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THIS CLIPPING FROM
TRANSCRIPT
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It is now ebb tide for the vacationist, and even so Boston is still thronged with visitors from Kansas, Michigan, Iowa and Tennessee. To return to Boston after a six months' absence, and find it so gay, and veritably national, is a delight. We may be repressed and austere New Englanders during the hibernating season, yet by the end of August our streets are as gay as a Mardi Gras fête at Lisbon. I found myself recently on Bromfield street, in danger of becoming sentimental over the departure of an old friend. He was the leading spirit of the simian bazaar last February, a mauve monkey with wistful eyes and great savoir faire! It is better to have loved and lost. I dried my eyes and walked across to the Old Corner Bookstore.

"Have you," said I, "a book about monkeys?"

A delightful young man assured me that there were several at my disposal.

"And of what sort?" I asked. "Historical, biographical?"

"We have some interesting memoirs in our circulating library," announced the young man. "It is a new departure for our store; it has been in existence only about three months."

When I saw all the book-shelves and all the books, I quite forgot my grief. Think of being able to take out not only current fiction, but other books of substance and permanent worth. In the bookshop for boys and girls one descends a few steps to attain the circulating library. At the Old Corner we rise to literary heights by a short stairway.

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Across the road Mr. Butterfield, primarily famous for old and rare volumes, an intimate friend of many well known book collectors, has recently added to his circulating library the fifty-seven thousand six hundred and twenty-ninth volume.

Going out by the day, the average novel is returned to the shelves in forty-eight hours. With more serious books a different course is often followed. At one well known bookshop lately, Dr. Harvey Cushing's two-volume life of Sir William Osler was added to the circulating department. In a week the man who had taken out the first volume came back to buy it, together with its companion. Another set of this interesting and notable biography was then put down on the shelves. That was bought in less than half an hour. The purchaser, having first gone to lunch at the Parker House with Volume One under his arm at six cents a day, hurried back with enthusiasm and a roll of bills.

I saw a timid man advance toward the shelves. Behind him came a more stalwart figure, yet truly feminine. She had just bought Mrs. Winter's new book, published by The Century Co., "The Business of Being a Club Woman."

"Have you Gertrude Atherton's last story 'The Crystal Cup?'" asked the man of the lending librarian.

"We put four copies in stock here," she replied. "The book went on sale today, and every copy went out into circulation before ten o'clock."

"Horace, we must buy it," declared the lady emphatically. "I met the author once in San Francisco. I just love to meet writers. I have an autographed copy of Zona Gale's 'Faint Perfume.' When these energetic Californians left the shop the pile of 'Crystal Cups' was diminishing rapidly."

One new novel that is popular, though by a comparatively new writer, is "The Smiths," by Janet Fairbank. A certain reviewer recently declared it to be a literary masterpiece in no way inferior to Booth Tarkington and Edith Wharton. How courageous the critic who dares to place two such impressive wreaths upon a single brow.

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