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The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 83. A First Prize of ten dollars and a Second Prize of five dollars are offered for the best short poems in the lyrical manner of Mr. Robert Frost. (Entries should reach the Saturday Review office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of April 21.)

Competition No. 84. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most amusing Serious Dialogue with the Devil. (Entries may be in prose—not exceeding 400 words—or verse—40 lines, but must in either case reach the Saturday Review office not later than the morning of May 5.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

THE SEVENTY-NINTH COMPETITION

The prize for the best short rhymed poem in the manner of Herrick—"To Julia (1930) Not to bob her hair," has been awarded to Helen Gray.

THE PRIZE POEM

To JULIA (1930)

NOT TO BOB HER HAIR

*M*Y Julia, reap not, I entreat,
That rippling gold like ripen'd wheat;
Why should sad Autumn's stubble show
On that bright head, presaging snow?

Time flies, and Fashion faster flies;
To watch her whims methinks't were wise.

Sylvia and choice Corinna now
Wear lengthen'd locks, and why not thou?

Wouldst in thy liquid mirror see
Boy Hylas, though more fair than he?

Rather let Cyprian Venus there
Spread in soft waves her floating hair.

HELEN GRAY.

Once more a very large number of entries. Even after several stringent weedings more than thirty remained from which the winner had to be chosen. Nobody really approached Helen Gray whose skill in catching the mood and manner of her originals has been illustrated many times these past few months. But there were other excellent entries nevertheless, notably by Homer Parsons (who however erred in choosing the [for the subject] unlikely meter of "Her eyes the glowworm lend thee"), Harold Varian, Baldwin, Bert Leach

—When thy bosom, like thin snow
On a mound where violets grow
Faintly colors like the blue
Of the blossoms shining through—

Marcella Moore, Arjeh, Claudius Jones, Helene Claiborne, E. O. Jackson, Dalnar Devening, and W. F. Barnard. The last offered two entries both of which stressed the 1930 very prettily.

Be wise, my dear: a water wave,
A rippling soft marcel,
Were far more fetching on long locks,
And could be shaped as well
As on the scanty wisps which prove
Love's arts have gone to Hell.

But this, like many another, might have come from one of the Cavalier poets as easily as from Herrick. Anne W. Carpenter excelled in one stanza—

Venus owes it, who on thee
Sealed her prime of artistry
By those gilded waves of sheen
Hyacinth'd with brilliantine.

I liked, too, Marcella Moore's "wild Niagara of thy hair," and Corinne Swain's

Tho slenderer maids in scant attire
Slighting the charms that men admire

Shear off their bright abundant locks
They look, poor girls, like laughing stocks

as well as Lucile Runestrand's

When I did make a prayer
For just one lock I meant not all thy hair.

But none of these caught the fancifulness of language and of idea so simultaneously as the winner. There may be something in H. A. Monsell's suggestion that Herrick would really

have said "By all means, Julia, my dear, go and bob it."

We print one poem, held over from a previous competition—

"LOCKSLEY HALL, 1929"

Fellows, leave me here a moment,
for I long to be alone;
Leave me here and when I want you
I will toot my saxophone.

Here's the place—I'd cut my classes
just to wander on the beach,
I had turned my back on Science and
behold! I faced a peach.

In the Spring the college student puts
his coonskin coat in hock;
In the Spring the blythe bootlegger
brews new "aged and bonded"
stock;

In the Spring the errant head cold
runs its customary course;
In the Spring the young wife's fancy
lightly dallies with divorce.

Here we strolled beside the breakers,
here we lolled upon the shore,
And her backless suit showed plainly
twenty vertebrae or more.

Sunburn comes, but true tan lingers.
Soon, with back and shoulders
red—

Long before my tale I'd finished—for
cosmetics she had fled.

And I never saw her after though I
came back day by day,
For the gentle pangs of dalliance put-
ting things of mind away.

Lack of sleep—for crossed love sleeps
not—gave me vision as a seer
And I looked into the future search-
ing for light wines and beer.

Pierced the veil that hides the wonders
of the nations of the world;
Tossed my brain into the future like
a baseball swiftly hurled.

