

Announcement

Publishers complain that collections of short stories do not sell as well as novels. It is true, perhaps, but something of the answer depends upon the collection. Day by day the publishers find that the people who buy novels are not the people who read the popular magazines. There appears to be two classes, entirely distinct, one devoted to novel reading and the other to the current magazines. Each loses something by not crossing the border into the other's country. Especially is this true of the people who look upon short stories simply as kindling to the advertising furnace of the magazines. Some of the finest writing done in the past decade has been in the field of short stories.

The House of Putnam this year has published two collections, each of which has had three printings. They are ACES and GEORGIAN SHORT STORIES OF 1924.

ACES has been starred by O'Brien in his annual book on the short story as one of the best collections available. It is easy to see why this is so. The collection was made for the benefit of a charitable organization and in each case the author gave a story which he considered one of his best.



Notice the tales in the collection. It includes WHAT REALLY HAPPENED, by Dorothy Canfield; BASE INGRATITUDE, by Octavius Roy Cohen; OLD MAN MINICK, by Edna Ferber; GRETCHEN'S FORTY WINKS, by Scott Fitzgerald; EXIT CHARITY, by Zona Gale; LOVE AND CLOAKS AND SUITS, by Bruno Lessing; THE UNBECOMING CONDUCT OF ANNIE, by Kathleen Norris; TWENTY-TWO, by Mary Roberts Rinehart; ABE'S CARD, by Benjamin Sher; THE ELEVENTH HAT, by G. B. Stern; A LOVE AFFAIR, by Thyra Samter Winslow, and NOAH'S ARK, by Israel Zangwill.



It is doubtful whether any previous collection ever contained the names of so many brilliant and popular writers. (\$2.00.)



The other collection—GEORGIAN SHORT STORIES OF 1924—embraces fourteen stories by contemporary British writers. This collection is an annual affair, published each year in a uniform format and binding, and it gives a comprehensive survey of what is going on in the world of British writers.



This year's collection includes THE ACCIDENT OF CRIME, by Stacy Aumonier; REPARATION, by J. D. Beresford; TONGUES OF FIRE, by Algernon Blackwood; THE LIQUEUR GLASS, by Phyllis Bottome; THE PROBATION OF SEN HENG, by Ernest Bramah; SAFETY, by St. John Ervine; THE LONG ARM OF BLACK ANDY, by Cyril Falls; THE GIOCONDA SMILE, by Aldous Huxley; A BEAUTIFUL SUPERSTITION, by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes; MY SON, by St. John Lucas; THE MYSTERY OF THE MANAGING DIRECTOR, by Denis Mackail; NATURE MORTE, by Orlo Williams, and THE PURITY OF THE TURF, by P. G. Wodehouse. (\$2.50.)



There are some who prefer English stories to American ones. Here is a collection of each. They can be obtained at any bookstore or direct from PUTNAM'S, in 45th street, just west of Fifth Avenue.

G.P.PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK LONDON

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Education

REVERIES OF A FATHER. By JOHN CRAWLEY. Appleton. 1924. \$1.00.

If little originality can be claimed for these genial reflections on child education there is, however, much of suggestive value to commend them to the average parent and teacher alike. For in Mr. Crawley's opinion, justly taken no doubt, there are many aspects of the usual home training and mental cultivation of the child of today but little bettered by the experience undergone by his fathers. And it is toward remedying the major of these lacks, consequent often to the parent's attitude, and their possible mending, that this father speaks from his own experience with becoming candor. The question of sex enlightenment, the cultivation of the mental life, the necessity for early responsibility, are considered severally and as component parts in a unified scheme for a ripened and balanced maturity. The earlier years—from four to ten, say—are emphasized as a period of especial training; and in a mellow chapter entitled "The Realm of Faery" it is pointed out that a free fancy early nurtured is as requisite to mental growth as is the development of the body to physical well-being.

Fiction

VULTURES OF THE DARK. By RICHARD C. ENRIGHT. Brentano's. 1924. \$2.

It is one thing to spin a good yarn when a mist of tobacco smoke hides a few good listeners, and quite another to make such oft-told tales into a novel. Police Commissioner Enright has tried, and the result is little better than the thrillers of the ten-cent magazines. The gentleman certainly should know his material, and this tale of a criminal band which tears at the vitals of this later-day Prometheus New York may be true, but it has not the semblance of reality. Neither has it the frank air of impossibility which makes delightful the wares of such mystery mongers as Frank Heller. Character and incident are crudely drawn and in a style which bespeaks either literary immaturity or carelessness. The commissioner catches criminals better than he writes about them.

