

THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent 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", McClurg's "Monthly Bulletin of New Books", and "THE BOOKMAN'S Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.

THE RETURN OF BLUE PETE—Luke Allan—*Doran*. Lumberjacks and love, with other appropriate appurtenances, including halfbreeds. Not so bad; the people are quite alive.

LOVE—Léonie Aminoff—*Dutton*. A very flippant book, written with the France of the Directory as background, and devoted to the thesis that history is a comedy of manners.

THREE BLACK BAGS—Marion Polk Angellotti—*Century*. Another good movie turned into indifferently good fiction.

IN THE DAYS OF POOR RICHARD—Irving Bacheller—*Bobbs-Merrill*. Ben Franklin as background for the adventurous love story of dashing Jack Irons. A period novel of charm.

FLOWING GOLD—Rex Beach—*Harper*. Admirers of "The Net" and "The Silver Horde" will welcome this tale, smoothly flowing as its Texas oil.

A FLASH OF GOLD—Francis R. Bellamy—*Doubleday, Page*. The Doctor lives for uplift, his wife trembles on the brink of free love. How they are reunited by a strike is well worth reading.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRIDE—Stephen Vincent Benét—*Holt*. Once more after-the-war youth loves, despairs, and gets together happily in true magazine fashion.

*MR. PROHACK—Arnold Bennett—*Doran*. Epictetus with an unexpected fortune handed to him, with a wife, a son and a daughter, and two London clubs.

*THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS—Richard Blaker—*Doran*. The study of a man of talent in his changing relations to his family. Unusual first novel.

THE TRAIL OF THE WHITE MULE—B. M. Bower—*Little, Brown*. Casey Ryan's misadventures with the bootleggers are even funnier than his earlier troubles with the goats.

ROGUES' HAVEN—Roy Bridges—*Appleton*. Tells of the struggle of a pack of rascals for an old pirate's wealth, upon a quiet, eighteenth century English landscape.

*THE BOY GREW OLDER—Heywood Broun—*Putnam*. The popular critic becomes strenuously autobiographical in what proves to be a penetrating, whimsical, thoroughly readable short novel. (See page 339.)

A KNIGHT AMONG LADIES—J. E. Buckrose—*Doran*. A light tap on the wrist for those who prefer their fiction in docile doses.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF COOMBE—Frances Hodgson Burnett—*Stokes*. London as the Victorians had it, somewhat modernized, with a well constructed plot overlaid.

ROBIN—Frances Hodgson Burnett—*Stokes*. More sentimental than most of her stories, with a touch of the war and its most mawkish attitudes.

AT THE EARTH'S CORE—Edgar Rice Burroughs—*McClurg*. This popular practitioner of the art of Jules Verne has assembled here all the ingredients of a thriller with his usual aplomb.

PLAYING WITH SOULS—Countess de Chambrun—*Scribner*. An original way of keeping the children of divorced parents from both the devil and the deep sea.

ASSORTED CHOCOLATES—Octavus Roy Cohen—*Dodd, Mead*. Rollicking stories of humanity in its darker shades, done with a sure, skilful touch.

AN INSTRUMENT OF THE GODS—Lincoln Colcord—*Macmillan*. Real sea tang both in the stories and the chanteys.

CAPTAIN POTT'S MINISTER—Francis L. Cooper—*Lothrop, Lee, Shepard*. The hero is clean. The heroine is wholesome. The books is clean, wholesome, and exciting.

BABEL—John Cournos—*Boni, Liveright*. Another rather chaotic and sensitive presentation of the background and life of the young Jew. (See page 346.)

THE MAN IN THE TWILIGHT—Ridgwell Cullum—*Putnam*. A highstrung, nervous romance of the wood pulp mills of eastern Canada.

THE COUNTRY BEYOND—James Oliver Curwood—*Cosmopolitan*. The story of a dog, with a human heroine who says to a human hero, "You're so big and strong, Mister Roger. . . ."

THE JUST STEWARD—Richard Dehan—*Doran*. One of those stories that jump a dozen centuries and show you the descendants, who proceed to fall in love with each other.

