

## Trade Winds

IT seems to be agreed among my younger customers that the most amusing books of recent vintage are "Friends of Mr. Sweeney," "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion." Jocunda however says none of them can hold a candle to Mr. Beerbohm's "Seven Men," which she has just discovered. She votes for it as the most genuinely humorous book of her lifetime; but then she may have discovered another one by next week. Jocunda has had the good idea of posting a large sheet of paper on our bulletin board, on which customers are requested to put their suggestions of the books that they think ought to be considered for the Pulitzer prizes; there have been a number of interesting endorsements. I myself find the most amusing book to contemplate an old absurdity called "Custard Pye, Compiled by a Company of Tarts." (London, 1748.) Another queer volume is "The History of the Hansom Cab," which reminds me of old days in Central Park in the 90's, when we used to drive up to the Casino along toward dusk and order broiled trout-fish and a bottle of Montrachet. The last day of my holiday I spent in the country, a fiercely cold, windy March afternoon, and was amused to hear a rural postoffice in Dutchess County filled with the peeping of young chicks in cartons; they reminded me of the spring crop of novelists; and the buxom cheerful postmistress keeping them tenderly near the stove, as maternal as a publisher, until the R. F. D. man could take them away.

The only real judge of a bookseller's catalogue is another bookseller; and I want to utter a word of fraternal enthusiasm for Mr. Arthur Rogers, of Handysides Arcade, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. He has a notably sharp eye for the kind of thing that intelligent bookhunters want, his comments are shrewd and sound, and his prices

a good deal below those of our trade in larger centers. I advise you to get your name on his mailing list; even in the case of American Firsts he prices lower than most of us here in New York. I can't resist mentioning some of the items in his latest catalogue, because they will give my readers something to think about.

Ernest Bramah, "The Wallet of Kai Lung," first edition (1900), £2 2s. (I think, by the way, that Mr. Rogers overrates Bramah as a writer of detective stories. "The Eyes of Max Carrados" never hit me very hard.) First edition of Edward Carpenter's "Towards Democracy," 25s. Conrad's "Nigger of the Narcissus," in its five original parts in *The New Review*, containing the famous preface, £5. First edition of Walter de la Mare's "Henry Brocken," £2. First edition of George Douglas's "The House with the Green Shutters" (1905), 25s. Mr. Rogers's comment on this is: "One of the few noteworthy novels produced by a modern Scottish Novelist, always excepting of course Barrie and Neil Munro." He should have added Frederick Niven. First edition of Norman Douglas's "They Went," 15s. First edition of "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes" (1894), 15s. First edition of Dreiser's "Jenny Gerhardt" (1911), 23s. Louise Guiney's edition of Lionel Johnson's poems, 17s 6d. First edition of Rider Haggard's "Allan Quatermain" (that's the kind of literature I vote for!), 7s 6d. First edition of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," £8.

Seeing some early firsts of Ford Madox Hueffer listed makes me wonder why the recent success of "No More Parades" doesn't move a reissue of some of that ingenious writer's old books, e. g., "The Half Moon," and "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes" (an enchanting title). The same applies to the greatly admired Neil Munro, one of my favorite romancers, but quite unknown to

the present generation. One of the current authors whom Mr. Rogers lists very high is James Stephens; a first of "The Crock of Gold" goes way up, to £9 10s. Kipling's "They," first edition, at 15s, seems to me very reasonable. £10 for the first edition of Masters' "Spoon River Anthology," printed in U. S., but with London publisher's imprint on title page, is interesting evidence of the British esteem for that remarkable book. I have tried it on Jocunda, who takes it quite calmly; but what a stir it caused when it came out. I'm especially pleased to see Mr. Rogers giving a hand to the late H. H. Munro ("Saki"), who always gave me an O. Henryish sort of delight. Rogers says of him, "A brilliant writer whose works are now coming into prominence after a period of undeserved neglect." A loud cheer. Mr. Rogers lists a first edition of McFee's "Casuals of the Sea," a fine book that was unnoticed in England when it first appeared (1916), at £2 5s. A first edition of C. E. Montague's "Fiery Particles," with inscription by the author, £2 2s. Of L. H. Myers, author of "The Orissers" and "The Clio," Rogers says, "He has great talent and should be collected by everyone who values distinctive modern literature." And with joy I find the excellent Rogers listing several of E. Nesbit's divine juveniles. It makes me weary to think that no American publisher has ever had the sense to keep those books in proper circulation. Mr. William Rose Benét and a few other enthusiasts have uttered whoops for E. Nesbit from time to time, but publishers pay no heed. Mr. Rogers says of her "These delightful stories, probably as good as any of their kind in the English language, are genuinely scarce when offered as First Editions in good condition, for the best of all reasons—they are read and reread by all the fortunate children who can lay hands upon them."

