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PENATES OF E. P.
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fully compensates for the long wait. It is three years since Sheila Kaye-Smith published her last work. In this new book she shows the same great strength of character development as in "Joanna Godden." \$2.50.

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We have just had an anonymous note from one who signs himself, Mark VII: "It was a great adventure. Even though what I have written may be termed 'indiscreet truth,' it will be devoured eagerly, as scraps of candour always are. **THE SUBALTERN ON THE SOMME** will convey to you the chaos, the din, the dirt, the humor and the horror of war." \$2

Indispensable today for every automobile with traffic conditions as they are, is a volume of short stories. We recommend **MR. FORTUNE, PLEASE**, by H. C. Bailey. A baffling collection of mysterious tales - guaranteed not to bore you during the long intermissions on Fifth Ave. \$2.00.

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TWO books important for you to read are Marcel Proust's two volumes of "Cities of the Plain" (A. & C. Boni), translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff (limited edition) and Lion Feuchtwanger's "The Ugly Duchess" (Viking Press). We have as yet read neither, but have recently heard more talk about them than concerning any recent volumes. . . .

When we saw the title, "The Earth Upsets," we thought at first that it was a new volume of poems by Clement Wood, following his "Glad of Earth" and "The Earth Turns South." Instead it is a volume by Chase Salmon Osborn, published by the Waverly Press of Baltimore and dealing with the various motions of the earth, not to mention seismic disturbances. When, from a rapid survey of the text, you begin to realize just how unstable this old solid *terra firma* really is--why, you'll immediately forget all about it again, as we all do, and go on about your business, as we all continue to do, just as though the earth were quite flat and there were no solar system at all. . . .

Louis Untermeyer's present quarters in London on Eaton Square are, he says, "two chapters away from George Moore's Ebury Street and round the corner from Noel Coward." . . .

Katharine Lee Bates writes us kindly with reference to our hint of illness in the family. She informs us that she, regretfully, suffered from an attack of tonsillitis a year ago, and, upon emerging from it, found herself writing the following, which, she says, "entertained the doctor as a 'clinical record':"

ASPIRIN AVENUE
(A Record of Tonsillitis)
Through Aspirin Avenue, hung with tapestries, marching all night long,
Solemn splendor of crimson tapestries, swaying tapestries,
Velvet tapestries waved by bells that peal a funeral song!
(My friend will be buried tomorrow.)
Crimson tapestries, heavy and rich, veiling the fronted walls
Of arrogant streets! Are we in Spain as the Corpus Christi falls
On gray Toledo, Ghost of cities? Bells pealing all night long!
(Chiming with my sorrow.)
Through Aspirin Avenue, pylons and pyramids, driven all night long!
Hoary temples and shafts and pyramids, moonlight pyramids,
Captive chain-fast collar to collar, marshalled by drum and gong!
("Ice-bag might relieve her.")
Oh, but our collars, our iron collars, hot are our collars and tight!
Luckless prisoners of the battle, driven by whips all night,
Stumbling on to the crack of whips and the clangors of drum and gong!
("Runs up quite a fever.")

In regard to literature of the West, do you know Edward Eberstadt's Historical Publications? The Eberstadt address is 55 West 42nd Street. The fifth publication, now ready for immediate delivery (the regular edition priced at \$12.50) is "The Jour-

nals and Letters of Major John Owen, Pioneer of the Northwest, 1850-1871." This is transcribed and edited from the original manuscripts in the Montana Historical Society and the Collection of W. R. Coe, Esq., prepared by Seymour Dunbar and with notes to Owen's texts by Paul C. Phillips, Professor of History in the University of Montana. The work is in two volumes and contains two maps and thirty plates. . . .

We sorrow for the death of G. F. Scotson-Clark, once art editor of the *Century Magazine* and the writer of most delectable works on gastronomy. As lately as December 12th of the year just vanished we received a very pleasant letter from him urging us to stop in at his Red Brick Inn at Westport, Connecticut, if we were ever out that way.

Brillat-Savarin is dead (alack), [he wrote] but Scotson-Clark is alive and on the job. I opened last Saturday. Huge success. I am now booking tables for Christmas-tide and New Year's with the identical Christmas pudding served to Mayer Thompson's *bête noir*.

Well, so uncertain is life. . . . Little, Brown and Company, as maybe you don't know, are staging two prize competitions. The first is a \$4,000 competition conducted jointly with *Boys' Life* for a new story for boys based on the principles of the Boy Scout Law and Oath. The competition ends July 1st, 1928. The second is a \$2,500 competition for the best book on American history, the judges being James Truslow Adams, Worthington C. Ford, and Allan Nevins. This competition closes October 1st, 1928. For particulars concerning both competitions, write to Little, Brown and Company. . . .

