

## The New Books

### Art

**WILLIAM BARTRAM.** Interpreter of the American Landscape. By N. BRYLLION FAGIN. Johns Hopkins University Press. 1933. \$2.25.

William Bartram, whose "Travels" were widely read and translated in Europe, has been on the whole a prophet without honor in his native America. He was the best American ornithologist before Wilson, an enthusiastic botanist, an accurate and discerning informant concerning the American colonists in the South and particularly regarding the Indians. Coleridge and Chateaubriand read him up and down; Carlyle praised him to Emerson. Except Poe and possibly Emerson, no American author has been so influential upon European literature. Yet in America he has been relatively unread. The trouble seems to be his bad, if inevitable, habit of interlarding singularly concrete and energetic description with ejaculatory expressions of a gentle Quaker deism. It is not a false note, but it stylistically is an incongruous one, and the present reviewer, despite Professor Fagin's persuasiveness, cannot give up the thought, early put forth by Bartram's German translator, that a much condensed edition of the "Travels" is still desirable. However, what engrossed Coleridge cannot be ignored by the modern student of literature. Barring a style at times heavy and unattractive, the author has made much of his theme, particularly in tracing literary influences. Whoever is interested in our Colonial conditions, in eighteenth century primitivism, or in the cult of the noble savage, will profit by this book.

### Fiction

**MONTANA RIDES!** By EVAN EVANS. Harpers. 1933. \$2.

This is a cut above the usual wild West run-around yarn. Sufficiently exuberant in plot, with kidnappings, plenty of slaughter, hairbreadth escapes, a two-gun desperado hero, adequately sentimentalized, it is rather more plausible than most such rios, and it is written in fairly good style. It is staged in Mexico and along Texas borderland; a well done background. It will hold the average reader's attention as a "thriller." Evan Evans is a pen name.

**ONE WAY TO STOP A PANIC.** By IRVIN COBB. McBride. 1933. \$2.

This book contains six short stories; fairly good run of the mill, though hardly Cobb at his best. The title story (the others have no connection with it) carries the moral, as Mr. Cobb explains, that "when people start laughing at a threatened catastrophe, the worst is over before it ever began to happen." A novel feature of the volume is that each story is equipped with a brief preface by the author. They are bright spots. Much the best item in the collection is "Man Friday Rises to Remark,"—a "spirit communication" giving Man Friday's version of some of Robinson Crusoe's doings.

**BLACK MOON.** By CLEMENTS RIPLEY. Harcourt, Brace. 1933. \$2.

Stephen Lane met Amalia at somebody's debutante dance in New York. "She's a blonde Spaniard," Ellen Weymouth explained as she dragged him over to meet the girl. "Perfectly damn gorgeous. And she lives down on an island somewhere. You know, coconuts and pirates and mangoes—or is it mangroves?—and things." No sooner had Lane more or less fallen in love with the perfectly damn gorgeous mystery than Amalia disappeared, and a year or so later a strange letter came up from the Caribbean from Amalia's uncle, inviting Lane to come down and visit them. At its end was a queer, scrawled postscript: "If you love her, I beseech you, for God's Almighty sake, come!"

The island seems to have been south of Haiti, somewhere, and a rich repository of all the tropical furnishings dear to Hollywood and the more lurid writers of tropical fiction—including voodoo. Suppose the lovely Amalia, so soft and alluring, yet so strangely cool and remote, should turn out to be a voodoo priestess in her more secretive moments; suppose Lane, piloted into the jungle one night by a faithful black servitor, should discover her there, dancing naked in the moonlight! Well, many strange things happen in "Black Moon," and there are drums and blood and quick death ere our hero finds himself northward bound again, this time

with another, no less beautiful, lady held tight in his arms. Mr. Ripley's novel may be described as hammock or verandah fiction—swiftly told, entirely synthetic in its materials, and not to be taken too seriously.

**THE MARRIAGE RACKET.** By VIÑA DELMAR. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1933. \$2.

Again Viña Delmar translates into familiar terms one of the more exotic specimens of the American female. At the time of her marriage to Wallace Graham, a widowed business man in up-state New York, there was nothing in Irma Corbin's character to indicate that she would develop into as fussy a mother as ever sterilized a bottle, for at nineteen she was a hard-boiled, self-sufficient trouser, dancing on a two-a-day vaudeville circuit, fighting her battles and repelling amorous admirers with serene detachment. But with the birth of her son she discovers the only intense emotion of her life, and husband, family and friends are relegated to the marginal strip of her consciousness. Her subsequent moves, a break with her husband, her career, first as night-club dancer, then as mistress of a wealthy New Yorker, are dictated solely by the demands of her maternal obsession until she is finally forced to compromise with common sense.

