

Points of View

A Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Your issue of January 2 contains an article by Agnes C. Laut in which Canada's soul is discussed with considerable first-hand knowledge, and in a spirit of playful, if somewhat disappointed intimacy. Miss Laut pictures this soul in a state of muddy ebullition, darkly enfolding on itself beneath its viscous surface above which hover, like twin rainbows of release, of inspiration, and of guidance, the poesies of Dr. Albert Watson and Robert Norwood.

Canada's soul is, of course, a personal matter between Miss Laut and the particular kind of soul Miss Laut supposes Canada has. National souls are largely matters of personal taste and as such are open to personal modification.

But exception must be taken to her attributing to Dr. Watson and Robert Norwood the leadership of two groups of poetry in this country: that led by Watson—"seeking to help Canada by holding aloft the Torch of a joyous New Life"; that by Norwood—"ruthlessly striking the iron bands of slavery to the old from Canada's head by articulating the wild emotions and aspirations of the average man and woman . . . on the street."

Neither Dr. Watson nor Robert Norwood is the leader of any group. To be a leader one must have followers—two, at least. Unless Miss Laut is willing to join Dr. Watson in following the leadership of Mr. Norwood, and Mr. Norwood in following the leadership of Dr. Watson, such is not the case.

To say "Dr. Watson is recognized as the Whitman of Canada; and the praise is not too great," is utterly ridiculous. There are too many Canadians with a profound knowledge of Whitman to allow such a statement to pass unchallenged. It is a reflection on the intelligent judgment of an entire country.

To say "Norwood is articulating the wild emotions and aspirations of the man and woman on the street" is to arrange so many shining words. Surely Miss Laut's long experience as a writer on economic subjects has made her sufficient of a realist to see that the movies, the comic strip, the Charleston, Tin Pan Alley, five-star editions, Cinderella, and Red Grange actually articulate the emotions and aspirations of the average man and woman on the street. Anyone who completely articulated the wilder emotions would land in gaol.

These average men and women of Miss Laut are phantoms, just as is her soul of Canada, and the Canadian critics to whom she attributes the near crucifixion of Dr. Watson. With a quarter dozen exceptions Canada has no critics. She has innumerable writers who discuss one another's books with astonishing fervor, just as they do in the States, or as Miss Laut does in her article. Generous people whose loyalties and enthusiasms often lead them precipitously into premature discoveries of Messiahs are as common north of the 49th parallel as south of it. Neither Watson nor Norwood has suffered the "damnations heaped on Whitman's head." Whitman's martyrdom was an heroic thing. He was called a lecherous old scoundrel and kicked out of a fifty-dollar-a-month job in the United States Printing Bureau because he had a copy of "Leaves of Grass" in his desk. No one ever lost a position for similarly secreting Dr. Watson's or Mr. Norwood's works about him.

Nor can they be suffering because "the critics can't see what they are driving at." If they are suffering it must be because the critics feel that they are driving at nothing of particular moment, in a manner that is not particularly momentous. The critics may be very wrong, as critics so often are, and the present writer may be treating a friendly bit of literary timber cruising with undue seriousness, but he feels that the impression, created by Miss Laut's article, that Watson and Norwood are becoming vigorous, symbolic figures around which are clustering the northern searchers for the dawn, should not be allowed to stand. There are enough misconceptions in your admirable country concerning Canada without allowing a new one to gain credence, especially when the nails and mast are so close to hand. Neither poet is a group, and neither is a school of Canadian poetry any more than one Harvard undergraduate is the educational system of New England. There are six or eight outstanding living Canadian poets, but at the moment of writing neither Dr. Watson nor

Mr. Norwood has been numbered among them.

The entire tenor of Miss Laut's article is questionable. The impression she gives of Canada suffering from the pangs of spiritual birth with her two poets the only mid-wives in sight is glamorous but in error. Canada's sufferings, if she has any, would seem to be geographic rather than spiritual; administrative rather than vocal; statistically realistic rather than nebulously sentimental.