But I failed to find the answer that
my brain forever sought:
When's the time to take a profit?
When should further shares be
bought?

Till the sense that men call common
put the matter straight and neat:
"Better five per cent and safety than
a shearing in The Street."

Long I looked upon the cities; long
I looked on cultured lands;
Much I studied pale brain workers
and the men who toiled with
hands.

Tell me truly, which is better,—take
a job and eat at Childs
Or to howl with voodoo warlocks
while the tom-toms shake the
wilds?

Oh, forget it! Time is flying and no
summer love is worth
All the trouble of condemning every
ill that plagues the earth.

So I snap my fingers lightly. What
to me are summer blondes?
I will finish up at college, change
the world or else—sell bonds!

DALNAR DEVENING.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—type-written if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and The Saturday Review reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

The New Books
Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

lack variety. Every one has its own mood: one is an idyll of happiness, others tragedies of rejection or jealousy, another a drama of sinful love; and the settings and characters are as varied as the plots. But they all show different aspects of the same philosophy: that the experience that most benefits the soul is love, whether or not it is called sinful; that one must be free and leave others free; that the two sins are not taking and not letting go. These beliefs pervade the book, giving it a unity of interest not often found in collections of short stories. After reading it, one looks at once for some one with whom one can discuss its system of ideas; for this has an unusual interest from being so dominated by the intellect and so completely based on the passions.

The style shows the same fascinating combination of qualities; it is singularly clear and restrained, almost, it seems, cold; but the lucid sentences cover an intensity of emotion that reminds one of Byron's simile of the fiery spirit at the heart of frozen champagne.

THE THISTLES OF THE BARAGAN.

By PANAIT ISTRATI. Vanguard. 1930. \$2.50.

Never was a title more aptly conceived. The thistle is the perfect symbol for this



"WHO IS ANNE GREEN?"

see...
this space
next Saturday

Long Hunt

the new novel by
the author of "Drums"
and "Marching On"

James Boyd

Scribners

\$2.50

Tribute No. 3

Carl Van Vechten:

"When I had finished reading it at four A. M., I cried aloud to the morning stars, feeling such an exaltation as I have seldom experienced."

THE PURPLE CLOUD

M. P. SHIEL

\$2.50 • VANGUARD • At Bookstores

autobiographical narrative of peasant life. The book is dedicated to the "11,000 sons murdered by the Rumanian Government" during the Revolution of 1907. The author was a boy of fourteen when the tragedy occurred. Attacked from beneath by nature's destructive forces, and oppressed from above by a monarchy's cruel indifference, the peasants were soon driven to crime. "We all sank deep into that brutish wretchedness which is the life of the Rumanian peasant. . . . These women and children were but bundles of mud-soaked rags, great clods of earth panting under the action of useless hearts." They knew full well that the martial machinery of the government would wipe them off the earth, but such a fate was comparatively merciful.

Istrati's boyhood was saturated with the stink of salt fish. It was his only food, his landscape, and his work. His father, who lost his life in the uprising, was "a wistful, dreamy man who forgot his own name as he blew into his flute." The thistles of the Baragan, blown west each year by the dreaded winds from Russia, were his only playthings. They finally enticed him and a companion along with them on their will-o'-the-wisp journey. What the boys saw and endured when finally caught in the village revolt and devastation is told with such vivid penetration that the reader himself is pricked to the bone by a thousand thistles. There are many fine passages in the book. One of these describes a wedding: "Only the oxen, like the married people, took no part in the joys of the reaping. Indifferent, they chewed the end of the same dry stalk in the same melancholy as they waited to be yoked."

Istrati is justly called the Gorki of the Balkans. He writes with a wild, poetic beauty, profound character, and a delicious peasant whimsy. The grim, black destiny that winds through the pages carries the earmarks of truth born of suffering. And indeed, the thistles had pricked such a scar into the author that eight years ago he attempted suicide in the streets of Lyons, France. He was picked up with a letter to Romain Rolland in his pockets, and this letter has furnished a dramatic beginning to a friendship which obviously served as a turning-point in the life of the Rumanian refugee.