Miss Delmar's characters are, as always, vividly recognizable, their dialogue is suitably monosyllabic, pungently phrased, and the same shrewd perceptiveness which characterized her earlier work is here, but the emotional quality of the novel runs thin and shallow, due mainly to the sterile nature of its protagonist.

**THE MIDSHIPMAID.** By IAN HAY. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. \$2.

This would have been an amusing short story. As a novel, it suffers from dilution. Nobody but Wodehouse can write properly about young men named Freddie, and not even Wodehouse could do much with such properties as twins, girls dressed as boys, and amateur theatricals. These events take place on board H.M.S. *Crusader*, anchored off Malta. "The Midshipmaid" has its moments, but it is not another "Pinafore."

### Philosophy

**HOW WE THINK.** By JOHN DEWEY. Heath. 1933.

Since Professor Dewey's manual appeared in 1910, it has served widely and usefully to orient those who in one way or another had to teach the young idea how to shoot correctly. In its present restatement this educational aim remains dominant in space and purpose, from giving the lay of the land—the problems—to instructions for triangulation—training in the handling of the tools, and techniques of the process. The renovation is well carried through and reflects the clarity characteristic of our Nestorian sage. Its appeal to the mind on instruction bent as to how to instruct, remains as timely as ever. The book itself contributed to the reforming movement, which with all its persisting faults has made the atmosphere of schooling more wholesome, more fresh-airy than when the Dewey campaign began.

### Latest Books Received

#### ART

*The Craftsman's Handbook of Cennino d'Andrea Cennini.* Trans. D. V. Thompson, Jr. Yale Univ. Pr. \$2.

#### BIOGRAPHY

*The Far Horizon.* H. W. Lanier. Knopf. \$2.75 net.

#### DRAMA

*An Introduction to Tudor Drama.* F. S. Boas. Oxford. \$1.50.

#### ECONOMICS

*Tripoly or Class War?* R. Segal. Duffield. \$2.

#### FICTION

*Sometime.* R. Herrick. Farrar. \$2.50. *Count Your Blessings.* R. Davies. Covici-Friede. \$2.50. *Daphne Winslow.* E. F. Thomas. Farrar. \$2 net. *Seven by Seven.* H. Duffy. Morrow. \$2. *One Crazy Cowboy.* C. Ballew. Morrow. \$2. *The Secret of Life.* M. H. Ford. San Francisco: Carlisle. *Whistles of Silver.* H. P. Eden. Milwaukee: Bruce Pub. Co. \$2. *Marriage in Gotham.* I. Ross. Harp. \$2.

#### FOREIGN

*Les Effets de la Guerre en Bulgarie.* G. T. Danaillou. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale Univ. Pr.).

#### PAMPHLETS

*The Truth About "Buy American."* C. K. Alexander, E. M. Fitch, and H. R. Mohat. Madison, Wis.: Research Associates.

#### POETRY

*Verses.* E. Daryush. Oxford. \$1.75. *The Works of Thomas Purney.* Ed. H. O. White. Oxford: Blackwell. *Songs of Horticulture.* S. Tanhauser. Laureton, L. I.: Flatow. *Out of Peony and Blade.* A. Scudder. New York: Harrison. \$1.50.

## To the Editor:—

Letters are welcomed, but those discussing reviews will be favored for publication if limited to 200 words.

### Heil Hitler!

Sir: I cannot understand the attitude of Mr. Canby, American delegate to the International Association, P. E. N., meeting at Ragusa, Dalmatia, where Germany was chastened for its auto da fe of books by authors under the Nazi ban. Whether I agree with the idea back of the fireworks or not, does not affect the question raised. Only such works as in their character are propagandistic, demoralizing, and pathologically depressing were burned. The post-war years were productive of a vast class of literature, particularly in Germany, which in its tendency was unpatriotic, denationalizing, and undermining of moral concepts, all the more infectious because of its glittering brilliancy. It elevated the ideal of internationalism and of alien thought to a height impossible in any other country. This is little understood by those who are not familiar with the peculiarly pliant and receptive mind of the German race.

With the Nazi tendency to use powerful purgatives, a gesture was made toward destroying the morbid spirit of pessimism which had paralyzed the native genius during the disconcerting years of the Versailles Treaty.