The story of Baron Richthofen, the great German ace, which has appeared serially in *Liberty*, told by Floyd Gibbons, is now published in book form under the same title, "The Red Knight of Germany," by Doubleday, Doran. . . .

Have we said that we found an advance copy of Isadora Duncan's autobiography as fascinating and enthralling a volume as we have read for some time? Boni & Liveright is bringing it out. It is not, according to our lights, that the book is, as they say, "written with great literary distinction," but that it is the full expression of a personality undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary of our time. It is full of spirit and color and unquenchable fire. . . .

Dr. James W. Walker of Chicago, referring to Allan Westcott's letter in the *Nest* of December 24th, sends us a copy of the following letter in his own possession. It is dated June 15th, 1912, from Bate-man's, Burwash, Sussex. It reads James W. Walker, Esq.,

Dear Sir:
In reply to your letter of May 29th, Mr. Rudyard Kipling desires me to tell you that the Red Gods are the gods of the chase.

The Seven Seas are the N. and S. Atlantic, N. and S. Pacific, Mediterranean, Indian Ocean, and Channel Seas.

Yours truly,
M. Quarrier-Hogg, Secretary.
. . . Thanking you kindly,
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LINCOLN MACVEAGH
THE DIAL PRESS - NEW YORK



Points of View

Boss Tweed

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

I have just finished reading in your issue of January 7 a review of "Boss Tweed." In his review Mr. Royal J. Davis said:

"He gives a reader the impression, for instance, that at critical moments the New York newspapers were lukewarm in their opposition to Tweed. When the Boss returned from Albany in the spring of 1870 after the Legislature had passed his outrageous charter for the city he ruled, 'nearly all the papers,' according to Mr. Lynch, 'praised him.' What can Mr. Lynch mean? *The Tribune*, *The Sun*, *The World*, and *The Evening Post* had fought the charter bitterly—a fact which Mr. Lynch fails to mention. The only quotation he gives in connection with his extraordinary statement is to the effect that a portrait of Tweed 'was yesterday hung' in the City Hall and 'was said to cost \$2,500.' This hardly sounds like praise.

"Another example of Mr. Lynch's failure to tell the whole truth appears in the pages detailing the publication in the *Times* of the damning records taken from the city's books and showing the financial operations of the Ring. 'After nearly two weeks of daily publication of the proofs of these monstrous frauds, with names, dates, and amounts,' writes Mr. Lynch, 'the apathy of the press is best illustrated by the zeal, one moment hot, the next cold, of Greeley.' Mr. Lynch makes no exception.

"The press," he says, sweepingly. The 'apathy' of one newspaper is 'best illustrated' by the fact that on the afternoon of the day on which the very first instalment of the article appeared in the *Times* an editorial appeared in the *Evening Post* accepting the figures in the *Times* as authentic and that this editorial was followed almost daily by others."

Your reviewer quoted the line "Nearly all the papers praised him" from page 333 of "Boss Tweed." Had he turned to the next page he would have read:

"Immediately after the signing of the charter, the newspapers now seemed to vie with one another in seeing which could be most extravagant in its praise of The Boss. Some of the Republican journals exceeded their Young Democratic contemporaries. When Tweed, to get rid of two of the leaders of the Young Democracy, abolished the Board of Supervisors, the *Times* said editorially:

"Senator Tweed is in a fair way to distinguish himself as a reformer. Having gone so far as the champion of the new Election bill and charter, he seems to have no idea of turning back. Perhaps, like Macbeth, he thinks that under existing circumstances 'returning were as tedious as go o'er,' but at all events he has put the people of Manhattan Island under great obligations. His last proposition to abolish the Board of Supervisors of New York and transfer their functions to the Mayor, Recorder, and new Board of Aldermen is the crowning act of all.

"It strikes a blow at one of the most corrupt Departments of a government, and one which is as useless as a fifth wheel to a coach. We trust that Senator Tweed will manifest the same energy in the advocacy of this last reform which marked his action in regard to the city charter."

On page 337 is to be found:

"The newspaper told of Tweed's defeat of Tilden and the Young Democracy by a vote of 242 to 23—more than ten to one! Said *The Tribune* in its head: 'Triumph of Tweed. The Young Democracy Squelched.' The *Times* thus exulted: 'Now is the triumph of Tweed complete.'"

