

# If you think we, the publishers are too enthusiastic about this BOOK

**Coming JUNE 4th**

• A first novel which has given infinite delight to critics and readers alike in England.

• One day this manuscript slipped under our door unheralded in that timid and unassuming manner some first manuscripts have.

• We knew nothing of its success. It was so delightfully different, so refreshing and so outrageous that it took us all by storm.

**STRIPLINGS**

By N. Warner Hooke

**DUTTON \$2.50**

It's quite impossible to tell you what it's all about without running the danger of giving you a wrong impression. We are not even going to quote from the enthusiastic reviews.

It may be too outlandish for some of you. If, occasionally, it does bring a blush to your cheek, we apologize and ask your forgiveness.

It's the most pleasant bit of publishing we have almost ever experienced.

—read what this Book-seller has to say:—

Dear Mr. Macrae:

I took home "Striplings" last night together with a few other miscellaneous titles, intending to scan them rather casually and with no idea in mind that any of them could be of any account.

With some misgivings I picked "Striplings" out of the lot. And was I surprised! I got a chuckle on page 12, a loud laugh on page 56 and a constant stream of guffaws from then on. And the little injections of adolescent pathos bring you up sharply while in the midst of a snicker.

There have been many attempts to recover, in recent novels, the peculiar quality of the famous "Constant Nymph." Shades of Helen's Babies! If this priceless pair is not the 1934 version of these outrageous kids, what are they?

I don't predict often, but if you can get book-sellers to read "Striplings," you should get a 50,000 sale. It is easily the first "natural" lap since "One More Spring," and seller's lap since "One More Spring," and believe me, all our readers of that book are going to get "Striplings"!!!

Cordially yours,  
(signed) G. R. Turner

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DOUBLEDAY DORAN BOOK SHOPS, INC.  
310 North Eighth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

● Spontaneous enthusiasm of this kind is coming in from all parts of the country.

**DUTTON**

## Scientific Eating

**HAY DIETING.** By Josephine Boyer and Katherine Cowdin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. \$3.

**WHY DIE BEFORE YOUR TIME?** By Henry Smith Williams. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1934. \$2.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

HERE are two books which despite the fact that they are equally and primarily concerned with the tantalizing subject of food, represent differences of temperament as wide as are the differences between Béchamel sauce and the ordinary "white" variety of the American dinner. The first, if you are of those whose gustatory imagination has been heightened by long reading of cookbooks, will leave you smacking your lips in sensuous anticipation; the second, especially if you are nearing or past fifty, will cause you to gird your loins to fight anew those betraying taste-buds whose pernicious cultivation according to Dr. Williams has been the most destructive of all civilization's gifts. Read them together and you are plunged into the old controversy between the sybarites and the ascetics.

Of Dr. Hay's researches in food chemistry, this reviewer must confess to knowing nothing. His theory that the source of all physical well-being lies in the mere keeping of the proteins and carbohydrates as cleanly separated as were the Biblical sheep and goats, in a diet where fruit and vegetables predominate, has all the allure of painless dentistry. And if experience, and a little knowledge of organs other than those of digestion, render us skeptical, such cynicism in no wise invalidates the delight in this ingenious cookbook compiled by two of his disciples. If this be dieting, by all means let us have more of it! Rarely will one find more tempting menus; rarely so many delectable and out-of-the-ordinary recipes. Let not the title, you unbelievers, inhibit you. The chapter on Sunday night suppers will be found invaluable to those who, like this reviewer, regard these informal repasts as the supremely pleasant meals of the week. Indeed no food contingency has been overlooked. Do you plan a trip in your private airplane? On page 313 you are told what to take and warned to provide yourself with your favorite chewing-gum. The suggestion that like most short cuts to health, Dr. Hay's is designed for fortune's favorites, is likewise borne out by the more than liberal use of butter, cream, wines, raisin-juice, etc. But that this is no depression cookbook, is all in its favor. We have plenty of the thrifty type in our cupboards. Only when one reads the advice to the over-fat does one pause. A gentle warning is offered; a page of menus for reducing if you must. Yet we detect the danger of a sense of false security in the opening sentence of that chapter. "Try to follow these rules and you will lose pounds." No, our advice to the fat and forty is to leave this cookbook alone! Instead we recommend that they buy Dr. Williams's "Why Die Before Your Time?"