One feels that Miss Laut has lived too long away from her native country to be in as intimate touch with developments here as your leader, "A Letter from Canada," would lead one to believe. She speaks of Lauren Harris being "the leader of a distinct school of art in Canada today." Harris is a member of the distinguished "Group of 7" whose work in landscape painting shows a Canadian interpretive method distinct to this country, but Harris would be the first to deny his or any other person's leadership. Anyone familiar with the Group knows that one of its fierce contentions is that it has had no leader. One might say that the leader was a point of view which has become in time a tradition that is at once a challenge and a defence.

When Miss Laut speaks of Foster as doing similar work in portrait painting to that being done by the Group of 7 in landscape painting, she seriously jeopardizes one's faith in her critical judgment in her own particular field of interpretive economic criticism. Foster is no more to be linked with the Group of 7 than Bougereau with Rockwell Kent.

One might go on indefinitely. Miss Laut's article raises many questions about Canada which ought to be discussed, but the purpose of this letter is simply to point out that her opinions are not universally held in this country, and that her knowledge of its artistic tendencies is not as profound as her article would lead one to suppose.

MERRILL DENISON.

Toronto.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of January 9th, your reviewer, Mr. Griffiths, refers to Zoe Kincaid, author of "Kabuki: The Popular Stage of Japan," as "an English lady," and imputes to her some of the common faults of British writers on Oriental subjects, one of these being their tendency to ignore American work in that field.

I do not wish to quibble, but merely to point out that Zoe Kincaid (Mrs. J. N. Penington), although of English parentage, and married to an English journalist, is really an American. She was raised and educated in the state of Washington, and is a graduate of the University of Washington. Her recent book, then, must be rated as a piece of American scholarship. If it reflects British faults we must blame either ancestry or marriage, or both.

GLENN HUGHES.

University of Washington.
Seattle.

Greek or Welsh?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In the *Saturday Review* of January 2, page 263, the allusion to Pindar's ode beginning "L'pictov mev udwp" is really rather good. I thought at first it was a translation into Welsh.

ARTHUR H. WESTON.

An Exception

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I wish to take exception to Mr. Lloyd Morris's review of Fannie Hurst's "Appassionata." I have not read the book and I raise no question as to his strictures on the style of the novel, but it is surely not fair to damn a book as a whole on account of its style while making no reference to plot, character, and the other elements which are important in a novel. A good review should give a clear idea as to the nature of the story. This one takes certain examples of style from their context and condemns the book without further describing it.

HARGRAVE S. CONKLING.

By a regrettable oversight, Mr. Waldo Frank's article, "The First Rogue," run in the issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* of September 13, was published without mention of the fact that it is a chapter of a forthcoming volume by Mr. Frank.

"Neglected Books"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

All these books have given me great pleasure, and I should like to pass them on. I shall be content if I gain a single reader for each of them:

Giovanni Verga's "Mastro-Don Gesualdo," translated by D. H. Lawrence (Seltzer); Kenneth Graham's "The Golden Age," "Dream Days," "The Wind in the Willows," "The Headswoman" (John Lane); Edmond De Goncourt's "La Faustine" (Brentano's); Azorin's "Don Juan" (Knopf); Frank Norris's "McTeague" (Boni & Liveright); Loti's "Romance of a Spahi" (Brentano's); Haldane McFall's "The Wooing of Jezebel Pettyfer" (Knopf); Cabell's "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck" (the much thumbed "Jurgen" needs a rest) (McBride); Flaubert's "Sentimental Education" (Brentano's); Aldanov's "St. Helena" (Knopf); the magnificent "Diaries of Otto Braun" (Knopf).

The last I should like to call particular attention to. Principally because, though a book of astounding excellence (technically and otherwise) it has—so far as I know, never been mentioned—not even by an obscure reviewer. It is called "Three Crosses" (Moffat, Yard—now Dodd, Mead, I believe), and is ably translated from the Italian of Federigo Tozzi by R. Capellero. In my opinion, there is not a flaw in it; the story moves gradually toward a foreseen and inevitable tragedy. Characters are sharply delineated. There are no heroics. No complexes, thank God! No bitterness. Very little tenderness. Nothing but an admirable restraint . . . the hallmark of an aristocratic art. The wonder grows when we learn that Tozzi was of peasant blood and the son of a brutal Siennese innkeeper.

