

priest, scholar, libertine...

Librettist of Don Giovanni....

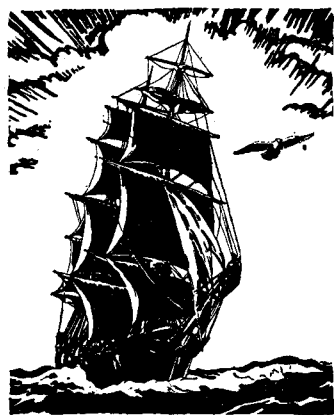
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The Reader's Guide

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. B. C., Montrose, N. Y., asks for a book with short lives of the saints, from which to learn their symbols as used in pictures by the old masters and for a child's history of France.

A STANDARD work is F. G. Holweck's "Biographical Dictionary of the Saints," published by Herder and costing ten dollars. Somewhat less expensive is "How to Distinguish the Saints in Art by Their Costumes, Symbols, and Attributes," by A. de Bles, published by the Art Culture Publications, 38 West 76th Street, N. Y.; this groups a great many little pictures on each of its unusually large picture-pages, making a crowded effect but affording opportunity for comparison. The most widely-used book of this kind is Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Monastic Orders," published some fifty years ago, and edited, with a memoir of the author, by Estelle Hurl Houghton Mifflin, \$5).

There are several books for children with pictures of saints from famous paintings; one is the "Book of Saints for the Young as Depicted by Great Masters" and another "Saints in Italy" (Medici Press). Abbie Farwell Brown's "Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts" (Houghton Mifflin) is a familiar favorite. In a new series of readers for use in Catholic schools, the Madonna Series, of which "Wonder Stories of God's People" and "A Child's Garden of Religion Stories," by Rev. P. H. Matimore (Macmillan) have appeared, there are a number of stories of saints as well as those from the Old and New Testaments, and there are several in the Marquette Readers, prepared by the Sisters of Mercy, St. Xavier's, Chicago. H. P. Brewster's "Saints and Festivals of the Christian Church" (Stokes) is a large, chronologically arranged history of each of the principal saints' days and festivals of the Christian year, with an alphabetical dictionary of saints.

Sidney Dark's "Book of France for Young People" (Doubleday, Doran) is a simply-told narrative with special emphasis on great periods and heroic figures. Mary Macgregor's "Story of France Told to Boys and Girls" (Stokes) goes from earliest times through the Great War; it has a number of pictures in color. H. E. Marshall's "History of France" (Doubleday, Doran) is also for younger readers; the short stories in Eva March Tappan's "Hero Stories of France" (Houghton Mifflin) and the biographies in Eleanor Catherine Price's "Stories from French History" (Dodd, Mead) make excellent supplementary reading.

W. W. Flint, Michigan, wonders if the book called, in a recent letter to this department, "Children of Men," by Horning, may not have been his "Fathers of Men," which is a story laid at the English Public School Uppingham. A. H. H., New York, tells me to add to the list of novels in which Dr. Johnson appears Moore's "The Jessamy Bride," saying "I have enjoyed reading aloud passages from the first five chapters to my classes." This correspondent was pleased to learn of what he approvingly calls my "smokelessness"; "We should always remember," says he, "David Copperfield's predecessor, who died of drink—and smoke!" Oh, but I don't refrain from smoking out of nobility or hygiene or anything like that; I just never got around to it, somehow. T. L., West Branch, Michigan, suggests for a quotation for a library the stanza by Emily Dickinson closing with *He danced along the dingy days; And this bequest of wings Was but a book. What liberty A loosened spirit brings!*

M. C. F., Augusta Public Library, Maine, says that having, like this department, occasion to find a book for a person interested in dramatic instruction she finally chose "The Art of the Theatre" by Sarah Bernhardt (Dial Press, \$3) and the choice met with the enthusiastic approval of the recipient.

