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## NOTICE

Saturday Review subscribers who are interested in having a complete index to their files of the magazine will be glad to know that the

INDEX  
VOLUME II—PART II  
AND THE  
INDEX  
VOLUME III—PART I

are both ready for mailing. There is no charge for copies of these indices and all requests should be addressed to the:

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

**The Saturday Review**  
of LITERATURE

25 WEST 45th ST., NEW YORK CITY

## The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs. BECKER, c/o The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION  
TWILIGHT SLEEP. By Edith Wharton (Appleton).  
COVERING WASHINGTON. By J. F. Essary (Houghton Mifflin).  
MAIN CURRENTS IN AMERICAN THOUGHT. By Vernon L. Parrington (Harcourt, Brace).

H. B. P., New Jersey, asks if a book has been written giving the living costs in various sections of this country.

HE adds: "I am seeking a place where a family of four adults can obtain a greater degree of comfort on a fixed income than can be obtained in this expensive metropolitan area of New York City. Here (in his suburb) rents and property values are high, food more expensive even than in the city, and domestic servants extremely scarce and discouragingly expensive, besides being incompetent. I believe that by relinquishing what are termed the advantages of New York City, the theatres, museums, etc., which to most of us are advantageous only in that they are accessible, one can live more cheaply than can be done here in New York."

I have always known that one could live more cheaply, even in New York, if one never visited the theatres, or those even more expensive resorts, the shops; it would also help to refrain from eating and sleep in the park. Given a determination not to spend money, it may be saved almost anywhere—why, even in this squandering town, I just overheard a prosperous huckster, adjured by a friend to purchase for eighty cents a bottle of medicine to break up a terrific cold, reply "I guess better I don't feel so good, and keep my eighty cents."

But the information for which many others besides H. B. P. are looking is in "The Cost of Living in the United States," a publication of the National Industrial Conference Board, New York, 1926 (\$2.50), and in a supplementary fifty-cent pamphlet with the same title, published by them in 1927. The United States Labor Statistics Bureau also publishes statistics in their *Monthly Labor Review*, Washington, D. C.

C. H., Springfield, Ohio, asks for a one-act comedy to be given as part of a high school entertainment in which the faculty also takes part.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY'S "Good Theatre" appears in "More One-Act Plays," edited by Helen Louise Cohen (Harcourt, Brace): it seems to me that it would make a perfect number on this or any other program, given an intelligent audience. In the same collection are plays by fifteen authors, including A. A. Milne, John Erskine, Eugene O'Neill, Paul Green, and Robert Frost, who comes out strong in a sardonic New England piece. The notes are especially useful for school productions, and there are suggestions for study in connection with the plays, but these could be given on larger stages.

A longer entertainment with a literary touch, just published here by Samuel French, is the ballad-opera "Mr. Pepys," by Clifford Bax, lately produced at Everyman's Theatre, Hammersmith. The music is not given in the tidy little orange-covered volume, but may be had in separate songs or the complete score; even read, the action is brisk. The catalogue of Samuel French, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, describes so many one-act and longer plays that the school committees will save time by sending for it before they write to me.

D. A. P., Montpelier, Vt., asks for a book of synonyms for a gift to one not a professional writer but sometimes writing for her own satisfaction, who though not always finding the right word at the tip of her pen, is indefatigable in searching for it. It should be a book that "grants to words their full fascination."

THE last sentence tempts me to campaign again for Weekley's "Etymological Dictionary" (Dutton), a magical work that—by keeping a rein on my inclinations—I have not mentioned in this column for several months. But though I find more fascination in it than in any other word-finder, I know that this must be a "fairly inexpensive gift," and my pet, the full-

grown Weekley not the "concise," couldn't be called that. Besides, such a book as this is rather for those who have "an intelligent curiosity as to the origins and earlier senses" of words, and it delights a purist rather than a journalist.

Why not Fowler's "Dictionary of Modern English Usage" (Oxford)? This is provocative, fascinating, cocksure, and disconcertingly right—disconcerting because it so often reveals that the reader has been wrong. This and the "Pocket Oxford Dictionary" (Oxford), are the only dictionaries I own; it is a wonder that my diction remains so red-white-and-blue. For a book of synonyms, I have received commendations from users of Allen's "Synonyms and Antonyms" (Harpers); Fallows's "Complete Dictionary of Synonyms and Antonyms" (Revell), which is smaller than most of these books; Flemming's "Synonyms, Antonyms, and Associated Words" (Putnam); and Fernald's "English Synonyms and Antonyms" (Funk & Wagnalls); every one of these has been praised to me by someone who has used it, and there is not much difference in price. But I still use, when a word sticks, my old Roget's "Thesaurus" left from long ago, for the new Roget, revised and enlarged in 1925 and published by Longmans, Green, has been borrowed away from me. Anyway, one grows accustomed to the physical aspect of a favorite word-book, and this old one of mine has now taken on a literary quality: it reads like Gertrude Stein in her more conservative moments.

