from THE INNER SANCTUM of SIMON and SCHUSTER
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They forgot to get a copy of WHAT'LL WE DO NOW? for his party!

This week The Inner Sanctum again finds itself on the Trader Horns of a dilemma—with many books, old and new, crying aloud for the incense and myrrh of the sacred groves.

ZAMBESI JACK [writing under the name of ALFRED ALOYSIUS] himself contributes two books to the clamorous roster, and other notable "convivials" and hereditary "paramounts" are hard by, so that The Inner Sanctum will play fair with all by simply listing the current best-seller list of the 37-West-57th-Street-Young-Men's Literary - Marching - Club - and-Society-for - the - Promotion - of - the - Adjective - less-Blurb:

Trader Horn-Volume Two (Harold the Webbed or The Young Vykings)!
Hearst-An American Phenomenon
Trader Horn-Volume One
The Story of Philosophy
What'll We Do Now?
Cross Word Puzzle Book-Number Nine

The first printing of 75,000 copies for TRADER HORN'S new book seemed pitifully small when The Inner Sanctum received advance copies of the New York Times full-page review containing this salvo:

". . . There is again revealed in this childish yarn about 'The Young Vykings', with its accompanying monologues, a veritable genius.

"... It is of the substance of a dream, yet it is warm with reality. Alfired Alonsius Horn, old, broken, ill, kicked around by fate, has come far nearer than Kipling to telling 'The Finest Story Ever Told."

These two paragraphs gave The Inner Sanctum a more reverberating thrill than the filing of an order for five carloads of Trader Horn paper, or a printing of 75,000 copies of Bambi—A Life In the Woods, by Felix Salten, to be released on July 6th.

In launching its Fall, 1928, catalogue, The Inner Sanctum falls into another one of its confidential moods and says:

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Frankly, as this Fall 1928 catalogue goes to press, The Inner Sanctum is in a buoyant and soaring mood. It is not entirely due to the atmosphere of a group of hest-sellers that have out-topped our rosiest hopes and the most ambitious quotas. They have helped, of course, and thrilled. But deeper than that delight is the glow of vindication for a private acclaim—as in the case of WILL DURANT, ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, ALFRED ALOYSUS HORN, FELIX SALTEN, and a few other convivials. And deeper still is the inner confidence in our latest array of "fewer and better books" which, even in the turbulent throes of jacket-writing, layout supervision, proof-reading, follow-up fulminations, and catalogue-making, seem inviting, interesting and important.

A more cruel test than this it would be

viting, interesting and important.

A more cruel test than this it would be hard to fashion for any book: after you have fought, bled and died with it through the lofty peaks and sloughs of despond between the initial idea and the finished opus, does it still seem alluring? . . With one definite exception and a second partial one, The Inner Sanctum can honestly state that all of the new books in this announcement have met that test with banners flying.

So far as The Inner Sanctum is aware there is no statute forbidding readers to write directly to head-quarters for a first edition copy of the favorite non-Chicago catalogue published by

-Essandess

William Allen White

says: "One of the best stories written in our times is

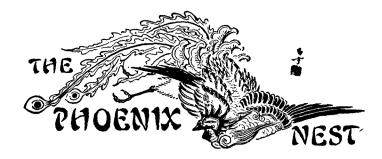
The Stream of History

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ND now we discover that the American Abison is, after all, not extinct. A. de Herries Smith, author of "Drums of the North," a Macaulay novel, asserts that in the giant triangle made by the Great Slave Lake, the Peace and the Slave rivers, there exists the last herd of really wild buffalo in North America. They have never been dominated by man. And, incidentally, one of them nearly finished the career of this particular novelist. He was en route to the Arctic at the time and was waiting at Fort Fitzgerald for a trading steamer. He ensconced himself on the poplar bluffs with a portable typewriter. A minute later he was up in a poplar tree catching a glimpse of a shaggy humped body crashing by beneath him. A thunder of hoofs had warned him. The next chapter of "Drums of the North" was written inside the post's stout stockades! . . .

A short story by Paul Morand, in which a Frenchman fell in love with a Scandinavian in her native habitat, has always remained in our memory as a tale of gorgeous humor. Now Maurice Bedel has written a whole novel about a similar situation, "Jerome or The Latitude of Love." Bedel was over forty when he wrote this first novel (Hope for us!), and it took the coveted Goncourt prize. It has now been translated into English by Lawrence S. Morris and published by the Viking Press. Norwegian girls are evidently not like other girls. . . .