His is a book which one cannot read too often.

EARTHENWARE. By Murrell Edmonds. Lynchburg, Va.: Little Bookshop.

GREEN TIMBER. By James Oliver Curwood. Doubleday, Doran. \$2 net.

SECRET PLACES. By Joan Sutherland. Harpers. \$2.

THE GATE OF LIFE. By Reuben Nordsten. Four Seas. \$2.

History

THE LOYALISTS IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By C. H. VAN TYNE. New York: Peter Smith. 1929. \$5.

A DIARY FROM DIXIE. By MARY BOYKIN CHESTNUT. The same.

These reprints of two valuable historical works deserve to be called to the attention of every student of history. After nearly thirty years, Dr. Van Tyne's book remains the standard treatment of loyalism; and though such histories as Schlesinger's "Colonial Merchants" and such biographies as Gipson's "Jared Ingersoll" have thrown new light on the subject, not a great deal needs to be added to what he wrote in 1902. The time has long since passed, thanks partly to Dr. Van Tyne's work, thanks in part to such earlier writers as Moses Coit Tyler, when any competent historian could doubt that the Tories were just as honest as the Whigs. For a century they were the targets of general abuse. But it is everywhere recognized now that their arguments were strong, that their motives were for the most part high, and that their devoted conduct was often heroic. They included some of the very best elements in the American colonies. In several colonies, notably Georgia and South Carolina, they were in a decided majority, and in Pennsylvania and New York they comprised fully half of the population. Dr. Van Tyne's study of their ideas, their attempts to support the union with Great Britain, their activities when war began, and their sufferings when the Whigs gained the ascendancy, ending in exile *en masse*, should be easily available to every student of the American Revolution, and the republication of his book is timely.

Mrs. Chesnut's diary has always held a place of its own in the literature of the Confederacy. The wartime reminiscences of Susan Dabney Smedes and Mrs. Pryor lack the freshness and immediacy of Mrs. Chesnut's day to day record. Moreover,

(Continued on next page)



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is his first modern novel since *Cytherea*. In this story of a modern *affaire d'amour* told from the woman's viewpoint, Joseph Hergesheimer, who knows more about women than any living novelist, has created his most authentic and fascinating feminine character, Nina Henry. You will be amazed that any man should so know the soul of a woman as Mr. Hergesheimer knows the very soul of Nina. Forced by the pressing necessities of the moment, yet bound by the conventions of the past, Nina, her husband, and her lover are made to realize the need for compromise which is so imperative in all of our lives. Too, *The Party Dress* is a brilliant picture of that country club set which dominates the social life of every American hamlet and city.

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THE IMMORALIST

by ANDRÉ GIDE

author of *The Counterfeiters*

It is inevitable in a day when most fiction deals with the superficialities of life and character, that a book which explores the hidden potentialities of the human soul and announces its discoveries must seem shocking in the extreme. Treating a theme that, in the hands of a lesser man would have remained obscure, M. Gide has here written a novel ranked as a classic in Europe. \$2.50

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by RUTH SUCKOW

Among the hectic cock-tail novels of today, Ruth Suckow's mature stories of small-town life in the Middle West stand forth because of their truth and beauty. In this story of two sisters who sacrificed their own hopes and ambitions that their youngest sister might have happiness, she has with rare understanding and sympathy chronicled the simple tragedies and comedies that make up the daily lives of many women. All of Miss Suckow's work shows unusual penetration into human nature, but, in this novel, her art has reached its highest peak. \$2.50

A TRUE STORY

by STEPHEN HUDSON

This book is destined to become one of the great long novels of contemporary English literature. The author's vast canvas portrays with amazing authenticity all that went into the development of the man, Richard Kurt. The book is a complete, rounded picture of one of the most unhappy and poignant figures in all literature, and of the three women who shaped his tragic life. The delicacy of his psychological insight and the restrained beauty of his prose have earned for Stephen Hudson the title of "the English Proust." \$3.50

GUERRA

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author of *The Devil*

Guerra, the debonair leader of the Carbonari, guides Italy towards freedom and unity while an Archduke tries to overpower him with force and a Princess with love. As in a gorgeous pageant, these heroic figures stride magnificently across the pages of Mr. Neumann's vivid, historical novel. \$3.00

