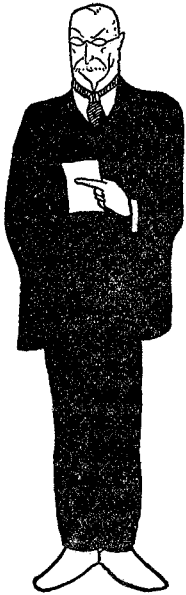


THE GOSSIP SHOP



Palmer Cox

One of the first events we remember from the panorama of childhood, is the handing over to us by some uncle, aunt, or grandparent, of a huge red bound volume of "St. Nicholas". There commenced days of golden delight. Brownies! As industrious as ants were the Brownies, and as gay as clowns! They made our days joyous, and scampered through our dreams. It was not until the other day during BOOKMAN WEEK that we finally met the creator of the famous Brownies. He lives now out at East Quogue, Long Island, by the sea, where he writes verses and makes Brownie cards for his friends. What a kindly, delightful, stalwart old gentleman, who brought along Palmer Smith, his young namesake, for his first trip to New York City. Mr. Cox rambled on about old days in San Francisco, of newspaper work, of his first encounter with Mary Mapes Dodge, then editor of "St. Nicholas", of how she liked his work, and finally, of the creation of the first Brownie, forty years ago. And the Brownie books sell as well as ever! His niece wanted Mr. Cox to stay all night; but no, this was impossible, for Palmer Smith loudly asserted that he must get back to Long Island for Sunday School the next morning.

It was indeed an event when the Goops met the Brownies. Gelett Burgess, that encyclopædia of children's bad manners, came to tell us about how much jam it is possible for a child to hold in one bare hand. If Rose O'Neil had been present with her Kewpies, we should have been a most happy family; but, after all, it was the Brownies who came on the scene first, and they still live their scampering lives in the nursery and over the library shelves. The following verse to ourself surprised us a bit. In fact, it even worried us a little; for it is said that a Brownie knows all things:

There's nothing sure below the stars,
Whatever plans you lay,
The gate will swing, or break the bars
And sin will have its day.
So careful be, and guard your name.
Observing Brownies say,
Be free from all that leads to shame
And bravely go your way.

We would have liked so much to spend last summer in Italy—for many reasons. Perhaps the greatest of these is that one can live comfortably on so little money. That is particularly appealing at this time of the inflocking of bills. It would have been a privilege for the Gossip Shop to attend the Dante celebration at Ravenna, too. However, our Lares and Penates guard us, and Miss K. R. Steege saw fit to write us an account of the happenings.

People of every class and creed and shade of political opinion were there, passing through the narrow street which leads to the tomb. From the Piazza which bears the poet's name, past the house of Guido da Polenta, where Dante was once the honored guest, the crowd came and went from morning until evening. Some had brought flowers, and leaves of laurel were strewn everywhere. Many of these had come by aeroplane from the villa by the Lake

of Garda from which D'Annunzio had sent them, and they lay on and around the tomb and even in the street outside. From the wall of the Polenta house opposite, there was arranged a series of lights coming through glass so tinted that when the evening came, their rays fell directly over the front of the tomb, causing an effect like moonlight. Behind shone the moon, nearly at its full, and in between rose the tower, also illuminated, where hangs the bell just given by the Communes of Italy. This bell, which is to ring always at the vesper hour, was the form chosen for the gift by Dr. Guido Biagi of Florence, and no more fitting memorial could have been found.

Many offerings were brought in sign of homage to the poet. From the army came a magnificent wreath and trophy of bronze, which was escorted by officers and soldiers and brought on a gun carriage, in a great procession, to be deposited at the front of the sarcophagus. From the city of Rome were sent the gates for the tomb, of metal fused from Austrian cannon. Other countries were represented: America, England, France, and Holland sent their gifts in recognition of the greatness of Dante.

Ravenna had done her very best on this occasion. There was a spirit of hospitality and welcome to all who came, and the citizens vied with one another in the matter of decorations. Beginning with the railroad station, there were flags and flowers; wreaths and garlands of green brightened old walls and dark corners; there was flash and color where usually there must be monotony and dulness. At night shops and houses were illuminated, and bands played in the Piazza. There were receptions, and gala performances at the theatre, and everywhere the people wandered about and there was much singing and talking. Thousands of *Fascisti* had marched from Bologna, and they arrived carrying their banners, full of enthusiasm as they went to pay their tribute of homage at the poet's tomb.

