

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."

Fifty Books of 1928

Portion of an Address given at the opening of the Exhibition of the "Fifty Books of 1928" at the Grolier Club, May 16, 1928

By CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

Printer to Yale University

THE Jury of the American Institute of Graphic Arts has completed its task, and we now have the result before us in the Fifty Books of 1928, shown here tonight for the first time in exhibition. These fifty volumes, it should be said, represent the mature judgment of the jury as the fifty books printed or published in the twelve months before March, 1928, which most successfully meet the conditions imposed upon printer and publisher. Carl Heintzmann, of Boston, who was a good printer—a very good printer indeed—used to say that his office did the best it could under the conditions imposed by his clients—and this remark served equally well to explain success or failure! But there was a distinct intimation in the remark that the printer was little more than a passive agent in the production of a book: the client's conditions were paramount. And Marshall Field, the Chicago merchant, is quoted as saying that "the customer is always right." That was a frank restatement of the ancient adage that he who pays the piper may call the tune. For a dry goods dealer or a street musician this may seem all well and natural: after all, they are but traders, hucksters, selling to whoever will buy, and perforce more interested in money than in goods. It is the attitude of the man who sells his muscles to dig a ditch, or of him who is more interested in the cash transaction than in the article which passes from his hand to that of another. They are bourgeois maxims, adages of that trading class which put down the feudal system, spread commerce over the world, encouraged scientific investigation, and finally has come to dominate not only our active life, but our very thoughts. To such a civilization, the present differences between "craftsmen" and "artists" seems natural and right. The craftsman is a hired laborer, a machine operator, bound to do what he is told to do by the man who pays the bills: the artist is a queer stick who does what he wants to do regardless of the ethics of the market.

These ethics of the market have, it seems to me, had too much influence in the selection of the fifty books for these annual exhibitions. Cleverness, superficiality, make-shift, a generally rather too commonplace level—the virtues of a trading nation—have been the criteria to a larger extent than seems to me best for the interest of American printers. Rather than set a high standard—the highest—even, perhaps, at the risk of having less than fifty books to show, we have chosen those which "most successfully met the conditions imposed by the client." That is, instead of shooting at a star, we have aimed at a straw target, and, by George, we've hit it! All this may not make the situation clear to you. You may say that the printer often does better by the client than the client expects, or that failures are not due to the client's demands, but to the printer's stupidity, or that the question of practicability comes in. But that is really only to beg the question. Is it worth while to make a selection of fifty books which meet the average conditions of a market which, because it is a market, must always be less sensitive to the finer products of man's activities? Is it worth while to take second-best because it is ingenious, rather than the best because it is fine? Is it worth while at all to consider a poor type-face because it is commercially available, rather than to judge a type-face solely on its true merits as a design? In short, is it not a confession of impotence to take expediency as a criterion instead of high endeavor?

It happens that we can examine this matter a little more fully by reason of two

very extraordinary exhibitions which roughly coincide with this opening. I refer to the Kelmescott Press books, just departed from this room, and Mr. Updike's Merry-mount Press books on view at the Art Center. Possibly in the clear radiance of their examples, I have been led to clarify and burn clear of tangling shifts and excuses, thoughts which I believe to lie at the base of good work, thoughts which alone will enable their possessor to do good work, and thereby retain some measure of peace of mind.

Kelmescott books are familiar to you all. There is no longer ignorance of what they look like. No one now thinks of "Golden" type as made of gold—neither does one now complain that the paper is so rough as to hurt his fingers! But if I thought I was immune to the intoxication of superb craftsmanship, and I am afraid that I did have such a thought, I lost it in this room full of those magnificent volumes. In the midst of our stupid gropings for the "new" as exemplified by crazy-quilt patterns, and black-as-hell type with its obscene obesity, and panels of half-tone screen work doing duty for design, and lettering with the naïveté of baby and his blocks—in the midst of this welter by "we moderns" who flaunt our witless concepts before an amazed world, this exhibit of real printing was almost as much of a shock as it was to the affronted public of the early nineties.

"Oh the crowd must have emphatic warrant"—and it got it! Here was color—firm, triumphant impression—solid paper or vellum—brave, forthright type—all done into books with competent craftsmanship.

