from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
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Publishers*, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York

"MY NAME IS JONATHAN DREW"
. . . the opening sentence of a hard-riding open-air story . . . a picaresque tale with an engaging hero . . . a fair fight . . . an unabashed romance . . . a winding river . . . and an endless highway. . . .

This column, like the new book which it hails, is dedicated "to one who has been long in city pent."

A plague, then, upon literary fashions: *here's an open-air story with a hero!*

It is called *The Strange Adventures of Jonathan Drew—A Rolling Stone*, by CHRISTOPHER WARD, ESQUIRE, of Wilmington, Delaware, and is published today for the special benefit of those modern North Americans who are hemmed in by steel and masonry, who are weary of narrow streets, tall buildings, and business conferences. . . .

For such desk-bound romantics (aren't we all?) the robust tradition of SMOLLETT, DEFOE and MARK TWAIN is a refuge beyond price, and by all the caves of Huckleberry Finn and all the flat-bottom boats of the Mississippi River your correspondents swear that beginning today a new name has been added to this noble company—that of CHRISTOPHER WARD, the author of *The Strange Adventures of Jonathan Drew, A Rolling Stone.* ($2.50 at all book stores.)

The Inner Sanctum is willing to place this wager with any open-minded and adventurous reader of this column: Ask your book-seller to show you the book; try page one; you will *have to go on*, and before you realize it you will find yourself on page twenty-two, where a paragraph like this will rivet you for the rest of the romance:

"I was nineteen years old, stood six foot in my stockings and was strong and well built as any man. I knew I had inherited my grandfather's and my father's good looks. I was a Drew all over and proud of it. I had a hundred and twelve dollars in my pocket and a girl waiting for me in Worcester. I shed no tears."

Whiskey then was three cents a glass, highwaymen roamed the roads, the frontier was right around the corner, men got their adventures, and women their thrills, face to face, not in the cathedral of the cinema, or through the crooning of a loud-speaker. . . .

Speaking of adventures and thrills, one of the most titanic Thursdays (phrase copyrighted) in *The Inner Sanctum's* history comes on a Saturday this week, when your correspondents launch *The History of the Russian Revolution*, by Leon Trotsky, translated from the original Russian by MAX EASTMAN. Any man can make history. Only a genius can write it. LEON TROTSKY has done both.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

A CONTRIBUTION to a recent issue of *The American Architect*, photographs and text being by *Charles Phelps Cushing*, presents a layman's fantasy of the towers of New York. Here is the Bush Building in West 42nd Street whose lighted summit is compared to the "Casket of the Sleeping Beauty," the Bankers' Trust Building downtown capped with a Pyramid from Egypt, the top of the New York Central Building like the "Top of a Gilded Birdcage," and the spire of the Chrysler like a "Giant Asparagus Stalk." These are all good and apt similes, though we have also thought of the Chrysler spire as a silver swordfish. The American Radiator tower, incidentally, is to Mr. Cushing "A Pile of Coal, Glowing at the Top." We shall keep these pictures and comments by us for a long time, as we are one of the ardent devotees of Manhattan's high buildings. . . .

Alfred H. P. Sayers has written to us from Chicago, sending the following tribute to a remarkable librarian:

> In the recent death of *Miss Sarah C. N. Bogle*, a high official of the American Library Association at Chicago for some years past, the library profession and those interested in the wider distribution of good books have sustained a great loss. Miss Bogle, during the period that she headed the Library School of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh from 1911 to 1920, made that school the foremost training ground for children's librarians in the country. Later in her work abroad as head of the American Library School at Paris from 1924 to 1929 she did a great deal to foster international coöperation in librarianship. A strong and capable soul has gone out from among us; her counsel will be sorely missed, and her memory will long remain green among those who were acquainted with her useful life and solid achievement. . . .

We wish to call attention to *Folk-Say: A Regional Miscellany*, published by the Oklahoma Press at Norman. This magazine is looking for manuscripts which should be in the hands of the editor, *B. A. Botkin*, the University of Oklahoma, by April fifteenth. Stories, dialogues, plays, essays, long poems or sequences of poems are in demand. The interest is in the mutual relationship of the land and the people. *Folk-Say* does not pay for contributions. . . .