Columbus, Ohio. KARL BREND.

The New Books

(Continued from page 598)

Brief Mention

OF books on our shelf this week dealing with the use of language there are five that treat of the spoken word, the written word, and the reading of the written word. In primis we have "Speech Correction," a volume examining all of the major forms of defective speech, such as nasality, stuttering, lisping, stammering, and so on, with an analysis of the speaking mechanism. It is written by Richard C. Berden and Alvin C. Busse, Co-Directors in the Speech Clinics of New York University (New York: F. S. Crofts. \$3.50), and is a book intended for teachers, parents, and physicians, with elaborate tables and graphs. And, without any physiological correlatives, here are two new volumes in the Century Company's "Century Education Series," viz: "Reading: Its Psychology and Pedagogy," by John Anthony O'Brien, Ph. D., and "Principles and Practices of Secondary Education," by John Addison Clement, Ph.D. The first is a summary of experimental studies in reading, a technical book on a scientific basis, intended to be a primer in its field. The second is an epitome of the teaching process, the learning process, and the subject matter of reorganized secondary education. Another primer, an elementary grammar and composition book which lays a foundation for the same author's more advanced composition, is Francis Kingsley Ball's "Building with Words" (Ginn & Co. \$1.08). And finally here is a volume that attempts to set forth the basic processes of expository writing in a form that will be intelligible and helpful to first-year students, "An Introduction to Expository Writing," by Dora Gilbert Tompkins and Jessie MacArthur, both of Iowa State College (Harper: \$1.80).

Turning from these to works of reference, we have the "New Standard Bible Dictionary," edited jointly by M. W. Jacobus, E. E. Nourse, and A. C. Zenos, with a notable list of contributors. This volume has been produced by representative scholars of the leading denominations. Its introductory articles are of especial interest. An earlier edition of it was published in 1909, but the present edition has been so completely revised, enlarged, and rewritten as to constitute what is practically a new book. It is published by Funk & Wagnalls at \$7.50, and is a comprehensive and authoritative guide. "A German-English Dictionary," by Herman C. G. Brandt (Stechert) is the result of twenty years spent by the late Dr. Brandt in a work interrupted by the Great War. It now incorporates many war terms, and is a practical dictionary omitting curiosities, etc. It is only German into English. "Dutch Architecture of the Twentieth Century" (Scrib-

ner's: \$10) is edited by J. P. Mieras, Director Bond of Netherland Architects, and F. R. Yerbury. The photographs were specially taken by F. R. Yerbury. This is a book of plates showing interesting developments in Dutch architecture, of which the most original are in public and industrial buildings. "Tin and the Tin Industry," by A. H. Munday (New York: Isaac Pitman & Sons: \$1), is a brief but comprehensive manual dealing with the origin, use, and nature of this metal; "Ice Hockey," by Thomas K. Fisher, is a manual of this sport for player and coach (Scribners: \$1.75). Mr. Fisher, a celebrated player himself, is hockey coach at St. Paul's School, Concord.

A special "Handbook for the Blind and Their Friends" has been prepared by Winifred Holt, the material being reprinted from Miss Holt's "The Light Which Cannot Fail." Miss Holt has, of course, spent many years in the study of the problems of the blind. The primer is published by Dutton, as is a new edition of "The Light Which Cannot Fail," bearing now the addition of two new chapters to these stories of the American, French, and Italian Light Houses. This edition does not contain the section removed to form the handbook mentioned. New editions of other books before us are: a second edition of Arthur W. Clayden's "Cloud Studies" (Dutton: \$6), a key to a scientific understanding of the clouds, the causes of their formation and what they portend, etc., and a new volume in the Oxford University Press's excellent series of reprints in compact form (The World's Classics), namely "Comedies," by William Congreve (Oxford University Press: 80 cents). The World's Classics already contains, among recent publications, "The Old Curiosity Shop," Grey's "Letters," and Trelawney's "Adventures of a Younger Son."

