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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD QUERCUS is proud of his Scoop this week. Some time ago he saw in the New York Times an excellent story about the new seminar of advanced mathematics at Princeton, with which Professor Einstein is to be associated. It was said that over the fireplace of Fine Hall at Princeton has been carved a saying of Einstein's, translated as: "God is clever but not dishonest." This was good, but not good enough for inquisitive old Quercus, who desired the exact text. By the kindness of Alec Miller, the distinguished sculptor, who has been visiting Princeton, we now learn the original inscription. It is:—
RAFFINIERT IST DER HERR GOTT
ABER BOSHAFT IST ER NICHT
Which can more closely be translated, "Subtle is the Lord God, but not malicious."

Apropos W. H. Stoneman's *The Life and Death of Ivar Kreuger* (Bobbs-Merrill) good old Bob Davis of *The Sun* happened to show me a photo of Kreuger which he took in Stockholm a few years ago. But Bob did not include it in the big volume of his published photographs, *Man Makes His Own Mask*. "I was horrified when the picture was developed," said Bob. "I said to myself, gosh, I can't use that. It makes him look like a crook."

W. S. H., our favorite Autolycus, finds the following advertisement of an ingenious merchant in Parkersburg, W. Va.:

LUGGAGE LABELS OF FOREIGN HOTELS

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W. S. H.'s comment is Why travel?

A disappointment. We've been waiting hopefully to see a copy of Thorne Smith's new farce, *The Bishop's Jaegers*, put in the window of the Jaeger shop on Fifth Avenue. Now we observe, with regret, that the Fifth Avenue Jaeger is going to quit. Are the good old woollies to be remembered only as something Thorne Smith writes about?

Famous Animal Stories, a generous 700-page anthology of animal adventure, fiction, and myth, is edited by our old friend Ernest Thompson Seton and ought to be good reading (Brentano's, \$3.50). But one of the oddest choices is surely the inclusion, in the section "Stories of Real Animals," of *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*!

Souvenirs of the world's latest luxuries for each guest, is the enticing offer of Edgar White Burrill's Literary Luncheons, held at the Town Hall Club the second Saturday of each month. Each luncheon is sponsored by one or more publishers, "Presenting Celebrities of the Hour in person." Celebrity moves so fast nowadays, the poor publisher finds, he can only count on the Hour.

My favorite patron of letters was always the sweet earnest old lady who became a Life Member of the Literary Vespers, and got "4 front row seats for all events perpetually."

There's a pleasant superstition in the show business that 45th Street is "The Street of Hits." There still seems to be some truth in it. Among the plays now doing excellent business on 45th Street at least six deserve mention—Lillian Gish in

TYPOGRAPHY

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SCHEDULE OF RATES

The ADVERTISING RATES FOR THIS classified page are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy minimum twelve words, 7 cents a word for one insertion; for any less number of insertions 10 cents a word for one insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G.H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

Camille, the Abbey Theatre players from Dublin, *When Ladies Meet*, *Dinner at Eight*, and those two long-runners *Counselor-at-Law* and *Another Language*.

And 45th Street is *Saturday Review* Street also; and the street of Fred Melcher's *Publishers' Weekly*; and the always entertaining *New Yorker*; and of Putnam's Bookstore. The Mermaids have been asking Old Quercus to remind you of these matters. Whatever happens in the election, 3½ legal tender mermaids will keep you in touch with 45th Street for a whole year.

The British government's campaign for its state-owned telephone service has its agitating phases. Letters recently arrived from England all carry this alarming cancel printed across the stamp: YOU ARE WANTED ON THE PHONE.

Speaking of Mermaids, they sometimes confess their innocent adventures. Mermaid M reports:

Mermaid G and I went to Sardi's for lunch because G heard that a great many theatrical celebrities ate there. The most we have ever spent for lunch (even in 1929) was 65c. Imagine our chagrin, then, when we discovered on picking up the menu that the price of a luncheon was \$1.00. The waiter suggested that we sit upstairs, where the charge was only 85c. When we got up there we searched right and left for exciting looking people—all we saw was a table at which about 30 men were seated, conversing in very low, mysterious tones. Our waiter informed us that they were an undertakers' association and that they met there once a week.

