on the trail of these rebellion instigators, and now in England, have the leader almost within their grasp. But he is a tremendous foe, and with his colleagues puts up a nearly victorious fight to plunge the Empire into chaos. In our opinion, Mr. Meynell performed more advantageously in both "Lois" and "Mock-beggar," his two preceding novels.

**THE PINFOLD.** By J. S. FLETCHER. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. \$2.

Occasionally there issues from the busy, detective fiction mill operated by Mr. Fletcher a sombre tale, such as this one, of Yorkshire farm life, stories which, even at their best, are rather tedious reading. A pinfold is a cattle-pound, and the lowly rustic folk whose trials we here follow are likened, in their bondage to the land, to miserable penned animals. Reuben, a young farm laborer, loves Mia, a fractious wench, and hopes to wed her, but she is had with child by a hypocritical rogue, and left in the lurch. Her brother Michael is betrothed to Becca, with whom he plans to settle in Canada, for which happier clime, after a great deal of sorrow has been weathered by them, in common with the luckless Mia and Reuben, the two couples at length embark. The bulk of the novel is composed of endlessly rehearsing the petty, squalid details typical of the simple yokels' daily existence.

**THE ONE AND THE OTHER.** By RICHARD CURLE. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. \$2.50.

Spiritual gloom and psychological horror combine to set the tone of "The One and the Other," Mr. Curle's first novel. A story of tortured souls ends in a macabre dirge. We are hard put to it to give the precise quality of Mr. Curle's characters and situation. Not a single aspect of life as seen in the novel is agreeable or familiar to the average reader. Yet the apparent inevitability of the tremendous spiritual conflicts undoubtedly makes for power. We know of nothing similar to "The One and the Other"; it reminds us at times of the gruesome spirit of many of Poe's short stories, at times of the procedure of the normal detective story. Certainly, it will be very much too perverse for the general public, puzzling and enraging that public by its studied obscurity.

In brief, the plot tells of two brothers, of their hatred for each other and of their need of each other. It is more than likely that here Mr. Curle introduces a little symbolism; the meaning, we believe, can easily be ferreted out. These brothers spread hate and suspicion and inhumanity throughout a small circle of intimates. Disaster necessarily crowns many lives. But what a weird menagerie of people Mr. Curle gives to us! They are no more real than an Aubrey Beardsley drawing; none of the novelist's art is expended to make them plausible. But in spite of all their difficulty, they hold our attention and beg for our understanding.

This satanic novel is not adapted to popular success. A certain professional esteem will be given to it, however. Of more than passing interest is the fact that Mr. Curle, who was Joseph Conrad's literary executor, has written pages 10-31 of "The One and the Other" in a manner that is startlingly reminiscent of "Nostromo." Discriminating readers will take Mr. Curle's first novel as an interesting stunt, and they will wait without apprehension for his next and possibly less experimental narrative.

**FLOWERDOWN.** By ANN KNOX. Century. 1928. \$2.50.

Here is a story of complications, rapid action, pages of dialogue, and little reflection—a story telling what happens with little regard for how it is told. It treats a popular theme in modern English society—the aristocratic English family, impoverished by the war and forced to sell its estate, which falls into the hands of a newly-rich, "typical," American family. The plot takes its interest from the fact that the young people in the two apparently incompatible families, fall in love with each other.

There is in "Flowerdown" no suggestion of fine writing, little description, no deep psychological interpretations, and the character sketches are very close to being caricatures. The obvious contrast between the

old aristocracy of England and the wealthy American family is so brusquely drawn that it is a discredit to both. And even the plot, which is the strongest feature of the book, loses its effectiveness by inaccurate timing: the dénouement is too rapid, too undeveloped—it gives the impression that there is a time limit and the rest of the facts must be told in the last four pages.

**A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.** By Lawrence Sterne. Oxford University Press. 80 cents net.

**A SEARCH FOR AMERICA.** By Frederick Philip Grove. Caric. \$3.

**THE SHADOW CHILD AND HER FAITHFUL SLEEPING-PARTNER.** By Judge Henry Neil. Bible House, 443 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

**THE HOUSE ON LITTLE FINGER.** By Thomas Meekin. Grafton.

**OLD TRAILS ON FIRE.** By Julius Reuter. Cleveland, O.: Odin. \$2.50.

**WILLOW SMOKE.** By Ethel Kirk Grayson. Vinal.

**THE KING'S COIL.** By Condé B. Pallen. Manhattanville Press. \$2.

**SPINNING DUST.** By Brainerd Beckwith. Santa Barbara, Calif.: Heberd.

**TWENTY-THREE TALES BY LEO TOLSTOY.** Translated by Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer Maude. Oxford University Press.

