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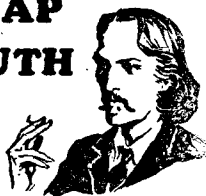
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WE UNDERSTAND that the interest of collectors and dealers in rare literature has lately turned avidly to handwritten manuscripts by eminent modern authors. We know so many authors who use the typewriter almost exclusively that such manuscripts must now be fairly difficult to find. Of course, Eugene O'Neill is said to "push the pen" entirely (we believe that "Anna Christie" was written dimly on both sides of two sheets of paper!), and the script of Colonel Lindbergh's "We" was recently submitted entirely in longhand. But Colonel Lindbergh's publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, have called attention to this fact as a rare occurrence in a modern publisher's office. Naturally, not so rare an occurrence is the writing of the first draft with pen or pencil. But almost all final drafts are now typewritten before being submitted. And probably in more cases than we know of there are first drafts in longhand. Inasmuch as the cash value of such is now going up we advise all authors of merit carefully to save them.

As Putnam's points out William Beebe has dictated from undersea through a telephone installed in a diving helmet, James Boyd uses a dictaphone to write his historical novels, *Hilaire Belloc* (strangely enough!) was one of the first to take to the typewriter. Lord Dunsany, however, doesn't even use a fountain-pen. He trims old-fashioned quills for his fantasies. To return to Colonel Lindbergh, we wonder how high the original MS. of "We" will be valued. And as for Eugene O'Neill, we hear that his originals are now feverishly sought after. Perhaps these facts will turn writers back into longhand composition. We don't know. But what a terrible thing it would be for the typewriter industry!

We have received the following letter from Arthur Guiterman:

I've just been reading Louis Untermeyer's "Kindly Couplet" about the generous lady which runs,
*Her charity greater than any Poe known;
If you ask her for bread, she will give you a scone.*

I think that the second line is quite clever; but I thought it even more original back in 1921 when it appeared thus in some verses of mine on the City of Glasgow:

*But drab is the town as a shawl-hooded crone,
And dreary and cold with a chill all its own.
You ask them for bread and they give you a scone,*

In Glasgow

The verses are included in my collection "The Light Guitar" (copyright, 1923, by Harper & Bros.), which I heartily recommend as containing much more good material.

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

We extend our good wishes to Arthur Sullivan Hoffman, the new editor of *McClure's*. *McClure's* has gone through many vicissitudes of late years, but Hoffman made such a thoroughly good periodical out of *Adventure* that we have confidence in the future of his new piloting. Back in the days of "the old *McClure's*" (concerning which there ought to be a Do You Remember Club, for a better popular American magazine has never been printed) Hoffman contributed some short stories to *S. S.'s* publication. We recall them clearly, and darned original and entertaining tales they were. Now, in Hoffman's first number he makes a break with precedent by printing in sequence three short stories by a new writer, Edward L. McKenna, a man who quite evidently has journalistic experience behind him. They're good yarns.

A Philadelphia poet who is also a crack tennis player is Mary Dixon Thayer, of the staff of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*. She is the tennis champion of Pennsylvania women and ranks within the first ten nationally. She has published several books of poems, the last being "Ends of Things" (Dutton). On the court she is known as Mollie Thayer.

Geoffrey Scott, author of "The Portrait of Zélide," is now in this country collaborating with Colonel Ralph Isham in the arrangement of the Boswell papers contained in the famous "Ebony Casket." "Zélide" was one of the many ladies to whom Boswell addressed fervent love let-

ters. "The Portrait of Zélide," by the way, has just been published in a new popular edition by Scribner, with a new postscript by Mr. Scott on *Benjamin Constant*, one of Zélide's most ardent admirers.

A revival of interest in the famous Oscar Slater case in England has been one of the results of the indignation over the Sacco-Vanzetti execution. Oscar Slater has served eighteen years of a life sentence for murder in Peterhead Jail in Scotland. Recently the *London Daily News* published an affidavit by Mary Bannerman declaring that Fiscal Hart, who prosecuted the case, got her to change her statement (that Slater was "very like the man" she had seen running from the home of Miss Gilchrist) to a positive identification. This revelation, we understand, has at length resulted in Slater's release from jail. It all only goes to show what frightful possibilities for the miscarriage of justice lurk within the law. The *London Nation* and *Athenaeum* drew a parallel between the Slater case and the Sacco-Vanzetti case. This month, in *Vanity Fair*, you may read an article by Edmund Lester Pearson on the Slater case, and you can get the whole detailed review in "The Trial of Oscar Slater," edited by William Routhead and published by the John Day Company as one of the volumes in their importation of the Notable British Trials series. If you have a legal or even a lay interest in crime this series is fascinating.

Sig Spaeth has followed his popular "Read 'Em and Weep" with "Weep Some More, My Lady" (Doubleday), a collection of the old songs that, both in text, music, and illustrations, is a gem indeed for the front parlor. (Yes, we mean "living room!") The only modern illustration is a photograph of Harold Moffett and Eleanor Shaler singing "Fallen by the Wayside." And if you were ever in Don Dickerman's "County Fair" last winter, and heard them sing it, you will recall the event with happy tears. Eleanor Shaler may not yet be a Beatrice Lilley, but she has been making a great reputation for herself as a burlesque singer and dancer.

Donald F. Rose's little magazine *Stuff and Nonsense* that comes from Bryn Athyn, Pa. (and, by the way, we are not his New York agent or anything like that, even if we do mention him once in a while) has committed a twelve-page issue, full of amusement. Among the amusing things is a series of "Scrambled Slogans" prepared by "our own expert sloganeer," F. P. T. Here are a few of the best:

India Umbrellas—"Ask the Man Who Loans One."

