



A NOVEL BY
**FRANCIS
HACKETT**

"THIS IS A BIG NOVEL for those who like bones and meat and brains and stomach to their historical novels, who find in history an illumination of the present."—*Herald-Tribune BOOKS.*

"WITH ALL THE DOCUMENTATION of *Henry the Eighth* and *Francis the First* behind him he was admirably equipped to develop the novel that now treats of the high fortunes and tragic misfortunes of Mistress Anne Boleyn."

—*Times Book Review.*

"FIRST-RATE POPULAR HISTORY with romantic trimmings, intelligently imagined and skillfully written."—*Saturday Review.* 477 pp., \$2.75
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN



Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE saddest thing about a beautiful autumn morning is to see how weatherbeaten the robin looks. His tawny waistcoat is rumped and bleached, it no longer has the old sleek bulge and ruddy color. We would put this thought into a verse, as it deserves, but we haven't the heart to dwell on it that long. I. A. says the Elizabeth, N. J., station on the B. & O., also has a weathervane in the shape of a locomotive, perhaps that too has a history that some B. & O. Historian will report. Constant appeals to disregard "propaganda" can be themselves a form of propaganda. There is an interesting point mentioned in Liddell Hart's new book *The Defence of Britain* (Random House), the purview of which is wider than implied in the title. Speaking of the First World War he says, "it is significant that there was a fog on the occasion of almost every offensive on the Western Front which had any success." This has its analogies on psychological Fronts also. One of the most curious bits of fog floating about has been the repeated hearsay that "there's something phoney about this War." To those who are offering hasty comments on this, some of Liddell Hart's remarks are worth consideration. He points out that for Britain and France to attempt offensive strategy would be the extreme of folly. We were pleased by the autograph facsimile impressed on the binding of the first volume of Carl Sandburg's *Lincoln: The War Years*. It says simply "Your obt servt A. Lincoln." We thought to ourself that to be obedient and serviceable to the necessities of Now, let us not be in too much of a hurry to offer precocious opinion on great issues. Truth is, for the time being, in "protective custody," and will emerge gradually. The historians who have been most valuable, perhaps, were the Historians by Accident, or *Malgré Eux*; like Sam Pepys.

One of the pleasant effects of the recent unseasonable heat wave in the Middle West was that our cheerful correspondent Sam Nock sat down to loaf alongside an electric fan in the new bookshop of Frank Glenn at 1022 Baltimore Avenue, Kansas City. So idling he wrote us a long letter describing the charms of Mr. Glenn's place, "big enough for browsing, and comfortable chairs, and ash trays, and a treasure room for fine editions." Dr. Lawrence Reynolds describes the "prodromal symptoms" of book collector's malady as "a little flushing of the cheeks, a slight exophthalmos and a certain tremor of the fingers in the presence of great books." This is in Dr. Reynolds' preface to the exciting catalogue *70 Noteworthy Medical Rarities* issued in honor of the 70th birthday of Dr. Harvey Cushing, by Schuman's, 730 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. This is the first catalogue issued by Henry Schuman since moving from

Detroit to New York, and is a graceful tribute to Dr. Cushing both as surgeon and bibliophile. Alfred A. Knopf, to celebrate his 25th year in publishing, announces three annual awards of \$1,200 each "to assist talented writers to complete planned and unfinished books." Full information and application blanks from Mr. Knopf's office, 501 Madison Ave., New York City.

It will be fifty years this winter since there first appeared in American ink the two fiction characters who have probably given more innocent pleasure than any others in history—Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, in *Lippincott's Magazine*. Which will make appropriate the forthcoming volume of Baker Street Irregularities edited by Vincent Starrett. Just before the recent death of Arthur Rackham, Goodspeed's (Boston) had catalogued an interesting autobiographical sketch dictated by Mr. Rackham to an interviewer, with alterations and additions in autograph. This was offered, as an Inventory Bargain, at \$42.50. No matter what happens, or what horrors may be in store, we can put at the top of this year's Christmas List *A Treasury of Art Masterpieces* edited by Thomas Craven (\$10, Simon & Schuster). The book is an art gallery in itself, was completed just before political anxieties and closed museums in Europe would have made it impossible. It contains color photos of 144 of the world's most famous paintings, with comment by Mr. Craven.

Old Q. gathers from the newspapers that there is some attempt to revive the corset. This reminds him of a delightful verse he once found in Ashley's *The Yankee Whaler*, a bit of literary scrimshaw scratched on a strip of whalebone by some unknown New England mariner:—

Accept, dear Girl, this busk from me,
Carved by my humble hand—
I took it from a Sparm Whale's jaw
One thousand miles from Land!
In many a gale has been the Whale
In which this bone did rest,
His time is past, his bone at last
May now support thy brest.

Arthur Rogers, excellent bookseller in Newcastle-on-Tyne whose catalogues are known to many of our readers, writes "I am back in the army as Sergeant Rogers in the Royal Air Force. The business will have to be closed down temporarily but I hope and pray it will be possible to pick it up afterwards. Meanwhile I should be grateful to have my customers in the U. S. who feel like it, to write to me occasionally—particularly any who owe me anything! My stock will still be available. Address: Sergt. A. Rogers, No. 2165, R.A.F., c/o 5 Saville Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. Mark Please Forward."