THE STREET OF THE EYE. By GERALD BULLETT. Boni & Liveright. 1924. \$2.

Mr. Bullett's short stories have been noticed very favorably in England, and certainly they reveal promise. But we definitely dissent from the *London Mercury's* suggestion that he is "a short-story teller of the first rank." True, he does not concoct his tales according to magazine formulae, he evinces sensitivity, he is usually thoughtful, he is occasionally vivid, as in his amusing scene with the Fairfield family in "The House at Maadi" on the occasion of Sheila's and Hypatia's joint engagements. But he runs thin. He wanders. His stories seem structurally flimsy, his characters are often walking shadows. "The Street of the Eye" itself contains too much hocus pocus. There is no true explanation but, on the other hand, the writer's striving for uncanny effect—which might excuse this lack, seems to us unsuccessful. "Sleeping Beauty" is not true of young ladies as we know them, though it and "The Enchanted Moment" (that reminds of J. D. Beresford) are more neatly rounded. "A Sensitive Man," the study of a thorough cad, is passably handled, as is "Weeding-Day," reminding of Katharine Mansfield. "Death's Form" suggests Machen, but both it and "The Ghost" reveal a curious immaturity. Mr. Bullett's facility for de-

scription and dialogue seems to us to outrun his knowledge of human nature, especially his knowledge of feminine nature. In "The Ghost" he is so high-mindedly earnest as to make his story border upon the preposterous. "The House of Maadi," the last and longest story in the book, is decidedly interesting, with its casting back through the lives of the elder persons in the story, but there is a wavering of emphasis, a vagueness of auctorial intention, a structural irresolution that irritates. "Miss Lettice" and "The Mole" are perhaps the most impressive of the tales, though the latter is somewhat neurotically overdramatized.

Without intention to be severe, we place Mr. Bullett's stories with those books of interesting fiction that do not quite bring off the masterpieces they attempt. Mr. Bullett's equipment of intelligence is superior to that of many writers, but one would say at a venture that he has read more than he has actually observed. He has imagination, however, and power of introspection. We shall look forward to his next attempt. We should say that there is decided potentiality in his work, though his danger is preciosity.

SOMETHING LIGHTER. By J. O. P. BLAND. Houghton Mifflin. 1924. \$2.50.

In spite of the unassuming and almost frivolous title of this book, the reader will find that the contents are not only worthy of serious consideration but are distinctive in kind and exceptional in quality. The volume is made up of a group of Chinese stories by a writer who not only knows China but—what is more important—knows how to write. Added to a gift for creating situation and character and the indefinable yet not indefinite atmosphere of the Orient, the author has a power of graphic description, the power to make the scenes he portrays incisively real, the power to convey that which he sees with his inner eye to the inner eye of the reader. While some of the tales are somewhat slow in beginning and while none can be described as exactly rapid in action, yet the reader can be sure not only of several hours of excellent entertainment but of a series of vivid glimpses into the habits and characters of the Chinese of today and of the near past.

MATILDA, GOVERNESS OF THE ENGLISH. By SOPHIA CLEUGH. Macmillan. 1924.

A romance of Victorian England whose time-worn theme scarcely deserves the amount of space given it. The author seems to be trying to tell the story of "Daddy-Long-Legs" in the style of "Evelina." But she fails to give the atmosphere of her period. Save for an occasional historical reference the time might be today, and one regrets that Miss Cleugh has not redeemed the commonplace love story by the delightful setting she might have given it. Then, too, the opening chapter is so reminiscent of "Vanity Fair"—with Matilda leaving the Misses Nixon's select seminary for her first post as nursery governess with a Duchess—that one is led, perhaps unjustly, into unfortunate comparisons. There is a forced sprightliness about Matilda which is alternately tiresome and annoying.

Matilda is an orphan, with a mysterious guardian whom she has never seen. When she leaves the seminary she goes as governess to the younger children of the Duchess of Westmainham, and there her adventures begin. She falls promptly in love with the fiancée of the Duchess's elder daughter, the headstrong Victoria, who snaps her fingers at Lord Lassington, and proceeds about her own less lofty love affair. Naturally both

(Continued on next page)

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Author of "The Romance of Words," etc.

