

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

L. A. E., Penn Yan, N. Y., saying that it is too bad to pursue the Guide to her home with quotations, yet asks just where in "The Faery Queene" the lovely lines "O turn thy rudder hitherward awhile" may be found. The community is eager to know, but seems to shrink from reading this work all the way through.

IT is not so difficult to read "The Faery Queene." There are in our United States, land of endurance contests, even those who pride themselves on having done so, and write to the newspapers about it. I had rather looked forward to getting it over sometimes about the second cycle of my posthumous existence, the first being filled—or so I plan—with "Childe Harold" and "Paradise Regained." Heaven, I take it, calls for something to bring out its joys by contrast, and these works would take my mind off the conditions in another locality. Well, no, I had really not reasoned it out so far; I had but deferred this experience to a time when there would be time enough.

But confronted with a present duty to the Guide, it was not so exhausting as it appeared in prospect to Penn Yan. If you follow in my track you would select the hottest day of the year, construct for yourself a lair under the soundproof dome of the British Museum Reading Room, respectfully remove the dust from the two stately volumes—this was the day before the semi-annual book-dusting bee of this establishment—and just keep going, "leg over leg, as the dog went to Dover"—my life's motto, by the way. You will be strongly reminded of the marionette plays of Sicily which last for three years and may be visited at intervals of three weeks without missing anything of importance to the plot. Now and again the clash of combat subsides and there will be a pause in the recurrent processions beginning "the first came Gluttonic," or some other such, and a clear voice speaks out of immortality—

*He there does now enjoy eternal rest
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest;
What if some little paine the passage have,
That makes fraile flesh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,
And lays the soule to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toyle, port after stormy seas;
Ease after warre, death after life doth greatly please.*

(Canto IX, book 1.XI)

Then, three cantos further on—Book 2, stanza XXXII of Canto XII, to be exact—you come upon the Song of the Mermaids, which, lovely as it is, I refuse once again to print. Look for yourself and you will see that they didn't really mean it. They lurked in their "deceitfull shade" and uttered these sweet sentiments "t'allure weake travellers, whom gotten they did kill."

I trust that trustees of libraries who have already graved these lines upon their walls will not too hastily send for a chiseller and make all clean. It would not be so bad an idea thus indirectly to warn a reader of the necessity, when books begin to sing their siren strains, of being able to steer his own ideas. I might go even further and intimate that when a book on the table, sending out its silent song of entreaty, can drown out the song of birds or the voices of men, the weake traveller is heading, I think, for the deceitful shade of life at second-hand.

How on earth H. M. S., San José, California, knew the date of my birthday I cannot imagine, nor how, even in possession of this information she could so reckon the date of mailing as to get a package delivered in Chelsea pat to the moment, across a continent and an ocean. But so it was; a box of chocolates two feet across arrived on this anniversary, with a note enclosed saying that the mouse in the middle was for Mr. Mole. It is a fine pink gumdrop, one with whiskers and a curly tail; Mr. Mole received it in the large spirit of benevolence he extends to all fourfooted creatures. It is no good naming a cat out of "The Wind in the Willows" if you mean him to be a mouser; indeed, so far as arresting the Karma of the little Ignatz Mice that sport in the kitchen cupboard at 2 Bremerton Street, Mr. Mole might as well have been named Krazy. Three hearty cheers were given for H. M. S. of San José, by the assembled company; I trust that their reverberation in this column will reach her.

I HAVE just received the new edition of the "Concise Oxford Dictionary," published by the Oxford University Press, New York City—they are at 114 Fifth Avenue; I gave the wrong address for them not long ago—and I cannot wait for someone to ask about a dictionary, as someone does every now and then, to inform admirers of the old edition of this grand work that the new one contains a large number of American words and definitions that were not included in the previous edition, and has some five hundred pages more than the old, but it is still sold at the old price of \$3.25 in buckram. Neither can I wait to be asked whether there is a collection of the songs of Shakespeare to be able to tell the world that there was not until Frances Phillips, publicity expert of the firm of Morrow, asked that one be given her as a travel-companion last year, and the firm promptly had one made. The everyday edition is beautiful, especially to one who like me has kept up an interest in collecting Shakespearean music since the days when at eighteen I used to spend quite uncalled-for hours in the old Lenox Library happily rooting through "Percy's Reliques"—but the limited edition, rose and cream in a silver box, ideal paper and admirable printing, is a perfect joy. The full title is "The Shakespeare Songs, being a complete collection of the Songs written by or attributed to William Shakespeare, edited by Tucker Brooke, with an introduction by Walter de la Mare" (Morrow).

