

from THE INNER SANCTUM of  
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The beginning of a thousand and one parties  
in WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

**A few rules for well-thrown parties from the newest "rage" book:**

2. Don't mix the crowd too much at random, unless the drinks are equally so.
5. Have at least one strong voiced man on hand for announcements, and keep him well supplied with refreshments.
6. Never put anything to vote. Make sure of the taste of your guests in advance, and tyrannize over them.

If you want the other seven rules, and the favorite games and diversions of America's best minds and/or America's gayest party-throwers, ask your bookseller *What'll We Do Now?*

Despite *The Inner Sanctum's* wild-eyed ballyhoo for *What'll We Do Now*, the trade seems to have found a clamorous demand for it, making necessary a second large printing, before the book went on sale. Moreover, the first edition was the largest initial printing of any Inner Sanctum publication in years—3 years, to be exact, and 7,500 copies.

The first edition of the first *Cross Word Puzzle Book* was 3,200 copies, of *The Story of Philosophy* 3,000 copies; of *Trader Horn*, volume one 3,000 copies.

*Hearst—An American Phenomenon* by JOHN K. WINKLER also went into a second printing before publication. . . . The first reviews, by the way, in *The New York Times*, *The New York Herald-Tribune*, *The New York World*, *The New York Sun* and *The Philadelphia Public Ledger* all confirm *The Inner Sanctum's* enthusiasm for the sheer fascination and the utter impartiality of this exciting chronicle of "a Modern Monte Cristo."

Who is WINKLER?

*The Inner Sanctum* is bombarded with inquiries regarding the author of that exciting biographical study of *Hearst—An American Phenomenon*, and hastens to explain:

JOHN K. WINKLER is a newspaperman with more than eighteen years of reportorial and feature-writing experience, many of them on *HEARST* papers. His specialty has been interviewing men who never give interviews—the MORGANS and the ROCKFELLERS, for example. To *The Inner Sanctum* JOHN K. WINKLER explains that he is most fascinated by personalities like LUCULLUS, MAECENAS, CASSIUS, CAGLIOSTRO, JOSEPH PULITZER, P. T. BARNUM and LORD NORTHCLIFFE, and in WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST he has found hints of this varied and colorful array.

WINKLER's celebrated series of five *New Yorker* articles on HEARST was just the first sketch for the full-length canvas now provided in this critical appraisal and human document published in book form.

So many readers of *The Inner Sanctum* have submitted hundred-word essays on the second anniversary of *The Story of Philosophy*, explaining the phenomenon of one million readers of WILL DURANT's book, that the winning contribution cannot be printed until next week.

—ESSANDESS.



WE have to thank *Pascal Covici* of Chicago for *Richard Aldington's* selections from the works of *Remy de Gourmont*, which he has also translated. Interesting photographs, drawings and woodcuts by *André Rouveyre de Gourmont* illustrate the two volumes. Covici has also brought out a new edition of that price-less poet of the seventies, *Mrs. Julia A. Moore*, "The Sweet Singer of Michigan," with an introduction by *Walter Blair* of the University of Chicago. We have long revelled in the Sweet Singer's work, an early first, as we remember it, being a treasured possession of our family. This has, however, long been lost or stored away, and this new edition fills a long-felt need. . . .

*Donald Friede*, lately of *Boni & Live-right*, has now joined forces with Covici, and is vice president of Covici, Friede Inc., publishers, at 79 West 45th Street, this city. Their first book will be the first definitive edition in modern English of the complete works of *François Villon*, translated with an introduction by *J. U. Nicolson*, and illustrated by *Alexander King*. This will be issued in two volumes, limited to nine hundred and sixty sets, and sold at twenty dollars. The complete French text will be printed on the left hand page and the translation on the right hand page opposite it. The publication date will be June twenty-first. . . .

*Kenneth Slade Alling*, the poet, sends us the following line from a ship of the *Compagnie Generale Transatlantique*:

This boat (ship) takes eight days and a Havre.

