

## Points of View

### A Salvo to Watson

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

I have just been reading Watson's "Feed Me on Facts." The passing of years and the writing of advertisements appear to bring no diminution in his dogmatic tone. One might well paraphrase Pilate and ask "what are facts?" but metaphysics and philosophy have never been Watson's strong points. Apparently for him, "facts" are the things *he* sees, touches, tastes, believes in, etc., regardless of what a large part of the rest of intelligent humanity may consider "facts." I have no desire here to discuss his obsessions with regard to Behaviorism, but as he has now entered on the field of literary criticism he must be considered from a new point of view. I want to protest against one trait of his. He is becoming a sort of word-snatcher, like the body-snatchers of old. He long ago defined psychology to suit himself and refused to allow anyone else to use it in its older meaning. Now he does the same for biography, which from long before the days of Plutarch has been understood to mean a certain form of literature as to its content—the significant or interesting facts in the life of an individual. Mr. Watson now defines it anew to suit himself and declares that because *he* is interested or finds significance in a different set of "facts" from those which others do, that those and no others must constitute a biography, and as they cannot be recovered no biographies can be written. No one, he says, can write a biography except a Boswell and even he can write only one. It is obvious that even Boswell's, however, does not measure up to Mr. Watson's standard of a Behavioristic biography. Now, if no one, according to Watson's definition, ever has or ever can write a biography, what *have* people been writing and reading for several tens of centuries? Have all the rest of us, outside the Watsonian cult, got to find a new word for the old thing merely because Watson wants the word for something that he has defined anew, something that can never be written? Would it not be more modest and rational to find a new word for his new thing and leave the world its old word for its old thing? "On what has this our Cæsar fed that he has grown so great?"

I agree with much that he says about the inanity of the new psychological school of biographers, as well as psychological novelists, but it seems to me that a large share of the guilt must be laid at the doors of the dogmatic and half-baked new psychologists themselves whose "facts," often interesting and significant, do not as yet wholly explain the whole of human life or lend themselves to a coherent system. To anyone who has not a single-track mind, it is absurd, taking *all* the "facts" into consideration, not merely those which Mr. Watson insists shall be fed to him, to believe that saying that a human being in all his activities is shaped solely by his environment explains the whole story. How does it account for that interesting and provocative person, the psychological advertiser Watson himself? If we are all conditioned solely by environment, if there is no free-will, no character, no consciousness even, what becomes of the interest of watching a human being struggle against circumstance? Does not the story descend to the undramatic level of that of the locomotive which draws the Twentieth Century along the track to Chicago? We can make a frog's leg twitch by applying an electric current, but is that sort of action and reaction all that Mr. Watson would have us chronicle in biography or novel? There are things in life, yes, "facts" in life, which cannot be disposed of so easily, and they are the sort of things, interpreted or recorded, which bring literature above the level of a laboratory report. Will a moving picture camera and a dictaphone, used at judicious moments, replace the creative imagination in literature? Did the Greeks know nothing of fate and human life? Did Shakespeare know nothing of the human heart? Did George Eliot and Thackeray and Hardy know nothing of the play of character and circumstance? No, they all lived before Watson and were not Behaviorists. But does not Watson give himself away? If the human being is solely a machine for reacting to stimuli wherein does the significance of one reaction, one "fact" rather than another lie? Why does he insist that a day-dream of sex is more significant than the decision of a statesman in mature life? How can he say that a life of a human being can be "dramatized" if there is nothing more to it than a succession of frog-leg twitchings? Where can we find drama if there is no struggle at all, against fate, circumstance or other wills? It may be that the struggle is, after all, all illusion and that the world is such as Mr. Watson would have us believe, but we must have at least that illusion, and not a thoroughly believed-in Behavioristic theory to make literature of the frog leg when we apply the electric spark, just as we must have the illusion of free-will to accomplish anything. Why should Mr. Watson be so fierce in attacking biographers and novelists and psychologists if they all merely react to stimuli in the natural world? How can they, or he, help themselves? Or does he conceive of himself as a sort of *deus ex machina*, the one unconditioned being who is going to make all the rest of good Behaviorists by supplying us with the proper stimuli through his advertising company? Or perhaps he himself could not help having invented Behaviorism, written many books and working hard as the president of the J. Walter Thompson Company because, like the rest of us according to his theory, he merely reacted to the stimuli of his environment since infancy. That must be it.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

### A Poetry Forum

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

If American poets have become discouraged by the gloomy outlook portrayed by Ferner Nuhn in the March issue of the *American Mercury*, they will be glad to be reassured that one college at least has an endowed Forum, dedicated especially to them. It is called Play and Poetry Shop Talk and was founded twelve years ago by Jeannette Marks, herself a poet and playwright, as well as head of the Department of English Literature at Mount Holyoke College. It opens its door exclusively to American poets, playwrights, and actors. No wandering foreigner, no matter how far flung his reputation by our assiduous lecture bureaus, nor how great the social pressure, is admitted, for American citizenship as well as literary distinction is a qualification.