It is the job of a good bookseller to do what critics and publishers are often too busy to do: to mull over the good things of the past, help revive books that are being forgotten and keep them alive. Catalogues such as Mr. Rogers's are of great value, for it is plain that he knows a good book when he reads it. Too much of the comment on first editions, etc., is intended only for very wealthy collectors and revolves around Miltons and Johnsons and Gutenberg bibles. Let me close this comment on my friend Mr. Rogers (I wish he'd write and tell me what sort of fellow he is, and how he got into this romantic, difficult, and quixotic book business) by quoting his remarks on Sterne. He lists a first edition of the *Sentimental Journey* at £22 and says, "Compared with him all other writers are stiff, clumsy, intolerant and absolutely boorish."

Let me quote one more little piece from Melville Cane's "January Garden," a little book of free verse that I find full of charms. It is called

Cows

Cows have such a serious look,  
They must be thinking.  
But I don't know—  
I've seen  
The same look  
On men.

I have sold one copy of the book, and believe I can sell at least one more.  
P. E. G. QUERCUS.

The New Books  
Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

combat between the exotic and the conventional, may be shadowed the clash of classes, the misunderstanding of race and nations." Without growing prophetic, one may agree with the blurb that "The Dancer's Cat" has its full share of class, clash, and misunderstanding.

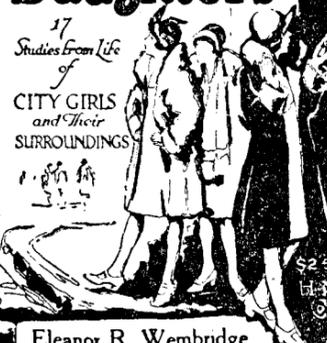
BLACK IVORY. By Polan Banks. Harpers. \$2.  
THE FREE LOVERS. By Reginald Wright Kaufman. Macaulay. \$2 net.  
GEORGE WESTOVER. By Eden Phillpotts. Macmillan. \$2.  
SPANISH BAYONET. By Stephen Vincent Benét. Doran. \$2 net.  
THE HAPPY GHOST. By H. H. Bashford. Harpers. \$2.50.  
FLIGHT TO THE HILLS. By Charles Neville Buck. Doubleday, Page. \$2 net.  
ALL THE SAD YOUNG MEN. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Scribners. \$2.  
TEFTALLOW. By T. S. Stribling. Doubleday, Page. \$2 net.  
THE BLIND GODDESS. By Arthur Train. Scribners. \$2.  
THE DOWER HOUSE MYSTERY. By Patricia Wentworth. Small, Maynard. \$2 net.  
WIELAND. By Charles Brockden Brown. Harcourt, Brace.

(Continued on page 638)

**Alfred  
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poems since 1923  
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Eleanor R. Wembridge



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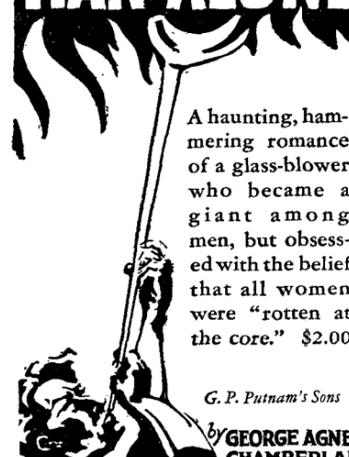
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**The Reader's Guide**

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

**A BALANCED RATION**

- SPANISH BAYONET. By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT. (Doran).
- HARVEST OF YOUTH. By EDWARD DAVIDSON. (Harpers).
- OUR TIMES. By MARK SULLIVAN. (Scribners).

