

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", and "THE BOOKMAN'S Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.

THE FANG IN THE FOREST—Charles Alexander—*Dodd, Mead*. Sometimes we almost wish that London had never written "The Call of the Wild"—so many sins have been committed in its name.

THE MAN FROM PAINTED POST—Joseph B. Ames—*Century*. The cattle country gives us another good story of love and fighting.

AMBITION—Léonie Aminoff—*Dutton*. The third of twelve volumes of Napoleonic romance which leaves the reputation of the first two unchanged.

SINNERS IN HEAVEN—Clive Arden—*Bobbs-Merrill*. An effective contrast between wild life in the Southern Pacific and the narrow conventions of an English shire town.

*THE RED BLOOD—Harold H. Armstrong—*Harper*. The historical background of a Detroit millionaire. Capable historical and psychological history of an interesting type. (See page 321.)

*BLACK OXEN.—Gertrude Atherton—*Boni, Liveright*. How ladies may grow young when science is at its best—and what may happen to them in New York society.

HARVEST OF JAVELINS—Bertram Atkey—*Brentano*. A terrifying tale laid in the deserts of the Sudan, featuring a renegade and some English sportsmen.

THE DIM LANTERN—Temple Bailey—*Penn*. An idyl of love in which the characters trip rather than run.

COLIN—E. F. Benson—*Doran*. A reasonable explanation for many young men of the present day is here provided: Their ancestors sold their souls to the devil and the paper, discounted three centuries ago, has just come due.

LOVE'S PILGRIM—J. D. Beresford—*Bobbs-Merrill*. Tentative sallies of an oversensitive young man who for a time believes the right girl will never come along. Harmless.

JANE—OUR STRANGER—Mary Borden—*Knopf*. An international alliance is so often an international misalliance. Jane, with all her ugliness and millions, seems to us beautiful and vacuous.

STINGING NETTLES—Marjorie Bowen—*Small, Maynard*. "Toil and the home fire, food, drink, sleep and waking, the glance of a man to a woman, and the shout of children. What more can there be?"

THE BIG HEART—John G. Brandon—*Brentano*. All about some hair raising adventures of a lovable small boy and several grown ups well worth meeting.

MONTE FELIS—Mary Brearley—*Little, Brown*. A pleasant first novel in the William J. Locke manner that concerns the love of a blinded soldier for his secretary-companion.

VOICES—George J. Breyn—*Century*. A specialist cleverly uncovers the plotters who have been driving a miserly millionaire nearly mad by mysterious telephone calls.

PELLUCIDAR—Edgar Rice Burroughs—*McClurg*. Little care and less imagination were used in turning out this story.

THE GIRL FROM HOLLYWOOD—Edgar Rice Burroughs—*Macaulay*. Hollywood! Where movie directors make snowbirds of all beautiful girl-Mertons! Where the liquor stolen from bonded New York warehouses is disposed of! Where, however, all villains meet their just reward! Most righteous!

HIS MORTGAGED WIFE—Bonnie Busch—*Dorrance*. A flat and dreary version of the eternal triangle.

*ONE OF OURS—Willa Cather—*Knopf*. The war proves the soul of a young American whose tragedy of body revivifies the spirit.

THE TRAIL OF THE GOLDEN HORN—H. A. Cody—*Doran*. Perfectly good fiction of the Curwood school.

DARK DAYS AND BLACK KNIGHTS—Octavus Roy Cohen—*Dodd, Mead*. Lifelike reproductions of the southern negro as an average northerner likes to believe him to be.

QUEST—Miles Lanier Colean—*Dutton*. As a general attempt to depict the struggles of pioneers of invention and industry, the book strikes us as being singularly unconvincing. As a biography of one David Bullard, idealist and inventor, "Quest" strikes us as being particularly good.

ZARAH THE CRUEL—Joan Conquest—*Macaulay*. A real thriller describing a woman chief of Arab robbers.

PICCADILLY—Kathleen Coyle—*Dutton*. There is a reflection from these pages of all the beauty and fineness of youth. It is a story of bohemian life in London, with its lightness and its intensities, its joys and its sufferings.

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER—Homer Croy—*Harper*. Moral values frankly realized, in a southwestern village this time—bigotry exposed and virtue triumphant.

VAN TASSEL AND BIG BILL—Henry H. Curran—*Scribner*. Considering his wide experience in New York politics, Mr. Curran might have offered us something a little more pointed. Nevertheless these stories are quite readable and in spots amusing.