In establishing Play and Poetry Shop Talk Jeannette Marks had two definite objects in view—to give college students an opportunity to hear the best of American *littérateurs* with the hope of developing a discriminating audience and to honor American poets at a time when their English and continental brothers were the sole recipients of the adulation of the sycophantic American public.

Its origin, which is passing into folk lore, goes back to a day in 1915 when Vachel Lindsay, with hat tipped back, grasping in one hand an agricultural umbrella and in the other a great portmanteau, hopped off the trolley, carolling merrily "Sweet Rosy O'Grady." Dormitory windows flew up, and out popped the heads of innumerable Rosies as V. L., innocent of the commotion, strolled down the drive to Attic Peace. Since that night, when Vachel Lindsay read his "Chinese Nightingale" and chanted his "Congo," nearly three score poets and playwrights, writers of free verse, sonneteers, and lyrists have trekked to South Hadley so that the cumulative program, which is published every few years, is becoming an interesting historical survey of American poetry and drama. Yearly, too, the audiences have grown, so that to-day a meeting of Play and Poetry Shop Talk is not merely an event for a certain esoteric group, but a forum to which the college flocks as a body. Students with a love of books raid the tiny village bookshop for copies of the lecturer's verse and proudly add to their budding libraries autographed volumes. To stimulate further an interest in modern native literature, Play and Poetry Shop Talk offers three prizes, the first of which is known as the Helen Frances Kimball Award, in honor of its benefactress, for the best three essays on some aspect of present-day (1890-1927) American poetry.

Carl Sandburg has called Play and Poetry Shop Talk the "finest poetry forum in the United States with the exception of the Wisconsin Players."—And certainly, after the extensive researches of Mr. Nuhn, it stands out as a unique effort on the part of founder and donor to give due recognition to this aspect of American culture.

ETHEL BARBARA DIETRICH.  
Mount Holyoke College.

## The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

By Carl Purington Rollins & George Parker Winship.

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

HERSCHEL V. JONES was a great collector of fine books. Gifted with a sure instinct and a cultivated taste, he added to these the keen understanding of a newspaper man for human values and the courage to pay what was necessary for the things that he knew were desirable. He happened to become active as a collector at a time when the book market was dominated by a man who perverted a whole generation of American collectors by instilling the idea that collecting could be made a money-making pastime. This commercialization of one of the noblest of relaxations had very far-reaching effects, and it demoralized almost every one of the outstanding collectors of the past two decades. In Mr. Jones's case, as in others, there was the unsatisfactory excuse that he could get the books he wanted only by paying for them more money than he could afford for a pastime. As a consequence, he developed a secondary sport out of his collecting, by matching his wits against the book market so as to realize the greatest profit, in money, from his purchases when he came to sell them.

Fate played a scurvy trick on Mr. Jones when it took him off just at the moment when he had perpetrated a barefaced insult to the intelligence of the brotherhood of fine book buyers. He did not mean to do this, one may be sure. It is obvious that there was something more in the wind, and that the two volumes entitled "Adventures in Americana," which came out as Mr. Jones was dying, were designed as the first move in a new game.

These two handsomely bound volumes, full quarto in size, have been offered to the public in exchange for \$125. This is quite a lot of money for what claims to be no more than "A selection from the library of H. V. Jones," but there is an added point—"Typography of title-page by Bruce Rogers." Nobody can possess a complete collection of Rogers's work without one of these two volumes, but as there are other things to which he has put his hand in times past, which are even more difficult to come by, it might not be a bad idea to wait and see whether some of the booksellers who have taken copies of these "Adventures" may be willing to separate themselves from a copy for less than the advertised price.

It takes seventy-four words for this Rogers's title to tell what is in the two volumes. The outstanding feature of it is the line, "With a Preface by Wilberforce Eames." Mr. Eames required just fifty words more than are on the title to say all that he felt called upon to say about the subject, and he used only six words to tell what is in the two volumes, "three hundred pictures of title pages." Facing each of these pictures, which are really most excellent facsimiles, is a conventional catalogue description, the whole ensemble closely suggesting the familiar catalogues issued by the firm of Maggs Brothers of London.