Thus we come to some biographical works. "The Life of Samuel J. Elder," by Margaret M. Elder (Yale University Press: \$5), is a readable life of a distinguished lawyer and graduate of Yale. "Victor Emmanuel III, King of Italy," by the Reverend Alexander Robertson, D.D., is a short popular biography not calculated to injure the reputation of a foreign sovereign. It is brought out by Stokes at three dollars. Carter G. Woodson, Editor of *The Journal of Negro History*, has embodied some valuable statistical material in "Free Negro Heads of Families in the United States in 1830," a book on a section of the negro race in the days of slavery that has been much neglected by historians. An accompanying pamphlet is "Free Negro Owners of Slaves in the United States in 1830." Both book and pamphlet are published by The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, at 1538 Ninth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Three books on religion constitute our next division. "Great Canadian Preaching," by W. Harold Young, and "Cameos from Calvary," by Rev. J. W. G. Ward, D.D., are both Doran books, each at two dollars net. The former is a collection of model sermons gleaned from the Canadian pulpit. The latter is the New Testament story made over into dramatic fiction, "moving shadow shapes" in the drama of Calvary. "The Church of England and The Free Churches" is a pamphlet from The Oxford University Press (85 cents), edited by G. K. A. Bell and W. L. Robertson. It collects all the documents issued up to date on the "Appeal to all Christian People" in relation to the Federal Council of the Evangelical Free Churches of England.

Our final group is one of history and travel. Arthur Young was the author of the very famous "Tour in France" which is so important in the history of the conditions of the peasantry in the Eighteenth Century. Now, in a new edition, we have a less important book of his which nevertheless abundantly justifies its revival. This is "A Tour of Ireland with General Observations on the Present State of that Kingdom made in the Years 1776, 1777, and 1778." This reprint is selected and edited by Constantia Maxwell and published at the Cambridge University Press (7s 6d net). With it, it is interesting to read "The Student's History of Ireland," by Stephen Gwyn (Macmillan), an abridgment and rewriting of the author's more extensive "History of Ireland," published in 1923. This is a sound and moderate study of a difficult subject. "The American's London," by Thomas Hunt Martin, published by Edwin Valentine Mitchell in Hartford, Connecticut, makes an interesting little manual for those interested in that part of American history that lies abroad. And finally, here is Ralph Henry Barbour's "Let's Go to Florida" (Dodd, Mead: \$2), a really informative book, honestly written, though obviously for propaganda purposes.

THE MEMOIRS
of
CASANOVA
hitherto obtainable only
in editions costing from
\$150 to \$500.

VENUS AND TANNHAUSER

Aubrey Beardsley's
brilliant, unpublished
novel.

MY FIRST 30 YEARS

by
Gertrude Beasley—a story
which is still the sensa-
tion of Paris.

Are Being Published Complete in

CASANOVA JR'S TALES

A Quarterly Book for Subscribers

EDITED BY FRANCIS PAGE

LIMITED TO
1000 SUBSCRIBERS

EVERY COPY BEAUTIFULLY
PRINTED, BOUND and BOXED

FIVE DOLLARS A COPY
FIFTEEN DOLLARS A YEAR

CASANOVA JR'S TALES Appears on the First of every April, July, October and January

CASANOVA JR'S TALES Can be Obtained Only by Subscription Payable in Advance

Contents of Number One of CASANOVA JR'S TALES

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. THIS LOVE BUSINESS | <i>Francis Page</i> |
| 2. A NUN'S IMMORTALITY | <i>Lord Ramsgate</i> |
| 3. THE COUPLE THAT LIVED
A PLATONIC LIFE THOUGH
MARRIED | <i>John Herrman</i> |
| 4. MY FIRST THIRTY YEARS
(First Instalment) | <i>Gertrude Beasley</i> |
| 5. A FRANKISH KNIGHT AND
A LADY FROM CONSTANTI-
NOBLE, translated by Frances
Fletcher from the French of | <i>Jules Lemaitre</i> |
| 6. VENUS AND TANNHAUSER
(a novel) | <i>Aubrey Beardsley</i> |
| 7. THE MEMOIRS OF CAS-
ANOVA (First Instalment) | <i>Jacques Casanova
de Seingalt</i> |

CASANOVA JR'S TALES offers in every issue at least one complete distinguished novel;

To maintain independence in the choosing of its material the publishers are limiting it to one thousand subscribers;

CASANOVA JR'S TALES is sent out to its subscribers by insured Express.