There were several imposing processions, when the flags passed and were lowered before the mausoleum. Delegations came from other cities, some of them most picturesque. Particularly effective was the group from Florence, whose *Gonfalonieri*, the standard bearers, carried the banner of their city, the red lily of Florence, and wore the costume of mediæval days. Some striking figures came also from Rome and Ferrara, while the *Carabinieri* in their gala uniforms added their usual brilliancy to the picture.

First nights gradually become as much a matter of routine as this season's theatrical failures. They divide themselves into several categories, the two most important being the bad

plays at which one may see all the interesting people, and the good plays at which one may see all the intelligent people. (The implication is not entirely true. We find interesting people occasionally intelligent.) Personally, we were so held and bound down by the writing and acting in "Anna Christie" that we attended both the first and the second nights. Seldom has there been seen in New York such a character portrayal as Pauline Lord's. Seldom has there been seen a production so careful as that which Arthur Hopkins has given this play, —the fog which Robert Edmond Jones supplies in the second act gets into the nose, the ears, and sets the rheumatiz aching in old bones. This is not the place for dramatic criticism; but Your Gossip must say this much: take yourself bag and baggage to the Vanderbilt Theatre at the earliest possible. You'll probably meet us there, too; for we shall go again and again! As for who was there—it doesn't much matter. We were too busy watching "Old Chris" and his girl to see. Clare Eames, yes, in a huge white cloak; Dorothy Speare, having just finished a new novel; Ruth Hale, without her husband, who was attending a dinner to H. G. Wells.

We were fortunate enough, the other evening, to have a talk with Mrs. Eugene O'Neill. Some day we are to meet the playwright himself. It is interesting to know that O'Neill's plays of this year are products of several years back. The manner in which he is working now is something quite new, perhaps nearer "The Emperor Jones" in spirit. We heard of the panoramic "Ponce de Leon" which, in its rhythms, is said at times almost to approach the poetic, as did "The Emperor Jones". We hear whispers of a play called "The Hairy Ape", and of a

great trilogy, which sounds fascinating indeed. Why aren't there more playwrights with the courage, doggedness, and insight of O'Neill?

Whatever is happening to Chicago! Old Gene Markey writes us (on yellow paper with green ink) that all the literati are deserting the city of Carl Sandburg and Mayor Thompson and are scurrying to the home of THE BOOKMAN and Mayor Hylan. Now this is not strictly true, Gene; for we have recently presented you with Oscar Williams, that youth who serves poetry customers at Kroch's book store, and whose first book "The Golden Darkness" is filled with delightful lyrics. Also, Pierre Loving is in your midst, and The Bookfellows are to publish his holiday play "Drift-lake", with appropriate illustrations by one Will Rensom. Also, Stephen Vincent Benét has gone to your city to be married, a marriage made possible by reason of the purchase, by your own Henry Sell, of Steve's "Young People's Pride" for that magazine of his, "Harper's Bazar", now dedicated to the fostering of young authors as well as the pursuit of the effete dress-maker. So you see, Gene, you mustn't become too discouraged, even though it does look as if Ben Hecht were about to leave you and to finish his next novel, "Gargoyles", in New York City. Besides, we have it on good authority that you, yourself, are about to return to Broadway.

So Harry Hansen's luncheons have started again, have they? How we should like to run in on deep Carl Sandburg, gay Keith Preston, violent J. P. McEvoy, quiet Sherwood Anderson, wiry T. K. Hedrick, volatile Ben Hecht, efficient Henry J. Smith, Harry, himself—and, dear Gene, yourself (for whom words fail). Gentle

readers, we publish (without his permission) a self-portrait of Chicago's youngest short story writer. And we conclude by appending Gene's latest budget of gossip:



Gene Markey

1. On Friday evening the Society of Midland Authors gave a dinner for Zona Gale, at which Edna Ferber, Stephen Graham (who has just returned from two months' tramping with Vachel Lindsay, and goes back to England in a few days) and Miss Gale made speeches. Observed at the tables were Harriet Monroe, Alice Gerstenberg, Ben Hecht, Clarence Darrow, Fanny Butcher, Edwin Balmer, and about a hundred others.

