MEN AND BOOKS AND CITIES

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649156504

Men and books and cities by Robert Cortes Holliday

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ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY

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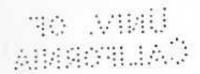
MEN AND BOOKS AND CITIES
BROOME STREET STRAWS
WALKING-STICK PAPERS
PEEPS AT PEOPLE
BOOTH TARKINGTON
THE MEMOIR TO:
 JOYCE KILMER; POEMS,
 ESSAYS AND LETTERS

MEN AND BOOKS AND CITIES

ROBERT CORTES HOLIJDAY

From quiet homes and first beginning,
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There's nothing worth the wear of winning,
But laughter and the love of friends.
HILAIRE BELLOC.





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Printed in the United States of America

TO MEREDITH NICHOLSON

WHOSE EXCELLENT GOOD NATURE ENABLED HIM TO LISTEN TO MOST OF THIS GOSSIP BEFORE IT WAS WRITTEN

BREAD AND MEAT BETWEEN US
IN OUR HOME TOWN

AN INDICTMENT OR FOREWORD

This rambling hotchpotch of irresponsible comment was conceived in sin and grew (to its present state of deformity) without benefit of any discipline whatever. It has known no home but the hotel, the street, and the smoking-car; no parent but a wastrel and a vagabond.

That the culprit stands before you a monstrosity in essay form is small wonder. That it will come to any good in the world is hardly problematical.

Upon its appearance in the pages of The Bookman the author of its being (for reasons best known to himself) sought to conceal his identity under the alias of Murray Hill.

R. C. H.

New York, 1920.