To announce *Earl Chapin May's* new book on "The Circus. From Rome to Ringling," Duffield & Green have got out a most attractive broadside, bright orange in color, in imitation of the old circus handbills. The publication date of the book will be March 28th. Mr. May is the son of a circusman and was brought up in the traditions of resin-backed horses, white-faced clowns, peanuts, pink lemonade, and billowing big tops. . . .

Dale Warren of Houghton Mifflin sends us some publicity about a book he says is "one of the best novels I have read in a month of Sundays." It is "Czardas: A Story of Budapest," written by *Jeno Heltai* and translated by *Warre B. Welss*. It shows the conflict of a sensitive man with the stress, strain, and havoc of the modern world. Its imaginative force, it is said, puts it in the same vital tradition of European letters as the novels of *Thomas Mann* and *Marcel Proust*. . . .

Joseph Conrad firmly refused to write on a Chippendale desk which was in *Ford Madox Ford's* home at Winchelsea, Ford tells us in "Return to Yesterday." The desk had been given to Ford's father by *Thomas Carlyle*, and "Conrad used to pretend that if he wrote at a desk on which 'The French Revolution' had been composed, it would ruin his style!" . . .

Archibald MacLeish's latest poem which Houghton Mifflin will release this month, is the story of the conquest of Mexico, the material being taken from the official history of the Conquest by Bernal Diaz del Castillo. It is full of superb things, the most remarkable piece of work MacLeish has yet done. . . .

There are still reverberations from our publication of *Frances Frost's* poem on the Park Avenue Cat. *Alice Boorman Williamson* writes from Washington, D.C.,

> The delightful cat poem published awhile back reminds me of a catty effusion (unpublished) of my own, of a very different type, being perhaps more classical, if not more classy. I append it herewith:
>
> *MOST AMUSING*
> *My neighbor's cat across the way*
> *A predilection has for Greek;*
> *A leaning one would almost say*
> *Must be unique.*
>
> *Doubt not my strict veracity,*
> *For I can prove my words are true:*
> *She often comes and talks to me*
> *And says: "mu mu." . . .*

Lewis Carroll's one hundredth anniversary was celebrated on January 27th. E. P. Dutton & Company publish "The Collected Verse of Lewis Carroll," and also have an "Alice in Wonderland" illustrated by *Willy Pogany*. The introduction to the former, written by *Professor John Francis McDermott*, studies Lewis Carroll as satirist and *Charles Lutwidge Dodgson* as a dull Victorian mathematician. In connection with the centenary, *Laura Benét* has written for us the following tribute to one of Lewis Carroll's greatest characters:

WHITE QUEEN
(Written for the Lewis Carroll Centenary)

Lunatic monarch, to our dire dismay
"Jam yesterday" is your decree;
And "jam tomorrow" there may be,
But never "jam today."

Bless your wild genius! I would madly hurry
To meet you on a walk—
Through jungles of your topsy-turvy talk
Adore to hear you scurry.

You cannot clarify one thought, poor dear;
Yet what is normal thought?
Judgment is set at naught
When nimble nonsense whispers in our ear.

Reign, questioning and clever—
Midget, in mirth created,
Perpetually belated
And wrestling with your shawl and crown forever! . . .

We wonder when *Thurston Macauley's* eating and drinking anthology, "The Festive Board,"is to appear from Scribner's? The title of the book strikes in us a responsive chord. Besides, the Macauleys have a cat whose name is *Orlando* because he has *twice* changed his sex! He is also called *Peter Whiffle* after *Carl Van Vechten*, and he has lovely whiskers. . . .

