

from THE INNER SANCTUM of
SIMON and SCHUSTER

Publishers • 37 West 57th Street • New York



Of all books published by *The Inner Sanctum* this year the one most likely to achieve immortality is an idyll of the Vienna woods, by an author utterly unknown in America.

There isn't a man in the story.

Nor a woman.

The hero is a deer.

Bambi, A Life in the Woods is published in a first edition of 75,000 copies, is the July Book-of-the-Month, and carries a foreword by JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The Inner Sanctum's rule against superlatives is put in jeopardy by the incomparable beauty of *Bambi, A Life in the Woods*, by FELIX SALTEN.

—ESSANDESS.



**The CAVALIER
of TENNESSEE**

The romantic love story of Old Hickory. He fought Indians, Spaniards, British; killed a man in a duel. From frontiersman to President he loved one woman.

by **Meredith Nicholson**

Bobbs-Merrill

\$2.50

**Don't fail to read
THE HOUSE OF
SUN-GOES-DOWN**

A New Novel by
Bernard De Voto

"The best tale of pioneer days in the West ever I read, and the best tale of pioneers, too, and of the lust for power."

F. P. A. in the N. Y. World.

Get it now at the nearest bookstore
\$2.50 MACMILLAN

"Deserves a place at the elbow of every writer and reader who wants to understand his native tongue and use it with precision."

New York Times

**CROWELL'S DICTIONARY
of ENGLISH GRAMMAR**

and Handbook of American Usage
by Maurice H. Weseen,
\$4.50

Send for sample pages.
THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
393 4th Ave., New York



EVERY once in a while we wander into Brentano's in our lunch-time, descend the steps at the back of the store and look over the counters full of all kinds of magazines. We try to bluff ourselves into the belief that we are gathering material. Well, today, as we scanned the various periodicals several things popped into our mind to say. In the first place, we came across the third issue of *This Quarter*, that transoceanic exotic now captained solely by *Ethel Moorhead*, inasmuch as *Ernest Walsh* has lately been gathered to his fathers. This issue is a bright green and contains much comment on the late Ernest Walsh and a voluminous selection from his poems and some of his unfinished prose. In the latter we were surprised to see our own real name blazoned forth at least three times and noticed that we were linked with *Gilbert K. Chesterton*. Not that Walsh could have thought we were anything like Chesterton, or that Chesterton ever heard of us, but because it seems that Mr. Chesterton must have said Mr. Walsh was foolish at about the same time that we said it. *De mortuis*, and all that,—still, we feel that, in the issue of *This Quarter* which we criticized, Mr. Walsh did show himself at the time to be extremely foolish. We haven't ever seen what Mr. Chesterton said. . . .

In his riposte, unfortunately unfinished, Mr. Walsh said that he knew what he liked and why he liked it; and that Mr. Chesterton and ourself neither knew what we liked or had any logical reasons for our predispositions. We were confused and maundering and only important because we represented a great mass of confused and maundering people,—while Mr. Walsh and his friends were, of course, clear-sighted, keen-witted, highly intelligent. All this was intimated. Now really, we hold no particular brief for Mr. Chesterton, any more than—if he had ever heard of us—Mr. Chesterton would hold a brief for us. We have enjoyed some of Mr. Chesterton's writing, both in prose and poetry, enormously. And there are some of his mannerisms and ideas that we hate. But that is beside the point. If Mr. Walsh had ever debated on a platform with Mr. Chesterton it would have been simply a walkover for Mr. Chesterton. That we know beyond peradventure; we have only to read the late Mr. Walsh's prose to know it. Anything more disconnected, wild and woolly, and frequently almost witless we have seldom encountered in controversial writing. . . .

Mr. Walsh is dead, and it is right that those who saw genius in him should do him honor. Far be it from us to grudge him his adherents. He was a fighting independent. But a fighting spirit and an independent attitude have, of course, nothing to do with whether or not a man is—well, just an ordinarily good writer. We still feel that Mr. Walsh did not qualify as such; his egomania always got in the way of his saying anything cogent. He was often unconsciously humorous. And his poems written in a sort of gibberish (influenced tremendously for the worse by James Joyce) are tragic in their indication of a mind going to pieces. His earlier poems, while not distinguished, were, at least, readable. . . .

