

from THE INNER SANCTUM of
SIMON and SCHUSTER
Publishers, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York



Mid-summer Memorabilia:
Until further notice, this column goes on a fortnightly basis. . . *Little Man, What Now?* sales figures for the last three weeks are 1921 . . . 2381 . . . 2473 . . . The trend is UP . . . Two theatrical producers have inquired for the dramatic rights to *What Next, Little Fellow?* and *Little Man, Poor Thing* . . .

The office wag of *The Outer Sanctum* says the best-seller list these days looks like the game of *Fallada Leader* . . . *The Inner Sanctum* congratulates *Random House* in acquiring the book rights to EUGENE O'NEILL, and *Farrar and Rinehart* on the spectacular acclaim for *Anthony Adverse* . . . Judging from the sales charts, the newspaper headlines, the brisk trade at Brentano's, the New Deal is definitely here . . . Also the new deck and the new game . . .

Until the next column appears two weeks from today, and with best wishes for a HAPPY FISCAL YEAR, your correspondents have the honor to remain

—ESSANDESS.



This is

HANS DUFFY

She's owner of the most devastatingly wicked wit we've seen between book covers. She has written a novel that has left English society gasping and English critics cheering:

SEVEN BY SEVEN

The tragi-comedy of bell-mouthed Lady Cadmium and her six children. It's the novel that does for Anglo-American aristocracy what Sinclair Lewis did for the Babbitts.

\$2 and published by Morrow

Christopher Morley

says:



"If all series of reprints except one were to be deleted from the shelves of this planet, the one to be preserved should be the World's Classics of the Oxford Press. In editorial choice and in compact physique these are luggage for posterity. They are the Gold Standard, and no spiritual financier can suspend them."

A Few Morley Favorites:

- | | | |
|-----|------------------------|------------------------------------|
| No. | | |
| 7 | <i>Keats</i> | Poems |
| 356 | <i>Jane Austen</i> | <i>Persuasion</i> |
| 200 | <i>Alexander Smith</i> | <i>Dreamthorp</i> |
| 316 | <i>Wilkie Collins</i> | <i>The Moonstone</i> |
| 334 | <i>Fielding</i> | <i>Joseph Andrews</i> |
| 289 | <i>Trelawny</i> | <i>Adventures of a Younger Son</i> |

THE WORLD'S CLASSICS

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114 Fifth Avenue New York

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

The browsing assembly of Quercus Associates and Contributors expects to produce, from time to time, sketches of well known bookstores, to be printed in these columns. The first of these Quercus presents this week—a contribution by Mr. Hale Willis, who is hereby elected a member of the *Trade Winds* staff of roving reporters.

WHEN WE GO TO NEW YORK

If the evening be too warm, the radio dull, if theatre and motion picture fail to tempt, one door is always open till ten: Dauber & Pine, Booksellers. Walk down to 66 Fifth Avenue, just above Twelfth Street. Mr. Dauber is waiting with a soft word or an authoritative hint; Mr. Pine is ready to take your greenback—unless you be a browser; browsers are never disturbed.

For Mr. Dauber is the Optimist, Mr. Pine the Pessimist. Together they have succeeded in gathering a distinguished patronage. Robert W. Chambers, artist and author, Will Durant, critic of philosophy, J. Brooks Atkinson, dramatic critic, Joseph Hergesheimer are a few who frequent and know it of old.

If some classification of bookstores must be made—and one should be made, in order to guide the unfamiliar to the proper Gotham shop for the particular book—it could be said that Dauber & Pine is the bookshop notably for Americana. Mr. Everitt holds sway over the peculiarly rich collection of Americana, a man in the game forty years, one who might be termed an authority on early American editions, familiar both with the rare and common works in native history, lore, genealogy.

Nevertheless, the compass of the store is wide. The street-floor houses late books—fiction, non-fiction, travel; and if one stop here nothing will be found but the usual well-stocked bookstore; it is down the Dauber & Pine steps that the curious will go.

The *sanctum sanctorum* (containing the desks—with ashtrays—of Mr. Dauber and Mr. Pine) is downstairs, to the right; and it holds first editions and "curiana"; curious tomes both bright and dog-eared.

