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Conducted by
CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS & JOHN T. WINTERICH

Second Issue

AMERICAN FIRST EDITIONS. Bibliographic Check Lists of the Works of 146 American Authors. Revised and Enlarged. Edited by Merle Johnson. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. 1932. \$10.

IT is three years since Mr. Johnson's "American First Editions" originally appeared in an edition of one thousand copies which were quickly absorbed by the collector and by the rare and general second-hand booktrade. It deservedly became a craft Bible, not because it was a *tour de force* of bibliographic perfection (an ideal which has never yet been achieved) but because it was the only manual of its kind in existence—the only manual, that is, except P. K. Foley's "American Authors 1795-1895" (Boston, 1897), to which Mr. Johnson proffered a frank and merited bow. The earlier edition of Johnson, according to its title-page, embraced the work of 105 authors—actually 104. The new edition, also according to its title-page, lists the work of 146 authors, which is correct. A promotion leaflet issued by the R. R. Bowker Co. says that the revision "contains forty-five authors not included in the first edition." My own computation is forty-three, making due allowance for the omission of Charles G. D. Roberts, who has been ceded back to Canada. There are trifling but salutary rearrangements; Mark Twain and O. Henry are now listed, as they should be, with the C's and P's respectively, and Whitman has precedence over Whittier, as is his alphabetic due. These are the merest of minutiae, but a compendium of 146 bibliographies-in-little must be a very ganglion of minutiae, and can reasonably be judged by its attention to the tiniest trifles, its meticulous subdivision of hairs.

The forty-three new authors, inclusion of whom, plus additional data on the old, swells the revised manual to 340 pages as against 242 in the earlier, are divisible into three main groups: those who antedate the time limits that were implicit in the 1929 compilation (as Charles Brockden Brown, Susannah Rowson, and Philip Freneau), those whose emergence is an affair of recent bibliophilic history (as Stephen Vincent Benét, William Faulkner, and Ernest Hemingway), and those whose omission from the earlier volume was inexplicable three years ago and is now tardily atoned for (as Louisa May Alcott, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., and Harriet Beecher Stowe). Clearly Mr. Johnson is on the way over from monotheism to pantheism. The originator of the hideous locution "high spot" (though by no means, despite the fact that he has frequently been charged with it, the originator of either the theory or the practice of high-spotting), he has permitted his vision to broaden to the point of conceding space in "American First Editions" to men and women who are primarily one-book authors.

The revised "American First Editions" is as essential to bookseller and collector as compass to mariner, and fulfils an identical function.

J. T. W.

Native Stock

SELECTIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE 1775-1900. A Brief Estimate of the More Important Authors and a Description of Their Representative Works. By M. Fullerton. With an introduction by Carl Van Doren. New York: William Farquhar Payson. 1932. \$10.

M. R. FULLERTON is a bookseller who respects his wares and knows their contents. If you should buy from him a copy of Henry Beck Hirst's "The Coming of the Mammoth, the Funeral of Time and Other Poems" (Boston, 1845) he will already have read it, and will know, as you may not, that Hirst was a private in the regiment of literary homuncles who gave battle to Edgar Allan Poe—Hirst, in fact,

always insisted that it was he and not Poe who wrote "The Raven." He could have.