THIS department has several times diverted the stream of books from homes one might call supersaturated to localities crying out for literary irrigation. New Mexico was one, where, it will be remembered, Indians were outfitted at the suggestion of Mary Austin; several tuberculosis hospitals have been thus provided, and other calls answered; one, I remember, which I attended to without calling in the public, was from a poverty-stricken and book-hungry group of Soviet journalists in Moscow. Now here comes one from Poland; from a

secondary-school teacher who writes book reviews and contributes to magazines. "Secondary school teachers in provincial private schools find themselves in very bad economical conditions," he says. "What to buy first (with \$ 35/ a month)—bread, clothing, or books? Many friends of mine manage English; they want to accomplish themselves in the language by getting a wider scope of American literary movements, but we can't afford to order those books in view of the misery in which we find ourselves. We are interested in philosophy, education, literature, art. We have little chance to get a deeper insight into the works of Theodore Dreiser, Waldo Frank, John Dewey, Mencken, Thorndike, Kilpatrick, Walter Lippmann, M. Gilbert, Monroe, O'Brien, Channing, Lawrence, Willa Cather, O'Neill, Hilaire Belloc, Havelock Ellis, George Gibbs, Bertrand Russell, Huxley, Gosse; all I know is but from the book reviews I come across in the periodicals I receive. We are in need of an encyclopedia and other reference books. Not by bread alone may a man live." These readers can be reached by a book-collection such as the one the readers of this department conducted for the New Mexico Indians. These are applicants by no means exacting as to condition: "While I was in America," the writer says, "I used to buy old books at a push cart for very cheap money. Much could be done to improve our situation for books and bread on the same level. I appeal to your good will, for where there is a will there must be a way."

I have been making a little collection of my own, to send to this inquirer; when I tell you that it begins with my own inscribed copy of Dr. Canby's "American Estimates" you will see that I am taking this call quite seriously. Nothing less than a conviction that this is a chance to establish one more of those slight but strong links that hold the world of literature together would have torn this volume away from me. The list of authors is certainly varied enough to get a wide response, and the thought of how exasperating it must be always to read about Mencken and Willa Cather and never have a chance to read Cather or Mencken, should stimulate action. Don't send these books to me; send me, however, the names of the books you intend to forward by post, and I will send the letters to Elazar Bernstein, 37, Zdunska, Lowicz, Woj. Warszawskie, Poland, an address waking to action keys upon my typewriter that had all but rusted down.

G. M. V., Cambridge, Mass., is on the eve of purchasing a copy of Richard Ford's "Handbook for Travellers in Spain," but has heard that one must be careful what edition one asks for, because later editions are abridged. The book came out first in 1845, "and, if I remember rightly, the best edition is said to be that of 1847. Can you verify that for me? I want the edition that is most complete and generally considered the best."

THIS famous work appeared two years after "The Bible in Spanish," and the author, Richard Ford, was a great friend of George Borrow; both books belong to the aristocracy of romantic travel literature. There are selections from Ford's "Handbook" in an Everyman's volume, "Gatherings from Spain." The book appeared first in 1845, and it is this edition that is the best, not that of 1847, which was already somewhat abridged, some of the information being left out.

R. B. M., Lake Preston, S. D., wishes to know where he can purchase the first and second volumes of the Revised Edition of the Vulgate, now being put out by the Benedictines.

IN the United States these may be obtained from P. J. Kenedy and Sons, Barclay Street, New York, publishers to the Holy See. The price is about three dollars a volume.

C. C., New York, asks for a good book on both flower and vegetable gardens, for a beginner.

"GARDENS," by Jessica Cosgrave (Doubleday, Doran), is a book that makes a reader who has not even made a beginning look about for a patch of ground to plant; it takes very little for granted, deals with both flowers and vegetables, and has pictures. Grace Tabor's "Come into the Garden" (Macmillan) is another admirable guide for the possessor of a plot of ground in the city; vegetables are included.

M. J., New York, is taking an alert and interested fourteen-year old girl to London, and asks for books she can read with her beforehand, something about London, and a history of England like Van Loon's *America*, if such exists.

SOME five years since, sampling the children's section of the American Library in Paris, I came upon Geraldine Mitton's "Book of London for Young People" (Macmillan), and ever since I have been advising it to prospective young visitors. For there is a children's London quite as separate from the grown-up city as an Irish faeryland, which goes on, I understand, quite undisturbed by the town or household that may be occupying the physical spot, to the eyes of the uninformed. This book tells a parent where to take a child in London and what to tell him about it beforehand or afterwards; at the Zoo, in Kensington Gardens, in the historical places, anywhere you will. There are pictures in color. For an English history, I suppose Dickens's is now out of court—though I cannot see how it is much more opinionated than the works of Mr. Van Loon—but I managed to lay a good, solid foundation of history through being provided with it at an early age. Children now, however, are more often given the lovely pages and pictures of Henrietta Marshall's "An Island Story" (Stokes), and if one of them begins it he will be practically certain to go rushing on to the end—unless, of course, he is one of the children who automatically set up a defence-reaction against ideas, information, or efforts to furnish him with any such abhorrent impediments. The most noticeable effect of some of the most expensive education seems to be the high degree of perfection to which this defence-reaction can be developed. But if the fourteen-year-old has still some of the hunger for mental food with which most children begin their school-life—a hunger as natural and delightful to slake as a hunger for beefsteak—these two books will help her pack away some savory mental provender, useful on a foreign trip.

