

# The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING: CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books  
and is conducted by John T. Winterich

## Current Receipts

**CHERRY RIPE.** By A. E. Coppard. First American edition. Windham, Conn.: Hawthorn House. 1935. 300 copies at \$4.

THIS first edition of a new volume of poems by A. E. Coppard is presented as a demure little book, charmingly printed from hand-set type by Mr. E. B. Thompson. It contains three poems not in the edition being published contemporaneously in England, and besides it has a bibliographical note and list of previous first editions of Coppard's work, by George B. Saul. There are very nice decorations in color by Valenti Angelo. Altogether the book proves that small volumes of verse should be printed in small printing-offices, where the sympathetic treatment of poetry is so much easier.

**THE ESTIVATION OF TWO MAO TZU.** By Melbert B. Cary, Jr., New York: Privately printed at the Press of the Woolly Whale. 1935.

This book tells the story of a trip to China in 1934. It is written in an interesting way, and printed in the oriental manner—that is, on soft paper, unopened, and bound in boards with covers tied on. There are two lucid maps in color, and the text is in red and black. It is very carefully set and printed, and possessors of copies are fortunate.

## THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

This reprint, as a small folio issued by the Golden Cross Press, has also been issued in an edition of twenty-five copies for private distribution—and with its hand illuminations by Valenti Angelo it is one of the handsome books of the year. No copies are for sale, unfortunately.

The Press of the Woolly Whale issues as its eighth Armistice Day series an essay, of some nine small pages, by Richard Le Gallienne, entitled "Exaggerated Nationalism." The text is worthy of the author of "The Cry of the Little Peoples," and the printing is good.

**TERZA-RIMA SONNETS.** By Robin Lampson. Berkeley: The Archetype Press. 1935. 500 copies. \$2 and \$3.

This is another case of a book of verse printed under right conditions (I have already spoken of Coppard's "Cherry Ripe"), in that it has been hand-set and printed by hand, by Wilder Bentley. There are one hundred and twenty-five copies signed by the author, of the edition of five hundred.

**SAN FRANCISCO, PAST AND PRESENT.** By Edward F. O'Day. San Francisco: The Adobe Press. 1935.

For a private client the Grabhorn Press has made a very handsome slim octavo of Mr. O'Day's account of the city on the bay. There is an introduction by

Harry Leon Wilson, and, best of all, a proof from the original plate of an etching of the city made in 1870 by W. L. Ormsby.

Mr. Arthur Rushmore's Golden Hind Press at Madison, N. J., has printed fifty copies of Alexander Smith's "Dream-thorp" for Mr. Quincey P. Emery.

**"MISCELLANEOUS ANTIQUITIES."** Number ten of the new series inaugurated by Horace's friend at Farmington, Wilmarth S. Lewis, to carry forward Walpole's idea of yesteryear, is now in possession of less than a hundred fortunate sharers in Mr. Lewis's passion. It is "Le Triomphe de l'Amitié ou l'Histoire de Jacqueline et de Jeanneton," by Mr. Lewis, appropriately printed by Mr. Thompson at Hawthorn House. The time, the place, and the girls—not to mention the author and the printer—have been propitious, and the book is a fitting addition to the series.

## New Editions of the Bible

The Limited Editions Club has sent out to its members a new printing of the Holy Scriptures which is a work of no small merit. There are five volumes, reasonable in size, and admirably bound in a smooth, blue cloth. The King James version has been followed as to text, but the absurd canon of Bible printing—small type, double columns, italics, paragraph marks, references, and pronunciation "aids,"—has been joyfully broken. The pages, set in a large size of excellent type, and firmly printed in black ink on suitable paper, are readable and inviting. If the Bible is to be read in the future not as a fetich to be worshipped, but as a Captain's orders to be disobeyed

at one's peril (in Carlyle's words), then it will have to be presented in some such modernized form as this—free from eccentricities either of exegesis or typography. There is a simplicity and straightforwardness about these volumes which makes them notable.

The prefixing to the first volume of the list of translators of the King James Version of 1611, together with the address of "The Translators to the Reader," is an interesting addition.

