

WHAT'S WHAT AMONG THE SEASON'S BOOKS

"ARE there any new books worth reading?" This question, to one just returned from adventuring in the middle west, has a more than familiar ring. "Surely", was my usual answer, "but what books are *you* reading?" And from various replies as well as from my own investigations in the bookshops, it seems that Mrs. Atherton's "Black Oxen", "The Enchanted April", and, especially in the towns where Mr. Walpole had recently lectured, "The Cathedral" were the books commanding the attention of and opening the wallets of the reading public. All this, however, will doubtless speedily change. From a recent observation of publishers' catalogues there seems to be no reason why we should not be buying, or at least reading, dozens of other good books through the summer months. There are many indications of an excellent season for good books. To guess what those books will be? It has been an entertaining game. Will you not join in it with me? There are books by our favorite authors, books which cannot fail to be well done, though alas they may turn out to be dull! There are books of new authors of whom rumors have reached us; books whose titles appeal; books of immediate journalistic interest; and so on. At any rate, here is my choice. That you will try some of them, I hope.

Ten novels there are which seem to cry out to be read first. Stella Benson's "The Poor Man", because her

style has always been finely wrought, and because we hear from those who have already enjoyed this book, that it is a splendid one; "The Tree of the Garden" by Edward C. Booth, because of an unusual amount of critical praise given it when published in England; "Faint Perfume", because of Zona Gale, and further, because of several instalments which have appeared in "The Century"; "Challenge" by V. Sackville-West, which I have read and feel is not only a work of art but an exciting story; "Many Marriages", because any work by Mr. Anderson, though of the most uneven quality, demands attention; "Danger", because Ernest Poole's last book "Millions" seemed to carry him back into the ranks of grace; "Conquistador", because, though her first novel did not prove the point, Mrs. Gerould may be as good a novelist as she is a writer of short stories; "Impromptu", because of Elliot Paul's first novel, "Indelible", and because the announcements sound exciting; "The Girl Next Door", because we admire the brilliant style and the subtle characterization of Lee Wilson Dodd's novels; "Capitol Hill" by Harvey Fergusson, because his first novel, "Blood of the Conquerors", was both interesting and moving in spite of imperfections in its style. To this number, if I had never read it, I would add the new edition of Theodore Dreiser's "The Genius".

After these ten there is another group, by Americans whose books you

probably always like to read if you have the time. Rupert Hughes has a novel, "Within These Walls". There is a continuation of "The Soul of a Child" which Edwin Björkman calls "Gates of Life". Elsie Singmaster, whose prose style and understanding of psychology are rapidly bringing her forward, gives us "The Hidden Road". Irving Bacheller, turning from historical romance, has written a genially humorous study of modern youth, "The Scudders". Grant Overton's psychological romance "Island of the Innocent" I have already read and liked. "Family" by Wayland Wells Williams, whose first books were painstaking if not inspired, is said to be a great advance over them. Curiosity will lead us straightway to Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Hardigut", and to "The Shining Road" by Bernice Brown. Both of these young women have already long been prominent in other types of writing. "Trodden Gold" by Howard Vincent O'Brien seems already to have attracted popular attention, and Newton Fuessle's previous novels have been good enough to warrant an investigation of his new one, "Jessup".

A boyhood admiration for Harold MacGrath's stories will lead me, at least, to "The World Outside". If Padraic Colum's novel "Castle Conquer" has one half the charm of his fairy stories and the music of his poems, it should be most unusual. Another poet turned novelist is Cale Young Rice, with "Youth's Way". "Stella Dallas" by Olive Higgins Prouty is said to be a good problem novel. In "His Children's Children" Arthur Train has attempted to analyze New York of the present day, and in "Country Club People" Margaret Culkin Banning presents the well known and comfortable verandas over-

looking many a golf course, where doubtless many of these books will be read.

