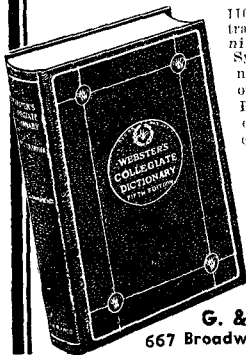


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Mark Twain's Only Son

THE only known photographic print of Mark Twain's only son, Langdon Clemens, is included in a Bret Harte exhibition of unusual scope and variety which is now on display at the bookshop of G. A. Baker & Co., 3 West 46th Street, New York. Langdon Clemens was born at Elmira, New York, November 7th, 1870, and died at Hartford June 2, 1872. The photograph in the G. A. Baker exhibit bears this inscription to Bret Harte in Mark Twain's hand: "The most determined singer in America sends his warm regards to the most notorious one. (Signed) Langdon Clemens. The lady is his aunt who sat for his mother and did it very well indeed, with the exception of resemblance—she broke down there." The designation "most notorious singer" refers, of course, to the tremendous acclaim which had greeted Harte's "Plain Language from Truthful James," more generally if erroneously known as "The Heathen Chinee." The G. A. Baker exhibition, held in honor of the centenary of Bret Harte's birth, includes all of his writings in both American and English editions, numerous presentation copies of unusually intimate association, photographs, and more than three hundred letters. It will continue through October.

Harvard Under Glass

Harvard's tercentenary has received adequate homage from Boston to San Marino. Through October 1st there will be displayed in the Treasure Room of the Boston Public Library a special Harvard exhibit which includes such crown jewels

as a Bay Psalm Book and an Eliot Indian Bible. The Harvard College Library itself has been showing during the summer precious manuscripts from the university archives. The Huntington Library is exhibiting until September 30th a special collection of Harvardiana that extends from the earliest days up to Emerson's devastating Divinity School address of 1838. At Boston and at San Marino alike is available a copy of the rare "New England's First Fruits" (London, 1643), notable as the first effort at endowment-raising to be initiated in the New World.

Frank Forester

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT: A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF HIS WRITINGS. By William Mitchell Van Winkle, with the Bibliographical Assistance of David A. Randall. 250 copies. Portland, Maine: Southworth-Anthoensen Press. 1936. \$10.

Versatility in the product generally makes for a high degree of interest in a bibliography of the producer, as the present admirable compendium attests. Romancer, poet, translator, historian, sporting chronicler, author of technical disquisitions on the bringing up of dogs and horses and the bringing down of game, editor of magazines and annuals and prolific contributor to both, illustrator, and occasionally carver of his own wood-blocks, Henry William Herbert (which is to say Frank Forester) left behind him a concrete accomplishment of amazing dimensions. But this very quality has made the task of Mr. Van Winkle and Mr. Randall an exciting adventure. Theirs alike the dolor and the thrill that ride with explorers into uncharted wastes.

It was a chase which Herbert would have enjoyed, and its bag is impressive. The table of contents lists fifty-one original works, nine books edited by Herbert, twelve translations (there may have been more), twenty-one books containing contributions by him, and eleven attributions. His serial activity embraced nearly thirty magazines, plus numerous contributions to newspapers, many of them now unidentifiable. Add to this the fact that Herbert's heyday was the most difficult period bibliographically in American letters (1835-1850), and the achievement of Messrs. Van Winkle and Randall takes on added lustre.

Thirteen colotype reproductions amplify and interpret the text and lend a pleasant period flavor to a manual that is as handsomely and serviceably managed typographically as it is intelligently edited. Though the text is so well categorized that the book almost indexes itself, a formal index would have added a magnificent capstone to its utility.

Just as most sailors come from North Dakota, so do many collectors of sporting books gestate in unhorsy environments—and are none the less enthusiastic on that account.

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q., always slow to learn what's going on, didn't know about the popular word-game *knock, knock* until he went to Albany last week to attend the dedication of Miss Fay and Miss Foote's new Mistletoe Bookshop at 25 Dove Street. But after being told several knock, knocks by talented raconteurs the old Scandinavian finally got the idea and begot one of his own which seemed to please the bibliophiles present. It was due, he thinks, to having been shown the serried ranks of fine bindings in the library of the University Club of Albany. At any rate, here it is:—

Knock, knock!

Who's there?

Demerara.

Demerara who?

Dem are rare editions.

The day that Old Q. went to Albany he found his N. Y. Central train sprinkled with jubilee folders announcing Syracuse's satisfaction in its newly opened R. R. station. No longer can Syracuse be known in vaudeville as the town where trains run in the street, and old Q. hopes that Miss Cummings and Mrs. Bigelow and all the other friendly booksellers of Syracuse are celebrating with gala business.