W. Theodor Johnson informs us from Memphis, Tennessee, that he came across the following passage in a book far too much disregarded today, the "Familiar Letters of James Howell." It is from the forty-sixth letter, the sixth section, volume two of Houghton Mifflin's edition of 1907:

> There be few whom Mercury, the father of miracles, doth favour. The Queen of Sheba and the King crowned with fire are not propitious to many. He that hath water turned to ashes hath the magistracy and the true philosopher's stone. There be few of those. There be some that commit fornications in chemistry by heterogeneous and sophistical citrinations, but they never come to the Phœnix' Nest.
>
> I know you have your share of wisdom, therefore I confess it a presumption in me to give you counsel. So I rest your most faithful servitor, J. H.
>
> Westminster, 1 February 1638.

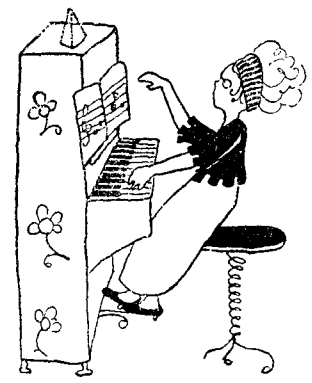
A possible moral, says Mr. Johnson, is for us not to be so heterogenous; but as we see it that is just the sort of fodder we should give you. . . .

Edgar White Burrill, Founder and Director of Literary Vespers—Glad they're not Italian!—thinks we did him an injustice sometime ago, when we spoke of his play, "Master Skylark," and said that mention should have been made of *John Bennett* who wrote the original book. Mr. Burrill's play was made by permission, we understand, and with the full coöperation of John Bennett, who receives half of all royalties. Perhaps we should have blamed the Century Company for the omission of any reference to John Bennett; and perhaps they, in turn, omitted the reference because they also publish Mr. Bennett's novel, "Master Skylark," and thought it unnecessary.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

"Now strike the Golden Lyre again
A lowder yet, and yet lowder Strain."[1]



"In the new prosperity which will follow our present disillusionment, music and the other arts, with proper direction, will flourish as they never have before in this country," declares Mr. Augustus Delafield Zanzig, Director of Music of the National Recreation Association, in his new book *Music in American Life*.

He has just finished a two-year survey of the musical life of ninety-seven representative towns and cities, and thinks that the American public is more enlightened musically and has better musical taste than ever before. This book should disprove once and for all the theory sometimes put forward that American interest in music is limited to paid performances by foreign artists.

We have always felt that the sure sign of the really musical person is that he likes popular music as well as what is generally called classical music. Mr. Zanzig confirms this opinion. "The most harmful obstacle to our musical progress," he declares, "has been the common idea that all music, musicians and music-lovers are either high-brow or low-brow, classical or popular, and 'never the twain shall meet.'" He has written a book which is not only a survey, but a manual of practical suggestions.

One practical suggestion which we should like to make is that all young people musically inclined should be provided with *The Complete Book of Great Musicians*,[2] by Percy A. Scholes and Will Earhart. So popular in America were the English versions of these books that Mr. Scholes invited Dr. Earhart, Director of Music for the Board of Education of Pittsburgh, to rewrite them for America and include a large section dealing with American composers. The illustrations will attract the attention of all young readers and the style will hold it.

We can't mention all of Mr. Scholes's delightful books on music, but we will mention his latest—*A Miniature History of Opera*.[3] "Opera," declares Mr. Scholes, "is a 'rum thing' and as such takes some explaining." But explain it he does in an interesting little outline beginning with "The Opera before the Opera" and going down to "Opera in the American colonies and in the United States."

No wise music-lover misses an addition to the *Musical Pilgrim Series*,[4] which are bound in paper and can be slipped in your pocket. Four new titles have just come out. And our friend Musicus Viator would never forgive us if we failed to mention that a fourth volume (on "Symphonies, Overtures, Concertos") has been added to that rich little series, *The Concert-Goer's Library of Descriptive Notes*,[5] by Rosa Newmarch.

Speaking of libraries, no musical library will be complete without *The Art of Accompaniment from a Thorough-Bass*,[6] by F. T. Arnold. In the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries an accompaniment founded on a *Basso continuo* was generally a necessary part of every musical performance. Consequently, to anyone who understands playing from a figured Bass an immense store-house of music is opened up which can be enjoyed in no other way.