*T. R. R., New York, is looking for unfamiliar anecdotes, not necessarily funny stories, that may be used as illustration in informal addresses.*

"**QUOTABLE ANECDOTES**," collected by D. B. Knox (Dutton), is a collection lately published: the same editor not long ago collected a volume of "Children's Funny Sayings" (Dutton) that would come in handy. The best book about the unconscious poetry of the speech of imaginative children, though, is "The Sayings of the Children" (Stokes), by Pamela Grey (Viscountess Grey of Falloden). "Tell Me Another," by Lord Aberdeen (Arnold), is a book of reminiscences of the familiar British type; the anecdotes are many of them amusing and not yet familiar. "Notes and Anecdotes of Many Years," by Joseph Bucklin Bishop (Scribner), is excellent material for illustration: some of the stories are sidelights on American life and character, illuminating as well as interesting.

*A reading circle in Edgewood, Pa., that has much enjoyed "The Mind in the Making" and Hall's "Life and Letters of a Psychologist," asks for another book as important as these for its reading and discussion. It also asks for an inclusive one-volume history of the United States, for adults, and if there has been a recent "best" outline of literature.*

"**WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS**," by George A. Dorsey (Harper), seems to be indicated in this case. Science as it converges on man, the whole sweep of the subject as far as it can be truly popularized and put into 500 pages—they do not seem so many—in a staccato utterance, and when it comes to opinions and deductions, as dogmatic as a country doctor. The reader will find himself cheering with continual protests, and now and again a yelp when a sharp idea hits him. There is another book, just published, that reads even more rapidly and is full of human interest: "Microbe Hunters," by Paul de Kruif (Harcourt, Brace), the scientist who worked with Sinclair Lewis on "Arrowsmith." A series of biographical sketches involving epoch-making scientific discoveries, it is as discerning in its studies of temperament as it is accurate in its information on research. As for tragedy, thrills, suspense, and the like, just try it.

John Bassett Spencer's "Short History of the United States" (Macmillan) is generally considered the most complete one-volume history for the mature reader. The survey asked for is of course John Macy's "Story of the World's Literature" (Boni & Liveright), the best of the "outlines," readable and reliable.

*M. C. B., Aurora, N. Y., having chosen for special study novels published within the past three or four years; dealing with women and spare time, asks for a selection.*

"**WE** know," says she, "that modern time and energy devices allow a woman to be a capable homemaker and also to have time and energy for other things. Will her husband or family or community put a ban on her spending her spare time in some occupation, both remunerative and useful, for which she may be much better fitted than for home-making? This problem is dealt with in Emancipator's 'Talk' (Harper)."

Storm Jameson, a young novelist whose work will well bear watching, has met this problem if not squarely, certainly in its triangular aspect, in her new novel "Three Kingdoms" (Knopf). It nowhere begs the question, which is whether this woman can succeed at homemaking, motherhood, and a business career. The lady in W. L. George's last novel, "Gifts of Sheba," published just after his death by Putnam, marries first a man who hates to have her support herself, then one whom she hates to have to support, then one with whom she is as com-