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By ROGER THYNNE

Interesting, chatty and well-informed, the book is by no means hackneyed, but is of fresh interest to any who wish to improve their knowledge of these wonderful repositories of early and Medieval art. \$5.00

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By EDWIN WARE HULLINGER

Correspondent of the United Press in Russia, 1921.

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**The New Books
Fiction**

(Continued from preceding page)

Matilda and Victoria are happily extricated from their difficulties, and the mystery of Matilda's birth is solved so satisfactorily that she is quite able to be Lady Lassington without a qualm.

BANDELLO'S TRAGICAL TALES. Translated by GEOFFREY FENTON (1567). Modernized Edition. Edited by HUGH HARRIS. The Broadway Translations. Dutton. 1924. \$5.

Here comes Geoffrey Fenton, with his elaborated instruction for "the frail imps" of his own age, to join the Broadway Translations and so speak to our modern love for source-books. For it is as a source-book that Fenton's translations of Bandello are mostly read; and read with a feeling of surprise that they were sold, in the Elizabethan days, in every shop in London, and ungraciously considered, by Roger Ascham, to "allure young wills and wits to wantons," and to "teach old bawds new school points." There is little harm in Fenton, and little enough ill-meant; but with all his intricate picturesqueness of style, there is a directness and honesty in his imagination—a lack of subtlety but a knack of caricature—that make his stories, reconstructed from Bandello, worthy to be remembered and to endure in such pleasant garb as this.

BOB, SON OF BATTLE. By ALFRED OLLIVANT. Doubleday, Page. 1924. \$3.50.

This is a gift edition of Ollivant's masterpiece, and the great hearted dog of a great dog story reappears after twenty-six years in an attractively illustrated volume. The illustrator, who furnishes both plates in color and sketches in black-and-white, is Marguerite Kerinse. "Owd Bob" is a friend of old and young, his history a classic. No better book could be given to a boy of ten, and older people will reread this tale of a decade ago with enthusiasm unimpaired.

JOHN PEREGRINE'S WIFE. By M. MORGAN GIBBON. Doubleday, Page. 1924.

Esther, having married John Peregrine, discovers that he has an illegitimate child, the burden of the responsibility for whose existence has so far been borne (at least in the eyes of the community) by Esther's jilted fiancé, Dan Richards. The plot is a good old stand-by. From the very start to the very finish, we know just what Dan will do, what John will do, what Esther will do. Every step is familiar; there are no rude shocks or jolly surprises. Even the necessary deaths come just when and where we know they must. As for the reactions of Esther and Dan they are precisely those that have been approved by the writers and readers of ennobling fiction, for many a long year.

One revolts finally against such nonsense. Why should an honest man permit himself to be besmirched without protest—simply to play a sneaky rival's game? Why should a strong man permit his betrothed wife to be taken from him by a coward, cad, and liar? It is simply a sentimentalized situation, long beloved by plot-makers; and Dan's renunciations, both of them, are gestures—time-honored and silly.

Nevertheless, the story is smoothly written, the subject-matter possesses a perennial interest, and it will undoubtedly hold and stir those readers who do not object to a superficial and stereotyped treatment of one of humanity's fundamental and eternally confusing problems.

THE VALLEY OF EYES UNSEEN. By GILBERT COLLINS. McBride. 1924. \$2.

A lost valley in the Roof of the World; a marble city; a river bedded with diamonds; winged men, seven feet tall and beautiful as gods; prankish ectoplasm; batteries of "isolated brain-force" that bring dead men to life, and sinister invisible forces that, projected by will-power across seven thousand miles, stop the vital heartbeat—verily, we have voyaged far from Floral Heights, Zenith. But the story is written smoothly and with zest; the three bold explorers hold our sympathy; and a pleasant semblance of plausibility is skilfully drawn across even the most Sinbad-like features of the adventure. It makes good reading for a winter evening.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS. By FRANCIS BEEDING. Little, Brown. 1924. \$2.

