

from THE INNER SANCTUM of
SIMON and SCHUSTER
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These lines are written early Thursday morning (seven days in advance) but for all practical purposes the week is already over . . .

In four days *The Art of Thinking* has already sold 3,398 copies, and *The Mansions of Philosophy*, *Wolf Solent*, *Believe It Or Not*, *Private Secretary* and sundry Cross Word Puzzle Books have all reached new highs by spectacular rallies.

Perhaps the clients of this column are weary of the big parade of sales statistics. (Hear! Hear!) Well, so are your humble correspondents. Before these words are in type they will be on the 7:10 train for Racquette Lake, where a guide, philosopher and friend (three persons, not one) meet them for an expedition into the tall timber.

The only books that are going along are *Afoot In England* by W. H. HUDSON, *The Stoic Philosophy* by GILBERT MURRAY, *The Sonnets of William Shakespeare*, and a 5-cent edition of *The Dialogues of Plato*. . . Not a best-seller in a carload.

—ESSANDESS

Greece Today

By ELIOT GRINNELL MEARS

HERE is a panoramic picture of present-day Hellas, emerging vigorous and re-vitalized after two decades of constant turmoil. Taking the viewpoint of the business geographer and economic historian, the author has delved into the past and present of such influential factors in Greek history as population, climate, topography, education, politics, race, and culture. His book is a vivid and engaging narrative of the Greek scene, appealing alike to the economist, the classical scholar, and the intelligent tourist. To be published soon.

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MEN AND MACHINES

By STUART CHASE

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SOMETIMES, sitting hemmed about by the clangor of New York, nostalgia seizes us, nostalgia for that world across the seas, so recently steeped in blood, still so agonizingly depleted, but preserving still its imperishable beauty of scene and heritage of art. "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." What magic in the phrase, what magic in Italy. Ah, well, others are enjoying it (we are not sad, merely rhetorical). Young H. W. Freeman, author of "Joseph and His Brethren," which Henry Holt & Company published some months ago, is among the fortunate ones. He is living in Florence, making walking trips into the surrounding country. And Leonard Bacon, whose volume of poems Harpers is to bring out in October, is about to return to his villa outside the loveliest of cities whence, when the fever seizes him, he makes flying visits to the Pinuricchios in Siena. What a life, what a life is ours, following the wanderings of writers instead of engaging in similar ones. However, after them! . . .

Marie of Rumania (who is an author as well as a queen) is staying at the royal castle of Bled in Yugoslavia, spending several hours a day writing a novel. John Drinkwater has left his English home for a lecture tour in Spain; as to whether he also is living in a castle the record is silent. But then it doesn't make much difference, since castles in Spain are immaterial. Mary Austin, on the other hand, is at work on her autobiography in Santa Fe which she declares to be the best of all possible summer resorts. Mary Roberts Rinehart, whose "The Romantics" is to be published by Farrar & Rinehart, is staying at Eaton's Ranch in Wyoming, finishing a new mystery story. We could almost write one ourselves if someone would send us to a ranch to do it. As it is, we can't stand thinking any longer about the vacations of other people. We'll have to make an end to this item before it makes an end of us. . . .

The Vanguard Press wants to know whether Hoosiers are simply more cautious than other Americans. It appears the Indianapolis Public Library has removed the dimes from its copies of "John D. A Portrait in Oils," which the Vanguard recently published for John K. Winkler. They are rather difficult to remove. We know, because we tried it. . . .

And John O'London's Weekly is inquiring whether people are still reading Scott. That we don't know; all we do know is that if they're not they should be. . . .

We are glad to see that the Viking Press is announcing for early September "Thirty Tales and Sketches," by R. B. Cunningham Graham. Graham is one of those authors whom to read is to admire. He has knowledge, vim, and sympathy, and in addition a genuine gift of style. His books on Spain and Spanish-speaking lands across the seas are among the most vivid and veracious chronicles upon them, richly tapestried and animated like his fiction. He is an author who ought to be as widely known to the general public as he is favorably so to the critics. This new volume has been culled from his works by Edward Garnett. . . .

Another book that should find a ready welcome from the public is the reissue of Oswald Garrison Villard's "John Brown, 1800-1859; A Biography Fifty Years After." It's long been a standard work on its subject, and it's a life that is as interesting as it is scholarly. Doubleday, Doran are announcing it, with a ghastly picture of a man hanging by his neck till he is dead as a fillip to their publicity. We should have preferred to use Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body" as a concomitant of the announcement. . . .