Neither is there any flavor of decadence about the work of the Merry-mount Press. As unlike Kelmescott Press work as Summer Street, Boston, is alien to the quiet reaches of the Thames-side meadows about Kelmescott and Lechlade, as varied in manner as Kelmescott books are similar, Mr. Updike's printing has about it the same quality of honest and deliberate purpose, the same successful attempt (with rare exceptions) to do the thing not as the customer wants it, but as a master craftsman sees that it should be done. That a printing-office conducted on normal commercial lines should not show the effects of such contamination is too much to ask. The Merry-mount Press has been obliged occasionally to compromise. Morris's vigorous assertion of his independence of the client was perhaps not temperamentally possible to Mr. Updike, nor, in the nature of the case, essential to the success of the venture. But what is evident, if I know the history and works of that press, is that Mr. Updike never compromised with his conscience in the purpose and ideals of the establishment, nor accepted the slogan that "the customer is always right." Merry-mount Press books are examples—sometimes more lovely than magnificent—of a very great craftsman practicing his craft in a noble and independent manner, with intelligence and rare discrimination.

I have intimated rather definitely that we have paid too high regard to the customer and his foibles; that our failures are due to causes outside ourselves. It is as plain as Goudy Bold that there are causes outside ourselves, causes due to the queer organization of society, to our bitter competitive system, to our worship of Bourgeois shibboleths, which do affect our printing. But these are not easily remedied. It will take time, and the intangible forces of what we call progress to bring about the necessary readjustments.

There is something to be done by each and everyone of us who is interested in printing as his chosen profession. This something involves no national association, no secretary, no by-laws, no campaign for funds, no lobby in Washington. Morris did it with Titanic fury; Updike has done it with charm and effectiveness. In a sense every printer does it, though the measure of success achieved by each is the intelligence of the individual printer. And no

better place to study this quality is likely to be provided for many a year than the Merry-mount Press exhibit at the Art Center. What the individual printer can do is to select with all the discrimination and prayerful consideration he is capable of, the types with which he shall print. For good type lies at the root of all good printing. No fine design, nor hand-made paper, nor careful type-setting, nor fine presswork, nor sumptuous binding can make a book a piece of fine printing if a poor type is used. Good type will not alone make fine printing, although it will go far to redeem all the other deficiencies. But you cannot have good printing with inferior type.

That there is a choice in type can easily be proved by the classic example of Caslon. Other faces could be used to prove the point, but it is so apparent with Caslon, and there are so many versions of it, that the lesson is clearer. I do not need to point out that in Merry-mount Press books printed in the English Caslon Old Face we have the supreme excellence of the face; that in the various mutilated Caslons of commerce we have the ultimate nadir. Between them are all varieties of good, bad, and indifferent—machine and foundry—but only one best. Between the versions of, say, Garamond, it is not so easy to explain the best and the worst; and when we come to compare types of different kinds, judgment and taste begin to play a part. But yet there is good and poor type, and it is our duty as intelligent printers to make the decisions which will insure the first requisite of good printing—good type.

It seems to me that good type must, in the first case, be well designed. It must be good in individual letters, and it must compose well. Then it must be well cut—that is, the punches must be cut by hand, because only in that way can the meritorious and human qualities of the design be preserved. I realize that this means that the type will not be a perfect replica of the designer's patterns; but this is an essential of good type—that it be not mechanical. We have had such a marvellous perfecting of mechanism in the past century that it is almost blasphemous to suggest that a meticulous accuracy is not the first consideration; but it is not. A skilful punch cutter, rendering in steel the design of a first-class draftsman, can achieve beauty and allurements which, of course, the machine can never do. And it is probably true that the designer, under the spell of mechanism and absolute fidelity to pattern, insensibly falls into the slough of that relative perfection which is the abomination of art.

This matter of mechanism is perhaps the greatest single problem of our day. We worship machines. We look to them as "the heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone." We look with awe on the automatic press which does everything but think. We are hypnotized by a Hoe press, a monotype or linotype machine, a gathering machine. And, alas, we expect to see something choice come forth without the use of hand and eye and brain. But it is indubitable that "the machine can produce anything—except a work of art." The work of art can only come from the human craftsman. And it is the human craftsman who alone can produce a satisfactory type-face—designer and punch cutter working in accord. It is undoubtedly this fact which is at the base of the beauty and eternal freshness of those type "survivals" which make the work of the Merry-mount Press so mellow and elusively charming—not any quality of age or archaeological interest. Oxford type, for instance, which is somewhat frail and tender, possesses charm out of all explaining. The English Caslon Old Face retains its pre-eminence not because of its venerable years, but because into it went some human quality which retired abashed before the cruel onslaught of the machine. Scotch Roman of the original cut was almost the last type-face to go forth from the designer's and cutter's hands with the pristine freshness of color and ruggedness.

