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By
EDNA FERBER

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NOWADAYS everyone in the public eye seems to write a book. *Carpentier*, the prize-fighter, is now said to be writing his autobiography, *Suzanne Lenglen* has already appeared as a novelist, and *Harry Thaw*, we understand, is dictating the story of his life. But more important to us is the announcement that a new novel by *Stella Benson*, called "Good-by, Stranger," will appear in the Fall.

And *May Sinclair*—she will contribute a new novel, "Far End," and *Edward Garnett's* new find, *H. E. Bates*, will father "The Two Sisters" in September, and *Rudyard Kipling* is announced with "Debits and Credits."

Of course it's all out now about *Magdalen King-Hall*, who, under the pen-name, "*Cleone Knox*," wrote the "Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion." And her greatest pet, incidentally, is a Kerry Blue named *Blaney*, although she also possesses a ginger Irish terrier.

The first number of the first volume of the *Yale Library Gazette*, which they hope to continue quarterly, comes from *Andrew Keogh*, Yale Librarian. It is most beautifully printed.

During our vacation we read thoroughly *Walter Noble Burns's* "Billy the Kid." It is certainly a cracking good biography. Recent reports that Billy was not dead after all, but still alive, called forth much testimony *pro* and *con* from old-timers of the Southwest. Burns himself produced three witnesses to the Kid's death, over and above Sheriff *Pat Garrett*, who compassed it. And *Oswen P. White*, associate editor of *Collier's*, wrote as follows:

Pat told me he killed the Kid, *Poe of Roswell* said he buried him and *Phil Lenoir*, the Santa Fe poet, also presumed to be dead, asserted that the remains were later disinterred to determine whether or not the trigger finger was missing. At the time of the disinterment which was conducted under the auspices of *Pat Garrett* himself the trigger finger was still present and the late sheriff wired the poet:

The trigger finger of Kid Billee
Is still upon his dead boddee
I know because I dug to see.

Speaking of poetry, the latest addition to the London landscape is a young poet, *Victor Hilton*, who retails his poems at a shilling near Bush House. On a fence he has pinned up criticisms of his work.

And speaking further of it, *Lincoln MacVeagh*, of the Dial Press, announces a new series, "The Little Books of New Poetry," and invites the submission of manuscripts. The books are to be octavo size, limited to thirty-two pages, bound in paper, and retail at the price of 25 cents. No work already issued in book form will be accepted. All communications should be addressed to Lincoln MacVeagh, 152 West 13th Street. The first volume to be published will be "The Portrait of the Abbott," by *Richard Church*.

Three books about *Thomas Jefferson* have been published this year in quick succession. One by *Albert Jay Nock* is sure to be worth reading, and "The Life and Letters of Thomas Jefferson," by *Francis W. Hirst*, the English economist, is a work of distinction.

Romain Rolland has called *Henry de Montherlant* "the greatest force in French letters today." *M. Montherlant* is an amateur bullfighter (like our own *Ernest Hemingway*!) and has run the hundred meters in 11 4-5ths. He is also a fine shot and association-football player. The Dial Press is bringing out his novel, "The Bullfighters," in the fall.

Vachel Lindsay now rejoices in a daughter and *Philip Barry* in a son. *Donald Ogden Stewart* has just been married. And, speaking of Hemingway, he has gone to Pamplona, Navarra, to see the season's bullfights. His September novel, "The Sun Also Rises," contains, by the way, a thrilling description of a fight in a Spanish arena.

The American Caravan, a Yearbook of American literature, will make its first appearance in the early Autumn—no, not this year—1927. It will be published by the Macaulay Company and its editors are *Van Wyck Brooks*, *Alfred Kreyborg*, *Lewis Mumford*, and *Paul Rosenfeld*.

The American Parade, now in its third number (the magazine that is bound like a book) comes to our desk carrying contributions by *George O'Neil*, *Helene Mullins*, *Louise Townsend Nicholl*, *Carty Ranck*, *Ethel Watts Mumford*, *Jacques Le Clercq*, *Walter Adolphe Roberts*, and so on.