But "selective" is a dangerous word, and one has a right to challenge Mr. Fullerton's, or anyone's else, use of it. Who, one may reasonably inquire, is Mr. Fullerton that he should do one's bibliographic selecting? Now the impression must not be permitted from this that Mr. Fullerton is, or pretends to be, a pompous pundit, a dogmatic philomath, a dictatorial know-it-all. He simply believes, and properly believes, that any attempt to broaden the collecting horizon is legitimate and commendable, and that such an attempt, honestly and intelligently prosecuted, must operate to the benefit of bookseller and collector alike. With this praiseworthy end in view, his house (it is a house that comprises an effective father-and-son partnership, and the son pays warm and deserved tribute to the father in his preface) frequently issues catalogues wherein are listed titles that may never have been catalogued before, but titles whose right to inclusion is unequivocally documented by quoted supporting judgment from such authentic critical source-books as the "Cambridge History of American Literature" and half a dozen other accepted repositories of considered opinion. These authorities have been Mr. Fullerton's guides in the preparation of his "Selective Bibliography," but he does not say so except in a few instances. One of the exceptions is his summary of John W. De Forest, of whom he quotes William Dean Howells's assertion that De Forest "should be lastingly recognized as one of the masters of American fiction" and Carl Van Doren's appraisal of "Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty" (New York, 1867): "No other novel of the decade has been less dimmed by a century of realism." These are judgments that cannot be ignored—judgments, frankly, of far more impressive weight and purport than Mr. Fullerton's own. He should have resorted to comparable expert testimony in scores of other instances of reasonable doubt.

This defect aside (and it is a defect of omission and not of commission), Mr. Fullerton's "Selective Bibliography" is a handbook that both dispenser and absorber of American first editions must wholeheartedly welcome. If it did nothing but baldly chart new or little trod paths it would fulfil an eminently praiseworthy purpose, but it does more than that. For Mr. Fullerton has made of what might easily have been as arid a performance as a telephone directory a readable as well as a serviceable manual. Nowhere does he play a bibliographic Sir Oracle; his technical conclusions are tempered with reasoned qualifications wherever he appreciates that he cannot be emphatically assertive. He exercises a refreshing caution in a day when anyone can set up as a bibliographer without taking out a license and when many of those who do enter the lists announce their presence with an arbitrariness and assertiveness that raises hob with the book trade and sends the collector palpitating to his shelves to see if the latest seven-star-final announcement regarding line 17 on page 143 squares with his copy.

J. T. W.

The publishing house of Collins, in London, has carried out an interesting experiment with their Pocket Classics. According to *John o' London's Weekly*, "they have arranged 126 of the best-selling titles in order of popularity. The results, though they are no safe guide to the general reading tastes of the public, are an indication of the comparative appeal of the recognized classics, and one of the surprising things is that five out of the ten most popular are Dickens books in this order: 'David Copperfield,' 'Pickwick Papers,' 'Tale of Two Cities,' 'Oliver Twist,' and 'The Old Curiosity Shop.' The most popular book in the series is 'Lorna Doone,' a fact which is easily understood. For this edition of the classics is cheap, and as a rule young readers are not rich. 'Lorna Doone' is the perfect book for adolescents."

Pearl S. Buck

writes to

Christopher Morley

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others dipped in. "I know books that are really amusing from their excessive badness," said J. H. Burton. "What wild desires, what restless torments seize The hapless man who feels the book-disease, Where the tall Book-case, with partition thin, Displays, yet guards, the tempting charms within." So rhymed J. Ferriar (1761-1815). These quotes do not prove Old Quercus's catholic learning, but merely that he has been looking again into that grand *Booklovers' Anthology*, published in 1911 by the Oxford Press. It was edited by R. M. Leonard and remains a perfect Christmas present.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW helps you discover the new books that are really important and entertaining, and also reminds you of older ones which you have missed or forgotten. Besides it's worth reading for itself. ** It not only comments on literature, but creates it.

* Thomas Frognall Dibdin, 1776-1847, famous writer on bibliomania.

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The AMEN CORNER



"Man, be merry as bird on berry
And all thy care let away—"

(Early Carol from *A Book of Christmas Verse*, selected by H. C. Beeching.¹ Our picture is from a mosaic panel on the ambo in the Cathedral of Ravenna, illustrated in *Pattern Designing*, by Archibald H. Christie.²)

The Oxonian believes that books are the cheapest and most lasting of all pleasures. He is therefore giving books this Christmas as he usually does. He would like to echo "Old Quercus's annual suggestion [in a recent number of this periodical] that the best place to prepare for Christmas is in the Book Room of the Oxford Press, 114 Fifth Avenue." If you cannot go there in person write them for their special list of "Christmas Presents for Less than Five Dollars."

