

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, working over the proofs of her translation from the Italian of Papini's "Life of Christ" at her home in Arlington, Vermont, finds little else to report. Small wonder when her days and nights are spent in making sure of the correct English form for the names of Herod's brothers-in-law, etc. Her "Rough-Hewn" (Harcourt, Brace) is reviewed in another portion of the magazine. It is, without question, one of the best novels of the autumn. Although CLINTON SCOLLARD has not of late fared as far afield as the Orient, in his "Syrian Lover" songs he has reverted to the land of his early wanderings. His last published book was "War Voices and Memories" (White). ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING, whose latest novel, "The Unlit Lamp" (Dutton), has recently been issued, is at present busy in her New York home, writing fiction for the magazines. ERNEST RHYS is an English novelist, poet, and editor of note. From 1906-1921 he was editor of the Everyman Library. His latest work has been editing the five volume edition of "Modern English Essays" (Dutton). GEORGE S. KAUFMAN and MARC CONNELLY, playwrights, authors of "Dulcy" and "To the Ladies!" and dramatizers of "Merton of the Movies", are now acting as the producers of "The Forty-Niners", an interesting dramatic experiment at the Punch and Judy Theatre in New York. They insist that they are going to write a deadly serious play—they already have a final curtain. In the meantime they still have on hand one musical comedy, their first joint work. It

is, they declare, one of the most widely rejected manuscripts of recent seasons. ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY'S "The Business of Writing" (Doran), prepared in collaboration with Alexander Van Rensselaer, is one of the few books we know containing authentic practical advice to authors. Mr. Holliday is now planning another volume on a somewhat similar plan. OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN, whose "Lute and Furrow" (Scribner) was reviewed in THE BOOKMAN last month, has been spending some time in New York but has returned now to South Carolina. She has not long since written a play. HUGH WALPOLE is in the United States lecturing at this writing. His "The Cathedral" (Doran) was published this autumn. ELLIS PARKER BUTLER is an incorrigible wag. He gives us the following autobiographical account:

I would prefer not to have anything blurbish or extravagant said about me in your column. Merely mention that I am the greatest American humorist, living or dead, and that my next book—which will be published in the spring of 1923—is undoubtedly the finest thing that has ever been written by any human being. It may interest those who have never met me should you add that the best authorities consider me the handsomest and most manly looking author now living and that laboratory tests show that I have the best brain and highest grade of intelligence found in any author examined, including the Scandinavian. You might add—if you think any editors read THE BOOKMAN—that I am so much in demand that I can get \$2,000 apiece for all the short stories I can write, but that my heart is so big that I yearn to help struggling editors and will sell a few first-class stories that are a little dogeared and ragged on the edges for \$1,000 apiece if application is made promptly. I don't want to butt into your own work, of course, but you might then add, as if it was your own thought,

something like — "This is certainly a great opportunity" or "Certainly no brainy editor can hesitate to take advantage of such an offer." If you can help me get rid of any of this old junk I'll split 50/50 with you.

*Ellis Parker Butler ("Pigs is Pigs")*  
P.S. Please be sure to mention "Pigs is Pigs" because the book is still in print but not selling nearly as well as it did ten years ago. *E. P. B.*

ALINE KILMER has turned from her poetry and her children to spend a few hours in the writing of short essays which will presently be gathered into a volume.

THOMAS L. MASSON, who for twenty-eight years was managing editor of "Life", from which he retired last May, is now a member of the editorial staff of "The Saturday Evening Post". He edits the "Short Turns" pages and is working on a new department to be announced later. Mr. Masson has just issued two books: "Listen to These" (Doubleday, Page), a compilation of humorous anecdotes, and "Our Humorists of Today" (Moffat, Yard), the first authoritative book on the leading humorists of America to be published. Mr. Masson is also completing another book on modern thought, this being a serious contribution to modern psychology. His headquarters are in Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