Old Q. had fun studying the first of the Crimefile detective stories—an album containing the complete police dossier concerning The File on Bolitho Blane (Morrow). All clues, documents, items of evidence, are presented in actual physical form as they appeared to the detective—bits of bloodstained curtain, strands of hair, burned match, telegrams, memos, etc. It's a clever novelty though the story itself is scarcely strong enough to hold up. Q. enjoyed doing a little de-

tective work on his own hook, and concluded at once that in spite of the statement on the album "printed in the U. S." the original documents must have been prepared in England. Evidence submitted:—(1) Type faces and facsimile handwritings plainly British. (2) Notation for dates, e.g. March 8 written as 8/3, instead of 3/8. (3) Notation for times, e.g. 7.5 instead of 7.05. (4) A man in a hurry described as going *overland* from Panama to Miami—an almost impossible journey (unless by "overland" they mean by air). (5) a U. S. detective would never call an undershirt a "vest," nor a pad of paper a "block." (6) *Who's Who in America* would never use "Coy" as an abbreviation for "Company." (7) The police of Miami, Fla., would never spell rumors *rumours*; nor put a comma after the number of a street address, e.g. "1256, Palm Avenue." These points, plus others, convinced Old Inquisitioner Q. that the ingenious authors of the Crimefile have never visited the U. S.

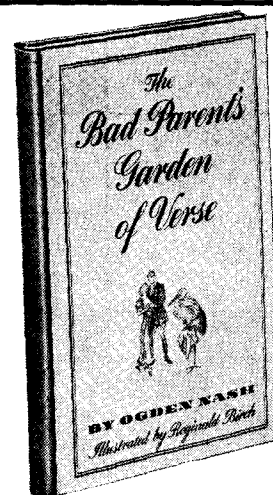
Putnam's report that Dorothy Aldis's charming books of verses for children sold more than 50,000 copies in the original editions, and are now available in \$1 reprints. The Heritage Press asks advice: what would be the best time of year to issue a new illustrated edition of Walton's *Angler*? Should it be at Christmas, when nobody fishes, or in spring when people fish but don't give so many presents? Enthusiasts for *Gone With the Wind* were surprised by Macmillan's advertisement in last week's S.R.L., jubilantly proclaiming that the book had sold "now over 40,000." This was not just commercial diffidence but a fallen cipher—the actual figures to date are 426,000. The Q. Associates offer congratulations to J. A. McKaughan, advertising manager of Reynal & Hitchcock, on his marriage to Elizabeth Honness, formerly with the Century Co., now managing editor of *The American Girl*.

L. G., our Red Raven Split-Second Reporter, files:

Smart book merchandising started off the Fall book season when Brentano's Book Store, New York City, held a fashion pre-view of new styles, Wednesday, Sept. 16, to help promote sales for the new national best-seller *Live Alone and Like It* by Marjorie Hillis and published by Bobbs-Merrill. Bonwit-Teller, Fifth Avenue shop, cooperated with the bookshop in furnishing the apparel and models. The tie-up, an ingenious stunt, brought several hundred people to the store and resulted in about a hundred sales for the book. Miss Hillis autographed the copies. The models were introduced by Miss Johnson of *Vogue* magazine who cleverly carried out the style angles as suggested in the book. The models, cute and clothes-broken, tripped through the book aisles. Frequent attention was brought to the book and the filly of soul who lives alone and likes it won't need to live alone long.

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(Did anybody say babies?)



A few years ago OGDEN NASH wasn't a parent. At that time he wrote several poems that violently antagonized babies all over the country. Not being a parent, he was a bad parent.



Came the dawn and NASH became a parent. Since the dawn he has continued writing things about children. As the title of his new book indicates, he still considers himself a bad parent.



Among the pleasures confronting the reader of *The Bad Parents' Garden of Verse* (published last week, \$2.00) is that of deciding which of the verses were written before the blessed events occurred and which after. Our friends in the Publicity Business have, as a matter of fact, been urging us to conduct a contest and give a free baby to everyone who guesses correctly which verses were written B.B. and A.B. We say a murrain upon them. If there are any extra babies around, we'll take them.



Both OGDEN NASH and your correspondents are grateful to Mr. Reginald Birch (remember the Little Lord Fautleroy illustrations? he did them) for his drawings. With these, *The Bad Parents' Garden of Verse* achieves a new high in mergers. It is sort of like a wedding between *The New Yorker* and *The St. Nicholas Magazine*. —ESSANDESS.

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