

Hindenburg Reviews Campaigns: Russia's Upheaval Analyzed

A Farmers' State F. C. Howe Gives Glowing Picture of Danish Life

DENMARK. A CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH. By Frederic C. Howe. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

MODERN Denmark comes measurably close to realizing the ideal of the perfect state, according to the impressions conveyed by Mr. Howe in this book. It is a country without large armies and navies and without imperialistic ambitions. The government is a thoroughly representative democracy, controlled by the farmers, who constitute the most important element in the population.

Most important of all, the principles of democracy are put into practice in the transactions of everyday life. "It is economic rather than political democracy," says Mr. Howe, "that distinguishes this little state from the other countries of the world." This aspiration for economic democracy finds expression in numerous successful and highly developed cooperative enterprises. The farmers enjoy the benefits of cooperative dairies, slaughter houses, marketing agencies and banks.

There is nothing dreamy or impractical about these organizations. They have paid their way from the beginning, and they have more than held their own against private competition. The Danish railways are state-owned, and the routes and tariffs are so arranged as to give the farmers quick and inexpensive transportation to their foreign markets.

Dr. Howe finds prosperity and comfort almost universal in Denmark. The extremes of wealth and poverty are generally avoided. Advanced social legislation has been passed to meet the needs of the city workers. Illiteracy is almost unknown, and the average level of intelligence is surprisingly high, largely as a result of the splendid work of the so-called People's High Schools, which furnish practical and cultural instruction to workers and farmers who would be unable to spare time and expense needed for an elaborate university course.

The nature of these People's High Schools is enthusiastically described by Dr. Howe in considerable detail. He regards them as a fruitful experiment in educational democracy.

The author recognizes the fact that Danish conditions cannot be transplanted bodily to America. So far there is little need in this country for the intensive methods of cultivation which are necessary in a land of small holdings, like Denmark. At the same time Dr. Howe believes that American farmers could profitably learn a few lessons from their Danish fellow-workers, especially in such matters as organizing enterprises and making their political power felt in national and state legislative bodies.

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German Chief Fails to Remove Shroud of Legendary Glory

Field Marshal's Life Story Recalls Little of His Personality, But Contains Interesting Fragments of Military Criticism

By William L. McPherson

OUT OF MY LIFE. By Field Marshal von Hindenburg. Translated by F. A. Holt. Two volumes. Harper & Bros.

HINDENBURG came out of the war a man of many personalities, a character confused both by official attributions and popular legends. There was first the conventional Prussian soldier, veteran of the wars of 1866 and 1870-71, long occupied with general staff work, retired as general at his own request and recalled to active service when the great war broke.

This officer, previously of very moderate distinction, rose to eminence in the very first month of the war, became field marshal, bulked larger as the struggle went on, took command of the Eastern front, was promoted to control of all the German armies and remained in control of them as chief of the great general staff until the armistice.

But on what evidence of personal capacity and accomplishment was his promotion based? It was known that he had attached to himself an alter ego, General Ludendorff, to whose enormous energy and fertility most of the conceptions of the Hindenburgian military policy were due. One mind worked through the other, apparently to the entire satisfaction of both. Thus arose a dual personality, the fame of whose achievements accrued to Hindenburg, the ranking though silent partner in as strange a combination of minds and wills as military history has ever known.

Finally there is the Hindenburg of popular imagination—a man, a symbol, a barbarous demi-god whose monstrous wooden image the populace of Germany worshipped and idolatrously drove gold, silver and iron nails into it as much per drive. It was this deity in which Germany saw reflected the ancient and ruthless military tradition of the Germanic tribes.

Which was the real Hindenburg? Are all equally unreal? It is hard to tell exactly, and the Field Marshal's two volumes don't help the investigation much. Negatively, at least, they confirm the theory that Ludendorff was the driving power in the collaboration and was gratefully recognized as such by his nominal superior.

Ludendorff frankly describes his relationship to Hindenburg when he wrote in his first publication after the war: "After discussion with my assistants I used to lay my ideas for the initiation and conduct of all operations briefly and concisely before the Field Marshal. I have the satisfaction of knowing that from Tannenberg to my resignation in October, 1918, he always agreed with my views and approved my draft orders."

It is a curious circumstance that the only Hindenburg order which Ludendorff didn't prepare or indorse in advance was the one which the Kaiser used as a pretext for forcing the First Quartermaster General's resignation—an order suggesting opposition to acceptance of the demand embodied in one of President Wilson's armistice telegrams.