2. Pierre Loving, the young poet and critic, who, I believe, hails from your fevered civilization, is here for a few weeks. Some of his book reviews are appearing in the new magazine "Youth", which has been launched here this month. The first number of "Youth" featured poems of Oscar Williams, an article by Ben Hecht on the art of Wallace Smith, etc., etc.

3. Keith Preston has had a flattering offer from a London publisher to do a metrical translation of Ovid. (I don't know anyone who could do it so well! And then, he is particularly well equipped after the thesis he wrote for his Ph.D. Wherein he searched the classics for lecherous lines, "making", as he slyly puts it, "two *fleurs de mal* grow where but one had grown before".)

4. Edgar Lee Masters has gone into retirement at his lake cottage, and is finishing a new book—which he is keeping a mystery to all his friends.

5. Ben Hecht, whose violent prejudices against New York are so well known in these parts, may weaken any day. Three offers have come from Gotham that would weaken the resolves of many a richer man. Since the Manhattanization of those eminent Chicagoans, Burton Rascoe and Percy Hammond, one never knows....

6. But one man, I'll venture a prognostication, who will never desert Chicago for the patter and pâté de foie gras of New York, is dear old Sherwood Anderson, once more established at his Palos Park estate, hard at work on a new book. As is Carl Sandburg, the colossus of Elmhurst. To these gentlemen the malodorous grime of Chicago is incense.

Our choice of poems in the September magazines is: "Sea Urge" by Harold Vinal (Tempo), "The Spinners at Willowsleigh" by Marya Zaturensky (Poetry), "Dead Calm" by Robert J. Roe (Voices), "Creed" by Jo Felshin (Contemporary Verse), "Lake Song" by Jean Starr Untermeyer (Century), and "The Miracle" by J. Donald Adams (Dial).

John Curtis Underwood, author of "Trail's End" and of one or two of the most powerful dramatic poems of the American southwest, writes us from Santa Fé. We had written him, asking why it was that the southwestern art movement seemed to be gaining so great a headway.

Among the men who have put Santa Fé on the literary map of North America since Lew Wallace wrote part of "Ben Hur" in the Old Palace in the late 'seventies, are the historians Colonel Ralph Twitchell, pageant director for the last two Fiestas, and Benjamin Read; Charlie Siringo whose "A Cowboy Detective", "A Texas Cowboy", and "A Lone Star Cowboy" have sold in the neighborhood of a million copies; and N. Howard Thorp whose "Songs of the Cowboys", one-fourth his own and three-fourths anthology, is his second collection of the sort.

These are all permanent residents, men of the type who make history as well as write it, men whose personal reminiscences cover the days of Billy the Kid and Pat Garrett, of the coming of the railroad, of the dawn of statehood and the vast and gargantuan junketings of the legislatures of Colorado and New Mexico in the era before the Volstead Law, of the days

of Bandelier and Charles Lummis and the other earlier archaeologists and forerunners of Dr. Hewett and his colleagues at the School of Research.

There is a wealth of literary and racial tradition and folk lore in the making and in the memory of living men and women, that poets like Alice Corbin Henderson whose "Red Earth" is in its second edition and John Curtis Underwood whose "Trail's End" has been called in New York a poetry guide book to New Mexico, have indicated only here and there. Perusal of the plays of Maud McFie Bloom, a younger contemporary of the four men first mentioned, plays dealing with the native Mexican life in and near the capital for the last hundred years or so, will go far to verify this.

Writers come and go and some remain, poets more particularly thus far. Glenway Westcott, Rose Henderson, Phil Lenoir, and Yvor Winters may be numbered among Santa Fé poets past and present, as well as H. H. Knibbs, better known to many as a writer of fiction, who is here not for the first time, indefinitely. Mary Austin and Natalie Curtis are Santa Fé writers, as is Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant, author of "Shadow Shapes" and "French Perspectives", who recently settled in Tesuque.

The new art museum's free exhibition and studio facilities, and the general policy of the museum and School of Research under the leadership of Dr. Edgar L. Hewett have already made Santa Fé the centre of a southwestern art movement modern as Cézanne and old as the Pueblos whose growth is assured. Sheldon Parsons, art curator, leads the list in local sales. Kenneth Chapman, Carlos Viera, Warren E. Rollins, and Charles S. Rawles are among the older men prominent in this movement.