You will say, and I do not deny it, that this brings us to something of a stale-mate; that Merry-mount Presses are born, not made; that it is senseless to remain in that vacuum so amusingly described by Mr. Wells in his account of the meeting of the New England Historico-Genealogical Society. Well, it seems to me the answer is plain. To get fine printing William Morris went back deliberately to the first practices of the craft; but today we can, and do, do good printing, very superb printing, on printing machines—when we treat the machine as a tool. The Merry-mount Press uses good type—type which has been selected from the repository of inherited faces. But those types are cast in modern machines. If we are to get good type-faces we must go

back to the earlier methods, and cut our designs on punches, and so secure that slight freedom from slavish accuracy which is anathema to the mechanic, but the delight of all who love beauty.

These fifty books represent some of the best work of American printers. In some of the essentials of fine printing they are very excellent indeed. Presswork is usually of a high order, paper suitable to the purpose has frequently been selected, and binding exhibits the variety which it, as the least subject to rule of all the processes of book-making, is amply justified in assuming. If these books offend, save in those obvious cases which are happily rare, it is that they possess a machined look, a smoothness and flatness which tends to rob them of charm. They are, as indeed one might surmise, all too redolent of the iron monsters which gave them birth.

My critics will say that is just what they should show, in a machine age; that hand-printed books are redolent of the crude device which saw their birth-pangs. Well, the fact is that it is yet to be proved—and I believe can never be proved, despite the whirring of cog-wheel and the suck of compressed air and the nerve shattering steady grind of all the parts—it remains to be proved that the machine can produce a work of art. Only the tool, in the hands of the competent craftsman can do that. And however much an abject nation may worship the marvels of Detroit and Pittsburgh and Cumberland Mills and the printing-office which turns out a complete new book every day, it will still be intrigued and in the end—an end perhaps far off, but surely coming—it will either subdue this machine to its proper place as a tool, or it will utterly abandon and abolish it. For the beauty produced by the human hand and eye produces the highest price even in the market, and is the pattern for even the machine-made products. It is futile to remould the human heart—and the human heart is only satisfied with human and companionable things.

The New Books Travel

(Continued from page 896)

fluidity of music") and seems to strain a bit to show that no matter where he hails from, absinthe is just so much breakfast food for him. "How pale Christ looks, how dissipated, against the crimson velvet so lavishly hung from the ceiling. Towards him Immaculate Conception swells her bulging warmth. . . ." During an Andean religious procession of dancing Indians, Joel sees "sweaty, greasy, ripe Indian girls, juicy mouthfuls for adolescent lovers, waiting at street corners to appraise, with innuendos, their allure." Stepping from a Lima trolley-car, he hears from the corner canteen, "a wiry, skeleton shiver, a whang. Mechanical jaws clamped over a laxative coin and the bawdy piano loosened its bowels of an American tune that flooded the street." And so on. Mr. Jenkins would not be harmed by a little of the dry classicism of English A.

UNDER TURQUOISE SKIES. By Will H. Robinson. Macmillan. \$5.

COME WITH ME THROUGH BELGIUM AND HOLLAND. By Frank Schoonmaker. McBride, \$2.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE'S TRAVELS. Everyman's Library. Dutton. Cloth, 80c.

SEEING RUSSIA. By Em. Newman. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$5.

SICILY: PRESENT AND PAST. By Ashley Brown. Dodd, Mead. \$2.

NEW DIMENSIONS
THE
DECORATIVE
ARTS OF TODAY
IN WORDS AND
PICTURES

BY PAUL T. FRANKL

The book you have been waiting for, by America's foremost authority. With over a hundred illustrations. \$6.00

DAYSON & CLARKE
LTD · NEW YORK

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 & COINS :: LITERARY SERVICE

AMERICANA

FAMILY, TOWN, COUNTY AND State Histories. Catalogs 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, manuscript 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.

