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Feliciana



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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

ON Q., particularly in hot weather, gets impatient with bibliophiles who are too cute. With a thrill of horror he received from North Carolina a publication that subtitled itself "A Bookish Magazine for Regular Booksters." Occasionally pedantic old Q. is asked how old he really is. He is exactly the same age as Sergio who tends bar so skillfully at that delightful little restaurant (headquarters of the old Grillparzer Sittenpolizei-Verein) at 20 East 13 Street. If Sergio will tell you, we don't mind. Which reminds us, how is the eminent Dr. Arnold Genthe, founder of the Grillparzer Club, getting on with his autobiography; which should be a book of great interest? Ditto Felix Rosenberg?

Random House refers to Morley Callaghan's *They Shall Inherit the Earth* (coming in September) as "the first novel published by Random House in the eight years of its existence." Where does this leave *Ulysses* and *Remembrance of Things Past*? Dutton describes Annulet Andrews's *Melissa Starke* as "a novel of the old South . . . still selling in that part of the country." Being read, no doubt, by the characters of *So Red the Rose*. Mr. Linscott of Houghton Mifflin gives us some interesting dope on the sales of the grand old *Rubaiyat*. He writes:

SIR:—Your note on the "Rubaiyat" set me digging among old records for new light on the rise and decline of a popular classic.

Our first version was the Red Line which we took over from Osgood in 1880 (they had published it three years earlier). In that year we sold 170 copies. Five years later it was selling at the rate of 1,000 copies a year. In 1898, it touched its peak with a sale of 1,797. By 1905, the average was 250 a year; by 1910, 75 a year; and by the 1930's, 10 a year.

The Vedder editions, brought out in 1885, were too expensive to reach those figures but we sold out a De Luxe Edition of 100 copies at \$100 each, and managed to dispose of 1,449 copies of the Folio Edition at \$25; 1,769 copies of the Quarto Edition at \$12.50; and 11,670 of the Popular Edition at \$5. The last of these lingered on to 1931 in which year we sold six copies.

In addition we disposed of nearly 8,000 copies of a Comparative Edition at \$1.50 and sold out a Riverside Press Edition of 300 copies at \$10 each within a few days of publication.

These sales are, of course, insignificant beside the carloads of little limp leather editions that used to flood the department stores. Does anyone still give these at Christmas?

R. N. LINSKOTT.

Boston, Mass.

Little, Brown has taken over *The Old Farmer's Almanac*, that magnificent bucolic encyclopedia which has been published continuously since 1795, and which, according to the publishers—it's news to Quercus—is a prescribed textbook at Harvard, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, and many

other universities and colleges." Other Boston news: Houghton Mifflin reports that they have sent a "desk copy" of Walter Millis's *Road to War* to Adolf Hitler, at the request of Hanfstaengl. It would be interesting if the book were to be held up at the German border by the censor.

It is Old Quercus's pleasure to announce that the prize for the best madrigal on the theme "Withers Shall Not Wring Tonight" has been awarded to Aspidistra. Will she confidentially let us have an available name and address so she may receive the rich reward (a year's subscription to TRADE WINDS)? This is the ballad—which perhaps in cooler weather we should lack sang chaud to print:—

WITHERS SHALL NOT WRING TONIGHT
This morning I fell down the stairs.
This noon I sat on a bee.
Just now I am pensively wondering
What the dusk may have for me
But a couple of tuts—
And bless my guts!
Withers shall not wring tonight

My True Love's sire to quintuplets
And I am not their Ma.
Through my roof comes rain in droplets.
How lousy most things are—
But a couple of tuts—
And bless my guts!
Withers shall not wring tonight

The Senate's taken all my yachts.
Some wretch has taken my plots,
A situation needing lots
Of fortitude
Because he had no gratitude
And omitted quotation marks.
(I'd like to feed him to the sharks)
But a couple of tuts—
And bless my guts!
Withers shall not wring tonight

I like to be of help, especially to humanity—
So I'll tell you how I acquired my much
admired urbanity:
It was plenty of Milk of Magnesia
And plenty of Swedish Bread.
It was getting up late in the morning
And going too early to bed.
It was lots of Castor Oil
And Carter's Liver Pills,
Together with other nostrums
For doing away with ills.
After that, come rack, come rope,
I never lost a bit of hope,
I always float like Ivory soap.
So a couple of tuts—
And bless my guts!
Withers shall not wring tonight.

Come, let us sing with all our main and might
Withers, withers, withers,
Shall not wring tonight!

ASPIDISTRA.

Old Q. has received many suggestions for M. B. W. of La Jolla, Calif., who wanted lists of "treasure books." Excerpts from these we shall shortly print.