Dr. Williams is convinced that our span of life is determined not by our ancestral genes, but by what we put into our stomachs. He is indeed in hearty sympathy

with the ancient Count Cornaro, whom he often quotes. "The food we eat does not do us so much good as that which we do not eat." It is a lean fare we are offered here, but the prize is a long life and a lively one. The book bristles with optimism for the middle-aged. "Eighty is an easy goal." "Zest in living is the *sine qua non* of the art of living long." We are offered a most encouraging list of geniuses who have far outlived their normal expectancy, and, best of all, despite Dr. Osler, have remained "creative" in their work to the last. The rules of the game sound simple enough for so great a reward. Once again comes the warning to beware the dangerous proteins, to watch scales and foodlists, to exercise according to your taste ("you can balance your health ledger as effectively by eating less as by exercising more"), to keep your brain at hard work, to eliminate worry, to have a hobby, but above all to eat less, and less. How do this, and yet eat enough, is the main purpose of the book, and somehow or other Dr. Williams makes it an inspiring purpose. The chapter on hobbies is as stirring as a trumpet call.

Yes, it is sad that one usually reaches the middle years before one stops to recognize the esthetic joys of the table; and it is indisputably true that having renounced many a noble feast your renewed and invigorated body may be struck down by an automobile while you are munching a carrot with several years yet to go. The good doctor merely retorts "Whether the game is worth the candle is for you to decide."

## A Modern Victorian

**THE READER'S BROWNING: Selected Poems.** Edited by Walter Graham. American Book Co. 1934. \$2.25.

Reviewed by JOSEPH E. BAKER

CONTEMPORARY critics have subjected Browning to a more thorough reinterpretation than any other Victorian poet, since it has been necessary to extricate the artist from much "rub-bish" of false worship. "It is doubtful whether (the Browning Societies) ever discovered his peculiar genius," declares Professor Graham, who definitely takes his stand with recent criticism and reinforces it by making use of the scholarly research of the last thirty years—though to do this he does not find it necessary "to bury Browning in footnotes." He presents Browning as one of our modern poets, reminding us that his style, realism, and individualism place him in the company of Masfield, Kipling, Hardy, Housman and Eliot, rather than with his own contemporaries Tennyson, Rossetti, Arnold, and Swinburne. Eighty of Browning's poems are included complete, plus about a hundred pages of selections from "The Ring and the Book." The volume is of convenient size, very neat and attractive in appearance, and the print is large. (Has not fine print done more to kill "the classics" than all the ravages of time?) The notes and the eleven-page biographical sketch emphasize the influence on his poetry of Browning's great romance, and his interest in all forms of art, including music, painting, architecture, and sculpture.

## Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	Label	Contents	Flavor
THE GLASSY POND F. Wright Moxley (Coward-McCann: \$2.)	Novel	This strange story of a murderer is by all means the best the author's done. Opening upon a scene of cold-blooded killing in a smart suburban setting, the past of the man responsible is unfolded through subsequent events. It is not a mystery.	Recommended
TILL PASSION DIES Sidney Fairway (Kinsey: \$2.)	Romance	Brilliant doc whose pedigree listed a disturbing number of crack-pots finds himself in love and worried about transmission of the ancestral taint.	Deeping
A HOUSE ON A STREET Dale Curran (Covici-Friede: \$2.)	Novel	Ex-bond-salesman, socked by depression, finds job managing typical Greenwich Village remodelled apartment house. Change of his viewpoint by new associations brings love and peace he had not felt before. This is a serious attempt which lacks force but remains a passable time-killer.	Okay
I WILL BE FAITHFUL Kathleen Shepard (King: \$2.)	Light Novel	Miss Shepard's heroine is the Social bud who, tiring of it all, crashes the newspaper game. Just lots of action with a love interest thrown in for girls young and old.	Fudge



# The PHOENIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

## ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

IT seems to me appropriate that I head this week's department, which will be more or less devoted to poetry, with the following lines that have come to me from "way up-town on the west side." The author is one Charles L. Todd, and I think his doggerel verses fairly well express the present status of poetry in America.