We read with interest of pilgrims from all parts of England attending the performance of *John Masefield's* miracle play, "The Coming of Christ," when it was given recently in Canterbury Cathedral. We understand that some objection was made in regard to the impossibility of recapturing the spirit of the miracle plays of the Middle Ages. True, doubtless but we should have liked to witness the play in such surroundings, we must confess. . . .

One afternoon recently *Elliott White Springs*, the editor of "War Birds" and the author of "Leave them with a Smile," invited *Burton Rascoe*, ex-editor of *The Bookman*, to fly to Richmond, Virginia, with him to have dinner with *Ellen Glasgow* and *James Branch Cabell*. They took off from *Curtiss Field* in Mr. Springs's plane and were in time for their dinner engagement. . . .

*Dhan Gopal Mukerji's* "Gay Neck" (Dutton) has won the John Newbery Medal for "the most distinguished children's book of the past year. *John Newbery* was an eighteenth century publisher and bookseller, one of the first to give special attention to books for children. . . .

*Payson and Clarke* call our attention to *N. Ognovov's* "The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy." Of it *Arnold Bennett* has said, "I feel as if I had at last got some authentic news out of Bolshevik Russia. . . the book is simply all plums." It is out today, by the way. . . .

*Joseph Auslander* has in various stages of incompleteness as many as five books, all of which will probably be ready this fall. They will include a new volume of poetry by him, a volume of translations from the Italian, a novel in verse, an anthology on the plan outlined in "The Winged Horse," and a mysterious volume concerning which even his publishers have not an inkling. . . .

From *Chatto & Windus*, 97 & 99 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2, comes the information that the longest and most notable of *Mr. Wyndham Lewis's* works is now to be brought out by them. It will be published in three sections; the first section will appear shortly and the second and third in the coming fall. It is a work of imaginative fiction entitled, "The Childermass." The title comes from the festival of Childermas-Day, or The Holy Innocents. The opening of *Mr. Lewis's* extraordinary work pictures the souls on the other side of Death, assembled, as it were, in concentration camps, to suffer judgment before being admitted into heaven. "Intellectual grasp, sardonic comedy, and apocalyptic grandeur," say the English publishers, are united in the progress of the work. It sounds to us like a masterpiece, and probably *Harcourt* will bring it out over here. We hope so, and soon. Meanwhile, from that firm, get the volume of *Wyndham Lewis's* short stories, entitled "The Wild Body," and published this year. . . .

*C. E. Montague*, for years chief editorial writer of the *Manchester Guardian*, whose retirement several years ago gave him the leisure to write some distinguished novels and short stories, died May 20th last of pneumonia. He was a great English stylist. In liberal journalism and in the wider field of literature he left his indelible mark. . . .

The *Sacco-Vanzetti* National League expects to publish in the fall a book containing a number of articles by well-known authorities in law, science, and philosophy, who will analyze the Lowell Report from various angles. The volumes will be edited by *Professor Karl Llewellyn* of the Columbia Law School. *Robert Morris Lovett* is chairman of the League's executive committee. The advisory committee contains such names as *Jane Addams*, *Clarence Darrow*, *John Dos Passos*, *Bishop Paul Jones*, *Joseph Wood Krutch*, *William Ellery Leonard*, *Horace Liveright*, *Eugene O'Neill*, *John Nevin Sayre*, *Vida D. Scudder*, *Upton Sinclair*, *Genevieve Taggard*, *Oswald Garrison Villard*, *Norman Thomas*, and *Mary E. Woolley*. . . .

We are delighted to see in *The Horn Book*, published four times a year by The Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston, an article on our old friend, *A. Hugh Fisher*, an English etcher and poet, a number of whose etchings now grace the walls of this our sanctum. The one we particularly adore is that of the carillon in Bruges belfry. The article is called "A. Hugh Fisher: A Comrade for Children," and is written by *Elizabeth M. Whitmore*. It is illustrated with reproductions of some of Fisher's work, the "Carassonne" being particularly notable. Mrs. Whitmore conducts The Print Corner at Hingham. She has written a valuable monograph for amateur print collectors, entitled "Prints for the Layman, Their Use and Enjoyment in the Average Home." And the drawings and etchings of Mr. Fisher may be obtained through The Bookshop for Boys and Girls, Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 270 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts. An outlay of ten or fifteen dollars procures you something extremely fine. We'd not take ten times that sum for any of the portrait etchings we have around our Phoenixnest Bookcase, of *Sturge Moore*, *Gordon Bottomley*, *Lascelles Abercrombie*, and *Walter de la Mare*. . . .

