

THE GOSSIP SHOP

TWO things, besides the huge crowd of expensively dressed non-poets gathered in the Hotel Astor ballroom, made the annual dinner of the Poetry Society of America memorable. These two came toward dawn (though most of this large audience waited. Is it not strange that each year the number of persons who are tolerantly curious concerning the arts increases?). When Amy Lowell arose it was near or after the witching hour, and she said precisely what she had been thinking about many things, among them the Poetry Society. It needed to be said. Then Carl Sandburg got up slowly. He had been sitting for an hour past, his pale heavy noble head, with its lock of grey hair over the forehead, leaned back against the wall, eyes closed. Now, however, he was alive. He read his long poem of the spirit of Chicago, "The Windy City", read it with an understanding of the subtle shades of rhythm that only Carl himself knows, read it so that the jaded audience and the rapidly fading poets were moved to cheers. It was the first time we had ever heard Carl sing. His rendition of "Jay Gould's Daughter", a ditty of the railroad bum, was more dramatic than most operatic arias. Why doesn't Carl move from Chicago to New York so that a fellow can see him occasionally? Edwin Arlington Robinson was there, too. He sat silently and patiently until morning. Several days before we had called on him in Brooklyn, where he is working on a long poem, an extremely long poem. We discussed "The London Mercury" and the poetry

of John V. A. Weaver. Sandburg and Robinson are two of our four poetic heroes. Which reminds us, that when we visited Ben Miller, that charming appreciator of poetry, not long ago in Washington, we were at first astonished to hear the excellent southern cook (who made us several varieties of biscuits for a breakfast that should have been served to the muses on Olympus) call "Rob't Frost, O Rob't Frost!" This was unusual. This was amazing. Where was Robert Frost?



Carl Sandburg

A grey cat bounded into the kitchen. "Thea yo ah!" said the triumphant maidservant. "Now I'm goin' tuh find Mistah John Keats." So Mr. Miller combines his pets and his hobby. We

have just bought two love birds (green and yellow). We are thinking of calling them—oh well! never mind.

The following comes from a prominent novelist (female). We publish it quite without comment.

BALLAD OF BOOK-LICKING

Oh, if you have written a book
And you know that it won't be read,
And that no one will give it a kindly look
And before it's alive it will be stone-dead;
If it's dull and dreary and commonplace
And has no style to give it grace;
Nevertheless—take heart—
Book-licking is the latest art!

The very first of your needs consists
In making friends of the colyumists;
There's Benchley and Morley, Heywood and
Don,

And F. P. A. to help it on.
They're all good fellows, what can they do
When you beg them just "for a word or two"?
They'll shrug their shoulders and hide a grin,
But be persistent, they might give in,
And you should care what they really think
If they'll grant you a line of book-licker's ink.

Oh if a book you have written,
And your publisher looks blue,
And his feet with cold are smitten,
And he says, "It will never do!"
Simply smile and say, "I know,—
But there's one sure trick to make it go:
Wallie Irwin and Charlie Towne,
And Fannie Hurst with much renown,
Then Mrs. Atherton, Julian Street,
And Arthur Vance will make it complete.
If I ask them they'll *have* to say
Something pleasant. That's the way!
Then, damn their eyes,
We'll use their blurbs to advertise!
They're all my friends. They're very kind.
What they honestly think of me, I don't mind."

Oh, if you have written a book,
Don't worry about the critics,
Hand them a narsty look,
Call 'em mental paralytics.
Hang on to the Known and the Great,
Demand that your merits they state.
Every one has a generous heart—
And—Book-licking is the latest art.
(*Author's name withheld. Safety First!*)

In an office of the Munson Line, Dock 10, New York City, has been established the headquarters of the Merchant Marine Library Association

of the Port of New York. Its function is to place books on ships of the merchant marine. Believe me, they need them. Milton Raison, the ex-sailor poet, is in charge of this office, under Miss Barclay of the A. L. A. They want books. Can't you send them some? They could be sent direct to the dock or to the Extension Division of the New York Public Library, or, if you will write young Mr. Raison a letter, he'll probably be able to call for them. If you could have seen the face of an old captain he took us to see the other day, when he was told that he could have some books, you'd go scrambling into the library to dig up every last book you didn't need.