The impression must not be conveyed that only comparatively expensive books are the rule at Dauber & Pine. The central basement of the shop is lined with books culled from private collections—big and little collections, cheap and rare, substantial and frothy, all bunched gaily under subject matter: Art, Architecture, Anthropology, and so forth. Books on customs, mores, and ethnology of races are numerous.

But the nook—a large nook—leading from the basement shop, is the heart of the store. "Americana." Presided over, as we have said, by Mr. Everitt, friend of the great and near-great, gods and half-gods. The late Mr. Huntington, founder of the stately Huntington Library in Pasadena, California, railroad man and landowner; then there is Dorothy Dix; and Franklin D. Roosevelt. . . . By his desk is a safe: here are the really valuable books; there are ghosts in them, and the mere collection of each diary, history, chronicle of the plains, bears a strange tale. There was the biography of Lincoln, a campaign history, which bibliophiles had never listed—knew nothing about. Everitt bought up a man's library and carted it away post-haste; happened never to get the man's name; and when it was unpacked, eighteen odd copies, paper-bound, of the earliest biography of Abraham Lincoln were found in the corners of the packing case—used as stuffing.

Mr. Everitt will give the information that the fundamental life of Lincoln, for source material, is the one written by Lincoln's law partner, William H. Herndon; it is somewhat rare because when it was printed, in 1860, it enjoyed only a small sale and was soon shelved by the publisher.

He might even show you old Captain Caleb Davies's Diary. Poor Caleb was imprisoned for well over two years for a trivial debt, and the diary was in the nature of a grievance as well as a record. Captain Caleb, between 1714 and 1741, traded with the Spaniards in America, but unfortunately he has less to say about this rich store of adventure than about his time in jail.

He could tell you about the days of—well, where did your grandfather pioneer? . . . Was it in Texas? It so happens

that the two most valuable source books on one phase of the early southwest settlement are also the raciest—

"Commerce of the Prairies, or the Journal of a Santa Fé Trader," by Josiah Gregg; J. & H. G. Langley, 1845. (Mr. Everitt possesses a presentation copy of this book.)

"Narrative of the Texan Santa Fé Expedition. . . . Capture of the Texans & Their March as Prisoners, to the City of Mexico," by George Wilkins Kendall; Harper & Bros., 1844; in 2 vols.

But the emphasis on Americana never obscures the other departments—the second-hand books downstairs and along the staircase; or the well-stocked new book department on the main floor, complete with circulating library. And if it should happen that the book you want is not in stock, they can send across the street to Baker & Taylor, the wholesalers, in five minutes.

Improvement of the book business was spot news on the wires of the United Press last week. *Anthony Adverse* is breaking records and making some amusing anecdotes of its own. One bookseller reports a customer actually waiting at the door for the shop to open, so that he could come in and buy a copy. Phil Kubel, of Robinson's in Los Angeles, ordered 600 copies in advance. On publication day he made an inspired window, put badges on all his clerks reading, "Birthday of Anthony Adverse," and sold 357 copies before the day was over.

Among the many book trade anecdotes in *At John Murray's*—George Paston's story of the famous publishing house from 1768 to the present—Quercus finds the following of special timeliness: "In 1852 . . . trouble arose over a bookseller, a certain Mr. Bickers, who was accused of underselling his colleagues. The publishers allowed the retail booksellers a big discount, but it was expected that all books should be sold at the published price. The enterprising Mr. Bickers passed on part of his discount to his customers, with the result that he was boycotted by the trade. . . . The following spring the matter was referred to arbitration. Just before the arbitrator's decision was to be announced, Gladstone made a strong speech in the House 'against the booksellers,' whom he blamed for charging 'exorbitant prices.' Gladstone's oratory seems to have confused matters, for the arbitrator's decision is not reported.

As the open-air bookshelves conducted by the Hop Light ladies increase and multiply in the parks of New York, Quercus receives word that the Public Library of Montclair, N. J., has opened a Left Bank Library on the terrace. The books in the outdoor stalls are wrapped in bright colored Durapak paper—the kind used for cooking vegetables—to protect them from rain.

