

from THE INNER SANCTUM of
SIMON and SCHUSTER
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FRANK BUCK and BABY BOO
He Brings 'Em Back Alive!

III The best-sellers that Keep On Selling—and that goes for *PLATO* and *RABELAIS*, two promising young *Inner Sanctum* authors for whom your correspondents predict Big Things—afford the most durable satisfactions of the noun-and-adjective lottery known as book-publishing.

III In the midst of the stampede for *Hard Lines*—and a good thing, too—your correspondents wish to remind All and Sundry that among the best-sellers of yesteryear are several titles that are still Going Strong.

III The *Cross-Word Puzzle Books* are now up to *Series Eighteen*—selling better this year than the year before, and better last year than the year before—a depression-proof industry almost as stabilized as aspirin, telephones and cigarettes. . . . In their dollar-reprint editions, *The Story of Philosophy*, *Trader Horn*, *The Art of Thinking*, *Believe It Or Not*, and *Show Girl* are still Active Items on the Up and Up—known hereabouts as the Sales Manager's Delight or Babson's Last Stand. . . . And then there is that dateless classic, *Bambi*, *A Life In the Woods*—destined, apparently, to be a best-seller for the years.

III Among best-sellers of the last few months none is showing more gratifying "Back-List Vitality" [to use the jargon of the sales promotion conferences] than that robust tale of FRANK BUCK and EDWARD ANTHONY, *Bring 'Em Back Alive*.



Not since the days of *Trader Horn* and the *Cradle of the Deep*, has an adventure story from *The Inner Sanctum* received such reviews as *Bring 'Em Back Alive*. Among those who have hailed it are ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, FLOYD GIBBONS, RAYMOND DITMARS, GEORGE EASTMAN, ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE, COURTNEY RILEY COOPER, ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, HARRY HANSEN, LEWIS GANNETT, and scores of others, men of action as well as men of letters.

ESSANDESS.

**EROS
INVINCIBLE**
by Ricarda Huch

The story of a love that grew to overwhelming intensity and gained strength from being forbidden. Two families are involved in a cycle of doom as Eros strikes down the relatives who forbid the lovers to unite.



This is the masterpiece of one of the greatest women novelists in Europe. William A. Drake ranks it with *JUDE*, *THE OBSCURE* and *OF HUMAN BONDAGE*.

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WE hand a prize for the worst book-jacket we have seen recently to Farrar & Rinehart for the one adorning "The Indiscreet Years," by Larry Barretto, which is probably a swell novel, as Barretto writes very well. But from the leering face of the lady who leans greasily at one on the dust-cover we could run ten miles without feeling tired. If that is Helena Fane, the heroine, a woman, the publishers tell us "sinning according to ordinary codes," please protect us from ever meeting her! And, by the way, what about that blurb phrase "sinning according to ordinary codes?" Does it mean that just because the poor girl couldn't think up some extraordinary codes to sin by she should be censured? Most of the sinners that we know are pretty humdrum, they follow the beaten track. They go on sinning along just the same as their fathers and grandfathers before them. So it isn't fair to charge this particular lady with lack of imagination when they all have it. We ourselves have occasionally tried inventing a sin or two, but every time we did it it turned out that we were plagiarizing. Then we'd go away and sulk for days. . . .

We suppose what the blurb writer meant was that according to ordinary codes Helena was a sinner. Then why didn't he say so? Anyway we are sure that Helena is something better than "provocative" or "compelling" if Mr. Barretto wrote about her. We hate both those words. Why don't blurb writers say sometimes that a woman is provoking instead of provocative? They frequently are. Just too provoking! . . .

Also—we never can get through with the outside of this book—it is said on the back of the dust-cover that Mr. Barretto has "added a new note." That is in our anthology of awful expressions which we are carefully compiling. This is something that the publishing business as well as the advertising business has been needing for some time. One word the ladies just won't give up using, it seems from recent experiences of ours, is the word "intrigued." "I was awfully intrigued," they say, and we get awfully fatigued. How can you add a new note to "a solid record?" You can add a new drink to a liquid record, but that is dangerous, and anyway people won't allow us to speak of it. . . .

Also how can you "handle a social background" in a "tone?" But we must desist. Only, what is a "story-portrait?" It is unnecessary to say that none of these solecisms is Mr. Barretto's fault. He is a good writer, and we are glad to learn that he went to the Hoosac School, as we once went to a school that played them in baseball. We forget how many times we struck out. . . .