Because a work is clever, it does not follow that it is culturally elevating, or harmless. It may be poisonous, and insidiously demoralizing. The burning of objectionable books has never yet destroyed an idea in literature that was worth preserving. Wholesome minds in Germany as elsewhere cannot adjust themselves to the ethical attitude of Feuchtwanger or Thomas Mann, and not because they cannot appreciate their technical values, either. Their works may be of superior literary craftsmanship, but stylistic excellences are, after all, only the skeleton. What of the flesh?

The literary holocaust—however we regard it—spells the end, so far as Germany is concerned, of the Harlequinade of the age of license. It would be a good thing if the symbols of degeneracy in our own literature could be fed to the flames.

FREDERICK FRANKLIN SCHRADER.

New York City.

### No Barnacles Here

Sir: The Joan Lowell—"Cradle of the Deep"—controversy has left scars on my keel. I once grounded on the old Endorsement Reef, hard by the Gratuitous Isles where the Free Publicity tribe carry on their cannibalistic customs. No matter what I said, or wrote, it was little, and it had nothing whatever to do with seamanship, or the lore of the sea. The best stories printed in the newspapers are often those containing the most errors. This holds good of sea stories—it's why I like to read them, especially when landlubbers put to sea on paper, in square-rigged ships or steamers. The landlubber who does not know how to "cast" a ship, but takes a page to do it and creates a satisfactory illusion, deserves praise. The earnest fellow who researches the sea and copies down what he learns, establishes himself as a land sailor.

Perhaps this may explain why Melville, Maryatt, and Conrad cannot be sunk by that old pirate Time.

FELIX RIESENBERG.

New York City.

### Eagles' Blood Wanted

Sir: Shall I or shall I not publish my proposed magazine *Hard Times Stories*? It will die a natural death unless a transfusion of Eagles' blood is effected. Since its inception the poor thing has received nothing but vituperation and manuscripts, and a handful of subscriptions. The vituperation has been of the most superlative quality, and ditto for some of the manuscripts. On the theory that literature follows history, the manuscripts received for *Hard Times Stories* prove that writers are really recognizing the depression as human interest material, even if the short stories that get published elsewhere do no such thing. As for the financial response, I could offer more evidence of a depression, but hard times will not last and therefore a magazine based upon them will not go. In other words, readers do not pay money for gloom. In other words, like the teller of a hard-luck-story who was thrown out because he broke your heart. But I still think some capitalist might

make use of my copyright to good advantage. As President Roosevelt said prior to his inauguration, "Hard Times bring out the character of a nation." And hard times have become as much of an element to daily life as romantic love. Wherever *True Story* appears on the newsstands, which is everywhere, there *Hard Times Stories* ought to appear. In such an organ, and under such a title, could appear the new experimental proletarian social literature of the future, stories of hard times not necessarily gloomy; and it is a theory of mine and others that because a story is written intelligibly for ordinary literate persons (the proletariat) it does not have to be inartistic.

ROBERT WHITCOMB.

New York City.

### F. Hopkinson Smith

Sir: I am preparing a bibliography of Francis Hopkinson Smith and would be greatly obliged if any owners of letters or manuscripts would loan them for careful observation and prompt return at my expense. Owners of F. Hopkinson Smith charcoals or water colors please send description for art check list.

CAROLINE S. LUTZ.

Richmond, Va.

### Moulting Season

Sir: I have been greatly impressed by the way in which the many friends of "Birds of Minnesota" have rallied to defend its orthographic fame. You will remember that in reviewing the book I unwarily suggested that the editor had a bad spell when he used the word "juvenal" in designating the plumage of some of the illustrations. What knowledge I have of birds has been acquired in the field and I had roughly classified their plumage as natal, juvenile, and adult. Dr. Roberts, however, has called my attention to the late Dr. Jonathan Dwight's classical treatise entitled "The Sequence of Plumage and Moults of the Passerine Birds of New York."

Unfortunately I had never read that exciting and instructive book. From it I have now learned that the good doctor divides plumage into natal, juvenal, first pre-nuptial, first nuptial, and first post-nuptial, and that "juvenal" is a coined word covering plumage between the natal and the first prenuptial stage.

I maintain, however, that the word, not to be found in the Oxford Dictionary, is badly coined. Why not "juvenoid," a word which could not be considered misspelled by even the most ignorant critic? However, I am free to confess that compared with the post-nuptial ornithological plumage of my friendly critics, my own is indeed juvenal or perhaps even pre-natal.

As for Dr. Oehser's criticism, I still believe that "Birds of Minnesota" is the best bird-book yet published in America, with all respect to Mrs. Bailey and Dr. Forbush.