To the Theatre Guild, we owe an apology. It was not, however, until we saw the first act of "He Who Gets Slapped" from back stage with young Mr. Velie (formerly of Yale) who designs stage sets ("Ambush" and "The Cloister" among them), that we fully realized the extent of our error. Theresa Helburn is not and never was, a member of the cast of that exquisitely produced drama. There is a young lady who looks much like her. We bow humbly, and plead for our near-sighted eyes. The most brilliant first night we have ever attended was Morris Gest's invitation performance of the "Chauve Souris", the Bat Theatre of Moscow. Few audiences rose so to cheers as did this one to Nikita Balieff's broken English announcements of acts which are produced with such perfection and delicacy as is seldom seen in New York City. However, as usual, we transgress. Ours is the function of Town Topics. We must scrutinize the audience not the play, though we cannot fail to tell you that for comic delight few things equal "The Parade of the Wooden Sol-

diers", and as for "Katinka" in her music box, the gipsy singers, and the superb dancing of Mr. Kotchetovsky—ah well, it's all good. It's so good that the audience actually fought with M. Balieff for encores; and at one time he was speaking in French, Russian, and English, mixed. Chaliapin, tall, grey, reposeful, towered in the front ranks. There were cheers for him as he entered. Cheers as he shook hands with Balieff. We stood through his Boris not long ago, and we have nothing to say. This is the perfection of miming. Jeritza, too, was there, and Emily Stevens, and everyone else in the world. The first night of Paul Géraldy's "The Nest" was exciting to us because it brought the artist Leo Mielziner's son Kenneth MacKenna back to town in a part that is admirably suited to his youth and finished technique. This is the mother play for which many of us have been waiting. The second act is superb and Lucile Watson has a play worthy of her at last.

Earl Fisk of Green Bay, Wisconsin, is always sending us delightful book notes. Here's his latest:

I received the other day from David G. Joyce, the Chicago book collector, a book that will excite all lovers and collectors of Robert Louis Stevenson. As all true Stevensonians know, the glimpses of R. L. S. as a satirist are few and far between. It will be remembered that Stevenson planned a flippant piece called "Diogenes in London" which upon the advice of Sir Sidney Colvin was never finished. In 1920 the first fragment of this contemplated work appeared in London with an introduction by E. J. Hopkins. Now this second fragment from the manuscript in the possession of Mr. Joyce is printed. The capable introduction is written by Vincent Starrett. Both fragments are written in an hilarious Gilbert and Sullivan tempo, more familiar in the letters of R. L. S. than in his other work; and they suggest the thorough and disrespectful enjoyment which the young man intended to have out of his assault on his Victorian contemporaries, clerical and political as well as literary.

The bit which appeared in London was the "Police Scene" in which Diogenes, pursuing his ancient search, is robbed of his lantern, meets Matthew Arnold and Miss Braddon, and is astonished to hear that the police are supposed to recover the stolen property. In the present fragment Diogenes is introduced at the Savile Club by the Archbishop of Canterbury. He is met by Besant, and six distinguished guests add lustre to the occasion: "Blackmore had come with a basket of fruit and obsolete expressions; Hardy had looked in to lay down the normal of the Vulgar Woman; Oscar Wilde to buy a statuette from Pater; Black to recruit for his new Midnight Society of the Seven Converted Milkmen; Gilbert and Sullivan to submit a song with toothcomb accompaniment, to the principal critics assembled.... There was something fiery, wild and daring in the scene. Naked genius here strangled serpents in its cradle. What it might do next, the heart quailed to fancy." Diogenes is installed in a chair on the table, while one after another of the company presents himself unabashed before the cynic, and in a few heartfelt strains proffers his claims to be a MAN. Here unfortunately the fragment ends, and we do not know what these claims might have been. There is only enough to stimulate our interest and we must speculate as to what the finish could have been. It is to be regretted that Diogenes was not allowed to complete his stopover in London.