Of the best-known painters, sculptors, etchers, and workers in pastel who have made Santa Fé their temporary or permanent home, Robert Henri, George Bellows, Albin Polasek, John Sloan, William Penhallow Henderson, and Bror Nordfeldt need no introduction to the general art public. Paul Burlin and Willard Nash indicate the modernist tendency. Olive Rush, Louise Crow, and Katherine Dudley are among the best-known women. Wilfred Kihn, Fremont Ellis, and Will Schuster are the most promising of the younger men. Painters from Taos like Ernest Blumenschein and Victor Higgins are closely affiliated.

It would be comparatively easy to fill a complete copy of THE BOOKMAN with a catalogue of Santa Fé's scenic, climatic, historic, and cultural assets as a literary, art, dramatic, and musical centre. These have all been touched on or amplified in the publications of the Santa Fé Railroad, the School of Research and other museums, and the local Chamber of Commerce. Also in the writings, notably, of Lummis, Ernest Peixotto, E. A. Powell, George Wharton, James and Agnes Laut. They have been shown on the screen to millions since the last annual

Fiesta, the first week of September, under the auspices of the Burton Holmes Travelogues.

In conclusion it may be well to remark that, short of our skyscrapers, Santa Fé is the only place in this hemisphere north of Panama, that has evolved a distinctively American architecture. Concerning this adobe blend of the Spanish and Pueblo styles, modernized successfully in the art museum, in the most beautiful moving picture theatre in America, in the new hotel and post office, and in many commercial structures and private homes and studios, the practical details of comparative cheapness and durability of construction are worth notice.

More and more of the artists are building their own homes and studios here this year. And in this tangible evidence of material well being and a determination to stay with the job, the future of this oldest capital as a centre of light and learning to a machine-stenciled and war-racked continent seems assured. Such is my four years' conviction.

The Detroit Centre of the Drama League offers two prizes for one-act plays, a prize of fifty dollars to be known as The Daniel Quirk Jr. Prize and a second of fifty dollars known as The Drama League Prize. Plays must be in by January fifteenth. The Quirk prize play will be produced by the Ypsilanti Players and mention of this production must be made on all programs of future performances. The same condition will apply to the Drama League play. All manuscripts must be sent to Mrs. Winthrop F. Victor, 1344 Jefferson Avenue, Pontchartrain Apartments, Detroit, Michigan. Manuscripts must not be signed by the name of the author (use a pen name). Neither should the author's address nor any indication of identity appear on the manuscript. Each manuscript must be accompanied by a sealed envelope bearing the title of the play, the pen name of the author, and his real name and address. No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by postage. All plays submitted will remain the property of the author after the first production. In case the judges decide that no play submitted is worthy of a prize, neither

the Ypsilanti Players nor the Drama League is under obligation to make the awards. All plays must be type-written.

The Canadian Authors' Association, formed in March, 1921, to promote the interests of Canadian literature, recently welcomed home Bliss Carman at a recital given in the ballroom of the Ritz Carlton Hotel in Montreal. Mr. Carman has been for some time in retirement, writing verse. Lucky man, say we, as the winter season jumps upon us all with voracious claws. The poet was introduced by John Murray Gibbon, President of the Association, and it was his poem, "Dance of the Maple Leaves", to which children danced in a ballet the climax of which was the crowning of Mr. Carman with a wreath of red and yellow maple leaves.

We are the leaves that run
Red, so red, and ablaze
With the burning of the sun
So many summer days.

We are the leaves unknown
Save to the things that fly,
And now, loose and wind-blown,
Flame up before we die.

But ere we drift beneath
The silence of the snow,
We twine for you a wreath
Of glory as we go.

You led the caravan
Of poets on Grand Pre,
And taught the Pipes of Pan
In Canada to play.

In Fundy's tides you sought
The Children of the Sea,
And April Airs you caught
Under the maple tree.

Now at this Mountain Gate
Your Autumn Song we hear,
And crown you laureate,
Sweet-singing pioneer.