Mr. Walsh was an extreme symbol of a trend of his time. That trend is toward intense egomania, frothing egomania, to the subversion of everything that constitutes good writing. If the literature of the future is to be simply very bad writing exploiting this egomania,—but obviously this is impossible. There are too many people in the world who can write good English, there always will be. There are too many people in the world who have truly interesting ideas, there always will be. And another thing,—our belief remains unshaken that if a man or woman is a truly great writer, all he or she has to do to prove it—is to write. Controversy (however amusing it may be as a relaxation) is unnecessary. Writing is always a revelation of anyone's greatness or smallness; the revelation is involuntary and inevitable. Mr. Walsh spent a good deal of time shouting about the five (or some number) writers who were the greatest in the world. That was his opinion. It was not ours. So it remains. But the shouting was as useless as all this publishing ballyhoo that is going on

around us all the time. Such tumult proves nothing at all. The writing remains; it is before all intelligent people; by a writer's work alone is he judged. The fact that we shouted from the housetops for a decade that Smith, Brown, and Robinson were the greatest geniuses the world had ever seen would not affect their actual artistic achievement or lack of achievement in the least. The future does not hear the organized cheering. It simply reads and discards. There is little writing that it keeps. . . .

Still, we must say, that we had a great deal of enjoyment at the time in endeavoring to puncture Mr. Walsh's balloons. And we heartily believe that he had a great deal of fun out of trying to annihilate us. This was all byplay, and a no more childish recreation than Man's other recreations. Wherever Mr. Walsh now is, we wish him well. Life was very exciting to him, and that was a great thing. Life is too little exciting to most of us. . . .

Another thing we learned at Brentano's is that *Arthur Sullivan Hoffman* is no longer the editor of *McClure's*. That periodical with such a checkered career since the grand old days, has been bought by *James R. Quirk*. He is going to make it a business man's magazine. Mr. Hoffman doesn't believe that business is a Big Game or that the American business man is a mighty figure of romance. So he resigned. We quite agree with him. But it is a pity, this change in *McClure's*. Mr. Hoffman is one of the few really intelligent magazine editors in the country, as well as being a delightful writer. As for the business man, this idea of business being a Big Game has been handled sufficiently well by Bernard Shaw and others. The business man, taken individually, is of all sorts and conditions, naturally. We have known some most pleasant and interesting people who were certainly business men. We have known others who were perfectly terrible. And we have known artists who were perfectly terrible. The trouble with making a magazine a Business Man's Magazine is that it comes to address itself to the most uninteresting and unenlightened portion of its audience. Well, the typographical and illustrative makeup of the *New McClure's* can't very well deteriorate after this issue we saw, for the said issue is the greatest mess of shrieking type and bad illustration that we have scanned for a long time. What a terrific hodge-podge! . . .

A book to be published soon by Putnam's that seems to us worth putting in advance orders for has been collaborated upon by the Beebes, namely *William Beebe*, the explorer, and his wife, *Elswyth Thane*, the novelist. The idea of the book is a most original one. It arose out of much family argument concerning the beauty of myth as opposed to the splendor of science. Miss Thane, the novelist, naturally upholds the banner of Legend. Mr. Beebe finds the facts of science far more fascinating. For an example, take the Sargossa Sea. *Coleridge* wrote

The very deep did rot! O Christ!

That ever this should be!

Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs

Upon the slimy sea.

That is sufficient thrill for Miss Thane. But Mr. Beebe rejoins:

And what rotting Phoenician galley in that mythical grave of dead ships ever equalled in interest and beauty, to say nothing of antiquity, the great Portuguese man-of-war jellyfish?

A few among the dozens of controversial subjects to be encountered in the book are—sea-serpents, ghosts, dragons and other mythical monsters, vampires, moonlight superstitions, mermaids, Don Quixote's horse, witches, poison trees and other magical plants, fairies, enchanted islands, local curses, Atlantis, taboos, etc. These are discussed with varying restraint or with violence. Miss Thane occupies the left-hand page with prose, quotations, and drawings. Mr. Beebe argues on the opposite page, with photographs, illustrations, and the most erudite scientific details in popular language. The book's title is an armed truce. It is called, "The Beauty of Myth and the Splendor of Science". . . .

