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



This is not an ideal book for Christmas. All copies of the technique of the love affair are bought at the customers' own risk and peril.

The Inner Sanctum's favorite treatise on the initiation, conduct and conclusion of the amatory relationship [NOTE: yes, the type for this paragraph is kept standing] is going better every day. but its sales are tranquil, discreet, almost mysteriously furtive.

Only yesterday the outer guardians of The Inner Sanctum reported that a young lady of quality came up to the eighth floor of Thirty Seven West 57th Street and without announcing her presence to the luckless editors inside bought and paid for THREE copies of the perfumed and anonymous handbook.

(20/20/20) Last week's outburst of columnar roman candles to signalize the sale of 2541 copies in six days of Bambi, A Life In The Woods, by FELIX SALTEN, was a bit premature. The joke is on The Inner Sanctum. As a matter of fact, last week's total was really 4351—with an order for an extra thousand copies coming in after the ballots had closed.

Garden City papers please copy: Bambi qualifies for five memberships in the thousand-copies-a-week club.

There is one other item on last week's sales chart that is so succulent that it is going to be listed in this paragraph thirteen times, so that all who run may

That figure 1976, by all the sacred deities of Ernst and Ernst, and Commissioner of Deeds and Notary Public Certificate Number 84398 [my commission expires March 31, 1929] is the actual number of copies sold last week of Cross Word Puzzle Book, Series Eleven.

Since the clientele seems to relish these specific and unadorned sales figures, here are a few others, from the weekly summary:

The Story of Philosophy The Art of Thinking Trader Horn I Trader Horn II Show Girl

The other thrills of the week were a trip to Hoboken to see After Dark, Neither Maid, Nor Wife, Nor Widow, produced with the Oxonian flourish of Christopher Morley and his Hofbrau cohorts The welcome home celebration for the roving Inner Sanctum, back from Chicago and Cleveland with recordbreaking orders and the latest trade gossip ... and the beginning of The Case of Sergeant Grischa and Elizabeth and Essex, two books that are practically keeping The Inner Sanctum bare-headed with continuous hat-doffing.

Essandess



A Book for the Years! THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, 1783-1917

By SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON 2 Volumes, \$10.00

Three Quarter Morocco, \$25.00 "The first complete and satisfactory treatment of United States history."

—Christian Science Monitor.

Not a textbook: a book for all thinking men and women to thoroughly enjoy. Hence an ideal Christmas gift.

and women to thou ideal Christmas gift.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS NEW YORK





THE 'Nineties return to us again in two recent publications. The first is a new edition of the "Poems of Ernest Dowson," boxed neatly in purple, crowsfooted with gold, bound in deep lavendar, illustrated by Elinore Blaisdell, and published by The Medusa Head. To-day, much of Dowson seems, to be frank, hardly worth preserving, though the famous poem of Cynara and a few others give this statement the lie. Lavendar is a good color for the cover of Dowson's verses. Much of what he wrote should be laid away in it. The illustrations to this volume are not first-rate either. Their style is bad, they do not properly accompany the poems, they reveal lack of imagination and complete lack of really fine draughtsmanship. Dowson is the poet for youth's despairs or for the heavy drinker late in the evening. Yet he was once considered a comet. And, perhaps, after all, rightly; for there remain, as we have said, one or two or three of his poems that will not fade. .

"The Yellow Book: A Selection," edited by Cedric Ellsworth Smith, has been published by Edwin Valentine Mitchell in Hart-We have not forgotten Dowson, Beardsley, Symons, Le Gallienne, even, perhaps, Ella d'Arcy, as contributors to the old Yellow Book. But have we not forgotten that such names as those of Henry James, Enoch Arnold Bennett, Richard Garnett, George Saintsbury, Edmund Gosse, Lionel Johnson, and H. G. Wells also appeared there? Of course, there was always the in-comparable "Max." And, among poets, there were the early Yeats and the striking John Davidson. Mr. Smith's selections from the long shelf of butter-colored volumes show discrimination, display variety. This is a fine précis of the period to add to one's library. .