THE ROMANCE OF A MILLION DOLLARS—Elizabeth Dejeans—*Bobbs-Merrill*. A tale of twisted and tangled events, with a first-rate, guaranteed surprise ending.

THE VEHEMENT FLAME—Margaret Deland—*Harper*. Young love struggles against the sophistications of age and the terrible flames of jealousy.

CHARLES REX—Ethel M. Dell—*Putnam*. Miss Dell finds an adequate theme for her usual sentiment in a masquerading young lady et al.

ANN AND HER MOTHER—O. Douglas—*Doran*. Gentle and gently humorous picture of a family developed in talks between a girl and her mother. The kind of Scotch welcomed in old ladies' homes.

WHISPERING SAGE—Harry Sinclair Drago and Joseph Noel—*Century*. Nevada sagebrush as the background of a ruthless fight for water rights and a woman.

DON RODRIGUEZ—Lord Dunsany—*Putnam*. Imaginative fiction lifted to heights of superlative charm for readers who like their novels delightfully fantastic.

CITY BLOCK—Waldo Frank—*Frank*. Dramatic incidents dug from the lives of possible tenement dwellers, not clouded by the author's usual difficult style.

ONE WORD AT A TIME—Margaret Fuller—*Century*. A pretty little romance of the oldtime south for those who take three lumps of sugar in their coffee.

FIVE NIGHTS AT THE FIVE PINES—Avery Gaul—*Century*. A ghost story enlivened by a sense of humor has for its setting the desolate wastes of Cape Cod's sand dunes, and for its characters an interesting assortment of natives.

HER UNWELCOME HUSBAND—W. L. George—*Harper*. The story of unconventional Claire Caldecot told with brilliance and Mr. George's usual understanding of the inner mood of woman.

MAN AND MAID—Elinor Glyn—*Lippincott*. "You have had immense experience of love, Coralie, haven't you?" . . . Ah yes; but what sort of love, Mrs. Glyn?

SAINT TERESA—Henry Sydnor Harrison—*Houghton Mifflin*. A study of certain problems of the new woman, who proves newer in business than in love.

GARGOYLES—Ben Hecht—*Boni, Liveright*. An adventure in vulgarity which has moments of good writing. (See page 347.)

*MARIA CHAPDELAIN—Louis Hémon—*Macmillan*. The idyl of patient Maria in her French Canadian background—only twelve hours from the railroad!

DECEMBER LOVE—Robert Hichens—*Doran*. A long, really substantial novel by a born storyteller. The central portrait is of a woman of sixty who still finds herself in love.

*THE COVERED WAGON—Emerson Hough—*Appleton*. Indians, love, open stars, and clean living in the colonization period of America.

*ABBÉ PIERRE—Jay William Hudson—*Appleton*. A gentle love story of a nice American and an equally nice French girl told whimsically by a Gascon priest.

THE SHADOW OF THE EAST—E. M. Hull—*Small, Maynard*. A rather more conventional story, if just as adventurous as "The Sheik".

THE SHEIK—E. M. Hull—*Small, Maynard*. Surely not a proper guidebook for young lovers, in spite of its popularity.

*IF WINTER COMES—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown*. Mark Sabre and his trials and tribulations are still appealing to thousands.

*THIS FREEDOM—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown*. A jumbled presentation of an interesting problem in feminism. Provocative as a study if not important among novels.

THE SINGING CAPTIVES—E. B. C. Jones—*Boni, Liveright*. Miss Jones discovers, and gives exposition to the discovery, that happiness is built upon solid character and not upon culture, afternoon tea, an automobile, or six maids.

THE MOTHER OF ALL LIVING—Robert Keable—*Dutton*. With the romances of an exotic Africa and the canvas of primitive emotions, most chances for excitement are present and well cared for.

SIMON CALLED PETER—Robert Keable—*Dutton*. The frankly told story of what might happen to an army chaplain's morals under stress and strain.

CAPPY RICKS RETIRES—Peter B. Kyne—*Cosmopolitan*. Some humor and much action in stories that are as entertaining as former tales of the genial Cappy.

