



The final volume of Mark Sullivan's famous history of the first quarter of the Twentieth Century. It begins with Harding's nomination and continues through the Coolidge regime.

Mr. Sullivan's "inside" knowledge of American politics during the spectacular years of "Teapot Dome" and "The Ohio Gang" will fascinate every reader. His verbal snapshots, as well as the hundreds of actual pictures, of men, women, and events of the golden decade are universally appealing.

Now that "Our Times" is complete it is available in a special gift box: Six volumes, \$22.50. Single volumes, \$3.75

These are Best-Sellers

Europa

by Robert Briffault

Ninth Big Printing

\$2.75

Golden Apples

by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

\$2.50

The Garden Murder Case

by S. S. Van Dine

\$2.00

at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

The PHOENIX NEST

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SOME time ago my confrère, Mr. Morley, intended a remark about the Toy Town Tavern at Winchendon, Massachusetts. I don't remember whether he actually spoke of it in *The Bowling Green* or not. At any rate, the huge rocking horse that stands near Winchendon Station has been gazed upon by me for many summers. For Winchendon is right on the way to Peterboro—and I know of no more lovely sensation to a wicked old man than the cleanly, upland air and bright sunshine on that final part of the ride toward Monadnock. . . . Chris has spoken of being in a Pullman car at Bellows Falls, and also of being the only passenger in a car called *Talaria*. . . . Now Chris is a poet, and that was the proper sort of car for a poet, because, as you will remember, the *talaria* were the wings on the sandals of Hermes or Mercury. He has told me, very kindly, that he intended to tell the steward that I myself once wrote for his *Bowling Green* what he calls a grand poem about Pullman cars. He says, "It really should be framed in those little smoking compartments." Just for that—inflated by this praise, and also because I am late with my copy this week in an endeavor to make the train for Lynchburg, Virginia, being as I am to invade the South with a talk on Modern Poetry—just for that I am going to reprint the poem here just as it appeared in the *Bowling Green* yahrens and yahrens ago:

GREEN AISLES

Green aisles of Pullman cars
Soothe me like trees
Woven in old tapestries.
I love to watch the stars
Remote above the earth
In watery light,
While, in a lower berth
I whirl through night.

I love the mysteries
Others abhor:
From Upper Eight, a sneeze,—
That sterterous snore
Far down the aisle. I love
The net of green
That holds like treasure-trove
My clothes unclean.

Cherrywood spick and span
And patterned plush;
The rumble and the rush;
The blankets thick and tan,
All these my heart delight,—
The globe you click,—
Bells ringing in the night
When someone's sick.

Weird bumpings in the night,
Arrivals late
Where stations blaze with light
And bang with freight;
Elf lanterns down the track,
Dark flitting farms
Under a pale cloud-wrack,—
Each aspect charms.

I love to smoke a last
Slow cigarette
Where all ere breaking fast
Abolute and fret;

Then, as on wings of chance,
I plunge the night—
Pullmans, you spell romance
And snug delight!

Shortly after writing that, I remember, I ran into some formidable fellow—I think it was Clayton Hamilton, who declared himself after my scalp since he had just read my effusion and it was nothing at all like his trip last night down from Albany. He hadn't been able to catch a moment's sleep—and here I was singing the praises of Pullmans! As for me, I'm sorry I never capitalized those verses. They ought to mean a whole lot to the Pullman Company! . . . I shall think of them when I embark at Lynchburg early Saturday morning on my return flight to New York. The Pullman remains my airplane. I simply commend my soul to God and hope to wake up in the right place and all in one piece. . . . How can we relate Pullmans to literature? Or can we? I suppose we would get lynched if we spoke of trains of thought. I give it up anyway, and prefer, in the few moments that remain to me—you see I've got the platform manner already!—to tip my hat to a quite recent correspondent. . . . I thank Blanche Howe Sisley of Sisleys by the Sea in Seattle for her very nice frank letter, telling me what she liked in the *Review* and what she didn't like. But she's wrong about the poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson. She says he wasn't a poet at all, and wrote the essence of prose with a pure scientific attitude. I should say his attitude was rather one of profound human sympathy. And—not a poet? Dear Mrs. Sisley, merely turn to his *Collected Poems*! I'm going to read from these in Lynchburg, if I do nothing else. Read the poem "To a Dead Lady." In that poem Robinson has written one of the perfect lyrics of all time. I am as positive that that poem will live through the ages, for its exquisite music and miraculous phrasing, as I am of anything in this life.

My friend Mr. Morley and I were recalling it just the other day, on my first visit to his new study, a house in itself and called "The Knothole." . . . I was fortunate enough also to see several of the Morley children, whom I hadn't seen for years. Other youngsters came calling. Also I have recently been foregathering with two of my own children now in New York and environs, and have derived much pleasure and profit from it. "Shoot while you can!" I say to the Young Idea—and they do so, even before they see the whites of the enemies' eyes. Their certainty of opinion gets you right up on your toes. . . . Recently Mr. Canby held a soirée at his house dedicated to The Young Folks and so furious waxed the argument about everything under heaven that a sadder and wiser editor of the *Saturday Review* staggered to the office the next morning. . . . Toot! Toot! There goes my train. So long!

