

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

NOW IN NOVEMBER
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Now In November has referred to the growing intimations of immortality which have gathered around the publication of *Now in November*, a new novel by MISS JOSEPHINE JOHNSON.

Here is the evidence:

Among the critics, editors, novelists, other publishers and men and women of letters who have already paid homage to *Now In November* are

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER
WILLIAM KNICKERBOCKER
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
THEODORE MORRISON
HERSCHEL BRICKELL
LOUIS UNTERMEYER
STANLEY RINEHART
WILLIAM SOSKIN
LEWIS GANNETT
EDWARD WEEKS
HARRY HANSEN
MAXWELL ALEY
HERVEY ALLEN
EVELYN SCOTT
JOHN FARRAR

Among the authors to whom JOSEPHINE JOHNSON has already been compared (not by *The Inner Sanctum*, but by readers and reviewers) are

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS
GLADYS HASTY CARROLL
KATHERINE MANSFIELD
EMILY DICKINSON
EMILY BRONTE
WILLA CATHER
O. E. RÖLVAAG
PEARL BUCK

The Inner Sanctum has already reported that when DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER read the advance proofs of *Now In November* she found herself asking if this wasn't the American *Wuthering Heights*. "Chapter after chapter is charged with that Brontë-like, before-a-storm tension, something of the same vitality, other-worldly rather than human..."

This judgment is corroborated by that of JOHN FARRAR of *Farrar and Rinehart*:

"I'd like to wager that first edition copies of JOSEPHINE JOHNSON'S NOW IN NOVEMBER will one day be worth as much as those of any living American writer."

And the unanimous verdict of New York's book critics:

"Of the beauty that is in this book it is hard to write—quotation might convey it—" —JOHN CHAMBERLAIN in *The New York Times*

"It is almost incredible that this book, so mellow in its philosophy, so rich in its poetic texture, should be the work of a girl of twenty-four. It is a book that sings."

—LEWIS GANNETT in *The New York Herald Tribune*

"Planned with subtle appreciation of effects, written in melodious, restrained prose. Writing that is lovely to contemplate."

—HARRY HANSEN in *The New York World-Telegram*

"Terror and beauty perfectly conveyed. It is quiet and intense at the same time."

—HERSCHEL BRICKELL in *The New York Evening Post*

Ask your bookseller for a copy of *Now In November*, by JOSEPHINE JOHNSON. He may still have a first edition. *The Inner Sanctum* hasn't, except two copies inscribed by the author, and lodged forever in the innermost affections of

ESSANDESS

NEXT WEEK
The TENTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER of The Saturday Review

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

Harry Scherman of the Book of the Month Club says that in Russia the great hobby is dropping in parachutes. In the Park of Culture and Rest in Moscow (or is it Leningrad?) there's a tower built for the purpose, from which people leap off, landing with a bump. The publishing business in America has been doing that for some time. News item from Germany: A usually peaceable bear in a zoo, maddened by continuous radio nearby, attacked his mate and killed her. We know just how he felt. Old Quercus changed over from Chesterfields to Luckies for a week, just to see what would happen. Results negligible so far. In one of the Cup Race broadcasts we were pleased to hear one of the Moran tugs mentioned—our favorite towboats. When the Quercuses commute on Long Island they console delays by reminding themselves that the L. I. R. R. has Philadelphia blood in it. See those little tablets on the cars stating that some bank in Philly owns the creeping stock. Old Henry Adams, the fellow who was Educated, had a burst of optimism just at the end of his famous book. He suggested (writing in 1907) that perhaps by 1938 we might have "a world that sensitive natures could regard without a shudder." We'd better get busy.

On one of his rare visits to the movies Old Quercus noted that *Friends of Mr. Sweeney*, that gay book by Elmer Davis, has gone into the pictures. Good! Thanks to Mr. Franklin Ludington we now have a copy of Part II of Jules Verne's grand old work *The Steam House* (it is imprinted by Scribner, 1881). Part I we still desiderate. Perhaps John Skinner of Albany, a Jules Verne enthusiast, can help us? We look forward to *Life à la Henri* (Simon & Schuster). Henri is the famous M. Charpentier, of Lynbrook (L. I.) and Rockefeller City, who invented *Crêpes Suzette*. M. Fadiman of S. & S. has written us a letter in French saying that without reservations he considers it the most delightful book they have ever published. But go to Henri's place and try to get in "without reservations." M. Rockefeller, we hope, is going to give Henri some more space. Like all really good cooks, Henri prepares every autumn enough pancake batter to last all winter. Batter up! In a crock near the front door, where you can whiff it as you go by, he keeps the sauce (orange juice, butter, sugar, curacao, brandy) which felicitated the last years of Edward VII. We are very weary of hearing about Vitamins. We always enjoyed Peanut Butter but are distressed to see the White Rose brand announcing "Each pound of our Peanut Butter contains 250 Units of Vitamin D." And here's the Union News Co., which runs those grand Oyster Bars, quoting the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries that oysters contain "200 times as much iodine as milk, eggs or beefsteak... high proportion of glycogen... 136% of the iron man needs daily." But doesn't the American public eat anything just because it tastes good? If old Quercus wants 136% of iron he goes to an ironmonger. The selecting committee of the Book of the Month Club always eat oysters at their monthly meeting, which perhaps accounts for their choices. We hear that the Literary Guild has gone to live with Nelson Doubleday.