Mr. Eames states that the 300 pictures "give a good idea of what a remarkable collection of over seventeen hundred volumes the owner has succeeded in bringing together, in less than half-a-dozen years." There is blank space enough on the pages of these two volumes, at \$62.50 each, for a list of the other 1400 titles, but only the 300 are named. It is a very extraordinary lot, with an amazing number of rarities not to be found elsewhere on this side of the Atlantic. They cover the whole range of American history, from a Columbus letter to such superlative rarities as "An Account of Knoepfle's Schoharie Cave," "Protestantism in Oregon," and "A Short History of the Wesleyan Mission" to the Hudson Bay Territory, all of 1853; "The Log Cabin Song Book" of 1840; "The Knights of the Horse Shoe, a Traditional Tale of the Cocked Hat Gentry in the Old Dominion," 1845; "Hopkins's New-Orleans Five Cent Song Book," of 1862, and Sig. R. Abecco's "Sentimental Songster," San Francisco, 1864.

The 300 titles as a group represent the highest priced and the most sought-for books

about America that have come upon the market during the past half dozen years. There is no reason to think that the rest of the library would not correspond to these in general character. It covers, moreover, the whole American era, from 1493 to 1897, the latest item being a guide to the Klondike. Taken as a whole, the entire lot of titles shows a curious uniformity in the purpose for which nearly all of these publications, mostly pamphlets, were prepared and printed in the first place. Columbus, Cortes, John Smith alike put pen to paper for the precise object that the compiler of the Klondike Guide had in mind. They were all working for people who had something to sell. There is a subsidiary group of tracts which were not written to promote a scheme, but to take advantage of a scheme that had already been put across. These are the tales of personal adventure in border country, which were ordinarily hawked about by the author or his impersonator. Never before has there been so good an opportunity to study an unbroken sequence of publications of this character, for so long a period. A majority of them form the basis for a good deal of American history. Others, including most of those in the subsidiary group, are known to be fictitious. It is greatly to be hoped that someone will purchase this library and keep it together. If this is done, somebody ought to take advantage of the opportunity to make a careful study of the whole subject of the credibility of land promotion literature, from 1493 to date.

Times have certainly changed, when the Harvard Library announces, gleefully, that it has bought 286 second-hand novels. But the news takes a different aspect when it is explained that these were the titles that Harvard lacked, and except for a scant dozen sold before the catalogue reached Cambridge, all she lacked, out of the 765 listed by Ingpen and Stonehill of London as "A Remarkable Collection of Books illustrating the History of the English Novel from 1600 to 1850." The earlier date should have been a century later, but for the next hundred and fifty years this catalogue is an important contribution to the bibliography of English literature. Its value lies largely in the fact that it is frankly negligible for the recognized authors, whose "firsts" sell for fancy prices, but devotes itself to those who have been, deservedly for the most part, forgotten.

Just as soon as all the copies have gone into the waste-baskets for which they were intended, collectors of books about printing are going to get agitated in their search for the original issue of "The Trail Blazer of Mount Vernon. A Short Story about a Printer who dared to maintain a standard of his own. Fashioned into a Booklet by Advertisers Paper Mills, Holyoke, Mass." It is most unsatisfactory, but it is all that there is available concerning William E. Rudge, who actually produces more than anyone else of the "Fifty Books" of each year.

### On Advertisements

T IRED of trying to figure out just how large or how small an edition should be to warrant its being called "limited," I sought relaxation in the advertising columns of the *Saturday Review*. It had been rather definitely intimated by a colleague that if I read more I would write less, so, having not much to write about, I thought it might be an opportune time to follow the first part of his advice.

The first impression, as always when I plunge into the advertising portions of newspapers and magazines, was of the terror and insufficiency of the advertiser. There was a time, when trade was younger, that advertising was rather pleasant to read. The printer had only one or two fonts of type, and the trader had still some modesty: the result was harmony and accord. But with increased assurance and a vastly augmented repertory of type faces, came discord, and



now no advertiser dares to be as modest as he can, for fear of his neighbor in the next column. In such matters I am hopelessly old-fashioned: I greatly prefer a late eighteenth century newspaper with its comely Caslon or Baskerville type-set advertisements, to any modern hodge-podge, with a different face of type for every advertiser, and all jangle and discord and fear.