The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

THE NINE TAILORS. By Dorothy Sayers. *Harcourt, Brace.*

NIJINSKY. By Romola Nijinsky. *Simon & Schuster.*

HOXIE SELLS HIS ACRES. By Christopher La Farge. *Coward-McCann.*

A Club Program in Literature

Mrs. W. A. C. of Penn Yan, N. Y., who has been appointed by the local college club leader of a group to study contemporary literature, says she finds it difficult to plan a unified course in such a fluid medium, and asks for suggestions "to form a sort of backbone to keep us from scattering our efforts."

PROBABLY the easiest way for Mrs. W. A. C. to arrange a consistent program would be to select a few broad topics and then build outlines for individual meetings on the scaffolding thus erected. She might for the first part of the season, at any rate, concentrate on American literature and take up successively contemporary developments in fiction, poetry, and the drama. It would be wise, I think, in each instance to devote a meeting or two, or even more if the discussion proved interesting, to certain books which presented a survey of current trends and points of view before proceeding to specific authors and works. Thus to begin with the novel, a most interesting meeting could be developed about such a book as E. M. Forster's *ASPECTS OF THE NOVEL* (Harcourt, Brace), an English book, to be sure, but one which holds just as good for American literature as for British since its analysis goes to a study of the elements which enter into the writing of fiction and manner of its handling. If the club wishes to pursue further the study of fiction as an art, it could well spend considerable time in discussion of Percy Lubbock's *THE CRAFT OF FICTION* (Scribners), a work which demands close attention but most richly repays effort. There's meat enough in its comment to keep any group interested for a long period. With these two English books to serve as guide to the whole subject of fiction and with Carl Van Doren's *CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN NOVELISTS* (Macmillan) as basis for a survey of the field of present-day American writing of the sort, the club could arrange several meetings around individuals or groups of novelists. Thus a program (or several programs) could be constructed about Sinclair Lewis and the group of realists who after the war began the disillusionment of their countrymen as to the United States, another about such writers as Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, and Erskine Caldwell, a third around such different practition-

ers of the art of the novel as Willa Cather and Ellen Glasgow; still another might be focussed about the fantasists like Robert Nathan and Elinor Wylie (totally unlike, to be sure), and others might be given over to an individual like Thomas Wolfe, to mention an author at present very much before the public eye.

When the novel has been adequately handled for the club's purpose it might pass on to a study of the short story, and begin that study by using as a cornerstone Mr. Canby's *STUDY OF THE SHORT STORY* (Holt), which has recently been revised, and has been brought up-to-date by an introduction by Alfred Dashiell. The best way to get perspective on the contemporary American short story is through the collections which appear annually. There is a brand new volume of the O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES (Doubleday, Doran) ready to hand with examples of the work of such established writers as Kay Boyle, Stephen Vincent Benét, Josephine Johnson (to cite

but a few names), and with contributions from lesser known or unknown authors. *Story Anthology* (Vanguard), compiled from the magazine *Story* which has been the testing ground of much new talent, and *BEST SHORT STORIES* (Houghton Mifflin), edited by Edward J. O'Brien, would further serve to give a panoramic view of the field, and equip the club members for discussion of current short stories.

Having dispatched fiction, the club could next proceed to poetry, and begin here too with some works presenting general discussion before advancing to individual poets. Two excellent books to initiate this part of the program with would be John Livingston Lowes's stimulating and illuminating *CONVENTION AND REVOLT IN POETRY* (Houghton Mifflin) and Elizabeth Drew's *DISCOVERING POETRY* (Norton), one of the best presentations of what constitutes the delight and the beauty to be found in poetry available. As with the short story a good anthology, such as Louis Untermeyer's *MODERN AMERICAN POETRY* (Harcourt, Brace), supplemented by such works as his *AMERICAN POETRY SINCE 1900* (Holt) and William Rose Benét's *FIFTY POETS* (Dodd, Mead), would be a wise way of approaching the field from which special writers for broader study could later be selected. Alas, lack of space brings me to an abrupt close till next week.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

Has the honor of announcing

DOCTOR IBRAHIM

A distinguished new novel

By JOHN KNITTEL

Author of

"VIA MALA"

"DOCTOR IBRAHIM is an engrossing story of what happens to real human beings who enlist our sympathies . . . The reader is carried away by the vividness and picturesque details of the rise to professional knowledge and rank of the little Egyptian boy, of his adventure among all sorts and conditions of his compatriots as he struggles for education, of the difficulties and obstacles in his path and of the story of the strange, primitive, fascinating Egyptian woman who was his love."

— DOROTHY CANFIELD
in Book-of-the-Month Club News