In recent years, several important manuscripts of R. L. S. have been given tardy publication, either by the regular publishers of Stevenson's work or the fortunate possessors of the scripts, and Vincent Starrett asserts, with some reason, that few, if any, more may be expected. No doubt there will be others, as the years reveal their hiding places, but the known possibilities are dwindling. Lovers and collectors of R. L. S. (and if the lover is not always the collector, be assured the collector is always the lover) will soon have to reconcile themselves to the fact that there must come an end even to Stevenson discoveries.

This hitherto unpublished manuscript from the collection of Mr. Joyce is issued by Frank M. Morris, the dean of Chicago booksellers. One hundred and fifty copies have been printed on handmade paper and five on vellum by Edwin and Robert Grabhorn. It is a very pretty piece of bookwork. The volume is not for sale but has been privately done for Mr. Joyce in the love of Stevenson and for the delectation of a limited few. All Stevensonians will undoubtedly fall all over themselves in an effort to obtain a copy.

Recently, at tea, we met Emily Clark of "The Reviewer" and Mrs. James Branch Cabell. Miss Clark told us of the foundation of that enterprising Richmond literary journal. It all hap-

pened one Sunday afternoon when a group decided that it would like to have a paper. "You see we have no idea of raising the literary morals of the south," she told us. "When it stops being fun to edit 'The Reviewer', why! 'The Reviewer' stops." That's fair enough. You will find her January number filled with good things, and including such names as John Galsworthy, Joseph Hergesheimer, Edwin Bjorkman, Burton Rascoe, and Edward Hale Bierstadt. We confessed to Miss Clark that we did not always understand her contributors. To which she replied that they were extremely simple and not at all clever. Alas! When James Branch Cabell writes in his most involved manner, and Vincent Starrett accuses Ben Ray



Redman (a gentle soul from Bronxville whom we have ourselves seen in the flesh) of being James Branch Cabell, we cannot but feel that this flaring torch of Virginia culture is a trifle complex. However, "The Re-

viewer" is an extremely interesting magazine.

Speaking of the south, in reading "General Robert E. Lee After Appomattox" we discovered the following table, showing the books that the confederate general took from the library of Washington University during his term there as president.

Goldsmith's Rome
 Madame D'Abrantes
 Sparks' Washington
 Bleak House
 Leo the Tenth, Vols. 3 and 4
 Hood's Works
 Marshall's Washington, Vol. 3
 Marshall's Washington, Vols. 4 and 5
 Sparks' Washington, Vol. 10
 American Constitutions
 Walburn's Biographical Dictionary
 Gazetteer of the United States
 Ramsey's American Revolution, Vols. 1 and 2
 Henning's Statutes
 Calculus
 Webster's Dictionary, unabridged
 Marshall's Life of Washington, Vols. 3, 4 and 5
 Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield
 Pilgrim's Progress
 Favorite Poets of England. III. 2 Vols.
 Favorite Poets of England. III. 2 Vols.
 Robinson Crusoe
 Life of Goethe, 2 Vols.
 Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition. Vol. 1
 Shakespeare, III
 New Eclectic, Aug., Sept., Oct., 1868
 Blackwood's for September
 Blackwood's for Feb., Apr., May, July, Aug., Sept., and Oct.
 Blackwood's for December
 Blackwood's for Jan.
 Macaulay's Eng., Vol. 5
 Queens of the Country
 Louis XIV., Vols. 1 and 2
 Louis Napoleon and His Times
 Louis the Seventeenth
 Women of the Eighteenth Century, Vol. 2
 Blackwood's for July, 1864
 Blackwood's for January, 1860

We met Floyd Dell the other day, looking as boyish as ever, having just returned from an afternoon call on his very new young son, "Moon-Calf II". We asked him to write us gossip concerning himself and he sent us much concerning everyone else in the world. Says he:

"Sherwood Anderson is known

among his friends as one of the best raconteurs in the United States. He tells a story in his rich drawl with an inimitable gusto. But when it comes to making a public speech, he is about as shy and awkward and embarrassed as most authors. At the beginning of his literary career, when he found that this career involved the painful duty of standing up and making 'a few remarks' to curious strangers every now and then, he memorized a set form of words as an opening: 'I am not really an author—I am a business man.' Just after the 'Dial' prize was awarded to him for his distinguished services to American fiction, he was given a dinner at the New York Civic Club, and was called upon for a few remarks. He hitched himself out of his chair, and began with his customary 'opening'. One of the editors of 'The Dial', who was present, was observed to frown and bite his lip. Turning to his neighbor, he said in an agonized whisper: 'We didn't award the "Dial" prize to a *business man!*'