To be crowned by maple wreaths may be an uncomfortable honor (we are told that the crowns of emperors

weigh down the soul, while a poet's laurels merely tickle the temples). Nevertheless, it is comforting to know that Bliss Carman is receiving any honor whatsoever; for he deserves many and great ones.



H. G. Wells

Mr. Britling is going to see the Washington Conference through! There is no difficulty about recognizing Mr. Britling in the flesh. Had

Mr. Direck—or indeed any careful and observing reader of such novels as “Kipps”, “Love and Mr. Lewisham”, or “The Undying Fire”—been at the pier the other night when the liner “Adriatic” arrived, he would have known at once that the host of Matching’s Easy was paying a return visit. Escorted by the tall form of Herbert Bayard Swope and shepherded by that hustler’s eagle eye, clutching under one arm a copy of “Three Soldiers”,—so fast does fame travel,—balancing with his free hand a stick and an umbrella, a little flustered perhaps at the elusiveness in remote pockets of passport, landing card, customs declaration, and making those sibilant noises heretofore associated with the inventor in “The First Men in the Moon”, the creator of George Ponderevo and “The New Machiavelli” stepped bravely down the gangplank. H. G. Wells was again in America for the first time since his seven weeks’ visit of 1906. (That hasty inspection, by the way, produced “The Future in America”, “an amazingly prophetic book”, declares its author now.) But alas for the heart of Mr. Direck swelling with the anticipation of hospitality! Alas for the great hospitable impulse of New York, of all America! From

that moment Mr. Wells assumed a mantle of impenetrable incognito. And no wonder. You cannot be banqueted, interviewed, buttonholed, and telephoned to all day long, and yet turn out the copy for which cable desks are clamoring in three continents. Your Gossip was asked by no fewer than six persons on the day following the man’s arrival for his address, and unfortunately he did not know it. No, Mr. Wells is here as a reporter. With the exception of a dinner to him on November 2 by the newspaper on whose initiative he has come, there is no record of his having made even a semi-public appearance. When not reporting, he is going to look at America. Particularly, he wants to see something of our schools. And so after a week in the confines of the Village, he has gone into “seclusion” as he calls it, in a rather well-known Washington hotel. When he deserts that it will be not as Confucius Wells, the Great Teacher, or as the amiable if surfeited guest, but as Wells intensely curious and amazingly receptive.

The October “Literary Questions” were evidently difficult nuts to crack. As a result we can award only one prize, and that to Mrs. Kraybill of Asbury Park who was a dark horse in last month’s contest.

Here’s a new set of puzzlers sent us by Susanna A. Matteson of Auburn, Rhode Island. Send in your answers before December twentieth and be sure to state which of the answers you had to hunt up, and which of the books in this month’s “Editor Recommends” you wish if you are one of the three lucky prizewinners. If, on the other hand, you find our questions too difficult or uninspiring, tell us so or, better still, send in a set of your own.

1. Who said he had made up his mind to write for antiquity, and why?

2. What poem of Mrs. Browning's was refused by the editor of "Cornhill" on the ground of impropriety, and who was the editor?

3. Who were Jane Fairfax, the Reverend Rufus Lyon, Colonel Lambert, Maggie Vervor, Squire Clinton, Captain Reece, Ernest Pontifex?

4. What literary lady was betrothed to Edgar Allan Poe, and where did she live?

5. Place the following quotations:

a. The light that never was, on sea or land.

b. To be great is to be misunderstood.

c. The general use of gunpowder is that it makes all men alike tall.

d. There is no place too humble for the glories of heaven to shine in.

e. The soldier asked for bread,
But they waited till he was dead,
Then gave him a stone instead
Sixty and one feet high.

6. What is a boojum and what is the usual fate of a person who meets one?

The answers to November's questions:

1. The originals of the following characters are:

a. Diana of the Crossways (in the book of that name by George Meredith)—The Honorable Mrs. Norton.

b. Eugène de Rastignac (in "Père Goriot" and other of Balzac's books)—Thiers.

c. Lady Kitty Ashe (in "The Marriage of William Ashe" by Mrs. Humphry Ward)—Lady Caroline Lamb.

d. Mr. Tonans (in "Diana of the Crossways" by George Meredith)—Mr. Delane, editor of the London "Times".

e. The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue (in William Watson's poem)—Margot Asquith.

f. Glenarvon (in the book of that name by Lady Caroline Lamb)—Lord Byron.