An unusual number of collections of short stories seem to be appearing this season. Can it be that real popularity for this type of book is growing? With a determined and unreasonable prejudice for the magazine short story, I yet find that I enjoy them immensely when they are reprinted in book form. There are two anthologies, at least: O'Brien's usual selection from American publications, "The Best Short Stories of 1922", and a sturdy, large volume from England containing stories by May Sinclair, Katherine Mansfield, Norman Davey, D. H. Lawrence, and many others, labeled "Georgian Stories, 1922".

First on the list for me are "The Fascinating Stranger and Other Stories" by Mr. Tarkington, whose most successful books have often been somewhat disguised collections of short tales; "In Dark Places" by John Russell whose superb "Where the Pavement Ends" was better appreciated in England than in his native America; "Murdo", more gipsy fancies from the fiery Konrad Bercovici; "Cross Sections" by Julian Street and "Little Life Stories" by Sir Harry Johnston; and "Miss Minerva on the Old Plantation" by Emma Speed Sampson. There is a collection too by Frances Noyes Hart, whose "Contact" was so successful as a war story; "Four of a Kind" by J. P. Marquand; stage life romances by Rita Weiman; some love stories by Josephine Daskam Bacon entitled "Blind Cupid"; and the somewhat sensational pictures of co-educational life in a western university, "Town and Gown".

There are new novels from at least three prominent English writers

(male): Sir Philip Gibbs, H. G. Wells, and W. B. Maxwell. On account of their earlier work I shall look forward to Francis Brett Young's "Pilgrim's Rest" and Michael Sadleir's "Desolate Splendour". From the announcements I should suggest leafing "Scissors" by Cecil Roberts and "In London" by Conal O'Riordan. The Englishwomen, too, are active. There are new volumes from Phyllis Bottome, Virginia Woolf, E. B. C. Jones, Ethel Sidgwick, and several others.

A newfound incomplete Jane Austen novel, "The Watsons", will be published. Also, in addition to a new volume of essays, "A Hind in Richmond Park", an unpublished short novel of W. H. Hudson's for which Mr. Hudson had written part of an introduction before his death. This manuscript will be reproduced in facsimile in the American edition.

Where to place "The Last of the Vikings", Johan Bojer's new novel, I don't quite know. Many other translations are announced and some of them seem, from the announcements, to be interesting; but unless someone tells me that I must, "The Last of the Vikings" is the only one I shall read.

We cannot leave fiction without a glance at the more popular titles. "Man's Country" by Peter Clark Macfarlane looks like a pleasant type of problem novel. Bernie Babcock writes me that she has spent years of research in preparing the background for "The Soul of Abe Lincoln". Why I have chosen "Time Is Whispering" I don't quite know, possibly because it seems to me that Elizabeth Robins has chosen a peculiarly poor title for her book. This seems to me also to be true of Dorothy Scarborough's "In the Land of Cotton". Corra Harris, that unusual combination of religious propagandist and sane woman, offers

her readers "A Daughter of Adam".

Alas! I almost forgot the adventure, detective, and mystery stories, of which five stand out for me above the rest: "The Seven Conundrums" by E. Phillips Oppenheim, "Keeban" by Edwin Balmer, "The Four Stragglers" by Frank L. Packard, "The Step on the Stair" by Anna Katharine Green, "In the Tenth Moon" by that able literary critic, Sidney Williams. After these five there are others which I choose largely for picturesqueness of title: "Whose Body?" by Dorothy L. Sayers, "Ramshackle House" by Hulbert Footner, "The City of Peril" by Arthur Stringer, "The Meredith Mystery" by Natalie Sumner Lincoln, "The Mystery of the Twin Rubies" by Armstrong Livingston, "The Haunted House of Marley" by Mark Somers, and "Tracked by Wireless" and "The Voice from the Void" by William Le Queux. Edgar Rice Burroughs, romancer of apes and jungle days, has outdone himself this season with a title. He calls his book "Tarzan and the Golden Lion".