Now that's something like an argument!
THE PHOENICIAN.

Trivial Breath,

Elinor Wylie's new book of poems, is compact of beauty, tenderness, and wit. It comes as a cool oasis in the arid desert of many books. It is appealing to all who love letters, all who take an interest in modern poetry, all who wish to enter for a moment an enchanted land. Just two quotations, the opening stanza from "Innocent Landscape":

*Here is no peace, although the air has
fainted,
And footfalls die and are buried in
deep grass,
And reverential trees are softly painted
Like saints upon an oriel of glass.*

and this, to show a different manner, from "Miranda's Supper":

*A pair of cameos clasp her throat,
Wherein Psyche, pink and cream,
Slim-handed slants the candle-beam
On Cupid, swooning in carnelian;
Such trifles are antique Italian.*

**TRIVIAL BREATH
BY ELINOR WYLIE**

Designed and made by the Pynson Printers.
\$2.50

Also by Elinor Wylie:

THE ORPHAN ANGEL and
MR. HODGE AND MR. HAZARD

Look for  this Mark



Authentic, unbiased and timely news of all Foreign activities can only be obtained by permitting European writers and critics to present their individualistic views.

Read Foreign Magazines

Supplying these better class Magazines for the past 60 years has been our specialty.

Write for our interesting Booklet on World Affairs.

**THE INTERNATIONAL
NEWS CO.**

131 Varick Street
New York City

Coming Tuesday July 10

**SWAN
SONG**

a new novel by

**John
Galsworthy**

\$2.50

Scribners

LIFE IN THE STARS

By FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND

Illustrated

A study of the heavenly bodies as seen outdoors by a man with the mind of a student and the heart of a mystic. \$3.75

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

Points of View

A Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Your critic, Donald A. Roberts, evidently misses the chief point of my "Life of Beardsley" when he deplores the fact that I do not show Beardsley in a dominating atmosphere of literary and artistic decadence that marked the decade. It is precisely what did not happen; it is a carefully fostered myth—this conquest of art and literature in the 'nineties by Beardsley and the Decadents. But as I am publishing in the near future a survey of the whole decade, your critic will have no cause to complain of my omission to recognize what never was, but what he and so many critics of to-day have been led into believing as having existed—and what, very naturally, he and they are loth to confess has been their absurd obsession.

For these tricked minds he proceeds to assert that in my life of Beardsley there is nothing of fact or interpretation that is new. I wonder where he learnt it all. But I wonder still more why so able a writer thinks that criticism is the picking of holes. Why does he stop to invent statements or suggestions that I have never made? I never even hinted that Alice Meynell contributed to Beardsley's *Yellow Book*. I gave the generally accepted, rather vaguely gossipped rumor, that Alice Meynell and William Watson brought about the cashing of Beardsley, but I gave it for what it was worth, as John Lane repeatedly assured me that the protesters were the tools—and not too willing tools—of Mrs. Humphry Ward, then an extraordinary power in the literary world with her husband on the *Times*. Alice Meynell was too gentle a spirit to harm anybody.

Again, your critic (who, be it remembered, can find nothing new in the book!) challenges the fact that Beardsley invented *The Yellow Book*, but Harland has told us that it was wholly Beardsley's idea, in order to publish his drawings and Harland's literary work—of course a more narrow scheme that John Lane and Elkin Mathews eventually developed in the form in which I give it in the *Life*. As for these wonderful "others, especially qualified to know the details of the matter, who tell a different story," I know them well—perhaps that is why I always take a pinch of salt with the anonymous Know-Alls. Mr. Roberts would do well to cut them out of his visiting list.

But I am pleased to find that your critic approves my estimate of Beardsley's artistry, though it is curious that he finds me venomous against Morris when so many critics abuse me for taking the part of Morris against Beardsley. I take the part of neither.

However, let me come to what really is rather a blatant piece of ingratitude in Mr. Roberts. On the edge of manhood I was startled by the fact that Ruskin, whom we had all been taught to look upon as a supreme critic of painting, did not recognize a work of art at all when he stood before the art of Whistler. It was in consequence that I tested all the leading philosophers and critics on the arts and found that every one of them failed as badly as Ruskin, in that none of their definitions would contain a fairly representative group of the masterpieces of the ages. From that I proceeded to dig down into the foundation of the arts; and it was in the doing that I discovered precisely what the arts were. I gave those researches to print from time to time; and I have seen them cautiously filched and calmly stolen; but as the brain-thieves had not the foundations on which those researches were built, I eventually published them, and later gathered them together in simple form in "The Splendid Wayfaring."