THE ALASKAN—James Oliver Curwood—*Cosmopolitan*. More he-men and Mary, who "sobbed as the man she loved faced winged death."

TETHERSTONES—Ethel M. Dell—*Putnam*. The villain is as usual a real villain and the hero a real hero, but we do wish the heroine didn't faint at every crucial moment.

LONELY FURROW—Maud Diver—*Houghton Mifflin*. The old triangle handled with really unusual skill. The background is India. The solution is a tragic one.

TANTALUS—Dorothy Easton—*Knopf*. The Vicar kisses the governess and discovers he is not so old as he thought he was.

***THE ENCHANTED APRIL**—"Elizabeth"—*Doubleday, Page*. Castles in Italy do remarkable things to tired wives—and to their husbands. A charming novel of escape.

THE RIVER TRAIL—Laurie York Erskine—*Appleton*. Another of the author's thrilling tales of the Royal Mounted Police, marred at times by a slipshod style.

FLAMING YOUTH—Warner Fabian—*Boni, Liveright*. This very frank book might have been called "Women in Love" and how they work out the annoying passion.

THE SOUL OF KOL NIKON—Eleanor Farnjeon—*Stokes*. This semi-fairy tale of Kol Nikon's search for his soul must inevitably fall into the gift book class.

***THE MARKENMORE MYSTERY**—J. S. Fletcher—*Knopf*. Another of Fletcher's puzzle novels which is the most vivid of his recent output. (See page 319.)

RIPPLING RUBY—J. S. Fletcher—*Putnam*. Is it fair to make the author shoulder the whole blame, when there is a reading public satisfied with just such mystery yarns?

THE SINGING BONE—R. Austin Freeman—*Dodd, Mead*. Detective stories of a rather new and satisfactory type, wherein a microscope solves most of the problems.

THRILLING ESCAPES—Joseph Lewis French—*Dodd, Mead*. The details of a great getaway must ever be a theme of absorbing interest; the tales in this anthology are all classics, and wisely chosen.

CAT O' MOUNTAIN—Arthur Friel—*Penn*. The savages of the Amazon about whom Mr. Friel writes such thrilling tales are no wilder than these natives of secluded New York hills.

***FAINT PERFUME**—Zona Gale—*Appleton*. Another little lady comes out of her shell—she finds a beautiful love to satisfy her very critical demands.

***CAPTURES**—John Galsworthy—*Scribner*. Powerful short stories, carefully wrought. Not Galsworthy's best but far better than most others.

FRIDAY TO MONDAY—William Garrett—*Appleton*. A rapidly moving melodrama, with a clever plot and much humor.

THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD—Philip Gibbs—*Doran*. Europe and a happy marriage at stake—the problems of marriage are more easily answered than those of state.

THE GREAT MOMENT—Elinor Glyn—*Lippincott*. Mrs. Glyn admits that Bayard Delaval is representative of splendid American manhood; and Nadine—ah, what a wild, exotic creature she is, to be sure!

THE GIRL IN THE FOG—Joseph Gollomb—*Boni, Liveright*. A gruesome melodrama simply stuffed with adventures.

TIMBER WOLF—Jackson Gregory—*Scribner*. The villains are really wicked but then the heroes pretend to be villains too.

NORTHERN NEIGHBORS—Wilfred T. Grenfell—*Houghton Mifflin*. An earnest man's religion supplies a setting for these stories of the Labrador people.

ANOTHER SCANDAL—Cosmo Hamilton—*Little, Brown*. Epigrammatic and badly bred story of high life in Westchester. The hero knows nothing about women and less about "girl", according to the author. We believe him.

THE VALLEY OF ARCANA—Arthur Preston Hankins—*Dodd, Mead*. Walled in by mountains of snow, Charmian decides in a perfectly conventional manner which of two men she will have.

THE VAGARIES OF TOD AND PETER—L. Allen Harker—*Scribner*. All lovers of children will welcome these stories for their humor, pathos, and insight.

PATUFFA—Beatrice Harraden—*Stokes*. The story of a young English violinist and her artistic circle—an uninspiring record.

AH LING OF PEKING—Miriam Harriman—*Doran*. A little story of the missionary order about a Chinese girl who saved her English chum.

THE HOUSE OF HELEN—Corra Harris—*Doran*. The invincible power of stupidity and goodness over husbands who come home to roost.

THE BLACK PARROT—Harry Hervey—*Century*. In that romantic country between Malaya and Indo-China, anything might happen; in "The Black Parrot" it for the most part does.