AUTOGRAPHS BOUGHT AND SOLD. We carry one of the most extensive collections of Autograph Letters and Historical Documents in the world. Send for our priced Catalogue of 4,472 titles. Cash paid for collections or individual specimens. Correspondence from owners solicited. Goodspeed's Book Shop, 7 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.

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

THE SATURDAY REVIEW FOR SALE. Volume 1 (fifty-two numbers), \$15.00; Volume 2, \$10.00; Volume 3, \$7.50. Single copies, price on request. Back numbers of all magazines; list free. Salisbury, 78 E. 10th St., New York.

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

BARGAIN OFFERS

SCHULTE'S BARGAINS—Oscar Wilde's Poems, Bosschere's illustrations, limited edition, \$12.00; Pierre Louys' Song of Bilitis, Pogany's illustrated edition; limited, signed, \$10.00; Stiles' Bundling (pernicious colonial custom), \$2.50; Mark Twain's Conversation 1601 (privately printed, limited edition), \$2.50; Mademoiselle de Maupin (Red Classics, complete edition), \$1.25; Waite's Secret Tradition in Alchemy, \$2.50; Bayles' Old Taverns of New York (illustrated), \$2.50; Casanova's Life from 1774 to 1798, supplementing his Famous Memoirs, \$1.50; Apuleius' Golden Asse, \$1.25; Petronius' Satyricon, \$1.25; DeSade's Dialogue Between Priest and Dying Man (limited edition), \$4.00; Procopius' Secret History (limited edition, autographed), \$16.00; McMurtrie's Golden Book (first edition, limited), \$5.00. Numerous other bargains. Catalogues mailed. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue (Tenth Street).

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; Mademoiselle de Maupin; Balzac's Droll Stories; Rousseau's Confessions (usually sold at \$3.50), our temporary price: \$1.75 each, four books for \$6.75. Renaissance Book Company, wholesale and retail booksellers, (Room 3) 131 West 23rd Street, New York City.

SATYRICON OF PETRONIUS; Golden Asse of Apuleius. Beautiful Blue Classic edition. Unabridged and unexpurgated; \$2.50 each, or both for only \$4.00 postpaid. Congressional Bookshop, 231 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington.

SONGS OF BILITIS, PIERRE LOUYS, first offering at \$5.00; Schopenhauer's Essays, Plato's Republic, Descartes Meditations, \$1.75 each. Bargain catalogue ready. Samuel Scheinbaum, 10 Bible House, New York.

CONRAD COMPLETE WORKS, HALF leather binding, Kent edition, new, 26 volumes, (\$65.00) \$35.00 prepaid. Manhattan Book Shop, 1204 Lexington Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

SATYRICON OF PETRONIUS, translation by W. C. Firebaugh; Il Pentamerone translated by Sir Richard Burton; Tristram Shandy, Sentimental Journey by Lawrence Sterne; Complete Poems of Villon; \$3.50 each. Send for Catalogue. Gerhardt, 17 West 44th.

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

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

OUT-OF-PRINT, RARE BOOKS wanted by dealers and collectors are likely to be discovered and may be purchased from the thousands of Saturday Review readers by advertising in Counter Attractions. Rates in last column. 25 West 45th St., N. Y.

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.

WANTED: BOOK by Darien A. Straw, published 1892 by Albert, Scott & Co., Chicago. Notify Mrs. William Trotter, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

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 263-S, Manorville, Pa.

FIRST EDITIONS

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 Exercitations, 1653; other choice items with First Editions, colored plate books, etc., for readers and collectors, 15c to \$500. Catalogue 10, post free from Stephen Hunt, Southborough, Kent, England.

"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.

ARE YOU ACQUAINTED with Bartlett's Bellman? His most recent appearance is on Bartlett's Clearance Catalogue and Bartlett's Hand-bill of First Editions. Write for copies to N. J. Bartlett & Co., Inc., 37 Cornhill, Boston.

THE FRANK HOLLINGS BOOKSHOP, 7 Great Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, has the most varied and interesting stock of Rare Books, Autographs, First Editions, Modern Press Books. Catalogues post free.

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

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

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

FOREIGN BOOKS

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES WISHES TO recommend highly Mr. E. Heym, 45, Chestnut Road, Raynes Park, London, S. W. 20, as an expert book-buyer and collector, especially in French literature. Mr. Heym is a very successful finder of books wanted, and his prices are most reasonable.

