A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649237029

A Bibliography of the Works of Joseph Hergesheimer by H. L. R. Swire

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

H. L. R. SWIRE

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER



A Bibliography of the Works of Joseph Hergesheimer



THE CENTAUR BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF MODERN AMERICAN AUTHORS

Uniform with this Volume

(In Preparation)

Sherwood Anderson Ambrose Bierce James Branch Cabell Willa Sibert Cather Stephen Crane Theodore Dreiser James G. Huneker H. L. Mencken Edgar Saltus





Soephblergrohemie

A Bibliography of the Works of Joseph Hergesheimer

By H. L. R. Swire



PHILADELPHIA
THE CENTAUR BOOK SHOP
1922

28 550 95

> COPYRIGHT 1922 BY THE CENTAUR BOOK SHOP

201-175

FOREWORD

DEAR MR. SWIRE:

When, first, I learned that it was in your mind to make a bibliography of my books I went to the shelves on which they had been gathered and gazed at them again with an awakened and considerable interest. Only yesterday, a few moments ago, it seemed, there had been but one - The Lay Anthony; and now there were ten - or was it eleven? - that many, and more to be collected, in eight years. There, undoubtedly they were, in their various editions; and I was amazed. I hadn't quite realized that so much of what I was went that way . . . fixed, perhaps, for a while short or long, but gone. I had not realized that the secret treachery of time had prevailed against me to such an extent. Eight years, it was true, were not many, but they had been taken - a large bite - out of the rosiest cheek of the apple. It was still my profound conviction, it is as I write, that better was to come; that what I had done, written, was hardly more than introductory. But, together with this, I had a faint uneasy consciousness that I was being merely blinded by the trustfulness and self deception which, perhaps, alone made life endurable. Anyhow, there they were, the ten, or eleven, in paper and cloth and boards - the months, the years, the toil, the failures and the successes.