**THE WHITE ROBE.** By James Branch Cabell. McBride.

**HEARSAY.** By Henry Dynans Jessup. Neale. \$1.50.

**NOVEMBER NIGHT TALES.** By Henry C. Mercer. Neale. \$2.

**ASIMELECH POTT.** By Henry Dynans Jessup. Neale. \$2.

**THE TRAIL OF THE GRAY DRAGON.** By H. E. Danford. Vinal.

**BOCCACCIO'S DECAMERON.** Translated by J. M. Rigg. Dutton. \$4.

## Poetry

**APHRODITE AND OTHER POEMS.** By WALLACE GOULD. Macaulay. 1928. \$2.50.

Although the name of Wallace Gould has been familiar to students of poetry for some years, "Aphrodite" is the first volume to present him to a more general public. What this larger public will make of him is an interesting speculation. His qualities, definitely his own, are such as will effectually keep him from quotation. He is witty, but his wit is special. He knows how to tell a narrative, but the stories will scarcely hold an average audience. He is familiar with the mythical amours on Parnassus, but he makes no Erskinian bid for popularity.

This is not to say that Gould is a bare or forbidding poet. His line has grace in spite of its length, clarity in spite of the poet's predilection for trope and extended metaphor. Although his loose free verse is most typical, Gould's occasional rhymes retain distinction. "Moment Musicale," faintly reminiscent of Wallace Stevens, sounds an insinuating music, a fragment of which follows:

*Strum the guitar. The little gusts that fret  
so lowly in the dense veranda vines,  
teasing the fumes that leave your cigarette,  
and uttering their melancholy whines,  
rail at the movements of the fitful hand  
that pulls the dulcet fancies from the  
strings—*

Best of all are "Anne," "Rosalind," "Marnia," and the long title-poem. Here the swinging, masculine accents of Gould play freely, cutting through the jungle of rhetoric with a golden track. "Endymion," cluttered by detail and slowed up by overlengthy rhythms, has an excellent "dying fall."

*I sit here sleeplessly—  
foolishly, though, for one no longer a  
lover—  
sit here with an air of patronizing sadness,  
wondering  
if you sustained the rident leer when Zeus  
decreed the fate of your lover. I sit here  
wondering  
if then you only assumed the rident leer as  
a haughty mask for woe. I shall always  
wonder  
if you were forced to find for yourself the  
ultimate smile of love, but found it only  
after long waiting—  
after long weeping—  
by the side of the lover doomed to eternal  
sleep.*

The volume is scarcely improved by the sonnets by Alfred Kreyborg which act as Foreword. Mr. Kreyborg has learned this form neither wisely nor well; his fourteen-line tributes have become an almost careless habit with him, a habit which his friends hope to see cured. Mr. Gould's own sonnets are not much better. Both Mr. Gould and Mr. Kreyborg should be satisfied with the idiom that is natural to them. No one requires the poet to be more than himself; no one desires him to be less.

## The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

Designed by W. A. Dwiggins

**ELIZABETH AND ESSEX.** By LYTTON STRACHEY. New York: Crosby Gaige. 1928.

**AMERICA CONQUERS DEATH.** By MILTON WALDMAN. New York: Edwin A. Rudge. 1928.

**BALLADS FROM THE HIDDEN WAY.** By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. New York: Crosby Gaige. 1928.

**LAYOUT IN ADVERTISING.** By W. A. DWIGGINS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928.

THOSE who have been familiar with the work done by William Addison Dwiggins of Boston for advertisers have long wished that he might take a more prominent part in the designing of less ephemeral work. For many years he has been recognized as one of the foremost designers in this country, and perhaps the most versatile and thoughtful of all those who have done lettering and decorative design for purely commercial uses. Yet while his work along that line has been most in demand, there have been many sides to his versatility. Owing to the modesty with which he has clothed his genius, and the fact that much of his work is of such whimsical originality as to have only a limited (though an enthusiastic) appeal, as well as to the anonymity under which much of it has been put forth, and perhaps because the spotlight is too busy in Manhattan to find time to turn to Boston, very few people appreciate the quantity or the quality of creative design which has issued from his studio in the past decade or two.

