

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS of MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOKBINDING

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED BOOK should wear. A Bennett Binding of Hand-Tooled Imported Leather—Morocco, Levant, or Calf—Modernistic, Period or Conventional Design—according to Date and Content. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., Hand Book-Binders and Wholesale Dealers, 160 East 56th Street, New York City.

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BOOKS IN ENGLISH and FRENCH ON RUSSIAN BALLET, ALSO PRE-WAR AND SOVIET THEATRE. ROSEN, 410 RIVERSIDE DRIVE, CITY

DESIDERATA

LISTS solicited of "BOOKS WANTED" or "FOR SALE." MENDOZA BOOK CO., 15 Ann Street, N. Y. The Oldest "Old Book Shop" in New York.

BOOKS RELATING TO SALT WATER ONLY, new, rare and old. Catalogues. Alfred W. Paine, 336 Lexington Avenue (39th Street), New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS. Request List No. 20. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FIRST EDITIONS, PRESS BOOKS. Correspondence solicited. Plymouth Book Shop, 1842 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

ONE HUNDRED COLLECTED Authors listed in newest catalogue. Benjamin Hauser, 110 Madison Avenue.

AMERICAN literature and history; catalogue 17. Norman A. Hall, 67 Union St., Newton Centre, Mass.

FIRST EDITIONS: PRESS BOOKS: Specialty, Out of Print, and Rare Books, Mail, or by Appointment. Helping Hand Book Shop, 339 Lexington Ave., Brooklyn, New York.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

"L'ILLUSTRATION" Christmas number, foremost French weekly, profusely illustrated, nearly 100 colorprints, all suitable for framing, DeLUXE EDITION, \$2.25. FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's LARGEST French Bookshop." Mail-order catalogue 20c (stamps). "Over 500,000 French books in stock."

GENERAL

BOOKLOVERS! By direct contact, I wish to reach the individual desiring personal service. Write for particulars. Copelin R. Day, Summit, N. J.

ASSOCIATION BOOKS, bookplates, first editions. Catalogue now ready. C. H. Page, Gilmanton, N. H.

GERMAN BOOKS

GERMAN BOOKS, scientific and literary; ask for catalogue of your specialty. Otto Salomon, Export Bookseller, Oranienburgerstrasse, 58, Berlin N24, Germany.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

WRITERS' GUILD OF NEW YORK, 225 Fifth Avenue. Market analysis of manuscripts without fee.

OLD PRINTS

COLORING PRINTS for gifts, decoration or framing. Beautiful flowers and quaint fashion prints, hand-colored and delicate lithographs. Send \$1.00 for special assortment of 10. Money returned if not satisfied. Oxford Book Shop, 42 Lexington Ave., New York.

The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

tasy. Oliver Claxton, in "Heavens Above," has produced this season a book even funnier and less leering than this last of Mr. Smith's. I think the people in the latter's stories would be horrible bores to know. All they're after is hopping into bed with each other or endlessly talking about it. That's all very well in its way, but it palls. Lavishly the liquor flows, and that palls, too. Country-club people can think of very little else to do. Neither can Mr. Smith.

W. R. B.

DAVID. By Naomi Royde-Smith. Viking. 1934. \$1.75.

A set of characters that might have been taken from an old play appears in Miss Royde-Smith's "David." Here are the couples that one knows so well: the handsome, highly placed pair and their plainer foils. It is as though the author had set out to tell her story in a manner as traditional as possible, as though she had realized that in spite of a death by motor-accident, in spite of a psychic medium and the intrusion of the war, her tale was essentially an English ghost story. One even misses in it a traditional trapping or two—a moorland, perhaps, or a very old house.

"I saw him riding his pony up the steep lane that led to the Yorkshire rectory"—there in a phrase are the tone and pace of the story. From the moment when the hero-worshipping Morris first sees Stephen Gwyther, it ambles to the gently-managed surprise at the end, and the lane that it follows leads narrowly along the lives of Stephen and his wife Mildred. They are seen through the eyes of Morris, and of Eleanor, who takes care of their child, David. Morris reveals himself, in every flatly-spoken word, as that poor thing, the faithful dog told off by the novelist to deprecate himself at the expense of the hero; Eleanor, in spite of her modernity, is the observing governess of nineteenth century fiction. Stephen is somehow too much cut to a pattern of admirableness to become real, but Mildred emerges with the actuality of an Edwardian photograph colored by hand in pastel tints. Her character, too, is convincing—her cloying sweetness that covers selfishness, her drugged addiction to séances—and it is chiefly on her account that one follows the mild unwindings of the tale to its conclusion, where, with the touch of a good story-teller, Miss Royde-Smith leaves the reader wondering whether David's poor little ghost has not been near all the time.

