

THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of the new fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Monthly Book Bulletin", and "THE BOOKMAN'S Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.

THE ISLE OF SEVEN MOONS—Robert Gordon Anderson—*Putnam*. Pirate gold. Blood. Mystery. The always-with-us final embrace.

HOAX—Anonymous—*Doran*. Quietly ironical concerning the love affairs of a supremely casual young man. A southern book with genuine fleas and darkies, heat and sand.

SLEEPING FIRES—Gertrude Atherton—*Stokes*. An old-fashioned melodrama of San Francisco and New York.

THE MAN ON THE OTHER SIDE—Ada Barnett—*Dodd, Mead*. Gentle, delicate, wistfully beautiful. A book whose fragrance is unforgettable.

*THE FIRST PERSON SINGULAR—William Rose Benét—*Doran*. Pleasant mystery romance and one of those small town psychological novels besides. By the associate editor of the "Literary Review" of the New York "Post".

*MR. PROHACK—Arnold Bennett—*Doran*. Mr. Bennett, in an idle mood, gets a great deal of amusing 1922 worldly wisdom into a novel of the new rich.

A DAUGHTER OF THE BADLANDS—Kate Boyles Bingham and Virgil D. Boyles—*Stratford*. Cupid turns his darts on a modern Pocahontas and a six-shooter on almost everybody else.

HEPPLESTALL'S—Harold Brighouse—*McBride*. A novel of industrial development and family tradition. Unusual both for strength and vision.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH—Emma Beatrice Brunner—*Brentano*. Cheap and showy melodrama. Inspired by the crime wave.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF COOMBE—Frances Hodgson Burnett—*Stokes*. A quiet story of exceedingly well bred Londoners as seen by an Americanized Englishwoman.

"Q"—Katharine Newlin Burt—*Houghton Mifflin*. As pleasant a way of wasting time as any other.

*THE BRIMMING CUP—Dorothy Canfield—*Harcourt, Brace*. A discontented woman's temptation related in a small town background by this expert story teller.

*SUNDRY ACCOUNTS—Irvin S. Cobb—*Doran*. Good old-fashioned short stories. Some first-class darky stuff.

THE FLAMING FOREST—James Oliver Curwood—*Cosmopolitan*. Colorful action in a carefully hand painted Canadian scenic design.

GUINEA GIRL—Norman Davey—*Doran*. Amusing story of a demi-mondaine and the society on the Riviera in the best ironical vein of the Younger Generation.

THE VANISHING POINT—Coningsby Dawson—*Cosmopolitan*. George Barr McCutcheon crossed with E. Phillips Oppenheim. For them as likes it.

REVELATION—Dulcie Deamer—*Boni, Liveright*. Sensuous story of the Biblical woman who escaped stoning, honest in chapters but cheap as a whole.

*LILIA CHENOWORTH—Lee Wilson Dodd—*Dutton*. A brilliant story of a brilliant character, set all the way from an American girl's college to the Paris stage. (See page 416.)

*THREE SOLDIERS—John Dos Passos—*Doran*. Three malcontents in a vivid war setting.

RIMROCK TRAIL—J. Allan Dunn—*Bobbs-Merrill*. Only at the end does spine-tickling action halt longer than a breath for the heart thumping of love.

*THE ILLUSION (DANSONS LA TROMPEUSE)—Raymond Escholier—*Putnam*. Dust gathers on the cracking portrait of a woman in an old-fashioned frame, but she of the picture clings pathetically to youth.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED—F. Scott Fitzgerald—*Scribner*. Mr. Fitzgerald finds marriage disillusioning and cocktails tepid.

THE LONGEST JOURNEY—E. M. Forster—*Knopf*. The evolution of an idealist's philosophy, registering both high and low literarily.

THE EVERLASTING WHISPER—Jackson Gregory—*Scribner*. The breaking of a spoiled child of luxury in western paths!

TO THE LAST MAN—Zane Grey—*Harper*. A feud, with red blood, morals, and sentiment.

IMMORTAL ATHALIA—Harry F. Haley—*Dorrance*. Haggardesque fantasy in which dreams from opium and rarebit take their turns.

THE CANYON OF THE FOOLS—Richard Matthews Hallet—*Harper*. Gold and a girl and a sense of humor—an attractive combination.

THE RUSTLE OF SILK—Cosmo Hamilton—*Little, Brown*. John Bull, in the agony of postbellum fever, is given an impossible loving and lovable nurse.

SAINT TERESA—Henry Sydnor Harrison—*Houghton Mifflin*. Lengthy proof that there ain't no such critter as The Woman Who Hates Love.

*MARIA CHAPDELAINE—Louis Hémon—*Macmillan*. An exquisitely told idyl of French-Canadian life.

