



He was the most famous  
bad-man in the West. . . .

### Billy the Kid!

Born in a New York slum, he became the leading spirit in the Lincoln County, New Mexico, War, and the idol of the Southwest. He lived twenty-one years and killed twenty-one men "not counting Mexicans and Indians"—a Robin Hood of the Mesas, a Don Juan of New Mexico.

Walter Noble Burns, who has made a life-long study of American frontier history, has written a true and complete account of the battles, capture, escape, loves, duels and death of this most remarkable of all American bad-men.

Here is the spirit of the whole broad land from the Mississippi to the coast in those rough and ready times; here is the prickly individualism that made a man reach for his gun if another refused to drink with him; here is the spirit of the time which pushed back the frontiers of civilization 500 years.

See what three experts on frontier history say of this fascinating account of the short career of this youth "with a genius for depopulation."

#### STEWART EDWARD WHITE:

"It's a real piece of history, written in the proper manner for such a type of history to be written. It interested me extraordinarily, and struck me as thoroughly authentic."

#### CLARENCE E. MULFORD:

"I picked up THE SAGA OF BILLY THE KID last night after dinner and at one-thirty this morning I laid it down, finished. I am indebted to Mr. Burns for as interesting an evening as I have spent in many moons. The Old West was the Old West, and he proves it beyond doubt."

#### CLEM YORE:

"While yet Billy the Kid's friends and foes live this book comes as a fine recital of days that have been clouded to all except those who endured them. Every library west of the Mississippi should have this book. It is the finest work ever written on an outlaw, bar none."

This splendid biography of the most dashing figure of frontier days belongs in every collection of Americana.

## THE SAGA OF BILLY THE KID

By Walter Noble Burns

Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.50

## The Phoenix Nest

SPIRIT of Modern Fiction, we pursue thee through many corded packets of books in various jackets. \* \* \* Spirit of Modern Fiction, we endure thee (like, oh so many mystics) with various characteristics you haven't got at all. \* \* \* S of M. F., we have to stand or fall by scrappy reading and impulsive writing. \* \* \* S of M. F., forgive us for inditing the following. Try, if you can, to pardon it, old thing! \* \* \* Quite late this Spring, a brand new book by Stephen Leacock will don a jacket colored like the peacock (and done by Johnny Held). This will be "Winnowed Wisdom" most Arcadian, culled by the humorous Canadian, wherein the cat of Truth is neatly belled by all the mice of Wit. \* \* \* We're strong for it,—although, perhaps, some flies be in the ointment,—for sometimes Leacock proves a disappointment. \* \* \* Then here is Katharine Brush's "Glitter," another college novel of the annual litter. \* \* \* And Reggie Kauffman now discovers—"Free Lovers," and writes about them with a pulsing pen. \* \* \* And here again is "The Happy Ghost," H. H. Bashford's twenty stories, rare and engaging, better than a host in the magazines. \* \* \* Scott Fitzgerald's "All the Sad Young Men" bowls a ten-strike now and then,—girls from The Brierley, boys from Mory's, men of means. \* \* \* But the book's most distinguished contribution is the Andersonian "Absolution." \* \* \* And a volume at which we'd advise your nibbling is the new "Teefallow," by T. S. Stribling. The title is strange and sticks in the mouth, but they call it an "amazing story of the South." \* \* \* And down where the air is torridah, namely, viz, to wit, in Florida Stephen Benét has laid the scene of a new romance. \* \* \* The jacket is very gay on it, the title is "Spanish Bayonet." It has all the swing and *verve* of a Spanish dance. \* \* \* And legal Arthur Train has packed his new novel full of criminal practice. There's a stirring murder, a sensational trial, a hero named Hugh. \* \* \* "The Blind Goddess" is a regular thriller, makes your head uneasy on your piller, makes you wonder at the law and doubt the killer,—if you ever knew! \* \* \* Archibald MacLeish is strange. By Gad, he has written a play called "Nobodaddy." The title simply serves to lead in Adam and Eve as they lived in Eden. You could hardly call the play historical,—but it's *not* to be taken as metaphorical. \* \* \* The price is a rather amazing caper,—it's at least six dollars, on hand-made paper! \* \* \* "Beau Geste" a lot of money is minting. It's now in the movies and the twenty-first printing. \* \* \* A prefatory gesture by Edward Lucas White precedes "Black Ivory" by Polan Banks. Bright is this novel's vesture. The author seems to write with fervor that should surely win our thanks. \* \* \*