Hindenburg corroborates Ludendorff's passive when he admits: "After I had learned the word of General Ludendorff, and that was soon, I realized that one of my great tasks was, as far as possible, to give free scope to the intellectual powers, the almost superhuman capacity for work and untiring resolution of my chief of staff, and, if necessary, to clear the way for him, the way in which our common desires and our common goal pointed."

He says also, significantly: "His (Ludendorff's) influence inspired every one, and no one could escape it without incurring the risk of finding himself off the common path."

Why was the way never cleared for Ludendorff to be in name as well as fact the chief of the general staff? Tirpitz says that the Kaiser never liked Hindenburg's associate, which is clear also from some of Ludendorff's own remarks. Hindenburg looked the sub-war lord part better and his semi-idealism had progressed so far that it might have been dangerous for the government to lay rude hands on a popular superstition.

From the military point of view Hindenburg's book faithfully echoes all of Ludendorff's previously published views. About the only conflict noticeable is over the result of the battle of Château Thierry. Ludendorff had said: at Château Thierry. They had attacked hard for a long time in France had bravely attacked our thinly held fronts, but they were unskillfully led, attacked in dense masses, and failed."

Hindenburg is a little less grudging. He writes: "We made the acquaintance of her (America's) first trained troops at Château-Thierry. They had attacked us there and proved themselves clumsily but firmly led. They had taken our weak units by surprise, thanks to their numerical superiority."

He goes further than most German soldiers have gone, in admitting the faults of the first Marne campaign. His judgment of this operation is worth quoting:

"I do not believe that one single cause can make our great plan of campaign, unquestionably the right one, responsible. A whole series of unfavorable influences was our undoing. To these I must add (1) the watering down of our fundamental scheme of deploying with a strong right wing; (2) the fact that through mistaken independent action on the part of subordinate commanders, our left wing, which had been made too strong, allowed itself to be firmly held; (3) ignorance of the danger to be apprehended from the strongly fortified great railway works of Paris; (4) insufficient control of the movements of the armies by the High Command; (5) perhaps also the fact that at the critical moment of the battle certain subordinate commanders were not in close enough touch with a situation not in itself unfavorable."

This is enlightened criticism. Hindenburg also emphasizes more pointedly than Ludendorff did that Amiens was the necessary goal of the first German drive in northern France in 1918. He admits that when Foch saved Amiens that drive had practically failed.

So far as Allied strategy is concerned he justly derides the mess made of the Rumanian campaign of 1916 and the failure of the Allies to attack Turkey at her most vulnerable point in Asia, namely, at Alexandretta. He quotes Enver Bey as saying to him: "My only hope is that the enemy has not discovered our weakness at this critical spot." He adds:

"If ever there was a prospect of a brilliant strategic feat it was here." He wonders why Great Britain didn't make use of her opportunity. But Sir Ian Hamilton has told us that one of Kitchener's instructions to him was that Alexandretta was "to be taboo—not to be touched." And British policy wasn't changed after Kitchener's death. Hindenburg also contributes the information that the Turkish army lost 200,000 men defending Gallipoli, which means that it was virtually wrecked there.

The Field Marshal's outline of the war is more interestingly written than Ludendorff's. It is also naiver in tone. Like Ludendorff he tries to charge the loss of the war to the German civilian government. He lauds the old Prussian military absolutism. But this absolutism was the chief source of Germany's political weakness. Her people lacked unity because they felt that they had been deprived of a share and a stake in the government. Both Hindenburg and Ludendorff envied the power of a democratic dictatorship for war exemplified in France, Great Britain and the United States. They do not see yet that in the long run a democracy makes war most successfully, because it is capable of unity in time of trial and is able to change rulers and break down hampering institutions before defeat comes.

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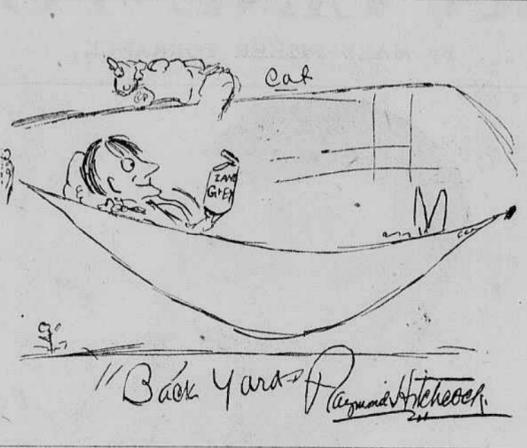
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Hindenburg was a pronounced "Easterner" and expresses the sound view that Falkenhayn made a grave blunder in not pressing the attack on Russia in 1915 and 1916. That was Germany's best policy. But his own fatal blunder of urging a renewal of indiscriminate U-boat warfare in February, 1917, is passed over lightly. Yet, except for that error, despite the failure to push for victory in the East, Germany would probably not have been beaten, America need not have been dragged into the war just as Russia was going out.

