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

To Christopher Morley goes The Inner Sanctum's laurel-laden rejectionslip-cover for the OUIP-OF-THE-MONTH. He referred to Professor Walter B. PITKIN'S new book The Twilight of the American Mind as Gogetterdaemmerung.

For months the editorial staff and the high-pressure sloganeers flogged their wits trying to devise the perfect title for the Pitkin opus, and for a while it looked as though America's major cultural crisis was coming earlier than 1975. Here are a few of the candidates considered:

The Future of America's Best Minds What Price Brains? The Coming Crisis of Leisure The Passing of the Intellectual Classes The Impasse of Intelligence

20202 No wonder HARRY HANSEN had to devote two full columns to The Twilight of the American Mind on successive

Last week The Inner Sanctum did its utmost to restrain the buying frenzy for ARTHUR SCHNITZLER'S first fulllength novel in twenty years, Theresa, The Chronicle of a Woman's Life alas for the harried printers and binders, to no avail. One convivial department store came to the rescue by cutting its order (at the sales manager's behest) from 500 copies to 250, but that accommodating curtailment only intensified the demand from other sources.

These lines are written in the scarlet woodland of a perfect Long Island October, and what could be more appropriate, therefore, than this quotation from a Ludwig Lewisohn letter about Theresa?

Nothing, to begin with, can exceed the smooth, firm beauty of Schnitzlen's style and technique. What one may call, if one likes, the Flaubertian novel is here practiced in its ultimate perfection. The story of THERESA, as a whole, is an elegy, enormously disguised, on the days of Schnitzlen's youth. This is the Vienna, this the Salzburg of the days of the Empire. Life had a new Pagan elegance, an autumnal charm. The chill winds of the harsh dawn of a new world blow angrily about the aging master. He remembers his youth.

Renunciation can be carried too far. The time has come when Bambi and Show Girl must respectively leap a deer-like leap and hot-foot it into the chaste sanctuary of this column. Felix SALTEN and JOSEPH PATRICK McEvoy continue to run a close race in the best-seller arena. In total sales to-date (they were published only a fortnight apart) Bambi is still something like forty thou-sand copies ahead of Show Girl, but in current rate of sales, the evening of Dixie Dugan is outstripping the afternoon of

COPIES SOLD LAST WEEK

Show Girl is now being translated for publication in Austria, Germany, Denmark, Sweden and England.

One of the 85,000 advantages of having a book selected by The Bookof-the-Month Club is the fact that the committee of award concocts such thoroughly satisfactory and frequently irresistible blurbs. Even a "recommended" book which doesn't attain the majestic status of the actual monthly selection rates a potent description by one of the judges. This month two publications of The Inner Sanctum are listed and characterized in the Book-of-the-Month Club News: John Wesley, by Abram Lipsky, which DOROTHY CANFIELD calls "enchantingly disinterested," and The Friend of Jesus which CHRISTOPHER MORLEY calls a work "of singular beauty and power, cast in a rhythmical prose of lovely simplicity and tenderness, similar in cadence to the familiar King James version.'

-Essandess

Prophets in Their Own Country No. 2—OSKAR MARIA GRAF No. 2—OSKAR MARIA GRAF

Oskar Maria Graf was born in 1894,
the son of a Bavarian baker. After
working as post-office assistant, the
baker, and post-office assistant, he
tought in the great war revolution of
fought in the great war revolution of
fought in the great war revolution of
1918. He became known 1927 Aill,
1918. Willage life an Prisoners
stories of village life an Prisoners
stories autobiography. Thomas Mann
frank autobiography.
Some time of the
brought and overwhelmed and
book as by this published by Alfred
Prisoners All is published.
A. Knopf.



THOSE who admire the beautiful decoration that adorns the jacket and is stamped into the cover of Leonard Bacon's latest book of poetry, "The Legend of Quincibald," may be interested to know that it was drawn by his wife, Martha Stringham Bacon. Mrs. Bacon has been doing beautiful work in line and water color for years, work that should be much widelier known. She is also a talented violinist. . .