Quercus was interested in the Fifty-eighth Annual Convention of the National Amateur Press Association, held in New York over the Fourth of July. Members are boy editors who operate hand presses. Alumni include Brooks Atkinson, dramatic critic of the *Times*; Earnest Elmo Calkins, the advertising specialist; and the late Charles Scribner.

The Yale Club of New York announces an exhibit of first editions, autograph letters, and an autograph manuscript of John Ruskin, loaned by the Yale University Library Association for a six-week display. The announcement lists many interesting items, but doesn't say whether the exhibit is for the eyes of Elis only. This is the first literary event at the Yale Club Quercus has heard of since the time when a young lady with a new job in a publishing house mistook the place for a hotel and tried to get a room there.

The Associated Library Exchange, 15 West 44th Street (room 1004) had a good idea—a Treasure Hunt. Among their large stock of books at 50c each, every day in some volume is inserted a certificate (signed by "Captain Kydd") entitling the finder to a choice of any five books free.

Bassett Jones, who used to be a technocrat, is reported as having taken a linotype machine apart in order to demonstrate to the compositor its inadequacy for setting up the text of his new book, *Debt and Production*, published by John Day.

A PERSONAL MESSAGE

to readers of
The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

TWO WEEKS AGO we wrote in this news corner about a novel which, though published before, we considered so important as to be worth the risk of trying to bring it to a much wider audience by re-publishing.

This was Vardis Fisher's starkly beautiful chronicle of a boy's life to 18 years, in the Snake River Valley of Idaho—first issued last December by the Caxton Printers, Ltd.

Since our ad appeared, an increasing number of critics have, for the second time, turned their attention to this book, for, as Robert Cantwell, author of *Laugh and Lie Down*, writes in *The New Outlook*, "it is gaining a sort of subterranean reputation among the people who watch for emerging talents."

This is undoubtedly true, and we are happy to note the discovery spread. Because *IN TRAGIC LIFE* is a difficult book to advertise. It is not the sort of novel which can be advertised to an indiscriminate public. In fact, we are leaving it up to readers of *The Saturday Review*. We shall bring our enthusiasm exclusively to you hereafter, about this book, though we hope that you will not simply take our word for its quality. Rather, take some of the fine things—and the challenging things—that have been said about it, since its re-publication:

Here is a novel, says TURNER ROSE of the University of Virginia, which "for size of conception, for simplicity and skill of execution, for beauty of language and imagery, and for fine human sympathy, stands out above current literature as one of those volumes which have the potentialities of greatness."

"*IN TRAGIC LIFE* is a bitter record which holds great promise," says the PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER, though doubting that "the book will be sold in Boston."

HARRY EMERSON WILDES, of the *Public Ledger*, is frank in still registering a vote against the book, because, as he writes, "for every reader who finds pleasure in it, a hundred will be bruised and shocked." But Mr. Wildes adds that "the message is one of triumph in the end."

The BOSTON TRANSCRIPT takes the attitude that "if the author had done nothing better than to make parents training-conscious, he would have done humanity a great service." As for its literary quality, this critic says, "*IN TRAGIC LIFE* is a penetrating task, beautifully and sensitively accomplished."

So with the reviewers, while booksellers continue to recommend *IN TRAGIC LIFE*, with careful consideration of their readers. GUY R. TURNER, of St. Louis, says, "Double-day, Doran hasn't published anything as good since *OF HUMAN BONDAGE*. It is superb, a real achievement in American literature. I figure that the younger crowd will hit it hard, those who go after Faulkner, Wolfe, Dos Passos, etc."

Of this one thing we are sure: that whether you discover Vardis Fisher now, with *IN TRAGIC LIFE*, or later, as the other novels in his tetralogy are published and receive more general recognition, you will rejoice in the experience, for you will have looked momentarily into the terror and wonder of existence, and you will be humbled, chastened and profoundly moved.

VARDIS FISHER IN TRAGIC LIFE

At all shops . . . \$2.50
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