THE SILKEN SCARF—L. C. Hobart—*Dutton*. The geography, the heart complication, and the plot are all romantic. The conclusion is romantic.

***THE COVERED WAGON**—Emerson Hough—*Appleton*. The wagon train moves across the great desert with its incidents of trial, hope, and love. Sentimental in places—but a good story.

***NORTH OF 36**—Emerson Hough—*Appleton*. Another tale of colonization in which Texas cattle rangers move from their borders and encounter incidents of thrilling proportions.

THE DESERT HEALER—E. M. Hull—*Small, Maynard*. A woman hater with a title and a pseudonym is cured of his complaint in the land of the Sheik.

JANSE DOUW'S DESCENDANTS—Ida F. Humphreys—*Dorrance*. The grim surge of life—reminiscent of a wax museum.

***LUMMOX**—Fannie Hurst—*Harper*. A naturalistic, powerful, frank, and dramatic study of life as reflected around the bulky person of a servant girl. (See page 320.)

THE EIGHTH WONDER—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown*. A volume of short stories, by the author of "If Winter Comes", that combine his deep human understanding, whimsical humor, pathos, and slight exaggeration.

THE TEMPTRESS—Vicente Blasco Ibáñez—*Dutton*. A lady of evil intent makes merry havoc through a series of vivid and passionate episodes.

LEW TYLER'S WIVES—Wallace Irwin—*Putnam*. A selfish and entertaining gentleman and what happens to him in the course of two marriages—and incidentally, to his wives.

THE WADDINGTON CIPHER—William Johnston—*Doubleday, Page*. Well, finally the rascally lawyer is exposed, the long lost family jewels are discovered, and sundry other mysteries are unveiled.

LAUGH AND GROW RICH—Jack Kahane—*Brentano*. A novel of tissue paper lightness that concerns the Parisian amours of a young man very much about town. Pagan adventure tinged with satire, humor, and allegory.

***THE END OF THE HOUSE OF ALARD**—Sheila Kaye-Smith—*Dutton*. Pride in the face of poverty—detailed picture of an English aristocratic family.

WEEDS—Edith Summers Kelley—*Harcourt, Brace*. A story that has nothing to do with feuds, blue grass, fast horses, or fair women, but for all of that, is typical of the state these things connote.

THE SACRIFICIAL GOAT—Ernita Lascelles—*Boni, Liveright*. The Shavian hero fascinates Joan and bites David's ear. A brilliant triangle!

LEM ALLEN—William Pinkney Lawson—*Boni, Liveright*. There are hints that this is the first of a series of yarns woven around

the cheerful pessimist from the Pecos region; his saturnine humor adds immensely to the value of a right good story.

*DOCTOR NYE—Joseph C. Lincoln—*Appleton*. Scandal and the loyalties of a small town are admirably shown round and about the lovable person of Ephraim Nye.

THE LENGTHENED SHADOW—William J. Locke—*Dodd, Mead*. Suzanna Chastel, who combines all the benevolent authority of a minor goddess with the calm assurance of a highly bred cat, walks into the life of two typical Locke characters, for a typical Locke conclusion.

MR. ARNOLD—Francis Lynde—*Bobbs-Merrill*. The attempted kidnaping of Benedict Arnold, with just enough love interest to carry the story along.

THE THREE IMPOSTORS—Arthur Machen—*Knopf*. Occult horror and incredible adventure—a new “Arabian Nights” with thrills and chills.

*THE DOVES’ NEST—Katherine Mansfield—*Knopf*. Posthumous short stories, penetrating character studies, many of which are unfinished.

NOT IN OUR STARS—Michael Maurice—*Lippincott*. A combination of predestination and astrology makes a wearisome tale.

NINE OF HEARTS—Ethel Colburn Mayne—*Harcourt, Brace*. Nine women’s hearts, torn by the emotional wear and tear of this world, are laid bare by means of an exceedingly skilful, though somewhat clinical, artistry.

THE BLACK GANG—H. C. McNeile—*Doran*. In which Bulldog Drummond shows that a true British aristocrat can get away with any kind of kukluxing.

I RIDE IN MY COACH—Hughes Mearns—*Penn*. A battle against family pride cleverly won by a charming girl.

RODEN’S CORNER—Henry Seton Merriman—*Harper*. Here’s an odd wedding of fiction and social criticism. The book is thick, but the story is thin enough.

THE CONQUERED—Naomi Mitchison—*Harcourt, Brace*. The dry bones of “Caesar’s Commentaries” have been attractively clothed.