Now evidently they have even reached Mr. Roberts—in some distorted form—for he now has the effrontery to fling the main revelation at me as if it were his own! The which is at least to say ungenerous. At the same time it is rather pleasant to find that I have reached even Mr. Roberts. It is pleasant to find him bawling to a dull world that art is the emotional interpretation of life, and not—and never can be—mere perfection of craftsmanship. Let him read "The Splendid Wayfaring" and he may become even wiser still—even deign to acknowledge his teacher instead of patronizing him and handing him his own words like a scold. But ugly as is his repudiation of my teaching, it is even uglier to impute to me what is the very negation of all my life's writing in order that he may throw stones at his own imputations. But I am rejoiced to see him agree that perfection of craftsmanship alone would not have made the

obscene drawings of the "Sysistrata" into masterpieces. I agree. But Beardsley as artist had every right to utter obscene moods—can Mr. Roberts follow that? The miserable folly of his doing so is that the masterpieces are still-born, for they are like a song unsung, a melody that no one dare play. But if Mr. Roberts will read carefully through "The Splendid Wayfaring" he will rid himself of the hopeless fog which envelops the whole of his thinking on the arts and will be ashamed to stoop to misrepresentation of what I have written in order to show his own cleverness by slinging at these misrepresentations stones from his sling which he has stolen out of my pocket. Above all he will scorn to be found uttering the cheap sneer that my estimate of Beardsley's art "remains the generally accepted one," when he knows—or ought to know—that it strikes at the whole myth that has risen about Beardsley and exposes the fatuity of Beardsley and the Decadents that art is a matter of perfection of craftsmanship.

HALDANE MACFALL.

London.

"R" Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Mr. Nicholas Brown takes exception to my review of "Sulamith" in a recent number of this journal. I stand pat. The name of the face of type is a matter of fact: he says it is Caslon, I say it is not. I leave this to any competent typographer, only warning Mr. Brown that I have won the bet before now in similar cases! I do not question the fact that the paper was made to his special order, that the illustrations were especially drawn, etc., but neither do several correspondents, who have written me enthusiastically about my review, question the fact that all that is ballyhoo.

I admit the impeachment that I did not review the text. My especial field is typography, and where the physical dress of a book is so absurdly emphasized as it was in this edition of "Sulamith" it is evident that the publisher wishes to draw especial attention to that "fact." The defense rests.

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS.

New Haven, Conn.

A Fact for Dr. Watson

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I'll leave it to more experienced fiction writers than I to discuss the necessity for looking at life through the behaviorist's keyhole in order to write novels that are psychologically sound. I share with Dr. Watson his irritation at writers who write about life without understanding it; though I differ with him, apparently, as to the total veracity of the view which Sinclair Lewis sees from his particular little keyhole. I hope authors aren't going to overdevelop the keyhole habit.

But on the question of the helpfulness to authors of contact with business men in making writing a business, I have something to contribute. We who write (especially if we are self-supporting women) have our financial problems while we are getting foothold. My two brothers—one a lawyer, the other the owner of a hauling and transfer business—realizing an independence of spirit in me, were helpful with suggestions. "Writing is a business," they said, and told me how young lawyers and haulers managed things financially. Their advice must have been good. At any rate, I prospered to the extent of several thousand dollars the year that followed my first six months (during which I sold nothing) of free lancing.

Then one day I needed money—only a few hundred dollars. I had learned my lesson well. "Writing is a business," I said; so, selecting carbon copies of half a dozen manuscripts which I modestly estimated at a thousand dollars, I took them to my bank.

"I've been in business for myself for a year and a half now," I told them. I named half a dozen reputable magazines where they could find my work, explained that the manuscripts in my hand would bring me, doubtless, a thousand dollars within a year, and in a good businesslike tone of voice told them I wanted a loan of only five hundred dollars. To prove that I was not oversteering my case you may find, if you wish, one of those manuscripts in *Harper's* within the past year, and another in the current issue of the *Forum*. (Dr. Watson's "Feed Me

on Facts" makes me wish that *Forum* article was on Misbehaviorism rather than on Psychoparalysis.)