I am continually asked for books about rural England, for the use of motorists or even of pedestrians, and for a quick reply to cover a great deal of ground I am accustomed to suggest the Highways and Byways series by various authorities, published by Macmillan and covering all the counties. They vary in literary merit but every one is useful as guide or illuminant. But the next time anyone from Philadelphia asks me for such a book I will tell him about "The Penn Country and the Chilterns," by Ralph Robinson (Bodley Head), for I am delighted to see that Dodd, Mead is to bring it out in America this season. If we took our reading-matter as seriously as we did when there was not so much of it, there is some chance that this book would be quoted along with White's "Natural History of Selborne," for it arises from a life long devotion to a small but infinitely rich section of the country, an intensive study based upon deep personal affection. Twenty years and more Mr. Robinson has tramped this country; his is the sort of acquaintance that knows not only how a bush looks at a certain bend of the road but how different it looks when the sun is lower in the sky or the time of year changes. He knows the folklore and how far off it usually is from the historical facts; he takes you on a series of walks and amiably discourses as you go. It is, indeed, the best book of the road that I have read in a long while, and I am glad to find that the critics here are shouting in much this way about it. The pictures, by Charles J. Bathurst, are so good that I wish he would illustrate all the travel books of England for a long time to come; the camera will not do for this country; it dwarfs the hills and meanly flattens everything; these drawings (one in color) are more accurate than photographs, and selective as only the eye and hand of the painter can make them. If I speak feelingly it is partly because I had just been walking in these very parts, trying to get some records with a camera and failing completely on the long shots. These pictures came as a blessed surprise. Ewelme, Beaconsfield, the Jordans, Chalfont St. Giles, Henley—this gives some idea of the range.

F. N. D., Boston, Mass., asks what writers are now carrying on the tradition of French literature among the younger men, besides Paul Morand, André Gide, and the few writers known to Americans through translations. He reads French, but wishes guidance in making a start.

THE best introduction I know is afforded by an "Anthologie de la Nouvelle Prose Française" (Kra, 6 rue Blanche, Paris, Editions du Sagittaire). I do not know the name of the editor, but the selections have clearly been made with a broad range of choice and a far from superficial acquaint-

ance with the writers' general output. It proceeds on the assumption that there has been within the last decade a decided change in the prose of French fiction, due, no doubt, to the fact that the immense popularity of fiction has led philosophers, critics, poets, esthetes, humorists, and playwrights to write novels instead of following their own *métiers*. Beginning with Gide and the late Marcel Proust, the selections—each preceded by a brief and informing biographical sketch—range from Duhamel to Cendrars, Bloch and Soupault, taking in a few outsiders like Panait Istrati. One of the selected pieces is often "as yet unpublished," the other chosen from the author's best-known work. If the reader is attracted by these, he may go further with the aid of a brief bibliography added to each chapter. There is a corresponding volume for contemporary French poetry.

Grace L. Aldrich, head of the children's department, Madison Free Library, Wisconsin, sends me a cutting from their *Library Bulletin* for May, 1924, "Books are windows," a talk with children. I might have known someone would have lighted on this before I used almost these words for the title of my "Books as Windows" (Stokes).

Round about Parnassus

(Continued from page 488)

DRIVEN. By LEROY MACLEOD. Covici-Friede.

LETTERS TO WOMEN. By JOSEPH ACUSLANDER. Harpers.

THE POET IN THE DESERT. By CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD. Vanguard Press.