One word more. Cecil Grey, whose *Survey of Contemporary Music*[7] you undoubtedly own, thinks that Sibelius "will ultimately prove to have been, not only the greatest of his generation, but one of the major figures in the entire history of music." He admits it is "an extreme and challenging statement"; but he has written a book to prove it.[8] Get it!

THE OXONIAN.

Our Book-of-the-Month: *Music in American Life*, by Augustus Delafield Zanzig. $3.50.

(1) John Dryden's Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Musique, 1697 (Type-facsimile Reprints.) $2.00. (2) In three parts, $1.25 each. In one volume, $3.00. (3) 75c. (4) 75c each. (5) 4 vols., $1.50 each. (6) $40.00. (7) $2.50. (8) $2.50.

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THERE are three kinds of bibliographies: good, bad, and indifferent. The indifferent far outnumber the good and the bad—this is a hazy generalization but a safe one, based on the expectation of error in any sublunar enterprise. But indifferent bibliographies enjoy one advantage which many indifferent undertakings do not—they are better than none. Even the bad bibliographies are better than none, unless they are utterly, irretrievably and irremediably bad. It is this side absurdity for a bad bibliography to be wholly wrong. And it is a little further this side absurdity for a good bibliography to be wholly right.

The bibliographer's trinity of requisites for his task are a modicum (at least) of knowledge of the mechanics of book production, familiarity with his special subject, and some measure of enthusiasm for that subject. This enthusiasm need not amount to blind or even one-eyed adoration. A bookseller, for instance, can hardly afford, for his own good and for his worth as a public benefactor, to bow down to a single god, yet booksellers have produced some of the most serviceable bibliographies that are available to the rapt devotee. The reason behind the badness of much bad bibliography is that many bibliographers bring to their task only the last of these three requisites, and if one requisite must be dispensed with, the last is the one. There was recently issued in England a "bibliography" of a living English author the compiler of which marveled at the signature marks which he found at regular intervals throughout the text (he even failed to notice that they occurred at regular intervals). Doctors, lawyers, motorists and peddlers must have licenses; firemen, policemen, letter-carriers, soldiers, sailors and marines must pass certain examinations. But bibliographers need not to be licensed or to undergo examinations. Paper, pen, ink, access to a few books, and the itch to be at it—these sometimes are the sole weapons in their armories, and therewith, paradoxically, they can inflict greater havoc than if they were fully accoutred.

The reason for the badness of much bad bibliography is that the compiler is performing his disservice only to pleasure himself. Such concentrated subjectivity, in some departments of human activity, produces beneficent results—Coleridge did not write "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" as an S. P. C. A. tract. And out of this negative the general positive thesis can be advanced that a bibliography is likely to be accurate and serviceable according to the intelligent measure to which the compiler plans it with a certain clearly defined audience in view.

That audience, in perfect instances, should be broad enough to include the student (casual or concentrated), the collector, and the bookseller. The two last may be on different sides of the fence, but it is the same fence. The collector as collector (to distinguish him from the collector as reader) is interested in externals, in the romantic husks of books. He already knows, or should know, their withins, and he consults his bibliography in order to know their withouts.

It is safe to venture another generalization: that the utility of a bibliography is likely to increase according to the breadth of its plan. The bibliography designed purely for the collector is apt to be the poorer bibliography. It is not quite so safe to carry this premise to its logical conclusion; namely, that the closer a bibliography approaches serviceability to a general audience, the better bibliography it should be. Yet it is possible to cite excellent bibliographies that are at the same time books to be read almost as much as they are books merely to be consulted. Stuart Mason's bibliography of Oscar Wilde (published in London in 1914, a post-war and probably propter-war remainder, and now a reasonably scarce and deservedly sought-for manual) is such a book. Comprising some six-hundred pages, it is as exhaustive as skill and research could make it, and it is so copiously documented that it can be dipped into with zest and relish even by one whose carotid trips no faster at sight of the first edition of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" than at sight of the tenth.

