

from THE INNER SANCTUM of  
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ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET

Apostle of that "nobler pleasure . . . the joy of understanding," author of THE ART OF THINKING

In this column *The Inner Sanctum* has made much discourse of its open door policy toward unsolicited manuscripts and authors unheralded . . . A book just published vindicates and rewards this editorial attitude, and imbues *The Inner Sanctum* with the same glow it experienced on launching *The Story of Philosophy*.

The title is a stroke of genius: *The Art of Thinking*, and the book justifies it.

Many months ago a white-haired Abbé quietly came to *The Inner Sanctum* to offer a manuscript for consideration, without fanfare, without introductions, without any high-pressure program for making another best-seller. The manuscript would tell its own story. . . . It did. . . . In *The Art of Thinking* the entire editorial staff saw at once the wit, the grace, the inspiring wisdom of a natural prince of scholars. Acceptance was prompt and enthusiastic, and only then did *The Inner Sanctum* discover that the author was an author of international renown, with an impressive roster of twelve earlier books, written in French, in English, and in Latin! One of his earliest works, published in 1908, was crowned by THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

Profoundly read and widely travelled, a secular priest and a lay scholar, a leader among men, taking for his province all thought, and the total perspective of a rich life, Abbé ERNEST DIMNET encourages in the reader a passion for straight thinking.

Watch *The Art of Thinking* . . . more anon.

*The Inner Sanctum* got such a big kick from making FLORENZ ZIEGFELD write his first piece of literary criticism, that it decided to continue its raid on the producers, and captured the following critique from WINTHROP AMES and DE WOLF HOPPER:

"It seems to me that in 'THE STORY OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN' Mr. Goldberg has told all that one cares to know about this interesting pair of geniuses, and told it most entertainingly."  
WINTHROP AMES

"I have read 'THE STORY OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN' by MR. ISAAC GOLDBERG and think it splendid, from every angle. It is beautifully and intelligently written and should prove of immense interest to the thousands of lovers of Gilbert and Sullivan. I cordially recommend this work to them."  
DE WOLF HOPPER

If this be log-rolling, make the most of it, but *The Inner Sanctum* must record its applause for the following shows, which recently turned your staid and monastic correspondents into a pair of cheering first-nighters:

*The Four Marx Brothers Ups-A-Daisy*  
All the shows and the ALT HEIDELBERG spirit at the RIALTO THEATRE, Hoboken  
J. P. McEoy's *Americana*

*The Inner Sanctum* erred in its recent manifesto about the new ROLAND DORGELES novel *Departure* to the effect that two hundred thousand Frenchmen can't be wrong. A cable from the French publishers announces that this exotic novel of mystery and travel in the orient has already been bought by 250,000 persons.

—ESSANDESS

### Harry Hansen goes Winnie-the-Pooh

"If ever we can overcome sleep, presses will never stop when they start printing anything about Winnie-the-Pooh."



### THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER

By the Author of  
*When We Were Very Young*

\$2.00

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THE two matters that have excited us most this past week have been *The Outlook's* published investigation of the Bridge-water murder of which *Vanzetti* was convicted prior to the Braintree one, with its monumental proof of his innocence, due to the work of *Silas Bent* and *Jack Callahan* upon the case,—and the publication of *Joseph Moncure March's* second narrative poem, "The Set-Up" . . .

All we can say in regard to the former is—beg, borrow, or steal a copy of *The Outlook* for October 31st and a copy of *The Outlook* for November 7th, and then go to see the current play, "Gods of the Lightning," by *Maxwell Anderson* and *Harold Hickerson* . . .