C. C.

WHERE IS MY MOTHER? By Charles Gilmore Kerley. Smith & Haas. 1933. \$2.

Dr. Kerley, the author of this interrogatively titled book, is a well-known pediatrician and child psychologist. From this, the prospective reader might expect a rather mild recording of case histories with frequent excursions into scientific theory. A surprise awaits. Far from erring on the side of lack of plot, plots, interplots, and counter-plots abound. Duels,

illegitimate offspring, secret lives, and a hairbreadth escape from incest are some of the ingredients of a highly eventful novel.

The story takes up the life of a girl raised in a foreign country and never knowing what it is to have a mother. Money and freedom permit her to pursue any wilful way she pleases. Even back at the beginning of this century, the period of the story, such a combination led to Europe, Bohemianism, and disaster. These adventures take up the first half of the book. A short middle section deals quickly with the next twenty years, and the last division of the book goes once more into the details of the life of a motherless, wilful girl, this time the illegitimate daughter of the earlier heroine.

Dr. Kerley believes in the dominance of environment over heredity in shaping the individual, finding the source of the maladjustment of his two central characters not so much in any inherited predisposition as in their common lack of maternal love and training. While the plot is artificial and the characters are made to order, there is a sincerity about the whole which saves the book from any hasty dismissal. Some passages, especially the opening ones, are pleasantly humorous in their oblique viewing of human peculiarities. It is a novel which, oddly, might be read either for its sensational story or for its quieter comment on life.

G. G.

Latest Books Received

(Books of the week in Archaeology, Architecture, Art, Belles Lettres, Biography, Business, Drama, Economics, Education, Government, History, International Affairs, Medicine, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Sociology, Travel, are noted by title as received, unless reviewed in the current issue. Many of those listed will be reviewed later.)

BELLES LETTRES

Rabelais in English Literature. H. Brown. Harvard Univ. Pr. \$2.

BIOGRAPHY

Thomas Hastings. With a Memoir by D. Gray. Houghton. \$3.50. John Henry Newman. Sister M. A. Kiener. Boston: Collegiate Press Corporation.

DRAMA

Meleager. S. Wyspiński. Univ. of California Pr. \$1.50.

PAMPHLETS

Ten Years. M. Shactman. Pioneer. 10 cents. The New Deal. N. Thomas. Chicago: Socialist Party of America. 5 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS

All About Fish. W. S. Berridge. McBride. \$2.50. Birth Control in Practice. M. E. Kopp. McBride. \$3.75. Our Common Enemy: Colds. By the Editors of Fortune. McBride. Proceedings of the Maryland Court of Appeals, 1695-1739. Ed. C. T. Bond. Treaties Defeated by the Senate. W. S. Holt. Johns Hopkins Pr. \$3.

PHILOSOPHY

Experience and Its Modes. M. Oakeshott. Cambridge Univ. Pr. (Macmillan). \$5.50. Some Aspects of the Life and Work of Nietzsche. A. H. J. Knight. Cambridge Univ. Pr. \$3.75.

POETRY

The Songs of Thomas d'Urfey. Ed. C. L. Day. Harvard Univ. Pr. \$2.50. So Loved the World. V. L. Paine. Revell. \$2.

CLASSIFIED

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"HARD-to-FIND" and "OUT-OF-PRINT" Books reasonably and promptly supplied. "The Seven Bookhunters," Station H, Box 66, New York City.

SCARCE AND RARE BOOKS. Send want lists. No service fees. BOOK HUNTERS, 220 West 42nd, New York City.

WANTED

WANTED:—Full length plays for New York producers. No reading fee. Solely interested in representing mature dramas. Dorothy Maret, 502 Washington Trust Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

WHY BE LONELY? Send stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

WIDOW, lonesome, longing to add flavor and interest to her life, residing east or west, benevolently inclined, may write "John Randolph."