Scented moonlight, faint guitars, gleaming swords, beneath the stars, Jean Lafitte the dashing pirate, New Orleans in the rich old Creole days. \* \* \* We shall now take to prose, however. Enough of our one-legged dancing is enough! \* \* \* Edward W. Bok, in "Dollars Only," denounces the pursuit of the dollar with the emphasis on the *only*. Of course he believes that commercial endeavor is of great importance. \* \* \* Eden Phillips is our choice for the title of Most Indefatigable Novelist. His "George Westover" now appears. It is the portrait of a fine old robust English conservative, treated sympathetically. \* \* \* Raymond Savage, who was a captain on Lord Allenby's personal staff, has made a record of the Career and Campaigns of the famous Field-Marshal in "Allenby of Armageddon" (Bobbs-Merrill). David Lloyd George writes a preface to the book. \* \* \* Allenby, you will remember, put the quietus on the Turk and conquered Jerusalem. \* \* \* A rare book long out of print is Barrett Wendell's "Cotton Mather," now just reissued from the original plates by the Harvard University Press. \* \* \* The same press brings out George Parker Winship's outline of the early history of printing, "Gutenberg to Plantin." \* \* \* J. W. Mackail's "Classical Studies" comes from Macmillan. \* \* \* The New Masses needs \$8,500 to start publication. Do your bit! \* \* \* The address is 39 West 8th Street, the phone Stuyvesant 2104. \* \* \* A new Dunsany, consisting of four plays, "Alexander," "The Old King's Tale," "The Evil Kettle" and "The Amusements of Khan Kharada" is published by Putnam. We are an old admirer of Dunsany fantasy. \* \* \* Fifteen short stories of the kind called intellectual cocktails are included in "The Whole Story" by Princess Bibesco (same firm). \* \* \* Louis Grudin is completing "A Primer for Aesthetes," a research into contemporary aesthetics. \* \* \* A new belletrist is announced by the Viking Press, one John Garber Palache, who has written "Four Novelists of the Old Regime," treating the lives and works of Diderot, Crebillon, Laclous, and Restif de la Bretonne. \* \* \* "The Saga of Billy the Kid," a true history of William Bonney, the American cowboy outlaw, by Walter Noble Burns, is a narrative that has greatly appealed to us. It comes hell-for-leather from Doubleday, Page. \* \* \* "A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions," edited by Hyder E. Rollins at the Harvard University Press, a perfectly beautiful revivification of a book of poetry first published in 1578, with facsimile title-page and lovely typography, is a book all belletrists will hanker after. \* \* \* And, well, that's about all in the old brief-case for today. \* \* \* Auf wiedersehen!

THE PHOENICIAN.

## PIG IRON

by

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## "THE MOST HIGHLY PRAISED NOVEL OF THE YEAR"

In the few weeks since the publication of Ford's NO MORE PARADES, there have been to date 24 critics who have labelled it, in various terms, "the finest novel of the year." For example it has been said that it "constitutes one of the notably important contributions of the present century to the English novel"; that it is "a great work of art"; "far and away the finest novel of the year"; "as great as anything produced in English during the past twenty-five years"; and a novel that stands

as "one of the greatest pieces of fiction of its time."

Such unanimous enthusiasm expressed in the most glowing superlatives for the author's skill has naturally had its effect on the various groups interested in books—on the critics, who see their opinions echoed and re-echoed from day to day; on the booksellers, who have an incentive to sell a book they may wholeheartedly recommend; and on the book-buyer, who feels this is a book he cannot fail to read.

As a consequence, the sales of NO MORE PARADES

increase each day. The third and fourth printings were ordered within two weeks, the book being out of stock for several days in the interim, and the fifth printing has been ordered immediately on the heels of the last. Mrs. Mary Colum, in her article in *The Saturday Review*, referred mainly to the opinions expressed in papers and magazines, but backed up by the public, she was more than justified in calling this book "the most highly praised novel of the year."

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