P.S.—One day in Acker, Merrill & Condit's in the French Building we spied June Collier, the Hollywood star. G, who is up on motion picture news, said that the man at her table was her brother and that the lady was her mother.

Mr. Dick Montgomery of the well-known J. K. Gill Company, booksellers in Portland, Oregon, gently reproves us for suggesting that the Gotham Book Mart on 47th Street is the only bookshop with private access into a lunch-room.

"The As You Like It," he writes, "is a high-grade restaurant located in our building and opening through a door directly into our book department. Many persons come in to look at our books after they have lunched at the As You Like It, and vice versa."

The Better Food Institute is disturbed to learn that a prominent Sales Manager in the publishing business is nicknamed "Bicarb." They have sent us a Vitamin Chart from which we learn that bicarbonate of soda tends to destroy Vitamin B, and Vitamin B is specially valuable to Sales Managers: it "tones the glands, prevents nervous debility."

Other vitamins required by executives in the Book Trade are Vitamin A, decreases susceptibility to common colds; Vitamin C, prevents soreness of limbs and joints; Vitamin D, averts irritability and rickets; Vitamin E, the anti-sterility vitamin; Vitamin G, counteracts mental depression.

The conclusion suggested by this Vegetable Chart is that this winter publishers will do well to specialize on New Carrots, Green Peas, Spinach, Oranges, Tomatoes, Raw Cabbage, Lettuce, and Yeast.

George K., the *Saturday Review's* sterling office-boy, has a shrewd eye for a detective story. When we found him beguiling his well-earned lunch interval with the latest Dr. Thorndyke mystery, we were pleased, and begged him to write an exclusive notice for TRADE WINDS.

George reports:
I have just read R. Austin Freeman's new detective story, *Dr. Thorndyke's Discovery*. I followed Dr. Thorndyke as enthusiastically as his assistants, Jervis and Mr. Polton, the ingenious inventor, in his investigation into a certain criminal's activities. There are three separate bits of villainy perpetrated by this criminal. His identity is not disclosed until the second part has been read and then you should recognize him even though he works under an assumed name. The first part relates the interesting business of a receiver of stolen goods. His was a tragic ending. Part two reveals the murder of a police detective and the efforts of both Dr.

Thorndyke and the police in trying to unravel this crime. Part three is an account of the mysterious silence of an antique dealer. After you read all three parts you will find them related in many ways. The solution and capture of the culprit is exciting and packed full of action. The story is good from the first page to the last.

October was generally a disappointing month in the trade, but the pioneering Sarah Ball, operating her chain of Book Stations (headquarters at Kent, Conn.), gallantly reports that it was better than September. Of her brave little series of Literary Filling Stations she says Litchfield, Conn. (at the Golden Eagle Antique Shop), ranks top. Kent is second and Torrington third. At Washington, Conn., a copy of *Pickwick* was sold ten minutes after it had arrived from the Oxford Press.

You will not have forgotten, by the way, Old Quercus's annual suggestion that the best place to prepare for Christmas is in the Book Room of the Oxford Press, 114 Fifth Avenue.

Cyril Clemens, the energetic founder of the Mark Twain Society of Webster Groves, Missouri, announces that he will shortly publish his *Life of Josh Billings*, with an introduction by Rupert Hughes. We know Josh only in scraps, but always enjoyed especially his remark, "Too much of anything is bad, but too much whiskey is just enough."

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientele; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address: Personal Dept. *Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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WANTED: A roommate. I have a sunshiny apartment in classic Cambridge, comfortably furnished, electric refrigerated. I am fond of music; swear by the *Saturday Review*; like to cook. Miriam, *Saturday Review*.

WANTED budding or bungling author to do occasional typing in exchange for practical literary help from publishers' reader, editor. Nom-de-plume, *Saturday Review*.