First on the list, of course, is *The Odyssey of Homer*,³ in the new prose translation by that celebrated Aircraftsman T. E. Shaw (who is the still more celebrated Col. Lawrence of Arabia). Designed by Mr. Bruce Rogers the volume is the most beautiful book for its price we ever saw. As to the translation itself, it has created more excitement and enthusiasm among the critics than any book of the season. As Dr. Canby says in the December *Book-of-the-Month Club News*, "Every generation needs its translation of the great narratives of Homer, but only one out of three or four gets what it wants." And this is "a modern *Odyssey*, in our prose, beautiful and yet trenchant with our rhythms and with our colloquialisms. It is, I think, one of the notable books of our time." But ask your bookseller to let you glance at it. To see it is to buy it. In fact the Oxonian's great difficulty just now is to restrain himself from buying copies for everyone on his Christmas list.

The only thing that diverts him is a consideration of the charms of some of the other current Oxford items. Here are some of them we propose acquiring—and giving away if we can steel our heart to the parting:

The Oxford Book of American Prose, edited by Mark Van Doren⁴—"by far the best anthology of American prose ever compiled." (Henry Hazlitt in the *Nation*)

The Oxford Book of Sixteenth Century Verse, edited by Sir Edmund Chambers.⁵ "approaches perfection. . . . This will probably be the book by which scores of generations will savor the richness of the sixteenth-century poetry." (*New York Evening Post*)

Sycamore Square, by Jan Struther (of *Punch* fame), illustrated by Ernest Shepard (of "Pooh" fame)⁶—"a wholly charming book . . . we welcome the new combination of Struther and Shepard to the world of polite letters. It is a fortunate alliance." (*Saturday Review of Literature*.)

The Golden Book of Italian Poetry, by Lauro de Bosis⁷—compiled by the fearless young poet who died scattering political leaflets over Rome from the air, and ranging from St. Francis of Assisi to D'Annunzio.

David Hume, by J. Y. T. Greig⁸—"a first-rate biography of an interesting man." (*Manchester Guardian*.)

The Life of William Beckford, by J. H. Oliver⁹—"an entertaining life of the notorious and eccentric author of *Vathek*."

Fanny Penquite, by Edith Saunders¹⁰—"a gem of a story (rather like David Garnett), with colored illustrations by the author, of singular charm and beautifully reproduced."

The Homes of the Pilgrim Fathers in England and America, by Martin S. Briggs¹¹—"an outstanding gift for your New England friend, full of illustrations showing in detail the origin of the characteristic white clapboard New England architecture in the English homes of the Pilgrims."

We wish we could go on further, but one more we must mention—*The Letters of Jane Austen*, edited by R. W. Chapman¹²—the first complete edition, illustrated from contemporary sources.

THE OXONIAN.

(¹) \$1.00; (²) \$3.50; (³) \$3.50; (⁴) \$3.00; (⁵) \$3.00. On India paper, \$3.75; (⁶) \$1.25; (⁷) \$2.50; (⁸) \$3.75; (⁹) \$3.75; (¹⁰) \$1.75; (¹¹) \$4.75; (¹²) 2 vols. \$12.50.

The PHOENIX NEST

WE are glad to learn that Patrick Hamilton has completed a dramatization of his novel "The Midnight Bell" (Little, Brown), a public-house story which we much enjoyed when it originally appeared. As a matter of fact we also enjoyed Mr. Hamilton's play "Rope's End," a gruesome creation gracing the boards on Broadway several seasons ago. Mr. Hamilton's latest novel is "The Siege of Pleasure," which we have not yet received—but we like the title. . . .

