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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, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any smaller number of insertions 8 cents a word each 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.

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Conducted by

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS & JOHN T. WINTERICH

Nose-count

NO census of the number of book-collectors in the United States has ever been attempted. Three years ago the government set what might become a precedent for counting anything by asking everybody if he owned a radio, so there is room for speculation whether in 1940 Washington will be eager to find out how many of us have firsts of "The Scarlet Letter" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We already have a collector President, and sizeable collecting blocs could be organized in Senate and House alike—it is heartening to know that progress is being made in at least one commendable department of human endeavor. A bookseller's estimate of the extent of the collecting population is as good as anyone's but no better. Some professionals have put the figure as low as 2,500, others as high as 25,000. These extremes leave enough of an interval to suit every statistical taste. Amateur observers of the collecting scene have expressed astonishment at the disparity, but it is easily explained. The bookseller does not care particularly how many collectors exist—his concern is with the number who know that he exists and help him keep on existing.

Vacuum

Garrets are not what they used to be. In the decade following the war they were all but unroofed by the zeal of the dealer in antiques and the book scout, operating individually or in partnership. Not all the "Moby-Dicks" and "Leaves of Grass" have been brought to light—occasional treasure trove will still be dug out, but the hunting will never be what it once was. At first thought one regrets this condition—another romantic bubble has been punctured, another musty tradition asepticized. But there are compensations. It will be possible in a few years—it is to a certain extent possible now—to estimate with some accuracy the floating supply of important desiderata. Floating will hardly be the word, for the supply will be safely at anchor on collectors' shelves, to emerge only when the books are sold to other bibliophiles or become units in perpetual institutional collections.

Paradise

Auction cataloguers legitimately make a great to-do in describing an item of which five copies are known whereof four are in permanent public or semi-public collections, but every auction-house executive shudders none the less at mention of an institutional collection. The endowed library is an insatiable maw into which is fed valuable literary property that can never again be vended. An auctioneer's heaven would be a spot peopled solely by a multitude of wealthy raveners for an uncut and inscribed quarto Hamlet who acquired it successively, each dying of heart failure (or anything else) the following week after drawing up a will specifying that his books be dispersed at public sale.

Gauge

There has not been a run on a rare-bookshop in ever so long, but good titles are not going begging. They still change hands, though at considerable recessions from pre-slump tops (Wall Street for lots cheaper). The bookseller does not complain so lustily as one might suppose. In fat years and lean (but especially in lean) he is accustomed to fix prices on the basis of cost rather than by the barometer of the auction-room or the quotations of Competitors X, Y, and Z.

Frustration

There are unlicensed and undeclared bibliographers who bury suppositious points as a dog buries a bone. The advantage, moral and hygienic, is with the dog, who early digs up the bone and exposes it to dephosphorizing sunshine. The suppositious point cannot always endure the sunshine. There is the instance of the point hoarder who discovered that in line 17 of page 100 (what an elementary folio to remember!) of "The Good Earth" the phrase "fleas to a dog's back" (our old bone-burier, perhaps) was soon corrected to "fleas to a dog's back," and kept his knowledge to himself until he learned elsewhere that his point was no point.

Benefit

A collector of his contemporaries said: "These hard times, if I may addle a metaphor, have their silver linings. I am no longer on any sucker list; in nearly four years no one has offered to let me in on the ground floor of Graustark Internal Improvement 7s (payment of principal and interest guaranteed from snuff tax receipts); in the same lapse of time I have not been invited (by telephone) to become a member of the West 41st Street Gymnastic, Schiller, and Anti-Thyroid Association (handball and squash courts—ten-bit lunch daily. . . ."

The superb Lincoln collection of John S. Little of Rushville, Illinois, will be dispersed at auction by Chicago Book & Art Auctions, Inc., during the week of June 5th. The collection totals some 900 items, many of the printed lots being choice association and presentation copies. It is particularly rich in pedigreed books from such famous libraries as the Hart, Burton, McAleenan, and Lambert collections. Nearly all the great Lincoln collections formed in the last half century have already been either scattered by public or private sale or made over to institutions, and the Little sale may well be the last public offering of great Americana.

One certain delight awaits readers of these books, the delight of discovering the myriad powers residing in the association of words. Most people do not know a really effective way of expressing even an utterly simple thought. We are shamed morons from birth. These books will prove a great cure for that. W.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
KINGDOM OF DEATH Margery Allingham (Crime Club: \$2.)	Protection of Suffolk family birthright involves the priceless Albert Champion in his most hair-raising and side-splitting adventure.	Believe it or not, this author makes witchcraft really exciting, a mythical kingdom really romantic, a mystery both thrilling and hilarious.	Swell!
WAS IT MURDER? Glen Trevor (Harpers: \$2.)	Apparently accidental deaths of two English schoolboys arouse curiosity of two sleuths, one amateur, other from Scotland Yard.	Cold-blooded affair, with no hero, no heroine and lot of rather nasty characters but school background is well drawn and puzzle is diverting.	Fair

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.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn. A quiet, beautiful place for a vacation. Excellent food.