Any properly compiled bibliography offers a superb conspectus of the development of the fledgling scribbler into an authentic spokesman of his day—offers a more significant, comprehensive, and comprehensible panorama of his growth than does the most ample and painstaking biography. Where more graphically than in Mrs. Livingston's compilation can one trace the Kipling of "Schoolboy Lyrics" to the Kipling of "The Jungle Books" and "Kim?" A glance through Evans presents an admirable lightning-flash survey of the cultural growth of America to the end of Washington's presidency. The curious posthumous Odysseys of Thoreau's manuscripts transcend in romantic interest any chronicle of the external incidents of his life, and any Thoreau biographer who goes into the story must thereby innocently encroach on a field already properly pre-empted by Allen's bibliography. A good bibliography is itself a biography—not merely a birth-record of books, but a life-history of books that have put on immortality.

J. T. W.

A Rare Book

The Thousandth Coxton Head Catalogue, apropos the rare first edition of "The Boke of Common Prayer" which it lists, says: "The first Prayer Book of Edward VI was issued in several editions and issued by Whitchurch and Grafton in 1549. This retained much of the nomenclature of the old religion such as altar, Mass, Priest, etc., and in other respects was not satisfactory to the reforming spirits of the age. During 1551, and possibly in 1550, a Commission appointed not by Parliament or by Convocation but deriving its authority from the King, drew up a revision of the Book of Common Prayer on more Protestant lines. It was presented to the House of Commons, and on the 15th April, 1552, an Act was passed for the uniformity of public worship on the lines of the revised Book which was annexed to the Act. Immediately on the passing of the Act the Second Prayer Book of Edward VI was sent to the press. Edward Whitchurch and Richard Grafton were each ordered to print editions. Printing (and presumably publishing) went on until late in September, when the Privy Council sent a letter to the printers (on the 26th) ordering them to refrain from uttering more copies until certain faults had been corrected. This was evidently done on instruction from some higher authority, as on the 27th Oct. the Privy Council ordered a letter to be sent to the Lord Chancellor to cause to be joined into the Book of Common Prayer lately set forth a certain Declaration signed by the King's Majesty touching the kneeling at the receiving of the Communion. (Steele, Tudor and Stuart Proclamations, I, 417, Acts Privy Council IV, 154). As, by the Act of Uniformity, the new book was ordered to come into use by All Saints Day (Nov. 1) there can be very little doubt that the majority of copies had been distributed by the end of October, and these of course lacked the new Declaration. The printers on receipt of the order from the Lord Chancellor printed the Declaration (ever after known as the Black Rubric) on a single leaf, inserted it in all copies of the Book then in stock, and no doubt attempted to distribute it to previous purchasers. As a result only one or two copies are known to exist, but for historical purposes a facsimile copy is generally added to the few copies of the Prayer Book that are known. In later issues of the 1552 folio (the quartos all probably belong to 1553) the Black Rubric is printed in the text at the end of the Communion Service.

"It is difficult to decide which is the first issue out of the two editions and perhaps six issues by Whitchurch, but the point may be made that the issue with the collation running to CC8 is certainly later than the issue running to BB12, as a copy of the former exists in the British Museum with the Black Rubric in the text. Further it might be said that a copy without the Black Rubric at all belongs to the first issue prior to Oct. 27, 1552. The collation of the present copy runs as follows: $a^8b^6a^2A^6$—$R^8S^6AA^8BB^{12}$, and therefore belongs to the earlier issue. It does not possess the leaf of the Black Rubric, but a facsimile has been inserted. It, however, has the two leaves containing the Act of Uniformity, which are even rarer than the Book itself.

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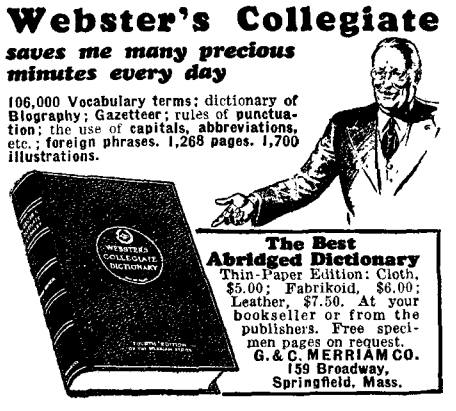

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