"Arthur Davison Ficke, whose blank verse play, 'Mr. Faust', was given at the Provincetown Players' theatre in February, is a collector of Japanese prints as well as a poet. His collection, amassed during twenty years, was sold at public auction at the American Art Galleries a year or two ago, and brought fabulous sums, which it is understood Mr. Ficke has used—as any lover of Japanese prints would take for granted—in buying more Japanese prints. He is the author of a handbook on the subject entitled 'Chats on Japanese Prints'. Mr. Ficke has just accepted an appointment as a member of the fine arts department at Harvard, and will take up his duties next fall. He will be lecturer on Japanese art and curator of the department of Japanese prints in the Museum of

Fine Arts. These duties not being onerous, he is expected to spend most of his time writing poetry and plays. Mr. Ficke, by the way, who recently spent a year in China, has brought back with him a collection of Chinese jade dragons which have exercised an



unholy fascination upon all who have seen them, and perhaps his next book will be about jade dragons.

"Robert Frost has received an appointment to an 'Idle Fellowship' at the University of Michigan. The 'Idle Fellowship' idea is a new and notable one. Its incumbent does the university the honor of residing in the same town, but has literally no duties; if he should write a masterpiece or two while thus connected with the university, so much the better, but this is not required of him. In a time when poets are notoriously less amply rewarded by the public than are politicians and film comedians, this is not only a graceful but a useful way of showing appreciation. The idea is being considered by more than one university, and it is understood that several of our American poets have been approached by various middle western universities with tentative offers of the same kind. The only difficulty seems to be that when it comes to idling, most of them would prefer to do it at home.

"Edna St. Vincent Millay, who is at present engaged in seeing the world while there is any of it left to see, was last heard of in Albania, which she reached via Paris and Rome. Not content with her laurels as poet and playwright, she has adventured into the realm of prose, and is, in the intervals between pleasant conversations with Albanian bandits, finishing 'a sort of novel'—the description is hers—which will be brought out before long."

We succeeded in extracting Mr. Dell's bookplate, designed by Lydia Gibson, with a briary-bush, typewriter motif rampant. It forms an interesting contrast to that of Mr. George Washington, which we are reprinting from that excellent book, "Bookplates for Beginners".

Ida Josephine Watson, manager of Duluth's Glass Block Store Book Shop, writes to tell the Gossip Shop of a luncheon arranged by her for Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

We included in the party magnates in different fields—one an officer of the Steel Company, another a mining engineer of no mean experience in the far north, another a newspaper man, and still another a Yale graduate; these, with some charming women to fill up the chinks in conversation, made the party.

Among them Mr. Stefansson was easily and completely most captivating. As you say, he is so little like one's conception of an explorer that one wonders how so slight, so young, and so modest a man could have accomplished so much, for he has not only removed the immense barrier to the "frozen north" but his thirteen years' experiences have thrown a monkey wrench into the theory, that man cannot live on meat alone, have proved false the time-honored stories in text books on this part of the country, and have probably added untold wealth to Canada and America by demonstrating beyond the shadow of a doubt that this part of the world is habitable, comfortable, and accessible.

After luncheon our party adjourned to the Book Shop, where Mr. Stefansson autographed many copies of his book "My Life With the Eskimo", of which a hundred dollars' worth was sold in less than half an hour.

Mr. Stefansson's visit to Duluth was distinctly an event, and one which our city will be the richer for having experienced.