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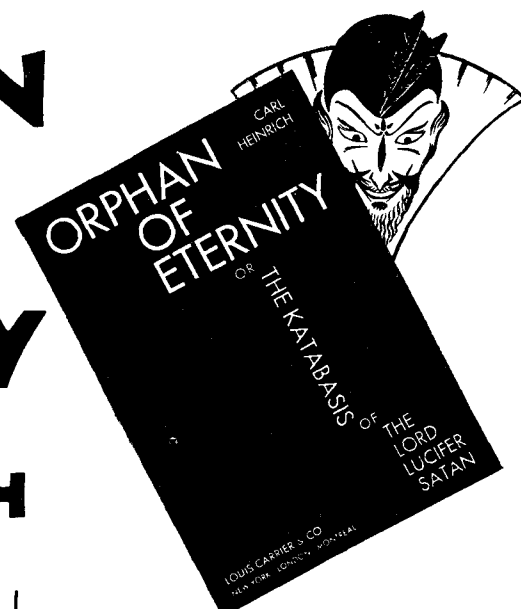
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BOOK II (BETWEEN) Satan sets out to "put salt on the tail of Mystery". He interviews the Plow Boy of the Western World, listens to the caterpillars in the Garden of the Eaters, hears the Three Wise Men (G. K. C., G. B. S., H. G. W.) orate on Banana Peels, has audience with the Pope in Jerusalem, meets the Moderator of the Moral Democracies of the West, and talks with "One Who Maketh Music Backwards".

BOOK III (ABOVE) Eve sets out to tempt Satan with "a baked apple in rich cream". Satan "repenteth of his fall and of his repentance". But Woman has the last word and at the end "the Woman Soul leadeth".

Mother Eve and Anthony Thumbcock start their seven-day chat . . . from page 13

"Piffle, Tony! When one has been both mother and mother-in-law to her own children and has diapered a race, a little anatomy more or less means nothing."

"If you don't respect yourself, you should at least respect others. Think what such a display means to me."

"If I did, I'd laugh myself sick. If you only knew how funny you look, Tony, with your face all askew, one eye cast modestly to the ground and the other squinting up to see what it can see."

"I see that two of your fig leaves are awry."

"What wonderful eyesight! Only you could have found flaws in a girdle like mine, and it woven by the best experts in modesty, too. Tell me, Tony, why do you wear such a long, heavy robe? Is it because you're ashamed of your legs, or what?"

"Madam, my limbs are not a proper subject for discussion between us. Remember, please, that I am a virtuous man and you are a naked woman."

"I'm a very old woman, Tony. Tell me, why did you leave Heaven?"

"It's too snobbish!"

"Why, Tony! Since when have you turned democrat?"

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This life of Mary Baker Eddy was printed in a magazine of popular circulation before it was acquired by The Christian Science Publishing Society. It was written prior to the author's interest in Christian Science, and holds an uncolored, undistorted mirror to Mary Baker Eddy's character and achievements.

This illustration shows Mrs. Eddy's birthplace at Bow, N. H. During her childhood and part of her later life



Mrs. Eddy lived in New Hampshire. Her parents, of Puritan ancestry, had been pioneers in the development of that State.

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BY SYBIL WILBUR

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The Conrad Catalogue

THERE has just come from the press a very handsome book entitled "A Conrad Memorial Library: the Collection of George T. Keating," published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., and printed by R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co., under the direction of William L. Kittredge. I shall here speak only of its typography.

The volume is a thick quarto of nearly 450 pages, with innumerable facsimiles of title-pages and autograph inscriptions, and many reproductions of photographs. It is bound in heavy, bevelled-edge boards, covered with blue cloth, and there is a white medallion of Conrad on the cover. Five hundred and one copies have been printed, of which 425 are for sale.

The text of the book is set in a handsome size of monotype Garamond, with initials, and running heads of that unique Original Old Style italic capitals—a type face which needs good handling to be effective. As used here it relieves the monotony of Garamond, and is a felicitous choice. The page proportions, the relative sizes of type for title entries, quotations, etc., and the general "architecture" of the pages, are well handled, especially the restraint shown in the use of indentions—a matter often botched in bibliographies.

The paper is a soft, clean white, and the presswork on it seems flawless. The deckle edges do not protrude beyond the fore-edge of the book, which is right and proper, but, again, frequently not carefully looked to.

Two points in the building of the volume I should be inclined to question. One is the flat back on so thick and heavy a book. It may be that the designer assumed that many of the copies would eventually be rebound in elaborate form—in which case the flat back is an advantage to the binder. But in normal use, a half-round back will support the weight of the leaves better than a flat back: the flat back being peculiarly suited to small, thin volumes. The second point at issue is the method of reproduction used in the illustrations. In so handsome a volume it seems to me that the pictures—that is to say, the reproductions of photographs—should have been in either gelatine or photogravure, instead of the half-tone process. Little exception can be taken to the quality of the presswork on these plates, which seem to have been printed so as to avoid sharp contrasts of light and shade, but why use half-tones at all in so sumptuous a volume? I must confess, too, to a distaste for bevelled covers, but there are no rules governing bindings, which are entirely a matter of taste.