We hear that *Basil Dean* and *Margaret Kennedy* are progressing with their dramatization of "The Constant Nymph." Early

Autumn production is in sight. Miss *Kennedy's* next novel, called "Farewell to Adventure," will probably be ready for serialization early in the fall.

Did you ever hear of *Angela Brazil*? Well, she's a favorite author for girls in England. Recently the librarians of the Croydon public library conducted a poll among their boy and girl readers. Who headed the boys' list as favorite? *P. F. Westerman*—ever hear of him? The girls plumped for *Angela Brazil*, who had twice as many votes as *Kipling*. And there you are.

Are you a "Lunatic at Large" fan? Perhaps we should say "The Lunatic in Charge," as that is the last one. Well, anyway, *J. Storer Clouston* is "all for" the Orkneys, where he resides. In fact, you would be surprised to learn how much of his time has been spent in antiquarian research concerning them. For twelve years he has edited "The Records of the Earldom of Orkney." And he's even a member of the Orkney County Council!

Are you fond of camels? *Oppenheimer*, of the Viking Press, who manfully upheld his end in the recent camel-controversy with *Heywood Brown*, advises you to read *R. F. Dibble's* "Mohammed" because of "Al-Kaswa," the camel, who advised the prophet where to build mosques. But *F. A. Stokes* and Company point out that *Percival Christopher Wren's* "Beau Geste" and "Beau Sabreur" are both books partial to the picturesque "frigates of the desert," and that *Norma Lorimer's* volume of Eastern impressions, "By the Waters of Carthage," succumbs unequivocally to their fascination.

Elinor Wylie's "The Orphan Angel," to appear this fall, is by all odds the most remarkable novel she has written. Of her former works of fiction *Max Beerholm* is a great admirer. The author of "Jennifer Lorn" and "The Venetian Glass Nephew" is now in England.

We have finished *Cyril Hume's* "The Golden Dancer." Hume was best man at the wedding of *F. W. Bronson*, the young and talented author of "Spring Running," and is now married again. We were a tremendous admirer of Hume's "Cruel Fellowship." In comparison with it "The Golden Dancer" is a slight disappointment. Yet in it Hume shows an enviable gift for transcribing living colloquial speech. English writers could well learn of him how the average American man in the street—and in "the sticks"—actually talks. Hume's average people have the breath of life in them. We expect great things of this writer.

Stephen Vincent Benét, to whom "Cruel Fellowship" was dedicated, has just sailed for France with his wife and small daughter. They will settle in Paris near the Parc Monceau.

Kenneth Grahame, the master of "The Wind in the Willows," now breaks a long silence with an introduction to "*Lord George Sanger's* Seventy Years a Showman." That is, the book will be out on the twentieth of August. You remember "Sanger's Circus" in "The Constant Nymph?" But here is the *real* Sanger and the *real* Circus! When Sanger retired in 1905 he, in the words of Mr. Grahame, "proceeded to set down the simple yet moving annals of his past career, with the same calm courage with which he would draw the aching tooth of a favorite elephant." His book, of the title it still bears, was originally published in 1910, but did not then attract the attention it really deserved. This reissue, with Mr. Grahame's introduction, is, we hope, to achieve a wider fame.

And so we are reminded that, although we are *not* an elephant, we *have* an aching tooth. It has just been filled, but still it aches. We wish it had been pulled, like the other one. We don't believe the nerve in it is worth saving; it must be a very young and headstrong nerve, with a bad case of egocentricity; because it seems to be trying to usurp our whole attention.

"Cut it out, will you?" we keep saying to it. "You're not as important as all that. Let us think." But the nerve goes on yowling in our ear and jumping around and cussing. None of our other nerves ever carry on so. That's what we tell it. But it has no effect.

So we shall really have to stop writing until we can get this nerve to quiet down. We are going to try singing it to sleep. Or maybe we'll just have to sit and wait till it gets sleepy of itself. However, here goes for a try.

"Rock-a-bye, ner-vee—!"

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