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.

HOUSE WANTED

SMALL UNFURNISHED 5-6 room house on outskirts of village or a farmhouse within mile of village, wanted to rent for one year. Must be about one hour from Grand Central. No suburban, arty, or summer-camp atmosphere desired. Plain, unpretentious, unadorned environment preferred. No fancy prices. Address, Box 30, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th St., New York.

INCUNABULA

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

LITERARY SERVICES

A "CHERRY STONE" PRIZE CONTEST. Monthly prizes until August for brief story, feature article, dramatic review, monologue or lyric. Write for rules or send 25c for sample May number. Introductory Offer: 6 months for \$1.00 (yearly rate \$3.00). A subscriber says: "Trying to write without *The Writer* is almost as sensible as carrying around a fountain pen without any ink." The Writer, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.

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.

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., 342 Madison Ave., New York, Vanderbilt 9344.

SEND YOUR MANUSCRIPTS TO US. We will market them if anyone can. If we cannot, will give reasons and suggestions. Literary Adviser, P. O. Box 177, Williamsburg, Virginia.

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

UNTIL JULY 1ST, SPECIAL PRICES for first-class typing of manuscripts, with editorial revision, carbon copy, prompt return. Authors' Typing Service, 1106 Riverdale St., West Springfield, Mass.

MANUSCRIPTS ACCURATELY typewritten. Fifty cents thousand words. National Typing Service, Box 255, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MARINE BOOKS

SHIP MODEL BUILDING—Slave Ships—Whale Ships—Voyages. Fully illustrated circulars of all our publications free. Marine Research Society, Dept S., Salem, Massachusetts.

NEW YORKIANA

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.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS PROMPTLY supplied at most reasonable prices. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Caledonia 0047.

PRINTING

AUTHORS, WRITERS, HISTORIANS—Have your work published; we do complete job for you—printing, advertising, sales; send for explanatory folder "Publishing Your Book." F. H. Hitchcock, 105 West 40th St., New York. Tel. Pennsylvania 0590.

RARE BOOKS

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 catalogs. 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 Exhibitions, free. When in Boston browse in Goodspeed's, No. 7 Ashburton Place, 5A Park Street and 2 Milk Street.

BOOK-LOVERS GO TO THE DAUBER and Pine Bookshops first for scarce First Editions, and books on Art, Architecture, books from private presses, Americana, Foreign Books, General Literature, and in general for Old and Unusual volumes difficult to come by. Catalogues issued often and sent free. Prices always reasonable. A visit to our shop is a treat for the bibliophile, for his searches are usually rewarded. Thousands of books on all subjects always in stock. Libraries of any size purchased or catalogued. Dauber and Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York. Open until 10 P. M.

SULAMITH, BY ALEXANDRE Kuprin. Romance of Antiquity, limited editions, with eight full-page colored illustrations, boxed, \$10.00. Nicholas I. Brown, 276 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ODD, CURIOUS, UNUSUAL AND extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Book Shop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

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

SPECIALIST

SCIENTIFIC HOROSCOPES written. Business, Personal, Health problems solved. Dr. Smallwood, Pepperell, Mass.

STORIES WANTED

STORY IDEAS WANTED for photoplays, magazines. Big demand. Accepted any form for revision, development and submission to markets. Establishment 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Western and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, California.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING ON THIS page are as follows: For any size advertisement inserted twenty consecutive times, 5 cents a word; for one inserted any less number of times, 7 cents a word. Forms close on Friday noon, nine days before publication. Advertisements accepted over the telephone for your convenience. Dept. V. O., 25 West 45th Street, New York. Telephone BRYant 2146.



Daughters of India

The delightful story of a missionary who could not curb her exuberance.

"Against the sepia background of a receding India Miss Wilson has delicately etched the story of an American woman missionary, a gentle whole-souled worker in an unpromising vineyard, whose placid, undramatic life is suddenly caught up in a series of surprising and not entirely unhumorous experiences. Written with charm and a sense of the dramatic."
—*Philadelphia Ledger*. \$2.

**A New Novel by
MARGARET
WILSON**

Author of
"The Able McLaughlins."
Winner of the Harper Prize,
1923.
Winner of the Pulitzer Prize,
1924.