And on page 353 occurs:

"Tweed could turn to *The Sun* for consolation. The week of Watson's end, one of Dana's editorial writers made a counter-attack on Jennings. 'The decline of the New York *Times* in everything that en-

titles a paper to respect and confidence has been rapid and complete. Its present editor, who was dismissed from the London *Times* for improper conduct and untruthful writing, has sunk into a tedious monotony of slander, disregard of truth, and black-guard vituperation. Poor Mr. Jones and other proprietors should understand that while the public admires a fearless, independent, truthful, and candid journal, such as *The Sun* is, they are bored and repelled by ill-nature and tiresome repetition of venomous slander."

"This would wake up Jones! This is what the respectable *Sun* thought of the attacks on Tweed. Slander! Disregard of truth! Blackguard vituperation. And the remedy? *The Sun* had it: 'Let the *Times* change its course, send off Jennings, and get some gentleman and scholar in his place, and become again an able and high-toned newspaper. Thus it may escape from ruin. Otherwise it is doomed.'"

On page 355 appears:

"Jones's most stalwart ally, Charles Nordhoff, lost his job as managing editor of *The Evening Post* for his attacks on Tweed. . . . William Cullen Bryant was owner and publisher of the paper. . . . Attempts have been made to shoulder on Isaac Henderson (business manager of the paper) all the odium involved in the disgraceful treatment of Nordhoff. Henderson had an unsavory reputation, known to Bryant, as far back as 1865. . . ."

And on the following page is:

"With the honest Nordhoff out of the way," *The Evening Post* rushed to the defense of Tweed, Sweeny, Hall, and Connolly, ingeniously explaining that Connolly could not show the books of the finance department because the Aldermen alone possessed that power, and implied that the *Times* and *Harper's Weekly* were actuated by dishonest motives in their attacks on Tweed."

And in his too-zealous defense of the venal *Post* of Bryant's day your reviewer implied that I had suppressed the story of the forced reform of that paper. On page 366 of "Boss Tweed" I wrote:

"Greeley's conscience was being aroused. *The Post* was also feebly echoing the hue and cry raised by Jennings and Jones. Bryant's journal had left the ranks of the unrepentant Magdalens of the press a few days before the *Times* began publishing the proofs of corruption. . . ."

Also on the same page, "On July 29, the *Times* exhausted the damning documents provided by O'Brien and O'Rourke. . . . The day before the last of these articles appeared the infamy of the controlled newspapers was typified by an editorial in the *World* accusing the *Times* of a 'reckless attempt to shake and undermine the city credit, block the wheels of municipal machinery, and introduce a reign of anarchy.'"

To quote the *Times* (see page 327 of "Boss Tweed")—"They denounced when it was no longer dangerous to denounce. Their indignation concerning The Ring was most edifying—after The Ring was down." True, some of the newspapers fought Tweed's corrupt charter. But that was only a gesture for the record, made with Tweed's consent. For they did not want to lose their share of the loot that came in the shape of extortionate prices for public advertising and in other ways. They reformed only when they saw Jones at the head of an outraged public approaching with a basket of scarlet letters.

DENIS TILDEN LYNCH.

New York.

Beecher Again

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

Will you of your courtesy grant me space for a brief reply to Mr. Hibben's assertion in your issue of December 10 that I gave him material aid in his so-called biography of Henry Ward Beecher?

Mr. Hibben, grandson of a family friend whose letters express the warmest devotion to Mr. Beecher, called on me at my home and wrote me several letters, seeking information bearing on the book he was writing. At no time did he intimate that his opinion of my grandfather, ever honored and beloved in his family, differed so radically from his family's position. Yet I gave him no access to original material. On the contrary, I refused him the use of the large collection of Beecher papers in my hands. He expresses gratitude to me "for permission to examine Mr. Beecher's diary kept during his Cincinnati days as well as the original of the agreement between Mr. Beecher and the Greek lad, Constantine

Fondolaik, and a number of Mr. Beecher's early manuscript sermons." As to the diary, I showed him a single page that he might identify for me a name, but that page was published long ago as was the schoolboy compact with Constantine. His misleading method could hardly have a sharper illustration than in his "access" to the early manuscript sermons. There are five hundred of these in my library. I raised the lid of the box and showed him how they were stacked in packets duly dated, but not one sermon was untied, not a single sermon nor portion of a sermon read. His passing glance would hardly be recognized by scholars as a use of sources.

