

JOHN DAY

So extraordinary has been the reception accorded this first novel that the publishers will present a series of announcements devoted entirely to the opinions of the critics.



Salvos of acclaim greet the first novel by

*Eleanor
Carroll
Chilton*

Shadows Waiting

"One of the most fascinating blends of curiously diverse elements I have encountered in a long time. . . . It is filled with a disturbing beauty. Miss Chilton has made a sustained flight in a craft whose complexity might well have frightened away far more experienced hands. She has succeeded in achieving in an intellectual novel a suspense that would do credit to the most expert of mystery story writers."—*Herschel Brickell in the New York Evening Post.*

"It is a strange creation, beautifully written — a remarkable piece of work.

"'Shadows Waiting' is something not usual in American writing,—a terrifically difficult feat done with distinction."—*Fanny Butcher in the Chicago Daily Tribune.*

"Mark a distinguished debut in Eleanor Chilton's story called 'Shadows Waiting.' It is acute in its psychology and an unceasing pleasure in the fluent precision of a thoroughly ripened style."—*Sidney Williams in the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"It is as polished and finished a piece of work as any veteran hand could produce, yet nothing in the way of freshness and originality has been sacrificed."—*George M. Payne in The Cincinnati Times-Star.*

\$2.50 at all booksellers

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY
25 West 45th Street, New York

The Phoenix Nest

BY the time you read this we shall have gazed upon "The Phoenix Nest" of 1593, as *Mary Mowbray-Clarke* has written us from the Sunwise Turn Bookshop that a reprint of it by the Haslewood Press has just come in from England. We'll bet it beats this column, at that, though it cannot possibly beat "An Elizabethan Zoo," another Haslewood book of distinction which we recently received from *Elvira* as a Valentine. This book is a garnering from Pliny and the old bestiaries, and contains wonderful pictures of the Mantichora, the Lamia, the Antelope (*sic*), the Mimicke Dogge, and other wonders. On the cover is a remarkable rhinoceros designed with a detail that would do credit to Dürer. This gem came from the Washington Square Bookshop, which frequently has marvelous things. . . .

News of the New Republic Book Shop which opened on February first arrives from *Elsie Butler*, the manager. This is a general bookstore for the Murray Hill district, at 107 East 34th Street, just around the corner from No. 1 Park Avenue, and across the way from the Community Church of *John Haynes Holmes*. It has acquired the stock and trade of the old Penguin Book Shop, long one of the pleasant oases on Eighth Street. *Mrs. Jeannette Lowe* of the Penguin joins her experience to the New Republic's enterprise. You are invited to sit down and read at the long centre table of the New Republic shop. . . .

Wilbur Daniel Steele, according to *Edward J. O'Brien*, one of the three outstanding contemporary writers of short stories in America, will hold a conference on short-story writing, for a fortnight, during the coming summer session at the Montana State University, Missoula, Montana. . . .

An American epic to add to your "Billy the Kid," "Jesse James," "Wild Bill Hickok," et al., is "Annie Oakley: Pioneer," by *Courtney Ryley Cooper*, with an introduction by *Will Rogers*. It is published by Duffield and Company at 200 Madison Avenue. Some short while ago this great trick marksman of Buffalo Bill's Wild West crossed the Great Divide and left to the famous comedian, *Fred Stone*, her diaries and personal papers. Cooper, an old friend of *Buffalo Bill*, has edited them. Hail, *Annie Oakley*, who never missed a catamount, glass ball, or a clay pigeon! If you see a star flicker and fall from the height of evening, it's dead-shot Annie keeping her hand in. . . .

Marjorie Allen Seiffert sends us a ferocious sonnet, saying,

I have been much amused at the Sonnets of Hate and Rage in the Phoenix Nest. I do not know whether this will qualify, but it was written with an amount of hopeless anger which if it managed to get across into the words, ought to make it a masterpiece of that genre. It was the total output of the summer of 1922.

THE MOTHER SPEAKS

I live with ruthless cannibals who feed
On my living tissues, on my flesh and brain,
Spoiling and roasting what they do not need,
Growing no fatter. I am devoured in vain.
I have no refuge under the pitiless sky.
I am bare bones thrown to their discontent,
Gnawed and unburied. . . . Empty bones am I,
Scattered and wasted. I am vainly spent.

Could I but doze as dully as the cattle!
Could I but dream as sweetly as the sheep!
But I am the booty of an alien battle,
A battered slave who only longs for sleep.
I who once claimed Olympian paths for mine
Envy the peaceful destiny of swine!

