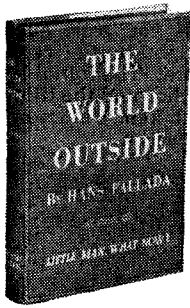


from THE INNER SANCTUM of
SIMON and SCHUSTER
Publishers, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York



HANS FALLADA's new novel,
published today

THE *The Inner Sanctum* has just published the new novel by HANS FALLADA, the author of *Little Man, What Now?* It is called *The World Outside*, and in the highly prejudiced judgment of Your Correspondents (rendered to the accompaniment of a small noise, as of an ax grinding), it is as moving, as honest, and as beautifully-written as that earlier work which tugged at the heart-strings of two continents.

THE There is no more cruel test for a novelist than the first book after a critical triumph and best-seller of world renown. HANS FALLADA has met that test.

THE A Pomeranian farmer by occupation and *ein kleiner Mann* by sympathy, HANS FALLADA writes to *The Inner Sanctum* that only over plowed fields does he walk surely and happily. Only by adoption is he a man of letters. Unaffected by the glory and homage that greeted *Little Man, What Now?*, unaffected by the translation of his books into twelve languages, he wrote *The World Outside* from a full heart, and from a deep sympathy for the lowly

THE Critics (names and addresses on file at *The Inner Sanctum*) have described *Little Man, What Now?* as *The Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the depression, as *The Odyssey* of the forgotten man, *The All Quiet* of the nineteen-thirties. FALLADA's new book, *The World Outside*, applies the same quickening of sympathy, the same wit and tenderness, the same "softening effect upon our hard crust of daily unconcern" to another sort of "little man"—this time an ordinary person, not heroic, not criminal, who is genuinely desirous of becoming an honest citizen after a term in prison.

THE But the world outside is too much for this little man. The other honest citizens are too much for him—and FALLADA reserves his sharpest shafts of satire for the respectable and the smug. In the end WILLI KUFALT returns to prison, rather relieved, as a matter of fact, to escape the harsh rebuffs of the world outside.

THE In the hands of a merely indignant novelist, such a theme would be depressing and preachy. In the hands of HANS FALLADA—hands that reach out to all the small souls, the scorned and the rejected, and greet them with understanding and charm and humor—*The World Outside* becomes a novel reminiscent of the great humanitarian romances of CHARLES DICKENS.

ESSANDESS

All aboard for
JAVA

on a world tour by freighter!



Have you discovered this little book—a true way of escape and fast becoming a sort of little religion with many people, that one famous magazine editor compares to the best of Maugham, to Loti, and to Conrad, and of which John Chamberlain, writing about it for the second time in the *Times* said "Mr. Atkinson's stature as an essayist is fully up to H. M. Tomlinson." \$2.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

THE CINGALESE PRINCE

by BROOKS ATKINSON

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

There ought to be a system for providing book reviewers with advance tips on Nobel Prize winners. One or two of the reviewers were neatly caught off first base by the announcement of the award. Pirandello. . . Pirandello? Oh, yes, the man who wrote *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, and that book of essays—what was it called? If there was even a mention of the Greta Garbo movie, *As You Desire Me*, we didn't see it. Now Dutton's list no less than a dozen books in print by Pirandello, including five novels, five books of plays, and two of short stories. It will be interesting to hear how the sales of these books are affected by the Nobel Prize announcement.

Statisticians inform us that Erle Stanley Gardner, lawyer and detective novelist, produces 1,440,000 words a year (about 4,000 a day); and that Nicholas Murray Butler, between 1872 and 1932, has written 3,200 books, reports, speeches, articles, and introductions (about one item a week). We are glad to see in the Cumulative Book Index that twenty-nine titles by President Butler are listed as in print and available.

The Pleasures of Publishing, which supplied the Butler statistic above (the 3,200 figure, we mean; we looked up the C. B. I. ourselves) has begun to serialize a list of Thirty-Three Commandments for Publishers of Books, derived, we take it, from the Publishers' Code. The first fourteen are printed in the current issue of that weekly mimeograph, and we recommend it to any one who wants a bird's-eye view of what the code contains. We are interested in Doubleday's timely announcement about heavy water, the discovery for which Dr. Harvey C. Urey was recently awarded the Nobel Prize in physics. It seems that the whole business is explained in Watson Davis's *The Advance of Science*, which Doubleday has just issued. "The hypothesis," says Mr. Davis, "has been advanced that the cause of old age and senility is too much heavy water in the human body. . . If this idea is sustained, will science find the 'fountain of youth' in some method of rejuvenating by removing the heavy water from our tissues?" The most interesting thing to us in the latest Van Dine mystery, *The Casino Murder Case*, was the general to do made over the theory that a murder had been caused by giving the victim heavy water to drink; but, as we remember it, Mr. Van Dine's scientific department finally came through with the statement that heavy water was harmless. Will somebody clear this up for us?