Well, it wasn't the type faces which first interested me in my wanderings through the *S. R. L.* It was Boni & Liveright's announcement concerning Miss Loos's new book, that "this first edition . . . is strictly limited to 1,037,296 copies, most of which

are for sale. The type has been distributed (after the making of six sets of plates), the paper is pure ragamuffin, coated, (only in spots, we regret to say) by Ralph Barton." Now there's candor for you! To be sure Bruce Rogers has done the same thing for some of his Monotype Company publications—but here is a real publisher doing it in space actually paid for! Nothing like it has happened since the Packard Company's famous "Ask the Man Who Owes for One."

But the chief joy I got from this foray off the reservation, was in that Notions Department called "Counter Attractions." (I'd like, by the way, to call the *S. R. L.* proof-

reader's attention to the apostrophe which, as a typographer, would seem to me to make *collectors items* more decoratively perfect). And amid the Counter Attractions I spent the remainder of the evening! There were: *item*, a file of back numbers of the *S. R. L.* And at what prices, considering that Winship and I had not then begun our coruscating column! *Item*, the usual array of *curiosa*; pretty thin stuff, after all. *Items* "We"—signed. Now, did "we," both, sign it? *Item*, "Are you Mentally Isolated?"—a Way of Escape. *Item*, such droll "literary" advertisementlets: a seeker for a small, "non-arty" house for the summer; "Who's

Who in Occultism"; and, finally, "Scientific Horoscopes Written by Dr. Smallwood of Pepperell!"

I had no idea that My Foolish Contemporaries were willing to provide such a feast at their own expense. I shall read the *S. R. L.* regularly from now on! R.

**JAMES F. DRAKE, Inc.**  
Rare Books :: First Editions  
Autographs  
CATALOGUES ISSUED  
14 West 40th Street, New York

## Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

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OVERLAND NARRATIVES, THE Indians, Slavery, the Civil War. Catalogues on request. Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th Street, New York.

AMERICANA, FIRST EDITIONS, AND miscellaneous books. Catalogues on request. Wyman C. Hill, 9 Haynes Court, Leominster, Mass.

### AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRITIES bought and sold. I offer collectors largest and most comprehensive selection in America of original letters, manuscripts and documents of world-famous authors, generals, Statesmen, rulers, composers, etc. Send list of your wants. New catalogue sent on request. Collections, large or small, bought for cash. Thomas F. Madigan (Est. 1888), 48 West 49th St., New York.

COLLECTORS OF AUTOGRAPHS, rare books, modern first editions, etc., should write to The Autograph Agency, 31 and 33 High Holborn, London, England, for catalogues which will be sent free on request. With each catalogue will be sent particulars of The Young Collectors Club, a newly formed organization to help young collectors who have not yet left school or college.

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ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of celebrities of all nations bought and sold. Send for price list. Walter R. Benjamin, 578 Madison Ave., New York City, Publisher The Collector, \$1. Established 1887.

### BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF ALL MAGAZINES. Magazine excerpts, List free. Salisbury, 78 East 10th St., New York.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES AT Abrahams' Bookstore, 145 Fourth Avenue, New York.

### BARGAIN OFFERS

20% DISCOUNT SALE. SCHULTE'S Semi-Annual 20% Cash Discount Sale. Our entire stock of over one half million books, all plainly marked, offered at a special discount of 20% for cash during July. Following are few bargains with 20% discount already deducted. These prices only when cash accompanies order. Cabell's *Cream of the Jest*, Pape illustrations, first edition, \$6.00; Sir Thomas Brown's *Complete Works*, best library edition, 3 volumes, \$6.80; Plotino's *Complete Works*, 4 volumes \$4.80; Ingoldsby Legends, Cruikshank, Leech, Tenniel illustrations, 2 volumes, \$10.00; The Bookworm, *Treasury of Old Time Literature*, 7 volumes, \$20.00; Eugene Sue's *Seven Cardinal Sins*, illustrated, 5 volumes, \$10.00; Thornton's *American Glossary*, 2 volumes, \$2.40; George Moore's *Daphnis and Chloe*, Carra Edition, \$2.40; Memoirs of Saint Simon, 3 volumes, \$4.80. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue, New York.

UNEXPURGATED AND UNABRIDGED translations of famous classics at unusually low prices; cloth bound and illustrated; Boccaccio's *Decameron*; Heptameron of Navarre; Masuccio; Rabelais' *Complete Works*; Mlle. de Maupin; Balzac's *Droll Stories*; Rousseau's *Confessions*, (\$3.50 edition) our temporary price \$2.35 each; slightly imperfect copies of above books at \$1.40 each; *Satyricon* of Petronius; Golden Asse of Apuleius, (\$2.50 edition) \$1.80; Forel's *Sexual Question*, \$2.15; Bloch's *Sexual Life of Our Time*, \$5.80; Wedding, \$1.20; Maupassant's *Works*, cloth, illustrated, \$5.80 for ten-volume set; Balzac's *Physiology of Marriage*, \$2.75. Renaissance Book Company, wholesale and retail, (Room 3) 131 West 23rd Street, New York City.