HELP! Young college graduate must earn her living—varied experiences; excellent references. Address C. R. K., *Saturday Review*.

THINKING AMERICANS! You are invited to join the Frisbee Follies of 1932. Please write to your pet English Literature Professor and insist that she prove that "Shakespeare" and "Spencer" were not pen-names of Edward De Vere. If any answers plausibly, please send her letter to me for critical analysis. George Frisbee.

YOUNG WOMAN—expert chauffeur 8 years experience, would like to drive for older woman. Cautious, *Saturday Review*.

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I NEVER believe what they tell me. Viz., that I can't find a job. But I must. Anthropologist, private secretary, stenography, studied at Cambridge (England), accomplished in French, active mind, don't believe in negatives, once made 5 phone calls on one nickel. SYLVIA, c/o *Saturday Review*.

CHARLOTTE*—Why the asterisk? And what do you mean by UNCO? Are you on the level? What about Thanksgiving Eve? All agog. GRAND CENTRAL.

SUBJECT of Punishment, boys' schools, correctional institutions, etc., as treated in fiction and in biography. Bibliography wanted. Box 91.

The PHOENIX NEST

THIS week we suddenly confront you with a personal experience which for some time we have felt it necessary to report. We have called this little effort

THE GENETICS OF JOHN GUSTABLE

Unfortunately Gustable and ourself work in the same office building, and in midsummer, on some torrid day when we are feeling particularly limp and dissipated, comes that meaty smack on the shoulder, detonates that voice of loud buoyancy, and all around us, it seems, looms John Gustable. We cannot choose but hear how many times he's run around the Reservoir at six that morning, how many cold baths he slashes in *per diem*, what a swell summer resort is little old New York, and all about saline cocktails and setting-up exercises.

It is little wonder, we say to ourself, that in August we approach our particular office building with steps of stealth, and peer around the entrance into the lobby with beaded brow, making sure that Gustable isn't tramping up and down in front of the elevators, eager to be whisked aloft, tear into the work on his desk, and frisk like an elephant through another high-pressure business day.

This summer we left Yarmouth (after a week on the Cape) as a thief in the quite dark night, around ten-thirty, being the only person on the platform; got about two hours torrid, tossing sleep on a cinder train, and tumbled out again into Grand Central around seven-thirty A. M. The city was no cooler than we had left it. We were in a slumberous, itching, and fatigued condition. We thought we'd go to the office early and let ourself in with our key, after picking up breakfast somewhere.

So, lugging our heavy kit-bag, we finally made our way into a familiar sandwich shop on our street and called for coffee and bacon and eggs. By the time we were in the midst of this repast we began to feel slightly better, almost ready to face a business day. Then, looking up, we beheld Gustable. He had just seated himself across the counter; but his cheery hail rang forth immediately and he came round and took the stool beside us.

"Well, this is a morning!" he began. "This summer in New York has been a miracle. I've kept as cool as a cucumber. Better than any mountains or ocean you could pick out! But you've been away, eh? Got quite a load of freckles; and you seem to be peeling."

It filled us with spleen that here we should be returning to the big town simply all tired out and disorganized by a vacation, while Gustable, working through the summer with no chance to get away, displayed the rampant good health of a prize ox. And as we felt ourself looking lugubrious, we got even madder inside.

But "boy, it's a great day we're alive in," boomed our companion. "I can't understand all this grouching. Certain adverse conditions of course; but that only fills me full of fight. Up and at 'em, that's what I say! Business is a battle. I've had more fun this summer! And I've kept fit too, fit as a fiddle!"

We choked over our eggs, and spluttered with our mouth full, "Gee, 'at's dandy!"

"Strong as a horse," boomed Gustable, with a gesture that meant he would like to flex his biceps, and which nearly knocked us off our perch. Then he began to order himself a real man's breakfast—a dozen roast mastodon or something.