According to T. Philip Terry, author of the Mexican Baedeker, the first book printed in the New World was a guidebook—Fray Juan de Estrada's "Spiritual Ladder for Reaching Heaven". It was printed in Mexico City in 1536, more than a century before the first press was established at Cambridge; a quarter of a century before Shakespeare was born, and eight decades before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. From this ancient Spanish printing press erected by the conquistadores in the old Aztec metropolis, came the first wood engraving in the New World, the title page to Juan Gerson's "Tripartito", in 1544; the first sheet music, in 1561; and the first newspaper, "El Mercurio Volante"—the Flying Mercury—in 1693. This paper was established by Carlos de Sigüenza y Góngora, one of the most noted Mexicans of colonial times—poet, philosopher, historian, antiquarian, essayist, journalist, and critic.

Our choice of poems in the December magazines was: "Natives of Rock" by Glenway Wescott (Dial); "Ring-Doves" by Joseph Auslander (American Poetry Magazine); "Not by the Sea" by Sara Teasdale (Harper's); "The Beggar God" by Maxwell Anderson (Measure); "Moods of Women" by Genevieve Taggard (Lyric West); "Nebuchadnezzar" by Elinor Wylie (New Republic); "Medusa" by Louise Bogan (New Republic).

Gene Markey has consented to do a series of interviews with Chicago men of letters for us. His facile pen and his ready wit will doubtless make

these vignettes a definite contribution to the files of American biographical material.

I: PERKINS THE POET

With a pleasant sense of expectancy I mounted the steps of Orley Philpott Perkins's cottage, and punched the bell. In a twinkling the door was flung open, and the bard of Asbury Park, himself, was bowing me in. Interested readers have often questioned me as to Orley Philpott Perkins's age. It is, I should surmise, somewhere between twenty-five and fifty, and though he is quite bald, there is a merry twinkle in his eye.*

"Come in," he invited genially, and as we passed through the hallway a cuckoo clock cuckooed sweetly.

"A good omen," smiled the poet, and preceded me into a sunny parlor, bright with chintz-covered furniture, chintz curtains, and a pink geranium blooming in each window.

"I always sit in the Poet's Corner," he announced, establishing himself in the comfortable chair. All the pictures in that corner were, I observed, of himself. I sat down on the piano stool, and the interview began.

"What shall we talk about?" he queried pleasantly. "Me, I suppose. Well, first of all, you might mention somewhere in your article that Cervantes and Bunyan are bringing out my new volume of verse in April."

I made a rapid entry in my notebook.

"It's called", went on Mr. Perkins, "'April Showers and May Flowers'—a rather charming title, I think." He paused, and a note of deeper seriousness crept into his voice. "There is a frontispiece photograph of myself, but

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Upon being shown a copy of this interview Mr. Perkins objected to the use of the singular "eye". He maintains that there is nothing the matter with the other one, save a slight cataract, and our interviewer should have written the word "eyes".

of course you needn't mention *that*. Let's see, where were we—oh, yes. The first poem in the book..."

He talked on and on, and at regular intervals came the caroling of the



Orley Philpott Perkins

cuckoo, until at length it cuckooed three o'clock.

"Three times and out," I murmured, reaching under the piano stool for my hat.

"Oh, must you go?" The poet rose as I stood up. "I wanted to tell you about the *last* poem in the book. It's called 'L'Envoi'—rather an unusual title, if I *do* say it."

He was following me to the door.

"Note the simplicity of it: clear-cut as a Chinese fragment, yet so essentially American. It goes like this:

*The moon—
God's last nickel
Flung upon the counter
Of the sky.*

"Now, isn't that—oh, *goodby!* So glad you came and..."

George Palmer Putnam has returned from Europe, and has immediately vanished to a hospital. Before going, however, he presented us with this entertaining sketch of Michael Sadleir, author of "Privilege", by Bohun



Michael Sadleir

Lynch, the famous English cartoonist. Mr. Putnam tells us, too, that he has many good books in his luggage. Among them is "Painted Windows", the new book of revelation by the author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street". This is to be a discussion of the clergy, we understand, and Mr. Putnam believes it to be sensational. Incidentally, Mr. Doran has also just returned from England this morning; but so far, all we have caught of him was a glimpse and a smile as he vanished into his office, where his day will be as full as the one on which he left. That his luggage contains good books goes without saying, doesn't it?

Agnes Ware Bishop sends us news

of Wallace M. Sloane, winner of the prize offered by the Birmingham Writers' Club for the best poem on Birmingham. Mr. Sloane's verses were read at the city's recent Semi-Centennial.