WILLIAM MCFEE recently took a month's leave ashore here in New York and found time to read a few books and to write some reviews and introductions for several books. His "Command" (Doubleday, Page) is another psychological and romantic story of the sea. GILBERT CANNAN comes occasionally to America and is now expected about Christmas time. His novel "Annette and Bennett" will soon be published. His last three books were written in an old windmill made over into a cottage on the edge of Chilton Hills in Buckinghamshire, England. ROBERT GRAVES, the English poet, wrote a book "On English Poetry" (Knopf) this year which, though

fragmentary, is one of the few illuminating works on that subject extant. He rents John Masfield's cottage at the bottom of his garden at Boar's Hill near Oxford, and has for his near neighbors Robert Bridges, poet laureate, Professor Gilbert Murray, the celebrated translator of Euripides, and Robert Nichols who served with Graves in the Welsh Fusiliers. JOHN FARRAR is the editor of this magazine and modesty forbids further discussion.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, the assistant editor of the "Literary Review" of the New York "Evening Post", continues to write poetry that, while departing somewhat from his early romantic style, has an even keener originality. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART on a recent trip to New York proved as charming as always, and as interested in all affairs literary and otherwise. Her "The Breaking Point" (Doran) is one of the autumn best sellers and she is said to have succumbed to the temptation of writing a new play. LOUISE AYRES GARNETT of Evanston, Illinois, takes time occasionally from her poetry to write a delightful song or play. Some of her children's plays are soon to appear in book form. MARIAN CUTTER, who runs the Children's Bookshop in New York City, has a knowledge of the practical use of books for children that is both unusual and valuable. KENNETH ANDREWS, now on the editorial staff of the New York "Sunday World", has recently taken to lecturing on the drama, with marked success. HORTENSE FLEXNER, whose last published volume of verse is "Clouds and Cobblestones" (Houghton Mifflin), is on the staff of the Curtis Publishing Company. She tells us that she hopes soon to publish a new book of verses which will include some short plays. GEORGE H. SARGENT is "The Bibliographer" of the Boston "Evening Transcript" and American correspondent of "The

Bookman's Journal" of London. He lives on his farm in Warner, New Hampshire, and considers the view from Tory Hill the finest in the Granite State. Here he has recently finished a little volume dealing with a half century of Boston bookselling, one of those privately printed things collectors like—Mr. Sargent himself is a book collector. At present, he writes, he is gathering material for a book on the private press in America and milking two cows at night and morning. The Ayrshire, by name Ayrshire Lassie, is a thoroughbred and gives eighteen quarts of milk a day. The Jersey's milk is less in quantity, but richer.

JOHN V. A. WEAVER, whose new volume of verses in the American language will be published in the spring, has been spending a few weeks at his former college, Hamilton. Peggy Wood, star of "Buddies" and "Marjolaine", has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Weaver. LOUIS UNTERMAYER has translated "Masse Mensch" for the Théâtre Guild and is arranging verse for his spring volume of poetry. He says we are mistaken in thinking that he edited "American Poetry—1922". We retract and apologize, printing the following excerpts from the introduction:

The Miscellany has no editor; it is no one person's choice which forms it; it is not an attempt to throw into relief any particular group or stress any particular tendency. . . . The poets who appear here have come together by mutual accord. . . . It is as if a dozen unacademic painters, separated by temperament and distance, were to arrange to have an exhibition of their latest work every two years. They would not pretend that they were the only painters worthy of a public showing; they would only maintain that their work was, generally speaking, most interesting to one another. . . . This is just what the original contributors to the Miscellany have done.

Mr. Untermeyer further says:

To be a trifle more explicit, allow me to recite these circumstances: Almost four

years ago, four of the original contributors to the first Miscellany (1920) talked over the possibility of such a volume with Miss Amy Lowell who had been thinking of just such a collection. It was to resemble "Georgian Poetry" physically and, like the English forerunner, was to be issued biennially. But, unlike it, the American assemblage was to show a greater range of style, a wider choice of subjects; it was to print new and mostly unpublished poetry and—as the recent preface explained—the outstanding difference was this: that this anthology was *not* to be a reflection of any one editor's reactions to the poetry of the day.

What, then, can you mean by saying "The Untermeyer touch is here and no mistaking" . . . and again (and do not think me ungrateful for your intended if unmerited praise), "We thank Mr. Untermeyer heartily for putting into one volume so much that is fine." Outside of my own contribution, I put absolutely nothing into the volume. Each poet, independently of every other contributor, selected and arranged his own group. All that I did was the merely mechanical labor of collecting the manuscripts and seeing the volume through the press.

