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## Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

WE spoke some time ago about our favorite names for bookshops. Mr. Philip Duschnes has an admirable suggestion—*The Nessus Bookshop*, with the motto "I can't lose my shirt." A correspondent who has been travelling Upstate New York reports seeing two Corner Bookstores on two successive days—Grover C. Barnum's in Ithaca, well-known to the literary students of Cornell, and the Corner Bookstore in Oneonta. Mr. Eddie Ziegler of Doubleday Doran, back from Chicago, says that Mistletoe Sloe Gin, much esteemed in those parts, is as smooth as it sounds. Old Quercus, who once knew his way around Hoboken, the Last Seacoast of Bohemia, was delighted to hear that Mr. Joe Samperi has taken over the management of the famous ancient German Club on Hudson Street—the immortal old Teuton bürgerschaft of the New Jersey Rhineland, still decorated in the style of Prince Henry of Prussia and the Norddeutscher Lloyd and the Hanseatic League, with a crystal chandelier and red plush chairs in the ladies' room,—and drinking steins deep enough to park Father Brown's umbrella—and is now (Mr. Samperi) operating same as a public house. Those who have lost faith in all other forms of consolation and hilarity may well cross the river by ferry some hot night and visit the Union Club—as it came to be called after the War Frenzy.

By the death of Oliver Herford we lose one of the most genuine wits of our time. Our time, if one may call it so, has not always deserved or been able to understand much of the true quicksilver. Oliver had it. May we quote his

EVE

It is not fair to visit all  
The blame on Eve for Adam's fall;  
The most Eve did, was to display  
Contributory negligée.

The Book Society of London has chosen the late T. E. Lawrence's *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* as its volume for August. Charles P. Everitt of 45 West 47 says that Eliza Greatore's views of Old New York at ½ dozen for \$1 is the greatest bargain in that field he has ever offered. Donald Gordon of the American News Company lists Charles G. Finney's *The Circus of Dr. Lao* with 3 question-marks (???) and says "Probably the most curious book of fiction we've ever seen." Old Quercus, never shocked, agitated or undone, enjoyed it greatly, crying cuckoo in a melodious falsetto. Do publishers ever read their books? Rereading Conrad's *The Shadow Line* we wondered how on earth it could be published without a map of the Gulf of Siam—the book can't be read intelligently without referring to the atlas and checking up latitude 8° 20'. Old Querk is peevish this evening. We don't hear often enough what the book world is doing in New Orleans; pleased therefore to get a catalogue from The Pelican Gallery of 723 Toulouse

Street, N. O. Pelican lists a volume of poems by John Freeman (1921) whose little known work came right home to our requirements: a poet of sure salt and sinew. Glad to receive a Vineyard Report from Frank Schoonmaker on this year's prospects in Burgundy. He had the good sense to write from the Hotel d'Europe et d'Angleterre in Macon, which we visited years ago. It's a good place to eat and drink; but Frank is swanking when he says it's "one of the three best of France." When people of taste really discover one of the three best, or one of any number of best, they don't spoil it by mentioning it.

Quercus, constantly looking forward to the forthcoming *Modern American Usage* by Herbert W. Horwill, finds his appetite whetted by an occasional quote from the book distributed by the Oxford Press's publicity department. This one, for instance:

*Cake.* If an Eng. visitor to Am. asks for cakes, he is likely to be offered something very different from what he wants. *Cake* in Am. is very much the same as in Eng., but the plural form is reserved for a small portion of batter fried on a griddle—a kind of pancake—commonly of buckwheat. One may compare the Am. usage with the familiar appellation of Scotland as "the land of cakes," i.e. not sweetened or fancy confectionery but oatcakes. . . .

We commend this definition to the management of Childs, as one of those instructive little items they print on the backs of the menus.

A lady in La Jolla, California, writes: "I have a large living room with a fireplace, a gorgeous view of the sea, another of the mountains that just breathes peace, a patio with flowers where lots of birds come to drink and bathe.

"In this room I want to serve tea, giving lonely people a legitimate excuse to gather and where also if they wish they can rent magazines and books and sit there and read if they so desire.

"I want a list of my books typed or printed and sent to all the sick so that they may choose the books and have them delivered and collected. Having been a shut-in myself I know how disappointing it can be to send a nurse, friend or even the family, to choose books.

"There is a good public library here and two lending libraries where one can get just books but I want to carry the book that is different. Books such as *The Master of the Inn*, *Good-by Mr. Chips*, *All Passion Spent*, the delightful *Adventures of Mr. Grayson's*, the *Puppets of Mr. Wilkinson's*, *The Luck of the Road*, etc.

"Outside of making the little venture pay for itself finance does not have to enter the picture but my life is so full of joy I would love to pass a bit of it on.

"Can anyone suggest some other books that belong in the *treasure* class? I should be so grateful."

M. B. W.