M. E. W., Los Angeles, Calif., representing a group that is planning a small manual to be used in speech correction, asks for the titles of important recent English books to be included in its book-lists; they are familiar with American and earlier English books on this subject.

THE publications of the Oxford University Press on this subject are the most important, and the prime authority on matters of current pronunciation, the Society for Pure English, has its headquarters at the Clarendon Press, Oxford. This society was founded in 1913 by Dr. Henry Bradley, Mr. Robert Bridges, and Sir Walter Raleigh, with Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith as Honorary Secretary. The subscribers (\$2.50 a year) are all over the world; American subscriptions should be sent to Dr. Canby at the *Saturday Review of Literature*. The Tracts it publishes are most valuable; back numbers can be obtained by sending the price to the secretary, from whom a list of them may be obtained. For this list I suggest "The Study of American English," by W. A. Craigie (2s. 6d.); "American Pronunciation," by H. Kurath; "Needed Words," by Logan Pearsall Smith; "The Split Infinitive," by H. W. Fowler; "English Vowel-Sounds: on 'ing,'" by A. W. Aikin; all at the same price. Fowler's "Dictionary of Modern English Usage" (Oxford) is one of the most readable, provocative, and inspiring books about words—or about anything, for that matter. Other Oxford publications include "Spoken and Written Language," by Henry Bradley; "A Chart of English Speech Sounds," with key-words and notes, by Daniel Jones; "New Method of Phonetic Investigation," by E. W. Scripture; "Pronunciation of Standard English in America," by G. P. Krapp, and "Phonetic Transcription and Transliteration," proposals of the Copenhagen Conference, April, 1925, drawn up by Otto Jespersen and Holger Pedersen, which appears also in French and in German.

"The Phonetics of English," by Ida C. Ward (Appleton), has recently appeared in the United States; it is by one of the faculty of University College, London, and attempts to present the main facts of English pronunciation to-day, being of especial usefulness to the teacher who must deal with indistinct or dialect speech. Appleton also published this Fall an edition of H. H. Davies's well-known comedy "The Molluc," transcribed into phonetic notation by Dorothea Palmer, with tone-marks. It is meant for drill in pronunciation and for teaching stress and intonation in dramatic and speech classes.

The prize entry, however, is the recently issued bulletin of the Society for Pure English on the matter of "The B. B. C.'s Recommendations for Pronouncing Doubtful Words." Wireless is taken far more seriously than it is in the United States; at least the matter of listening-in is systematized and not left, as with us, largely to the

chances of commercial enterprise. Apparatus is licensed and the British Broadcasting Corporation is the central source of programs. "In the early days of broadcasting different pronunciations of certain English words were used by individual announcers. To overcome this difficulty, the B. B. C. sought the advice of an expert committee presided over by Mr. Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate. The result of this committee's work has now been re-issued in the form of a Tract of the Society."

The interest thus aroused may be inferred from such an editorial paragraph as this, which appeared in the *Sunday Times*; it gives as well some of the words around which discussion, in spite of decision, seems still hot.

It is, on the whole, unlikely that the latest attempts of the B. B. C. to stabilize the language will meet with a tornado of protest. The sopremacy of B. B. C. English has long been recognized; the judgments of the Advisory Committee are for the most part irrefutable, and with Mr. George Bernard Shaw acting as Cox'n, could surely never be jeffoon.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounce it to you, trippingly on the tongue," urges Dr. Robert Bridges, and the announcers, with their usual *akewmen*, do obedience. Yet occasionally a murmur of dissent may be heard (off). (Note by M. L. B.: the present shibboleth of good English seems to be this word off. Keep away from *awff*; make the vowel short if you intend to frequent good society.) The nautically minded will be glad to find their old friend the *fokse* sanctioned by the B. B. C. But the consistent pronunciation all over England of "lass" with which "ass" is to rhyme, may be found kimerical. "Kursaal" is to be enunciated "as in German"; but not everyone is acquainted with the nuances ("as in French") of that language. And here and there a vagary has crept in. The rule for the pronunciation of "decadence" will seem to a good many people a sign of decadence.

The papers are well peppered with letters to the editor about B. B. C. English, and the correspondence is usually well worth keeping.

Speaking further on this matter, L. A. B., Columbus, Indiana, asks how to pronounce the name of John Drinkwater and that of Hilaire Belloc, saying that the accent is differently given in the two reference books that she has consulted. She asks where she can get standard pronunciations of English proper names of authors now before the public eye.