## To Come This Spring, and Later

**PRELUDE TO MAN.** The Peter Pauper Press announces an elaborate printing in 375 signed and numbered copies of Chard Powers Smith's latest poem. The work will be decorated by Valenti Angelo, and advance subscriptions are invited at \$10.

**A PAPERMAKING PILGRIMAGE.** Mr. Dard Hunter's latest book, illustrated with specimens of oriental paper, will be issued in a very limited edition at \$36.

**A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL EXTENSION** (to Frederic Warde's "Bruce Rogers, Designer of Books") compiled by Irwin Haas will contain an introduction by Beatrice Warde, and be printed by the Peter Pauper Press. Ready in May. \$3.50.

**BURNING CITY.** A limited edition of this new book by Stephen Vincent Benét will be issued (besides the trade edition) at \$7.50.

**GRABHORN PRESS EDITIONS** will include Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," and "Robinson Jeffers and the Sea," by M. B. Bennett. The latter book will include an unpublished poem by Jeffers.

**ILLUSTRATION CONTEST** of the Limited Editions Club. Announcement of prize winners will be made this spring.

**CRUSADER'S CASTLE,** by T. E. Lawrence, will be published in a thousand-page book, illustrated with photographs by Lawrence. Golden Cockerel Press, \$22.50.

## Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	Label	Contents	Flavor
<b>THE PYRAMID</b> Robert Hichens (Doubleday, Doran: \$2.50)	Novel	Suzanne, American warbler, packs a wow tonsil except when it comes to singing Aida. The gal ups and overcomes jinx through series of torrid adventures.	Thrushy
<b>ARGONAUT GOLD</b> Charles H. Snow (Macrae-Smith: \$2.)	Romantic Adventure	Tough going for a wagon-train Californy bound in the 1850's. Dave Forrest, Injun scout, leads the way to the goldfields and to the heart of Sally Remington.	Kit Carson
<b>THE BOSS OF THE LAZY 9</b> Peter Field (Morrow: \$2.)	Western	Cattle rustlers and Ace Gilbert square off for some of the purtiest gun play in Utah. Dan Cupid is kept a'hoppin' plenty and two couples bite the altar.	Horse Meat
<b>THE CORTENAY TREASURE</b> Percival Christopher Wren (Houghton Mifflin: \$2.)	Novel	Sinister doings with ex-convicts and everything, and in such a nice old English castle. Young Sir Giles finally decides his sweetheart is the treasure.	Cambric Tea

## The New Books

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deliberately restricted to the commonplace.

The commonplace, the actual surface reality of every day, is easily photographed and catalogued, but a special talent is needed to penetrate and reveal it;—a talent that can use the authentic metaphor, seize the one right significant detail among a dozen, pick the spoken phrases that disclose character and let the others go. If the commonplace is to be relished it must be sharpened with humor, and it must give the appearance of spontaneous life. The reality of "Best in the Greenwood" has a synthetic appearance; it is too carefully mapped, too much catalogued in tedious detail. The sophisticated scenes, with their stiff, labored dialogue, are the least successful.

C. C.

**THE DIARY OF A SUBURBAN HOUSEWIFE.** By Dorothy Blake. Morrow. 1936. \$2.

Mrs. Blake's book gives a convincing picture of a corner of present-day American life, a woman's picture of a year of the depression. Reported with vividness and dry humor, the tiny events of her life make agreeable reading, and we feel the unflinching charm that reality exerts when it is cleverly reproduced within the pages of a book. Dorothy Blake has followed life so closely in all its minute variations that we almost take her picture for granted, forgetting, in the ease and unpretentiousness of her writing, how difficult a thing it is either to give fiction the solidity of truth or to invest truth with the heightened interest of fiction. The diary in question reads as though it were an artful combination of fact and imagination, but the result is a "slice of life" which may some day be of value to the historian who wishes to find out how average Americans lived in the nineteen-thirties. The children are amusingly real and of the present moment.