Wallace M. Sloane is a young man born and bred in Fort Payne and of Alabama parentage. He has taught school, abstracted land titles, reported on a big newspaper, and ('tis said by those who know) written poetry from infancy. At present he is making the race for Judge of Probate of his county and I think he'll get it—that is, if he can conceal the fact that he has written a poem. But since the poem is about Birmingham, maybe his constituents will think it only big business. Let us hope so, for we do need poetry in politics.

While poetry is his first and last love, Mr. Sloane has written some very good fiction. His last was a series of seven short stories portraying the rise and fall of a Boom Town in the south. These appeared in "The Argosy" and the last of the series was published three or four months ago.

Some of his poetry has been widely copied: "War", "Elegy of an Old-Time Country Pedagogue", "Loneliness", "One That Remembers"—it is to be hoped that these and others may be gathered into one volume as a valuable contribution to Alabama literature.

His Birmingham is—

*An urban giantess upon the hills,
Made crimson bright, as when Aurora breathes
Her dream of day into the Northern lights.*

Her industries give her strength and buoyancy—

*Her strength is as the strength of her own hills;
Her vigor as the vigor of the sea;
Her buoyancy the buoyancy of youth.*

*Everything she knows
But faltering and weakness. Yet she stands
A thing of old-world beauty; and her breath,
Sooty, grime-laden, thick, resolves itself
To verdant parks and drive-ways; and her sweat,*

*When she travails, congeals itself into
Sweet homes and shops and pleasure palaces,
Gigantic, towering structures and white ways,
Paving the pathway for a million souls.*

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall Buster Brown's "Tige" was in high favor with us. Now, alas! for poor "Tige", we are enamored of George Herriman's offspring—that

very, very "Krazy Kat" of the comic supplement who has danced his foolish way into our affections. For John Alden Carpenter has composed a ballet in which Krazy Kat, to say nothing of Ignatz Mouse, appears "in person" (or however they say it in the movies). At the Town Hall, then, one memorable afternoon recently, we beheld this "jazz pantomime". We were entranced by the whimsical black and white scenery; by the jolly burlesquing of the Spanish fandango and the Al Jolson type of gamboling; by the impish gyrations of tiny white Ignatz; and by Krazy Kat's—well, his *mug*, if you know what we mean, and his inimitable way of sleeping, legs crossed, hands clasped behind his head. There were gorgeous snores from the orchestra and the saxophone laughed as only a saxophone can.

There was a highfalutin paragraph in the program representing Krazy Kat as "Don Quixote and Parsifal rolled into one". We asked Mr. Herri-man about this, but he was completely dazed by the audience and expressed a desire to take his child back to the offices of the "Journal", away from the influence of these highbrows. Krazy Kat was, he explained, the result of an office boy's attaching to Mr. Herri-man's drawings the picture of a cat. Like clowns, cartoonists must be serious critters; at any rate so we found Krazy Kat's parent and so we have found the creator of "Petey", Charlie Voight, whose hobby is the French Revolution and who thinks Donald Ogden Stewart's "Parody Outline of History" the funniest book in existence.

In front of us, at "Krazy Kat", sat Anne Neacy of the Russian Arts and Crafts Studio, executrix (wouldn't you say?) of the costumes. Artist-ladies, we have found, are usually as lovely as

their work. Which reminds us that not long ago we saw Clare Sheridan, attired in gold and purple, the effect completed by a coiffure of gold curls. At the time she was eating sandwiches with relish and applauding energetically at mention of Henry James.

The Poetry Benefit at the MacDowell Club, for the MacDowell Colony at Peterboro, New Hampshire, was interesting if only because of Maxwell Bodenheim's biting satiri-



Herbert S. Gorman

cal verses and the fact that we heard some of Herbert Gorman's poems again. Miss Lowell, too, was there. Elinor Wylie in a white gown, Padraic Colum, and John Butler Yeats, a little puzzled by the lights, gentle, sweet-voiced. He read a quiet poem on beauty and death. This morning the paper announces that the measure of that gentle life is full. Yeats's shrine here in New York has been one to which many visitors have flocked. There the old poet and artist, father of a greater poet, sat and spun yarns. He will be sadly missed. Margaret Severn danced to poems by John V. A. Weaver and the editor of this magazine. Other poets present were, Laura and William Rose Benét, Leonora Speyer, and Babette Deutsch. The sketch which adorns this column, by Clayton Knight, was made, Mr. Gorman tells us, directly after the receipt of a rejection slip from us.