WANTED an IDEA or product. Old, well-established firm with plenty of capital operating in Rocky Mountain territory has seasonal business; needs new product to manufacture or distribute. Box 405.

HASN'T someone inherited a Furness Variorum Shakespeare, full or broken set, which he doesn't need and will sell reasonably? Box 406.

JOBLESS young man: Hoosier; college graduate; pleasant and trust-inspiring appearance; daydreamer and idealist; understands rather than knows; service rather than sales personality; unaggressively radical; service personal; some ability at speaking and arguing; a little experience and training in business (hotel) . . . Would like a job, a scholarship, a subsidy, or advice. Box 418.

HAPPY NEW YEAR! Life position wanted by resourceful capable Chicago widow of forty. Will mother you or your children. Homemaker, linguist, idealist. Box 417.

IN EXCHANGE for maintenance, woman, desiring best environment for two fine boys, will keep house for person of integrity. No fear of country or backwoods. Far north preferred. "Druas."

SOCIALLY stranded? Travel on a postage stamp. Juniors too. The Mixers. 5452 Second, Detroit.

RAMSAY MACDONALD, Premier of Great Britain, in an Associated Press despatch, tells that the British Museum was acquiring the "Codex Sinaiticus," regarded as one of the world's important manuscripts. \$500,000.00 was to be the price. If the British Museum will acquire and ponder "Shakespeare Identified," that magnificent book by Thomas Looney, it will learn that it possesses the world's most important document; the truth about "Shakespeare." George Frisbee.

WANTED: Position as secretary or companion by young man who knows Swedish, French, German, Spanish, Norwegian. Box 420.

OKLAHOMA WIDOW, lacking a gusher, wishes to correspond with a man with an ounce of brains, a bit of imagination and a spark of romance. Box 421.

IS THERE a paper or magazine who would be willing to give space to an experienced book reviewer in return for first class reviews? No pay. Circulation must be large enough to satisfy the better publishers. Box 422.

LADY, interested in literature, would enjoy corresponding with gentleman, college graduate, in thirties. Box 423.

PERSONAL

What comes after the speakeasy? Are there to be cafés where it will be possible to find your friends? Or little restaurants that you can use as an address? Is anyone going to serve good wine at a low price for intellectuals who won't buy labels? And where are there meeting places with reasonable charges which are quiet enough for talk? This column would like to know.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	Label	Contents	Flavor
EVERYWOMAN Gilbert Frankau (Dutton: \$2.)	Novel	Author here attempts opus more thought-provoking than his usual readable romances. Result, first person confession of girl of mixed parentage.	Lemon
TIMBAL GULCH TRAIL Max Brand (Dodd, Mead: \$2.)	Western	Young Walt inherits ranch, but is forced to throw tons of lead in customary manner to hold it. Brand is an old hand who knows the formula.	Good average
INNOCENT BYSTANDER Faith Baldwin (Farrar & Rinehart: \$2.)	Modern Romance	Young newlyweds have cash, social position, love, understanding. But ole debbil gossip soon brings marriage to the brink of a crack-up.	Oke, but familiar
MUSTANG TRAIL Oliver King (Morrow: \$2.)	Western	Ken Rogers draws trouble along with four aces in his first card game in town. Thenceforth he shooes away hired expert brawlers in approved spectacular fashion.	Good
MONSIEUR BLACKSHIRT David Graeme (Lippincott: \$2.)	Costume Romance	The quick-witted, sword-juggling illegitimate son of a nobleman finds himself engaged to help win the beautiful lady for his lethargic boss. All this in a Dumas setting.	Raspberry

from THE INNER SANCTUM of  
**SIMON and SCHUSTER**  
Publishers, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York



Staccato memorabilia of the march of time at *The Inner Sanctum* for the year 1933:

Publication of volumes two and three of one of the few *Inner Sanctum* books which your correspondents are serenely confident will withstand the slow musketry of the ages—LEON TROTSKY's *History of the Russian Revolution* (2033 A.D. papers please copy)

The Ripleyesque marvel of March 4, 1933—all the banks of the country closed and the book-stores still open!

Frantic telephoning to all *Inner Sanctum* authors on March 5, 1933 to offer them emergency funds—and no takers!