Isabel Paterson's latest novel, "Never Ask the End" (title from a well-known poem by Elinor Wylie) is to be published on January fourth. It will be the Literary Guild Selection for January. As "I. M. P." of "Turns with a Bookworm" of the New York *Herald-Tribune Books*, Mrs. Paterson is our most respected and affectionately regarded competitor. She writes engagingly in her column and as a true artist in her novels. Here's to her! . . .

Dodd, Mead relay us their latest news concerning detective stories in the publication of which they are successful. There's an omnibus volume of Gilbert K. Chesterton's Father Brown stories coming on January third which will consist of four books complete in one volume, uniform with their "Dr. Thorndyke Omnibus" of last year. And even the head of their manufacturing department has taken to writing detective fiction! On the same date, therefore, they publish Arthur Chase's "Danger in the Dark." Last year his "Party at the Penthouse" put some of the people in the publishing business in town on the spot. . . .

Speaking of omnibus—or how do you say it?—we did not mean to give you a wrong impression about the Longmans, Green collection of Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes and of Stanley J. Weyman. In each case you can get three full novels included in one volume for \$2.50! . . .

John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, will visit America again, next month, at the age of fifty-seven; leaving while the producing of plays in the little theatre he has built on his own place at Boar's Hill, Oxford. In another and smaller building in his garden he not only does his writing but indulges his hobby for making ship-models. He takes pride in the fact that the late Thomas Hardy decorated his mantelshelf at Max Gate with a ship model Masefield had carved and rigged for him. . . .

The Macmillan Company, Mr. Masefield's publishers, announce a new biography of the poet by Gilbert Thomas, which will be published in January. . . .

Recently we listed Robert Nathan as The Least Appreciated American Writer of Beautiful Prose. Anent this, Israel Soifer of Brooklyn writes us as follows:

It is always hazardous to guess, but isn't it possible that one reason for the poor sales of Robert Nathan's books is due to the vile format in which they appear? Just because his stories are shorter than the usual run of novels, his publishers insist on padding them out to make them look like longer books. Although I have been a Nathan fan since the publication of "Jonah," I bought only one of his books until recently. Only the fact that first edition copies of some of his best writing have been selling for 35c or less has caused me to add more of his volumes to my shelves. I was much interested to read in the *Publishers' Weekly* that Mr. Nathan's next book will be published by Alfred A. Knopf. I hope that this will result in improved format and increased sales.

We should have added to our list of favorites that Thomas Benton was our favorite mural artist. If you hurry up you can still see his murals "The Arts of Life in America" at the Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 West 8th Street, from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M. daily except Monday, Sunday from 2 to 6 P. M. . . .

The one person in America that Clemence Dane has expressed herself as wishing to meet is Clarence Mulford, the creator of Hopalong Cassidy. It seems that Western adventure stories are Miss Dane's hobby and that she has devoured every one of Mulford's books! . . .

A younger sister of Thornton Wilder, namely Isabel Wilder, is to have her first novel published in January by Coward-McCann. It is to be called "Mother and Four." The publishers tell us that the two

Wilders, Isabel and Thornton, are as different as the two Greens, Anne and Julian. . . .

Stuyvesant Van Veen of 39 West 67th Street (tel. Endicott 2-4753 or message may be left at Susquehanna 7-8803) has started a class in Painting and Drawing for Writers which is held in the studio at the rear of the art shop of Robert Rosenthal, Inc., at 41 East 8th Street, this city. The dues are five dollars a month, paid in advance, and cover the use of model, and personal private criticism as well as class criticism. Mr. Van Veen contends that a writer of any talent should have an I.Q. better than 110, and that any person with an I.Q. of 110 has the ability to represent graphically what he sees. . . .