### BARGAIN OFFERS

20% CASH DISCOUNT SALE during July on our entire stock of Rare, Old and New Books. Unusual opportunity for the librarian, collector and general reader to pick up desirable books at bargain prices in all departments of Literature, Philosophy, Art, Sciences, Americana, Natural History, etc. etc., First Editions, Rare and Uncommon books. Largest and choicest stock in New York. Catalogs free. Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York City. (Open evenings.)

THE EASTERN BOOK BUREAU, 925 Broadway, New York, specializes only in limited editions, unexpurgated translations, privately printed items, curious and esoteric appealing chiefly to discriminating private book collectors. Catalogue upon request.

HUNEKER'S INTIMATE LETTERS, limited edition, \$7.00. Samuel Scheinbaum, 10 Bible House, New York.

SAMUEL PEPYS: PRIVATE Correspondence and miscellaneous papers, 2 volumes, (\$12.00) \$6.50. Manhattan Bookshop, 1204 Lexington Ave., New York.

### BOOKBINDING

BOOK BINDERS TO BOOK LOVERS. Magazines bound. Books restored and rebound. Have you a pet book you would like nicely bound. Eastman Bindery, 156 Chambers St., New York.

### BOOK PLATES

COPPER PLATE STYLE \$4 TO \$5 PER hundred. Send 10c for samples. Frank E. Bittner, 83 Irving Place, New York.

### BOOKS WANTED

THE BULWARK, By Theodore Dreiser. A partially published novel issued in the form of an advertising dummy with several pages of text set up. Issued by John Lane. Several copies are known to exist in good state. Report data and quotation to The Saturday Review, Box 35.

ADVERTISING RATES on application to Dept. V. O., The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

### CLUBS

ARE YOU MENTALLY ISOLATED? "Contacts," literary correspondence club, connects you with versatile, unconventional minds. Books loaned free to members. No formalities. Membership fee \$2.00 year. Particulars free. Write: Contacts, Box 233-S, Bridgeville, Pa.

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BOSWELL'S JOHNSON, FIRST Edition, with manuscript notes and additions; Coggin's *Haven of Health*, 1584 Dresser's *Birds of Europe*, 1871-'96; Lilford's *Birds of Great Britain*, 1885-'97; Harvey's *Anatomical Executions*, 1653; other choice items with First Editions, colored plate books, etc., for readers and collectors, 15c to \$500. Catalogue 10c, post free from Stephen Hunt, Southborough, Kent, England.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENT OF The Autograph Agency in the Autographs column on this page.

"LATTERDAY PAMPHLETS," A NEW thing in publishing—Literary works of less than ten thousand words; poems, essays, etc., printed in distinctive pamphlets which sell at an average of 35c the copy. Among the contributors to Spring Series 1928: William Murrell, Peggy Bacon, Francis Faragoh, John Appleby, Herbert J. Seligman, and others. Write for list of this series. Latterday, 20 Minetta Court, New York.

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FIRST EDITIONS AND AUTOGRAPH material of modern authors. Advise us of your particular interests and we will send specially prepared lists of quotations. Catalogues issued. Phoenix Book Shop, Inc., 41 East 49th Street, New York.

ROSENBACH—Books and Bidders, limited editions, \$15.00; Robinson—Roman Barthelme, \$5.00; Wilde—A House of Pomegranates, \$35.00. The Walden Book Shop, 410 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

ETCHED IN MOONLIGHT; Tristram; We, limited, signed; Marley, Cather; Wilder; Wells; Walpole; Masfield; first editions. Country Book Shop, Greenwich Conn.

### FOREIGN BOOKS

VISIT THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 W. 96th Street (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Low prices. Catalogue 5 cents (stamps).

### GENERAL

HARRIS TWEED. VERY HIGH CLASS hand-woven material, and Aristocrat of Tweed for golf and outdoor wear, direct from makers. Suit-lengths by mail. Samples free on stating shades desired, Newall, 441 Stornoway, Scotland.

O'MALLEY'S BOOK STORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.). Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable, expert service. Open evenings.