The very mention of the word California is soothing to us these blustery days, and we hasten to share with you the gossip which Laura Bell Everrett sends us from that delightful state:

One of the notable events of the Dante cen-

tenary is the appearance of the new translation of the "Divina Commedia" by Melville Best Anderson, professor emeritus of English literature at Stanford University. Dr. Anderson has spent the last twenty years—a part of the time in Italy, the greater part at his own home at Menlo Park—upon this monumental work. He has rendered the "Divine Comedy" in the metre of the original, the Italian *terza rima*, a beautiful verse form fixed immortally in English by Shelley in his "Ode to the West Wind". He assists the reader by marginal notes, notes that Edward Howard Griggs call "delightfully unconventional".

Dr. Anderson was the head of the English Department of Stanford University from its opening in 1891 until 1910, when he retired to devote his time to his translation. His home, a mile from the cloistered pale of the university, came to be a student centre, where Mrs. Anderson graciously made everyone welcome. A list of New York writers usually includes from one to three of Dr. Anderson's former students.

Both his sons became scientists. Malcolm Anderson, naturalist, who died in yeoman service during the war, wandered into literature in some charming Chinese tales, published after his death. The younger son is Dr. Robert Anderson, the geologist.

The publication of Dr. Anderson's "Divina Commedia" and David Starr Jordan's biography, "The Days of a Man", within a few months of each other, recalls the long friendship between the two men. A year ago Dr. Anderson, after the manner of Horace, celebrated the birthday of Dr. Jordan with an epistle which he presented as a booklet, "Commemorating a Friendship of Half a Century".

With the establishment of "The Pacific Review" the northwest has now its first periodical publication of general interest. Problems of the Pacific are given important position; but the broader questions that have no geographical boundaries find discussion in the new quarterly—now in its sixth number. Modeled much after "The Yale Review" and "The South Atlantic Quarterly", "The Pacific Review" during the past year, in addition to material of general literary, economic, historical, and social interest, has published three symposia,—one on "The Oriental on the Pacific Coast" (including such writers as David Starr Jordan), a second on "The Presidency of Woodrow Wilson" (with contribu-

tors like George Creel and William E. Dodd), and a third on "The Melting Pot—a Nation in the Making" (with writers such as W. E. Burghardt Du Bois on the list). Poetry and book reviews add a distinctly literary flavor to the magazine. The "Review" is published at the University of Washington Press, Seattle, Washington, under the editorship of Glenn Hughes, a well-known litterateur of the Coast.

The death of James B. Pinker of London on February 8, in New York, will come as a great shock to a host of American friends including writers, editors, and publishers. For many years his name has been a household word in the publishing world, and through his literary and dramatic agency have been handled the novels and plays of the best known English writers. Galsworthy, Conrad, Bennett, Henry James, Walpole, Compton Mackenzie, C. N. and A. M. Williamson, Swinnerton, and a long list of others have held him in high regard as a friend and business representative. Mr. Pinker contracted influenza on shipboard and died five days after his arrival in New York.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK CORNER

THE BOOKMAN offers each month prizes for the best contributions from boys or girls fifteen years or under. The essays should be three hundred words in length, written in ink on one side of the paper only, and containing the writer's name, address, and age in the upper right hand corner. They should be addressed "Children's Book Corner", in care of THE BOOKMAN.

Subjects for March are: "Do I Like Fairy Stories, and Why", or a review of some recent children's book. The first prize will be Montrose J. Moses's "A Treasury of Plays for Children"; the second, Padraic Colum's "The Golden Fleece and the Heroes Who Lived Before Achilles". The announcement of the prize-winners will appear in May.

February awards will be announced in the April BOOKMAN.