Eugène Jolas has translated a number of American poets into French in "Anthologie de la Nouvelle Poésie Americaine," Paris: Kra, 6 Rue Blanche. The book is dedicated to Sherwood Anderson, and is in its fourth edition. It is a comprehensive volume and the translations are often extremely skilful. It is the first characteristic collection of modern American poetry to be presented to the French in their own language. . . .

The Paramount feature film of "The Canary Murder Case" is now being shot in Hollywood. Louise Brooks, actually an ex-Follies girl, plays the part of the "Canary." William Powell is cast for the rôle of Philo Vance. . . .

In July Simon and Schuster will publish "Bambi" by Felix Salten. It has been translated from the German by Whittaker Chambers. "Bambi" is the name of a deer in his wood by the blue Danube. Galsworthy has called the book "a little masterpiece," and it has been enthusiastically compared to Kipling's "Jungle Book," but in reality it is a veiled allegory of the life of man. Salten is a Viennese novelist, poet, and playwright."

On July 20th a new Agatha Christie thriller, the first full-length "Hercule Poirot" story since "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd," which was an ace, will be published by Dodd, Mead. It is called "The Mystery of the Blue Train," and we should say off-hand that it was just the sort of book to take on your vacation. We're going to take it on ours. . . .

In the fall, W. W. Norton & Company will issue a volume of fables in verse, "Little Otis," by Mrs. Cora B. Millay. Mrs. Millay is the mother of the famous Edna St. Vincent Millay and her sisters, Kathleen Millay, the talented author, and Norma Millay, the equally talented actress. . . .

Anatole France's last book was a biography and critical study of Rabelais. It analyzes that masterpiece, "Gargantua and Pantagruel." One-third of it in translation is to appear in The Forum as a serial, the part pertaining to the life of the great satir-

ist. Arrangements have been completed by Henry Holt & Company for the publication in November of the book in full. It will be brought out in France in September. It will be the final volume in the definitive edition of the French master. . . .

Holt will also publish in the Fall a new volume of lyrics by Robert Frost. Five years have elapsed since Frost has given us a book of poems. A de luxe autographed edition of the new book will be published, with woodcuts, in addition to the regular editions. Mr. Frost has also consented to revise his "Selected Poems," so as to include some of his favorites from the later volumes. . . .

Recently Hilaire Belloc discussed Beckford's "Vathek" in The Saturday Review. Shortly after, the following letter was received from a small New England publisher:

Dear Mr. Beckford:

I was so much impressed by your article VATHEK H. BELLOC which appeared in *The Saturday Review of Literature* that it occurred to me that possibly you might have sufficient material on hand to make a book.

If this is the case we should be very glad to consider such a manuscript with a view to publication. You may be sure that anything you care to send in will receive my prompt and careful attention.

I trust we may have the pleasure of hearing from you in the near future.

Well we have gone to various mediums, but none of their controls seem to be able to locate the Oriental dreamer of Fonthill. Our own opinion is that he still reclines in some remote houri-haunted paradise. "Vathek: An Arabian Tale," was written, we may inform the New England publisher, prior to 1783, and at one sitting, during which William Beckford never even removed his clothes. It was completed in three days and two nights. There were giants in those days. . . .

On the tenth of July Scribner will publish the final novel of the Forsyte family, by John Galsworthy. It is properly entitled "Swan Song." The Forsytes have certainly been a long-lived family. . . .

The other night we witnessed at the Greenwich Village Theatre that "gripping terror tale" on the screen, "The Hands of Orlac." Twisty-squirmy, Conrad Veidt. The end is abrupt, to say the least. For just as they snap the handcuffs on the villain, Nera, there appears on the screen the slogan, "A Greenwich Village Theatre Presentation." A bit too pointed, that, we thought. . . .

Criminal hands, criminal hands, how I hate them criminal hands! . . . But let us turn to recording the fact that three women national tennis players are now on the publishing lists. Helen Wills, of course, with her book on "Tennis," Marian Van Rensselaer King with her second book, "Mirror of Youth," and Mary Dixon Thayer, with her sixth or seventh book published by Macmillan. . . .

Perusing a late March issue of the London Times, we came across this "Personal" which we simply must copy down for you:

Yes, jaundice is a wretched thing—makes you feel so depressed—but still, don't worry—a small glass of BOLS VERY OLD HOLLANDS GIN daily will help you along no end.

And we'll bet it will, at that! . . .

Well, boys and girls, as Andrew Lang once sang, "June at the zenith is torrid." But then, perhaps, by the time you read this, you'll be in the midst of a snow-storm.

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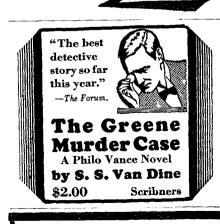
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