Mr. Clip Boutell of our Promotion Department tells us that 184 booksellers are now selling (not giving away) *The Saturday Review* every week. 45 of these are in New York City, the rest well scattered over the country. Next week, by the way, *The Saturday Review* will publish its Tenth Anniversary issue: a good time to begin subscribing. Helen Dean Fish has done a fine job in her *Children's Almanac of Books* which lists, in calendar sequence, the best books written for children with the appropriate dates. It was July 4, 1862, for instance, when the young Oxford tutor took the three Liddell children for a row on the river which started *Alice in Wonderland*. It was Sept. 4, 1893, when Beatrix Potter wrote a story-letter to a sick boy which grew later into *Peter Rabbit*. It was June 1, 1896, when the Pratt Institute Free Library, Brooklyn, opened the first Children's Room in any library. It was July 20, 1879, when the first Uncle Remus story appeared in the *Atlanta Constitution*. These and

many other interesting items are listed in Miss Fish's delightful almanac, which is published (25 cents) by Frederick A. Stokes Company, 443 Fourth Avenue. She hasn't been able to find appropriate events for quite all the days of the year, so readers can enjoy the pleasure of making suggestions for future addition. The fall list of Studio Publications, 381 Fourth Avenue, is interesting—as Studio announcements always are. A new little series, "Hours of Leisure," at only 35 cents each, sounds excellent, and includes books on Model Theatre Making, Cut Paper Decoration, Fabric Printing, and Dolls' Houses.

The new volume of *Modern Publicity* (now in its eleventh year) will be looked forward to by all specialists in advertisement technique. But, as we annually remark, no intelligent booklover should ever let Christmas approach without examining the Studio lists for himself.

The announcement by Smith and Haas of New Books, Inc., is causing comment. New Books, Inc., is a plan for distributing fifteen new books a year at 95 cents each, on a club subscription basis. The books are to be cloth bound; the sponsors will have the run of the Smith and Haas list to choose from, with certain exceptions (e.g. books taken by other book clubs); and they hope to enlist the cooperation of other publishers. People in the trade are always on the lookout for new ideas to increase the distribution of books, and will watch how this plan works. Will cloth binding and different editorial selection provide a different reception for New Books from that which met, for instance, Charles Boni's Paper Book Club a few years ago? The trade also remembers the effort of the publishing houses back in 1930 to increase sales of new novels by pricing them at \$1.00; this plan involved distribution through bookstores, except for the Crime Club subscription list. One reason why this idea was abandoned was the loss of profit on sales of the dollar novels to circulating libraries. New Books, Inc., will not have this problem, as the trade editions of the books will be published at regular prices—\$2.00 and up—for sale through bookstores. Smith and Haas have announced this venture in an experimental tone, and they invite questions from readers and from the trade. The announcement is very recent, and the trade has not yet had time to make the journey from Missouri to ask the questions which we feel sure will be forthcoming. The main question is, undoubtedly, whether the public will find the subscription idea sufficiently appealing, and the titles offered by New Books, Inc., sufficiently attractive, to support this plan. There is certainly no question that the public would like to get books, or anything else, as cheaply as possible.

"As the days grow longer, so does the Inner Sanctum list," runs the S. and S. ad in the P. W. for September 22, the day after the equinox. This is the first intimation we've had that the Inner Sanctum has moved to Little America.

"If you know your American Crime history," runs a Doubleday publicity note for *Enter Murderers*, "then you probably will know the answers to the following questions." We tried out the questions on our Criminal Recorder, whose opinion of the book you'll find in the customary place, and who scored 100%, as follows:

What was the post-mortem condition of Maria Hendrickson's mouth after she had died by poison? Terrible.