WE BUY, SELL, or Rent Books, Old or New, by mail. Write, H. H. Timby, Ashtabula, Ohio.

### INCUNABULA

FINE COLLECTION OF Incunabula, Miniature Books, Autograph Letters, Voyages, Modern Firsts, Fine Presses. Spring catalogue in preparation. Gelber, Lilienthal, Inc., 336 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

### LITERARY SERVICES

THE ROBERT CORTEZ HOLLIDAY School of Writing and Editorial Work. "Needless to say," comments THE SATURDAY REVIEW, "we can recommend Mr. Holliday most heartily to any aspiring writer who really wishes to look the facts in the face." Altogether individual instruction given by correspondence. Address: Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey.

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as a writer, editor, publisher. Thirty helpful text-books. Catalogue. Also The Writer's Bulletin, monthly, \$1.50 per year, 15c per copy. James Knapp Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

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MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY adviser. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

AUTHORS' AND ARTISTS' Representative. Literary adviser and editor. Live fiction—Short Stories, Novels, Plays, Motion Pictures, Manuscripts sold. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 5th Ave., New York, Vanderbilt 9344.

EDITORIAL SERVICE FOR non-fiction writers. Non-fiction revised, typed, edited, criticized, marketed. Reasonable rates. Consolidated Press Service, 872 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, New York.

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BOOKS AND PRINTS ON THE quaint and strange manners, customs and frivolities of our ancestors in New York State and City. Catalogue inquiries not solicited, but private correspondence graciously invited, and afternoon visitors always welcome. Arthur Carlson, New Yorkiana Specialist, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP IS A National Institution. Its stock of Rare and Choice Books, Prints and Autographs is made accessible to distant buyers by specialized catalogues. No. 168—Rare Americana, 2463 titles, 309 pp., with illustrations, price 50 cents. Nos. 169 and 174—Autographs, 9758 titles, free. No. 171—Genealogy, 4304 titles, price 10 cents. No. 172—Americana. In two parts, 2600 titles, free. No. 173—Rare Books, 306 titles, free. No. 175—Fine Arts, 1261 titles, free. Print Catalogs, and semi-monthly bulletins of Print Exhibits free. When in Boston browse in Goodspeed's, No. 7 Ashburton Place, 5A F Street and 2 Milk Street.

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UNUSUAL BOOKS IN Limited Editions, Privately Printed. Lists on request. Nicholas L. Brown, 276 Fifth Avenue, New York.

### SUMMER HOMES

A HOME IN SOUTHERN VERMONT can be purchased at a most reasonable price; in the most charming hill country in New England, dotted with lakes and brooks; good fishing and hunting; real early American environment of most unpretentious character. Farms with desirable old houses can be bought from \$400 to \$2,000. Harold P. White, Brattleboro, Vermont.

### SPECIALIST

STORY IDEAS WANTED for photoplays, magazines. Big demand. Accepted any form for revision, development and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 415 Western and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, California.

SCHEDULE OF RATES FOR advertising on this page: For copy inserted twenty consecutive times, five cents a word; for copy inserted any less number of times, seven cents a word; forms close ten days previous to publication. Dept. V. O., The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York City.

### TYPOGRAPHY

AUTHOR UNDERTAKING RESEARCH to collect data on early printing and typography in Vermont, will welcome any information interested persons wish to make available toward the writing of a history of this subject. Box 43. The Saturday Review, 25 W. 45th St.

### VERMONTIANA

PRIVATE COLLECTOR has extraordinary opportunities to pick up interesting books on and about Vermont. He will be glad to undertake commissions to search for volumes regarding this region. In his library at present are a number of books on Vermont which are for sale. Write for information. Box 42, The Saturday Review, 25 W. 45th St.



from THE INNER SANCTUM of  
**SIMON and SCHUSTER**  
Publishers • 37 West 57th Street • New York



Enter—THE VIKING HAT—inspired by  
TRADER HORN's new book.

Since *The Inner Sanctum's* home is on Fifty-seventh Street, off Fifth Avenue—in the heart of the Hispano-Suiza millinery sector—it is only fitting to show here the new Viking Hat inspired by *TRADER HORN's* latest book—*Harold The Webbed or The Young Vikings*.

The new book treats of the Vikings in the "dawn-light of history," who adorned their Norse heads with winged helmets. The new Viking hat—1928 model. F. O. B. Fifth Avenue—is made entirely of plumage, coated with a layer of lacquer to resemble metal, and trimmed with Mercury wings.