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Philadelphia, Pa.

### Bowling Green

Sir: In Mr. Morley's "Bowling Green" he admits that he missed seeing a good many things while in San Francisco. One thing I wish he could have seen. I'll tell you how my wife and I found it, and you may do the same next time. We got on a cable car at the turn table where the conductor and gripman (?) and friends and well-wishers turn the car around. The cable car took us up-hill, westward, until it met and crossed a trolley car track. We took the trolley going northward and got off at the end of the track. Thence we marched eastward until we were opposite the ferry which goes to Sausalito.

On the side of a hill a shelf had been cut and a number of old men were playing at bowls. Yes, I mean bowls. There was a jack, and the balls, or bowls, had one side more convex than the other. We watched them for a little, but not for long. The old men did not seem to like being watched. I had a feeling that they might be the ghosts of John Knox and Sir Francis Drake, anxious to be let alone. Perhaps it was Sir Francis's ghost who, when he had finished his turn at playing, turned and gazed at the mammoth, ambi-terminal, turbined "Golden Seal" (or at her sister, "Golden Bear"). Perhaps he was thinking that neither of these fine ferries were any great shakes when compared with his old ship, "Golden Hind."

Next time Mr. Morley should see this San Francisco "Bowling Green."

JOHN J. LIPSEY.

Colorado Springs, Colo.



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## News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.

## NORTH CAROLINA

Ben E. Atkins reports from Gastonia, of "strike" fame:—

Paul Green's new novel, "The Laughing Pioneer," has stirred the populace of this industrial region from its semi-lethargic indifference to modern fiction. When a local boy makes good, they prick up their ears. Of course, Paul wrote his name in the hearts of his fellow North Carolinians with his Pulitzer prize play, "In Abraham's Bosom," but the publication of his first novel has evoked still wider attention and praise in his native state. Paul laid the foundation for his literary reputation at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where he coached *The Carolina Playmakers* into a national reputation as masters in the art of amateur dramatics.

"The Laughing Pioneer" has recently been the most widely read book hereabouts.

The name *Charles Willing Beale* may mean little to readers of modern fiction, but his death some time ago at his Arden Park home near Asheville, N. C., recalled earlier days when, at the height of his productive powers, he turned out a number of books which ran into heavy sales. "The Ghost of Guir House" was perhaps Mr. Beale's best known novel, a richly told mystery tale of splendid characterization and delicate shading. It was published some twenty or twenty-five years ago, and received wide recognition. The first Beale novel was "The Secret of the Earth," a highly imaginative story of the *Jules Verne* type, and others included "Miss Jacque of Tibet" and "The Onyx Ear."

Mr. Beale was the author of numberless short stories, literary articles, and other brief writings which brought him national recognition. He was a devout student of nature and an art critic of recognized ability. Born at "Bloomington," the ancestral home near Washington, Mr. Beale made the perilous trip into the wilds of Western North Carolina as a mere lad some sixty-five years ago. He was galloped by the slow progress of the stage coach as it labored its way up the rocky sides of the mountainous country surrounding Asheville, so he crawled off the conveyance and pushed ahead on foot. He beat the stage to his destination by several hours. In 1872, after many exciting experiences as a youthful pioneer in the North Carolina hills, Beale was married to *Miss Maria Parker Taylor*, who died several years ago. The Beale home at Arden Park was well known for its year-round hospitality . . . and especially for its colorful Christmas parties, which became famous throughout this section of the South.

## OHIO

From Elyria, Ohio, *Katharine G. Thomas* reports:—

There was held recently at the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church in Cleveland a city-wide recognition service to honor *Linda A. Eastman*, who for forty years has served the Cleveland Public Library, for the last fifteen years as its head librarian. Miss Eastman is the only woman in this country who is directing a large city library. She has established a system that is one of the best in the world. By her ability to surround herself with assistants who know their subjects, the Cleveland Public Library is one of the outstanding libraries in this country.

Miss Eastman spoke on "Books for These Times": "In hard times people invariably turn to books, for solace and for practical help, as well as for their entertainment."

"Many of the unemployed, old and young, are turning to library books and periodical files for ideas as to possible new jobs. With countless hours of enforced leisure, with little to spend for recreation, the free treasure houses of our books are more important than ever in our city's life."

