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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

I DOUBT whether any 475 cents now in circulation will give more fascinated excitement to future-minded people—architects, decorators, engineers, display managers, housewives, or business men—than the \$4.75 needed for a copy of *Horizons*, by Norman Bel Geddes. In this book of visual experiment a designer of genius, trained in the arts of the theatre, turns his eyes forward to study the form and shape of the coming years. In trains, motor cars, airplanes, and airports, and in the humbler utensils of the home, he sets his imagination to work on the utilities of the next generation. What forms will they take, how can we throw off the weight of mere habit and make them more efficiently beautiful? This book, superbly illustrated, opens a new world of creative energy. It is a book of toys for grown-up people; it suggests the rules for playing the immortal game of Tomorrow. Next to a suit of warm underwear, this book is the most useful Christmas or New Year gift I can think of for anyone with ideas. It should be read early in the morning when the mind is eager; and early in a New Year. I like specially Mr. Bel Geddes's story of Mr. Bennett, president of the Toledo Scale Company. Mr. Bennett was struck by Bel Geddes's device of a penholder which served as stopper for the ink bottle. So he called him up and asked him to design a new factory.

Mr. Louis Greenfield, the energetic Promotion Department of the *Saturday Review*, is justifiably proud of a metal display-stand he has contrived for the use of booksellers. It is strongly made of metal, gayly colored in gold with scarlet

admired for his masterly translations of Molière and Ronsard and for his fine study on Japanese Poetry, informs us that he has "gone into business in a modest way as bookseller and publisher, and is now handling all his own books as well as a few others."

Professor Page's interesting little announcement adds that

He also specializes in old and rare books, first editions, autographs, book-plates, and association copies; and will soon issue the first of a series of catalogues, of an unusual kind, with personal comment on most of the items. These catalogues may perhaps themselves become "Collectors' items." A copy of the first issue will be sent free on request to anyone interested.

His address is Gilmanton, N. H. It is a privilege to pass on this news of the continued activity of a distinguished scholar and lover of fine things.

The *Official Railway Guide*, which has been going since 1868, is probably the largest monthly publication in the world. Mr. A. J. Burns, its manager, was greatly surprised when a customer ordered two copies, one to give away for Christmas. The recipient was probably an old travelling man who would enjoy retracing his journeys in memory.

Mr. John T. Winterich, in a preface to Philip C. Duschness's (507 Fifth Ave.) winter catalogue:

The collecting habit, or urge, or instinct, or impulse, or whatever else it may be, appertains, the psychologists tell us, to the acquisitive something-or-other. Presumably this something-or-other is something to be watched. You watch yours and I'll watch mine.

Booksellers are collectors. They collect the wares they hope to dispose of. They collect also from the consumers to whom they dispose of these wares. This all sounds illusory and transitory and diaphanous and impalpable and probably it is.

But in one sense the bookseller is the most permanent, most abiding, most durable and most steadfast of collectors. He collects his wares into lists, compiles the lists into catalogues, and always preserves at least one copy of every catalogue he compiles.

Booksellers' catalogues, no less than sonnets, are compounded of heart's blood.

Edna Valentine Trapnell (Port Jefferson, L. I.) reports a tombstone from Skaneateles:

Underneath this pile of stones
Lies all that's left of Sally Jones.
Her name was Lord, it was not Jones
But Jones was used to rhyme with stones.

