

# THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

IN these autobiographical fragments HUGH WALPOLE has done for his own life the sort of delightful rambling in which he set "Jeremy." Mr. Walpole's novel, "The Cathedral" (Doran), is to be published this autumn, and he will arrive soon after in America, where, it is understood, he plans to spend many months. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE tells us that he is engaged in writing a new picaresque romance of the sea, in the time of Charles II, which Doubleday, Page are to publish after serialization. It is to be called "The Magic Seas". The same firm will bring out this fall a volume of Mr. Le Gallienne's verse, entitled "A Jongleur Strayed, Verses on Love and Other Matters, Sacred and Profane". The title was unwittingly coined by a reviewer in the New York "Evening Post" who, in speaking of Mr. Le Gallienne's last book of verse, "The Junkman", referred to the poet as "a strayed jongleur, from the Court of Richard Cœur de Lion". BENJAMIN BRAWLEY, after several years in the south as a college professor of English, in 1920 made a trip of some months to the west coast of Africa, and since then has been a minister in the north, living and working in or near Cambridge, Massachusetts. Of his several published volumes the most recent and perhaps the most important is "A Social History of the American Negro" (Macmillan). PASCAL D'ANGELO, the day laborer Italian American, is undoubtedly more poet than laborer these days. He has changed little since the time when he wandered into the office with the tattered dictionary from which he learned to

speak and write English. His clothes, perhaps, have changed; but not too much. KENNETH MACGOWAN, author of "The Theatre of Tomorrow" (Boni, Liveright), and soon to publish another volume, is dramatic critic of the New York "Globe". He has just returned from a trip through Europe with Robert Edmond Jones, the scene designer, where they went to study the progress of the theatre. RICHARD BURTON has been spending more time of recent years in lecturing than in writing. Just now he is resting in his home at Englewood, before starting forth on a new speaking tour; but the summer has been an active one for him, with courses given at Chautauqua, Middlebury College, and Peabody College. Two of his one act plays, "Tatters" and "Brothers", are soon to be issued in book form.

CONRAD AIKEN, a southerner by birth, now lives in South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. He has lately been spending much time in writing from a London suburb to various English dailies on various controversial topics. His last volume of verse was "Priapus and the Pool". He is also one of the contributors to "American Poetry, 1922", that strange miscellany which attempts to imitate the English "Georgians". We saw ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT last night at the opening of the new James Forbes play, with Edna Ferber, who is again in town. He tells us that he saw John V. A. Weaver this summer in France, and that Mr. Weaver seems well and happy. Together they traveled to Emma Calvé's château in southern France. Mr. Woolcott, not contented simply with a first book this autumn, has two on

the lists — this makes it impossible for his first to be last, doesn't it! LEE WILSON DODD, whose "Lila Chenoworth" (Dutton) seemed to us one of the finest of the novels issued this spring, has now gone back to writing plays, we hear from New Haven, where he is living. ANNE STODDARD, two of whose plays appear in "Tony Sarg's Marionette Book" (Huebsch), was for some years on the staff of "The Century" magazine and is now in the editorial department of the Century Company. ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY, recovered from his recent illness and fresh from a tramp through the Berkshires, is now preparing another series of articles for this magazine. His book written in conjunction with Alexander Van Rensselaer, "Writing as a Business: A Practical Guide for Authors" (Doran), will soon be out. BERNICE LESBIA KENYON, whose verses have appeared in many American magazines, is assistant to the editor of "Scribner's Magazine". TIMOTHY TUBBY, that excitable soul, recently challenged a New York editor to a duel. Since Mr. Tubby is now in England, it has been decided to postpone the engagement for the present. GEORGE S. BRYAN, who lives in Brookfield Centre, Connecticut, is the G.S.B. whose poems have been appearing for many months in F.P.A.'s columns in the New York "Tribune" and "World". Mr. Bryan is well known as an anthologist and editor. His poems are being collected under the title, "Yankee Notions" (Yale). MALCOLM COWLEY, a young American poet and critic, has joined the group of expatriates in Paris, and shows no signs of an early return. IVAN OPFFER, we hear, after traveling hither and yon in Europe, sketching, will be back in New York City for the winter.

CLEMENT WOOD is still living in Hastings-on-Hudson. His novel "Nigger" (Dutton) has recently been published. He writes us that he has just read "Ulysses" and has not fully re-

covered. DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH, critic, short story writer, and lecturer at Columbia University, has been traveling in Texas and elsewhere in the south collecting negro folk songs which, edited by her, will be published as a book. MARY GRAHAM BONNER, writer of books for children, the other day showed us pictures of herself taken with a herd of wild buffalos out in the Canadian Rockies. She vouches for the authenticity of the photographs, also for the wildness of the animals, one of whom last year "knocked a touring car fifteen feet", according to the photographer. CHARLES HENRY MELTZER, the critic and dramatist, lives now on Washington Square, New York City, after a life filled with travel and experience. Of his plays, most of which were translations or adaptations, New Yorkers will best remember "His Honor the Mayor", which he wrote in collaboration with A. E. Lancaster. The late PROFESSOR ABRAM S. ISAACS, associated with New York University in the Department of Semitics, was a scholar, author, and lecturer. He was a contributor to various magazines and the writer of many books, among them "What is Judaism?" ANNIE CARROLL MOORE, instead of taking a stereotyped summer holiday, this year indulged in a series of "glorified weekends". During one of them she participated in the Midsummer Eve party given by Mr. and Mrs. Colum at the MacDowell Colony at Peterboro. There she found Abbie Farwell Brown and Henry Beston, author of "The Firelight Story Book". Upon another memorable occasion she journeyed in a traveling library wagon over the road taken by the British in the battle of Monmouth, New Jersey.