At that moment something drew our attention to the morning paper we held on our knee. The International Congress of Genetics was having itself quite a time in Ithaca, N. Y. A lot of scientists were saying a lot of things. We began to read—but of course we were interrupted. "Ha! This builds the calories!" cried Gustable, tearing apart a couple of bear-steaks or whatever they were.

"It's only your endocrine glands responding to environmental conditions, after all," we murmured. Then something else in the newsprint struck us. "By the way, ever had goiter?" we asked.

"Wha'—?" he queried, stuffing. "Course nah."

"That's all hokey it seems about goiter being due to insufficiency of iodine," we offered cheerfully. It's thyroid or some-

thing. You know, you look a good deal like incipient goiter," we added lifting our eyes to regard his full-moon face. "I'd be careful, old man!"

"Nonsense," said Gustable, swigging down two glasses of orange-juice. "I'm as sound—!"

"You're full of hyperkinesis," we said gravely.

"What the hell's that?"

"Its symptoms," we said, "are joviality, briskness, impulsive action, flow of speech—."

"Well, what's the matter with it?"

We shook our head several times and simply said, "H-m-m!" significantly.

"Trying to kid me?" demanded Gustable, but we thought he already looked a little worried.

"My dear fellow," we replied, "I wouldn't dream of it—but honestly, I'd look out for my physiological and psychological variations, if I were you!" We returned to our paper.

Then we looked up again, "How about myopia," we said, "Troubled with that?"

"Certainly not—wonderful eyesight—far-sighted—!"

"Um-m-m," we mused. Then we shook our head again. "Perhaps," we advanced, "a certain tendency toward albinism? There are a hundred genetical types of albinism in corn."

"Never drink corn," said Gustable. "Never drink anything, except orange juice."

"Oh, orange juice!" we said.

"You take the drosophile or quick-breeding fly," we said, "Experiments have shown all sorts of things. Then there's that mouse colony they've developed at Spring Harbor. You see, Gustable, it's all genes."

"It's all what?" he goggled.

"It's all genes," we said, "units of heredity—and you can't very well control them. You want to watch out for your hormones and chromosomes, too. They give you that false feeling of security. Besides, you're probably laboring under a considerable environmental handicap, and don't know it. You take, for instance, wildness in rats. They have these lighted platforms and dim platforms. If you drop the rat. . ."

"Rats!" exploded Gustable, but we could see we had his attention now and that he wasn't eating any more breakfast. "Rats?" he said again, but more in the nature of a plaintive query.

"Rats," we said, positively, "scientific experiment, you know. Gene activity. What do you know about your intracellular genic substances? Are they isolated and purified?"

He was looking at us with a rather blank expression. Then, we can only employ a term that has come into recent fairly polite usage—he "burped." "Don't feel so good," he murmured, puzzled, and drew forth a square yard of white linen with which to mop his brow. "Where d'you get all this stuff, anyway?" he asked rather bellicosely. We had been reading our newspaper under the counter.

"Don't get it—all," we said modestly. "I don't know much about cellular physiology. Only know there are dangers. You take deaf-mutes—!"

"Hey," said Gustable to the girl, "my check, and make it snappy!"

"The case of Japanese dancing mice is peculiar—" we began again.

"Well, old man," said Gustable, securing a bit of cardboard, and sliding from his stool without any particular bounce, "I'm off to my work. Great day! I feel—I feel—well, as a matter of fact I don't feel so good at the moment. Though really, you ought to leave off filling your mind with all that pseudo-scientific junk. There isn't a word of truth in it—not a—"

He burped again, rather pathetically, we thought. His eyebrows were drawn together and his eyes rather popped. He was like a man tortured in the throes of dawning intelligence. He trod off heavily toward the cashier's desk, and we noted as he stood there, passing coin across the counter, that his shoulders sagged. He shot a perturbed and suspicious look back at us before he heaved himself through the door. At that moment we were rather sorry for him. But, after all, we couldn't help it. And we ourself were feeling perfectly fine!

THE PHOENICIAN.

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