In regard to Mr. March's new opus, you are compelled to read it through at a sitting. This hard-boiled narrative in staccato verse is as compact and deadly as an automatic. It is a triumph of its kind. "The Wild Party," which was not for general circulation, moved as fast, created an atmosphere as true to the sordid. Both poems are for those who—not necessarily hard-boiled themselves—like, once in a while to look without blinkers upon unfamiliar ways of living, and can stand the impact of tragedy, none the less tragedy because the folk involved are primitive types. Mr. March's intensely kinetic method, entirely stripped of all sentimentality, or even of sentiment, is worthy of praise. In the case of "The Set-Up" the tragedy of Pansy Jones hits the heart a shrewder and heavier blow for that very reason. And in photographic reproduction of such scenes as that in the unspeakably squalid dressing-room of the lower-stratum fight-club, and the almost phonographic recording of the discourse therein, the accuracy of Mr. March's eye and ear are startling. Hemingway could have written "The Set-Up" no better as a short story. In it is all the pith of a novel. The thing is extraordinary reporting. The facts underlying such stories appear in the papers every day. Mr. March's greatest success is the vividness with which he makes you see and hear his group of characters, pitches you head-first into scenes that rivet your attention. His economy of means, as before, is most extraordinary. He has been said to remind of *Vachel Lindsay*, of *Masefield*, of others. As a matter of fact he has invented a form of rapid-fire narration of his own. It is adaptable only to certain subjects, to certain scenes, but it fits like a glove the particular themes and the episodes he chooses from out the city's large store of striking raw material. He has established himself in his own niche, definitely. Within his own squared circle he is a fine performer. . . .

A subscriber informs us that he first heard of the *Columbian* monthly, through our columns. Later he submitted several translations to the *Columbian*. One was accepted and printed, a later one was lost—the *Columbian* wrote the translator that the manuscript had disappeared. "Inasmuch," says our correspondent, "as they never paid me for the one they did use, I think I was lucky that they did lose it." We had mentioned the *Columbian* in good faith, and it is now obvious that that periodical deals in a singular fashion with its contributors. . . .

Coward-McCann have brought out the new *Thornton Wilder* book, "The Angel that Troubled the Waters." Mr. Wilder reveals in his introduction that this notebook of dramatic moments is salvage from the work of earlier years. In fact, if we are not mistaken, some of these brief presentations in play form originally appeared in the *Yale Literary Magazine*. Mr. Wilder alludes to himself as an author of sixteen when they were coming into being. For a boy of sixteen they are certainly most remarkable. And they shadow forth the greater writer to-be. Instinct for style is apparent, subtlety and secrecy of meditation. Mr. Wilder's interest in the stage has been of long standing. Some day he may give us a full-length play for production. We have a confidence in his technical dexterity as well as in the beauty and delicacy of his conceptions,—and prophesy that such a play, if it ever emerges, will be an event in American drama. . . .

We have been much shocked to note the death of *Thomas Walsh*, one of the assistant editors of *The Commonwealth* for a number of years, a delightful American poet and a distinguished Hispanic scholar and translator. Walsh was one of the older generation in American letters who retained a keen interest in contemporary poetry. He was also familiar with the best literary work being done in Central and South America. He was one of the pleasantest conversational companions we have ever encountered, firm in certain opinions, but always genial and entertaining in his comments. Many an entertaining walk and talk we had with him in the old days, and we recall long poems of his on certain painters, notably on El Greco, that well illustrated the cultivation and distinction of his mind. We met him casually last winter in a restaurant of an evening, and that was to be for the last time. A lovable man, a sound Catholic, a charitable though witty personality. His latest work was a notable anthology of Catholic poetry. We feel his loss. . . .

Now that the "talkies" seem to have come to stay and, indeed, to be put upon the threshold of a new and astonishing development of the moving picture, we see that the moving picture powers—that-be are beginning to enlist the services of well-known writers to prepare dialogue. *John V. A. Weaver*, whom we ran into the other evening, is one of the first to go to Hollywood to lend a hand. He left last Wednesday, in the services of Paramount. *Dorothy Parker* is to go out a little later for Metro-Goldwyn, and we understand that *Bob Benchley* will also soon be on the way. Each, of course, is excellent in his or her own vein. New screen comedy in which the characters no longer act in dumb show should greatly profit by the "quick lines" of these three star performers in colloquy. . . .