IT should interest amateur psychologists to notice how hard it is for American readers to believe that there is not a catch somewhere in the name of John Drinkwater. There is none at all; it is categorical as the Eighteenth Amendment. Neither is there any great difficulty in the name of Mr. Belloc, which, strictly speaking, should have no strong accent at all, being French. But the tendency in a two-syllable proper name is to slide back in England and forward in America, so that a friend of mine used to leave Southampton as Mrs. Dumble and land in New York as Mrs. Dunnell, reversing the process automatically upon her return. Try to say the name of Mr. Belloc's sister, Marie Belloc-Lowndes, and you will see that you must almost of necessity slightly stress the first syllable; so with the name in its British state.

The present crop of authors in England pronounces its names with gratifying ease; now that we have rid ourselves of the horrid notion that the first syllable of Galsworthy rhymes with *pal*, we can do very

well among the novelists. It is the more painful that this misapprehension should have started, even so far away from home, in that Mr. Galsworthy's name is so old that the first syllable derives from the Gauls. Remember that and the vowel will take its proper color. If I remember rightly, it was J. C. Powys who started the mistake in our country by thus pronouncing it upon the lecture platform; his own name, of course, is with the long o, not as pow, a comic-strip concussion. Searching my mind for pronunciations used in England and strange to the American ear, I bring out Mahony, pronounced Mahny; Gollancz, pronounced Gollance; Cadogan, pronounced Caduggan; Featherstonehaugh, pronounced Fanshaw; A. H. Clough, pronounced Cluff, though the town Slough rhymes with cow—but then these *oughs* have ever been the despair of foreigners. Leveson-Gower is Lewson-Gore, Augustine is Austin, Kerr is Karr. Eric Gill the sculptor uses a hard g, not as in part of a pint. For that matter, he is Ghil in Paris, where Galsworthy answers to his standard Continental pronunciation of Gazz-wuzz-zee. It was under this combination of vocables that he received the homage of Germany and Austria at the Vienna meeting of the P.E.N. Club; it thus that I heard him introduced at the Sorbonne. After that, need we worry overmuch if in our own country we permit foreign names to suffer not only a sea-change but an overland twist?

F. K., Cap d'Antibes, France, asks on behalf of American twins nearly six, now resident in the south of France, for a book to awaken interest in mythology; also for "something especially good along the line of folklore, other than the regular fairytales."

THE letter goes on: "If you didn't always so exactly hit the nail on the head with your recommendations, you'd spare yourself a lot of trouble. As it is, I bother you whenever I'm stuck on anything from Mother Goose to Immortality." Now that is the sort of thing that puts me on my mettle. I had once a friend from Kansas named Margaret, whose mother used to say, "If you want Mag to split herself, just brag on her."

So I begin at the top, with Bulfinch's "Golden Age of Myth and Heroes" (Stokes), the revised and enlarged edition of his "Age of Fable," though this is good enough to keep on hand for reference book and may be thought "too old" for the twins. But my experience in this respect leads me to think that children take best to mythology books of the grown-up type, obscurely resenting Pandora and Epimetheus as little children, for instance. My first mythology was "Tooke's Pantheon," a book of my father's, illustrated with Flaxman drawings, and I had the social register of Olympus by heart at an early age. However, it is only fair to say that Francillon's "Gods and Heroes" (Ginn) is greatly liked by little children, and that Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" in Houghton's edition has the added attraction of Walter Crane's lovely pictures. Padraic Colum leads for the Norse Sagas, with "Children of Odin" (Macmillan), and for that matter his "Golden Fleece" (Macmillan) is great for the heroes before Achilles.

Lloyd George, in a recent address, declared that no Englishman has written ever the approximate truth about the war. That task had remained for the veterans of other nations.

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The New Books Fiction

(Continued from page 592)

been written by some one completely immersed in herself and her subject, and perhaps a little out of touch with the world in general. One would suspect the writer of being very young and withdrawn. There is therefore considerably more than mere news interest in discovering that Lilian LaFerty is the not entirely unknown "Beatrice Fairfax!"

THE ROGUE'S MOON. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. Illustrated by NORMAN PRICE. Appleton. 1929. \$3.50.

