

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

HAMLIN GARLAND, who is at work on a novel entitled "A Pathfinder of the Middle Border", hopes to finish it before he sails for England on the first of May. The story, based on the early life of his father Richard Garland, deals with that heroic period which lies between 1845 and 1865. It "pieces on" to the opening chapters of his autobiographic narrative, "A Son of the Middle Border", and forms a fictional introduction to the group of Middle Border chronicles which will ultimately number four volumes. These chronicles complete the story of the Garlands and McClintocks, who shared in the pioneer life of the last century—1814 to 1914—and whose migrations are typical of their time. Mr. Garland expects to join Henry B. Fuller in England and to visit France and Italy in his company. Mary Isabel and Constance Garland will spend the summer with their mother at Camp Neshonoc, the Garland cabin in Onteora, New York. In October Mr. Garland will return to the lecture platform in his program "Memories of the Middle Border", in which he will again have the assistance of his daughter Mary Isabel. MARGARET WIDDEMER, whose "Graven Image" (Harcourt, Brace) was a highly praised novel of the autumn, is writing another piece of fiction. She tells us that she has recently been overcome by a desire to be funny and that, try as she will to be serious, her mind runs avidly to the burlesquery at which she is so clever. ROBERT ROE'S poems, "Here You Have Me!" (Doran), were, in our opinion, among the most distinctive published last year. GRANT OVERTON is busily at work on a new volume for the

book reading public, which he is making in cooperation with certain publishers. It is to be called "Cargoes for Crusoes". His own novel, "The Thousand and First Night" (Doran), is a charming piece of fanciful adventuring. AMY LOWELL'S life of John Keats is approaching completion. We saw the delightful and unusual illustrations for it not long ago. Miss Lowell, moreover, has several volumes of poetry nearly ready for publication; but these will not appear until after the publication of the Keats.

FLOYD DELL, since the withdrawal of his "Janet March" from circulation, has been writing many short stories. His book of essays, "Looking at Life" (Knopf), has just been published. ANNIE HIGGINS lives in Seattle, Washington, and so far that's all we've been able to find out about her. THOMAS MOULT, the English novelist, poet, and critic, recently published in this country "The Best Poems of 1922" (Harcourt, Brace), the first of a series of annual volumes made up of selections from English and American magazines. GEORGE H. DORAN surely needs no introduction in his own magazine. We have often before attempted to persuade "G. H. D." to contribute to our pages; but he has always before put us off with affectionate but firm refusal. However, when President Paul Moody of Middlebury College, a close personal friend of Mr. Doran's, asked him to address that body on publishing as a vocation, he consented to do so. Constantly beset by inquiries from young men as to their opportunities in this field, we seized on the address with eagerness, and Mr. Doran consented to let us publish a part of it.

We know of no clearer exposition of the subject, and recommend a careful reading to all those in any way interested in publishing.

ANNE CARROLL MOORE, supervisor of work with children at the New York Public Library and our regular contributor, has long been known for her charming volume, "Roads to Childhood". "New Roads to Childhood" (Doran) is an entirely new book, not a revised edition of her former volume, and is an unusually suggestive guide to children's reading. HONORE WILLIS MORROW, author of many delightful novels of the west, and of striking magazine articles, is now living and working in New York City. Her new serial, "The Devonshers", is appearing in "Everybody's Magazine" and will be published as a novel in the autumn. MARY AUSTIN is engaged in completing her new volume, "The Land of Journey's Ending". After the International Meeting of the P.E.N. in May, Mrs. Austin plans to spend the summer in New Mexico. RUTH LAMBERT JONES is a poet whose work appears regularly in the magazines. She lives in Haverhill, Massachusetts and makes occasional visits to New York. Concerning these visits, she seems to recall particularly "eating snails at the Brevoort, riding hansom up the Avenue, and — 'Fashion'". ERNEST BOYD's satirical and critical Irish pen has been offering a somewhat acid and much needed note in the field of American letters. His series of impressions now appearing in *THE BOOKMAN* will presently be included in a volume of "Real and Imaginary Portraits". DAVID CARB, whose "Queen Victoria", written in collaboration with Walter Prichard Eaton (Dutton), was an outstanding production of the present season, is writing a new play and is also reading manuscripts for a famous play agency. BURTON RASCOE, the literary editor of the New York "Herald-Tribune", has made literary New York quake with

terror before his gossipy wit, trained in the manners of Chicago. BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS, instructor in the short story at Columbia University and at Hunter College, has long been interested in the working out of the O. Henry Memorial Awards for the best short stories of the year. DAVID MORTON, still teaching school at Morristown, New Jersey, and still writing beautiful sonnets, is soon to publish another collected volume of his verses, entitled "Harvest" (Putnam). JOSEPH COLLINS, M.D., at present traveling in Europe, is publishing a new volume, "Taking the Literary Pulse" (Doran), to follow "The Doctor Looks at Literature". NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD is head of the department of industrial journalism in Kansas State Agricultural College, and associate editor of "The Midland". His book, "The Ethics of Journalism" (Knopf), is a recent publication.

From "Readers' Ink", the publication of the Indianapolis Library Service, edited by Mary Dyer Lemon, we quote the following anecdote:

Bessie Segal's card was missing. She said her last name used to be Sinkowitz (as nearly as the librarian could tell) but that was before they came to this country. Said the branch librarian: "Let's look for your card under that name anyway. How do you spell it?" Said Bessie: "We don't know. That's the reason we changed it."

Miss Lemon has been writing a charming book column for several papers. Here is a nice bit on book associations which appeared in the Indianapolis Sunday "Star":

I first read Lamb's "Dream Children" in the garden of a friend, and on its pages still is the checkered shade of the tree under which I was introduced to it. "The Yoke", by Elizabeth Miller Hack, suggests a warm, yellow cat that lay beside me as I read. "The Pardoner's Wallet", by Samuel Crothers, is indissolubly associated with a plate of fudge and uncertain firelight. "Faint Perfume", by Zona Gale, means to me a rainy, cozy, dark Sunday afternoon and salty pop corn afterwards.