Mr. Bacon's new poem, an odyssey of the spirit, gathers force superbly through its three divisions, rises to and sustains impressive intensity. Its main rhythm is a peculiar metrical discovery of the author's, a flexible medium, but to our ear often difficult. Here, however, is a genuine gift of poetic language. The pilgrimage inside the soul of man, with all its absurd nightmares, its abysses, its ravaged search for beauty and truth, its ineffable transient attainment, is symbolically set forth with a remarkable range of understanding. Without doing what Mr. Bacon warns us against in his introduction, torturing "the symbolism into allegory, and the allegory into . . . plain English," there is matter here for almost infinite thought. The poem testifies for us all. As for the lyrical passages, they are most beautiful, particularly moving being the threnody at the end, particularly right and thrilling the poem's conclusion. This writing has unflagging pinions. When a poet can sing, as does this one, of a bird's beautiful flight for one instant seen in a California canyon,

> Up on the mountain As I stood, Where the wind-fountain Poureth her flood, I scarce knew whether Flashed the blue feather, So flamed together Brain and blood,

he is a lyrical poet born, and of high distinction. It is not strange that the author of that striking lyrical sequence "Animula Vagula," should again have achieved. But we are glad to bear witness to the fact that he has. In earlier work he made his mark as a satirist of extraordinary virtuosity. He has now completely demonstrated his title to poet. This is written upon the eve of his departure with his family to sojourn in Italy near Florence. There we hope he will find the opportunity to plan and execute many more volumes. He is one of the lately-arrived American writers our literature can ill spare. . . .

Hugo Wast has been elected a member of the Royal Spanish Academy. He has just returned to Paris from Spain, and reports that he found an invitation from the Japanese Government to attend the Feast of the Coronation, which he had to decline because his family of eleven children inconveniently contracted the grippe. . . .

After several months' deliberation in seclusion, Robert Benchley has decided upon a title for his new book, which will be published in November by Henry Holt and Company. The book will be called "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, or David Copperfield." If you are puzzled, in view of the coming election, as to the differences between the Republican and Democratic parties, here is a paragraph from Mr. Benchley's coming opus which makes it all just as clear as what have you:

During the early years of our political history the Republican Party was the Democratic Party, or, if you choose, the Democratic Party was the Republican Party. This led naturally to a good deal of confusion, especially in the Democratic Party's getting the Republican Party's mail; so it was decided to call the Republicans "Democrats" and be done with it. The Federalist Party (then located at the corner of Broad and Walnut Streets and known as "The Swedish Nightingale") became, through the process of Natural Selection and a gradual dropping off of its rudimentary tail, the Republica Party as we know it today.

We have been puzzling over a page from the Inner Sanctum of Simon and Schuster, which appeared lately in the Publishers' Weekly. The writer of this page inveighs against the practice of publishing special Fall Book Numbers, Christmas book numbers, and the like. The S. R. L. had just had one, and perhaps for that reason we are

sensitive. But the argument seems to us a thought strange. In the Fall Announcement Number of the Publishers' Weekly, it appears, Simon and Schuster, by their own admission, inserted "a routine ad, gotten up in a hurry because the man whose job it it was to write it was away from the office, and at the last minute Something Had to Be Done." Therefore it is claimed that special numbers are the bunk, and it is written, "The Inner Sanctum hopes in the future it will be strong enough to resist social and business pressure, and Keep Out Altogether if it can't get up an ad, with news that will click." Well, after all, that is nobody's business but the Inner Sanctum's. If it can't "get up an ad, with news that will click" (and what an extraordinary assemblage of words that is!) it is too bad, but hardly the fault of Special Fall Announcement Numbers, or Special Fourth of July Numbers, or any of the rest of them. We have frequently made vows to resist all social and business pressure to do any work because we felt absolutely unclicking, and we have denounced this idle habit of people working in offices. We hoped we were made of sterner stuff. But the people we consulted refused to see that we were accomplishing much except chewing off our own nose. . . .