Covici-Friede have now published Radclyffe Hall's "The Well of Loneliness" in the United States, and a fine and dignifiedlooking book they have made of it.

We have been interested in "Stalky's Reminiscences" by Major General L. C. Dunsterville, the original "Stalky" of Kipling's famous book. We were particularly interested in the early part that concerned "Westward Ho!" and the young Kipling. Kipling was compelled to wear very strong glasses when at school, and his only nickname there was, we are interested to find, the same as that of the immortal Verdant Green, "Giglamps." . .

Father Will Whalen, who is the author of "The Golden Squaw," which is his version of the story of Mary Jemison, the Irish girl who was stolen by the Indians from Buchanan Valley, Adams County, Pennsylvania, in 1758, is very desirious that some sage of fine printing, like Elmer Adler of the Pynson Printers Incorporated, publish "Mary's original little lamb of an autobiography," in the nature of a reprint of the first edition, without cluttering the volume up with footnotes and all that. He also comments upon the fact that the Catholic Book-of-the-month Club having chosen Peadar O'Donnell's "The Way it Was With Them," G. P. Putnam's Sons, the original publishers, have carefully refrained from mention of the fact in their advertising of the book, whereas in the case of a lay bookof-the-month club or Guild choice, the fortunate book's publishers sound forth the fact on loud trumpets. Perhaps the publishers thought the general public would get the idea that because of the award the book must be too parochial, forgetting that the best Catholic minds are quite as capable of keen discrimination and the recognition of the touch of great talent in literature as are other minds. The choice of Peadar O'Donnell's book is one immediate proof of that fact.

Miss Dorothy (we decipher the signature as) Balscom, of Blakely, Georgia, wants us to tell her "what it is about Mr. Heywood Broun that gets his photographers all up in the air. In every picture I see of him, it seems as if the camera was on a higher plane than the subject." We don't know just what she means by that last remark. We think the likeness that appears daily in the New York Telegram is a pretty fair representation of Broun's head and visage, though the drawing from the same photograph that appears much magnified on Saturday in the

same paper is a libel. Grim, malign, and cruel is that last countenance. Perhaps it is Broun as he may on occasion wish to appear, his actual face being bland, goodnatured, and amused. It is true that he forgets to comb his hair, and that gets into his pictures. Miss Dorothy finds it dash-She has, however, been looking at the Book-of-the-month Club picture of Broun, and most of the pictures such clubs display of their judges are perfectly terrible. We have (to digress) noted and filed for reference the facts that (1.) She wishes more "Mr. Moon's Notebook" in the Saturday Review (2.) that she enjoys the Phoenix Nest (3.) that she wants more play reviews, but not by George Jean Nathan, whose only virtue she regards as his admiration for Eugene O'Neill (Not that the Review has ever been able to benefit by G. J. N.-try and get him!-or that this is likely to break him all up, or down) (4.) that she wants more articles by C. É. Montague and Charles A. Bennett, and some more poetry by Theodore Maynard (5.) and why don't we print some of Ezra Pound's poetry, and, by the way, what does that man do that keeps him so busy?

As to what Mr. Pound does that keeps him so busy, he edits The Exile, for one thing, occasionally, from Rapallo, Italy. He also keeps on writing poems and indulging in intense interest in ultra-modern music. We don't doubt that he does quite a little thinking. That keeps one fairly busy. . . .

In connection with the recent publication of Konrad Bercovici's "Alexander," a biography of Alexander the Great, the biographer was asked how he came to learn English, as, when he first came to America as an organist in 1916 he had never previously spoken it. His answer was, "I got a copy of 'The Way of All Flesh,' by Samuel Butler, and memorized it word for word." "But how did you come to pick out 'The Way of All Flesh'?" "Why," returned Bercovici simply, "Somebody told me it was a good book."....