Well, "Goodbye," as *Robert Frost* said to the orchard, "and keep cold!"

THE PHOENICIAN.

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4. *The Case of Fritz Lavater*, who thought he married his mother.
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## Points of View

## Mrs. Morrow's Lincoln

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

May I say a few words about a fairly recent book, Honoré Willis Morrow's "Forever Free"?

It is most entertaining and especially interesting to one who was familiar with those scenes and persons so brilliantly delineated. But when it is put forth by the publisher, if not by the author, as "an authentic work with the historical figures true to fact and the pictures of the times faithfully drawn," I am impelled, indeed I may say compelled, to utter a protest.

Why, all through the book, does Mrs. Morrow have the characters addressing Mrs. Lincoln call her, "Madam President"? Surely no one of intelligence in the period of the story would so address her. I think Senator Charles Sumner, elegant gentleman,—would "turn in his grave" at such a *faux pas* attributed to him. The President's wife has no official standing or title.

Willie Lincoln once said to my brother, "Bud Taft, why do you call Pa, Mr. President, but you don't call Ma, Mrs. President?" "Oh," said Bud, "it is not proper to call presidents by their names. Your mother is just Mrs. Lincoln, though the servants call her 'The Madam.'" Willie and Tad Lincoln never, to my knowledge, called their parents by any name but Pa, pronounced "Paw," and "Maw" and I have heard them say it hundreds of times.

The boys never had any dogs of their own till 1862 and I never knew any dog to sleep in the house. They were at the stables. The Lincoln boys wore woollen suits like my two brothers, Bud and Hally Taft, only rather loose and ill-fitting. Our neighbors used to laugh at them. My youngest brother, Willie Taft, wore a blue velvet suit with brass buttons which Tad greatly admired. The last time I saw Tad was at a Saturday reception of Mrs. Lincoln's in 1865. Mrs. Lincoln greeted me affectionately, but when Tad saw me he flung himself to the floor in a group of ladies and screamed and kicked till he had to be taken out by the servants. Mrs. Lincoln said, "You must excuse him, Julia, you know what he remembers." I think at this time he was wearing a dark velvet suit.

It hurts me to read of Willie Lincoln dying in the arms of Mrs. Ford, "the divorced little rebel from Fairfax Court House," as I heard her called. My mother was at the White House the morning of February 20th. Willie was better, they thought. He knew Bud and held his hand. Willie died at five o'clock that afternoon. Would I not know if "Miss Ford," Confederate Spy, was in the Lincoln family? My mother knew Mrs. Rose Greenhow; I knew her little girl and wept when I heard Col. Baker had finally "got" Mrs. Greenhow. She was a dangerous spy. I think she is described in "Miss Ford."

Among minor inaccuracies might be mentioned that the leader of the Marine Band in 1861-2 was Sousa (father of the present Sousa), not "Seala." Mrs. Lincoln gave me Col. Ellsworth's Funeral March, and the dedication to her was signed "Sousa." Pink Phloe is not fragrant (P. 255). I cannot remember snow making "drifts" about Washington from 1860-61-62. There was very little snow.

From a few days after the inauguration to the death of Willie, my two brothers, Bud and Hally Taft, eleven and eight years old, were the constant playmates of the Lincoln boys. When Willie died, Mrs. Lincoln wrote to my mother asking her to "Keep Bud and Hally away from the White House, it makes me feel worse to see them." The President sent for Bud to see Willie before he was put in the casket. Bud had to be carried from the room and was ill for several days.

I read with tears Mrs. Morrow's understanding article in the *American Magazine* on "Lincoln, the most lied about man in the world." Evidently from patient study, she uprooted one after another the lies. Surely she would not wish to tack a few more on to the memory of Lincoln.