Journeying out to Santa Monica, California to be with LAURENCE STALLINGS while putting the finishing touches on the most dramatic editorial adventure in *The Inner Sanctum's* history—the world-wide three-year research that culminated in *The First World War—A Photographic History*.

Receiving a telegram on board *The Chief*, in Newton, Kansas, announcing that *Little Man, What Now?* had been taken by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Mounting joy all over the *Inner Sanctum* as the sales-charts showed *Van Loon's Geography* and *Fun In Bed* to be staples-for-the-years and not merely seasonal best-sellers.

The discovery that *Happy Days* by OGDEN NASH was even funnier than *Hard Lines* and *Free Wheeling*.

ARTUR SCHNABEL's exalted and heroic playing of BEETHOVEN in three recitals and concerts at Carnegie Hall.

The tranquility-that-passeth-all understanding from such books as *A Philosophy of Solitude* by JOHN COWPER POWYS, *The Art of Friendship* by ABEL BONNARD and *The Anatomy of Criticism* by HENRY HAZLITT.

The spectacular sales of *More Power To You!* maintaining the tradition of Walter B. Pitkin's earlier best-seller *Life Begins at Forty*.

The fact that a year like that makes it so easy to do a column like this, and send it forth with the grateful holiday greetings of

ESSANDESS.

## Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

Old hypocritical Quercus and the Boys were having their New Year tiffin at a favorite eating place on East 45th Street; unfortunately the weekly bagful of notes and publishers' fimsies had been forgotten so (like the shepherds in Milton's hymn) they sat "simply chatting." And perhaps Old P. E. G. had trodden on corns without knowing it—anyhow the Boys turned on him.

"All this impression you like to give of being a connoisseur, a leisurely sipper of rich old Burgundies, a dweller upon the classics, is just plain sausage," they cried.

"I doubt if you ever read much of anything but detective stories," said one; "and the way you took down that beaker of sherry just now was like a marine with a guzzle of Scotch," observed the other. "I thought sherry ought to be just a trifle cooled, and then gently gurgled round the oral cavities before oozing down the shaft."

"Old Professor Saintsbury, to say nothing of Morton Shand and Alfred Knopf and Julian Street, would have been aghast," said Tertius.

"You are sharper than a couple of serpent's teeth," said the old man grievously. As a matter of fact he had racked off not just one sherry but two, while the others were arguing. The rules of the meeting are that the check is evenly divided; so any member who orders an extra glass, or gets a packet of cigarettes put on the bill, is that much ahead.

"You must do as I say, not as I do," he continued. "The past fourteen years got a lot of us into bad habits. We fell into the way of shooting in the first couple of noggins as fast as possible, to induce a momentary nirvana—or do I mean nepenthe? I admit that old Henri Mouquin, master of many vintages, who died the other day at the age of 96, would not have approved. The uptown Café Mouquin, at Sixth Avenue and 28th Street, was the rendezvous of the publishing profession twenty years ago. I can still remember the click of the midafternoon dominoes on the marble-topped tables."

"You should have been out peddling books in the middle of the afternoon," objected Medium Q.

"It was there at Mouquin's that O. Henry—according to Bob Davis, best keeper of this town's archives of the spirit—got the idea for his story of Dearest Walter with Hard Boiled Egg."

"Were you the Egg?" inquired the Boys rudely. For it's their job to get current items into Trade Winds, and they were determined that the old fellow should not go reminiscent.

"If we must be timely," he said, "it's an odd thing that the preface in the *Savoy Cocktail Book* compiled by Harry Craddock (Simon & Schuster) is identical with the historical note in *Jack's Manual* by J. A. Grohusko, published by Knopf. I think Jack had precedence, for his manual was first copyrighted in 1908—or are Grohusko and Harry Craddock the same person?"

"There's a lively article in the January *Fortune* about Simon and Schuster," remarked Tertius. "I always enjoyed the story how they hired their first office on 57th Street, had the door lettered *Simon and Schuster, Publishers*, and then went out to lunch to think it over. When they returned some humorous caller had written under the inscription, *Of What?*"

"One thing in that article caught my eye," said P. E. G. "It said something to the effect that the Book Club idea is 'languishing.' That's not so. It's one of the liveliest phases of the book business; I hear that the Book of the Month Club has 10,000 more subscribers now than they had this time last year."