A new book that this inquirer should examine is "Morrow's Word Finder," published by William Morrow and made by Paul D. Hugon. It is a combined dictionary and thesaurus, whose arrangement is so unusual that it must be tried rather than described. One feature that should be mentioned, however, is that it is especially good for poor spellers; as there seem to be more of these every year, this alone should give it a following. You need not know how to spell a word to find it in this book. The type is unusually large and clear, and when I tested it on half-a-dozen

words looked up at random, I found that I could get at them rapidly, which is one of the advantages claimed for the book. Of course the time you spend in reading all the other words on the same page does not count; the recreation provided by this is one of the dividends that accrue to dictionary-investors.

R. K. B., (no address), asks for books giving the different kinds of type, including one that sets out the kinds of type used in advertising. He has "Making Type Work" (Century), but now needs something more comprehensive.

MAKE a good job of it; get the two large volumes of D. B. Updike's "Printing Types: Their History, Forms, and Use" (Harvard University Press). Although I am bound to tell you in advance that it costs fifteen dollars, it is indispensable to an understanding of this subject, and even to the general reader interested in getting a new viewpoint for a survey of civilization, it is a fine investment. The prices of the specimen books of the American Typefounders, Communipaw Avenue, Jersey City, and the Continental Typefounders, 240 West Forty-ninth Street, New York, vary; write to them for information; if you are a printer you get them for nothing.

A. W. E., Pottstown, Pa., and M. R. D., Penn Yan, N. Y., send almost identical requests for a book on gardening, new and authoritative, as a present for a beginner.

"THE FLOWER GARDEN DAY BY DAY," by Mrs. Francis King (Stokes), I have already suggested in this column; it is a spring publication, but as its name implies, good all the year 'round as a daily guide-book. Mrs. King's authority no one questions. A beautiful new book has just come from Putnam, in the series that includes the "Field Books" of F. S. Mathews and Herbert Durand's "Wild Flowers and Ferns," whose first title was "Taming the Wildings." Mr. Durand has gone further along this line in giving a country-lover good advice on making shy flowers and shrubs grow in captivity; his new book is "My Wild Flower Garden" (Putnam), a model of its kind. The New York Public Library is now holding a continuous garden-book show that makes a magnificent impression; the bulletin of the Forty-second Street Library for this month lists such books.

## New May Books from Beacon Hill

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"Saviours of Society"

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**To the Public Interest**

William Allen White says "Every American should read HOW EUROPE MADE PEACE WITHOUT AMERICA," Frank H. Simonds' legend smashing history of post-war Europe, \$5. . . . Former Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson tells some startling truths about Mexico in DIPLOMATIC EPISODES IN MEXICO, BELGIUM AND CHILE, \$4. . . . Senator Carter Glass reveals the story of the Federal Reserve Act in AN ADVENTURE IN CONSTRUCTIVE FINANCE, \$3. . . . General John McAuley Palmer, in a book praised by Chas. E. Hughes, Newton Baker and others, suggests means for peace and self-defense in STATESMANSHIP OR WAR, \$2.50.

**For Inquiring Minds**

George A. Dorsey, author of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," presents pictures of Darwin the man as he really was in THE EVOLUTION OF CHARLES DARWIN, \$2. . . . Cameron Rogers writes brilliantly of a provocative American in COLONEL BOB INGERSOLL, \$3. . . . Paul Griswold Howes reveals fascinating secrets of everyday insects and fish near home in BACKYARD EXPLORATION, \$6.

**A Great Novel**

W. B. Maxwell's BEVAN YORKE—already England's best-seller—is here winning the popularity of his "Spins of This Parish." It's a profound study of a kindly man in conflict with a narrow world. . . . Elisabeth Cobb Chapman's FALLING SEEDS, highly praised by critics, goes into its third large printing. . . . a novel of younger married life by Irvin Cobb's daughter, \$2.50.

**Popular Pictures**

The most popular picture book in years is R. V. Culter's THE GAY NINETIES, hilarious drawings portraying the fun and foibles of 30 years ago, \$2.50.