We have been reading at "Cock Pit" by James Gould Cozzens, a William Morrow and Company book. It is good work. Mr. Cozzens thoroughly knows his Cuba, his people are alive, he tells an interesting story. It is the kind of book the late Frank Norris would have liked, "up his street." Cozzens may develop into a first-rater. He has real endowments as a writer. . . .

Now that the vacation season is over, the Walt Whitman Memorial Committee wants its plans to go forward in connection with the organization of a permanent committee for the erection of the proposed monument of Walt Whitman in Prospect Park. Consequently they recently held a luncheon at the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce, where no funds were solicited but advice and counsel was taken. . .

Margaret Leech, now Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer, returned from a honeymoon abroad just as her new novel was published by Horace Liveright. If you discovered for yourself how excellent were her former novels, "The Back of The Book" and "Tin Wedding," you will wish to read the new one, the title of which is, "The Feathered Nest." It deals with a middle-aged woman whose life centered upon her three children, and who found herself suddenly confronted with an emotional conflict that threatened to destroy all she had lived for. .

John Masefield's new book, just out through Macmillan, is called "Midsummer Night" and contains new versions of the Arthurian legends. Many of the poems are based on the less familiar stories of the cycle, telling of the love of Uther and Ygerna, of Arthur's conflicts with pirates, of the fight on the wall between Lancelot and the king's twelve knights, and of the

trial of Guenivere. . . . Duffield is publishing a play written by William Gerhardi. It is called "Perfectly Scandalous" and is all about a woman-reformer. The scene is laid in the Tyrol. The characters are, as one would expect, polyglots. Negotiations are under way for a possible presentation of the play at the Old Rialto Theatre in Hoboken that Christopher Morley and others have given a new

lease of life. .

The Poet's Guild, with years of activity to its credit, opens another season freshly housed in enlarged quarters at 147 Avenue B, with carved bookshelves for its Unbound Anthology, with more ample space for its Lyric Theatre and with its Winged Torch its presiding emblem, as always. There will be, as usual, poets' readings from time to time, dramatic presentations of lyric poems, according to the seasons, and other

programs to be announced to its large circle of friends. The Vanguard Press has taken over the work of M. P. Shiel. "How the Old Woman Got Home" has just been republished by them. We have heard Carl Van

Vechten, for one, wax most enthusiastic over

Shiel's work in the past. . .

And so adieu. THE PHOENICIAN.

Natural Conduct

By EDWIN B. COPELAND

THE formulation of a system of conduct perfectly adapted to the conditions of any age must not be left to the novelist, the paintgun historian, and the walkingdelegate. With compelling argument, we are here shown the firm foundation of science has laid for a sound human culture, and the place of science as the architect building for endurance in a scientific age.

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HIL AN HIL CASPAR HAUSER by JACOB WASSERMANN

author of "The World's Illusion"

ONE of the most fascinating stories 'the Balzac of German literature' has ever evolved."-Walter Yust, Phila. Ledger.

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author of "The World's Illusion"

A LITERARY work of art, informed with a sensitive and keen philosophical intuition."-John Carter, N.Y. Times.



The New Books International

(Continued from page 282)

Mussolini has accomplished, it is not necessary to go to such extravagant lengths. There is ample philosophy to justify his aims and his methods without ascribing to him all the virtues of all philosophies. It is surely a misuse of words to acclaim him as a great democrat, who has so often denounced democracy as social degeneration. And if Mussolini himself would not stick his tongue in his cheek, many others in Italy would, on reading such a passage as this: "What a marvelous thing it is that this social peace, this recognition of a common brotherhood of all classes, with which Italy is now blessed, is due to him who, for years, by speech and writing, did more than any other man to frustrate it, namely, Mussolini."