## TEA WITH AN EDITOR

Jeffers sulks alone in California,  
Bawling the pathetic fallacy of rocks;  
Hart Crane is gone, and Aiken's megalomania  
Has taken on the subtlety of clocks.

Of course, we have the younger set about,  
(Some critic caught a gleam from Dillon once.)

But where is Frost? Why doesn't someone shout,  
"Hey, Mending Wall!" . . . and Sandburg simply grunts.

In England someone wrote "The Land"—  
who'll care?

Marsh laments the Georgians; Gibson, well,  
A family, you know . . . and De la Mare  
Is through. Blunden still holds by the asphodel.

There's some hope in the Irish! Macy's sold

Six Yeats in a single day. As for the rest,  
Stephens finds water in his crock of gold;  
Campbell's down on Riverside—he knows best!

So runs the talk . . . "Alas for Rupert Brooke!"

His face alone spoke finer verse than these."

It's so, my dear, they simply write a book,  
Grow fat and bald and form societies.

Ah yes, it's plain that poetry is dead;  
We'd best be off to find another trade;  
Relinquish Yeats, read Stuart Chase instead;  
Find loves more relevant, less retrograde.

Yet see, I smile a bit, grow fatuous;  
Say, "This is so," and "that is surely so"—  
Say, "True, good sirs, the blight has come on us . . ."

A toast to poor John Keats before we go!"

But when it's said, I'll find that secret place

Where you are waiting, arrogantly wise;  
And I shall write ten sonnets to your face,  
And twenty more in praise of your two eyes.

If you connect poets at all with food and drink and do not believe that they all grow spectre-thin and die, you may be interested to know that an old friend of mine, Henry Chapin, who used to live at Boar's Hill writing poetry in the shadow of Masefield, is now editing *Wine and Good Living*, a periodical devoted to the art of hospitality and the enjoyment of leisure, sponsoring wine from the consumer's standpoint. Mr. Chapin grows his own vineyard and has made a study of grape-culture and wine-making in France and America. The address of his magazine is 116 East 59th Street. . . . Garçon, a bottle of Burgundy!

Recent books of particular interest are "Dream and Action," by Leonard Bacon, and "Wine and Physic," by Alexander Laing. Harper publishes the one, Farrar & Rinehart the other. I don't care much for "and" titles; but Leonard's poem is the amazing story of Arthur Rimbaud, adventurer, trader, soldier, and poet, and includes a translation of Rimbaud's celebrated "Le Bateau Ivre." Alexander Laing is concerned about another matter, namely the Fate of our Language. In "Wine and Physic" he gives us six essays about it, and a long poem, "The Flowering Thorn." . . . It is quite natural that the recent Pulitzer awards should have resulted in a discussion of possible candidates for such prizes. Several people have asked me what poets I thought might be in line for the poetry award in future—though that would depend, of course, upon what books were published within the given year. I submit the following poets as, by the body of their work already published, worthy of the award, if, during the next year, they publish a new book maintaining their standard. I would choose first the most in-