2. "The lady from Philadelphia" appears in "The Story of the Peterkins" by Lucretia Hale to give the helpless family good advice.

3. The excellent servants are to be found in the following books:

a. Mark Tapley—Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit".

b. William, the hotel waiter—Shaw's "You Never Can Tell".

c. Dolly, the chambermaid—"Beau Brocade" by Austin Dobson.

d. Dullo, the sais—"Miss Youghal's Sais" by Kipling.

4. Francois Villon composed his own epitaph in the form of his "Ballad of the Gibbet".

5. The boys in question appear in these works:

a. Six Little Singing-boys—"The Jackdaw of Rheims" and "Ingoldsby Legends, by Richard Harris Barham.

b. Tommy Upmore—R. D. Blackmore's "Tommy Upmore".

c. Prince Mamilius of Sicilia—Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale".

d. Terence (or Fibsy) McGuire—"Raspberry Jam" and other of Carolyn Wells's books.

6. An episode similar to that related by Benvenuto Cellini in his autobiography occurs in Anatole France's "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque".

7. There are innumerable works of fancy in which the plot turns upon a likeness between two of the characters. As, for instance, Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night", "The Woman in White" by Wilkie Collins, "The Prisoner of Zenda" by Anthony Hope, "A Tale of Two Cities" by Dickens.

Gov. Thomas C. McRae of Arkansas, inspired by Arthur Somers Roche's new novel, "The Day of Faith", set aside November first as a legal holiday, to be known as the Day of Faith. On that day Arkansas citizens were called upon to offer prayers for the success of the Disarmament Conference and at the hour of noon to repeat the allegorical words, "My neighbor is perfect". Such is the force of literature in these United States.

Strange that everyone of our correspondents this month seems to be lamenting the departure of geniuses for the great city. Laura Everett writes us from Berkeley that Charles Caldwell Dobie, author of "Broken to the Plow" and "The Blood Red Dawn", has left California; also Ina Coolbrith, with her snow-white hair and her memories of Harte, Clemens, and Joaquin Miller, has come to us again. Hal Waldo writes us from Auburn that Rupert Hughes still finds the coast and the movies entertaining. Hughes has been busy taking folk poems of Sandburg, Braley, Whittier, etc. and setting them to delightful music. Of such, the pastimes of a popular novelist in Hollywood. Then Miss Everett tells us of at least *one* returning hero:

Ralph Waldo Trine who, whatever else he may write, will always be known as the author of "In Tune with the Infinite", has re-

turned from New York to his home at Los Gatos (the cats, in Spanish), the beautiful town in the low foothills bordering the Santa Clara Valley. The charm of the place does not depend on euphony of names. "Mountain Charley" is the name of the great redwood a few miles farther on in the hills. It is the rear guard of the monarchs of the Felton grove and of the Big Basin, and is twenty feet in diameter and two hundred and sixty feet in height. The Trine home is well up on the hillside overlooking the fruitful valley, a situation fitted to the thinking of harmonious thoughts.

That hymns of hate were not the only reading of the Germans during the conflict is shown by the fact that thirty thousand copies of "In Tune with the Infinite" were sold in Germany during the war.

Grace Hyde Trine, writer of poetry and pageants and a charming reader, joins with her husband in making the home a centre of hospitality of thought and deed. The California Writers' Club, entertained at the Trine home and at the club house of the Los Gatos Historical Association, passed resolutions favoring Disarmament and pledging itself to work for a cleaner press and better moving pictures.

A letter from F. N. Doubleday on his London visit enclosed a copy of William Heinemann's fall list. The Doubleday purchase of a large share of Heinemann's business has at least had one result in America: the publication of one or two works of exceeding beauty here this fall. Arthur Rackham's "Comus" is one of the quaintest volumes we have seen in many trips to many libraries, while Gay's "The Beggar's Opera", illustrated by the late C. Lovat Fraser, makes so gay a spot on the library table that the cover alone makes the purchase worth while. The English seem to possess an unflagging sense of the beautiful. We have seldom been more impressed by their high literary idealism than when we talked recently with J. C. Squire, the editor of "The London Mercury", and A. P. Herbert, the author of that splendid mystery tale "The House by the River". As an editor Mr. Squire has held himself to an unswerving policy which takes