Gertrude Linnell, author of "The Black Ghost of the Highway," a novel concerning two American travelers in the Balkans, wrote her first novel at the age of thirteen when she was in love with a minister. It was about the conversion of a Cimbrian Princess to Christianity. This new story isn't a bit like it. Longmans, Green are publishing "The Black Ghost of the Highway," on February 18th. . . .

Which reminds us that we must apologize to Brewer & Warren for not mentioning the date of publication of *Sarah Salt's* "Strange Combat," which we mentioned last week. It is February 13th. . . .

It may be a little late, but we are printing the following Christmas acknowledgement to a friend from Mr. Joseph Lewis French. The picture mentioned in the verses is Rembrandt's "Man in Armor."

ON MR. BOWLES—HIS CHRISTMAS
GIFT TO ME

Bowles sent me for my Christmas,—not a bill,
Although I've long time owed,—and owe him still.

Nor books, nor wine, nor neckties, nor cigars,
Though each of these may loose the spirits bars.

But done in sepia on a merge of red,
A little picture of a human head.

A warrior in a large and plumed helm,
Whose front was like a shining diadem.

I've gazed upon the same till I behold
Some lost intaglio of the Age of Gold.

Look well upon this face and you will see
How War and Peace forever may agree.

The serious brow, stern lips and constant mien,
Yet gentlehood—grave purposed and serene.

"This is the Happy Warrior—this is he,
That every man in arms should wish to be." . . .

Colin Clements sends us from Beverly Hills, California, this little poem by Florence Ryerson, which we like very much.

SWEET MAN

I know the very sweetest man,
Who carries off our garbage can;
He's just as friendly as can be,
And loves to stop and talk with me;
My mother doesn't like his smell,
But then she doesn't know him well.

Uniform with the Nonesuch "Blake" and "Donne" Random House is now bringing out over here "The Selected Essays of William Hazlitt," edited by Geoffrey Keynes, and published by the Nonesuch Press in England. . . .

We saw a very nice picture of Rebecca West with her little dog in a recent *Publishers' Weekly* and started to read the caption under it as "Rebecca West's literary dog,"—only it was really, "Rebecca West's literary log," meaning "Ending in Earnest." The little dog looks to us rather like one of the elder statesmen. But then we knew a girl once who had a pekinese who looked very much like Elizabeth Barrett Browning. . . .

H. A. Manhood's new novel, and his first, as his former volume was of short stories, is called "Gay Agony," and we feel sure it will be well worth your while. The Viking Press are the publishers. . . .

There have been a lot of authors speaking at the Barbizon. And we wish to say that the reason we haven't mentioned them as speaking at the Barbizon is that if we mentioned one of them as speaking at the Barbizon we should have to mention all of them as speaking at the Barbizon. So there! . . .

We are glad that William Edwin Rudge is publishing this month *Longfellow's* "The Leap of Roushan Beg" in exact facsimile reproduction of the manuscript, together with typographic transcription. There is an introduction by Arthur Christy, and the price of the book will be about five dollars. It is a good ballad. . . .

In March the same connoisseur of good books will bring out an old favorite of ours, "The Diamond Lens and Other Stories," by Fitz-James O'Brien, with an introduction by Gilbert Seldes and illustrated by Ferdinand Huszti-Horvath. . . .

Rockwell Kent is illustrating Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" which Covici, Friede will bring out this Spring in a fifteen dollar limited edition and another one, specially bound, with an extra run of illustrations and signed by the artist, for seventy-five dollars. . . .

The Westgate Press of San Francisco announces the first publication in book form of a group of short stories, sketches, and parodies written by the late Frank Norris for *The Wave*, the famous San Francisco weekly, in the middle 'nineties. The book is of two hundred and fifty pages with a foreword by Charles Gilman Norris, Frank Norris's younger brother and the author of "Seed," etc. The format of the book has been designed by the Grabhorn Press. The price is ten dollars. The Westgate Press's address is 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California. They are also making first publication of the outspoken and witty correspondence between California's best-known poet, George Sterling, and the Coast's foremost satirist and critic, Ambrose Bierce. . . .