You may order 1 number or 4, enclosing \$5 or \$15
Every number will be precious to the Collector

TWO WORLDS PUBLISHING COMPANY (Suite 405-8) 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City

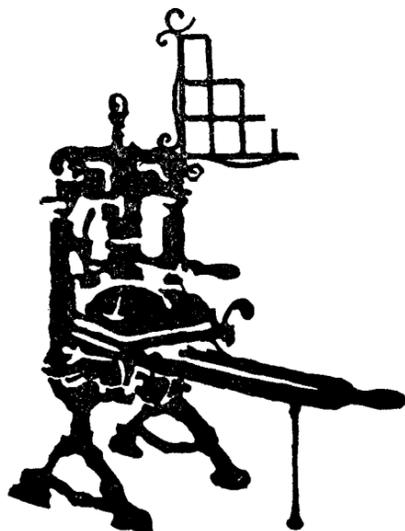
Gentlemen: I enclose \$..... for which enroll me as a sub-
scriber to numbers of CASANOVA JR'S TALES,
beginning with No.....:

Name

No. and St.

City

2-27-26



THE MIND OF THE PRESIDENT

By C. Bascom Slemp
formerly Secretary to the President.

A self-revelation of President Coolidge's mind. It is a book of astonishing vigor and interest, containing the ripe judgment of the President upon foreign affairs, the theory and practice of taxation, farm problems, industrial problems, labor, national defense, and scores of other public questions. \$3.00

UPSTAIRS

By Mrs. Victor Rickard

One of those pleasant surprises—a well-written detective story. It tells of Daniel Harrington, who after returning to London from the Gold Coast was confined to his room. At first he was bored . . . but his boredom quickly vanished when he began to watch the house across the street. A mysterious disappearance, fraud, abduction and murder followed hard on the strange sight he beheld late one eventful night. \$2.00

CAT'S CRADLE

By Maurice Baring

This is the story of the splendid and unfortunate Blanche Clifford, whose father found for her, at seventeen, a brilliant match with the Italian Prince Roccapalumba. . . . There are those who, perhaps, remember her, in England or Rome or at the opera in Paris. Tall and dark, with an un-English beauty, with something wistfully majestic about her, she was like some one strayed from a fairy tale. . . . There are few who could tell her tragic story as Maurice Baring has here. Only an Englishman of his generation could have told it in so quiet a voice. \$4.00

THE BIG HOUSE OF INVER

By E. O. Somerville & Martin Ross

This is the story of a house of Irish gentry—one of those minor dynasties that in Ireland have risen and ruled and rioted, and at last fallen in ruins. "Five successive generations of mainly half-bred and wholly profligate Prendervilles rioted out their short lives in the Big House, living with country women, fighting, drinking, gambling." You will not forget the haunting story of Captain Jas and his son Kit, the last of the line. \$2.00



Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Phoenix Nest

WE don't care that we weren't able to buy that Gutenberg Bible. * * * We'd just as lief Dr. Rosenbach should have it. * * * Even if it is a Melk copy, and therefore Certified Grade A, as our *jamulus* puts it. But we grieve that Suzanne beat Helen. * * * We grieve more over Helen than we do over Vera, though the way Vera has been treated aroused in us this rhyme:

VERA'S VERACITY

You told the truth; you're not allowed to stay.

You should have held your peace,—and run away.

It isn't what you do that's reprehensible; It's what you say. Say, Lady, ain't that sensible?

* * * Vera's case is just one of those little incidents that tends to make the majesty of the law a trifle less majestic. * * * I met a fool in the forest, a motley fool,—a miserable world! * * * Of course by the time this appears in print the whole complexion of things may have changed. * * * We have to gamble on futures in this column. * * * Well, Helen, anyway, for *antipasto*, you didn't do a thing to *Didi Vlasto*. * * * But we mustn't let our alien interest in tennis or the double standard intrude upon our literary musings. * * * For Appleton, John Vandervoort Sloan has prepared suggestions for twenty-four programs on leading writers of the day (Appleton writers). * * * These suggestions are incorporated in a neat pamphlet. * * * Literary sections of women's clubs take notice! * * * But oughtn't we to add our belated tribute to Captain George Fried? * * * We will, anyway.