Hindenburg naturally criticizes Falkenhayn's Polish campaigns of 1914 and 1915 and sustains Ludendorff's rejected alternative plans. He also criticizes Verdun—a colossal blunder. He goes further than most German soldiers have gone, in admitting the faults of the first Marne campaign. His judgment of this operation is worth quoting:

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"Go West With Zane Grey," Says Raymond Hitchcock

Famous Comedian Suggests as a Recipe for an Ideal Vacation a Hammock, a Back Yard and a Book

By Raymond Hitchcock

"Why spend the nickel?" queries Raymond Hitchcock in reply to the joint editorial efforts of the *Subway Sun* and the *Elevated Express* to boom Prospect, Bronx, Van Cortlandt and Central parks—or even the Battery—as the ideal spots for your summer vacation.

While admitting the advantages of these local resorts over Atlantic City or the Grand Canyon, Mr. Hitchcock goes the interborough one better by advocating a trip to the Wild West with Zane Grey via the hammock.

"I have been reading these signs 'Where to go on your vacation,' the comedian said, 'and I followed the advice of several. One of them says, 'Why go out of town? Why not take the subway for a nickel and see all the animals, wild and otherwise.' It read so seductively that I purchased a five cent ticket from a man who shouted 'How many?'—and I no more had it in my hand than another man took it away from me.

"I met the six o'clock crowd going toward Bronx Park, which lifted me off my feet, put me right in the center of the car, and I never touched the ceiling or the floor 'till I reached daylight uptown somewhere. When I got there, I found the park was closed.

"Being stout of heart, I read another ad where it says, 'Ten miles from here! Get pure food and air!'

"Well, after recovering from the ptomaine poisoning, I read another ad. It says, 'Come and paddle on our lake!'

"Now, paddling on any lake sounds well. So I went up to that lake, rented a paddle, and a canoe went with it. I hadn't paddled more'n a block when a female voice said, 'You look lonesome.' I never was noted for being hard-hearted, so I asked her if she didn't want to paddle along with me—and we paddled to a nice overhanging willow tree, and I suggested that we land and make whistles out of the willow branches.

"No more had we landed than a big policeman stepped up and says, 'You gotta keep paddling—it's against the law to land—and you can't float—you just gotta keep paddling.' So that put an awful nail in that vacation.

"I've tried 'em all, and now I say: 'Why spend the nickel?' Take one of Zane Grey's books in your back yard, hang your hammock under the old umbrella and read his Western stories. You can have 'The golden sunset swept over the valley when a single horseman was silhouetted against the horizon'—and if you have a good imagination, you can say, 'Oh, that's me! And (because the sinking sun does remind you of dinner), and you're worked up a terrible appetite just thinking you've ridden all day without food. And then you get off your horse and go into the kitchen and say, 'Is dinner ready yet?'—and you're not through the first chapter.

"If you really went West and the sun was sinking and you were tired and dirty and hungry, you'd get a cup of coffee made by a Chinaman out of local mud. One must be rugged to take these vacation trips.

"When you meet the girl as you ride into the village, she's standing at the window waiting for her father to return from the mines. She's a real girl, and you bow to her and ask her to walk under the willows with you. If there weren't any willows, there's mesquite bush.

"No policeman comes up and tells you to keep paddling, and you can make all the love you want to, and when you want to shake her, just close the book.

"No tiresome trip home. No losing your luggage. No having to stay in the house a week afterward to rest up.

"Oh, me for the back yard vacation!"

with largesse from Mr. Towne in the form of verse when the joy of the road grows too intense for prose. Not, they assure us, that it is in ecstatic mood. Here is no "damn nature-lover," such as one injured man complained had spoiled his good day out-of-doors—but a sophisticated, initiated, fire-breathed mind set free upon a many-phased holiday, a mind capable of humor and philosophy, absurdity and adventure.