SOCIAL NOTES

A representative of TRADE WINDS escorted Mr. T. A. Daly, the laureate of Philadelphia, to pay a call on Mr. Don Marquis. Mr. Marquis was found having breakfast at a restaurant on Lexington Avenue. When the waitress asked Mr. Daly what he would have, he explained that he was there only to watch Mr. Marquis. "Isn't there a charge for watching me eat?" asked Mr. Marquis. Mr. George Seiffert, senior salesman of Doubleday, Doran and Company, escorted Miss Clemence Dane to see the Book Department at Macy's during a busy pre-Christmas morning. It is a remarkable sight. Mr. Fred Melcher, the indefatigable editor of the *Publishers' Weekly*, was the first speaker on the new portable stage built by the Hampshire Bookshop (Northampton, Mass.) for its occasional shindies. Miss Dodd of the Hampshire Bookshop has had the idea of getting all visitors who speak on that stage to autograph it; it will be varnished and preserved as an heirloom. Jo Davidson, before returning to France, finished his bust of John Erskine. The first flutter ever caused by the *Saturday Review* in tabloid journalism was when the wide-awake *Daily Mirror* noticed that in the early copies of a recent issue John Drinkwater's poem "The Plea" was erroneously entitled "The Flea."

This week's art supplement is in honor of Miss Helen Jacobs, the tennis champion, who has delivered to her publisher (the Bobbs-Merrill Company) the manuscript of her book *Modern Tennis*. The portrait of Miss Jacobs was specially drawn for TRADE WINDS by our staff artist W. S. H.



Rapidly ageing Quercus found something delightfully refreshing in a publisher's blurb for a volume of poems (and very good poems) by a quite young woman: "She is choosing the public as her audience early, in order to grow up with it."

For amusement or delight, whether inspired by intellectual curiosity, snobbish modernism, or esthetic eclecticism, read "The Gloomy Egoist," a study of moods and themes of melancholy from the times of Gray to those of Keats, by Eleanor M. Sickels. Price, \$4.75. Published by Columbia University Press.

BARGAINS IN LITERATURE

Phenomenal bargains in new books—Buy where libraries buy. Casanova's Homecoming, Schnitzler (\$2.00), \$1.75. Preface to Morals, Lipman, \$1.00. Well of Loneliness (complete), \$1.00. Bridge of San Luis Rey, Wilder, Rockwell Kent illus., 2 autographs (\$25.00), \$8.50. Lady Chatterley's Lover, \$1.00. BLACKFRIARS PRESS, 327 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Postage 8c per volume. Enclose 10c for catalogs.

PERSONALS

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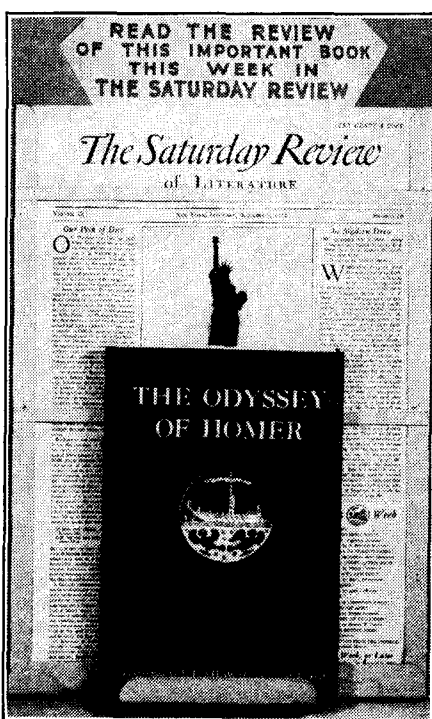
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VERSATILE, healthy college graduate, 21, adventuresome, but appreciative of the finer things, willing to travel anywhere as handyman-companion. Box 102, c/o *Saturday Review*.

RED FLANNELS. Sorry you were ill. Please be careful. New address Louis Koel, 64 Lincoln Road, Brooklyn. Merry Christmas and love. Sally.

THE AMERICAN Professor of English Literature is a combination of timidity and vanity. He loves to "Yes, Yes" his fellow log-roller who writes about Shakespeare. Even when he must know it is all guesswork. Or else he is plain stupid. Ask him to prove that "Shake-speare" was born in Stratford. Watch him evade. He cannot prove it. Ask him to disprove that Edward De Vere was "Shake-speare." Watch him evade. I have asked the greatest, and they squirm like worms on a hook, but refuse to answer. HAPPY NEW YEAR, you dear old profs. GEORGE FRISBEE.