Oh hero, home across the tide,
Do those you love pronounce it Fried?
We bow before your peerless deed,
But tell us,—do you call it Fried?

* * * Here, here,—back to the job! * * *

Elswoth Thane was born in Iowa, twenty-six years ago. She doesn't write of Sioux or Kiowa,—oh, good heavens, No! She writes at night between eight and three. Don't confuse her book with "Riders to the Sea." It's the maiden novel of her interesting mind (F. A. Stokes Co.) "Riders of the Wind." * * * Where 'Gene Field rested once, a new apartment rises. The Sabine Farm's no more. I hope the tenants, 'Gene, may suffer grim surprises; I hope you'll grieve them sore! * * * I hope you'll haunt them, 'Gene,—but no, you would not haunt them, you antic gentil sprite. Cloistered at Kenilworth I know you would not want them to wake in fright at night. * * * Yet, if you came, a ghost,—stood listening for "the pitcher the boy brings up the hall,"—how could your wraith affright, how could your rapt Horatian still syllables appal? * * * You would not stand there "p'intin'" nor even looking cross-eyed,—but round you like a light would shine of Shut-Eye Town its fabulous child's garden, if they "saw things" at night. * * * Perhaps the chocolate cat would rub against your ankles, the Dinkey-bird would trill, the misty sea of Nod in slumberous phosphorescence would seep across the sill. * * * You'd bring such dreams, and peace,—a wistful wild enchantment we moderns seldom know,—once more the Lyttel Boy, the stranger ghost than *Dibdin's*, from thirty years ago. * * * A gorgeous old bookman is Henry A. Beers, a poet, a scholar, a teacher for years. Another Horatian and lyricist, he's got any number of things he can say about botany. * * * We see Arthur Colton has recently praised him. So shy is the man that it must have amazed him. * * * But indeed we endorse, as uncommonly fine, this Professor Emeritus, Yale '69. * * * And Somerville and Martin Ross are here again, though Ross is really gone. Read "The Big House of Inver" and take cheer again. Recall them in their dawn. Light-hearted writers, fitly celebrating the hunting-field of yore,—what pith, what charm in their collaborating "Along the Irish Shore"! * * * There's a book that John Macrae calls *big*. "Pig Iron!" A Casting in a mould is called a "pig." Pig Iron! The story that Charles G. Norris can write'll hold your attention in spite of the title. He's sometimes heavy—but he's sometimes vital. Pig Iron! * * * We missed the Quinn collection exhibition. Sad, but a fac! However, here's an int'restin' edition by Walter Pach. The Viking Press has published his "The Masters of Modern Art." Look at the illustrations, poetasters,—and so take heart. * * * Henry Holt and Company said they would have a new set of offices at One Park Avenue. Well, on February first they moved them o'er, and you'll find them located on the seventh floor. * * * Countess Giszka, pronounced Gi-zee-ka, has

had a new novel out for just a week, a book about a Frenchman in the Diplomatic Corps. You'll have to read it, for we'll tell you no more. * * * Nor will we comment—not that it matters—on the fact that she used to be Eleanor Patterson. * * * Oh yes, the title! (if your interest arouses), Minton, Balch & Company,—ask for "Glass Houses." * * * Better than a bun shop, better than a cook shop, we wish to speak of the Phoenix Book Shop. We hope it may delight the very best brains among readers of *The Phoenix Nest*. * * * Not on the best street, not on the worst street,—it's at 21 E. 61st Street. * * * *Vestigia V. Flammae* sends us a poem. We print it at once without further proem: Said Christopher Robin to P. Christopher Wren,
"I hear Beau Geste's been reprinted again."
Said P. Christopher Wren to Christopher Robin,
"When We Were Very Young' still keeps on throbbin'!"