What became of the daughter of General Daniel Sickles? She sickled and died.

What famous editor was involved in the Richardson-McFarland case? P. E. G. Quercus.

Who were some innocent victims of the Chapman murder? Several mystery reviewers.

Apropos of this, a mystery story for which we predict very fine success is Rex Stout's *Fer de Lance*. In the obese and bulimious Nero Wolfe Mr. Stout has created a real character. Oh, an excellent achievement, a mystery story that is authentically tough without being insistently obscene.

Scribner Books

The Challenge to Liberty

by
Herbert Hoover

Thirty-first President of the United States

A message of vital importance and interest to every American citizen.

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection \$1.75

America's Tragedy

by
James Truslow Adams

A complete, authoritative, and engrossing historical study of the growth of sectionalism in the United States, from early colonial times to the national tragedy of the Civil War. \$3.00

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Willard Connely

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The New Philo Vance Story

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S. S. Van Dine

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VACANCY immediate for experienced Chemistry Biology in select college prep school. Send photograph, credentials stating minimum salary. Box P.

WHY BE LONELY? Enclose stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

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GAGSTER, rimester, clever, original; college graduate, wants job as accessory to writer, columnist, cartoonist, the radio or movies. Box 987, Review.

YOUNG university man quick with mind and hands desires apprenticeship in craft, business, or art with future. Box 988.

GENTLEMAN, foreigner, 38, single, healthy, traveled, linguist, French, Italian, Spanish, seeks congenial companionship; exchange languages. Box 989.

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C. S. A. When I return. Brownie.

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APARTMENT WANTED about Oct. 15 for 6 months by broke but pedigreed Christian couple. Furnished or unfurnished; quiet; \$35 monthly. Manhattan or Brooklyn. Box 32, Middle Valley, N. J.

MAGAZINES. New subscriptions and renewals. Arthritis prevents former active occupation. Miss Alice Williamson, 804 Drexel Square, Chicago, Illinois.

WANTED—Young man with knowledge carpenter's tools plus general ability for helping with constructive farm plans to fit into cultured somewhat haphazard background. Wages, alas, merely bed, board, laundry. Parker, Swiss Meadows, Williamstown, Mass.

WHO NEEDS Simmons graduate, excellent cook, housekeeper, nursing experience, companionable? Hopeful.

NEW YORK MAN, single, of established position, with wide experience both here and abroad, desires the cooperation (in writing articles and a book) of a highly educated and socially experienced young woman, with sense of humor. One so situated as to easily afford the acceptance of liberal participation in prospective results, in lieu of salary. Interesting literary contacts have been already established. Good typing essential but stenography not. Mutually convenient hours. Please state, briefly, experience, if any; general characteristics and qualifications. Careful consideration accorded interesting replies. Box 973.

WANTED: Seven-room apartment, in private house preferably. Upper Bronx or Manhattan. Box 974.

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A New Morris Item

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE ORNAMENTED MSS. OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By William Morris. New York: Press of the Woolly Whale. 1934.

TO record a hitherto unpublished essay of Morris's is an unusual opportunity, even if the essay in question reveals nothing new in Morris's position or ideas. But in these days of accelerated machine production, Morris's words are as true as ever, and much more necessary to heed.

This little paper on the Middle Ages is in the Henry E. Huntington Library at San Marino, California, and is here printed at the instigation of Mr. F. W. Goudy. When it was written does not appear.

The latter half of the book is devoted to an account of the wanderings of the Albion hand-press on which part of the Kelmscott "Chaucer" was printed—a press now in the possession of the Press of the Woolly Whale, and on which this book has been printed. The facts are sufficiently authenticated by men who knew all about it, and its wanderings are set forth at length. It could come to no better snug-harbor than the present one, if it is to be continued in use and not relegated to a museum; for the book before me is beautifully printed. Happily no attempt was made to do "Morris printing," but a large size of Caslon type was used, and good English hand-made paper, than which there is none better. The color, register, and impression are all admirable, and the book has spirit, as only books printed on dampened hand-made paper can have it. The colophon states that "a modest number of copies (besides four on vellum) have been printed." This will not much help the bibliographer, but will hardly annoy the fortunate owner of a copy.