CYTHEREA—Joseph Hergesheimer—*Knopf*. What most women think their husbands are. Underdone Freud and super-Robert W. Chambers. Will add to the pocketbook but not the reputation of the author of "The Three Black Pennys".

NUMBER 87—Harrington Hext—*Macmillan*. A pseudo-scientific mystery story that would raise gooseflesh on a billiard ball.

ELINOR COLHOUSE—Stephen Hudson—*Knopf*. Modern Delilah and a social register Samson. Economical in words and, unfortunately, in persuasiveness as well.

THE SHEIK—E. M. Hull—*Small, Maynard*. Cave man appeal for bridge playing ladies.

) *IF WINTER COMES—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown*. Mr. Hutchinson's brilliant achievement, somewhat in the manner of Charles Dickens.

THE WHITE KAMI—Edward Alden Jewell—*Knopf*. The glamor of free love fades for one and widowhood brings eligibility to the other, just in time for—well, look at the end of almost any book.

THE VENEERINGS—Sir Harry Johnston—*Macmillan*. Dickens unto the second and third generation. A pleasant, leisurely novel that shows few traces of its ancestry.

THE BLUE CIRCLE—Elizabeth Jordan—*Century*. The least indigestion, and in bed at night the characters come back to reenact their plot.

SIMON CALLED PETER—Robert Keable—*Dutton*. Good writing here acts as a shock absorber.

THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR—Peter B. Kyne—*Cosmopolitan*. A story of diligence and virtue rewarded. Regulation success pattern.

*MAIN STREET—Sinclair Lewis—*Harcourt, Brace*. The American small town seen through the eyes of Mr. Lewis, who is traveling in Europe on the fruits of his widely read critique.

THE TWO FLAMES—Mabel Maas—*Jonathan Cape*. Jumbled Holland politics of the Renaissance ineffectually presented.

BIG PETER—Archibald Marshall—*Dodd, Mead*. A "Little Lord Fauntleroy" for grown ups. Extremely pleasant.

CHILDREN OF THE MARKET PLACE—Edgar Lee Masters—*Macmillan*. The autobiography of an imaginary gentleman, the biography of Stephen Douglas, and a summary of American politics before the Civil War, all in one.

GENERAL BRAMBLE—André Maurois—*Dodd, Mead*. Amusing anecdotes of the peaceful side of the war. A sequel to "The Silence of Colonel Bramble".

SLAG—Donald McGibeny—*Bobbs-Merrill*. Between the Scylla of capitalism and the Charybdis of Communism, the steel industry is steered to Utopia.

GOLDIE GREEN—Samuel Merwin—*Bobbs-Merrill*. Several good words for the business variety of flapper.

"TEX"—Clarence E. Mulford—*McClurg*. The west at its wildest. A pleasant arrangement of battle, murder, and sudden death.

DOUBLE CROSSED—W. Douglas Newton—*Appleton*. Just what one expects from the title.

BRASS—Charles G. Norris—*Dutton*. Kathleen Norris's husband writes of marriage as one man sees it. He is not, he assures the public, his own hero.

LUCRETIA LOMBARD—Kathleen Norris—*Doubleday, Page*. Not bad at all but like a million others.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1921—Edward J. O'Brien—*Small, Maynard*. A selection which displays this notably gloomy taste at its best.

VOCATIONS—Gerald O'Donovan—*Boni, Liveright*. An earnest tale of convent life and human nature fighting churchly vows.

THEN CAME MOLLY—Harriet V. C. Ogden—*Penn*. A good old dowager helping an attractive niece put handcuffs on love.

MADAME VALCOUR'S LODGER—Florence Olmstead—*Scribner*. A novel that is light enough for summer reading and good enough to go over again in the fall.

THE GREAT PRINCE SHAN—E. Phillips Oppenheim—*Little, Brown*. Best seller diplomacy with the bogey wearing a mandarin coat.

HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER—Gene Stratton-Porter—*Doubleday, Page*. For those who love California and nature, but not the Japanese.

AN ORDEAL OF HONOR—Anthony Pryde—*McBride*. A fairly well written study of the English middle class.

IN LEADING STRINGS—J. K. Pulling—*Moffat, Yard*. Well drawn and interesting story of the much abused artistic temperament.

*VANDEMARK'S FOLLY—Herbert Quick—*Bobbs-Merrill*. The well told autobiography of Jake Vandemark through the colonization period in the middle west.

THE MOON ROCK—Arthur J. Rees—*Dodd, Mead*. An unusually clever detective story. Guess-proof and plausible.

A MAN OF PURPOSE—Donald Richberg—*Crowell*. Like most men of purpose, very worthy but a little dull.