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author of *The Red Badge of Courage*

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TALL TALES of the SOUTHWEST

An Anthology of Southern and Southwestern Humor 1830-1860

Edited by FRANKLIN J. MEINE

This rollicking, boisterous collection of stories and sketches gleaned from newspapers and pamphlets of frontier days contains an early sketch by Mark Twain which is here identified and reprinted for the first time. In the *Americana Deserta* series. \$3.00

PIERRE

by HERMAN MELVILLE

Edited, with an Introduction, by Robert S. Forsythe

There have been many editions of this popular novel, but none as close to the original 1852 edition as this one. It gives us the nearest possible approach to what the famous author of *Moby Dick* actually wrote and his contemporaries read. In the *Americana Deserta* series. \$3.00

At All Bookshops

NEW YORK · ALFRED · A · KNOFF · 730 FIFTH AVE.

The New Books

History

(Continued from preceding page)

she was in the very midst of the struggle, acquainted with some of its greatest figures. She was in Montgomery when the Confederacy was organized, sat on sofas with Davis and Stephens, and chatted in parlors with Toombs, Cobb, and Hunter; she was in Charleston when war began, watching the bombardment of Fort Sumter from a house-top; and during the grimmest years of the struggle she was in Richmond. She tells us of the criticism of Jefferson Davis, the dissensions among Southern leaders, the panic in Richmond before the Seven Days shook off McClellan's threat, the relations between whites and negroes, the sufferings caused by the blockade, and the despair that slowly settled down upon the hard-pressed South. Her information varies from measures of state to the love affairs of General Hood, from talk with General Lee or General Joe Johnston to the price of groceries. It is an invaluable work, especially for those interested in social conditions and public opinion.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES DURING THE ADMINISTRATION OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. By Henry Adams. A. & C. Boni. 2 vols. \$5.
HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES DURING THE ADMINISTRATION OF JAMES MADISON. By Henry Adams. A. & C. Boni. 2 vols. \$5.
BRITISH OPINION AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Dora Mae Clark. Yale University Press. \$3.

International

THE UNITY OF THE WORLD. By GUGIELMO FERRERO. Boni. 1930.

Many famous men have essayed discussions on that universal civilization which "tomorrow" may dominate the earth. It must be admitted that such efforts generally accomplish little.

The famous Italian historian does not fare so badly, however, as one might suppose. He begins on an optimistic vein, espousing the older conclusions of Lammenais, the dreams of Renan, and the contemporary ideals of M. Lucien Romier. Lack of "obedience" means the negation of imperialism; republicanism raises a weapon against "foreign influence." So far, very good. He does not favor superimposed languages, censorship of morals, or "prohibition." For him freedom of the seas is imperative: political integrity impossible. We follow more vaguely.

Americanization and standardization mean the sacrifice of the middle classes. But he favors both, and sees in capitalism no Delphic oracle of the modern world. At the end he becomes an individualist and prays for the attainment of political and intellectual liberty.

It is odd that such an optimist should admit component doctrines of the Spenglerian school, which advocates the necessity of inner political ordainers treating class antagonisms in such a way that public opinion can not be fixed on party struggles and that rebellion against state laws may not have to be regarded as *ultima ratio*.

Travel

MAN HUNTING IN THE JUNGLE. By G. W. DYOTT. Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. \$5.
Colonel Fawcett with his son and a young friend went to Brazil in 1925, backed up by the Royal Geographical Society of London, for the purpose of searching in the unexplored regions of central Brazil for an answer to the riddle of the Lost Atlantis. He was a man of vast experiences in the tropics, who had been employed on different border surveys, and had a peculiar knack of getting along with wild peoples. He always traveled very light, and counted upon his ability for ingratiating himself with the native, rather than on any protection which might be afforded by fire arms and force.