In writing this, what I have said I can stand by under oath. Things I am not absolutely sure about I do not mention.

JULIA TAFT BAYNE.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

(Mrs. Bayne, then a girl of sixteen, spent much time in the White House during Lincoln's incumbency. Her brothers were constant companions of the Lincoln boys.)

## An Inquiry

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

Is it important that the chronological structure of a story should hang together? Does it matter that the Bridge of San Luis Rey collapsed only once—at intervals of at least six years?

In my reading of this charming narrative, the stories of Doña María, Pepito, Esteban, Uncle Pio, and Don Jaime, the five who perished with the collapse of the Bridge, move forward in parallel grooves until page 186 is reached. On this page I read:

"Camila was about thirty when she left the stage and it required five years for her to achieve her place in society."

The pages between this and 194 state emphatically that the mother of Don Jaime, the protégée of Uncle Pio, refused even to visit the theatre as a patron, after she achieved social distinction. Then, on page 194, I read:

"Suddenly the news was all over Lima. Doña Micaela Villegas, the lady who used to be Camila the Perichole, had the small-pox."

Turning back to page 126, a few months—the statement is not clear—after the death of Manuel, when Esteban was distraught with grief, I read:

"One day he appeared at the door of the Perichole's dressing-room; he made as though to speak, gazed earnestly at her, and vanished."

Later, when Captain Alvarado engaged Esteban for the next voyage in foreign waters, this dialogue was recorded:

"When did Manuel die?"

"Oh, just a . . . just a few weeks. He hit his knee against something and . . . just a few weeks ago."

They both kept their eyes on the floor.

"How old are you, Esteban?"

"Twenty-two."

"Well, that's settled then, you're coming with me?"

Two days later, as recorded on page 139, "Esteban crossed by the bridge and fell with it."

This discrepancy has nothing to do with the "Bridge of Love," and it may be characteristic of eighteenth century Spanish fiction, which Thornton Wilder has imitated with compelling skill; but it did trouble me just a little. I wonder if the author can illuminate the seeming anachronism.

EMILY GRANT HUTCHINGS.

## Brief Mention

(Continued from page 956)

made. Admiral Barker's experiences begin with Farragut at New Orleans and extend through the Spanish War to 1905. His autobiography is pleasantly written and good reading. It should have a place in our not too extensive naval literature. Experience of another kind is recorded in A. M. Jacobs's "Knights of the Wing" (Century: \$2), a descriptive account of the airplane in use, with anecdotes of many famous flights and fliers.

War, but this time war as fiction sees it, is the theme of "Sergeant Eadie" (Doubleday, Doran: \$2) by Leonard Nason, the author of "Chevrons." It is not so well-aimed as the latter book, but it is extremely good reading. Less good because a dangerous mixture of fact and seeming fiction is Theodore Roosevelt's "Rank and File" (Scribner's: \$2.50), a series of narrative tributes to war heroes known to the author.

Finally to demolish the pile of books before us—a heterogeneous lot as we look over them heaped together—here for the reader who desires some first-hand acquaintance with philosophy are "The Works of Plato" (Simon & Schuster: \$2.50), abridged and edited by Irwin Edman, and "The Works of Schopenhauer" (Simon & Schuster), edited by Will Durant. For the student of economics is Sir William Ashley's "The Bread of Our Forefathers" (Oxford University Press: \$4.25), a scholarly study of the conflict between wheat and rye as the standard food of England, with interesting sidelights on history. The book begins with pre-Roman times. For the lover of the chase is Alfred Stoddart's "Dame Perkins and the Old Gray Mare" (Rudge), a good fox-chase ballad in the "John Gilpin" tradition, charmingly printed and still more charmingly illustrated by "Phiz."

And, to conclude, here is a volume by Ernest Greenwood, entitled "Aladdin, U. S. A." (Harpers: \$2.50), which is a popular account of the extension of electric power throughout the country with chapters on regulation and politics. Not unsympathetic to private ownership!



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