Random House announces as ready in April "The Time Machine" by H. G. Wells, with a new preface by Wells written especially for this edition, which is illustrated in color by W. A. Dwiggin. This story is said to be Wells's favorite, and is certainly one of ours. To judge by Dwiggin's illustrations to Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," he should do excellently also with Wells's famous story. . . .

Good night!

THE PHOENICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

The Oxonian was conversing the other day with Atticus Buskin, the well-known playwright, and the lovely Egeria at one of those "teas" in which literary column-writers are so much more interested than they are in books. (We will not use the dreadful word "columnist." It is not among the 75,000 words in the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* from which we are never separated.)

"The theatre," declared the lovely Egeria, who is Russian and very advanced, "we have outgrown the theatre."

"Yes, I am afraid we have," sighed Atticus, whose last two plays have not been received with the acclaim to which he is accustomed. The Oxonian objected. "If the theatre did not exist, it would have to be invented. What do people always talk about at lunch, tea, and dinner? Wherever two or three are gathered together the play's the thing."

Indeed, although the Oxonian tactfully refrained from saying so in the presence of Atticus, the play is so much the thing that a good play is never outgrown, even when it is several thousand years old. Witness the recent phenomenal run of the lively comedy for which the Greeks had a word, but which nobody in New York seems to know how to pronounce. (If you want to find out how to pronounce a word or settle an argument, you should own *Pronunciation: A Guide to American Standards*, by Thorleif Larsen and F. C. Walker.) The Oxonian hopes some other producer will be emboldened to give us more of the great dramas of antiquity, like those found in *Ten Greek Plays*, translated for the most part, by Professor Gilbert Murray. And they might revive some of the entertaining plays of our own language, like those in *Representative English Dramas from Dryden to Sheridan*, or the two volumes of *Eighteenth Century Comedies in the World's Classics*.

We suspect that one of the reasons why these old plays are not revived oftener is the difficulty of finding modern actors whose diction is equal to them. On this point we could not do better than quote "that genius Kate Emil-Behnke," whose remarkable little book, *Speech and Movement on the Stage*, is, says the *Service Bulletin*, "fine collateral reading for the callow aspirant or the case-hardened professional."

"An essential factor, if not the chief one," she says, "in any scheme for the regeneration of the stage lies in the training of the actor. The more closely I am associated with the dramatic profession the more certain am I that all that is needed is radical and adequate training of voice and body."

She shows that by scientific voice and body training many drawbacks that have hitherto been thought insuperable can be overcome, and that astonishing gains, not only in technical efficiency but in personal appearance, can be effected. Mr. Rives Matthews, dramatic editor of *The Billboard*, wrote the Oxonian about this delightful and instructive book: "I enjoyed it thoroughly from cover to cover."

One anecdote which she tells of the acting of Edmund Kean appeals to us particularly: "When he played 'Sir Giles Overreach' ladies were carried out in screaming hysterics, Byron fell into a convulsive fit, and Mrs. Glover (1779-1850), herself an actress of repute, fainted." It reminds us of Macaulay's famous description of the trial of Warren Hastings.

After the actor and the play comes the setting. We imagine most theatre libraries already own Albert Rutherton's *Sixteen Designs for the Theatre*, but those which do not should. The teacher of all the modern designers, as everyone knows, is Gordon Craig. His *Scene*, a collection of designs and observations, has lately been supplemented by the wonderful volume giving an account of his production of Ibsen's *Pre-tenders* at Copenhagen and including magnificent reproductions of the drawings. "The volume is as nearly perfect as design and print and paper can make it," says the *Theatre Arts Monthly*. Which reminds us that you should read *The World to Play With*, by Ashley Dukes, their London editor, which discusses the theatre from both sides of the curtain.

Now let Egeria do her worst. Thalia, we predict, will survive.

THE OXONIAN.

The Book of the Week: SPEECH AND MOVEMENT ON THE STAGE, by KATE EMIL-BEHNKE, \$3.00.

(1) \$3.50. (2) \$2.50. (3) \$3.00. (4) \$2.00. (5) 80c. each. Send for complete list. Address Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. (6) *Essays, Literary and Historical*. 1 Volume \$5.00. In the Oxford Standard Authors. Send for complete list. (7) Write for free booklet *For the Theatre Library*. (8) \$35.00. (9) \$15.00. (10) *A Production*, \$65.00. (11) \$2.50.