As to the omissions, there never has been an anthology which does not, to one person or another, cry out for sins of exclusion as well as inclusion. At the same time, the 1922 collection does show three new contributors—"H. D.", Alfred Kreymborg, and Edna St. Vincent Millay—all of whom add to the volume's individuality by their own distinct qualities. It would have, I grant you, added lustre to the collection to have included certain other poets. But it would have been contrary to the policy of the group to add more than three names to each new publication, and the above three new members held first claim by reason of their priority in the field as well as the indubitable quality of their work.

WILL S. MONROE is president of the New York Section of the Green Mountain Club, and one of those who built "The Monroe Sky-Line Trail", a section of "The Long Trail" along the tops of the Green Mountains in Vermont. He is a noted psychologist and an able teacher. His published works include books on educational and psychological subjects as well as travel. His hobby is geography and he makes it practical by an active interest in mountain climbing. EDITH LEIGHTON who has long been doing Brief Reviews for us, manages to write ar

occasional short story along with reviews for newspapers and magazines. She is a Smith College graduate who filled up with envy by spending last summer abroad. HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE is not a member of the Lucy Stone sisterhood, except in her literary work. She is Mrs. John Oskison in everything else. She and her husband are equally fond of long hikes, and spent part of last summer tramping more than two hundred miles in Glacier National Park, Montana. They mean to walk the whole of next summer, and in time to give the whole year to hiking, as it seems the best way to spend a vacation and they hope some day to achieve a permanent vacation. At present Miss Hawthorne keeps busy most of the year writing about what other people write. It is exciting and amusing work, and she feels she owes a debt to the many authors who toil so hard and long to keep her supplied with material. WALTER F. WHITE is a contributor of reviews and articles, many of them on some phase of the Negro problem, to various periodicals. MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D., is assistant to the editor of "The Journal of the American Medical Association", associate in history of medicine and medical writing in Rush Medical College, secretary-editor of the Society of Medical History, and a frequent contributor of book reviews to the Chicago "Daily News". He is coauthor with Oliver T. Osborne of the "Handbook of Therapy" and author of "Dr. Pepys' Diary". LEWELLYN JONES, literary editor of the Chicago "Evening Post", is an authority on metrics among other specialties. KARLE WILSON BAKER of Nacogdoches, Texas, is the author of several volumes of verse, the latest being "Burning Bush" (Yale). ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD's translation of Georg Brandes's "Wolfgang Goethe" will be published in the spring by Nicholas L. Brown. AGNES SYMMERS

has had several exhibitions of her paintings of outdoor landscapes. She speaks Dutch fluently, and translated the Javanese letters published by Knopf which ran in "The Atlantic Monthly" last winter. At present she is abroad.

CLEMENT WOOD sends us this interesting bit of information:

In "Poets and Their Pastimes", by Abram S. Isaacs, in the October BOOKMAN, appeared the fine shaped whimsy, "Song of the Old Decanter", located as "taken from an old scrap book of the early 'seventies". This excellent poem was written by my grandfather, Professor Warfield Creath Richardson, of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, who died in 1914 at the age of eighty-five. It was by no means his only poetic achievement — consult any Who's Who in America before 1914. His published romaunt, "Gaspar", earned high praise from William Cullen Bryant, Longfellow, and a commendatory postcard from Whittier; his "Fall of the Alamo", published in the 'nineties, was also highly esteemed. His daughter, my aunt, Mrs. Belle R. Harrison, also of Tuscaloosa, author of a volume of "Poems", has a fine piece of light verse "Pomp's Defense", in negro dialect, which is also going the rounds listed as anonymous. I am the third generation of verse writers in the family: and I will esteem it as a favor to the memory of the fine old gentleman who was the author, if you will publish this note, and let your readers know that the "Song of the Old Decanter" came from a temperance advocate as early as 1845, who edited two temperance papers, and fought all his life for temperance and against prohibition — my grandfather, Warfield Creath Richardson.