We see in this book a typical young American woman of good education and nice tastes adjusting herself to hard times. She is courageous, she has a sense of humor, she can face facts squarely, and above all, she has that gift of the gods, a real talent for cooking. Her story may not be one to go back to, and to reread, for it is not told with any particular distinction of style, nor has it any memorable flashes of perception, but it makes pleasant desultory reading.

C. C.

**BANJO ON MY KNEE.** By Harry Hamilton. Bobbs-Merrill. 1936. \$2.

Just as some excellent frivolities in jazz have been plucked from the scores of great masters of music, so Harry Hamilton has made an excellent, if evanescent, bit of entertainment out of a Mark Twain folk on a Mark Twain river. Indeed, his company of fisher folk, clustered in their shanty boats about obscure Island 21 on the Mississippi, scornful of land dwellers and cotton growers, are just such folk as Huck Finn might have found, but the complications through which they pass

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## Highlights from Our Spring List

### THEODORE PARKER, YANKEE CRUSADER

By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

Emerson thought him one of the three great men of his time. Scholar, preacher, reformer, abolitionist, politician—his career is an epitome of a whole society. Illustrated. \$3.00

### THE GENERAL By C. S. FORESTER

"A subtly and skillfully written novel . . . a genuine contribution to the intelligent study of militarism as a social phenomenon."—Walter Millis, author of "Road to War." 2nd printing. \$2.50

## The HURRICANE

By  
NORDHOFF  
and  
HALL



Authors of  
THE  
"BOUNTY"  
TRILOGY

### A New Modern Classic

"Since Stevenson laid down his pen, I do not remember a piece of fiction with such pure outline or such a hold on the imagination." — Lincoln Colcord, New York Herald Tribune "Books."

"A masterpiece written within our time. The story is timeless, universal and, in the best sense, human."—Sterling North, Chicago Daily News.

### A best seller from coast to coast

45th thousand

An Atlantic Book

\$2.50

## The AMERICAN ARMY in FRANCE

By MAJOR GENERAL JAMES G. HARBORD

The complete and authentic story of the A.E.F. by the man best qualified to tell it. Illustrations and maps. 2nd printing. \$5.00

## FATHER STRUCK IT RICH

By EVALYN WALSH McLEAN (With Boyden Sparkes)

The reminiscences of one of the most sensationably fascinating personalities in the United States—the owner and wearer of the Hope Diamond. 2nd printing. Illustrated. \$3.00

Publishers **LITTLE, BROWN & CO.** Boston

# A London Letter

By R. ELLIS ROBERTS

**F**ASHIONS in translations are odd things. I do not suppose you suffer as much from the veering of taste as we do in England; but I fancy you do suffer, as we do, from the snobbish inclination to think a book by a foreign author is better than one by a native. At the moment we are going rather Scandinavian again. I can just remember the early days of the Scandinavian craze, which reached its height in the great Ibsen period, and then broke and flared in the rocket of Strindberg at the beginning of the century. Its start was accidental: it was due to two things: the passion of a poet, and the holiday of a civil servant. William Morris, whose profound love of epic blinded him to the fact that he was really not an epic but an episodic poet, felt that classical subjects were exhausted, and he turned to the north for inspiration. Hence came the "Story of the Volsungs" and his translations, with Magnusson, of the old Icelandic Sagas. It is an odd thing that John Galsworthy's masterpiece owes its curiously inappropriate description to the literary proclivities of a nineteenth century Viking. No one spoke of "sagas" before Morris: to-day the word can splash into a headline as a description of the career of a bankrupt hairpin tycoon. The other English-

man who revived the Norsemen's invasion was the bitter and bird-like Edmund Gosse. He was employed, as was his friend Austen Dobson, in the Board of Trade. By chance he took a holiday in Norway, picked up a little of the language, and came across an odd dramatic poem, "Peer Gynt," by a man called Henrik Ibsen. Gosse was an intelligent critic, with a genuine taste in poetry: and he wrote an article on this new Norwegian work which was published in *The Spectator* in 1868. His "Northern Studies" came later; Archer went Norse, to find in Ibsen his own Scotch Presbyterian prejudices and convictions, and by the late eighties and the middle nineties all the intelligentsia of this island was worshipping Ibsen.