It is too late in the day for such a book as this. Even the more serious attempts at appraisal have not yet resulted in anything like an adequate estimate. Why go back to the beginning? Why throw to the winds even such discrimination as has been given

THE TRAGEDY OF GREECE. By S. P. P. COSMETATOS, Brentano's, 1928.

The defense of the character, motives, and policies of the late King Constantine, of Greece, almost inevitably involves attacks on the conduct of Lloyd George and his British associates, of the French Governments and of the Greek premier, Venizelos. Seldom, however, is such severe, almost violent, criticism made so convincing by quotations from public documents, and private memoirs and letters. Refutation would require access to the archives of various governments and prolonged research, such as has evidently been made in this case.

There has been a growing feeling that Greece was not fairly treated in the Great War, and especially during the subsequent war with Turkey for the possession of Western Anatolia. Its defeat, through the lack of support from the Great Powers which encouraged the attempt to conquer the regions inhabited by Greeks in Asia Minor, was followed by political chaos at home and by the strain of being forced to provide for and assimilate some 1,350,000 refugees from Turkey. This required assistance from the League of Nations, and the American "Near East Relief" rendered invaluable aid.

The motives of Great Britain, France, and Italy are shown in the most sordid light, as being dominated by economic and political imperialism, international jealousies, and a lust for territorial aggrandizement, using Greece as a pawn in the game. The unwillingness of the other European Powers to permit either Great Britain or Russia to dominate Constantinople, either directly or through one of the Balkan states, is well known to have been one of the main diplomatic forces in world policies for the ast century, especially since the Crimean War, and is probably largely responsible for the withdrawal of the French from Cilicia and of the Italians from southwestern Ana-

The effect of the interaction of these different factors upon Greece was, in the opinion of the author, responsible for most of the misfortunes of his country.

He makes the serious mistake, however, of making no allowance, in his accusation, either for honest mistakes of judgment on the part of the statesmen concerned, or for genuine patriotism in guarding the interests of their own countries. This detracts somewhat from the confidence which might be placed in his assertions that the men whose actions he condemns were always actuated ov the worst of motives.

The book is certainly worth reading by anyone who desires to gain a reliable comprehension of the Great War, since it presents a side of the question which is usually ignored or glossed over, but which is entitled to a fair consideration on its merits. The style is unusually readable, even eloquent in places.

JAPANESE ALL. By J. INGRAM BRYAN. Dutton. 1928. \$2.50.

Mr. Bryan was a "professor for sixteen rears in Japanese colleges," and his studies of Japanese life are quite from the inside. He writes of the curious population of the Tokio canals; of Japanese objections to kissing, national love of flowers, and superabundance of insects; of ceremonious hospiality and scented food; of actors, conductors, policemen, and other minor officials; of judges who are not so bad on the whole, and of a society of patriotic assassins called The Genyosha, which produces at least a

tendency to circumspection on the part of officials. Composing poetry is very general, and of course most of it mediocre, but its ideal is condensation and suggestion. A Japanese earthquake feels like a kick from beneath, and they average in Tokio about four a day. The national game is wrestling. There are in Japan more priests and temples per square acre than in any other country in the world.

OUR CUBAN COLONY. By LELAND H. JENKS. Vanguard. 1928. \$1.

THE BANKERS IN BOLIVIA. By MARGARET A. MARSH. The same.

Not the least important peculiarity of Vanguard Press books—the studies just offered were preceded by Professor Knight's account of the Americans in Santo Domingo-is their price. They are what they are announced to be-"studies"—and they present, in readable shape, a lot of authoritative information, backed up by dates and figures, at the nominal price of one dollar.