The volume is a very handsome, well thought out piece of printing, easy to use and to read, and is one of the finer pieces of work of the year looked at solely as printing. Its permanent value to Conrad enthusiasts is obvious, but what concerns me is that here is a bibliographical record very finely done by the printer.

R.

In Re Pegasus Press Books

IN my remarks about hand-press printing in a recent number, I neglected to state that the Pegasus Press editions are handled in this country by Harcourt, Brace & Co. This information is due to a firm which has had the courage to undertake the distribution of a series of books which obviously cannot be expected to yield a very large commercial profit to anyone.

R.

More about Colophons

M. R. PORTER GARNETT, of the Laboratory Press of the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh, takes me gently to task for my air of finality with regard to naming type-faces in colophons. He would have the name of types appear in the colophon mainly for the information of the future student of typography. He makes me somewhat uncomfortable by writing: "If I am unable to say with certainty in what type Frederick Mortimer Clapp's 'Jacopo Pontormo' was printed by the Yale

University Press (I believe it was before your time), what chance would some bird have a hundred years from now—and he might want to know!" "Why," he says, "compel some conscientious Updike of the future to make a statement like this: 'The Decline of the Machine, by P. G., printed at the Sitka University Press in 1945, presumably by C. P. R., is particularly interesting to students of comparative typography by reason of the fact that it is the only book which has come down to us set in a Lutetian type of great distinction, but of unknown origin. We describe this type as "Lutetia" because of its resemblance (though it shows marked differences, particularly in greater width of the lower-case h, m, and n) to the Lutetia designed by de Roos between 1920 and 1930 for the Lanstonotype Corporation of New York. The original Lutetia, of which, during the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, there were numerous imitations, notably the one adopted by the Limited Editions Fraternity of Paraguay, has been ascribed by some authorities to Van Krimpen, but an exhaustive examination of all available material on the subject, including the typographical archives of Tulsa and Maui, has yielded nothing in support of this theory.'" Well, if the naming of type were as meticulous as Mr. Garnett would have it, and if the information were conveyed in a type size something smaller than the largest in the book, I would not object! My objection is perhaps largely due to the blatant announcement of the type as if it had advertising value, rather than informational.

One more quotation from his letter is of interest: "As to paper, I mention the trade name only (as Hammer and Anvil, or San Marco) on the assumption that its provenience, whether English, French, or Italian, can be determined by collateral evidence. Nothing with regard to binding, which is extraneous to the book, should, in any circumstances, be mentioned in the colophon. Differences in black inks, like the differences in pigments, may be matter of archaeological interest, but nothing is to be gained by mentioning the name of the ink maker in Hanover or New Jersey."

From Caxton's day to this, there have been most immodest printers (as well as authors and publishers), and there have been the shy fellows who make me a good deal of trouble when some bewildered bibliographer asks me to tell him if such and such types are similar though used by different printers in York and London two hundred years ago. On the whole, perhaps the matter can be disposed of by suggesting that the information is worth printing in many books if it can be done unobtrusively. Printers who are possessed of good taste will find a way to say what has to be said in a comely way.

R.

Auction Sales Calendar

C. F. Heartman, Metuchen, N. J. November 23: Rare Americana, printed and in manuscript, including several items from the New Hampshire Historical Society. Among the more unusual books and pamphlets are: "An Account of the reasons why a Considerable Number . . . could not consent to Mr. Peter Thatcher's Ordination," Boston, 1720; a group of Almanacs from 1782 to 1834; Nathaniel Byfield, "An Account of the late Revolution in New-England," Edinburgh, 1689; Edward Bancroft, "Remarks on the review of the Controversy between Great Britain and her Colonies," New London, 1771; six of the Beadle dime novels, New York, 1860-1865; "An Abridgement of David Brainerd's Journal among the Indians," London, 1748; E. Burroughs's "A Declaration of the sad and great Persecution . . . of the People of God, called Quakers," London, 1660; the original correspondence file of the firm of J. B. Newton & Company, of San Francisco, covering the period January 5, 1856, to December 20, 1865; an unusually good run of early Connecticut laws from 1715 to 1726, together with the "Charter granted by His Majesty, King Charles II to the Governor of Connecticut," New-London, 1718; "The Deplorable state