We recently asked in this column whether the French had a word for hangover—in fact, Old Quercus, never having observed any hangover in France, doubted whether they had such an expression. Mr. G. F. Lechat informs us that if there is no word, there is at least a phrase: "To have a hangover" means "Avoir la gueule de bois." We checked this in *The Concise Oxford French Dictionary*, and it's O.K.

Bill Hall, out in the Orient with Harry Snyder, writes Quercus as follows: "Please tell S. R. business dept. that of the Subscription books [i. e. books of blanks on which booksellers take subscriptions

to the S. R. L.] given us to drop around the Orient—

"No. 47 is in hands of Christian Literary Society (Kyo Bun Kwan, Tokyo)."

"No. 49 is in hands of Maruzen Co., Ltd., Tokyo."

"All other books are disposed of except No. 50, which Harry is trying desperately to foist on somebody. The sticker is they don't cost anything, which is sus-s-picious!" The business dept. replies to Mr. Hall that they'll be glad to have him sell book No. 50 for anything he can get.

Mr. Willis Foster, Literary Editor of *The Argonaut* (San Francisco) is kind enough to send us a report on a recent bookstore event in those parts:

William Saroyan made his first public appearance Saturday at one of the regular Author's Afternoons of the Paul Elder Book Store. He didn't speak; he just read one of his stories, but the audience—which overflowed the lecture room and would have filled it twice if Bill had stayed for a second show—loved it. They bought out Elder's stock of Saroyan's book at a premium price for signed first editions, and might have used up a large order of the reprint editions if Mr. Elder had received them in time.

He claimed to be nervous, but Bill showed himself to be a good showman when he got up to read, after I had spent half an hour reviewing his book and his brief literary career. He expressed thanks for my having filled "the hard part" of the program, and apologized for being a little nervous. "I'm not very good at reading stories," he said. "I'm only good at writing them." The audience chuckled and then applauded.

This reminds us that we intended before now to take issue with Elmer Davis on the statement, in his review of the last Wodehouse novel, that "Jeeves is the Dizzy Dean of literature." It is our conviction that William ("I'm only good at writing them") Saroyan is the Dizzy Dean of literature.

Compton's Encyclopedia has issued a twenty-page booklet called *The Choice of a Hobby* by Anne Carroll Moore. 303 books are listed on forty-eight hobbies, each book with a brief description. Miss Moore consulted librarians, booksellers, and various experts before preparing the list. Most of the hobbies rate anywhere from four to a dozen recommended titles; but Simon and Schuster, publishers of Alex Morrison's *A New Way to Better Golf*, will be glad to hear that this is the only title recommended for golf players. Compton's report that over 600,000 copies of the booklet have been ordered by public and school libraries and by bookstores.

W. S. Thompson has left Doubleday Doran's mail order department to become secretary and sales manager of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Before working at Doubleday, Mr. Thompson was a director of G. P. Putnam's Sons, where he was in charge of mail order work. The neatest trick of the week is Doubleday's ad in the *Publishers' Weekly* on the new Thorne Smith novel, *The Glorious Pool*. You have to hold it up to the light to see what it says; and if that doesn't sell you the book, there's no use advertising.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE FAMILY BURIAL MURDERS Milton Propper (Harpers: \$2.)	Nephew's body found in earth beside open grave of aunt in Phila. cemetery starts Tommy Rankin on stern chase.	Grisly atmosphere, a couple of good fights, two "supplementary" killings, some nice alibi busting, and surprising conclusion.	Good
MURDER FOR A WANTON Whitman Chambers (Doubleday, Doran: \$2.)	Nasty plutocrat and most of family bumped off before newspaper reporter nabs the right man.	Rough stuff in roadhouse and colorful newspaper background veraciously done with plenitude of action.	Entertaining
MURDER CALLING David Whitelaw (Kendall: \$2.)	Returned globe-trotter, with shadowy past, hardly settles down before he "goes above" and trouble begins.	No sleuths in this one, pro. or amateur, yet very nice puzzle works itself out through interesting characters.	Excellent
SINISTER ALIBI Carlton Wallace (Crime Club: \$2.)	Series of "suicides" and one "heart attack" bring Ex-Scotland Yard back from retirement to trail murderous genius.	Killing, counterfeiting, kidnapping, more killing, gang fights, etc., keep this one from approaching dullness.	Thriller

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September Choice of the English Book Guild