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

RYE. Rent, August, choice cottage, suitable two. Brook, Garden, Sound. Near bus. Quiet, cool. Mole.

PLAYS for the Experimental Theatre by a youth who is not writing drawing-room comedy to be produced on a small stage. Box 194.

YOUNG MAN, 25, well educated, resourceful, healthy, will do anything anywhere. Box 195.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY tells of a glorious discovery, in June *Atlantic*, by Professor Hotson. I smile. Edward De Vere, who was "Shakespeare," died, 1604. Professor Hotson would have us believe that a person who signed "Wm Shakspe" and "William Shakspe" was the genius who wrote the pregnant lines about seals and signatures in "Hamlet." To my mind, Professor Hotson is all wet; as he is about "Marlowe." George Frisbee.

ROMANTIC impoverished College Instructor. Well known as poet. Unknown as novelist, playwright. Experienced as traveller, husband. 34, sound in wind and limb. Sanguine. Seeks adoption or livelihood. "You're telling me."

CHARMING, forsaken, would meet cultured young man. Depressionista.

Are There Any BOOKSELLERS in the Audience?

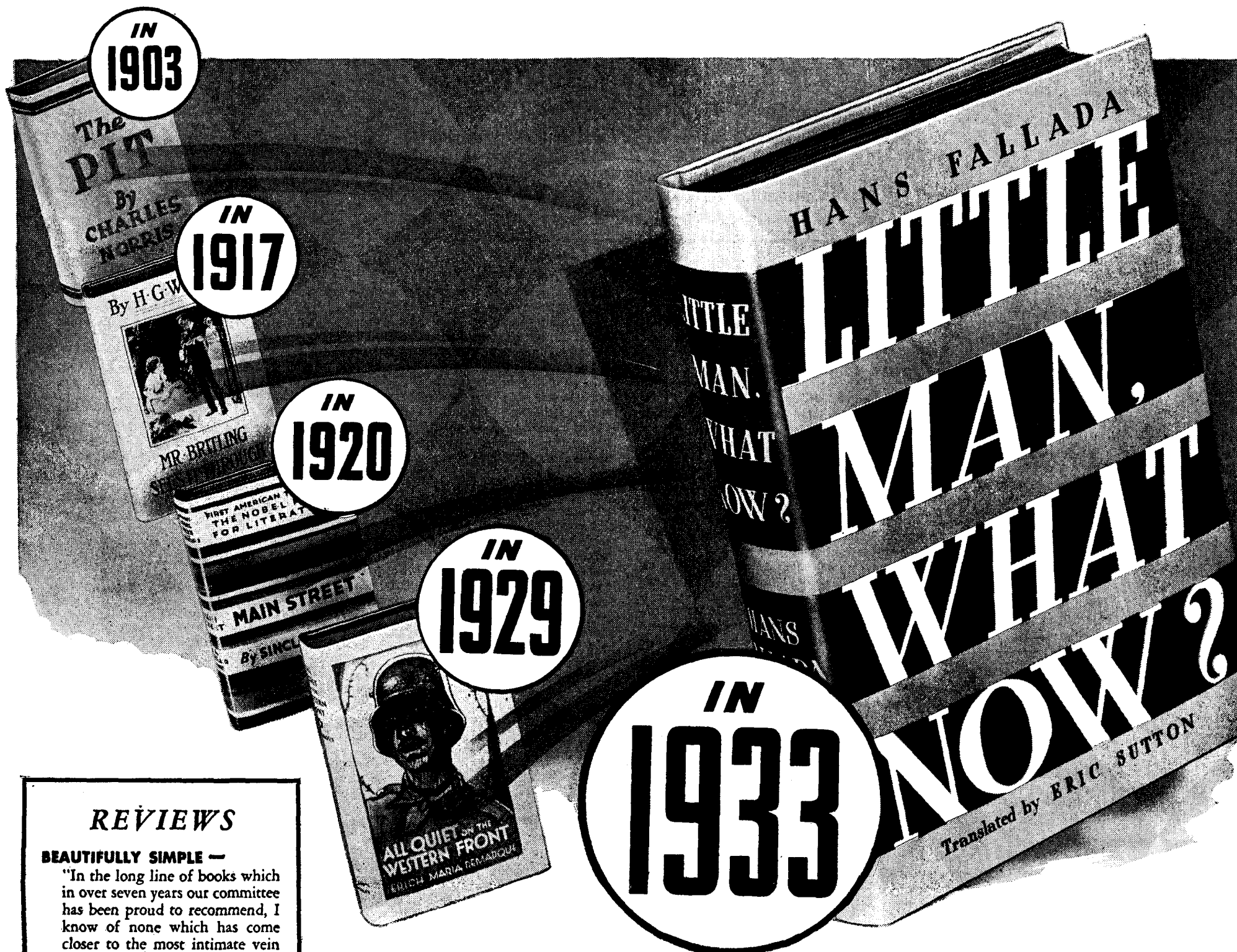
Late last fall, *The Saturday Review* inaugurated a Bookstore Department. The purpose of this department is to increase the effectiveness of *The Saturday Review* as a tool of the trade.