Gilda Gray—"The Dear that Made Milwaukee Famous."

College Humor—"Not a Laugh in a Carload."

Ziegfeld Follies—"His Master's Vice."

True Story Magazine—"Chases Dirt."

Colgate's Toilet Water—"What a Difference a Few Scents Make."

Prohibition—"It's Roasted."

Our friend, Harriet Monroe of Poetry, 232 East Erie Street, Chicago, sends us the announcement of *The Poetry Clan*, which will operate on a scheme similar to the Book-of-the-Month Club, the chief difference being that it limits itself exclusively to books of poetry, and that it distributes such books to its subscribers on a bi-monthly basis. The annual payment, or "dues," is twelve dollars a year; that is, almost exactly the retail price of six books. One book has already been distributed to the members of the Clan, *George Dillon's* "Boy in the Wind," and a darn good choice it is! "Boy in the Wind" is published by the Viking Press and is the best first book of poems in years.

Mary Webb, whose last novel, "Precious Bane," won for her the Femina-Vie-Heureuse Award, died in London on October 8th. She was the author also of "Gone to Earth" and "The Golden Arrow," fine novels of the remote and lonely districts of Wales. "Armour Wherein He Trusted" is the title of her new novel as yet unpublished.

With regards to all!

THE PHENICIAN.

from THE INNER SANCTUM of
SIMON and SCHUSTER
Publishers • 37 West 57th Street • New York

F. P. A. hereby receives *The Inner Sanctum's* private Pulitzer Prize for the perfect simile, the perfect review and the perfect tribute, all contained in the following single paragraph on ARTHUR SCHNITZLER's new novel *Daybreak*:

We could no more quit reading *Daybreak* before we had finished it, than say "Well, this is my last hand," when we were a terrific loser.

The columnists are all coming out for *Daybreak*. Says ELMER DAVIS in *The New York Herald Tribune*:

SCHNITZLER being a classic, publishers can afford to issue his short books at a reduced price. Read *Daybreak* and you are likely to emit a lusty roar at the next overstuffed novel that comes your way.

Early prowlers in *The Inner Sanctum* yesterday might have found the sales manager and the editorial director huddled in earnest conclave. The pith of it all is contained in these solemn resolutions:

a—That SCHNITZLER's new novel *Daybreak* was getting under way even faster than *Fraulein Else*, *Beatrice*, *None But the Brave*, or *Rhapsody*.
b—That it was best to be absolutely frank with the reading public and feature *Daybreak* as a novel of cards and women—which it is.
c—That if the re-orders keep swirling in, giving the house a sixth best seller, and up-setting all our expensive five-out-of-ten-best-sellers advertising, we will just have to grin and bear it philosophically.

HARRY HANSEN's assertion that "SCHNITZLER packs into 200 slight pages what few novelists achieve in 400" is echoed by almost every review. Publishing SCHNITZLER's novels is *The Inner Sanctum's* contribution to the Forest Conservation program.

Trader Horn forges far ahead in our own sweepstakes this week. Any members of the American Skeptics Society who challenged our recent announcement that this book was earning \$4,000 a week in royalties are hereby informed, not without a little gloating, that on the first two days of this week alone orders for more than 3,100 copies were counted by our embattled adding machines.

To-night the monastic brethren of the sanctum forsake the lamp and the library to prow about million-footed Mannahatta. It is not to be simply a plunge into night life but our first chance to behold the flaunting and many-hued "twenty-four sheets" posted up and down the isle proclaiming the glories of *The Story of Philosophy* and *Trader Horn*.

Modesty is a shabby and paradoxical virtue if one calls too much attention to it, but *The Inner Sanctum* cannot resist the temptation to tell this one: Three months ago when we wrote copy for our outdoor advertising campaign, we calculated that by the third week of November *Trader Horn* would be in its 75th thousand and *The Story of Philosophy* in its 200th thousand. To-day *Trader Horn* is in its 92nd thousand and when our next printing order comes through (any minute now) *The Story of Philosophy* will be entering (we can scarcely believe it ourselves) its third hundred thousand.

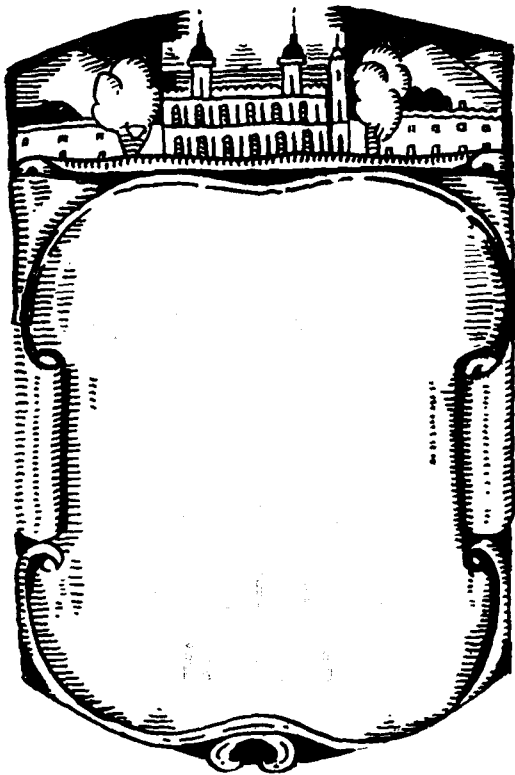
—ESSANDESS

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between the ages of 12 and 30

What was He doing
Whence came
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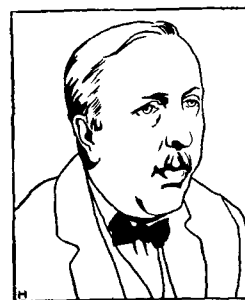


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