Leonard Doughty writes:

Of course you won't forget Robert Browning's soul-satisfying sonnet of the Damnation of Edward Fitzgerald,—"kicking you seems the common fate of curs." There are many in Swinburne besides the "Dirae," most emphatically magnificent. The two greatest of all such sonnets are "The White Czar." Rossetti's is a soul-animating strain in "On the Site of a Mulberry Tree." William Watson's "Year of Shame" and "The Purple East" are a consummation. Is not Wordsworth's lordly word of scorn, "What is it that ye go forth to see," in sonnet form? I do not exactly place it from memory. There ought to be much from Victor Hugo that may have been translated worthily. Some of Heine's *Fresco-Sonnets an Christian S (ethe)* are blissfully bitter, and have been translated—at least by E. A. Bowring. The idea of having such a book as you intend fascinates me. I live in hope.

Both Mr. Doughty and another gentleman send us sonnets that we might print. This week we haven't the space. Meanwhile, *William R. Kane* tells us that poets will soon begin to reserve photoplay rights to their verse.

The American Cinema Association has come along and paid Edgar A. Guest a fabulous sum for photoplay rights of thirteen of his poems! These are to be released as Edgar A. Guest Poetic Jewels. The photoplays are being produced in color. As the Cinema Association's press agent says it: "Edgar A. Guest Poetic Jewels—A Series of Thirteen Subjects in Exquisite Nature Tints." Guess he knows what he means. I do not! I hope these Poetic Jewels are mighty successful pictures. Just think of poets corraling some of that movie money!

The popularity of Mr. Guest remains an utter mystery to us and must so remain forever. We have given up trying to understand it. It must just be that the average person adores the utterly mediocre in poetry. Just why—escapes us. . . .

We were shocked to hear of the recent death of *Schuyler Ashley*, who was doing reviewing for *The Saturday Review* and for the *Kansas City Star*. Ashley had been afflicted with tuberculosis since the war and had therefore lived in Colorado since 1919. His health had so improved that he was married last July. He died suddenly at Austin Bluffs, Colorado Springs. . . .

Dr. Will Durant has related the story of the best ten books in the world for Brentano's Book Chat. It may interest you to know the books he has chosen. They are, The Bible, the Iliad, the plays of Euripides, Plato's "Republic," Plutarch's "Lives," the plays of Shakespeare, "Don Quixote," Spinoza's "Ethics," Goethe's "Faust," and Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." . . .

Another of the famous Garnett tribe, that seems to be limitless, is *Mrs. Robert Singleton Garnett*. Her mother was *Samuel Butler's* first cousin on his mother's side, and through a school friendship with *Olive Garnett* and her own ambition to write she was early drawn into that interesting cultured circle which surrounded *Dr. Richard Garnett*, of the British Museum, of whose family she became a member on her marriage to his elder son. Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" had come to her with something of a shock, as family traditions and memories indicated a quite different atmosphere at Langar rectory from that pictured in the novel. After some years Mrs. Garnett met Samuel Butler's niece. Butler's sister May was her godmother. Mrs. Garnett received letters, photographs and other documents, and now gives us "Samuel Butler and his Family Relations," published by Dutton. . . .

Well, give our regards to the family!
THE PHOENICIAN.



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Edna St. Vincent Millay 1892—

She was born in Rockland, Maine, the daughter of a stevedore.

Her first verse appeared in *St. Nicholas*. The themes of many of her early poems were derived from the picturesque folk tales told by her mother.

Her first appreciable success was the poem "Renascence," which was awarded only fourth prize in a poetry competition. Ten years later, in 1922, the Pulitzer Poetry Prize was hers.

She is amazingly versatile, being an accomplished linguist, a gifted musician and an able amateur actress.

She is the only American poet, save Edgar Allan Poe, to be translated into Spanish. Her play "Aria Da Capo" was also given a French production.

Contrary to the general tendency of poets Miss Millay has fled from the "great open spaces" of Maine, to take up residence in the narrowest house in New York.

In 1924 her only volume of prose "Distressing Dialogues" appeared under the name of Nancy Boyd. These sketches were prefaced by a most amusing note written under her own name.

In "The King's Henchman" she has done an unusual and altogether beautiful piece of work. She has won the distinction of creating the book of the first successful Opera in English.

First Editions of the Work of Edna St. Vincent Millay may be obtained at the

PHOENIX BOOK SHOP
41 EAST 49TH ST., NEW YORK CITY

The London Times on "POWER"

"Undoubtedly one of the most remarkable historical novels of recent years. . . . It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the range and beauty, the colour and depth, of this novel. Nor is it possible to do justice to its unerring psychology and spiritual illumination. . . . There is an unmistakable quality of greatness in the novel. It has been beautifully translated."

Europe and America Concur!



"POWER"—A historical romance by LION FEUCHTWANGER. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. New York: The Viking Press. Second printing. At all bookstores. \$2.50.