A new, handsomely bound, profusely illustrated edition of a buccaneer romance first published a year or two ago, this is a tale founded largely upon actual figures and events in the early eighteenth-century history of North Carolina. Nancy, the imaginary chief character, an orphan disguised as a boy, ill-used apprentice scullion in a disreputable tavern, encounters such fearsome folk of the time as Black-Beard, Tom Cocklyn, Stede Bonnet, and the female pirates, Anne Bonney and Mary Read, her adventures among them being perilous and manifold. But tenderer adventures also befall the lass, love for a young naval officer pre-saging happy rescue from the miserable fate which has long enslaved her. The book is an ideal gift with which their elders may delight the children.

THE UNWILLING GOD. By PERCY MARKS. Harpers. 1929. \$2.50.

As a novel, "The Unwilling God" is unimpressive; as one more Marksian tract upon college life, however, it distinctly has its uses. Mr. Marks analyzes the American small college confidently and sanely; it is safe to say that he knows what he is talking about. His point of view is sensible and humane, and his undergraduates are normal except when he tends to oversimplify them. The thesis in the novel is that high seriousness is fatal to a full college life, that being a Regular Fellow is necessary for keen enjoyment of the undergraduate years. The idealists and the romantics will probably deny this notion that conformance is a virtue, but those who really know the temper of any American college will be likely to agree with Mr. Marks.

The narrative is only occasionally sensible. Almost without exception, the characters jump about on the ends of strings. The one who really seems to live is Tommy Graham, the professor whom Mr. Marks has carefully fabricated to represent all that is admirable (according to the Marksian rationale) in professorial thought and conduct. Bill Royce, the serious lad who finally sees the light, never develops into a sympathetic character, and his sweetheart, Patricia, is considerably less than convincing. The episodes of Connie Milburn and of the snowstorm are merely paper cut-outs. But after all, "The Unwilling God" does give with considerable accuracy the flavor and feeling of undergraduate life in a small college.

Juvenile

(The Children's Bookshop will appear next week)

BLUE RIBBON STORIES. The Best Children's Stories of 1929. Edited by MABEL L. ROBINSON. Appleton. 1929. \$2.50.

Twenty-eight stories are here presented, "selected," Miss Robinson tells us in her foreword, "from the magazines for young people by the advanced class in Juvenile Story Writing at Columbia University." She adds, "The stories are exchanged and each one passed on by at least three other members of the class before it comes to me." A number of magazines are represented, some well known, some less so; some for older boys and girls, some for the younger ones—*St. Nicholas*, *The American Girl*, *Boys' Life*, *Child Life*, *The Classmate*. None of the stories is outstandingly good; some of them are hardly worthy of being included in a collection which has "the best" in its title, but most of them measure up to the standard of young people's magazines to-day and will be interesting to those for whom they are written. That the standard set is not higher is to be regretted, considering the importance of the audience, but the reason is not far to seek. We are still going largely on the assumption that almost anybody can write for young people. We have waked up to the necessity for good books for small children, but the adolescent, so much scrutinized by the psychologists, is neglected by the educators, save in theory. The rarest genus of writers is the short-story teller, and the rarest genius of all is the one who can write well

and understandingly in this form for juveniles. If such a collection as this can bring home to us our need in this line, it will have given service beyond that which evidently—from its foreword—was its main intention—to entertain the whole family.

SLINGS AND SANDALS, A Story of Boys who saw Jesus. By HERBERT WHITEHEAD. Abingdon. 1929. \$1.

A story of what might have happened to a group of boys in Palestine in the time of Jesus of Nazareth, realistically told in a manner to suit the palate of the readers of boys' magazines. This book will undoubtedly appeal to the average boy and make Jesus seem a real person; artistically it falls below the standards of good style and good English, which even part of the attempt to bring it down to boyish levels is scarcely justifiable.

THE ADVENTURES OF GALLEY JACK. By VIOLET MAXWELL and HELEN HILL. Harpers. 1929. \$1.

Galley Jack was "ship's cat to the *Susan P. Meservey*," and the *Susan P.* was a trading vessel that plied between Falmouth, England, and the coast of Maine. These facts are undeniably charming, especially for anyone who feels the romance of the sea and ships and knows how particularly the State of Maine has a prerogative in that field of romance. For these factual reasons this is a delightful little book. It also has a very important negative virtue. The bringing of children, brownies, and fairies into Galley Jack's adventures is accomplished without making the book a series of stereotyped fairy tales. This is because the call of the sea holds stronger every time then the temptation to finish everything off with an overdose of happy-ever-after pleasantness. At the end of the concluding story Galley Jack goes out to sea again and disappears. Various theories are held about what has happened to him, but the only determined fact is that he has disappeared seaward.