WINTERGREEN—Janet Laing—*Century*. A pleasant tale of a middle aged spinster who had a tact in managing people worthy of the Admirable Crichton.

JEANNE-MARIE'S TRIUMPH—Clara E. Laughlin—*Revell*. A little monument in genre fiction eternizing France's Unknown Soldier.

*BABBITT—Sinclair Lewis—*Harcourt, Brace*. The middle class business man satirized with unfailing humor and zeal.

TUTORS' LANE—Wilmarth Lewis—*Knopf*. There is no serious side of life in this college setting. The humorous touch is deft, bringing smiles instead of laughter.

*STUBBLE—George Looms—*Doubleday, Page*. A quiet story of the south and its people. Excellent first novel.

A MARKET BUNDLE—A. Neil Lyons—*Dodd, Mead*. Forty-four vignettes of London's East Side, done with a style of unusual piquancy.

KASTLE KRAGS—Absalom Martin—*Duffield*. A tale of Florida in which scenery, love, and mystery are happily blended.

*CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE—Kathleen Norris—*Doubleday, Page*. Generations of the Crabtree family of San Francisco pass in a painstaking review.

NICOLETTE—Baroness Orczy—*Doran*. A story of old Provence, unpretentious and rather enjoyable.

*THE HAPPY FOOL—John Palmer—*Harcourt*. A real love story in which the bond of love triumphs over essential incompatibility. Told by an author with good manners.

KIMONO—John Paris—*Boni, Liveright*. How one loves unconventionally in Japan—or some do.

CARNAC'S FOLLY—Gilbert Parker—*Lippincott*. Sir Gilbert establishes the headquarters of romance in Canada.

GIFT OF THE DESERT—Randall Parrish—*McClurg*. A wild thriller of the Mexican border in which black hearted villains pursue the beautiful heroine but are foiled by the resourceful hero.

THE MOON OUT OF REACH—Margaret Pedler—*Doran*. A fine bedtime story for grown ups.

SHORT STORIES BY PRESENT-DAY AUTHORS—Raymond Woodberry Pence—*Macmillan*. Classified arbitrarily as stories of plot, character, setting, theme, and mood, the contents of this volume are going to find their way inevitably into the Class in English Composition. Excellent bibliographies are appended.

THE REST HOLLOW MYSTERY—Rebecca N. Porter—*Century*. Mystery, built upon a case of forgotten personality.

THE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL-TEACHER—Melville Davisson Post—*Appleton*. Mr. Post tells the story of the life of Christ, as though it were lived in the twentieth century, and in the Kentucky mountains.

LAUGHTER, LIMITED—Nina Wilcox Putnam—*Doran*. Story of a movie queen as the movie queen might relate it if she had Nina Wilcox Putnam's brand of slang at her disposal.

*THE BREAKING POINT—Mary Roberts Rinehart—*Doran*. A study of the protective mechanism of fear—which doesn't hinder its being an extraordinarily exciting story.

DUST OF THE DESERT—Robert Welles Ritchie—*Dodd, Mead*. "El Camino de los Muertos" (The Road of the Dead Men) is a trail that leads through love and adventure to a long buried treasure.

CAPTAIN BLOOD—Rafael Sabatini—*Houghton Mifflin*. Not so vivid as Scaramouche, Peter Blood with his exploits in the Caribbean is yet a dashing figure.

THEY CALL ME CARPENTER—Upton Sinclair—*Boni, Liveright*. The reactions of Christ returned to earth used to register disapproval of the twentieth century speed. Bruised by propaganda.

THE VAN ROON—J. C. Snaith—*Appleton*. In which a very good girl and her young man outwit a bad uncle and a villainous artist in an exciting struggle for an old master.

THE ISLAND GOD FORGOT—Charles B. Stilson and Charles Beahan—*Holt*. The authors have concentrated all their talents upon one quality of good romance—action.

LETTERS TO A DJINN—Grace Zaring Stone—*Century*. A lively travelogue among the wildest of the South Sea islands that fades out in a clinch.