Travel books have not been especially popular during the past six months. The reason for this is difficult to see. Perhaps, however, now that summer tours are planned they will again appeal. Probably Lord Bryce's "Memories of Travel" will be as interesting as any. We have an idea that for the lover of colorful narrative and description Rose Wilder Lane's "Peaks of Shala" will be more than acceptable. Olive Schreiner's "Thoughts of South Africa" should be an important book. It will appear along with a sheaf of prose pieces collected since her death, to be called, "Stories, Dreams and Allegories". Take your choice of countries for these romantic venturings: Harry L. Foster's "A Beachcomber in the Ori-

ent", two words of the highest romance in that title! Grace Thompson Seton's "A Woman Tenderfoot in Egypt", F. W. Up de Graff's "Head Hunters of the Amazon", A. Hyatt Verrill's West Indian wanderings which he has called "In the Wake of the Buccaneers". A book on Australia and New Zealand by William D. Boyce, rambles through Acadia by the prolific Charles Hanson Towne, and two so called humanized guide books to London and Paris by one Arthur Milton. A diary of ocean voyages said to be remarkably salty is "From the Deep of the Sea" by Charles E. Smith. "Prisoners of the Red Desert" is the story of how the crew of H. M. S. "Tara" were captured by Arabs, told by Captain R. Gwatkin-Williams. If it is only one tenth as interesting as "Beasts, Men and Gods", Ossendowski's story of escape from Bolshevik Russia, of which its announcement somehow reminds me, it will be well worth reading. As to that turbulent country, we have "My Adventures in Bolshevik Russia" by Odette Keun, a Dutch-woman of aristocratic family.

Two books of archæological rather than travel interest, but which may very well prove popular because of the recent Egyptian excavation, are "The Glory of the Pharaohs" by Arthur Weigall (incidentally the author of such popular type novels as "Bedouin Love" and "Burning Sands"), in more serious moments a student of archæology; and "The Valley of the Kings", a study of Egyptian dynasties by Percy Edward Newberry.

Essay writing is a developing art in America, fast developing, perhaps. Of all the books of essays upon which I shall fling myself during the summer months only three are from England: "Things That Have Interested

Me" (Second Series) by Arnold Bennett, "Landmarks in French Literature" by Lytton Strachey, and "The Dance of Life" by Havelock Ellis. We have gathered and reprinted "The Apple-Tree Table and Other Sketches" by Herman Melville, with an introductory note by Henry Chapin. This adds another book to the growing Melvilliana, the collection of which has become popular.

How literarily self-conscious we have suddenly become in the United States, or perhaps more particularly in New York City and Chicago! Our critics are quarreling with each other as to "What Is American Literature?" From Dr. John Erskine this spring we have a volume "The Literary Discipline" in which he expounds his sturdy academic philosophy, tinged slightly with liberalism. Carl Van Doren has collected a series of his papers from "The Nation" and called them "The Roving Critic". And Stuart Pratt Sherman issues studies in behalf of the younger generation, a subject which has troubled him much in the past, around which his middle age plays somewhat more warily. He calls this collection "The Genius of America". Edward J. O'Brien, the short story anthologist, turns analyst with "The Advance of the American Short Story". William Lyon Phelps, considering among others Cooper, Lincoln, Webster, Emerson, adds to his studies of writings, from the Bible and the Russians to the flapper novelists, with "Some Makers of American Literature". The first of a series of small books issued under the patronage of the Authors Club is a study of Edwin Arlington Robinson by Lloyd Morris. For amusement, we may turn to "As I Was Saying" by the versatile Burges Johnson, "The Powder of Sympathy" by the genial

Christopher Morley, "The World in Falseface" by George Jean Nathan, that tragic buffoon armed with bladder and dagger, or "In the Neighborhood of Murray Hill" by the eternally rambling Robert Cortes Holliday.