This output has been primarily for purely commercial purposes, but to those who have assiduously collected the stray items from his former private press of the White Elephant, and the "Reports" of the Society of Calligraphers, there will come a realization that one of the most delightful workers in the graphic arts has been quietly putting forth a body of work which not only demands attention in any survey of the field in America, but which makes a collection unmatched for humor, fancy, and inventiveness.

Mr. Dwiggins has before now designed books. These have mostly been very intimate and personal bijoux, and usually hand-lettered in a style quite his own and quite lovely. In addition, there are many books which display his handiwork in the initial letters, headbands, and decorative illustrations—such, for instance, as the "Complete Angler" issued by Goodspeed earlier this year, and reviewed in this column. His skill as a typographer has frequently been exercised in such ways as the arrangement of advertisements, etc., but we now have before us four of his serious attempts at book format, one of them, in addition, being written by him.

It may be said at the outset that Mr. Dwiggins has approached his task as a designer, rather than as a typographer, yet with more knowledge of type and particularly of letters and lettering than the designer usually has. The result is that we are at once led to consider the element of design as applied to covers, title-pages, etc., rather than type layout. The exception to this statement is "America Conquers Death." Here is a printer's book, with a notable cover in blues and gold and black, depending for its success on the skilled handling of type, and one gorgeous initial letter in colors—a large, florid initial which completely harmonizes with the page.

The "Ballades from the Hidden Way" is done more in the way in which Mr. Dwiggins has been used to work—a commingling of type and decoration which, whimsical in conception, yet holds itself completely together as a printed book. The title-page is delightful and the decorations for the text pages—where most designers completely fail—are light and graceful embellishments which yet succeed in being completely a part of the page. The gold stamped design on the cover is one of the pleasantest bits of design for such a purpose which I have seen for a long time, having all the

necessary quality of a combination of binder's stamps with a spontaneity not at all usual or easy to get.

"Elizabeth and Essex" is really a very fine piece of book making. I should say the page of text is almost perfect in proportions. The title-page is one peculiarly of and by Dwiggins, with two title lines in a thin, calligraphic italic. And there is a fine back-stamp and side-papers with an all-over pattern in the new style of decoration which Mr. Dwiggins has developed.

It is interesting to compare this limited edition and the trade edition of the same book. Such a comparison will help one to understand the reason why one book is better than another. There is a close-knit effect about the limited edition, an air of serene competency in the designing of it, which, in spite of the general similarity between the two books, is absent from the general edition.

"Layout in Advertising" is, I suppose, aimed at the man who is preparing advertisements. He certainly can get from it more first-class information than is probably to be found in any other volume: and in addition he will, I fancy, find himself brought up standing at times by a mind which works rather gaily around his problems. The real joy in this book will come, however, to the more or less casual reader, who will read, for instance, the "entracte" called "Product" with ever increasing appreciation of a mind which facetiously deals with such extremely mundane affairs as advertisements, but which ought to be teaching philosophy.

## Correct Printing

ONE of the "compensatory disadvantages" (to borrow a fitting phrase) of modern industrial productivity is the distinction between just "printing" and "fine printing," a distinction, most unfortunately, with a difference. This distinction has always been tacitly waived by a small portion of the printing fraternity since it first arose in the nineteenth century, as one may concretely see in the De Vinne exhibition at the Grolier Club. Mr. De Vinne was too good a craftsman to allow two qualities of work to issue from his office, though he, as did others, made use of more and less expensive papers, methods, and designs to achieve variety.

Of the few contemporary printing-offices which do not permit the distinction to obtain in their product, the Merrymount Press stands, in my estimation, first. On only one occasion, so far as I am aware, has Mr. Updike yielded to the insidious lure of machine composition, and I do not think I am wrong in saying that the result of that lapse (if I may so call it) was to show the superiority of his foundry type. I admit that here I tread on slippery ground. Yet a careful examination of the work of his press convinces me that there is sound reason in adhering to hand-set type if one is to produce, year in and year out, the best printing. There are before me three books which I shall speak of rather in detail as proof of this superiority.

## Private Papers of

James Boswell

WILLIAM EDWIN RUDGE has issued a gorgeous great announcement of the projected publication of the Private Papers of James Boswell in the collection of Colonel Ralph Isham. The history of this collection is sufficiently well known to book lovers—how the existence of the papers even was only recently known, and how they finally came into the possession of Colonel Isham. What is now under way in the publication announced is "to provide collectors with the most interesting of these papers, in a form typographically worthy of the *editio princeps* of Boswell's newly discovered writing." The editor of the volumes will be Mr. Geoffrey Scott, who has arranged for sixteen volumes. The first six are announced for immediate publica-