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## The Phoenix Nest

THIS week we are privileged to print the following contributions to our Ferocious School. It is not a sonnet. But we have, in this particular instance, broken our rule to print nothing but Ferocious Sonnets because we like this poem and because it is entitled, "Remarks Addressed to Mother Nature by a Boy at the Foot of the Class":

*The school of life is somewhat odd.  
For, though we have abolished God,  
Dear Mother Nature, kindly nurse,  
Remains with us for bad or worse,  
And her first lesson is to teach  
The rod to find the infant breach.  
We cry at birth, we cry at death,  
And, in between, we waste our breath  
In such sincere, self-pitying howls  
As would move mercy in the bowls  
Of any Dame less sage or blind.  
But if she hears, she does not mind,  
Proceeding surely through the years  
To give us better cause for tears  
And molding by her darling plan  
The spanked child to the cudgeled man,  
While nice adjustments fit again  
Pain to capacity for pain,  
Until at last, we can no more  
And exit by the recess-door,  
With our one lesson scored upon  
A slate the newer pupils shun.  
"You have been born. You were betrayed.  
And now you die. Why were you made?"*

*A precious Dame! A paltry rule!  
Good Lord, I'd rather leave the school  
While some rods still remain in pickle  
Than wait to feel the final tickle,  
The last excruciating twinge  
Of life upon the creaky hinge!  
If there were hell, I'd rather singe  
In any good, commodious hell  
Than learn such lessons overwell.*

*And yet, when one considers all  
The bygone scholars, great and small  
Rank upon rank of upturned faces  
With all their immature disgraces,  
The whining Neros, vain and sly,  
The dullards with the coward's eye,  
Salome and Machiavel  
And all the youngest buds of hell  
Set to learn their ABCs  
When some keeper of the keys  
Left them there, with his commands  
And then went home to wash his hands—*

*Then, though the school is somewhat odd  
And the one lesson tastes of rod  
And my posteriors feel the same,  
I have some pity for the Dame.*

S. V. B.

And we are still accumulating ferocious sonnets,—we must have another of those sonnet numbers soon. . . .

A special announcement has come to us that Norman Hapgood and Henry Moskowitz are writing a biography and critical study of Governor Alfred E. Smith to be published in the autumn by Harcourt. It will be entitled "Up from the City Streets: Alfred E. Smith, a Study in Contemporary Politics." Well, to paraphrase a bit of Henry Menck's famous battle cry of the 100 per cent American, with the reverse English,

*You Nordics may keep cool with Cal,  
This bardic boid is all for Al!*

On May twenty-first Harper and Brothers opened with a flourish a bookshop for Boys and Girls at 460 Park Avenue. It will stock the books of all publishers, and will endeavor to cooperate with schools to the fullest extent possible. . . .

The editor of the *Forum* is offering a prize of one hundred dollars for the best translation into English of the poem in the June *Forum* by M. Paul Claudel, the new French Ambassador to the United States. All manuscripts must be addressed to the Editor of the *Forum* and submitted before September first. . . .

Captain John W. Thomason, author of "Fix Bayonets!" and "Red Pants," who recently returned from Nicaragua where he was in command of the American Marines, is now stationed in Washington on staff duty. He will illustrate a new edition of Thomas Boyd's "Through the Wheat" which Scribner's will bring out in the fall. . . .

G. B. Stern has written an account of her wine tour through the homeland of Bordeaux and Burgundy. It is called "Bouquet" and Knopf will bring it out on June seventeenth. We like the remark of her Italian gardener with which Miss Stern begins her book:

I have had so much work to do that I have

not had time to get drunk for several weeks, and, signore, my health is suffering from it.

George Jean Nathan's "Land of the Pilgrim's Pride," which Knopf will fire as a big gun of the fall (September) sounds as if it would be a good one. It's about the contemporary American scene, for which Nathan has temporarily deserted the theatre:

*Here's to the Nathans, both Bob and George  
J.  
One plays the cello, one ogles the play.*

*Here's to the Beaches, to Long and to Rex;  
One's a beach, and the other's the masculine sex.*

*Here's to the Cobbs, both to Irvin and Ty,  
To the humorist's I and the old batting eye.*

*Here's to Streets: 42nd and Julian and Main.  
They have little in common, and that's very plain.*

*Here's to —*

No, sir! No more of that! . . .

In "George Eliot and Her Times" Elizabeth Haldane presents an interesting picture of George Eliot and George Leves. "They must have been an odd-looking couple," she writes, "he shaggy, small, and lightly built, padding along like a Skye terrier; she massive in appearance and impressive in manner, he mothering as well as adoring his companion and shielding her from the cold winds of the world so far as was in his power; she grateful for and responsive to every attention given her." . . .

On May 11th Donald Ogden Stewart sailed for Scotland to trace down "this rumor about Scotch whiskey of which I've heard so much. I have decided to see whether there is such a thing. I've been sent out by the Authors' and Moving Picture Actors' Protective Association of Southern California to trace it down and bring some samples back." If this doesn't take all of his time, Mr. Stewart is going to write his great humorous novel in Scotland. It is to be called "An American Comedy." . . .