Cuba and Bolivia are examples, so far as these observers are concerned, of the process of economical absorption of one country by another. In Cuba, rich, populous, prosperous, the process has gone much further than it has in Bolivia, poor, sparsely settled, and so anxious for foreign capital that it will accept it on almost any

The Cuban countryman no longer has anything to fear from the supposed danger of annexation-and "the senators from seventeen beet-sugar states will be vigilant guardians of our national conscience in this respect." He is better off, as the contemporary world usually reckons such things, than he was before 1898. But he has exchanged his comparatively pastoral world, and the freedom that went with it, for a position as cog in a great industrial enterprise (big-scale sugar-making) which supplies him with wages, a house, and in a less concrete sense with education, recreation, and bread. "His future is not his own. It is determined for him from a director's room in New York." And as Professor Jenks points out, the same thing is true of much of our own South, and it is doubtful if the Cuban isn't more the master of his fate than the Gulf State American farmer

In Bolivia, remote, shut away in its Andean highlands, with its downtrodden brown mass driven by its own mestizo majority, the lines of the picture stand out in rougher lines. Until the 1947 bonds are retired, Bolivian economies will be controlled practically by a Permanent Fiscal Commission, of which two of the three members are American. Marines are not likely to figure in the forthcoming story-Bolivia is too far away, and has no seaport, amongst other reasons. But that more subtle sort of "imperialism," which consists in getting control of the resources of a country through loans and a virtual receivership, pending the payment of principal and interest, seems likely, the author implies, to pursue its usual course,

Both books are written from what might loosely be called an anti-imperialistic point of view, but as Professor Jenks observes, nobody knows just what anybody else means by that term, and in any case, these little volumes present a mass of objective fact which can't be lightly dismissed whatever the reader's predispositions may be.

THAT UNTRAVELL'D WORLD. Groton, Mass. Groton School. 1928.

Chinese enthusiasts often urge that Chinese culture should be taught in American schools and this volume is an attempt of eleven students interested in China to give a summary of Chinese history, literature art, and religion in such a manner as to attract young people to read for their own pleasure standard books on the Orient. chosen from a well selected bibliography at the end of each chapter. As might be expected from such collaboration, the sections vary greatly. The biography of "The Great Dowager" is like a good Japanese drawing, producing an effect with a few masterly strokes which compels the admiration even of a serious student of Chinese history. The historical accounts are well selected in the manner which makes Mr. Gowen's histories so excellent. It is always difficult to write condensed articles on art, literature, and culture, but these are fairly adequate.

The interpretation, however, of the relations between China and other nations, is the least satisfactory portion of this work, which is otherwise so successful. The selection of incidents, even of adjectives, often gives a mistaken impression, as in the case of extra-territoriality and foreign administration of customs and justice. This is

probably due to the fact that the references include a large percentage of authors who are either young Chinese, extremely pro-Chinese, or are radicals like Bertrand Russell, Nathaniel Peffer, and Upton Close. It is evident that too much care cannot be exercised in avoiding implanting prejudices in youth which it will be difficult to eradicate later. The alteration of a few pages would make the book wholly admirable for its purpose.

Juvenile

(The Children's Bookshop will appear next week.)

THE FOSSIL FOUNTAIN. By Arthur Mason and Mary Frank. Doubleday, Doran. \$1.75 net.
JULIETTE LOW AND THE GIRL SCOUTS. Edited by Anne Hyde Choate and Helen Ferris. Doubleday, Doran. \$2 net.

UPSTAIRS DOWNSTAIRS. By Edith Bishop Sherman. Doubleday, Doran. \$2 net.

A PRINCESS COMES TO OUR TOWN. By Rose Fyleman. Doubleday, Doran. \$2 net. A PAIR OF ROVERS. By John Lesterman. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.

LENAPE TRAILS. By Cliffton Lisle. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE HILLS. By Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

TREASURE OF CARCASSONERE. By A. Robida. Longmans. \$2.

Boga the Elephant. By "K.O.S." Macmillan \$2.50. NARIO'S CASTLE. By Helen Forbes. Macmillan

\$1.75. ANDY BREAKS TRAIL. By Constance Lindsay

Skinner. Macmillan. \$1.75. THE RED ROSE OF DUNMORE. By Hawthorne Daniel. Macmillan. \$2.