To make a long story brief, I wired later that day to my brothers: "Put up your law business and trucks as collateral and get me \$500. Address me at the Bellevue Psychopathic Ward."

For that is where making writing a business—with a banker, not a behaviorist, I mean—landed me.

EDNA YOST.

New York City.

The New Books

Religion

(Continued from page 1023)

consecration to the future. The author begins dramatically by representing four young men each studying the Ten Commandments as differently selected, numbered or interpreted by his own church. He deals clearly with the literary and religious problems of the origin of the Decalogue in Israelitish history. The book, however, in the main collects telling quotations and explicit evidence from a great variety of sources to show the strange evolution of ideals. With the slightest exceptions the data given may be regarded as trustworthy, though the sources are rarely named. The story of the Ten Commandments is thus made neither a sermon nor an ethical treatise, but a kaleidoscopic tale of humanity's life.

Travel

SPAIN FROM THE SOUTH. By J. B. TREND. Knopf. 1928. \$5.

Mr. Trend established himself as one of the most intelligent interpreters of the Iberian peninsula with his two volumes of essays, "Alfonso The Wise" and "A Picture of Modern Spain." His new volume set out to be more a unified study than either of its predecessors; indeed, it was intended as a travellers' companion, useful in all parts of the country, but by the time its author had reached Toledo the material had accumulated to such an extent that he tackled

on a trio of essays, including one of exceptional merit on "The Second Part of Don Quixote," and left the rest of the story. One is justified therefore in expecting another volume.

Naturally, most of the present book is devoted to the Spain of the Moors, with especial attention to Cordoba and Granada and Sevilla, and Mr. Trend writes with admirable good sense about the Moorish influence, and without being at all carried away by the habitual travelers' enthusiasms for such Coneyislandesque bits as the restored portions of the Alhambra. The Alhambra, he discovers, is an architectural poem when viewed by moonlight. He writes delightfully of the famous "Dance of the Seises" on the altar of the Cathedral of Sevilla, and waxes ironical at the Spanish habit of attaching certain adjectives to certain cities, as, for example, calling Sevilla pretty and precious and Granada precious and enchanting. Of course, *preciosa* does not translate exactly as precious, but this does not spoil the point of the shaft.

In detached and rather fragmentary form, there is a good deal of early Spanish history in "Spain from the South," that is, the history of the Visigothic period and of the Moorish occupation. There is a highly provocative chapter on "Hispano-Mauresque Poetry" with examples, and there are informal conversations on a variety of subjects that are skilfully set down and illuminative.

There are also two fine chapters on Toledo, the second, inevitably, on "Toledo and El Greco." Mr. Trend writes of the Greek with respect, but by an odd slip, the famous painting of his own city by its most noted artist is credited in the illustration to the son of El Greco.

Mr. Trend has not made his book the indispensable guide he seems to have set out to write, but he has written a volume that is certain to make its readers wish to pursue the subjects he touches upon further. What he has to say about places and things to see has the great merit of accuracy and his comment is that of an intelligent student of Spanish life, sympathetic, but not sentimental.

Fate, Fortune,

OR WHAT YOU WILL . . .

[[Submitted for the PULITZER PRIZE
for the Most Modest Blurb of 1928]]

Mr. Alfred Botley, writing in the LONDON (ONTARIO) ADVERTISER of June 20, said "FATE, FORTUNE, or what you will, threw a May 12 copy of the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE my way. I looked through it and enjoyed reading the only piece of Mr. C. E. Montague's writing I have ever read. . . ."

NEITHER FATE NOR FORTUNE can grant the SATURDAY REVIEW the honor and privilege of again printing an essay direct from the hand of C. E. Montague. But every reader of the S. R. L., whether casual or consecutive, may be assured of finding in each issue something he would not willingly have missed.

THIS is probably the most temperate blurb ever issued by a magazine of reputation, and FATE, FORTUNE, or what you will, may second its motion in the minds of Mr. Botley and other watchers of the skies.

The Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

25 WEST 45TH STREET, N. Y. C.