**Harper & Brothers
Publishers**



**HARRY HANSEN, F.P.A.,
DOROTHY PARKER,
ERNEST BOYD, GENE
MARKEY, HERSCHEL
BRICKELL, H. L. MEN-
CKEN, HARRY SALPETER,
WILLIAM ROSE BENET,
JOSEPH ANTHONY, ASH-
TON STEVENS, RUTH
PEITER, and other dis-
tinguished company
have laughed and roared
and told the world about**

**POEMS IN
PRAISE OF
PRACTICALLY
NOTHING**

by Samuel Hoffenstein

Read the book and join
them in the best good
time a book has given
you in many moons.

6th large edition \$2.00
BONI & LIVERIGHT, N. Y.

**GOOD
BOOKS**



WE have heard an amusing story recently which is told as an experience of Henry Goddard Leach's, editor of *The Forum*. In answer to a communication of his to Bernard Shaw, he received a very interesting letter from Shaw outlining many of his views upon life. Mr. Leach, quite naturally, regarded this as a document to prize, but, upon going out to lunch, placed it under a paper-weight upon his desk, intending to file it away later. Now one ornament of Mr. Leach's private office is a parrot. Evidently a parrot with a taste for the drama,—or, perhaps, with fundamentalist ideas and an inclination against socialism. However that may be, Mr. Leach returned to his office after lunch to find it looking like downtown on Lindbergh Day, so full was the air of floating bits of paper. And, just as Mr. Leach approached the desk, the parrot, prowling upon it, gave a triumphant squawk and gobbled up Shaw's signature, the only legible remainder of the letter, which he had completely destroyed. . . .

Benito Mussolini has written his autobiography, which will be published in form in the Fall by Scribners. The book, it is said, does much toward clarifying and defining Mussolini's position on many of the questions, both national and international, for which he has been criticized. . . .

In the mail pouch at Appleton's was found the following note mailed from Los Angeles:

WARNING TO PUBLISHERS

If you publish any books of any kind about us we will blow up your place and kill you and we don't mean maybe. Keep your mouth shut and watch your step. We mean business. . . .
THE DOPE RING.

The sender of this note is not known to the publishers, but they say they would be glad to present him with a copy of "Your Nerves and Their Control" by Drs. Kennedy and Stevenson, a book they published on the day the note was received. . . .

We have heard around that Margery Latimer's "We are Incredible," published by J. H. Sears and Company, is a first novel well worth reading. Praise has been accorded it by Zona Gale, Joseph Hergesheimer, Jesse Lynch Williams, Lewis Mumford, and Genevieve Taggard. . . .

Alfred A. Knopf has been decorated by the Polish Government. He is the only American publisher to be so honored by the Polish Government. He was made Cavalier of the Order of Polonia Restituta and presented with the Officers' Cross by Jan Ciechanowski, Polish Minister to the United States, at a dinner given him at the Polish Legation in Washington, recently. We don't know whether Alfred can speak Polish, but we know he can properly pronounce the names of his Polish authors. Ladislas Reymont, winner of the Nobel prize for Literature in 1924 is one of them, but that isn't such a difficult name. It's when you get into the zs and ys and chock-a-block consonants that the fun begins. . . .

Thomas Beer sailed on the France for Havre on May 5th, and consequently was not here when his new novel "The Road to Heaven" was published on the 11th. They say there is a fine poetic lift to the conclusion of that book. Beer is one of our few novelists who keeps on going at his top. . . .

"Bill" Seabrook, author of "Adventures in Arabia," has also sailed for Europe. He will spend the next three months in Paris, returning in August for a cruise along the New England coast and Nova Scotia. Mr. Seabrook has just completed his book on Haiti, on which he has been working for over a year. . . .

Herbert Gorman, author of "The Place called Dagon," is a third who has just departed for London and Paris, with his wife, Jean Wright Gorman. He has a book on Dumas, in contemplation. . . .

Marjorie Allen Seiffert, a notable American poet who lately published "Ballads of the Singing Bowl" through Scribners, recently visited our fair city. She introduced to us, at one of her parties, Clifford Gessler, a Hawaiian poet (No, he is perfectly white and entirely American!) who had travelled all the way to New York to meet and talk to Genevieve Taggard, who used to live out in the islands. . . .