*W. E. Woodward* now comes forward with "Meet General Grant," after having interpreted for us George Washington. The present is a large, full volume with twenty interesting illustrations. The copy of the photograph of *Lincoln* made on April 10, 1865, is especially interesting. It was *Lincoln's* last picture, and the negative was accidentally broken, so that only one print was made from it. The face repays long study. It is full of such extreme suffering, gentleness, strength, even humor. . . .

We have just been reading *Aldous Huxley's* "Point Counterpoint," and the recent review of it by *Joseph Wood Krutch* in the *Nation* strikes us as excellent. It is to us the richest and strongest of the Huxley novels we have read. It seems to be having a remarkable sale, aided of course by its selection by the Literary Guild. But it should be widely read. Huxley's intelligence is particularly keen in this his latest work. His insight is sometimes almost annihilatingly true. . . .

We should think, to judge by the opinions of her work cited in the large folder concerning her which we have received, that it would be well worth your while witnessing the "Episodes and Compositions in Dance Form" presented by *Angna Enters* on the next three Sunday evenings, November 11th, 18th, and 25th, at the Plymouth Theatre, 236 West 45th Street. The present series will constitute Miss Enters's only New York appearances until she concludes a transcontinental tour of thirty American cities, and fulfils her European engagements. Seats are on sale at the box office of the Plymouth Theatre, telephone Lackawanna 6720, or by mail from H. Stylow, 52 West 57th Street, this city. . . .

*H. G. Wells* and Professor *Julian Huxley* are said to be collaborating on a volume dealing with "The Science of Life." A talking moving-picture is to be made of them discussing in a garden the scope of their projected work. . . .

Harper & Brothers are bringing out a popular explanation of psychoanalysis by *James Oppenheim*, entitled "Behind Your Front." In the course of the volume Mr. Oppenheim analyzes a number of persons in the public eye. By means of questions, charts and drawings of typical faces he enables the reader to classify himself. . . .

THE PHOENICIAN.

### SEARS SOLILOQUIES

SOME publishers of books have been crying for "fewer and better books." Some booksellers have been crying about the "terrible flood of books" and "no room to put them on our shelves." Such people will not last long. They have a disease called Chronic Inertia. It is a serious malady.

Fortunately other publishers and other booksellers have adopted the slogan "more and better books," and these are thinking, always looking ahead all the time. They say: "If every family in the country (25,000,000 altogether) acquired one good book a week, this nation would never permit war, or riots, or strikes, or much crime again, because each family would know that all of them are waste and that none of them pay. The cost of 1,300,000,000 books a year—that is, one a week for each family—would amount to less than is spent by many of us for a single meal. It would pay to eat a little less and read a book a week. Some day we shall do it.

Not so many years ago there were less than a thousand titles issued a year. Now there are nearly 9,000. In twenty years—or less—there will be 25,000. When there are 25,000 some of them will be better than any of the books issued in all history.

Only a few years ago the people who have this serious malady Chronic Inertia, wept because a few hundred automobiles would ruin everything and scare all the horses. It's done already. They have scared all the horses off the streets and everybody is delighted. Now these patients say that 25,000,000 of these cars are ruining our cities and our country. In twenty years—or less—there will be 50,000,000 automobiles and we shall still muddle along happier than ever. Some publishers and some booksellers say "there are plenty of well known writers to go around. Why put out books by unknown authors?" Chronic Inertia again. It is youth that originates and age that judges. A good combination. You who are old examine the new work of those who are young, and thus keep from senile degeneration for a little while longer.