It was a dark and drizzly evening with the snowflakes flying when we met up with *Miggles the Melodist*, as he stood coddling a ginger-ale, or something, in one of those places that are reached by crashing an iron gate under a brownstone front. Miggles was, as usual, feeling rather teary, and he had a new ballad that he wished to try out on us. We braced ourselves to listen, one foot on the brass rail; and this is what we were treated to:

AROUND THE OLD HARMONIUM

The Blue-Eyed Tot or The Exile's Return

In the gleaming gloam he was steaming home, nathless anew bereft.
With a good cigar in a parlor car he pondered the life he left.
O a sink of sin is the city's din! So hearken who hope all ye,—
For betide what will, lo, by each new thrill 'tis a soul may damned be!

If in cigarettes a woman forgets, where the shadows wreath and writhe,
Yet a wraith will rise to the purblind eyes of some furbelowed belle too blithe,
And a bucket of beer take on a sneer like the grin of a cad foredoomed,
And the wallpaper crawl with shapes that appal in the room where one has roomed.

Thus, plunged in thought, he was 'ware of naught but the city's iron gin
And the kind—emetic—that's called synthetic, and costs you many a skin.
Was he Fortune's dupe or so sunk in stupor his soul might never rise? . . .
Lo? Over the plush, where lolled this lush, rose a sprite with bright blue eyes.

'Twas a curly tot who had somehow got a watering-pot of tin
Which she now o'eturned on that face that burned with the brand of original sin;
Nor did it blench 'neath the healing drench, procured from the water-cooler
Out in the aisle,—but a heavenly smile it flashed on its fair be-fooler.

"Ah, the gentle rain from Heaven again!" outspake that recreant wight,
"O Angel Face from Some Better Place than our city of noisome night!
O Curly Eyes from the Upper Skies,—O beautiful Bright Blue Hair,
Beam down, beam down! Now let me drown!"

But the tot was no longer there.
By a mother's arm, in a fond alarm, was she swiftly snatched away,
With a wholesome yank and resounding spank, from her pretty, innocent play;
So again the wretch was left to stretch and regard a cigar that glowed
Like an old wet cork, on the dark New York, New Haven & Hartford Road.

Yet his ardor cooled for a life befooled, and a new light glared in his eye,
And he swelled his chest against his vest, and he swore, "Bad gals, good bye!
I shall now reform from my sins enorme,—yea, this New Year's—to be brief—
Though I lose each friend, I fully intend to turn over A New Leaf!"

Now I wish I could say that he lived to obey those dictates of conscience plain;
But he lurched in his gait, and sprawled 'neath a freight, as he left that Pullman Train.

'Twas at New Rochelle that he tripped and fell, which if sober he would have not.
But these words of despair winged the cindered air,
"God guard that blue-eyed Tot!"

THE PHOENICIAN.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD QUERCUS and the Business Manager, loitering by the wide open space opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral (cleared away for some new magnificence of Radio City) pleased themselves by watching the aviator who does sky-writing for Loft's Candy. And wasted an agreeable 20 minutes in thinking how pleasant if the Loft aviator suddenly went haywire and instead of the celestial script he was supposed to emit, wrote *Saturday Review of Literature*. Only men quite Out of Touch with Reality would spend their time in such fantasy. Yet life is full of surprises, for as these dreamers leaned broodily against the fence along came Lynn Carrick of Putnam's, also a man of lofty ambitions. He was woe because he had set out to climb Mt. Popocatepetl and had to desist at 16000 feet. Publishers often swoon at high altitudes, as Thames Williamson observed in his lively article in the *Bookman*—lively but not too fair. Old Quercus's favorite poets just now are Hegeman Harris and Barr, Irons and Lane, the building firms who are erecting the tall steel prosody of Radio City. . . .

Hegeman Harris, Barr Irons and Lane Don't waste their time building castles in Spain.

Building constructors have wonderful times—

They put up steel the way poets make rhymes.

And the next time you're in town you can have a new

Thrill when you see what they've done on Sixth Avenue.