The territory toward which Colonel Fawcett headed was known to present grave danger from savage man and hostile jungle. Those who knew him personally had great confidence in his ability to surmount these difficulties, and as the months ran into years and still no news of the expedition was forthcoming, they continued to believe that the party would eventually emerge successfully. Indeed, even at the present day there are some people who believe that Colonel Fawcett is still alive and either held captive, or else is in such a remote district that he is unable to find means of reaching the outer world.

This latter theory does not seem tenable to the unbiased observer possessing a certain amount of knowledge of the country. Commander Dyott is of the opinion that the whole party was slaughtered, and he appears to have as great evidence of this fact as can be secured by anyone without seeing the actual remains of the explorers. He saw various of their belongings in the possession of the Indians, and was told that he would be taken to the spot where the massacre took place. This promise was not carried out owing to an unfortunate combination of circumstances, and Commander Dyott's own party only escaped tragedy by the narrowest of margins.

The author might well have devoted a chapter to a more detailed account of Colonel Fawcett's career and his qualifications for undertaking the expedition. The publisher's "blurb" in describing it as "Fawcett's Mad Drama" is overstepping the premises. Colonel Fawcett was very secretive on many points, but the fact that the Royal Geographical Society was the backer of the expedition should certainly lift it out of the category above referred to.

It would have been difficult to find any man better equipped to search for the expedition than Commander Dyott. He has led many expeditions to South America, and knows the vast unknown hinterland of the Amazon basin as well, if not better, than any man living. His photographic work is unsurpassed and those who have read his previous books know how interestingly he writes.

SHANTY-BOAT. By Kent and Margaret Lighty. Century. \$3.50.

MY EUROPEAN EXCURSIONS. By Edwin Robert Petre. New York: Institute of Foreign Travel.
SEE CHINA WITH ME. By Jane A. Tracy. Stratford. \$1.

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins & Gilbert M. Troxell.

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

Advertisia

THE ADVERTISING PARADE. An Anthology of Good Advertisements. Published in 1928. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930.

THIS large volume is a record of "exceptionally good advertisements published in standard types of American" magazines during 1928. A committee made up of Mr. Durstine, Mr. Streeter, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Weaver, all men well known and experienced in the advertising field, examined many thousand advertisements, and from them selected the hundred and fifty which are included in this book. A system of scoring for points was adopted, and each advertisement was marked accordingly.

It is a little difficult to understand the enthusiasm of the professional advertising agent for his ever-changing and illusory task. Of course advertising has become ritualistic, and its high priests are adepts. The naïve notion that man exists to buy is at the basis of the new religion. Says the introduction to this book: "Knowledge of the public and how to influence it to buy goods through the medium of print and pictures is rapidly reaching a point of crystallization. Advertising, while necessarily always flexible, is being reduced to an exact science with a carefully indexed set of appeals and standardized markets, investigated to the most minute cross-section." On the whole, I think that advertising is the most dreary of all the pseudo-sciences. Its bunkum is so blatant, its values so inverted, its chronic myopia for essential truth and falsehood, its purely transitory value, and its emphasis on all that is least valuable and important in goods and chattels, make it at its very best a dubious calling.

As examples of ingenuity and intended seductive appeal, the pages of this book are intended to be, and apparently are, representative of the best which America has to offer. All the old familiar friends of the advertising sections of our magazines are here. The neophyte in advertising can use it as a text book.

THE TYPOGRAPHY OF NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS. By FRANCIS MEYNELL. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. 1929.

ALL that can be said of newspaper advertising can be said in a few words, and would be to this effect: There has been no thoroughly acceptable newspaper advertising since the eighteenth century, when all advertising was set in the same type as the other matter therein. Modern newspaper advertising *in situ* is a wild jumble of fighting elements. These separate elements are better or worse taken by themselves, and some of the advertisements in the back of Mr. Meynell's book are not bad examples of typography. But in general all that is said above with respect to American advertising holds good (though details of criticism may be different) for British advertising. It is all dreary stuff—especially when cold.

This book has value, however, just in proportion to its division of space: Mr. Meynell's treatment of the subject of typography is of importance because there are many wise remarks in it applicable to type setting in general. Where he treats of the philosophy of typography he is sound and should be read.