THE NURNBERG STOVE. By Ouida. Macmillan

LITTLE DOG TOBY. By Rachel Field. Macmillan.

THE SHORT SWORD. By V. M. Irwin. Mac-

millan. \$1.75 THE TRUMPETER OF KRAKOW. By Eric P. Kelly.

Macmillan. \$2.50.

"OLD" JIM BRIDGER. By Edwin L. Sabin. Crowell. \$2 net.

Recent Borzoi Books

A Variety of Things

By MAX BEERBOHM

"So full of a number of treasures that it is difficult to know which to tell about... Here are fentastic moral tales and fairy stories, an essay on Venice and one on caricature, a superb parody of the prose of Henry James, a play, a memoir of two imaginary friends..."—Henry Hazlitt, in The New York Sun. \$3.00

GRIMHAVEN

By Robert Joyce Tasker

"A notable, a keen and intensely moving account of what happens to a man in prison . . . Deliberately, grimly, Robert loyce Tasker has chosen to analyze himself, his feeling toward the world and the prison, and to write about what goe there."—Harry Hansen, in The New

TRENCK

The Love Story of a Favourite

By BRUNO FRANK

"A vivid unforgettable picture of the love of Baron von Friederich von de Trenck for Amelia, sister of the King... Although a tale of love, fascinating in its first sweet flowering, pathetic and tragic in its sorrowful termination, Trenck is permeated with the essence and soul of Frederick."

—Ballimore Sun.

Also by Bruno Frank: The Days of the King.

HERITAGE

 B_{γ} ROSE C. FELD

A first novel of great distinction dealing with three generations on a New Hampshire farm. "A novel of a single clean thrust, by virtue of the dominance of its theme, the assured presentation of its characters in their relation to each other and the environment; the simplicity and economy of its narrative done with a hand that never wavers or falters."

—The New Republic. \$2.50

The Devil's Shadow

By FRANK THIESS

The Devil's Shadow presents, in the adventures of Caspar Müller, the most complete picture that has yet been drawn of Germany during the post-War inflation period. It is an astonishingly vivid portrayal of an entire social order, by turns bewildered, despairing, and cynical, dancing on the fresh grave of its own aspirations. \$3.00 Also by Frank Thiess: The Gateway to Life.

DEFEAT

By RICARDA HUCH

A novel of Garibaldi and his times by Germany's foremost woman writer. "She too, reads swiftly and surely, not untenderly, the hearts and souls of her people, and they stand before me as veritable reincarnations. She has a wonderful gift of language... It is a graphic and gripping story."—Baltimore Sun. \$3.00

The Women at the Pump

By KNUT HAMSUN

The Women at the Pump is a vivid and sincere depiction of a small fishing village. Out of the lives of its inhabitants, their adulteries, thefts, struggles, failures and triumphs, grows a story which has all the interest and power of intense reality.

\$3.00

Also by Knut Hamsun: The Growth of the Soil.

Alfred · A · Knopf · Publisher · N.Y.



IS THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL A POEM?





POINT COUNTER POINT

by Aldous Huxley

In this tremendous novel the author of Antic Hay and Those Barren Leaves has had the courage to probe to the depths the life of moderns in the modern world. Beyond sophistication—beyond satire—beyond comedy-it is the tragic masterpiece of a generation. The October selection of The Literary Guild. 80th Thousand.

