

first impression is of a methodical and admired crudity, a careful violence. And that settles all doubt of the pretensions of the school, beyond need of further argument or analysis. They are not trying to be expressive; they are trying to be impressive. Consciously or not, they thank their god that they are not as other men; and their god is not Apollo but Phæthon. The one thing certain about Futurism is that it has nothing to do with the future, unless our future is to be an Armageddon. The disease may spread into a pestilence, or be blown seaward upon a gale of healthy laughter. But its tendency is not to be disguised by any protestations about freedom and the future. The new school is wholly and patently reactionary, decadence aping the pleasures of the barbarian, the spirit returning downward to the dust.

Brian Hooker.

CATALOGUING AUTHORS

Mary Stewart Cutting once said to a friend of hers that she didn't know she was writing suburban stories until an editor told her so. In his mind, she had become identified with that phase of life, and he wanted nothing else from her. "But my *Little Stories of Married Life* are not necessarily suburban stories!" exclaimed Mrs. Cutting. "The scenes of them just happen, in most cases, to be laid in the suburbs."

"That's just it," the editor replied, "it just happens so; but it just happens, too, that your large circle of readers have associated your name with that type of story now, and it would be better, from my point of view, if you didn't disavow them." "But I've written other stories," argued Mrs. Cutting, "and of course I intend to go on to other fields. I hate the idea of being labelled. It's narrowing." And she went home and wrote *The Unforeseen*, a novel of city life.

What would happen if Jack London wrote a society story? Would any magazine want it? Or suppose Rex Beach deserted Alaskan trails and the great out-of-doors for a political novel?

For years Booth Tarkington's name was identified with romantic fiction because of *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Now he is known, and will be for some time, as the creator of the most adorable boy in all American literature, Penrod. Magazine editors, for months, will expect, or want, nothing from him but "Penrod" stories; and he cannot keep up with the demand, even working night and day. Can you think of Zona Gale and not of Friendship Village? And a few years ago it was Pelleas and Ettarre that came to one's mind at mention of her name. What of Myra Kelly? Will she be remembered by anything but her studies of East Side school children? Even had she desired to break away from a phase of life that she had made all her own, Mr. McClure, who introduced her work, would have been foolhardy to let her do so.

But authors, being blest (or cursed), with the artistic temperament, are not satisfied to rest in chains. They do not like restrictions. They do not like to sound one note, any more than an actor likes to play one rôle indefinitely. Their growth, as artists, depends upon their ability to interpret life from varying angles. It is all very well to make some section, or cross section, of our country, one's exclusive territory—for a time. But if a writer remains too long in one place he finds it hard to go abroad. The growers desert their old pastures, their old localities. Mary Wilkins did it long ago; so did Mrs. Humphry Ward, Joseph C. Lincoln, Arthur Stringer, and May Sinclair. And think of Arnold Bennett's versatility! *The Five Towns* and—*How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day!*

Carolyn Wells is one of our greatest humourists. After she had made a reputation for herself as one she wrote, to every one's amazement, a splendid detective story. She has gone on writing them; and she has gone on writing *vers de société* and the Patty books as well, to the detriment of neither. She has done away with the silly theory that no one will take a humourist seriously.

Gelett Burgess is taken very seriously. Did you ever read "The White Cat"? And can you believe that the same man wrote "Are You a Bromide?" Oliver Herford is not only a humourist, he is a philosopher. You cannot catalogue writers like these. They refuse to be put away in filing cabinets.

For a long time Josephine Daskam Bacon found it difficult to get anything but her child stories published. *The Madness of Philip* had placed her, in the editorial mind, in the front rank of the child-story writers. And "David Grayson" had to assume that name in order to have his *Adventures in Contentment* taken in the way he wished them to be taken. He was an author who had become identified with an entirely different type of work.

In many editorial offices nowadays, when schedules are being made up, the remark will be made, "Let us get a Jack London story," not, after the old manner, "Let us get a story by Jack London." In other words, "Let us get a story of the open," not "Let us get any good story that Jack London will write for us." The artists complain, too. James Montgomery Flagg is in demand

as a pen-and-ink illustrator. So, of course, is Gibson. Who would ask for a wash drawing by the latter? Thomas Fogarty has done so many Irish types, and done them so remarkably well, that he often finds it hard to convince art editors that he is capable of other things. If you get a Seumas MacManus story you must get Thomas Fogarty drawings. They are inseparable. You cannot think of one without the other. The day will come when Anna Katharine Green will want to write something besides detective stories; but who will help her to freedom? And doesn't Will N. Harben sometimes long to leave Georgia? Even O. Henry was not urged to write novels—his short stories were considered "little classics"—and how tired he must have been of the phrase!

It will be interesting to watch authors like Henry Sydnor Harrison, Julian Street, Edna Ferber, Fanny Hurst, Gouverneur Morris, Bruno Lessing, Kathleen Norris, Montague Glass—indeed, all the virile younger group who are doing such brave things, to see if they will permit a tag to be put to their names.

Charles Hanson Towne.

SUMMER-TIME FICTION*

THE AUGUST INSTALMENT

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"CLARK'S FIELD"

WITH each new volume it becomes more and more apparent that sociology has played havoc with Mr. Herrick's art as

*Clark's Field. By Robert Herrick. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

You Never Know Your Luck. By Gilbert Parker. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Return of the Prodigal. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company.

a novelist. Instead of depicting conditions, as he did in his earlier books, and letting them speak for themselves, he is all the time obtruding his own views,

The Strength of the Strong. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Price of Love. By Arnold Bennett. New York: Harper and Brothers.

When Love Flies Out of the Window. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Rung Ho! By Talbot Mundy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.