Mae Farber, formerly of the Union Square Book Shop, has gone into business for herself, and modestly professes the hope to serve her friends in the matter of Autographs, Americana, Broad-sides, Rare Books. Her address is 160 East 56, New York. Felix Riesenbergs, before leaving for Hollywood to do a sea scenario for RKO, was able to rejoice over the first copies of Winston's new edition of 20,000 *Leagues Under the Sea*, extraordinary book-value for \$2. Riesenbergs wrote a preface for this new edition, which is splendidly illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer—a grand Christmas present for any man or boy. The liveliest illustrations for new fiction are Norman Lindsay's drawings for his own *The Cautious Amorist*. The wrapper of that book gets the Quercus Prize for Sales Appeal. Trade Winds' Art Supplement this week is a caricature of Alfred Van Ameyden Van Duym by Kaj Klitgaard. Mr. Van Duym, a much admired Hollander of unusual proportions, has charge of Window Display in the Doubleday, Doran book shops. Booksellers who cater to the Belletristic Trade will do well to remember that a subscription to *The Colophon* is an attractive Christmas present. And exceptionally so is the beautiful card (\$3.50 per dozen) issued by the Yale University Press, a reprint of a Christmas letter written in 1603 by an unknown Fra Giovanni to his guinevere, the Most Illustrious Contessina Allagia Aldobrandeschi of Florence. It is a lovely message. "Contessina," writes Don Giovanni, "forgive an old man's babble. But I am your friend, and my love for you goes deep. There is nothing I can give you which you have not got; but there is much, very much, that, while I cannot give it, you can take. . . . The gloom of the world is but a shadow. Behind it, yet within our reach, is joy."

No publisher describes his authors with more meticulous gayety than Jonathan Cape ("Capajon") of London. Here is his press note about Miss Barbara Starke, author of *Touch and Go*:—

She is the girl who hitch-hiked across America, with her husky and rather lovely voice, large brown eyes, very innocent, set wide apart in a freckled face; a crop of thick dark curls; a surprisingly gentle and mobile mouth and, giving the face character, high cheek bones and a strong jaw.

She works hard, writing and doing odd secretarial work, finds London difficult to live and work in "because there are so many nice people." She is very young and makes a dull restaurant gay with a scarlet suit that is only a subdued reflection of her enormous vitality.

A few Christmas explorers looking for an unobtrusive and masculine little book will be grateful to be shown Oh

Splendid Appetite! by Cameron Rogers (\$2, John Day)—not a book about eating, but a series of deeply felt sketches of the lives of certain recherché and crotchety writers—Neil Munro, Mangan, Mencken, Wilfred Meynell, Calverley, Praed, and Blunt; also the author's father, Cameron Rogers the elder, author of the poem *The Rosary*. This little book, to which William Rose Benét contributes a preface, is written with large gusto; it is *Muy caballero* in spirit; it has the appetite for life. Old Quercus, like everyone else, has been wrestling against an All-Time Low in his skill and spirits. A British bookseller (Arthur Rogers, Newcastle-on-Tyne) offers a signed copy of T. S. Eliot's *Animula* for 6 shillings with the wistful comment that the time will come when Mr. Eliot's signature in ANY book will be worth much more than 6 bob. *Animula* should be worth more than that right now in the U. S. as it is officially exclude by the censor.

Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach's private memoir of egregious old Ben Franklin—*The All-Embracing Doctor Franklin*—is in preparation and Franklin collectors are greatly gogged. When writing advertisements (his favorite pastime) Old Quercus often thinks of Mr. Shandy's observation—that "nothing but the gross and more carnal parts of a composition will go down; the subtle hints and sly communications fly off, like spirits upwards—and both the one and the other are as much lost to the world, as if they were still left in the bottom of the ink-horn." A young woman in a bookstore gave Quercus her number and asked him to phone her before the Yule; but she wrote it down in lipstick and it has smeared illegibly. Old Quercus deplores the use of lipstick as writing in-