Such details of information as I gave in answer to questions he either disregarded, perverted, or rejected. For instance, he asked me about a book, "The Law of the House," which he believed written by Mrs. Beecher. I dissented and pointed out that, in any event, it was merely a bit of fiction, but having "discovered" the book in the Boston Public Library, he quoted it as autobiography. That Boston book was published thirteen years after my grandmother's death and discourses of the management of a household whose servants include a chauffeur, whereas it is probable that Mrs. Beecher never saw an automobile. The matter is important only as indicating Mr. Hibben's utter inaccuracy and unreliability.

Allow me to repeat that he had from our family no original material whatsoever for the libel he has put upon the market.

ANNIE BEECHER SCOVILLE.

Stamford, Conn.

A Suggestion

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

At this moment when all the world has lost a literary genius I am wondering whether your columns will be open to a suggestion which may, or may not, prove to be a futile one?

It is true that much to the regret of his warm admirers Mr. Hardy never received the Nobel Prize. Although receiving the prize would not have added still more of honor to the author's name it would have given many of us the pleasant feeling that our times had valiantly recognized all that Mr. Hardy was.

Now that we have come to the days when memorials will be planned for, can we not begin to plan at once for at least one of the memorials? In the course of time there will be various forms of memorials and it is to be hoped that some of these may have an active influence for good even in the distant future.

For long years Mr. Hardy was our President of The Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers. In New York The Authors' League of America is a similar organization. Our league is raising a Fund the proceeds of which will be used for the benefit of temporarily or permanently needy authors. Would it not be fitting if our American admirers of Mr. Hardy could find some way of raising a definite sum of money for that Fund in Mr. Hardy's memory? It would be almost as if his own kindly author's hand were reaching far into the future in order to give its fraternal help and encouragement to some less fortunate authors of another day.

M. E. DEWITT.

Spreading the Gospel

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

Mr. Wilson Follett, writing in a recent number of *The Saturday Review*, refers at length to Stanley Unwin's "The Truth about Publishing" and mentions the fact that he has "talked with three publishers of good standing who, six months after its publication in America, had never heard of it."

The book was not only recommended to American publishers but called to their attention in a rather unusual way. We distributed 13,000 circulars about the book among thirty-seven leading American publishers and suggested to them that the circulars might be enclosed in letters acknowledging the receipt of manuscripts. It was our thought that the publishers would in this way be able to disseminate useful information about the ethics and practice of the publishing profession to authors with whom they had contact.

If the "three publishers" with whom Mr. Follett talked will write us, we shall take pleasure in sending them complimentary copies of the book.

DALE WARREN.

Houghton Mifflin Company,
Boston, Mass.



SHOP TALK

Out west in Chicago, where they can take their history or let it alone, **A. Kroch** has optimistically, in the face of what may some day develop (heaven forbid) into a book censorship, moved to larger and more beautiful quarters at 206 North Michigan Boulevard. For some time we have been awaiting an opportunity to tell how Chicago was so fortunate as to get **Kroch's International Bookstore**. Diplomats and law makers have worked hard to bring less than a good bookstore home to their respective communities but Chicago "lucked" this one.

As a young man, **Kroch**, living in Europe, had a great fondness for books. His dad had him all set for a professional career when he kicked over the traces and took a boat for America, land of opportunity.

The only friend to whom he might turn lived in Chicago, and he wanted one friend anyway in this new, strange country. Upon arriving at his destination he found to his dismay that the one person who might help him lived in New York, a city through which he had passed. Rather than return (we understand that he did not consider walking a pleasure and had run out of surplus funds) he took a job in a factory—window shades or something—until he had saved enough to start a small bookshop. From then on, the **International Bookstore** grew and grew and finally went to Michigan Boulevard, where it has been ever since.

The new store is quite spacious. A lot roomier than the old one, and is a fine looking establishment. We saw it before the opening, which we were unable to attend although we wanted to because afternoon tea was served (an old English custom), and there were great possibilities of a raid by the prohibition enforcement officers. Inasmuch as there was no excitement it is presumed that Chicago hasn't duplicated the Boston tea party as yet.

Some recent statements about the lack of bookstores ought to be refuted. Chicago, for instance, not only has this new and complete store, but boasts of a **Brentano** branch and a **Doubleday Doran** bookshop as well as about twenty-five other members of the **American Booksellers Association**. At these stores one may purchase anything from ancient philosophy to the most modern and frothy bit of fiction. And, as booksellers are choosing easy-to-get-to locations, there is no reason why the people of any Chicago community should be out of contact with bookstores—or **The Saturday Review of Literature**.

Ellis W. Meyers
EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

American Booksellers Association

Things Seen in North Wales

By W. T. Palmer

Illustrated pocket guide
book describing places of unusual interest not found in Baedeker. \$1.50

E. P. Dutton & Co.