THE WINTER BELL—Henry Milner Rideout—*Duffield*. A crisp, clear little story of friendship and the northern woods.

THE ASHES OF ACHIEVEMENT—Frank A. Russell—*Brentano*. Really not so bad as one would judge from the cover.

*SCARAMOUCHE—Rafael Sabatini—*Houghton Mifflin*. A French Revolution costume novel of much dash and brilliance.

*ADRIENNE TONER—Anne Douglas Sedgwick—*Houghton Mifflin*. A novel of primary importance. Unusual perfection of style and mastery of characterization.

SQUARE DEAL SANDERSON—Charles Alden Seltzer—*McClurg*. Good, straight wild west stuff that should be of special interest to Boy Scouts.

*THE COMBINED MAZE—May Sinclair—*Macmillan*. A new edition of one of Miss Sinclair's earliest and most successful novels.

THE PRAIRIE CHILD—Arthur Stringer—*Bobbs-Merrill*. A good picture of life in western Canada, and of one home and one woman in particular.

LINDA LEE INCORPORATED—Louis Joseph Vance—*Dutton*. Snappy society scandal and movie gossip. Pie for Dr. Straton.

*PETER WHIFFLE, HIS LIFE AND WORKS—Carl Van Vechten—*Knopf*. Enthralling truth beneath the cosmetics of fiction. Gloriously real and written well.

MARGEY WINS THE GAME—John V. A. Weaver—*Knopf*. Have you talked with a flapper? If not, here's a tabloid novel guide to their psychology.

*MERTON OF THE MOVIES—Harry Leon Wilson—*Doubleday, Page*. Setting up exercises for one's sense of humor in a close up of the film industry. Double starred for excellence. (See page 415.)

THREE MEN AND A MAID—P. G. Wodehouse—*Doran*. Deliciously frivolous. To be served with iced lemonade in warm weather.

HELEN OF THE OLD HOUSE—Harold Bell Wright—*Appleton*. Another sincere attempt to be read by those who wish to be uplifted.

HOMESTEAD RANCH—Elizabeth G. Young—*Appleton*. Youth is still willing to suffer in the west for a bit of land—or is it for love?

HURRICANE WILLIAMS—Gordon Young—*Bobbs-Merrill*. A bloodthirsty pirate story, specializing in murders and suicides.

THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Insanity, Poetry, or Both

SO, the real poet must be mad, according to Frederick Clarke Prescott in "The Poetic Mind" (Macmillan). This is a volume that I do not recommend to poets. It would tend to make them conscious. It might even tend to make them seek madness; for the greatest inspiration comes to those poets tinged with the greatest madness, like Shelley—Tennyson's streak of insanity is only slight and Longfellow had practically none at all.

An absorbing study, this analysis of genius! Prescott's work opens many new lines of thought. It is annoying to think that hunger may produce a great work of art. It is even more discouraging to pin an artistic masterpiece to sex disturbance. Nevertheless, so clinical a survey of the unusual mind cannot but prove stimulating to anyone who has considered the problem at all. In this connection I wish that someone would analyze the "popular" and "unpopular" poem or book by a study of the psychological background of the author. I somehow feel that here is material for real research. I suspect that any top notch popular figure in literature will be found to possess something of this prophetic quality, insane if you like. Depending entirely, then, upon his medium of expression, there follows immediate popularity, then oblivion or ultimate appreciation and immortality. It is the *same thing*, however. Only the environment is responsible for the immediate effect on the public. The underlying sympathy and human

understanding is the same—and, without this, all is but as brass and tinkling cymbals.

In this connection, the closing paragraph of Mr. Prescott's book is worth reading:

The universality of Shakespeare, the Shelleyan Prometheus, representing, as we have seen, not the individual man but mankind, the person of Christ in his representative character, and other examples of the same kind, urge us to rise above an individual to a generalized conception of the poetic process—to the conception of man universal as poet and creator. . . . Poets, from Plato to Wordsworth and Emerson, have recognized that "there is one mind common to all individual men,"—a common human mind, finite perhaps, but affording our natural approach to a conception of the divine and infinite. . . . They regard the universal mind as creative, for in its dream are born the "phantoms" which are "the shadows of all that man becomes". . . . The creative process is complete when the mind casts upon the phantoms "the gathered rays which are reality". When all the aspirations of the universal human soul are realized, the divine volition, as far as we are humanly concerned with it, will have been accomplished. Thus "poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man".

An Optical Illusion

IN "Merton of the Movies" (Double-day, Page) Harry Leon Wilson has done the seemingly impossible. He has written a novel satirizing a certain type of novel and yet retained practically all the popular appeal of the type of novel which he has satirized. Merton's rise to fame is typical of Horatio Alger, Harold Bell Wright, the tone of "The American Magazine", and a dozen other such