fortable as it is in her to be, for, according to the author's gloomy opinion expressed by the third husband, "only a man who doesn't love her can make a modern woman happy." An American novel that met this question head on, a season or so ago, was "Labyrinth" (Macmillan), by Helen Hull, whose new novel, "The Surry Family" (Macmillan), has lately been attracting attention. The heroine of "Labyrinth" earned less money in business than was unaccountably made by the heroine of "This Freedom," and her husband never let her forget, if a child bumped his head between ten and five, that it had been bumped while she was at the office, but the crisis does not come until he has a chance to take a job in a distant city. "Bread," by Charles Norris (Dutton), was another eminently fair statement of the case, more detailed than most novels about working women; save for one outburst in which the heroine speaks for a few paragraphs with the voice of the author, the facts are for the most part left to speak for themselves. Sinclair Lewis's "The Job" (Harcourt, Brace) has been republished within the specified time: it is a reliable document. "Surplus," by Sylvia Stevenson (Appleton), is concerned with the friendship of two women, both workers, who keep house together until one marries; indirectly it bears on this subject, and for that matter so does Galsworthy's "The White Monkey" (Scribner), for most of the troubles of the unnecessary young woman who figures in it could be traced to having too much spare time. Perhaps Mildred Cram's "The Tide" (Knopf) would qualify: here is a girl who marries for money, runs away for love, and has to support herself when her lover dies: a person who tries to eat her cake and have it.

Dorothy Canfield's "The Home Maker" (Harcourt, Brace) hammers its purpose home with accurate whacks: it would be hard to find a story harder to controvert. I am told that even in a film version it carries conviction. Here is a happily married couple with children: the woman has power enough to run a business, so much that when it is applied to running a family the family doesn't run, it spins. The man is a born parent without business sense. Yet he has to become a cripple before fate and the community will cooperate to release the energies of his wife for their proper uses and relieve his children, who under his care have now a chance to be human beings. The book differs from the others on the list in that the centre of interest is the husband rather than the wife: the ruling power, however, is in the community.

*G. V., Glenside, Pa., asks for books about the songs of Shakespeare and music inspired by Shakespeare.*

"**SHAKESPEAREAN Music in the Plays and Early Operas**," by Sir Frederick Bridge (Dutton) is a recent publication; for a long time the only important book published in this country on this subject was Louis Elson's "Shakespeare in Music" (Page) which treated both music quoted in the plays and that composed for them. "Music on the Elizabethan Stage," by G. H. Cowling, is a publication of Cambridge University, imported by Macmillan. There was published by *The Studio*, London, in 1922, a volume by Christopher Nilson, "Shakespeare and Music," which includes a record of musical settings of Shakespeare's words, of music written for his plays, and of music inspired by his verse.

(Continued on next page)

**YOU ARE A WRITER.** Don't you ever need help in marketing your work? I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable. Send for my circular. I am closely in touch with the market for books, short stories, articles and verses, and I have a special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc. 135 East 58th Street New York City

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**"OBJECTS"**

"The purpose of this Association shall be to make more efficient the selling of books in the United States; increase the value of the bookstore to the community; work for more and better trained booksellers; and to strive for aims and purposes which may be for the better service of the public."

The foregoing extract from the constitution of the American Booksellers' Association, was adopted in May, 1900, twenty-six years ago. There was then but a handful of members; today, the "A. B. A." emblem is nationally known. The growth did not affect our purposes; our ideals remain unchanged. Our members are serious, farsighted and intelligent bookmen and women who realize that they have a commodity to sell which may easily be valuable or harmful to the purchaser. They must, therefore, be carefully trained and possess ability and understanding. Their advice and recommendations are based on common sense supported by judgment and knowledge.

Naturally, they do not read all of the books published, but it is needless to say that the amount of reading done by this group is enormous. The publishers furnish them much valuable information; they know the authors' previous work; know where to obtain further information—the "tools of the trade," our reference books, are many and bulky; and they depend on the mediums carrying authoritative opinions. The knowledge that the Saturday Review of Literature, for instance, operates under practically the same code of ethics as this Association; that its editors have the same high ideals and that they and their contributors are not only honest, but expert in their many, varied and oftentimes enormous fields, is of great value to them, because they feel that they depend upon such a periodical for much of their information.

It is obvious that a better acquaintance with the publisher, Saturday Review, and bookseller will benefit everyone. The publisher may be met in the advertising columns, and you are fortunate in being able to receive the Saturday Review in the mail. We cannot send you a member of the American Booksellers' Association in the same way, but you will surely find one in your city.

Ellis W. Meyers,  
Executive Secretary,  
American Booksellers' Association.