SIDNEY HOWARD has now undertaken a new investigation somewhat like his former work for "The New Republic" which was published under the title, "The Labor Spy". MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, who stays as late as

possible each summer in the Maryland mountains at the family place, "Oak Rise", is generally surrounded by his seven grandchildren, who are very unlike the curious Philadelphia boy he describes in "The Confessions of a Book-Lover" (Doubleday, Page). One of his youngest grandchildren, who cares little about books but loves sport and Babe Ruth, for several Sundays in church stopped the contribution box and looked thoughtfully into it. "Why do you do that?" asked his grandfather. "It isn't done in church." "I just wanted to see whether my nickel fell head or tail up," the boy replied. RUTH HALE is about to depart for the west with the Dr. Traprock expedition. ROBERT C. BENCHLEY, returned from his weekend in London, where he went to keep a luncheon appointment, is correcting the proofs of his new book, "Love Conquers All" (Holt). BURTON RASCOE still edits the book page of the New York "Tribune", at which post Isabel Paterson is now assisting him. CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, whose novel "The Chain" (Putnam) is on the stalls, tells us that his "Loafing Through Arcadia" will appear serially in "The Woman's Home Companion". WINIFRED BRYHER is an Englishwoman who married Robert McAlmon, the American poet, and has returned to London. Her book of poems signed simply "Bryher", and titled "Arrow Music", has been issued from there. ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD has been made American correspondent for "Bog og Scene", a magazine to be edited by E. Bergendahl of the University of Christiania and published in the Norwegian capital. It is advertised as "the greatest undertaking of its kind in Scandinavia". The following are some of its other correspondents: Denmark—Georg Brandes; Iceland—Gunnar Gunnarsson; Germany—Hermann Sinsheimer; England—Clive Bell; Belgium—Maeterlinck;

Spain—Ibáñez; France—Lucien Morey; and so on. He will contribute six articles a year dealing with general tendencies in American intellectual and literary life. PIERRE DE LANUX writes from France to tell us that he has settled there for good. His friends are earnestly requested to take the trip across and stay there as long as possible. M. de Lanux has been all around Paris, he reports, and finding nearly everything the way it was two years ago (prices slightly down), has now taken to the hills. At present he is getting sunbaked on a small Mediterranean island, of which unfortunately he will not give us the name. He has written lately for a number of American periodicals — "the best ones, of course".

Mr. Sumner of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice writes us:

I have received a copy of your magazine for September 1922 and find therein, at pages 119 and 120, certain comments regarding a discussion now in progress as to pre-publication examination of certain book manuscripts.

If, as you state, I have brought about a public interest in books—good books, I am very glad.

It is unfortunate that a magazine having the prestige of THE BOOKMAN should misrepresent a very simple proposition, which was in fact approved by certain publishers prior to its public appearance. We have never proposed that any person be put in a relation to the publishing business such as is occupied by Augustus Thomas with reference to the stage, or Judge Landis with reference to baseball. All that we have proposed so far is that a conference of publishers be held to discuss the feasibility of the creation of a committee or a jury, which would have the respect of the publishers, to pass upon manuscripts where the publisher himself is in doubt as to the propriety of publication. Aside from the matter of improving literature from the standpoint of decency, there is a very live question, which is of interest to the publishers, involving the matter of unfair competition. It is illustrated by this incident: A certain publishing house of high standing refused to publish a book because of the salacious character of matter throughout the manuscript submitted. That book is now being advertised for publication by another publisher. You may say that a question of this

sort is none of our business. Possibly it is not in a direct way, but we are interested because if one publisher can place on the market matter which is so obviously unfit that another publisher has refused to print it, and can get away with it, there is the inducement for all publishers to place upon the market matter which is just on the borderline, or just on the safe side of the line which divides what is illegal from that which is legal.

We fully agree with you that, for the most part, the publishing business is in the hands of gentlemen, and that the good taste of a gentleman can be relied on to keep from the public books that are not fit to read. This, however, does not serve as a sufficient safeguard, because the small percentage of publishers who place on the market books which are not fit to read is still sufficiently large to exert a very marked influence on the reading public. That is the same argument which was used by the motion picture industry prior to the creation of the State Commission, when they argued that 90 per cent of those engaged in the motion picture business were men of high standards who would not produce anything objectionable.

The proposal which we have made, as you will note, contemplates action entirely voluntary, and there is no danger of a censorship of Evangelical meetings, college lectures, or those other spheres of public utterance which you mention in an effort to be humorous. I think you will find that some such action as has been suggested will be taken.

At the urgent request of our neighbor, the Gossip Shop, we hasten to correct a grievous error. Writes William McFee:

I regret you have found it necessary to refer to me in Gossip as a Scotchman. It is doubtless of small importance to the world but to me it is a source of considerable irritation. My name is no more Scotch than it is Dutch or Russian and personally I am perfectly satisfied with the finest word in the world — English.

Opinions may differ as to the sanity of Congress, but all booklovers will agree that the adoption of the section of the McCumber tariff bill which exempts old books from duty unless the bindings are less than twenty years old is a show of reason. Credit for this is largely due to Senator Lodge, Charles E. Lauriat, Jr., the Boston bookseller, and Frederic G. Melcher of "The Publishers' Weekly", who created sentiment for the change.