credible omissions made by the Pulitzer Poetry Committee. First and foremost, why has Carl Sandburg never received the award, when he is widely acknowledged as one of our finest poets? Why, upon the occasion of the publication of her collected poetry was not the award conferred posthumously upon Elinor Wylie, as it was upon Amy Lowell? Everybody acknowledges that Elinor Wylie now ranks among the very few American poets of positive genius. It is incredible that her collected work should have been overlooked. It is equally incredible that so outstanding a poet as Robinson Jeffers, a man beside whom most of the versifiers of the day look like pygmies, should not ere this have been awarded the Pulitzer Prize, except that probably he is so big that the little judges, standing in his ample shadow, can't see him at all. The poetry committees seem to have been as flighty as children in picking poets during those few years when they weren't awarding the prize either to Edwin Arlington Robinson or to Robert Frost. Those were safe bets; but the time came when some sort of halt had to be called. Well, allow me to suggest that the judges read the collected works of the following: for it should be a duty of theirs really to become acquainted with such poetry as has been written in America during the past quarter century. Let them read, for instance, John G. Neihardt's "Song of the Indian Wars," and be confounded, as I am, that it never received the prize. Let them read that poem on the Christ theme, "Firehead," by Lola Ridge, one of the most astounding books ever written by a woman in America. (Probably they never heard of it!) Let them consider the work of such women as Genevieve Taggard, Winifred Welles, and Léonie Adams, the work of such men as Joseph Auslander, Leonard Bacon, and George O'Neil. Those are merely a few suggestions. . . . Edwin Björkman is far better known as a critic and translator than he is as a poet, but Burnley Weaver at The Gollifox Press in Biltmore, North Carolina, has published at two dollars "The Wings of Azrael," by Edwin Björkman, in paper covers and an otherwise beautiful format. The poem is of interest. . . . A special scout of mine, *The Saturday Review's* valuable Mr. Louis Greenfield, reports upon the open-air-poetry market in lower New York:

With frail and poetic strength some thirty-odd Bohemian bards hoisted Mount Parnassus on their shoulders and moved into the heart of Greenwich Village at Washington Square S. to open their second annual outdoor poetry exhibition May 20th in conjunction with National Poetry Week. The show is under the leadership of Francis McCruden, founder of The Raven Poetry Circle of Greenwich Village.

The various productions of these bards are mounted on colored stock, neatly typed and tacked on a high board fence that encloses an excavated plot long forgotten. That in addition to following the Muse the poets have sound fundamentals in salesmanship is evidenced by the numerous ballyhoo signs that urge buying a sonnet, lyric, or a simple thing in experimental verse for a quarter a throw. One bold, bad bard went so far as to offer himself with any poem chosen for \$25 and up. A comradely spirit pervades the airy market and the absence of professional animosities lend gayety and fun to the project.

John Cabbage, "The Poet of the Dump," is one of the more famous of the outdoor group exhibiting this year. John has written a book, "8 Bells," in addition to reams of verse that has received some favorable comment. Mr. Cabbage, however, doesn't depend upon his verse for a livelihood. He is a member of the New York Department of Sanitation and steers the garbage scow from New York harbor into the sea. Consequently much of John's verse has to do with the sea, sailors, and boats. John Masefield is one of his pals. Mr. Cabbage's style is simple and lyrical, and on some occasions extremely practical. His Fulton Street poem ends with:

Back to the sea now we have to dump you  
Instead of eaten up by men—  
From fancy dishes—white, pink and blue—  
You will be eaten up by sea-gulls and fishes.

John Cabbage sold two of his books and knocked off 70c in sales on miscellaneous verse on opening day.

Join us on  
this voyage of discovery—

THIS book will not be published for three weeks. In the meantime let us send you, without charge, an autographed copy of THE AUTHOR'S NOTEBOOK as an introduction to this fascinating text. As in the case of ANTHONY ADVERSE just a year ago, the publication of this book has been postponed to June 26 because it is the Literary Guild selection for July. Write to Farrar & Rinehart, 232 Madison Avenue, New York.

## Stars Fell On Alabama

by CARL CARMER

LITERARY GUILD SELECTION FOR JULY

DO YOU remember The Vanished Poms of Yesterday? Here is a book equally delightful, the charming and audacious memoirs of the early life of Lord Berners, composer and painter. LONDON TIMES: "Sharp and sweet, wicked yet wise." HUGH WALPOLE: "A book of oddity and wisdom." COMPTON MACKENZIE: "Enchanting." \$2.50

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## Wine and Physic

by ALEXANDER LAING

FARRAR AND RINEHART