At some of the smart cocktail parties on Long Island, *The Inner Sanctum* is informed, a favorite game (thanks to *What'll We Do Now?*) is *In Your Viking Hat*.

To MERRYLE STANLEY RUCKEYER, *The Inner Sanctum's* favorite financial wizard, we have advanced a new suggestion for attaining wealth beyond the dreams of avarice: Simply file suit against all columnists, wise-crackers, gag-artists, editorial-writers, professional-viewers-with-alarm and other makers of American whoopee, charging them with malicious slander, libel and defamation of character for referring to cross word puzzles as dead, declassé or moribund. The triple damages thus collected would establish the Hartwick-Buranelli-and-Petherbridge Fund for Glorifying the *Emu* and making clear to the entire universe that the gentle chequered art is no longer a frenzied fad, but a solidly entrenched pastime, like bridge or trout-fishing.

In witness whereof *The Inner Sanctum* hereby announces the publication this week of *The Cross Word Puzzle Book—Series Ten*.

The total number of puzzle books sold to date is well into the second million, and since April 1924 two or more of the puzzle books have been on the best-seller list some time each year.

*The Inner Sanctum* is publishing three new puzzle books a year—each in a first edition of at least ten thousand copies—and, besides, all the old ones are steady bread-and-butter sellers, with a little strawberry-short-cake to boot.

Another new publication of *The Inner Sanctum* this week is a novel by the noted playwright DAVID PINSKI. It is entitled *Arnold Levenberg, Man of Peace*, and is translated from the Yiddish by ISAAC GOLDBERG, the biographer of MENCKEN, NATHAN, HAVELOCK ELLIS, and GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.

Of *Arnold Levenberg*, *The Inner Sanctum* cannot speak in its customary impertinent manner. Here is a book that does not lend itself to sanctimonious ballyhoo. It is offered to the world as pure literature, and stands or falls on its critical appraisal.

The imagination and daring of DAVID PINSKI are indicated by the fact that he is now engaged in writing a biography of Solomon, told through an account of the courtship of each of his thousand wives.

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SOME time ago *The Detroit Free Press* became party to a mammoth idea. It featured a nation-wide contest in a great cause. This was the National Title Contest, conducted by the Reilly & Lee Company, between May 1st and 15th last. The object was—to find a title for *Edgar A. Guest's* new book of verse to be published on his forty-seventh birthday, August 20th. . . .

Wait till we get our breath. This contest has now been won. The \$1,000 reward—yes, we said \$1,000—has gone to the Rev. Merton S. Rice, pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal church of Detroit. His title—now get all set; are you ready?—is: "Harbor Lights of Home." This title came to the Rev. Merton S. Rice in a flash of inspiration because he had been sunk in a brown study over the fact that, as he puts it, Edgar A. Guest "has set more safe signals in the way of home in these home-needy days of ours than any other writer now among us." The words tumbled out like that because the Rev. Merton S. Rice was a bit excited at the time,—and who wouldn't be? . . .

It's that old heart trouble of ours. No, now we're all right. As the judges put it so pithily, "The winning title best typifies the work of Edgar Guest; it is richly suggestive of the good things of life which Guest writes about; it is easy to say and easy to remember, and it is entirely original." After having been informed that his title had been chosen Dr. Rice gathered himself together to expand what he had already indicated he felt concerning Mr. Guest. He said in part:

Edgar A. Guest is in my judgment the very finest force in America today in defense of the home. With homely, and beautiful, and heart-touching phrases and stories, he is setting clearly before our whole country the fact of parental love and affection and making clear the way for our socially troubled day, out of its storm and threatening darkness, into the secure harbor of a real home life.

In the same issue we have been reading of the *Detroit Free Press*, Mr. Guest himself gives point to these remarks in his commanding lyric entitled "The Worst of Pests," wherein we find, you will admit, homely and beautiful and heart-touching phrase, and, certainly a story. We have space to quote the last verse only. It is richly suggestive of the good things of life, it is easy to remember (unfortunately) and—yes—it is entirely original:

*The stop-sign never stops him—he keeps  
crawling on his way  
And he shows no thought for others or the  
law he should obey.  
Though a dozen cars are coming, he won't  
leave their pathway clear,  
They must stop to let him over or profanity  
they'll hear.  
And I always get a chuckle and I always  
get a grin  
When somebody strips a fender from the  
chap who edges in.*

Edgar A. Guest deals with big issues,—oh, big, big! But we knew that,—nor do we longer marvel at certain amazing aspects of this our America. The only thing that makes us a little uncomfortable is that *Llewellyn Jones* of Chicago was one of the judges in this contest. *Llewellyn Jones* is a man of cultivation and acumen. What in time was he doing in that galley? . . .

