

The PHOENIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TWO new *Faulkner* novels are just out—but they're not both by *William!* One, to be sure, is his new "Pylon," concerning some fliers at a Mardi Gras, published by Smith & Haas. But the other book is *Virginia Faulkner's* "The Barbarians," from Simon & Schuster. I certainly congratulate them on the appearance of this book. Which reminds me that I have forgotten to congratulate the Longacre Press on the appearance of Mr. Nizer's book. There is some beautiful book-making going on at the present writing! . . . Miss Faulkner wrote "Friends and Romans," and her new novel is said to be even funnier. It is called "The Barbarians." The publishers say rather wittily, "This is not a serious book. When immoral suasion fails, Miss Faulkner resorts to farce. There are enough epigrams here for seven books, and more hilarity than is quite refined." As a come-on, that's just about perfect publicity! . . . I've been meaning to speak of Doubleday, Doran's new edition of "Dreamthorp," the rural essays of *Alexander Smith*, a favorite book of my youth and one of my father's favorites before me. The new edition is excellent, and *Christopher Morley's* letter to the volume's godfather, *Frank Henry of Doubleday's*, alone makes it a collector's item. But the quality of old *Alexander Smith* himself will greatly repay your making his acquaintance. *Joseph Henry Jackson* tells you that the book is worth reading if only for one piece, "A Lark's Flight," which he calls "a little masterpiece of beauty and horror." . . . Among the Appleton biographies, the new one on *Mary Magdalen* by *Edith Olivier* will fascinate you. You may know Miss Olivier merely as an extraordinary novelist—but she is an equally distinguished biographer, and her view of *Mary Magdalen* is, in its exposition, also by way of being a masterpiece. . . . The Appleton biographies, by the way, is a good series. Such writers as *John Buchan*, *Laurence Binyon*, *Sachseverell Sitwell*, *Belloc*, *Leacock*, *Rebecca West*, *Compton Mackenzie*, and *Maurice Baring* have contributed to it. . . . An event in the poetry world is the publication of "Selected Poems of *Marianne Moore*," with an introduction by *T. S. Eliot*. This lady having been a childhood friend of mine, I am particularly delighted to see the Macmillan Company bring out her book in such fine fashion. She is unique. . . . *MacKinlay Kantor's* "Turkey in the Straw" is the kind of thing that appeals to me strongly. It's racy and full of gusto and altogether a swell book of American ballads. . . . I read the poem by that brilliant editor on *The New Yorker*, *E. B. White*, in which he said his say about the picture "Sequoia." The next day, being in Woolworth's, with a hangover, I paid ten cents for the "big little book" of "Sequoia." Its illustrations are from the picture, and the story is retold by *Eleanor Packer*. I, too, like this simply sweet and sweetly simple story. But then I like all kinds of animals. . . . How much better looking animals are than people! Any deer can make any woman look like a lummock. . . . But my favorite animal is the tree-climbing bear of Australia that really isn't a bear at all. It's covered with plush, and I've forgotten its name! . . . Four out of the five books published by Whittlesey House during January and February are in their second printings. That's doing pretty well! . . . My own book of poems is extremely good and I hope millions of people will buy it! (Adv.) . . . I was surprised to see *Frank Sullivan* the other evening. It is difficult to catch sight of Sullivan, particularly in the winter, as he goes into hibernation. The Sullivans are a shy race anyway, but Frank is the shyest Sullivan I have ever seen. I'm quite sure he was there, though, wherever that was. . . . Coward-McCann have been perturbed of late because they have just published *Thomas W. Duncan's* "O, Chautauqua," and now learn that the magazine that brought out his first short story went out of business immediately afterward, and that the company that printed his first book of poetry folded up the week following publication. . . . My solicitude is herewith extended to *Timmy Coward!* . . . "When I'm in a minority, I'm pretty sure I'm right. When I'm in a very small minority, then I know I'm right," says *Thomas Mott Osborne*, whose life by *Rudolph Chamberlain* is being published by Macmillan under the title "There Is

No Truce." . . . Well, now Mr. Osborne, I'll tell you. Many years ago I descended from a Long Island train at a certain way station, because I was positive that I had to change there for Port Washington. I was so much in the minority that I was the only person who got off. But, boy, how sure I was I was right! . . . I even laughed sneeringly at all the interested faces in the windows, as the train pulled out again and left me the sole occupant of the platform. What gulls they all were! Didn't they have sense enough to know they'd never get where they were going that way. . . . Finally I had to return to the Pennsylvania Station and start all over again. . . . So you see!