no stock of popular taste and admits only what he, himself, considers of the highest literary merit. Personally, we have not always agreed with his standards. But we believe that the more Americans who subscribe to "The London Mercury", the better; for it represents clearly and well the unpromising attitude of a critic whose judgment is based on a splendid background and a strong artistic integrity. Incidentally, we found Squire and Herbert most genial gentlemen. We watched them through their first few days in America: bewildered by noises of elevated trains and motor trucks, astounded by Al Jolson in "Bombo", fluttered about by women at Biltmore affairs and by colyumists at our BOOKMAN luncheon. They remained still, quiet, unobtrusive, observing, charming. Just now, they are motoring through Kentucky. If all our English visitors were like these two... Ah well, it was most pleasant to meet them.

Katharine Hopkins Chapman, who has recently commenced giving lectures at southern colleges on the short story, is an indefatigable gatherer of Alabama writers' gossip for us. We don't know whether or not Scott will appreciate the following; but because he recently sent us a telegram which we were not at all able to understand, we proceed to publish Mrs. Chapman's note on the new addition to the Fitzgerald family:

That literary prodigy Scott Fitzgerald takes joyously to his new rôle of father. This is evident from the wire he sent his wife's parents, Judge and Mrs. Sayre of Montgomery, Alabama, announcing the fact: "Lillian Gish is in mourning; Constance Talmadge is inconsolable, and a second Mary Pickford has arrived."

Noting that even Fitzgerald, master of words, could temporarily think only in the feminine gender, you will not be surprised that the little adventurer from "This Side of Paradise" is a girl. However, she is named Scottie



is "The Beautiful and Damned"?

To Alabamians Scottie, as a girl's name, already has literary associations, for Scottie McKenzie Frasier, of Dothan, Alabama, has a widening reputation for feature articles, lectures, and free verse. Her first volume, "Fagots of Fancy", last year received the accolade of praise from the New York "Times" Sunday Magazine and other discriminating reviews.

Speaking of names, what ails Porter as a writing signature? Nothing that appears on the surface, yet the only two men whom I recall by that sturdy English cognomen chose to hide it under a nom de plume—when such plumes are almost as rare as plumes on men's hats! Why should O. Henry and Holworthy Hall have refused to remain Porters to their literary ambitions?

Pirates have come into their own this season! The Howard Pyle book of pirates opens romantic vistas which had become somewhat dimmed. By the way, have you ever seen Lovat Fraser's "Pirates"? There's a book! For any lover of pirates and the Jolly Roger, there is one experience which is beyond all others. That is a visit to Dwight Franklin's studio, which lies hidden on the fourth floor of a ramshackle old theatre building on Lincoln Square, New York City. Here, with a switching on of current, small scenes of gory adventure pop at you from the dark. Franklin has a facility for character and grace in modeling that are uncanny. One of his new groups, which is the deck of a pirate ship, peopled with red-sashed and outlashed gentlemen, so takes you

for her distinguished daddy, who attained note as a novelist, short story writer, and critic almost along with his majority. I wonder—from experience—whether, when this little seraph tunes up during writing hours, Scott will not decide that Scottie

back into the pages of your Stevenson, that you'll be able to stand there for hours, dreaming of Long John Silver, and Jim Hawks. The prize model, however, is one of a strip of beach in front of a turquoise sea and a burning sky. Two men struggle before your vision, bearing between them a heavy treasure chest. Some day, when we are very wealthy, we shall have one of these hidden away behind a sliding panel in our house, as have Booth Tarkington and many other lucky souls, and when we tire of modern realism, we shall be able to switch out the house lights, turn on the soft glow of pi-



Dwight Franklin

rate lights in southern seas. The other night we met another Dwight at Mr. Franklin's, Laurette Taylor's son Dwight Taylor, who is nineteen or thereabouts, has written good verse, draws well, and is studying at the Art Students' League. Between us, we managed to convince Mr. Franklin that he should draw us some pirates. Behold the result. Presently, too, we found that Taylor was still in his 1890 period. By that we mean that he still admires the men of the 'nineties with the same enthusiasm that we felt when we were a sophomore in college, and from which we admit that we've never quite recovered. We told him that we'd just had a long letter from Frank Swinnerton, who wrote that he'd carried our last epistle about in his pocket through a delightful vacation on Arnold Bennett's yacht, and had but now found



Frank Swinnerton

time to answer. So Dwight Taylor drew us a picture of Mr. Swinnerton, and we came away quite content.