Preliminary activities of the Bookstore Department have been centered in New York, with certain definite results. Fifty-seven New York stores find it profitable to carry *The Saturday Review*. Sales of *The Saturday Review* in these stores have increased over 50% in six months. Most of the shops are using The Gold Standard, our ingenious device for displaying *The Saturday Review* together with a current book.

Bookstores carrying *The Saturday Review* have found that it makes new friends and new customers for the bookseller. Our Bookstore Department is full of ideas for book merchandising opportunities. For information on how *The Saturday Review* can make more book sales for you, write to

BOOKSTORE DEPT.

The Saturday Review of Literature
25 West 45 Street
New York, N. Y.



REVIEWS

BEAUTIFULLY SIMPLE —

"In the long line of books which in over seven years our committee has been proud to recommend, I know of none which has come closer to the most intimate vein of mingled mirth and grief."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY in *The Book-of-the-Month Club News*

NOTHING BETTER —

"*Little Man, What Now?* is a profoundly satisfactory novel. Nothing better has come out of Germany since the war."

LEWIS GANNETT in *The New York Herald Tribune*

EVEN BETTER —

It is more powerful than *All Quiet* . . . and in its way an even better novel. It is a simple, sincere human document which makes the reader forget himself completely and live with the characters in the book.

Chicago Daily News

DEEP AND POIGNANT —

"So home to luncheon, and then after I read H. FALLADA'S *Little Man What Now?*, nor could I lay it down before I had finished it, it being an absorbing tale of two pathetic, courageous, loving persons; and wrote with deep and poignant beauty."

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS in *The Conning Tower*

BOOKSELLERS here in New York tell us that no book in recent times has evoked so much whole-hearted enthusiasm as has *Little Man, What Now?* They compare it with some of the super best-sellers of other days, with *Main Street* and *Mr. Britling* — books that everyone read and thought about and talked about because they represented an age.

One astonishing thing about this book: while between 2,000 and 3,000 New Yorkers are buying *Little Man* every week, while some more are buying it in Chicago, and a few in Philadelphia, its circulation has hardly penetrated beyond these three cities.

THIS is a phenomenon which occurs only when a book appears which is entirely different from any other that has been published before. It is always New York City that first takes such a book to heart. We have seen this happen every time that we published a book that eventually became unusually popular. It happened in the case of *The Art of Thinking*, *The Story of Philosophy*, *Trader Horn*, *Men of Art*, *Bambi*. It happened even with lighter publications, such as *Believe it or Not* and the Cross Word Puzzle Books. And fellow publishers tell us that the same situation holds true every time they publish unusual books that are destined for big futures.

To return once more to the heading: *Little Man, What Now?* expresses and sums up our age, the early nineteen thirties. It was written in Germany where it is the most

popular book since *All Quiet on the Western Front*. But it might have been written by a New Yorker or a Detroit.

IT tells the simple story of the little man, of every man, everywhere.

Hans Pinneberg and his wife are two little human beings who love each other. He is a white collar clerk. He earns very little money. Still, he is happy with his wife. They have fun being together, and the first few months of married life are different — and exciting.

A baby comes, times are bad. Hans loses his job because he cannot keep up to the sales quota set by the efficiency expert in his department store.

It becomes harder and harder to get along. From pots and pans to doctor's bills, everything costs so much!

That is a very brief outline of the story. It can't begin to tell anything of the gayness of Bunny, of the young parents' concern before they discover that baby's crying is caused by his cutting his first tooth, of the bravery of the two, and of the humor and pathos of their daily lives.

Read the reviews over at the left. Each one attempted to tell the story, as we have, and gave up, having succeeded about as well. You have to read *Little Man, What Now?* yourself to understand why this simple story of simple folk has won the heart of one continent, and is winning the heart of another.

Price \$2.50

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Publishers
386 Fourth Avenue, New York City

HANS FALLADA'S LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?