Poetry, last autumn, seemed a neglected art. With the new season, however, there is much about which to be encouraged. A noticeable fact about the poetry lists is the number of collected, selected, or edited editions. There will be Vachel Lindsay's "Collected Poems", as well as his absurdly fantastic single volume, "Going-to-the-Sun". A new "Selected Poems" from Masefield, a popular edition of "The Dream", previously issued privately, and a play. There are, too, the "Poems" of Santayana, selected by himself and including all of the sonnets, "Selected Poems" by Robert Frost, and by George Sterling, the San Francisco poet. Stuart Pratt Sherman has edited the poetical works of Joaquin Miller, Floyd Dell those of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, William Alexander Percy those of Arthur O'Shaughnessy, and a new edition of Alice Meynell's poems is to be published. Willa Cather's early volume of verse, "April Twilights", will be re-issued, with the addition of later lyrics. Among the anthologies is a second volume of "Folk Songs of Many Peoples", gathered together by Florence Hudson Botsford.

Of the new volumes of original poetry I should urge five and mention eighty others. The first five are "Roman Bartholow" by Edwin Arlington Robinson, "Preludes" by John Drinkwater, "Finders" by John V. A. Weaver, "Black Armour" by Elinor Wylie, and "Roast Leviathan" by Louis Untermeyer.

The others are "The Great Dream" by Marguerite Wilkinson, "Old Coins"

by Karle Wilson Baker, "Songs of Unrest" by Bernice Lesbia Kenyon, "A Few Figs from Thistles", a new edition of Edna St. Vincent Millay's slight book, "Magic Flame" by Robert Haven Schauffler, "The Hour of Magic" by W. H. Davies, "Walkers" by Hazel Hall, and "The Tide Comes In" by Clement Wood.

Popular psychology is too important to pass by without mention. Therefore "The Passing Throng" by our one verse maker of really national appeal, Edgar A. Guest. Light verse, too, is represented, and we choose "So There!" by F. P. A. There is novelty, surely, in "A Child's Garden of Verses" translated into Latin. This feat has been accomplished by T. R. Glover and the book is printed with English text facing Latin, a quaint enough proceeding. Mary Austin's "The American Rhythm" will probably prove to be a much discussed work on a question which few persons actually understand.

The vogue for the extravagantly intimate autobiography has somewhat passed. We do not find so many titled ladies pirouetting among great personalities as formerly. Here, instead, is solid meat—"My Thirty Years in Baseball", for example, by John J. McGraw. Dr. G. Stanley Hall's psychological studies have led him to write a frank nerve study of himself. There is David Starr Jordan's "The Days of a Man", and from Germany another book by the Kaiser and one from his eldest son on his war experiences. In "An Outlaw's Diary" Cécile Tormay describes Budapest in the hands of the Hungarian Social Democrats. Edwin Lefevre's "One in a Million: Reminiscences of a Stock Operator" and the anonymous "Real Story of a Bootlegger" speak for themselves. There is a new volume

from the pen of the author of "The Pomp of Power", to be called "The Abuse of Power". A transcription from the journal of John Davis Long, Secretary of the Navy during the Spanish War, made by Lawrence S. Mayo, may practically be called an autobiography. There is, too, the sensational "Farington Diary", the chatty personal reminiscences of Joseph T. Farington between 1793-1821.

Between biography and autobiography lie Gamaliel Bradford's "Damaged Souls" and Rosaline Masson's compilation "I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson". The Bradford book is a series of sketches of characters who have been given a bad name by fame but whom Mr. Bradford attempts to discuss with sympathy — characters as unsympathetic as Thomas Paine or Aaron Burr or Ben Butler.

Of the biographies I shall pick up first "Barnum" by M. R. Werner, hoping to find much circus atmosphere. Then there is "Lord Northcliffe: A Memoir" by Max Pemberton, an interpretation of Henry Ford by Samuel S. Marquis, and two studies, one of Dante by Mary Bradford Whiting and one of Robert Browning by Frances M. Sim.