In October William Edwin Rudge is to issue a new series of books under the title The World's Masters Series. The first eight titles to be published will be Gainsborough, Rubens, Dürer, Velasquez, El Greco, Cézanne, Daumier, and Goya, so you see the range of the series is catholic. Each volume will contain twenty-four photogravure reproductions. You can get the books either in paper covers or in cloth covers with paper jackets, and they won't impoverish you either way. . . .

Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith have announced that they have secured the right to publish a biography of King George V by Sir George Arthur, and that this biography is not the one which recent newspaper

reports said have been officially banned by the authorities in England. Sir George Arthur is known in England as the biographer of Lord Kitchener and Lord Wolsey, and he was Kitchener's personal secretary when Kitchener was Secretary of State during the War. . . .

At last! Colette, whose name is as familiar to French readers as Edith Wharton's is to American, is about to make her début in English translation. A. & C. Boni is to issue her "Chéri" this week. This story of a gigolo and a woman of fifty is in its ninety-fifth edition in France, and has been widely approved by the critics as well as the general reader. . . .

John Buchan, who in addition to being a novelist, historian, and Member of Parliament, is an ardent fisherman, has dedicated his new romance, "Courts of the Morning," to his publisher, Ferris Greenslet. Mr. Greenslet, on one of the visits a year ago when he was talking to us about Houghton Mifflin books, took time off to tell us of a trip to Ireland during which he went fishing under what sounded to us like ideal circumstances. We don't know whether Mr. Buchan was along then or whether he was thrashing the waters of Scotland, so we can't tell whether he's including all parts of Britain in his generous tribute to America or only referring to portions of it. At any rate he assures Mr. Greenslet:

Your land, old friend, is one with mine,
Whate'er may hap from time or tide,
While, with St. Izaak the Divine,
We worship at the waterside. . . .

And that brings us to the startling news that you can't be sure that you're correct when you write the title of Izaak Walton's book "The Compleat Angler." A first edition copy in the British Museum has "compleat" on the main title-page, but the inner title-page has "complete," and so has every other page in the book across the top. What's more, the second edition drops the "a" even on the title-page, although the third restores it. Where does that leave you, and the 160 editions of the work that have been issued since it was written three hundred years ago? . . .

Well, perhaps instead of going to Italy, we'll make a trip to Clearfield, Pennsylvania. It should be the mecca of all publishers (not that we're a publisher), for there is a community of 10,000 souls book-loving enough to support a weekly literary page in its daily paper. If you think it's an amateurish page you better get a copy of a Thursday issue of the *Clearfield Progress*, turn to the columns edited by K. A. Hoffman, and find out for yourself how entirely mistaken you are. And we're not being laudatory just because the *Progress* was polite enough to refer to the *Saturday Review* in its column, "From Under an Eye-shade," and to quote with credit to it a certain note it had taken, without making any acknowledgment, from a foreign journal. We'll certainly have to keep Clearfield stored up in our memory against a sudden holiday. It's just the place for a balanced vacation, for besides being literary-minded it's off the main line of the railroad and wild deer may be seen on five minutes notice a mile or two from the town. . . .

But we stray from books. Dodd, Mead is to issue some time in October a life of General Sherman by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. Captain Hart was the military correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* during the World War, and has published some striking sketches of the figures who played leading rôles in it. He characterizes Sherman as "unquestionably the military genius behind the Northern success," and his analysis ought to prove interesting. . . .

General Sherman reminds us that there is another Sherman biography to appear in the Fall, this time a life and letters of Stuart Sherman, by Jacob Zeilin and Homer Woodbridge. It is to be published by Farrar & Rinehart, and if the portions of it we have read are indicative of the book as a whole, it is a work to be coveted. The letters it contains are of quite extraordinary excellence and interest, and reveal Stuart Sherman as not only the acute and illuminating critic whom the general public knew, but also as the stimulating friend and sportive commentator upon daily life whom his friends delighted in.

Au revoir.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

SHAKESPEARE, WHAT HE MEANS TO YOU. By NATHAN KAUFMAN. Raymond Book Co. 1929.

Shakespeare has meant so much to Mr. Kaufman that he has felt moved to set down some impressions in order "to show how truly one's interest in Shakespeare's works may prove a real port and happy haven along the journey of an active, if otherwise prosaic, everyday business life."

There is no question that an enthusiasm for Shakespeare is an invaluable possession, and if anyone is led by Mr. Kaufman's testimony to acquire and cherish it for himself, then the testimony has been of good service. But to a Shakespearean already sealed of the tribe it is doubtful if Mr. Kaufman has much to add to the interest to say. His impressions are quite conventional, and his commentary neither critical nor penetrative.