THE LOVE CHILD—Bertha Pearl Moore—*Seltzer*. Somehow, with all its convincing qualities, this story of New York’s Ghetto moved us to neither tears nor laughter.

GLADYS—J. Morgan-de-Groot—*Lippincott*. Dr. Morgan-de-Groot writes with a lusty verve. His ponderous melodramatics are lightened by interspersed pages of personal philosophy.

*WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS—Christopher Morley—*Doubleday, Page*. A pleasant satire on domesticity—Morley at his very best.

*BREAD—Charles G. Norris—*Dutton*. A woman’s career, marriage—are they adjustable? A story which is a better portrait than a solution of this vexing problem.

BUTTERFLY—Kathleen Norris—*Doubleday, Page*. But the character that really interested us was Butterfly’s sister, who discovered after years of self effacement that she also had a right to happiness.

THE BARON OF DIAMOND TAIL—G. W. Ogden—*McClurg*. More about cowboys, but well done.

THE MYSTERY ROAD—E. Phillips Oppenheim—*Little, Brown*. A complicated story of love and intrigue over half the map of Europe.

ROBERT GREGORY—John Owen—*Dutton*. In our opinion, if Gregory had really had such a consuming hatred for poverty, he would have proved far from the submissive creature of environment which the author makes him out to be.

COME HOME—Stella G. S. Perry—*Stokes*. Acadian Louisiana with its rice fields, heron pools, and quaint folk forms an interesting background to an otherwise commonplace love tale.

MONEY, LOVE AND KATE—Eleanor H. Porter—*Doran*. Let’s make it Pollyunanimous.

THE WHITE FLAG—Gene Stratton-Porter—*Doubleday, Page*. An historical novel tinged with the spirit of revivalism, in which lives of simple people are complicated by the simple process of living.

STELLA DALLAS—Olive Higgins Prouty—*Houghton Mifflin*. A study in social contrasts and a stirring portrait of a self sacrificing mother.

*THE HAWKEYE—Herbert Quick—*Bobbs-Merrill*. A worthy sequel to “Vandemark’s Folly”, in which poetic young Fremont McConkey tells his life story.

ISLAND OF DESTINY—Arthur J. Rees—*Dodd, Mead*. One miraculous coincidence may merely prove that fact is stranger than

fiction, but in this mystery novel coincidences follow too fast one upon another.

NEW BODIES FOR OLD—Maurice Renard—*Macaulay*. A hideous nightmare in the guise of an allegory.

RUFUS—Grace S. Richmond—*Doubleday, Page*. An old fashioned romance in a post-war setting. A little too sentimental, but then a simple love story is supposed to be sentimental, isn't it?

NAMELESS RIVER—Vingie E. Roe—*Duffield*. A hard riding, straight shooting villain and a devout hero are both women, each splendid after her own fashion.

OF CLEAR INTENT—Henry C. Rowland—*Harper*. The rather insipid romance of a composer with a Puritan conscience and an heiress with a blackguard guardian. Guaranteed aseptic.

TAR AND FEATHERS—Victor Rubin—*Dorance*. A really good love story as well as a merciless exposé of the Ku Klux.

THE SEA-HAWK—Rafael Sabatini—*Houghton Mifflin*. In the days of good Queen Bess—Mr. Sabatini's usual characters are disguised as Barbary Corsairs and some of Her Majesty's men.

THE VIKING HEART—Laura Goodman Salverson—*Doran*. Icelandic immigrants in Canada. They seem to be as emotional as Fannie Hurst's East Side characters.

THE WOMAN TAMER—Stanley Shaw—*Macaulay*. A lively account of a search for gold in the Far North, containing some entirely new thrills.

THE TREASURE OF THE BUCOLEON—Arthur D. Howden Smith—*Brentano*. A treasure hunt that entails picturesque adventures and desperate fighting.

THE LITTLE TIGRESS—Wallace Smith—*Putnam*. Vivid local color. The bag of tricks of the Djer Kiss ad man glorifies the Mexican scene.

ARAMINTA—J. C. Snaith—*Appleton*. Jim Lasquelles, as nice a young fellow as can be, is called in to paint the portrait of Lady Crewkerne's poor but beautiful niece—now guess what happens.

THE YELLOW SEVEN—Edmund Snell—*Century*. Exotic scenes in Borneo frame an excellent love and bandit story.

THE GAY YEAR—Dorothy Speare—*Doran*. A picture of younger married sets intended to alarm.