Although this has been one of the best seasons theatrical New York has ever known, the drama books on the publishers' lists, while attractive in themselves, are not striking numerically. One of the most interesting collections of plays announced in some months is "Contemporary American Plays", edited by Arthur H. Quinn, which will contain "Why Marry?", "The Emperor Jones", "Nice People", "The Hero", and "To the Ladies!" Here is a volume of truly American plays which do not depend for their force on the amateur pageant idea nor have we included any masks for high

school socials. An interesting volume, this! Then there is Burns Mantle's collection of "The Best Plays of 1921-22". Oliver Sayler has edited the plays being presented by the Moscow Art Theatre, and we are to have, too, "British Drama League Plays". Our own "Theatre Guild Library" should prove interesting. One title, "R. U. R.", has already been published, and Elmer Rice's "The Adding Machine" and Louis Untermeyer's translation of "The Mass-Men" are to follow. A special Theatre Guild edition of "Peer Gynt" is being brought out by another publisher. The most interesting plays from the practical theatre to be published this fall are two by Middleton and Bolton, the dramatized version of Somerset Maugham's "Rain", and the long awaited volume of plays by Zoe Akins, which she has called "Déclassé and Other Plays". Closet drama, or at least closet drama so far, are A. Edward Newton's "Dr. Johnson" and a drama of Wisconsin history in four acts, "Red Bird", by an able poet, William Ellery Leonard. Alfred Kreymborg's "Puppet Plays" are to be collected, with an introduction by Gordon Craig. Percival Wilde, probably better known to amateur companies in this country than any other writer of one act plays, has done a treatise on "The Craftsmanship of the One-Act Play".

A year during which one gave up the reading of fiction, magazines, and poetry, and spent his time on the general, informative, casually titled books would be, in a way, a fascinating year. As I picked out the following titles I could not help regretting that I should be able to read so few of them. However, if not granted the time to read, I can at least glance over Gene Markey's "Literary Lights", a book of

caricatures, and perhaps it will be a matter of necessity to study "The Outline of Literature and Art"—a book inevitable after "History" and "Science". It has been edited by John Drinkwater, John Erskine, and Sir William Orpen. John Macy has written "The Story of the World's Literature" which will be, in a way, a companion book for Van Loon's "The Story of Mankind". Even physicians are beginning to consider the peculiarities of literary folk. Dr. Joseph Collins's "The Doctor Looks at Literature" is said to reveal startling things about many of the people who write our books.

Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale examines a more general subject than authors in "What's Wrong With Our Girls?" There are several volumes of sociological interest that look provocative: "A Mother's Letters to a Schoolmaster", with an introduction by James Harvey Robinson, "Letters from a Business Woman to Her Daughter" by Zora Putnam Wilkins, "The Family and Its Members", a sociological study by Anna Garland Spencer, "Nutrition of Mother and Child" by C. Ulysses Moore, M. D., which includes a number of menus and recipes, "The Economic Pinch" by Hon. C. A. Lindbergh. "A Study of American Intelligence" by Carl C. Brigham with a foreword by Robert M. Yerkes is misleading as a title unless you believe that mechanical intelligence tests actually measure the mind. Perhaps "Making Yourself" by Orison Swett Marden will aid conditions of unintelligence, or "Personal Hygiene Applied" by Jesse F. Williams, M. D., whatever physical difficulties are the besetting sins of America. There are countless other health books. Even "Coué for the Child" confronts us, and "Dame Curt-

sey's Book of Beauty Talks". Why not "Beauty Hints à la Coué"? "Advanced Lessons in Lip-Reading" by Elizabeth Helm Nitchie, a real authority on that subject, should prove of veritable assistance to the deaf. Perhaps the most extraordinary title among books of this character is one which seems to miss nothing in popular appeal. It is written by William J. Fielding and is called, "Health and Self-Mastery Through Psycho-Analysis and Autosuggestion".