We thank W. C. Handy for sending us the sheet music of the "Golden Brown Blues," a lyric by Langston Hughes to which Handy has written the music. W. C. Handy is an originator of Blues and a music publisher at 1545 Broadway. . . .

Doubleday, Page have got up a clever fake tabloid to advertise the mystery stories of Edgar Wallace. It is bright pink and called *Wallace News*. Its slogan is "Brings MURDERS Home to You." Its Weather Forecast is: Earthquake followed by cyclone; warmer and warmer to last page." Wallace's newest thriller will be "Terror Keep," to appear on July 15th. . . .

Crosby Gaige, we understand, has signed up Philip Guedalla to write a play based on the life of Napoleon III as set forth in Guedalla's "The Second Empire." The play will be called "The Painted Emperor," which, incidentally, we think a swell title. . . .

The new American residence of the F. Scott Fitzgeralds certainly has a most engaging name. It is Ellersley Mansion, Brandywine Hundred, Delaware; and is a beautiful old eighteenth century house whose lawns run down to the Delaware River. Scott is finishing up a new novel to be published in the fall by Scribners. . . .

Special for children: "The Playbook of Troy," by Susan Meriwether, is one of the most delightful inventions we have seen for some time, and only the first of a series. Archibald Henderson, biographer of Bernard Shaw, says Miss Meriwether has conceived an idea of creative importance. The book combines being a toy theatre and a nursery toy. Its detachable cover becomes a background for the cut-out figures, while at the same time Miss Meriwether's text, charming in itself is reinforced by selections from standard translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. Esther Peck has done the drawing under Miss Meriwether's direction. . . .

We have heard of a most beamish incident which recently occurred at Macy's. A sales-person in the Book Department sold a copy of a book by Christopher Morley, and, in making out the sales check, forgot to record the title. Subsequently, the check was returned to the sales-person with the query, "Title?" The title was filled in. Again the slip reached the record clerk. "Pleased to Meet You," read the clerk. She became furious and returned the check to the sales-person with the following notation, "Please go to hell!" . . .

Well, well, well, we must now go elsewhere.

THE PHENICIAN.

## from THE INNER SANCTUM of SIMON and SCHUSTER

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Two years ago this month we published *Webster's Poker Book*. It was a big book, enlivened by the text of GEORGE ADE, MARC CONNELLY, GEORGE WORTS, FOSTER and others, and contained a trick secret chamber teeming with paper chips, I. O. U. blanks and other accessories. The price was \$2.50. We expected it to sell on a vast scale. To date the sale is less than 6,000 copies. That Spring and Summer we used to watch people in the book shops. They'd pick up *Webster's Poker Book*, laugh heartily over it, read it with absorbed attention . . . and walk out of the shop with *The Green Hat*.

We are grateful for the seclusion and safety of *The Inner Sanctum*, which permits us at the rate of 60 cents a line to denounce a destiny that so capriciously deprived *Webster's Poker Book* of the best sellerdom we felt (and still feel) it merited.



Today we are releasing six more of our 25c booklets of poetry. They are: *Witter Bynner, Emily Dickinson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Four Negro Poets, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and The New York Wits*. In other words, these six Pamphlet Poets may be bought for less than the price of a novel.

Last autumn this 25c series was started with a selection of the poems of *Nathalia Crane, H. D., Edgar Allan Poe, Carl Sandburg, Walt Whitman and Elinor Wylie*.



One of the pleasantest tasks of *The Inner Sanctum* has been in dealing with the publishers of these poets' books, and hereby we wish publicly to acknowledge our gratitude to *Albert and Charles Boni, Boni and Liveright, George H. Doran, Harcourt Brace and Company, Harper and Brothers, Alfred A. Knopf, Little, Brown and Company and Charles Scribner's Sons*.

Obviously, the series would be out of the question, but for the cordial cooperation of these publishers of the original books of the poets.



MR. LENZ's new book, *Lenz on Contract Bridge*, is released today. MR. LENZ has been working on this book since last November, and we are glad he didn't yield to the public clamor of hurry, hurry. The book is absolutely sound, has humor and, best of all, actually teaches the reader the game of *Contract Bridge*.



A diverting episode occurred in the writing of the jacket blurb. The Head of Our Blurb Department figured that Scaring the Customer would be pretty good stuff, and wrote a masterful exposition on How Much Money Can Be Lost If the Game Isn't Completely Understood. Mr. Lenz pointed out that this public encouragement of gambling might be misunderstood by a non-bridge-playing *Polizei*. So the epic was scrapped.

—ESSANDESS

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