There are also many pages of type specimens, good type for the most part, and interestingly displayed. I don't quite see the necessity for such an elaboration of the compositor's repertory, but if it had to be done, it has been done effectively because it is a collection of the less familiar type faces.

R.

The Colophon

THE COLOPHON. A Book Collectors' Quarterly. New York. 1930.

THE COLOPHON takes its place alongside such magazines of the past as *The Century Guild Hobby Horse*, *The Knight Errant*, *Bradley his Book*, *Modern Art*, and *The Fleuron*. That is, it endeavors to wed

sense and sensibility in publishing, and it is a worthy fellow of those treasured items.

My colleague, Mr. Troxell, has spoken of the interest of the contents, which can, I think, be truthfully called literary. My part in the welcoming celebration is to comment on the typographic results of the plan. And the plan was—and is—an unusual and interesting one: to bring together in the same cover a variety of entertaining matter printed in different ways by printers who were allowed, within the scope of the magazine's size, to exercise their own discretion as to type and paper and arrangement of material. What has been accomplished is not negligible.

It is obvious that much of the virility of American printing is to be found in the advertising field. In that nervous arena that which is most novel and bizarre usually is acclaimed the victor. So in allowing printers who, for the most part, are busy with "printing for commerce" to undertake the printing of more serious matter, the publishers of the *Colophon* were running the chance that the printed forms would be a sort of glorified advertising. It is therefore with much satisfaction that one notes that on the whole there has been an admirable restraint in all of the work done. The infusion into well-trying methods, of the newer arrangements and type faces has served to do just what ought to be done—lend a note of freshness and variety to what might otherwise have been a dull magazine.

The *Colophon* represents that group idea which is part of the American scheme of things. One may like it or not, one may feel that he cannot do his best work in such a mass-action, but for better or worse it represents our present mood. If the *Colophon* lacks the serenity of a perfectly printed magazine done by one hand, it offers its readers that relief from monotony which America demands.

As to details. It is unfortunate that the standardization of paper sizes which we boast of has made it necessary to use papers which pretty consistently should not be folded the way they are folded in this book. The deckle should not be at the bottom of the page (unless also at the side), the chain marks should run up and down the page and not across it, and, a result of these troubles, the grain should not run across the leaves. These are items of good book-making which cannot safely be overlooked.

The cover design is not good: it smacks too much of the comic supplement for so good a magazine as the *Colophon* or so good an artist as Mr. Wilson. In fact the more I see that cover the more annoyed with it I am. I have just one more criticism: the colophons at the end of each essay are, as Mr. Rogers would say, rather too colophony. A more conservative and ritualistic treatment would have been better.

Appearing close on the suicide of the *Fleurion*, the *Colophon* ought to be a useful, as it has already proved itself an attractive, addition to our meager supply of periodicals on and about books.

R.

THE original manuscript town journal and official account book of San Francisco, in the handwriting of its first treasurer, William A. Leidesdorff, was included in an auction which took place recently at the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries.

The sale was made up of colored views, lithographs, oil paintings, drawings, maps, etc., relating to the pioneer days of the Far West and dealing largely with the State of California. In this town journal, the first financial record of San Francisco by an elected treasurer, the entries are from Oct. 7, 1847, to May 2, 1848, ending with the death of the treasurer a few days before the gold rush began.

The original impression of one of the rarest lithographs of San Francisco in 1846-7, then Yerba Buena, before the discovery of gold and the first etching of San Francisco, made in 1855, are also in the collection.

In the same catalogue are a series of early American almanacs dating from 1718 to



"The best thing we have in English on the Liberator."

—writes J. FRED RIPPY

Noted Latin-American Authority

Revolutionist, dandy, hardy adventurer, gallant lover, Bolivar's genius was for activity. From 1810 to 1830 he pushed the course of independence to its incredible conclusion, fighting by day, dancing by night, using \$8,000 worth of eau de cologne at the expense of the Peruvians! Here is a biography which is at once the history of the liberator of a people and the human story of an indomitable spirit.

SIMON BOLIVAR

South American Liberator

By HILDEGARDE ANGELL

\$3.00

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC.

70 Fifth Avenue, New York

Books that Live