Out of doors and sports books, these for summer surely. Here's an anthology in praise of walking, edited by W. R. B. and called "The Joys of the Road". There is "Autocamping" by F. E. Brimmer, "Book of the Black Bass" by James A. Henshall, M. D., "The Spirit of the Garden" by Martha Brooks Hutcheson, "Knowing Birds Through Stories" by Floyd Bralliar, and "The Burgess Flower Book for Children". What games shall we play this year when we tire of mere wandering in the fields? We may learn "How to Play Mah Jong" from Jean Bray, or "How to Box" from Norman Clark. There are "Lessons on Conjuring" by David Devant, and, for the younger set, I suppose "Real Games for Real Kids" by Emmett D. Angell, and "Something to Make" by Eric Wood. Let us not forget at this point, when an appetite has been created by the above activities, the cookbook concerning which rumors have long been abroad, "A Handbook of Cookery for a Small House" by Jessie Conrad (Mrs. Joseph Conrad) with a preface by the great novelist himself. Then Harry Leon Wilson jests in "So This Is Golf!", Mr. Tilden prophesies, explains, and spins yarns of tennis in "Singles and Doubles", and George Saltonstall Mumford narrates his story of "Twenty Harvard Crews".

It is seldom that architecture receives due attention, as "The New Republic" recently pointed out. Perhaps "The Significance of the Fine Arts" written by ten members of the American Institute of Architects will bring this neglected art more keenly to the public mind. Amelia Leavitt Hill tells us how to doctor our houses when they are running down with the passing of years in "Redeeming Old Homes".

Not many volumes of historical interest caught my eye, except those mentioned under other heads. George Bird Grinnell's study of "The Cheyenne Indians" should prove timely now that politicians and welfare circles are trying to take an interest in the native American. A new study of "The Civil War in America" is being added to an already long list. This one is by Walter Gaston Shotwell.

From a political standpoint, the first of what we understand will be a series of volumes on international affairs as developed during the Great War, by Winston Churchill, is probably of great importance. "Public Opinion in Peace and War" by the President of Harvard University is a collected series of lectures. "People and Politics" as observed by a Massachusetts editor, Solomon Bulkley Griffin, should contain a wealth of humorous and penetrating anecdotal material. "Economics for Everybody" by Frank Vanderlip should be general enough to interest even those not actually connected with business. "Banking under the Federal Reserve System" by Dr. Willis, who was the expert on the house committee that framed the original bill, is an important book, probably of interest only to teachers or students of economics or those actually connected in some

way or other with the business world.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher is not only a novelist but an expert linguist and a student of literature. Her translation of Giovanni Papini's much discussed "Life of Christ" is, therefore, an important contribution to the body of English literature. "Roosevelt's Religion", Christian F. Reisner's discussion, should have a certain popular appeal, and A. Maude Royden's "Women at the World's Crossroads" will doubtless command the attention of those who know this evangelist's work or have heard her preach.

In closing I find before me several titles which are interesting and which I've failed to fit in elsewhere. Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown) gives us another oriental prose collection of semi-essays, semi-stories, "The Unveiled Ladies of Stamboul". A book about a company of Massachusetts gold seekers who sailed around the Horn seventy-five years ago sounds as though it might be interesting, doesn't it? Octavius Thorndike Howe has written it, and it is called, "Argonauts of '49". Then there is "Getting By in Hobohemia", a study, by Nels Anderson, of the homeless man in Chicago. "The Classification and Identification of Handwriting" by C. D. Lee and R. A. Abbey might be recommended not only to criminologists but to editors, secretaries, and in fact all those who must peruse handwritten scripts. Finally, I come across a comforting title, "The Meaning of Relativity", a book by Mr. Einstein himself based on his lectures delivered last year at Princeton University. This reminds me soothingly that the importance of literature, current literature especially, is, after all, only relative — and spring is here!

—J. F.