THIRTY-TOO—I have a reply for you—but no address. Personal Department, *Saturday Review*.



lettering and makes an attractive feature either inside the store or in the show window. It holds in seemingly display an upright stack of copies of the *Review* and a copy of any book prominently reviewed in the week's issue.

Mr. Greenfield asked Old Quercus to mention to The Trade that he has had a limited number of these valuable stands constructed, and will supply them to booksellers at \$1.00 each, which is less than cost.

The most genial tribute ever paid to a contributor to this magazine comes from E. J. B. of Connecticut. She writes that some years ago, reading one of Don Marquis's ballads about mehitabel (the cat), she laughed so heartily that her daughter was born ahead of schedule.

H. R., a librarian in Detroit, was amused by the old story of Wordsworth borrowing books from Southey and cutting the pages with a buttery knife. But she goes it one better. A book came back to the Detroit Public Library with a strip of breakfast bacon laid between the leaves as a marker.

Curtis Hidden Page, known to many thousands of teachers and students for his famous volumes *British Poets of the 19th Century* and *The Chief American Poets*,

The PHENIX NEST

WE have compiled the following summary of recent efforts to produce brilliant and devastating periodical literature.

AMERICANA: Hardly *vox populi*, but sometimes *vox humana*.

AMERICAN SPECTATOR: Our cleverest seated on a hot radiator.

COMMON SENSE: As to typography merely a minor offense.

Are we harsh, or are we harsh? . . . Erstwhile we spoke of omnibi—and drew the following from Harriette Ashbrook:

There have been omnibi of sports, omnibi of mystery, omnibi of humor, but as far as I know there have been no omnibi of adventure. So on January 27 Coward-McCann, Inc., are publishing "The Book of Vagabonds" which will contain three full length books—more than 1000 pages—all for \$2.50. The titles are "Vagabonding at Fifty," by Helen Calista Wilson and Elsie R. Mitchell, "Pearls, Arms and Hashish," by Henri de Monfried and Ida Treat, and "From Job to Job Around the World," by Alfred C. B. Fletcher.

e. e. cummings has finally decided on a title for his 225,000 word novel which Covici, Friede will publish in March. It will be called "Eimi," which, of course, all you Greek scholars know means, "I am." . . .

We are sorry to have annoyed George H. Danton of Oberlin College in regard to a discussion of the derivation of the term "yen." He feels that George Frisbee of San Francisco confused it with the Mandarin "yin," and calls our attention to the connections of Oberlin College with China. We intended no reflection upon the scholarship of Dr. Danton nor on the eminent institution with which he is connected. And a Merry Christmas to all! . . .

Helen Worden's "The Real New York" (Bobbs-Merrill) is a new sort of guide to our fascinating city which every New Yorker should get in his Christmas Stocking. You can pore over it for hours, and in whatever vicinity you live, you will be sure to find charming haunts of all kinds that you never discovered before for yourself. We only take one exception to Miss Worden's discoveries in our own part of the city. The old Scheffel Hall that was O. Henry's "Rheinschlösschen," and once bore that other cognomen, *Allaire's*,—with the old entrance on Seventeenth Street,—is now, it is true entered at 190 Third Avenue, but the sign that greets the eye is *The German-American Athletic Club*. We know, because it is a favorite haunt of ours. The singing and piano-playing downstairs is grand, but so is the dexterous violinist who has in his repertory popular songs from as early as we can remember. . . .

Thorne Smith is reaping a harvest these days. He is not only in Hollywood, probably drawing down fabulous sums, but his books are all going strong. "The Night Life of the Gods" has totalled to date 13,000 copies, "Turnabout," 20,500, and the latest, "The Bishop's Jaegers," has gone into a seventh edition with a total of 18,500. Apparently people have turned to lighter literature in this era of depression. . . .