SPIRIT-OF-IRON—Harwood Steele—*Doran*. Imperfectly good fiction of the Curwood school.

THE MARATHON MYSTERY—Burton E. Stevenson—*Dodd, Mead*. So well done is this detective story that after twenty years it bears reprinting.

MODERN SWEDISH MASTERPIECES—Charles Wharton Stork—*Dutton*. Short stories from the works of four Swedish writers. These sustain the reputation which previous translations have made for the modern Scandinavians.

MARCHING ON—Ray Strachey—*Harcourt, Brace*. The three decades before the Civil War serve as an authentic background for a conscientious story of pioneer feminism.

CROSS-SECTIONS—Julian Street—*Doubleday, Page*. Short stories, each of which presents an unusual character and a clever twist.

FOMBOMBO—T. S. Stribling—*Century*. Strawbridge—the name is apt, for our hero is a man of straw—performs amusingly heroic and typically American deeds of love and war in a remote and revolution-ridden corner of Venezuela. Comic relief from the author's well known "Birthright".

CUPID AND MR. PEPYS—Netta Syrett—*Stokes*. Gallant men and fair ladies in the brave days of Charles II. Local color galore.

MR. PODD—Freeman Tilden—*Macmillan*. Another story of an ideal state set in another island—the moving spirit this time is an American millionaire, and the author has a sense of humor.

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN—Arthur Train—*Scribner*. A study of New York society and the clash of old and new ideals of the old and new generations.

THE YARD—Horace Annesley Vachell—*Doran*. Mixture of horses and a murder mystery, but a little bit better than the late Nat Gould's stuff.

OCTAVIA—Seymour van Santvoord—*Dutton*. A recreation of Nero's Rome showing why those of Christian ethics did not do as the Romans did.

THE BLIND BOW-BOY—Carl Van Vechten—*Knopf*. A frothy intellectual shocker—

perverse, readable, and supposed to be highly sophisticated.

*THE CATHEDRAL—Hugh Walpole—*Doran*. A careful study of an English cathedral town—moving and exceedingly human characters are involved in scandal and tragedy.

*JEREMY AND HAMLET—Hugh Walpole—*Doran*. About a small boy and his dog. It will not decrease Mr. Walpole's popularity.

THE HOUSE OF YOUTH—Maude Radford Warren—*Bobbs-Merrill*. Of the writing of flapper books there is no end. Mrs. Warren's heroine is particularly irritating, since she reforms early in the story and must thereafter wade knee deep through the sloshing sea of her creator's sentimentalism.

UNCLE JAMES' SHOES—Doris and Samuel Webster—*Century*. An inconsequential love story that, withal, possesses a certain amount of naïve charm.

SPOOKY HOLLOW, A FLEMING STONE STORY—Carolyn Wells—*Lippincott*. Another intricate mystery by this versatile author

rapidly solved by her master of common sense methods.

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS—Carolyn Wells—*Doran*. This detective story would be rather dull with only its mystery and its detective, but fortunately there is a perfectly fascinating character in the village idiot.

MEN LIKE GODS—H. G. Wells—*Macmillan*. Another rather cosmic piece of fiction in which H. G. Wells prophesies the point to which we may come in years distant.

JEEVES—P. G. Wodehouse—*Doran*. Adventures of a valet whose chief duty is to rescue a young Englishman and his friends from perilous love affairs.

*BUNK—W. E. Woodward—*Harper*. Long after we should have been asleep, we read on and on. When the end came, tired but happy we could have started reading this most unusual book all over again.

THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR—Harold Bell Wright—*Appleton*. A story of virtue pitted against villainy.

THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Stephen Vincent Benét

THERE seems to be some dearth even of passable magazine verse in the August magazines. Can August and its dog days have infused lethargic humors into the blood of magazine poet and editor alike? The answer is No, of course, for to suit the exigencies of magazine publication the poems in question were probably written last winter. But the perusal of magazine after magazine only makes one realize the more how much can be done in the field of uninteresting verse just by *rechauffé*ing a bit of Housman, or Masfield, or T.

S. Eliot, or Edna Millay, adding a gallon of water and serving lukewarm.

The most interesting experiment of the month is contained in the August number of "Poetry", where certain juvenilia of such established poets as Frost, Masters, Amy Lowell, Sara Teasdale, Vachel Lindsay, E. A. Robinson are reprinted side by side with typical samples of the work of a group of young poets of today written at about the same age. The latter group seems far the more interesting—though E. A. Robinson emerges unscathed from the comparison—but