For a time, in the days just before the war, Ibsen's clear and strict genius was put in the shade by Strindberg: then both were obscured, as the fashion turned to France and even to Spain. Today there is a revival of Norse once more. The fact is, Scandinavia is once more the fashion. I have just been reading an Icelandic novel—"Salka Valka," by Halldor Laxness; it is a fairly good, rather muddled and over-crowded story of a small fishing village, a place with primitive people and revolting manners, which would

have attracted little attention had it been an English novel about an English village. And from the same firm, Allen and Unwin, comes a much better book, Hjalmar Bergman's "Head of the Firm." This book was published in Stockholm (*Chefen Fru Ingeborg*) in 1924: and though it is a good story of business and domestic life in Stockholm, it would hardly have been translated now had it not been that our tastes were once more Scandinavian. Perhaps there are economic reasons at work, too, for the fashion. Scandinavia is "on sterling," if that is the right expression, and it is easier to manage exchange of monies between England and those countries, than between England and Germany.

I suppose one can hardly expect people to read with avidity guide-books to their own country; though I remember devouring eagerly a Baedeker's England which an American relative once left me in my Cotswold cottage. If there are any Americans who would welcome such a volume, I can heartily recommend Ronald Elwey Mitchell's "America: a Practical Handbook" which has recently been published by Hamish Hamilton. Mitchell is a Scot who has travelled over most of the States in the past three years; he is quite free from that strange error which afflicts so many Britons of talking of America as if there was no difference between California and Connecticut, the Alleghanies and the Rockies, Boston and Brooklyn, New Orleans and Nashville. His volume is intended for English visitors: but I think Americans will find it amusing to see what an intelligent and friendly foreigner thinks are the noticeable things in your country. He defends your Custom officials, praises your coffee, and thinks badly of your tea. I wonder how many New Yorkers will agree with this:

There are three buildings in New York which every conscientious tourist visits. They are all worth while and you will have missed something if you miss them, but you can know New York tolerably well and yet never step inside them. Ask any New Yorker. They are the New York Public Library on Fifth Avenue, the Metropolitan Museum of Art . . . and the American Museum of Natural History.

And what about Trinity Church? Mr. Mitchell has little to say, throughout his volume on American churches: and I should have liked rather more about that older America which we over here know from American literature. He has a good deal about New England; but I miss any reference to Annapolis: I could have spared his passage on the well-known subject of mint-juleps for a page or two on Monterey and Booth Tarkington's Indianapolis, if any of it still exists, in spite of Mr. Tarkington's complaints about its disappearance.

One of the most enterprising of recent publishing efforts in England has been Mr. Allan Lane's Penguin Books. I don't think you have any comparable series in America. I know your Modern Library at ninety-five cents; but that price seems a good deal to an Englishman who is used to excellent reprints of modern authors at half a dollar or less. The Penguin Books, however, stagger me, who can remember quite well that wonderful series

## Real Lovers —not paper dolls!



**H**ERE, for the first time, is the Japan of today, no longer the country of politeness and parasols, but a land torn between the old conventions and the new moral codes of the West. In this story of a youth's love for a girl of the Yoshiwara, his own father's former mistress, the author has written one of the most dramatic and tenderest love stories you have ever read, set in a background that is entirely new.

By **BRADFORD SMITH**

# TO THE MOUNTAIN

\$2.50. BOBBS-MERRILL

## The Critics Hail a Discovery!

**Profoundly human** novel of love where tradition rules and romance is starved.—*N. Y.*

*Herald Tribune.*

**Not only beautiful** but great. Bradford Smith has enclosed within the simple love story of an obscure Japanese boy and girl the whole dramatic story of modern Japan.—*ALICE TISDALE HOBART*, author of *Oil for the Lamps of China*.

**A deeper understanding** of modern Japan. The novel has the steady strength of an almost repertorial reality.—*TIME*.

**Accurate and vital** . . . he has recognized the fact that romantic love in our time is like a footnote to politics. He is conscious of something more than cherry blossoms and the beauty of Fujiyama at dawn.

—*New York Times.*