The Junior Book-of-the-Month Club of the Junior League Magazine is now an accomplished fact. It is open to everyone, Junior League Membership is not necessary. The reading committee is composed of Padraic Colum, Anne Lyon Haight, Lydia Chapin Kirk, and Louise Hunting Seaman. This committee will choose books brought out by various publishers for children of the following ages: pre-school, six to nine years, nine to twelve years. In each group one book will be selected as the book-ofthe-month, with an alternative. New books and new editions of the classics will be offered. Every month a list of books for the next month is to be sent to all subscribers. For further information you should write the Junior Book-of-the-Month Club at 140

East 63rd Street. . . Cornelius Weygandt, Professor of English in the University of Pennsylvania, treats, in "Tuesdays at Ten," published by the University of Pennsylvania Press, of several writers that have been old favorites of ours. Our best friends all know us as still a profound admirer of the work both in poetry and prose of the late Francis Thompson. At one time we admired Stephen Phillips enormously. Our admiration of Lionel Johnson has ever grown with the years. Yeats seems to us to-day the world's greatest living poet. James Stephens is a great favorite of ours and so still is Dunsany. Therefore we grabbed Professor Weygandt's book off the shelf the moment we perceived it. Alas, in what we have read, scrappily, we admit, concerning the poets above mentioned, we have not been impressed. What inspiring subjects they seem to us, how pedestrian this treatment of them. But we shall have another go at the book before we put it utterly aside. Yet, open Thompson's own "A Renegade Poet and Other Essays," and what superb sentences leap from the page to your eye, what arresting estimates and comparisons. We have been dipping into books for years, and first-glancing has, to us, proved a pretty good touchstone after all. If we are not impressed by a book at the first glance the chances have always been all in favor of our continuing unimpressed by it

on a thorough examination. . . . THE PHOENICIAN.

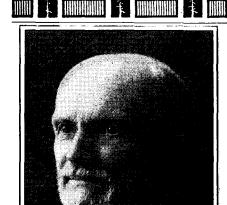
The Washington Conference and After

By YAMATO ICHIHASHI

ONLY two other living men know as well the story of what lay behind the successes and failures of the Washington Conference of 1921-1922. The author of this book was secretary and interpreter to Viscount Kato, Japanese delegate to the conference. He saw—and tells here—of the way in which the double problems of disarmament and Far Eastern relations were met and settled, both in open conference and in the private meetings of the big three, Balfour, Kato, and Hughes.

\$4.00

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS



PSYCHOGRAPHER LAUDS CRIME CLUB MYSTERY STORIES

Gamaliel Bradford, Noted Biographer, Joins Ranks of Celebrities Who Read Mysteries

PRAISES "THE VELVET HAND"

In common with Herbert Hoover, Ambassador Morrow, and scores of other noted statesmen and financiers, Gamaliel Bradford enjoys good mystery stories. The creator of the "psychographical" method of biography recently read Hulbert Foot-ner's new book of Madame Storey tales, and issues the following state-

ment:
"The Velvet Hand' by Footner has given me a great deal of satisfaction. The last two stories, "The Pot of Pansies' and 'The Legacy Hounds,' are especially well worked up and thrilling.
"The attraction of the book is

chiefly Madame Storey, whose acquaintance I am ashamed to say I had not made before. In the horde of varied followers of Sherlock Holmes she is a really novel and original figure, and when one is infinitely fed up with the long series of those who are by no means so, one has an extreme relish for the innovation.'

VELVET HAND

by Hulbert Footner \$2 at all bookstores THE CRIME CLUB

How would you conduct a Bookshop?

If you have ideas about how to interest your community in buying books, about how to arrange a store attractively, and manage one economically, why not open a bookshop and turn your ideas into profits? Write for our free pamphlets on capital required, bookstore management, etc.

BOOKSELLING INFORMATION SERVICE Room 773-S, 18 West 34th St., New York