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞The trade looks forward with interest to the list of the Most Influential Books of the Last 50 Years which Mr. Ted Weeks promises to spring in the April *Atlantic Monthly*. ☞Will Solle, bookseller in Omena, Michigan, "lacking a physical window and lacking window-shoppers" has begun a monthly report on what his imaginary window should contain. He begins by offering good copies at \$1 each or 6 for \$5 of good novels by Cather, Conrad, Deland, Galsworthy, Hardy, Howells, Meredith, Merrick, Wharton, etc. ☞Old Q. is pleased to see accumulating advance interest in that unusually enchanting novel *National Velvet* by *Enid Bagnold*. ☞This week parsimonious old Q. is prostrate with the Income Tax. ☞The well-loved "Copey" of Harvard, Professor Copeland, is selling duplicates from his library through the Harvard Co-op. Those familiar with Copey's habits can always identify a book of his by his signature written on the margin of page 55.

☞Casanova Booksellers of Milwaukee announce *The Neurotic Nightingale*, essays by *Vardis Fisher*, only 325 copies. They remark ominously that "what Fisher has to say in these essays is not the sort of thing most people like to have said." The American Autograph Shop of Ridley Park, Pa., catalogues a letter of *Tobias Lear*, 1815, as "The Man Who Held Dying Washington's Hand." ☞Howard O'Brien of the *Chicago Daily News* says that the Thorndike-Century Junior Dictionary "is of infinitely greater consequence than any disaster, treaty, or Supreme Court decision." Professor Thorndike of Columbia University has edited it, giving word-definitions that children can understand. An excellent idea. ☞There's a misspelled word, by the way, on the jacket of the Junior Dictionary. It is "dictionary." ☞And on the back of the wrapper of *G. B. Stern's Shining and Free*, the three previous Matriarch novels are referred to as "a trilogy." This is a relief after the amount of biology we've been getting in novels.

☞A book that sounds exciting to meditative Q. is *Documents of American History*, 902 pp., \$4.00, edited by *Henry Steele Commager* and published by *F. S. Crofts* (for whom *Dodd Mead* are selling agents). ☞We meant to have noted weeks ago that *Lea and Febiger* of Philadelphia, famous medical publishers, have completed 150 years of continuous history. The house was founded in 1785 by the Irishman, *Matthew Carey*, with financial assistance from no less a bookseller than the *Marquis de Lafayette*.

☞Simon and Schuster are looking for people to correspond with, according to their announcement of a new series of "Informal Letters to the Friends of the Inner Sanctum." These will be "sent forth somewhat spasmodically from 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, by Simon and Schuster who, until they have as many free hours as they have congenial correspondents, must perforce use this form of encyclical to extend their greetings, proclaim their publications, declare their enthusiasms, lament their disenchantments, and convey sundry intelligence of the world of books to all their fellow-traffic-fickers-in-words." The first letter, which we saw, promises a decorous but interesting diversion. Columbia Press's *Pleasures of Publishing*, in a neighborly gesture, recommends to its own clients the Inner Sanctum's Informal Letter.

The beautiful new book by the author of that modern classic
"THE OUTERMOST HOUSE"



Henry Beston writes: "In a garden of herbs, a mood of the earth approaches and encounters the spirit of man," and here is a book of the great historic herbs and the pleasure they bring to gardening and living. Elizabethan in its joy in gardens and the green of earth—illustrated by John Howard Benson with a distinction shared by no other garden book of these times.

**herbs
and the
earth**
by HENRY BESTON
\$2.00 — Doubleday, Doran

Where were you in 1921?

IT HAS been the curious destiny of some books, published unpretentiously at first, to grow in the affections of hundreds of readers year after year. For example: OF HUMAN BONDAGE, and James Hilton's LOST HORIZON.

Here are some of the excellent reviews on original publication:

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT — "Mr. Herbert is coming forward to take his place among the foremost English stylists. *The Secret Battle* brought him very near the goal, *The House by the River* brings him nearer still."

LITERARY REVIEW — "It engages your every sense, nerve and fibre. In the architecture of murder epics this *House by the River* is a leader."

NEW YORK TIMES — "It is all so real, vividly and simply told in a style of crystalline clearness."

THE HOUSE BY THE RIVER

By A. P. Herbert

—published originally in 1921 and just re-published this Spring—may very likely be a book of this kind. A murder story in a million—an early masterpiece by the author of *The Water Gipsies* and *Holy Deadlock*—it is being discovered with delight by hundreds of new readers every week.

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CHICHI

A gorgeous satire on making best-sellers and publishing ballyhoo.

A brilliant novel by Rachel Grant published by Crowell. \$2.00



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