Poetry

PEP. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. Translated by DOROTHY THOMPSON. Viking. 1929. \$2.

At first glance this seems to be another insidious attempt on the part of Germany to restore the onetime *entente cordiale*. "Pep," a volume of verse by a leading German novelist, is dedicated to a leading American novelist (Sinclair, alias "Red" Lewis) and is translated by the latter's wife. But the hand stretched across the sea conceals a stiletto, a stink-bomb, and a package full of Nasty Cracks.

The entire volume is in the nature of a joke. Published originally in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, purporting to be translations "from the original American by J. R. Wetcheek," it was some time before critics discovered that "Wetcheek" was a literal equivalent for "Feuchtwanger" and the hoax was apparent. But not too apparent, and the joke is both less and more than a joke. Out of this not so light verse a figure emerges, one B. W. Smith ("Wall-board, Tiles, and Roofing"), a composite of Babbitt, Mencken's "Boobus Americanus," and the average reader of the *Saturday Evening Post*—seen through the eyes of a laughing foreigner. Mr. Smith's fatuities, pseudo-scientific explorations, moral hypocrisies, civic prides, intellectual curiosities are pitilessly laid before us. Swiftly and savagely his philosophical, sociological, and "artistic" propensities are exposed; the jest grows more incisive as Herr Feuchtwanger (still with his tongue in both wet cheeks) relates seven of Mr. Smith's trifling incidents and experiences.

For those who relish rough satire and adroit wit "Pep" is excellent breakfast food for thought. Those who care for humor for its own sake will find these rhymes loudly diverting. In its careless, impressionistic way, "Pep" is a red and white rondo in blue minor.

ON POETRY. By E. de Selincourt. Oxford University Press. 75 cents.

HENRY VI. Parts II and III: Their Relation to the "Contention" and the "True Tragedy." By Madeline Doran. University of Iowa.

POEMS OF FRENEAU. Edited by Harry Hayden Clark. Harcourt, Brace.

NEW LEGENDS. By Hervey Allen. Farrar & Rinehart.

POEMS. By John Masefield. Macmillan. \$5.

ILLINI POETRY. Edited by Paul Landis.

LINES AND RHYMES. By Emma Magin Bissell. Rochester, N. Y.

"THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE," and 'LEVEN MORE POEMS. By Benj. F. Johnson, of Boone. Bobbs-Merrill.

BLACK BREAD. By Patience Ross. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.75.

KÖRTE'S HELLENISTIC POETRY. Translated by Jacob Hammer and Moses Hadas. Columbia University Press. \$4.

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"What Hath God Wrought"

THE current publishing season has produced one novelty which cannot fail to excite remark—"Gods' Man," a morality done entirely in pictures after the manner of the medieval block books. The pictures are engravings on wood by Lynd Ward, and save for two or three half titles, there are no words in the whole story. The technical and artistic value of Mr. Ward's work will be appraised by a more competent hand than mine, in the columns of this journal.

What reception the book will meet with will be interesting to know. That it will meet with varied opinions from the critics is obvious from the contents of a letter which is just at hand from a spirited commentator on such matters. He says:

"Now that we have begun the substitution of pictures for print, I may expect presently to walk into a picture gallery and find the walls hung with framed descriptive passages. There will be descriptions of both people and landscapes.

"Also I foresee the advent of the adult picture book, the movie tabloid short-cut to a story. I read 'Gods' Man' in something less than half an hour. That was time enough to exhaust the interest contained in these hundred and forty or so fair wood cuts lacking any great intrinsic merit. I swallowed 'Gods' Man' like a pill and my imagination clicked shut. I was briefly amused. I failed to find the richness of incident, that prolonged stirring of my experienced mind, which guarantees a book.

"Children love picture books before they come to grasp the significance of art. The adult mind comprehends art, but finds pictures a thin substitute for narrative. A painting of my grandmother wearing a black ribbon at her throat will fail to arouse in you the same emotions as when I say, 'As a girl my grandmother wore black ribbons about her slender throat.' Presto, there is my grandmother palpable and warm in life with you. Her portrait frames her. Yet the painting may excite you as a work of art. It may be a great portrait.

"Pictures and print do not compete. They stimulate the mind differently. Tales seem to be for telling, and as soon as they can read, children turn to printed books for them. Nor can I make a picture of what I have just said."