A few exceptions might be made in the matter of interest. On Professor Irving Fisher's very good authority Mr. Kaufman puts the purchasing value of money in Shakespeare's time at twelve times the present, and quotes Sir Sidney Lee's estimate of Shakespeare's income in the latter part of his life at about £600 (\$36,000) a year. The estimate is quite reasonably based on such evidence as there is. John Ward, vicar of Stratford a generation or two after, says that in his last years "he spent a thousand pounds (\$60,000) a year, as I have heard." Another point of interest is the mention of "Book Titles from Shakespeare," by Volney Streamer, formerly librarian of the Players Club, which in the 1911 edition lists four hundred such titles. We do not know that book and should like to see it.

THE PROFESSION OF POETRY. By H. W. Garrod. Oxford University Press. \$4.50.

THE FRENCH LITERATURE OF LOUISIANA. By Ruby Van Allen Caulfield. Columbia University Institute of French Studies.

CENTURY READINGS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edited by John W. Cunliffe, J. F. A. Pyre, and Karl Young. Century. \$4.

THE FRED NEWTON SCOTT ANNIVERSARY PAPERS. University of Chicago Press. \$5.

THE THREE HALF-MOONS. By F. W. Borcham. Abingdon. \$1.75.

THE IMPOTENCE OF MAN. By Charles Richet. Stratford. \$2.

THE IRISH DRAMA. By Andrew E. Malone. Scribners. \$4.

LAND MARKS. By Lady Bell. Liveright. \$3.50.

CONTEMPORARY ATTITUDES. Selected and edited by Kendall B. Taft, John Francis McDermott, and Dana O. Jensen. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.

Biography

THE NOVELIST OF VERMONT: A Biographical and Critical Study of Daniel Pierce Thompson. By JOHN E. FLITCROFT. Harvard University Press. 1929.

Although none of D. P. Thompson's other novels approached the fifty editions of "The Green Mountain Boys," based on the Ethan Allen saga, the sequel, "The Rangers," was not unsuccessful, nor can the student of American literature afford to neglect "Locke Amsden," a forerunner of regional fiction such as "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." Although untrained, Thompson was a natural story-teller. His historical characters are more human than most of Cooper's. He made timely use of romantic themes. And he had an honorable share, with Cooper, Irving, and Simms, in introducing the American scene into fiction.

"The Novelist of Vermont" is made up of a reminiscent introduction by Charles Miner Thompson, seventy-six pages of background and biography handicapped by "the almost total lack of documentary evidence," eighty-three pages of critical comment, "The Honest Lawyer" (a half-finished, never-before-printed novel), appendices, and a bibliography. Mr. Flitcroft has made a useful collection of most of the available evidence regarding this neglected novelist.

Fiction

THE FIFTH LATCHKEY. By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN. Appleton. 1929. \$2.

Palm prints, in lieu of finger prints, are the decisive clues which lead to the solution of this murder mystery. The dissolute son-in-law of a senator is slain with a dagger late at night, in the elder man's home near Washington, while the house is presumably unoccupied by any of its usual inmates except the victim's neuroathenic young wife. Intensely complicated secret relationships existing between the various principals involved are soon brought to light, only more deeply to obscure the main issues of the problem. The reader is not likely to fathom the murderer's identity, though, as is cus-

tomary, that person is kept constantly in full view, and without trace of suspicion until dawn of the dénouement. Despite its rapidity of action and an occasional fresh turn, we should not rate the story above the average competently-handled, moderately interesting thriller.

THIS THING CALLED LOVE. By LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM. Louis Carrier. 1929. \$2.50.

This novel is inept, confused, and often grotesquely unskillful. It is the work, apparently, of a Canadian author; the small city that is the background for the action is very much like Saint John, New Brunswick. Mr. Cunningham is trying to prove that love is mysterious, indefinable, and capricious. Well, so it is, by all accounts. The novel tells of a good woman and a bad woman and how one man was terribly bothered about what each one meant in his life. The mental and emotional disturbances suffered by this man appear to us inconclusive and very much of the "what of it?" school.

THE STOLEN MILLIONAIRE. By SELDEN TRUSS. Coward-McCann. 1929. \$2.