Heywood Brown Writes a Book

Heywood Brown has delivered the manuscript of his seriously jesting essays entitled *Seeing Things at Night* to Harcourt, Brace & Co. The book will appear this summer.

Ye Olden Blue Laws

Poor old Puritan Fathers! Everybody is finding them out nowadays. The reaction of our people to prohibition today is supposed to be peculiarly lawless, but in Ye Olden Blue Laws, by Gustavus Myers, just published by the Century Company, the righteous old New Englanders are said to be shown up as evaders who could equal any Harvard professor of 1921.

Story of the Adirondacks

Alfred L. Donaldson, a retired banker-musician, who has lived at Saranac for a number of years, writing articles, poems and detective yarns for the magazines, has written a complete History of the Adirondacks, which will be published immediately by the Century Company. It is, says the publisher, the first attempt to present a complete history of the region, and it has further been made comprehensive and "definitive" by the addition of maps, topographical information and sections on the weather, the birds, fish, game, trees, etc., of the region; the laws that have been passed for the regulation of its use, the origin and character of some of its principal clubs and hostelries, and a twenty-page index making accessible all the information of the two octavo volumes.

That Puritan Spirit

Echoes of the spirit of Prohibition, whose echoes first rang in Massachusetts Bay Colony, were heard in London recently at the sale of curious and ancient American tracts. The tracts related to America in the seventeenth century and especially to the laws directed against the Quakers in New England. One of these is *New England's Degenerate Plant*, who having forgot their former sufferings, and lost their ancient tenderness, are now become famous among the nations in bringing forth the fruits of cruelty, 4to, 1659; it is the work of three "inhabitants" and two "strangers." Only about six copies of this tract are known—and one fetched \$1,950 at the Huth sale in 1917. Another American item is *The Christian Commonwealth*, 4to, 1659, which is by John Eliot, the "Apostle of the Indians," and translator of the Bible into the Algonquin tongue, and another is "Ill News from New England; or, A Narrative of New England's Persecution. Wherein is declared that while Old England is becoming new, New England is becoming old," 4to, 1652, by Dr. James Clarke, one of the founders of Rhode Island.

Russian Revolution Seen as Inevitable Social Cataclysm

Professor Ross Tells Impartial Story of Events From Fall of Czar to Rise of Lenine in History That Reads Like a Romance

THE RUSSIAN BOLSHIEVIK REVOLUTION. By Edward Alsworth Ross. Published by the Century Company.

PROFESSOR ROSS has written the book that we have long been looking for in vain, a history of the Russian revolution that isn't a piece of disguised propaganda for some particular faction or viewpoint. Isolating himself from the slogans and catchwords of the various contending parties, he gives a magnificently impartial interpretation of that great social upheaval from the standpoint of an American democrat.

The author's freedom from bias may be ascribed in large measure to his conception of the revolution as a product of irresistible social factors, rather than of the good and bad deeds of individual men. This conception, set forth in the preface, is so important for a proper understanding of the work that it may be quoted in full:

"As I now see it, most of the developments of the eight months between the March revolution and the November revolution were not caused by leaders, but were inevitable, given the background of experience of the Russian common people. If the train bearing Lenin and eighteen other Bolsheviks across Germany to Russia had fallen through a bridge on its way and all had perished, events in Russia would have taken much the same course. The peasants would have seized the estates and the soldiers would have quit fighting. The robbed and oppressed masses—a hundred millions of men and women—moved toward the goal of their long unfulfilled desire like a flow of molten lava that no human force can dam or turn aside.

"It was a majestic and appalling social phenomenon, as elemental almost as an earthquake or a tidal wave."

In the present volume Professor Ross confines himself to a narrative of the events from the downfall of the Czar to the dispersion of the Constituent Assembly by the Bolsheviks. He has reserved the story of the subsequent development of the Soviet republic for another book.

The eight months from the overthrow of the Czar to the fall of the Kerensky government are crowded with events. It is a period of flux and confusion. Nothing is stable. Ministries resign and are reconstituted overnight. One device after another is employed in an effort to stem the growing power of the Soviets. The political and economic disorganization of the national life proceeds with increasing rapidity.

Professor Ross sketches this troubled period with mastery skill. Instead of attempting to give a strictly chronological outline of events, which would necessarily be confused and difficult to follow, he devotes separate chapters to the most salient and significant aspects of the revolution. Writing in a vivid popular style, he conveys to his readers a full appreciation of the significance of the great historical drama which he unfolds.