* * * Louis Untermeyer isn't *incommuni-cado*. He is merely journeying through Colorado. * * * He was really awed, though he laid himself odds, by the famous Balanced Rock in the Garden of the Gods. * * * But a fact that seems to us far more sinister is that Sinclair Lewis has been stopping with a Minister. * * * However, though he isn't yet back in Mt. Kisco, he's now deserted Kansas for San Francisco. * * * The Movies are doing M. R. Werner's "Barnum." * * * Well, as long as they don't get William Farnum—! * * * "Odtaa" is Masefield's novel for the Spring. * * * "The Battle to the Weak" is a novel of pith by a writer who's compared to Sheila Kaye-Smith. The author is Welsh, and her story is drawn from wild Welsh life, and her name is Hilda Vaughan. * * * Benefield's gone North in his Chicken Wagon. If we had a flagon we'd toast him in a flagon. He'll write another novel full of authenticity. He has shaken off the harness of Century publicity.

Said Barry to John, "While kine can graze field,

Your reputation is established, Masefield."
"Oh, well," answered John, "while summer shows a green field—"

"No! Watch out!" yelled Barry. "It is not pronounced Beanfield!"

* * * J. T. Rogers succeeds old Barry. Is he also a novelist? What? Yea, marry! * * * Laura Riding Gottschalk, the American poet, has gone to England, though you may not know it. Thence, with Nancy Nicholson and Robert Graves, to Egypt and to Cairo she has crossed the waves. * * * In Cairo she and Graves will write a book, while Nancy sketches people as they look. * * * They all may go to India ere they are done. * * * Nancy's children are along, and they cry, "What fun!" * * * We are deeply indebted, for this news of their affairs, to a lady in Los Angeles, Isabel Mayers. * * * And you get in the swing of this darned old thing and you can't let go of its ting-a-ling-a-ling! * * * But by the gods, we'll try another strain instead! We'll ask you why you haven't read a book by Metcalfe called "The Smoking Leg?" * * * Good egg! Good egg! * * * Your answer's quite correct. It won't be out till Spring. * * * Watch for it though, old thing! * * * They say that some of his short stories are full of glories. Your thirst if you'd assuage, watch for John Metcalfe's tales from Doubleday, Page. * * * And now—now that the perspiration beads the brow of him that chanted erst (now that we've done our worst)—farewell to this and that! * * * We're hurrying swiftly to an Automat.

THE PHOENICIAN.

A collection of the letters of the late George W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "The Cavalier," etc., is being prepared for publication by his daughter, Mrs. Henry Wolfe Bikle. Mrs. Bikle has asked that persons having in their possession letters written by her father lend them for this work, sending them to her at 324 South Twenty-first Street, Philadelphia. Any letters so sent will be promptly returned.

In commemoration of the 300th anniversary of the founding of New York by the Dutch, Martinus Nijhoff, bookseller at The Hague, Holland, has issued a catalogue, "The Hollanders in America," containing a collection of books, maps, and pamphlets relating to the early colonization, voyages, explorations, etc., by the Hollanders, in different parts of North and South America.

The Republic of Letters

A Series edited by

WILLIAM ROSE

has for its initial volume

VOLTAIRE

By RICHARD ALDINGTON

Voltaire's significance to his own and to this generation needs interpretation, for he was at once the most extravagantly admired and most cordially hated man of his age.

Voltaire himself was a mass of contradictions; always with the slenderest hold on life, yet always fighting, he exerted an extraordinarily wide and lasting influence.

Mr. Aldington's volume is for those who desire a composite of this fascinating man, his works and his relation to the twentieth century.

Now ready, with portrait frontispiece. \$2.50

To be followed by

PUSHKIN

By Prince D. S. MIRSKY

GOGOL

By JANKO LAVRIN

Both to be published March 10

Other volumes, each emphasizing the significance of a poet, dramatist, or novelist for his own country and age, and for our time as well will follow.

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
681 Fifth Ave., New York



A penetrating novel of modern marriage and the clash between two strong characters, by the author of "A Bed of Roses."

\$2.00 at booksellers.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
New York London

DORAN BOOKS

Fourth large printing

PORGY

by DU BOSE HEYWARD

"Among the most fascinating of recent books. . .
"A full, fast story. . .
"A magnificent novel. . .
[HEYWOOD BROWN]

\$2.00 at all booksellers

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY
Publishers : : New York

DORAN BOOKS