We have received the following communication:

The Phoenixian: Referring to "Sylvia Satan" who sometimes appears in "The Phoenix Nest,"—Who is Sylvia, What is She-ee?

DIANA DEMON.

That's just what we don't know, but what pretty names these girls do have! . . .

A recent catalogue of James F. Drake, the rare book dealer, contains as item 118 an A. L. S. of 2 pages, 4to. It is a letter written by John Masefield at Boar's Hill and addressed to Robert Graves. Mr. Graves, apparently on the eve of his departure for America to lecture, elicited the following counsels from Masefield:

. . . . Do your level best to refuse hospitality; Refuse all invitations to Receptions; Receive all interviewers, male and female, even if you are in your bath; . . . Do yourselves well in food and hotels, for it is a life which needs what pampering you can get. . . . They (the Americans) loathe criticism. They want to be amused. . . . They want to be there when the poet comes to them. They want to gaze on the poet's brow and be just tickled to death as they gaze. . . .

Our choice, and we have been glad to see that Alexander Woolcott of the *New York World* was of the same opinion, for the play to win the Pulitzer Prize was Du Bose Heyward's "Porgy." And we still think it must be better than the prize-winning "Strange Interlude," though we never witnessed the latter. We were glad to see a book so good as "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" take the novel prize, but we must again call attention to that idiotic clause which states the terms under which a prize for fiction is awarded:

For the American novel published during the year which shall best present the whole atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood.

Every time we read that clause we creep quietly away and are desperately ill. It is the most illiterate and moronic stipulation we have ever seen put forth solemnly by an august conclave. If Thornton Wilder's novel had actually satisfied those specifications it would have been a still-born monstrosity. Let us be greatly grateful that it has nothing whatever to do with them. "Highest standard of American manners and manhood," indeed! O Aunt Harriet's tatting! O cultivated antimacassars! . . .

The John Day Company is bringing out the first novel that has come from the pen of Norman Douglas in almost ten years. It is called "In the Beginning." It is a story of the days before good and evil were born, when the gods walked with men. But this is far from being another of those Adam and Eve stories; here is an even more ancient scene. We can always recommend Norman Douglas. . . .

Sally Bruce Kinsolving writes us to this effect concerning whether there is a Mrs. "A. E." or not:

I, too, was under the impression there was no Mrs. "A. E." But on the morning of February 17, as Mr. Russell was taking leave of my home, he told me of a young reporter who had referred to him as "an ancient sage," and he added, "I am thinking how amused my wife will be when she hears it."

And here is another, more recent, communication:

There is a startling fact about Joseph Conrad which is not generally known. According to Ernest D. North's catalogue he must have worked in the fourth dimension, for we find here recorded, "Conrad tells that he started the actual writing of 'Almayers Folly' in September, 1899, and finished it in May, 1894." Some trick that! It reminds me of the item in Mr. Howe's catalogue which was: Ford, John (1586—). I would like to know Mr. Ford. I wonder if he knew Shakespeare.

Sincerely yours,
S. R. SHAPIRO.

A new Trader Horn book is announced by Simon & Schuster for June. It will follow the same pattern as the first volume. The first book, published last June, is now in its second hundred thousand. William McFee is writing an introduction for the second Trader Horn volume, the exact title of which has not yet been determined. . . .

A rivederci! And don't confuse that with the Riverside Press!

THE PHOENICIAN.

*EVEN though you haven't
been to Coney Island for
years you will enjoy the
thrills of*

ROLLER COASTER JOURNALISM

By

SILAS BENT

IN THIS ISSUE OF THE
SATURDAY REVIEW

And we can promise you
a dizzy time next week
when you read

PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS

By

BERTRAND
RUSSELL

One of the most important
essays any magazine
has been privileged to
publish within recent
years.

Can you answer this one?

What is that which
"is not in the ocean
but actually consti-
tutes the ocean?"

"If

POOR LITTLE FOOL

isn't a knockout,

I'm a hobo."—UPTON SINCLAIR

¶ Some say Fulton Oursler's new
novel is the strongest argument yet
for companionate marriage.

¶ Others say it explodes the
whole theory.

¶ Everybody agrees it is a fas-
cinating and thrilling story.

Poor Little Fool

By FULTON OURSLER

Price \$2.00 HARPER & BROTHERS