*RITA COVENTRY—Julian Street—*Doubleday, Page*. An engaging opera singer moves admirably through a readable, well plotted story. (See page 347.)

BEAUTY FOR ASHES—Joan Sutherland—*Doran*. What it means in all its horrors to be a correspondent.

*GENTLE JULIA—Booth Tarkington—*Doubleday, Page*. Julia and Florence are fast becoming companions of Penrod and Willie Baxter in the hearts of the fiction reading public.

BLACK CAESAR'S CLAN—Albert Payson Terhune—*Doran*. Mystery, snakes, lost treasure, lovely girl, faithful dog. Very well juggled.

THE CHAIN—Charles Hanson Towne—*Putnam*. John Darrow moves through a background of New York literature and society with ease and pleasure to the reader. (See page 352.)

*THE SECRET PLACES OF THE HEART—H. G. Wells—*Macmillan*. An adventuring into the psychological depths of mankind or, more specifically, woman-kind.

THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON—Edith Wharton—*Appleton*. Such society puppets as these are said to exist; but they are here described so well that you will give thanks if you have never met them.

A MINISTER OF GRACE—Margaret Widdemer—*Harcourt*. Knotty human tangles encountered and straightened out by a delightful, whimsical old god-out-of-the-machine.

PICKING WINNERS WITH MAJOR MILES—L. B. Yates—*Bobbs-Merrill*. Major Miles is an aristocratic, southern Wallingford, who goes to the horse races to shear lambs.

THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

A Critic's Two First Books

THE urge to act is even more common than the one to write for the theatre. There are those who have also the urge to produce a play themselves. There are many who achieve a hero worship for the idols of the stage. Charles Dickens, however, was all of these things. The theatre fascinated him, and to it he brought the infectious spirit of the supreme amateur. "Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play" (Putnam) by Alexander Woolcott, the dramatic critic, is a delectable potpourri. Mr. Woolcott's own essays in the book are informative and altogether pleasing, and his selection of Dickens anecdote and quotation is skilful. Of Dickens's letters to the actor Macready, enough cannot be said. Witness the following:

TO OLD PARR

Devonshire Terrace, 1847.

I am in the whirlwind of finishing a number with a crisis in it; but I can't fall to work without saying, in so many words, that I feel all words insufficient to tell you what I think of you after a night like last night. The multitude of new tokens by which I know you for a great man, the swelling within me of my love for you, the pride I have in you, the majestic reflection I see in you of all the passions and affections that make up our mystery, throw me into a strange kind of transport that has no expression but in a mute sense of an attachment, which, in truth and fervency, is worthy of its subject.

What is this to say! Nothing, God knows, and yet I cannot leave it unsaid.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

P. S.—I never saw you more gallant and free than in the gallant and free scenes last night. It was perfectly captivating to behold you. However, it shall not interfere with my determination to address you as Old Parr in all future time.

Whether "Mr. Dickens" or "Shouts and Murmurs" (Century) is Mr. Woolcott's first book, I don't know. Probably he would prefer to be hailed for the latter, since it is all his own. This is right and proper; for "Shouts and Murmurs", a collection of essays around and about the theatre, is fresh, original, and informed. It is more readable than most books about the stage; it is current, humorous, and wise, though opinionated. After all, what is a critic if not an opinion? "That mountain might be brown", said the man, "or it might be blue", and there was no arguing the matter, so I proclaimed it black, and we fought unto the death. Alexander Woolcott is a man with whom it is well worth fighting; but timid souls should not enter the lists.

Enter Mr. Broun, Novelist

THE "Boy Grew Older" (Putnam) is a short novel; but so packed with humorous and wise sayings, so moving and deft in its simple little story, that if Heywood Broun were not vitally important as a part of the favorite morning newspaper, I'd shout, "Go away somewhere, Heywood, and write some more quickly!" As a rule, stories of newspaper men do not appeal; but here is one that ought to draw praise from most men and, surely, from many women. The story of a man who turns nurse to his own baby when the temperamental mother flees from such responsibility, and then, finally, gives the boy to his mother, is tragic in essence but