The author's second chapter, entitled "The Background of the Telling Masses," is as striking as Dickens's memorable picture of conditions under the French old régime in a Tale of Two Cities. After reading this chapter it is easy to understand why the Russian workers, peasants and soldiers acted just as they did after the downfall of the Czar.

The Russian workman in pre-revolutionary days was habitually spoiled and oppressed, maltreated by his foreman, forced to work very long hours for very low wages. If he attempted to strike or organize a peaceful demonstration he was likely to be shot by Cossacks or gendarmes. It is not surprising that he listened readily to the heated oratory of the agitators who assured him that the "capitalist" was the source of all his troubles, and that all would be well if the factories were only handed over to the charge of the workers themselves.

The Russian peasant for generations had seen himself compelled to toil for a mere pittance, while the best land was held by the Czar, the Church and the wealthy nobles. It is not surprising if he, too, was only too eager to follow the advice of the revolutionists who told him to take the land he had coveted so long without paying any one for it. In fact, if there had been no professional revolutionists the chances are that the peasants would have seized the land anyway.

The Russian soldier had fought for almost three years under the most heart-breaking hardships. He had often been forced to face the withering fire of German shells, with nothing but a stick for a weapon. He usually had only the vaguest idea of what the war was about, for the Czarist government was not anxious to spread enlightenment of any kind among its subjects. He was often abused by his officers, who belonged to a different social class. And so it scarcely required the defeat-

Immigrant Health Scientific Study of This Phase of Americanization

IMMIGRANT HEALTH AND THE COMMONWEALTH. By Michael M. Davies Jr. Published by Harper & Bros.

THE attitude of Americans of the older stocks toward the immigrant has often been characterized by one of two extreme viewpoints. The newcomer is sometimes left to adjust himself as best he may to his strange environment, on the optimistic assumption that the melting pot can successfully absorb anything that is cast into it. Even more vicious than this laissez-faire attitude is the conduct of certain groups who look upon all foreigners as essentially inferior and who almost literally want to ram Americanization down their throats.

Mr. Davies, in discussing the important problem of how to raise the health standards of our foreign population, has no use for either "laissez-faire" or "big stick" methods. He pleads instead for the method of democratic cooperation. Statistics show that disease and mortality rates are generally higher among foreign born than among native born Americans, and that individual races are especially susceptible to particular diseases. The author suggests a number of dietary, hygienic and housing remedies for this situation, and urges the social and medical agencies which may be expected to carry out these remedies to take careful account of the national backgrounds and peculiarities of the peoples with whom they work.

Professor Ross has evidently enjoyed access to a considerable stock of new historical material. Millyukov's speech immediately after the March Revolution, the detailed description of Lenin's arrival in Petrograd and of the Moscow Conference, the fascinating accounts of the November Revolution by three active Bolshevik participants and leaders, Antonov, Kameny and Podvoisky, all these things are important fresh contributions to our knowledge of the revolution.

One is sometimes tempted to wish that the author had included more documentary evidence, extracts from contemporary newspapers, reports of speeches, etc., instead of quoting so liberally from the works of other authors, some of which are of rather doubtful historical value. This criticism, however, is of slight importance when the numerous admirable features of the work are taken into consideration. Professor Ross shares with very few other historians his remarkable capacity to combine scientific accuracy with popular appeal in his work. His treatment of his subject is doubtless still further humanized because of the fact that he was traveling in Russia at the very time when the stirring events he narrates were taking place. His book is far and away the best history of the Russian Revolution that has yet appeared in English.

A Life of Adventure THE ADVENTURES OF RAPHAEL PUMPELLY. Edited by G. S. Rice. Published by Henry Holt & Co.

THE more exciting episodes in Professor PumPELLY's autobiography are included in this abridged edition, designed for older boys and girls. Professor PumPELLY led an adventurous life, which carried him from the plains of New Mexico to the Desert of Gobi. The bandits of Corsica, the fierce Apaches who formerly roamed over our own Southwest and the nomadic Mongolian tribesmen, all contribute their share of picturesque anecdotes to the book.

A Study of Prophecy THE VISION WE FORGET. By P. Whitwell Wilson. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

TAKING up the Book of Revelation passage by passage, the author, a well known English journalist in this country, attempts to show how the prophecies of St. John have been fulfilled in terms of past history and present-day events.

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