May Lambert Becker, the spirited conductor of "The Reader's Guide" in this periodical, has been having a pleasant time in England. She attended a varnishing day dinner of the British Artists, went to Canterbury to hear *Masfield's* miracle play in the Cathedral, and spent the day at Purley with Commander Daniel of the "Royal Oak" excitement,—which last, she says, was more like "Pinafore" than anything out of print. "This week," she adds, "the D'Oyley Carte Company gives a different Gilbert and Sullivan every night" . . .

We regretted to read of the sudden, accidental death of *Donn Byrne*. He was a gifted Irish-American writer. We always admired his "Messer Marco Polo." He had a natural and vivid talent and gave great promise. He seemed to find life a fascinating adventure, and maintained a great romantic zest for it. But he was not the

notable athlete the newspapers have called him. . . .

Duffield and Company bring out today a limited *de luxe* edition of *William Gerhardt's* new novel, "Eva's Apples." There are 125 copies signed by the author; the first ten from the press are to be lettered A to J, bound in sheepskin, and will sell for \$25. The remainder of the edition will be numbered 1 to 115, bound in decorative boards, vellum backed, and will sell for \$10 a copy. Each book is to be boxed, with decorations by J. Van Everen. . . .

*Hugo Wast* seems always to be winning prizes. His "Black Valley" won the Royal Spanish Academy Prize. His "Stone Desert," which Longmans, Green & Company are publishing was awarded the \$30,000 Argentine National Prize for 1927. The Longmans edition will be ready about September and the translation is by *Louis Imbert* and *Jacques Le Clercq*. . . .

The same firm, we are glad to note, will bring out in September a new volume by the inimitable *Simeon Strunsky*. It is a fantasy, "King Akhnaton," the story of *Woodrow Wilson* and the Peace Conference taken down in hieroglyphics. In it the father-in-law of Tut-ankh-Amen appears as a startling forerunner of Wilson, King Minos of Crete wears a likeness to *Lloyd George*, and the bickering King Burra Buryash of Babel to *Clemenceau*. There is no need to say that the book is full of flashing satire. . . .

We attended a performance of the Irish Guild Players at the Provincetown Playhouse the other night. Their aim is to establish an Irish Repertory Theatre in New York. Their performances are well worth going to see. They play every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday night, but maybe through July they will be able to play more evenings a week, with an occasional matinee. They did *Lady Gregory's* "The Rising of the Moon" sublimely, though it seemed to us that they did not do justice to *Padraic Colum's* eighteenth-century one-act, "The Betrayal." The Irish Guild Players are worth encouraging, and if things shape well they may be able to establish themselves here for the winter in repertory. Ticket prices are extremely moderate at 133 MacDougal Street, so, if you are in town and wish to enjoy a unique theatre experience, you should go to see the Irish Players. Call Morningside 0208 or Spring 8363 for reservations. . . .

*Morley Callaghan* is a young Canadian, stories by whom have appeared in the transatlantic exotics, *transition*, *This Quarter*, and *Ezra Pound's The Exile*. He also had a story in "The American Caravan" of last year. Now Scribner's has taken him up. In the July issue of *Scribner's Magazine* you will find two of his stories. A third will appear in the August Fiction Number. His first novel "Strange Fugitive," will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons in the Autumn. The last time Scribner's published two stories by the same author in one number, the tales were by one *Ernest Hemingway*. May Mr. Callaghan develop into as bright a star! . . .

We see that *Frazier "Spike" Hunt* has written the biography of one of our favorite American characters, namely *General George Armstrong Custer* of "Custer's Last Stand." Hunt's "Custer" will be out in October through the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, and the illustrations that *Captain John Thomason* is doing for the book ought to be the real thing and accurate in detail. Today we have "Lucky" Lindbergh; but once "Lucky" Custer galloped to the front at Gettysburg, crying, "Come on, you Wolverines!" to the Michigan boys at his back. He drove back *Jeb Stuart*, saving the Union right. *Sheridan* made Custer a major-general at the age of twenty-five! . . .

A novel just out, "They Who Paddle," by *Rosalind Webster*, is a satire on London society written by the twenty-one year old daughter of *Nesta Webster* who wrote "The French Revolution," "The Chevalier de Boufflers," etc. Miss Webster was once her mother's secretary, then turned to social affairs for relaxation, became bored with society, and decided to write. Her initial effort is published by Dutton. . . .

Thanking you for your kind attention!

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