Ernest Hemingway seemed—we say "seemed," for we know only what we read in the newspapers,—to be under the erroneous impression that they had tacked a happy ending on the screen version of "A Farewell to Arms." Apparently this is not so. But a recent film publicity release stirred him to commendable protest against what he stigmatized as "the romantic and false military and personal career" imputed to him. He has stated to his publishers that he "was in Italy during a small part of the late war only because a man was notoriously less liable to be killed there than in France." He "drove, or attempted to drive, an ambulance and engaged in minor camp following activities and was never involved in heroic actions of any sort." He also adds that "any sane person knows that writers do not knock out middle weight champions; unless the writer's name happens to be Gene Tunney." . . .

Lee Wilson Dodd will from now on edit the "Yale Series of Younger Poets." . . .

The *Saturday Review* is saddened by the death of Clarence Andrews, author and professor of English at Ohio State.

Probably the most widely read of his books was "Innocents of Paris." He had taught at Yale, after his graduation in 1906, and at Amherst. . . .

Blue Ribbon Books, Inc., at 448 Fourth Avenue, have certainly produced the most ingenious books for young children that we have seen for years. These are the Pop-Up Books, selling for two dollars, which is certainly a big money's worth. For in every Pop-Up Book the children get not only a well-illustrated story to read but colored pictures that stand up and move. The "Pop-Up" illustrations have been done with extraordinary cleverness by Harold Lentz. Collodi's "Pinocchio," the story of the wooden puppet who finally became a real boy, and a volume containing "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Little Red Riding Hood," and "Sleeping Beauty," are the two Pop-Up titles. Picture covers in color and colored end-papers, one a map of Giant Land, complete the attractions of these books which combine the virtues of reading-matter and toys. Mr. Eugene Reynal, in charge of Blue Ribbon Books, and the whole organization is to be congratulated upon this children's feature. We can imagine no kind of book which at the age of seven would have given us greater delight. . . .

A slighter kind of children's book not without its ingenuity—and one that might also furnish an evening game for grown-ups—is "One Thousand Animals," by Toni Meyer, published at seventy-five cents by Robert O. Ballou at 347 Fifth Avenue. We won't tell you the trick of it, but the number of animals you can create in going through the book, and, of course, name for yourself, as they betray a medley of familiar characteristics, is legion. It is easy enough to waste a good half hour making the permutations and combinations. . . .

We have been privileged to look over Volume No. 41 of "Poésies de Stephane Mallarme with thirty original etchings by Henri-Matisse in an edition limited to 125 copies, each volume in-quarto raisin, printed with new Garamond Deberny type on the presses of Leon Pichon in Paris. The Marie Harriman Gallery at 61-63 East 57th Street is showing this edition and exhibiting the Matisse etchings. The book is published by Albert Skira, Lausanne, Switzerland. It is hardly necessary to say that the volume is exquisite. Five copies of the edition are priced at twelve hundred dollars apiece—so we do not expect many of our readers to buy one!—twenty-five copies are priced at seven hundred dollars apiece, and ninety-five copies sell for four hundred dollars apiece. The distinguished publications of Albert Skira are well-known to connoisseurs. . . .

Curtis Hidden Page, late President of the Poetry Society of America, has gone into business in a modest way as bookseller and publisher, and is now handling all his own books, issued by several other publishers, autographs, bookplates, and his specialty is association copies. The address is Gilmanton, New Hampshire. Write for his catalogue. Mr. Page will be remembered as translator of *Ronsard* and *Molière*, and his book on Japanese poetry now sells at a premium. . . .

Archibald Henderson, author of "Bernard Shaw: Playboy and Prophet" has been awarded the Mayflower Society Cup for the best work published by a North Carolinian during the year. . . .

Masefield, we hear, is coming to America in January; Yeats is here now, *Drinkwater* has just left. Francis Yeats-Brown has been demonstrating Yoga to his friends after a trans-continental tour, and Feuchtwanger is now lecturing in the West. . . .