"I was a little surprised," said Medium, "by some of the generalizations. Such as that the publishing business is 'torn by hideous internal dissensions'; and the remark that 'all publishers hate all booksellers; all booksellers hate all publishers.'"

"There's a mighty interesting comment by Louis Adamic in his forthcoming book, *The Native's Return*," said P. E. G. "He describes his visit to his native Slovenia, now a part of Yugoslavia. In that small country—there are only 1,100,000 Slovenians in Yugoslavia—there are no less than eleven book-clubs; one with over 40,000 subscribers. In the town of Lublyana (75,000 inhabitants) there are seven large bookshops. And he adds that Slovenian publishers do almost no advertising, for nearly everybody buys books as a matter of course."

"I hope you won't print that," mur-

mured Tertius, whose specialty is grunting the publishers.

"Adamic's book will be heard from a little later," said Medium. "I understand it's to be the Book of the Month in February. What interests me specially is that it was written on a Guggenheim Fellowship. I look forward with curiosity to seeing what the other American writers, who've been working abroad this year on Guggenheim benevolence, will bring us in the way of fine work. Louise Bogan, E. E. Cummings, George Dillon, Leonard Ehrlich, Matthew Josephson, Glenway Wescott—something pretty good ought to emerge from these."

But Old Quercus, perhaps due to the sherry, had passed into a rambling irrelevancy. "The kind of advertising I enjoy," he said, "is that window at Jaekel's the furrier, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 45th. It shows a cross-section of a Chrysler town-car with an invisible lady going to the opening of the Opera Season. There are her fur coat, her lap-robe, her orchid, pearl opera glasses, libretto of *Peter Ibbetson*—and two ticket stubs tucked into the rich upholstery. Seats A-2 and A-4 in the orchestra, marked 25 bucks each."

"Surely those are not very desirable seats at the Opera," remarked Tertius. "Much too close."

"Aye, she would scarcely need the opera glasses there," perpended Quercus.

"Don't be naïf," said Medium. "The glasses are for looking at the boxes, not at the stage."

"Well, that window display induced hallucinations of splendor in my mind," Old Quercus murmured. "I had a day dream: someone had endowed me with a Fortune—oh, something enormous: a thousand dollars."

"What did you do with it?" they asked. For people's day dreams are always interesting.

"I went to Jaekel's and bought a fur coat. Then to the Buckingham Corporation in the British Empire Building at Rockefeller Center to congratulate them on being appointed Sole Selling Agents for Berry Brothers, the famous wine merchants. There I ordered a case of *Cutty Sark*, that superb Scotch whiskey named for a clipper ship. Then I visited a detective agency on Upper Broadway, whose office has often caught my eye from the top of the bus. I hired an operative to follow a publisher friend of mine and make a detailed report of his movements. How publishers spend their time has always fascinated me."

"That seems very heartless," interrupted Medium Q. "Think of the tedium of the unfortunate detective, spending all those long hours sitting about in restaurants."

"Then, seeing a copy of *The Saturday Review* on display in every bookshop window, I hurried on happy impulse to the Sunwise Turn on 44th Street. There I bought the set of the great Oxford Dictionary which Marcia Passage has on display. But, to Mrs. Passage's great pleasure, I did not remove it from the shop but carried it (in 13 climbs) up the steep ladder to her little overhead balcony—you know, where she keeps her goloshes and where the corpse of Glibson was found."

"Who was Glibson?" asked Tertius, but Old Q. hastened tactfully on.

"I'm going to keep the Dictionary in that peaceful balcony, where there's a big table and an easy chair and a reading lamp. I shall go there for sessions of sweet silent thought. And hidden up there, I can overhear the conversation of customers which is immensely instructive."

"This all sounds very demure and sensible," the Boys remarked.

"Ah, there were wilder phases too," said Old Q. with a faint flush. "I went to that lunch-room on 47th Street, next door to the Gotham Book Mart, where Jack the Sandwich Man is so marvellously skilful. I hired Jack to be my butler (I've always needed a butler) and took him to Dornan's on Central Park South to be fitted into a plum colored livery. Then I found some overworked booksellers and took them for a sleigh-ride in the Park. On the way back I noticed the electric sign over the General Motors Building, flowing with golden text. Imagine my gratification when I saw it ripple off the words SMOOTH RIDING MAKES EASY READING.—E. G., P. E. G. QUERCUS IN THE SATURDAY REVIEW. . . ."