We are renewing our youth in reading the letters which come in response to our Children's Book Week Essay Contest. Here are two of the first to arrive, printed exactly as written by the contestants. The announcements of the ten awards, and the first and second prize-winning essays themselves, will be published in the January BOOKMAN.

BOOKS I LIKE TO READ

By Stella Bohannon. Age 13 years

I like to read books which are thrilling and adventuresome. Books where the characters have very narrow escapes. Where the hero or heroine have such fine qualities. I also like to read books where there are great mysteries. I like books that seem in one place as though they will turn out one way then go on and turn out another way. There are some love stories I like to read. I like to read comical stories also those which are reasonably sad. I have a fancy for historical and poetical stories.

Some of the books I have thus far read are —“Pollyanna,” “Pollyanna Grown Up,” “The Leopard Spots,” “Herbert Carter's Legacy,” “The Girl of the Limberlost,” “Freckles,” “The Hoosier School Boy,” “Mother Carey's Chickens” and the “Campfire Girls” books.

I like to read the “Pollyanna” books because the heroine does so many heroic deeds and made friends so easily.

“The Leopard Spots” is so interesting because it tells us so much about the history of our country.

“Herbert Carter's Legacy” attracts my attention because it shows just how some wealthy people treat the poor. It also shows how anyone's position in life may be changed.

I like to read “The Girl of the Limberlost” because it shows how people may work themselves up in life whether they be poor or rich.

“Freckles” is interesting to me because it shows where there is a will there is a way to do anything. It is also very adventuresome.

I like “The Hoosier School Boy” because it shows how much better qualities in some people than others.

“Mother Carey's Chickens” shows how affectionate the members of the family may be to each other.

I like “The Campfire Girls” book because they show how much good work an organization may do. They are also very adventuresome.

BOOKS I LIKE TO READ

By Julia F. Spratt. Age 12 years

When I was seven years old, I began to read Louisa Alcott's books. I started with “Jack and Jill,” then came “Under the Lilacs.” As I and the books grew older, I read “Little Women,” “Little Men,” and many others. I still read them over, and over again. Amy was my favorite in “Little Women.” Then came “Jo” with all her boyish pranks.

Since then, I have read many other books, and one set, which I dearly love, is the Five Little Peppers. It tells all about their troubles in the Little Brown House, and also their good luck, when they are at last wealthy. These books, are dear to the heart of any girl between the ages of ten and fifteen.

The books I love most of all are the corner house girl series. Agnes is so like myself, I can imagine I am living in the Corner House Mansion, with a cross old aunt. Agnes who is twelve years old, says in the story that she has bushels of molasses colored hair and blue eyes that would stare a rude boy out of countenance, but she would spoil the effect the next moment by giggling. My friends say Agnes would be a good playmate for me, as I am like her in every way.

My sister likes to read Dotty Dimple stories. I used to enjoy them myself, but now I believe they are a little too young for me now.

The last book I read is called Wilderness Honey. It is a very good story for boys and girls, and tells many interesting things about bees. How they hatch a queen bee, what she is fed with, and how she works when she comes into the world.

I have read the Little Colonel books, and found them very interesting. The one I like best is where she goes to boarding school. I am entertaining the hopes that I may go some day. Little Colonel talks with a sweet southern drawl and draws out her a's. Everybody she meets falls in love with her at once of course she has a few rivals but she wins them over in the end. It was a beautiful book and I will long remember the pleasant hours it held for me as I held it with one hand and munched an apple.

I have read the Alger books but I only enjoyed the first one as the others were all written on the same plan.

David Copperfield was very nice also The Count of Monte Christo, Swiss Family Robinson, Mark Seaworth, Rajah of Dah, Bonnie Prince Charlie and many others.

They were all so interesting I really can't tell which one I enjoyed the best. I have tried to read Pride and Prejudice but only parts of it are childish so the book and I don't get along very well. I love Dicken's works and I will continue to read them. I love good books and I could almost read eight books a day, so that is why I hope to win a prize either the first or second.