A new publishing house known as The Furrow Press has been formed by Israel Soifer and Margaret K. Soifer. For the present the publications of the firm will be limited to plays in pamphlet form suitable for production by young people or by marionettes. The address of the Furrow Press is 115 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . .

We acknowledge the annual Christmas card of our favorite Gabriel Wells, the eminent rare bookman. "Life's entire strategy," he says, "may be summed up in a little word—Now." As we ourselves are the greatest procrastinator in the world, we believe him!

THE PHENICIAN.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to Mrs. Becker c/o The *Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

RIGHT OF WAY, please, for gifts. E. G., New York, wants advice on the choice of a "handsome present" for one who likes travel books particularly. My advice is "Hill Towns and Cities of Northern Italy," by Dorothy Noyes, with fifty-six reproductions of etchings, aquatints, and drawings by John Taylor Arms (Macmillan). It is a large quarto; every one of its pictures is as we used to say, "good enough to frame," and its descriptive text has the nostalgic charm lovers of Italy require in books about it. It should also be in all public library collections, whether of travel or fine printing.

F. P., Boston, Mass., wants suggestions on compact books of the omnibus order, for a convalescent. "The Plays and Poems of W. S. Gilbert" (Random House) is a gold mine in 1280 pages, little, fat and endlessly funny. It has the full text of the fourteen operas, with three additional plays and the "Bab Ballads," and a book-length life study by Deems Taylor nothing less than a masterpiece in its way. Also it has all the original Gilbert drawings, pert and brisk. A little red book brought for the holidays may be happily given to a convalescent: "Stardust and Holly," a collection of poems and songs of Christmas, old and new, gathered by Dorothy Middlebrook Shipman (Macmillan). I distrust anyone who could come to the end of it without having had more than once a salutary lump in his throat, the kind that comes from tenderness.

S. C. P., New York, wants a book for a very old lady—it must be read aloud or else in very large type. Nine times out of ten what the very old want to hear read aloud is something about life as it was when they were very young. Cornelius Weygandt's "A Passing America" (Holt) is all that, and in large type besides. I know nothing just like it save parts of his earlier "The Red Hills (University of Pennsylvania); it rounds up things that have slipped away so quietly most Americans over fifty will be shocked to realize that they have indeed slipped away for good. Who sees now the *daphne odora*, once our Christmas plant, or the conservatories that were part of the social equipment of our "carriage people"? It is fascinating to follow him on his successful search for a blossoming daphne; it makes me the more determined some day to search out (1) a madeira vine and (2) a wax-plant; concerning the latter he speaks also. They are almost all gone, the old familiar faces of the gray hen, the Venetian blind, buckwheat, covered bridges, chestnut trees, wagon-sheds, high boots, and supper (in the true sense). It is a lovely book; a lady from Virginia sent me a copy because she had read my anthologies of "an American that has ceased to be" and thought I'd like it, and indeed I do.

S. T. C., St. Louis, Mo., wants a book on the geology of the British Isles, this subject being her special hobby. On a recent visit she could find only second-hand out-of-print books, still serviceable, the rocks being still older, but there is something recent to add? I found it in a place one would not guess from the title: "The Villages of England" (Scribner), a lovely book by A. K. Wickham. It discusses—with an exquisite photograph for each—129 villages from every section of the country. As these are characterized by the local building material, the geological formations of the five regions considered are of great importance. These are described with care, and a large geological map is appended.