"Come on," said Medium—"let's get back to work."

## The AMEN CORNER

We were pleased last week to see the *Saturday Review* officially recommending *Johnson's England* (it is also recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club), where, to quote the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, "a total of twenty-eight authors and recognized authorities combine their efforts to realize every significant phase of a highly significant period . . . here are to be found all the vital unimportances of its daily life, selected with skill and scholarship." With the model of *Shakespeare's England*,<sup>1</sup> the editor, Mr. A. S. Turberville, author of *English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century*,<sup>2</sup> has produced, to go on quoting the *Ledger*, "a composite picture of a 'mature and vigorous civilization,' . . . intensely alive in all essential human interests."

One very essential human interest for many of us is described by Dr. R. W. Chapman in the chapter on "Authors and Booksellers." The Oxonian was particularly interested to see there "the course of trade in Johnson's time" outlined from the letter which he wrote in 1776 "offering advice on the better management of the Clarendon Printing House."

Besides Dr. Chapman, who is the author of the *Portrait of a Scholar* and "Oxford" *English*,<sup>3</sup> and editor of the *Novels of Jane Austen*,<sup>4</sup> and the *Letters of Jane Austen*,<sup>5</sup> the list of contributors include G. M. Trevelyan, G. D. H. Cole, Osbert Sitwell, the Hon. Andrew Shirley (author of *The Mezzotints of David Lucas after Constable*), Mrs. Esdaile (author of *The Life and Works of François Roubiliac*), E. J. Holmyard (author of *Makers of Chemistry*), Professor D. Nichol Smith (editor of the *Oxford Book of Eighteenth-Century Verse*), J. A. Williamson (whose *Evolution of England*<sup>6</sup> has been called the best one-volume history of England in existence), and many others.

Every phase is there—Manners, Meals, Taste, Sports, Costume, the Theatre, Music, London Life, etc., etc., and all illustrated with the most delightful and unusual collection of pictures we have ever seen in a book on the 18th century.

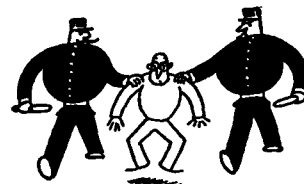
Just read here what the century was really like, and you will agree with Mr. Trevelyan that "Dr. Johnson's English were a sturdy crew!"

THE OXONIAN.

OUR BOOK OF THE MONTH: *Johnson's England: An Account of the Life and Manners of His Age*. Edited by A. S. Turberville. 2 vols. \$14.00.<sup>12</sup>

(<sup>1</sup>) 2 vols. \$14.00. (<sup>2</sup>) \$4.00. (<sup>3</sup>) \$2.00. (<sup>4</sup>) 85c. (<sup>5</sup>) 5 vols. \$10.00. (<sup>6</sup>) 2 vols. \$17.00. (<sup>7</sup>) \$15.00. (<sup>8</sup>) \$16.00. (<sup>9</sup>) \$2.50. (<sup>10</sup>) \$3.00. (<sup>11</sup>) \$2.50. (<sup>12</sup>) Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue.

JUST OUT!



Literary Guild Selection

## L'Affaire Jones

By HILLEL BERNSTEIN

An extraordinary novel—brilliant, hilarious—depicting the plight of a bewildered American, imprisoned by the French as a master spy.

*The Talk of Three Countries!*

"Most keen and amusing satire," "a comic masterpiece," "a riot," "convulsed me," "Vive L'Affaire Jones!" are a few comments from such writers as Don Marquis, Carl Van Doren, Roark Bradford, Joseph Wood Krutch, Elmer Davis, Harold Nicolson, Phyllis Bentley, André Maurois.

Illustrations by SOGLOW

\$2.50 - STOKES

## The Clue of the Crushed Camellia

. . . was only one of the strange clues Inspector McKee, ace of Centre Street, found when death came for the little dancer and all the resources of the New York Police swept into action against a subtle murderer.

For further details see the brilliant new detective novel

**McKEE OF CENTRE STREET**  
by HELEN REILLY



A Crime Club Selection

\$2 Everywhere