You shall read of a work of a young man, *Gorham B. Munson*, who has analyzed in his *Destinations* a group of these new writers; the novel of a young woman named *Eleanor Chase* who has drawn a living picture in her book *Pennagan Place* of a middle western family of the type that has made this country; the novel of *Robert Collyer Washburn* who has taken in his *Samson* the old biblical story and made it 20th Century with a vigor, a humor and a satire that are startling, amusing, suggestive; the tale of *James G. Dunton* of Massachusetts who has in *A Maid and a Million Men* given a smart criticism of our social structure by dressing a girl (posing as her twin brother) in khaki and putting her (or him) in the Army; the novel of *Elizabeth Alexander*, who in her *Second Choice* satirizes with a keen yet gentle wit the strange impulses that lead to matrimony; the adventures of *Dr. Arthur Torrance*, tropical diseases shark, who gives a romantic picture of the work his kind is carrying on in the gallant search for the cause and cure of the devastating plagues that come from flies, mosquitos and other insects in his *Tracking Down the Enemies of Man*; the autobiography of the man who calls himself *Jack Callahan* (for evident reasons) who in his *Man's Grim Justice*, tells his own story of how he was educated to be a pick-pocket, then to become a bank robber, who then went to States Prison where he had ample time to read books from which he first discovered that he could be happier and get more of this world's goods by running straight.

There are many more, some better, some worse, but all suggestive—little units fighting the great malady Chronic Inertia.

There is *Elsa Barker*, who for the first time has written a detective mystery novel, *The Cobra Candlestick*, accepted by the new Detective Story Book of the Month Club as their first selection; *H. Du Coudray*, a girl undergraduate of Lady Margaret Hall College Oxford, who has written in "Another Country" the Oxford-Cambridge Universities Prize Novel, a singularly mature character study; *Ethel Pettit*, whose novel, "Move Over" is still selling merrily on as it has been selling for over a year; and *Fredrick Arnold Kummer*, the well known playwright, who in his *Ladies in Hades* has turned to humor and sophisticated satire that has already helped to cure many a despondent mind.

And thus even the great biblical invocation can be amended to "let us pray and read." We shall then think and move onwards toward better things. Let us have ever "more and better books" and book shops as big as department stores.

Better a piece of bread, a single robe and a book than an indigestible paté, a wardrobe and Chronic Inertia.

J. H. SEARS & COMPANY, Inc.  
Publishers

114 East 32nd Street, New York

# The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

*Competition No. 46.* A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best brief lyric called "Paradise Lost." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York, not later than the morning of November 19.)

*Competition No. 47.* Three special Christmas prizes—a First of twenty dollars, a Second of ten dollars, and a Third of five dollars—are offered for the three best Ballads of Christmas mailed to reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of December 3. Entries should not contain more than forty-eight lines. A Ballad of Christmas need not necessarily be either a carol, a hymn, or a familiar story or legend, and it need not be about the Nativity. Such Ballads, however, will be as acceptable as any others.

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

## THE FORTY-FOURTH COMPETITION

**T**HE prize of fifteen dollars offered for the most amusing words of the Senator's Patter Song from an American Comic Opera, "The Pirates of Finance," by Gilbert and Sullivan, has been awarded to Homer M. Parsons of San Bernardino, Cal.

### THE PRIZE ENTRY.

#### SENATOR'S PATTERN SONG

SEN.—I am the very pattern of a Senator American,

I keep in better touch with France than even Mr. Herrick can;

I keep the public misinformed on things they ought to know about,

And figures that are meaningless I scatter as I go about;

I wave the flag and tell them I am highly patriotic;

At charging gin—er—windmills, I am chivalrous, quixotic.

I'm strong for prohibition, and dead set agin the whiskey-ring—ring—

(Bothered for next rhyme)—Whiskey-ring—whiskey-ring (struck with an idea)

My secretary always keeps the cellar key on his keyring.

(Joyously) My secretary always keeps the cellar key on his keyring.

ALL.—His secretary always, etc.

SEN.—And while on tariff, A to Z, my thoughts are strictly rational,

I know my onions better when affairs are international.

In fact, I keep in better touch with France than Mr. Herrick can.

I am the very model of a Senator American.

ALL.—In fact, he keeps, etc.

He is the very, etc.

SEN.—I'm in the "know" on Mexico, and politics Peruvian;

My knowledge is so up-to-date it's nearly post-diluvian;

I've learned to pose for movie men in postures piscatorial,

And weep the proper tears upon a monument memorial;

I osculate the babies till my luncheon turns a somerset

(If I could choose I'd pick an older, prettier and dumber set!).