H. G., Brooklyn, N. Y., wants a book for a boy taking up postage stamps in a serious way. If you give him "Stamp Collecting," by the famous expert Stanley Phillips (Dodd, Mead), he can use it as long as he goes on being a collector. And this, take it from E. Alexander Powell, may be a good thing for him in other ways. For this indefatigable globe-trotter, according to his recent autobiography "Yonder Lies Adventure" (Macmillan), took early to reading books on geography, history, and European politics because he "was not satisfied with merely filling the empty spaces—I wanted to know why, along in the sixties, Parma and Modena and Tuscany and the Romagna suddenly ceased to issue stamps—" and so on. Also you can give the boy "Geography and Stamps," by Kent B. Stiles (Whittlesey House),

and he will find out the sort of thing for which young Powell was in search. Or there is a little manual stimulating to beginners especially and good for anyone, Thorp's "How to Build a Stamp Collection" (Day). If you are interested in getting better stamps for the money, there is W. A. Dwiggin's piquant discussion of the subject in "Towards a Reform of the Paper Currency" (Limited Editions Club), whose title hastens to add, "particularly in point of its design." This is not a collector's manual; it is more likely to become a collector's item.

H. J. H., Oakland, Cal., has searched all available books for the rules of the form of solitaire known as Senior Wrangler, and comes to this column as a last resource. It is said to have originated at Oxford and to be mathematical and complicated. I have gone through "Games of Solitaire" and "Two Pack Games of Solitaire," both by George A. Bonaventure (Duffield), and here set down their titles as gift suggestions for anyone given to this pursuit of happiness—but the one that seems unrepresented is Senior Wrangler. Mr. Bonaventure describes Royal Widows and Exiled Kings and ninety-eight others for one pack, and seventy-five from Blind Patience to the Zodiac for two. Will someone given to patience please send directions for the required exercise?

M. C. R., New York, needs an etiquette book for a young man of twenty, oversensitive about the right way of answering invitations, correct social form, and so on. There is, of course, the famous manual of Emily Post, "Etiquette" (Funk & Wagnalls), and there is also a work called "Manners: American Etiquette," by Helen Hathaway (Dutton), excellent for putting the student at his ease. It places the principles underlying the social amenities before the beginner in practical applications, and the style is ingratiating and convincing.

R. C. P., Rhode Island, asks for a particularly pleasant gardening book for an enthusiast. My Philadelphia garden authority says, without hesitation, Beverley Nichols's "Down the Garden Path" (Doubleday, Doran). What's more, she told me it was good as a rest cure, whether you were a gardener or not—and funny! And for those who asked me some time ago for books about sweet-smelling flowers, there is a beautiful new one, "The Fragrant Path," by Louise Beebe Wilder (Macmillan), which includes a list of sweet-scented plants all ready for the gardener.

J. L. (no address) asks if a dictionary of crook terms and phrases has been published fairly recently. Yes, it was the subject of an editorial in the *Times* when it appeared in England last April: "American Tramp and Underworld Slang," by Godfrey Irwin, "himself a hobo of twenty years' standing." It was published by E. Partridge, 900 copies at ten-and-six; "words and phrases used by hoboes, tramps, migratory workers, etc., with tramp songs." The editorial said "From the gayest and drollest of flashes to the most dreadful and sinister of glooms, the wit of a shrewd and inventive people animates its language with a nervous energy like its own."

T. R. H., Connecticut, wants a comprehensive volume of Mother Goose, strong enough to stand wear. The best collection I have seen so far is "The Land of Nursery Rhyme" (Dutton); it is lately published and the most complete, the pictures for the 400 rhymes are excellent, and the print large and clear; there is a man of Nursery Rhyme Land; the editors are Ernest Rhys and Alice Daglish. It will meet all the literary demands of a robust baby.

"As a master of the art of high thinking and plain living," says Professor A. Wolf, writing in the *London Observer*, "Spinoza has but few rivals in the whole history of mankind. His philosophy is at once so comprehensive and profound that even those who do not agree with it still regard it as one of the very greatest intellectual achievements of the human race. If the main business of a philosopher is, as Plato thought, to gain a synoptic view of the world, to see it whole, then no philosopher as fulfilled his task so well as Spinoza. Add his lofty character to his deep thought, and it will be seen why no philosopher since the days of Plato has won such admiration."