## WASHINGTON

*Edwin Root* is a New Havener, but he reports from Seattle, Washington, at the other end of the continent. If he is as good a stay-at-home reporter as he is a roving journalist, we wish he would investigate bookish aspects of Connecticut for us. How is *Arthur Head* making out in these trying times, for example? Is there any good gossip of Westport, Old Lyme, or the various farming *literati* of the Litchfield hills? However, this is far away from Seattle, of which Mr. Root has this to say:

An easterner visiting the West, accustomed to large bookstores like *Brentano's*, need never feel at a loss. For in the center of busy Seattle, one can find a little *Brentano's*. In this shop exists a cultivated atmosphere and an intellectual grouping that one rarely finds in any book shop. *Harry Hartman*, the proprietor, is unique in himself. He has had trouble with his eyes since boyhood and is now totally blind, but his light fingered caressing touch leads unerringly to any book on his shelves which the interested customer may wish to discuss. And it is not simply a matter of purchase and sale with him. He is eager to talk over intelligently and critically your chosen book with you, for *Harry Hartman's* shop is a chatting place as well as a purchasing place, guarantees to please even so exacting a browser as *Hendrik Willem Van Loon*. Possibly Mr. Hartman would like more buying and less chatting, but he never varies in his courtesy. He has taken pains to group about him employees who know books. And with their intelligent aid he issues each month, a little booklet, "The Lantern." This pamphlet brings comments and reviews of recent books, to the book loving public, and is unique in its contents.

## The Criminal Record

## The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
CRIES IN THE NIGHT J. H. Wallis (Dutton: \$2.)	Beautiful girl taken from boat in Sound by pirates, starts probe of similar pulchritudinous disappearances with ghastly results.	Mysteries based on crazy and cooked-up abnormalities drive your Wash-up to angry tears, especially when so long drawn out.	Dreary
INSPECTOR RUSBY'S FINALE Virgil Markham (Farrar & Rinehart: \$2.)	Horse on Force turns into nightmare of murder and insanity, driving Inspector Rusby first to resignation and later to matrimony.	Noisy house party disappears over night, leaving one corpse and one detective in English mansion and sets stage for amazing yarn.	Good puzzle
PROVE IT, MR. TOLEFREE R. A. J. Walling (Morrow: \$2.)	Bereaved niece doubts suicide of uncle and calls Mr. Tolefree from London to unearth pretty kettle of fish.	Smashing of unsmashable alibi involves considerable amount of shooting—all at Mr. Tolefree—and gallery of lively characters.	Good
HE ARRIVED AT DUSK R. C. Ashby (Macmillan: \$2.)	Murderous ghost of Roman legionary terrorizes Northumberland village and baffles Scotland Yard skeptics.	Well nigh perfect admixture of eerie horror, romance, and good detecting. The writing is excellent and the scenery grand.	A 1

## PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal service 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, traveling 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.

AN OLD New England farmhouse offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean: blueberry pie, new peas, lobster; a wood fire; no radio. Rates: \$18, \$20. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, Port Henry, New York. Individual private camps, unequalled for scenery and location. All conveniences. Photographs. G. W. Woodall.

ITALIAN translations and lessons, young American woman two years in Italy, Ph.D. University Bologna. Box 185.

CORRESPONDENCE with a woman, 35 or older, would be appreciated by a YOUNG MAN.

THIS IS too good to keep. One of my real friends is an eminent Churchman. Replying to my comment that college profs working in Eng. Lit. ignored the truth about "Shakespeare," he wrote: "You surely know that God in His Wisdom created three divisions: Man, Woman, and profs. of Eng. Lit." George Frisbee.

WE HAVE a lot of old back numbers of the *Saturday Review*—maybe just the one your file needs—we give them away as souvenirs to browsers in our Backyard Bookstalls—a pleasant loitering place for quodlibetarians. Are you on mailing list for our Dog Star Evenings? GOTHAM BOOK MART, 51 W. 47, N. Y. C.

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P. B. Many happy returns. Sailing soon for Kashmir. Y. J.

WOMAN, not young, but alert, amiable, interested in travel, and reading, desires correspondence with cultured gentleman, preferably naval officer. Californian.

IS THERE in New York a young girl who combines beauty with brains without sacrificing either and whose ideas of life are based on present day conditions and not on Victorian or even boom time standards? If such a person exists a young man of thirty-one, personable, intelligent, traveled, with enough money to at least be able to pay for the dinner, and a real ability to make the small things in life amusing, wants to meet her. Box 186.

EDITORIAL job wanted: Creative-minded woman, good background, good experience for small managing editorship. Planning, make-up. Effective writer. Box 187.

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YOUNG WOMAN, 27, personable, college graduate, literary and artistic tastes, travelled America and Europe, no encumbrances, desires summer occupation, any locality. Box 191.

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