Having made the secretariat of the League of Nations the scene of an international murder, Mr. Beeding is entitled to great respect, perhaps all that is implied in the "jacket's" announcement that he "out-Oppenhaims Oppenheim." The conspiracies, Putsches and counter-revolutions of post-war Germany make admirable material for the sort of "international mind" which sees the world through a sinister haze of "papers," false whiskers, and re-incarnated Torquemadas. Mr. Beeding takes this familiar material, adds a suggestion of the contribution of modern science to the diplomat's art and complicates it with a "wholesome love interest" between a demobilized British officer and a nice girl with a job at the seat of the League of Nations. The resulting thriller is so good that we can forgive the author for providing his principal character with a "double." In fact, there are moments when Captain Preston's identification as Karl von Emmerich is the one thing which keeps the story in the air at all.

Of course "The Seven Sleepers" rests upon the same insecure foundation which supports most of this sort of fiction. You are asked to believe that seven German millionaires, anxious to retrieve their fading fortunes by revolution against the Republic, must resort to the most tortuous web of intrigue, involving spies, blackguards, and professors with hyperdermic needles, merely to get the signature of "von Ludenburg" to the "papers" approving their plan. Once you accept all this hokus-pokus, the adventures herein recorded are perfectly plausible. It may be necessary to suppose that German intriguers habitually send subordinates flying all over Europe merely to deliver a message so innocuous that it might have been shouted over the telephone. Central European psychology is a curious mixture of pomposity and mysticism. At any rate, nobody but a goop would put one of these international night-riding stories under the microscope. It would be like telling the children that there isn't any Santa Claus.

THE HOUSE OF PROPHECY. By GILBERT CANNAN. Seltzer. 1924. \$2.

The gifts of Mr. Canaan are as evident as usual in this second novel of what is to be a trilogy—or possibly something even more ambitious—written around the rather lurid character of his young Jewish super-intellectual, Francis Sembal. The sneering restlessness of intellectual England at the stupidity of the war's end and of the post-war settlements, he sets forth in an almost macabre tempo of style and thought process which gives the tone of his disgust for the degenerative principle he finds at work in modern civilization far more effectively than would any amount of direct expository writing. Whether it is for English leaders, like his Professor Melian Stokes of Cambridge, become Lord Rusholme in "The House of Prophecy," relaxing into comfortable Anglo-Saxon conformity with what is, or for his specimens of the dominant Jewry like Sembal and Mrs. Nathan, grossly avid for a profound understanding of the world's new courses and the money and political power which understanding will bring, his contempt will not let him alone. There is nothing more appealing about Sembal, "pleased . . . to dwell on the physical defects that made his race distasteful to others . . . his tongue was too big for his mouth and he talked too loud," than there is about Melian selling his Constable landscape to eager Hebrew collectors for a song and at a whim. The narrative is often on the verge of scenes of vast emotional intensity, yet that intensity itself is sensed more through the author's bitter rage against emotion than through its occasional typically Semitic release.

Thus Mr. Cannan achieves a considerable artistic feat—the expression of a tremendous critical judgment against muddled modern society through an insistent mood rather than through plain statement. It may be an ill-tempered, neurotic judgment proceeding out of an "inferiority complex," but there it is, brilliantly done.

The only question is, whether there is not more critical judgment than novel in the performance. And on this side the obscure passions which draw Mr. Cannan's elusive heroine, Matty Boscawan, away from the too correct Melian and the conventionally charming Irish-English Penrose Kennedy, toward the oafishly dominant Sembal, lack something which in a realistic novel seems a fatal lack. They are not firm to the touch.

Speaking of Books

1925

marks the four-hundredth anniversary of William Tyndale's epoch-making work—the first translation of the New Testament from the Greek into English. It is fitting, therefore, that at this time there should come from the pen of Edgar J. Goodspeed, the most recent translator of the New Testament into English, a book about William Tyndale and the long succession of earnest scholars who followed him, seeking to put the New Testament into an appealing English form. *The Making of the English New Testament* will be published early in February at a probable price of \$1.75. Meanwhile, we shall be glad to send free of charge to all applicants a small pamphlet, "William Tyndale, Martyr" which has been written by Dr. Goodspeed and which gives a brief account of the great martyr's life and work.

THE NEW TESTAMENT

An American Translation by E. J. Goodspeed, is now available in eight different editions: Paper edition, pocket size, \$1.00; Popular edition, pocket size, cloth, \$1.50; Pocket edition, India paper, cloth \$2.50, leather \$3.50, morocco \$4.50; Regular edition, on Century book paper, cloth \$3.00, leather \$4.00, morocco \$5.00. Postpaid prices are ten cents additional for each volume.

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