I heave no bricks at public men—my works are agricultural—

(Bothered for next rhyme)—Agricultural—cultural (struck with an idea)

I wouldn't slam your Herbert, and I wouldn't catapult your Al.

(Joyously) I wouldn't slam, etc.

ALL.—He wouldn't slam, etc.

SEN.—I have no bricks (or very few); instead I strike an attitude,

And on our farm relief I mouth a very pretty platitude.

You see, I can employ more IT than Tom or Dick or Harry can!

I am the very model of a Senator American.

ALL.—You see, he can employ, etc.

He is the very model, etc.

SEN.—In fact, as soon as I can learn to legislate the proper laws,

And leave to science all the anti-bedbug and grasshopper laws,

And know a few more things than beer, and how to brew and cap it tight—

(For instance, how to regulate a normal human appetite!);

And when upon my salary I've taught myself to lodge in ease,

And found beneath my hat the fellow sought by old Diogenes,

And when at pork in barrels I no longer cast my ogle eyes—

(Bothered for next rhyme)—Ogle eyes—ogle eyes— (struck with an idea)

You'll say no finer senatorial heart beneath a toga lies.

(Joyously) You'll say no finer, etc.

ALL.—You'll say no finer, etc.

SEN.—For though I know so little of affairs that are significant,

I'm very good at bluffing that I savvy, even if I can't;

I still can throw the bull as well as any modern dairy can.

I am the very model of a Senator American.

ALL.—He still can throw, etc.

He is the very model, etc.

(Enter Pirates of Finance—Tableau.)

HOMER M. PARSONS.

Although competitors were under no obligation to burlesque the Major General's song in particular, most of them chose to do so.

Luckily, nobody seems to have been misled by the misprint that made nonsense of the last announcement of the competition, when "The Pirates of Finance" appeared, pointlessly, as "The Pirates of Penzance."

Anyway, neither senators nor high finance were spared in the resulting songs.

Several competitors seemed to make no distinction between a patter song, with its long lines, rapid tempo, and far-fetched rhymes, and an ordinary Gilbertian lyric.

Thus such things as the "Good morrow, good mother" of "Iolanthe" were translated—

Oh, heigho, my hearty,

I've word from our party

That I'll be elected to-day.

Doris E. Pitkin and Phelps Soule were the best of several who did not attempt patter.

Both wrote good lyrics, which had to be disqualified.

David Heathstone fell half way between these and the imitators of the Major General.

### RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified.

Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author.

Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned.

The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

By JULIA PETERKIN

author of  
BLACK  
APRIL



# Scarlet Sister Mary

Solid

brilliant

beautiful

—N. Y. Times

Skilful

charming

unforgettable

—N. Y. Herald Tribune

Creative

glorious

superlative

—Chicago Daily News

Vivid

primitive

genuine

—Chicago Post

Powerful

masterly

great

—Henry Bellman

Noble

pungent

deep-grained

—Philadelphia Public Ledger

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"Oh, I have lost my eternal soul!" The young engineer of the old *Candlehoe* fought vainly, with all his Scotch instinct and tradition, against the hot color, the glamor, the languor of the Caribbean—the bright destruction of a Spanish girl's smile.

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first complete novel in four years

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*Prophets in Their Own Country*  
No. 1—RICARDA HUCH  
Ricarda Huch is Germany's greatest woman novelist. Ludwig Lewisohn in a detailed analysis of her work says: "Ricarda Huch has a prose style of virile firmness and of the highest intellectual distinction. . . . That style of hers is almost lapidary in its severity. It is so highly wrought and so finely tempered that it need not avoid the homeliest details, if it needs them, but raises them into its atmosphere of frugal beauty." *Defeat*, Ricarda Huch's great novel of Garibaldi, has just been published. It is a BORZOI BOOK and may be obtained at all bookshops, price \$3.00.

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