Subtle dirty work on the part of a blackmailing scoundrel who preys upon rich London women, the disappearance of his millionaire confederate, the sinister endeavors of the latter's Italian mistress to rescue her lover, and the redoubtable pursuit of these rogues by a pugnacious reporter, provide this mystery story with an unusual abundance of exciting incidents. The reporter, sworn to serve the millionaire's ill-used wife, is repeatedly captured by the Italian fury, but invariably escapes from her clutches and begins the fray anew. The author, who scored his initial hit earlier this year with "The Living Alibi," here follows up with a performance even more ingenious and spectacular.

Miscellaneous

THE GARDENER'S BED BOOK. By RICHARDSON WRIGHT. Lippincott. 1929. \$2.50.

It is only a matter of time before some psychologist writes of the Gardener's Complex. Perhaps it has been done in a Ph.D. thesis, buried, never to emerge, in the stacks of a reference library. The symptoms of the complex, we shall be told, are "a Love of the Green Growing Things of Earth" (the sub-title of the book under consideration), a concern for weather conditions which at times becomes an obsession; a fearless handling of worms, bugs, and insects, and an irresistible tendency to write wise reflections in a garden diary. Good people, otherwise sane, have been victims of this mild mania, and have given to the world books that are classics of their kind. Bad people have written worse books, whose only excuse for being is the relief their publication must have afforded their authors. John Evelyn, the star "hortomaniac," produced a book of perpetual delight in the "Kalendarium Hortense"; "E. V. B." (the Hon. Mrs. Boyle) published an almost equally delightful garden diary in 1884 in "Days and Hours in a Garden." Richardson Wright, whose "Truly Rural" and "Hawkers and Walkers in Early America" have won him a reading public, has done the trick again and done it differently.

"The Gardener's Bed Book" is a collection of Short and Long Pieces; there is a "Short Piece" for each day of the month, and a "Long Piece" at the end of the month. These are little miscellaneous essays, some wise, some witty, and all revealing the tastes, purposes, and prejudices of the author. At the end of each "Piece" is a crisp reminder that the demands of a garden are inexorable. "Tomorrow, and ten days later, spray current bushes for the green worm that devastated them." . . . "Begin cutting out the old canes from the blackberries and burn them." As a Bed Book, this work lacks soothing qualities; if read after retiring, the congenial gardener would never sleep; read before rising, these sharp admonitions would drive the gardener to beat the early worm to his post. The book, nevertheless is entertaining, and makes an appropriate present for a fellow victim.

JOHN HENRY. By Guy B. Johnson. University of North Carolina Press. \$2.

THE HAPPY PARTY BOOK. By Ethel Owen. Abingdon Press. \$1.

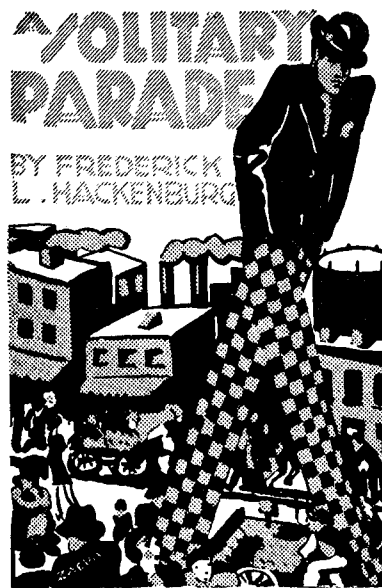
BIG GAME AND BIG LIFE. By J. Morewood Dowssett. Dutton. \$7.

SOME ITALIAN SCENES AND FESTIVALS. By Thomas Ashby. Dutton. \$2.50.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 67. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most amusing humorless excerpt from a Ph.D. thesis on "The Allegorical Aspect of Cinderella." (Entries, which must be confined to 400 words including footnotes and quotations, should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of September 23.)



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By Frederick L. Hackenburg

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There is hardly a politician who escapes the authors scathing comment, there are hundreds of amusing incidents, told in an intensely human, direct and absorbing fashion.

The book of the day at a time when New York is once more in the throes of a bitter political battle fought by the very people so shrewdly commented upon by Frederick L. Hackenburg in "A Solitary Parade."

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Edited by The Dean of Windsor and Hector Bolitho

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The first series of Lady Augusta Stanley's letters threw a new light on Queen Victoria, whom she served as her most intimate lady in waiting. These later letters are even more wonderful for the pictures they give of Windsor, Westminster and, in interludes, the Courts of Russia and Germany and, through Dean Stanley, pictures of the Vatican. Many of the letters in this work to and from Queen Victoria, have never before been published. Lady Augusta "Boswellises" many celebrities, and she herself comes out as one of the most charming and most real of all the Victorians.

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