The only thing to be said in rebuttal might be that "Gods' Man" is, after all, symbolic. It tells a story far less than it symbolizes, from one point of view, man's life. In its underlying motive it is a "throw-back" to block-books, with "Christes lore and his apostles twelve" quite left out. In this, as in its technique, it is essentially modern.

R.

FORMAL announcement has recently been made of a new periodical, *The Colophon*, a quarterly magazine to be devoted to the interests of book-collectors. The contributing editors include many of the most distinguished persons in this country connected directly with books, either as writers, as librarians, or as printers—Miss Ruth S. Grannis, Miss Belle DaCosta Greene, Dr. Pierce Butler, George Parker Winship, Thomas Beer, William M. Ivins, Jr., Rockwell Kent, Christopher Morley, George H. Sargent, John T. Winterlich, Elmer Adler, Frederic W. Goudy, Bruce Rogers, Carl Purington Rollins, D. B. Updike—while the responsibility for printing is to rest with the Pynson Printers. "The reader to whom *The Colophon* will be directed," the prospectus says moderately, "already collects books and knows why. Its appeal, therefore, cannot be elementary, nor will it be a vehicle of collecting propaganda. Its tastes will be as catholic as the tastes of its readers, as catholic as the tastes of all its contributors. (Its) primary concern will be with collected and collectable books—first editions, fine printing, incunabula, association books, Americana, bibliography, and manuscripts. The subject of book-illustration will receive attention, and significant examples . . . will be printed either from the original plates or blocks, or reproduced in

facsimile by one of the photo-mechanical processes." Collectors who have become bored by incessant attempts in various quarters to transform the country at large into a happy family of book-lovers, will be especially glad to find at last a periodical that takes for granted a certain amount of knowledge of books on the part of the reader—for a long time nothing more has been required of anyone than the pleasurable recognition of the familiar. And with such articles in prospect as a brief history of the origin and development of the colophon by Miss Grannis, an exposition of the field of Indian Captivities by Dr. Pierce Butler, and a discussion of the need for a supreme court of bibliography to prevent the adoption of too many supposititious "points" by Mr. Sargent, it is possible to feel that escape from the elementary and the obvious has actually been achieved.

It is, from one point of view, unfortunate that the number of subscriptions to the *Colophon* has, for the present, to be limited; as the editors explain in their announcement, this is essential "solely because the mechanical requirements will be such that a larger printing (i. e., of more than two thousand copies, the number now set as a limit) could not have the high quality of craftsmanship which the editors wish the publication to attain." High standards of printing would, of course, be assumed in connection with any work undertaken by the Pynson Printers, and one can only hope that it may in the future be a reasonable thing, without lowering these standards in the least, to produce whatever number of copies in excess of the proposed figure may be demanded. Certainly, few quarterlies have begun their lives with clearer fields of usefulness before them, and with such unusual promise of carrying out successfully the work they have assumed for themselves.

G. M. T.

Volume twenty-two, part one, of the "Papers" of the Bibliographical Society of America has recently appeared. The contents include: "The Bibliography of Canadian Constitutional History," by Reginald G. Trotter; "Some Notes on the Bibliography of Canadian History," by Fred Landon; "British Columbia: a Bibliographical Sketch," by R. L. Reid; two papers by William Warner Bishop, "The Bibliography of American Travel: a Project," by Solon J. Buck, and "Bibliographical Coöperation between Mexico and the United States," by Rafael Heliodoro Valle. The field of bibliography is admittedly wide, and many persons may discover much to excite them in the preceding list, but to the average collector it will seem perhaps as if conscientious dulness, more than anything else, were the prevailing standard of selection.

G. M. T.

A recently discovered manuscript of Dumas brought from Europe by Gabriel Wells describes a visit by Poe to Paris in which Dumas was his host. The date of this visit, according to the Dumas script, was about 1832, the year in which Poe is credited with having settled as a man of letters in Baltimore at the age of twenty-three.

The account reads as follows: "But before entering upon this narrative I owe my readers a few words of explanation.

It was about the year 1832.

One day a young American presented himself at my house with an introduction from his fellow countryman, the famous novelist Fenimore Cooper.

Needless to say I welcomed him with open arms.

His name was Edgar Poe.

From the outset I realized that I had to deal with a remarkable man: two or three remarks which he made on my furniture, the things I had about me, the way my articles of everyday use were strewn about the room, and on my moral and intellectual characteristics, impressed me with their accuracy and truth. On the very first day of our acquaintance I freely proffered him my friendship and asked for his. He must certainly have entertained for me a sympathy similar to that I felt for him, for he held