INTO THE ABYSS

by John Knittel

Translated by its young author from the German, this powerful novel of the peasants in the Swiss Alps introduces a new genius comparable to Hardy and Hamsun. Dr. Joseph Collins writes: "'Into the Abyss' is far and away the best novel of the year. I fancy that Flaubert would not have been ashamed to father it. Therese is as finished a portrait as Madame Bovary." \$2.50

Scene: the village of Rudge-in-the-Vale, where the sight of "a cat stropping its backbone against the Jubilee Watering Trough" and "some flies doing deep-breathing exercises on the hot window sills" are the chief excitement till the funniest Wodehouse characters of the funniest Wodehouse novel get to work. Right-ho, pip-pip, it's a wow! \$2

 JOHN BROWN'S BODY is as fasci nating as a novel—as easy to read as a novel—and critics call it the greatest American poem! Everywhere people usually shy of poetry have discovered that here at last is a poem more thrilling than fiction—a poem of thrilling history, inspiring biography, tender, gallant romance. Its breathless pages are filled with the tramp of marching men and the magic of old battle flags and battle cries—the forest idyll of the wide-eyed woods girl and her lover in ragged blue-the story of Sally Dupré and her Georgia cavalier—the immortal figures of Lincoln and Lee, Grant and Stonewall Jackson — the tragic human sweep from Harper's Ferry to Gettysburg and Appomattox. 2000 people a week are buying it—it is nearing the 100,000 mark—it is the bestselling non-fiction book in the country, and perhaps first among the novels—

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

By Stephen Vincent Benét

\$2.50

Official lists of best-sellers are always interesting to publishers, and we believe that they are equally valuable to readers as a handy/guide to books of proven popularity. Among the 25 best-selling novels in the country, according to the latest survey of the Publishers' Weekly, are THE FOOLISH VIRGIN, by Kathleen Norris [\$2]; THE AGE OF REASON, by Philip Gibbs [\$2]; TWO FLIGHTS UP, by Mary Roberts Rinehart [\$2]; BITTER HERITAGE, by Margaret Pedler [\$2]; WIN-TERSMOON, by Hugh Walpole [\$2]; ... In non-fiction, our figures show heavy demand for Rudyard Kipling's new book, A BOOK OF WORDS [\$3]; H. G. Wells' "blue prints for a world revolution" in THE OPEN CONSPIRACY [\$2]; the heroism, chivalry adventure and humor of COUNT LUCKNER THE SEA DEVIL [\$2.50]; and as Election Day draws nearer, M. R. Werner's highly-praised history, TAMMANY HALL [\$5] ... Of the new fiction, these books seem headed for wide popularity, judging from the growing weekly sales: Mathilde Eiker's brilliant and sophisticated novel, THE LADY OF STAINLESS RAIMENT [\$2.50]; T. S. Stribling's rich, ironic story of a Tennessee town, BRIGHT METAL [\$2.50]; Leonard Nason's three tales of the A. E. F. in THE TOP KICK [\$2]... All advance reports indicate that Beverley Nichols' THE STAR SPANGLED MANNER [\$2.50], with its suave, impudent reports on Big Bill Thompson, Gloria Swanson, and other noted Americans will make the year's smartest book.



AT THE SOUTH GATE

by Grace S. Richmond

This is the glowing, heartening story of two homes—one rich, one poor . . . Pride was a luxury that Michael and Anne could not afford. So they moved into the little house, at the South Gate, near the great mansion of the Braithwaites. And between the two homes fate spun a story . . . and the author of Red Pepper Burns and Lights Up tells it as her finest yet.

BLACK COUNTRY

by Bruce Beddow

Hugh Walpole discovered this young English author, and says of Black Country: "Very remarkable indeed . . . The best novel about the English miner that I have ever read after Lawrence, but it is not all grit and gloom. In its character drawing it is exceptional. The central figure I shall never forget."

SERGEANT YORK **His Life Story and War Diary** Edited by Tom Skeyhill

Sergeant York, husky Tennessee moun-

taineer, whipped an entire German machine gun battalion, killing 28, capturing 35 guns and 132 prisoners. After the war he refused amazing offers to write, to lecture, to go in the movies. Today he tells his stirring life story because he needs funds for his mountain school, and every reader will shout "This is a man!"

DOUBLEDAY DORAN