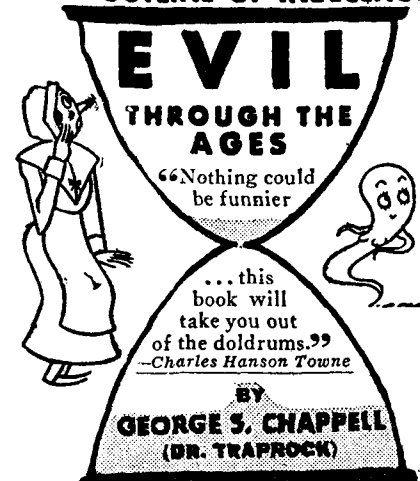
VAN (WHAT-A-MAN) DUYM
Drawn by Kaj Klitgaard

strument. We heartily approve Professor Phelps's suggestion (December *Delineator*) that international diplomacies and negotiations should be removed from Geneva to the Hofbrau Haus at Munich—in which genial humane atmosphere, says Prof. Phelps, all nationalities would lose their animosities. My most favorite book of all is the *John Robert Powers Publication* (issued annually) which contains superb photos and all dimensions and other pertinent data concerning all artist models (of every kind and age: old men, children, young rogerpeeps, matrons, maids and mallies)—Old Quercus, who would rather be a draughtsman than anything else, hopes to spend his caducity trying to draw like Sir William Orpen—in an Orpen Asylum. John Winterich's ballad about "Put on your old dust-jacket, E. Byrne Hackett" suggested that someone should try to rhyme Phil Duschnes, the energetic rare bookseller of 507 Fifth Avenue. Old Quercus could only think of *Salts of Kruschen's*, but it appears that isn't the way to pronounce Duschnes. Apologies! Mr. Duschnes has some real bargains that "were issued by oversanguine publishers in editions that were too large."

E. V. Knox ("Evove"), the new editor of *Punch*, recently said:

"It is difficult to say what changes, if any, will be made in *Punch* in the future. *Punch* is an institution as well as a paper, and there are thousands of readers who would regard any changes, no matter how slight, with a sense of personal injury."

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WANTED—One copy each of Jenkinson's "Vertebrate Embryology" and "Experimental Embryology." Oxford. Clarendon Press. Reply Box 98.

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SMALL TOWNER should like "GOOD COMPANIONS" to join her on rambles in New York at end of December. Nothing sinister. Hayseed.

BINDERS for your Saturday Review numbers. Gold stamped, black buckram, wire fasteners, handy way to file the copies as issued, or the back files. Postpaid \$1.50. Mendoza Book Co., 15 Ann St., N. Y. C.

AT YOUR SERVICE! Experienced, competent (with references proving it) young lady desires stenographic secretarial position. Box 100.

REFINED young widow who is a good saleswoman, also accurate at figures and typing, seeks some connection where these abilities could be utilized. Any salary will be interesting. Box 101.

IT'S TOUGH is it? Will you send me your circular letter if I write you a poem? Thirty-too.

DEAR PUBLISHERS: Is there any one of you who is interested in a vigorous first novel with live characters, that looks critically but not destructively on contemporary mores and implies hope for the future? Manuscript has not yet been offered to anyone. Capricorn, c/o Sat. Rev. Lit.

EDITOR SEDGWICK of *Atlantic Monthly* writes: "If any man in America knows Marlowe, that man is Doctor Leslie Hotson." HAW! HAW! Professor Hotson knows as much about "Marlowe" as Maister Doctor Rosenbach, of Pennsylvania, does about "Spenser." "Marlowe" and "Spenser" are pen-names of Edward De Vere; and I challenge the Doctors Rosenbach and Hotson to disprove my assertion. George Frisbee.

TEMPORARILY unattached young woman with a weak but open mind interested in similar male companionship. Philadelphia.

S.O.S.—San Francisco girl, vocal student, badly needs work. Experienced stenographer but will do anything decent. S.O.S., c/o *Saturday Review*.