FOOTNOTE ON MORRIS'S INFLUENCE ON AMERICAN PRINTING AND PRINTERS

I have not seen mention—nor, elsewhere, do I expect to—of the American author and publisher who did most to spread the name of William Morris broadcast over America, who deliberately and consciously tried to print in the Morris manner, who visited Morris in London and wrote about his visit in a vivid essay, whose writings reached millions of Americans as a sort of gospel message, and who claimed for his other craft activities the direct inspiration of Morris. As different from Morris and his background as the Larkin Soap factory at Buffalo was different from Merton Abbey and the quiet reaches of the Thames at Lechlade, this American barker who reminds one of P. T. Barnum was, strange and ridiculous and awful as the fact is, the advertiser of William Morris to the American people from about 1895 to 1915.

Elbert Hubbard of the Roycrofters, Fra Elbertus of East Aurora, was the man who did this. In his *Philistine* magazine (which at the time of his death in the *Lusitania* tragedy had reached a circulation of 225,000 copies a month), in his "Little Journey" to Morris, and in his other writings, he did lip service of a curious sort. From his Roycroft Shop, owing to the effect of Morris's teaching on the mind of a professional advertiser, he spread the name of the Arts and Crafts movement throughout America. And even his flowing tie was an effort to carry on the tradition of Morris's blue flannel shirt! The whole thing is so absurd and so grotesque that it is almost incredible.

For it is to be observed that perhaps in no one single particular did Hubbard really comprehend and follow Morris. Hubbard's printing was unbelievably bad: it was bad in itself, it was ludicrous as a copy of Kelmscott work. As a follower of the Arts and Crafts movement he was beneath contempt, both artistically and ethically: he was a great but canny defender of the commercial system of competitive capitalistic production, and his writings were accepted by American business men as law and gospel (the "Message" to

Garcia," a subtle argument for loyalty of the wage-slave to his employer, circulated, it is said, 40,000,000 copies), and his furniture was of such a savage type that Morris's, designated by Rossetti as resembling "incubi and succubi," seems almost effeminate!

The great printers and publishers of America were influenced by Morris, certainly, but so far as doing printing in the Morris style signifies the result of that influence there is very little to show—Updike's "Altar Book," possibly to a certain degree Rogers's "Montaigne" and one or two other books, Clarke Conwell's *Elston* Press books, and a handful of other issues. That Morris's forthright and honest ideals had a far reaching effect on these men and many others is undeniable, however. But they were honest printers and honest men: they were, last of all, advertisers, ballyhoo artists, wretched exploiters of sanctimonious ideas.

And yet—fantastic as it may seem, it is true that the great exploiter of Morris, his most busy introducer to the American people, was the mountebank of East Aurora!

Marco Polo and Others

THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO. Revised and edited by Manuel Komroff, illustrations by N. F. Lapshin. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1934.

OF recent editions of Marco Polo, I think this the best. And it is a fine piece of bookmaking. The size is small and easily handled in the reading; the two volumes make again for convenience; the type is that remarkably sparkling "modern" of Mr. Goudy which is so clear and jewel like in the small sizes; and the pictures are quite the most interesting I have seen. I liked the pictures when I was one of the judges—thought them easily the best of all the illustrations submitted in Mr. Macy's competition of last year. And now when they appear in reproduction I am only reinforced in my first impression. There is a dash and a swing to them, a spontaneity and verve which is lacking in most pictures. They are bright with color, full of action and imagination. Here is illustration which in its way is as good as can be done, and which really enlivens the tale. In the current slang they are "swell."

The printing of the illustrations—a none too easy task—has been competently handled, and the typographic arrangement of the volumes is inviting and pleasant. Here is a fine edition of Marco Polo, good to have and good to read.

WINES. By S. Dewey. Chicago: Lakeside Press. 1934.

A small book of a hundred pages, charmingly printed, with much information about French wines, less about other European, and little about American; with maps of the French wine countries, tables of vineyards and owners, and a simple but effective chart of proper glasses in which to serve wine. The advice given seems to be simple and useful to those of us who can have only one wine at dinner—and then only on special occasions! A good, simple, enlightening book.

LESSER ITEMS

"Design and Beauty in Printing," an essay by Frederic W. Goudy, has been issued in small paper covered boards by the Press of the Woolly Whale. It makes a pleasant little volume, set in a revival of Mr. Goudy's early *Village* type face.

The second volume in the Centennial Edition of the Works of Rowland E. Robinson has just appeared from the press of the Tuttle Co., Rutland, Vermont. Included are "Sam Lovell's Camps and other Stories," and "In the Green Wood." Our old friends Sam and "Antwine" reappear as welcome as ever, but I wish the editors had enlightened us as to how the word "slang" became corrupted from meaning a tongue of land to Lake-Champlain-idiom for a creek. This edition is a good bit of publishing at \$2.50 the volume.

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS.

PERSONALS

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