

Fiction

ROGUES AND DIAMONDS. By SELWYN JEPSON. Dial. 1925. \$2.

Here is as excellently fashioned and satisfying a piece of adventure romance as the connoisseur of such productions could desire. It is well written, thrilling, ingeniously designed, and achieves genuine novelty in its departure from the usual exhibitions on view in the mass of mystery fiction. Its hero is a young Englishman, destitute and out of work, whose trials are due largely to a misconceived belief that he has murdered the man responsible for them. A starving fugitive from justice, he is offered immediate work by a stranger, on condition that he observe certain pledges of obedience, secrecy, and integrity.

That night the young man saves a desperate girl from suicide in the Thames, and it develops that they are both employed by the same sinister, mysterious individual. Their meeting reveals other common ties, which are welded into closer links when the plot carries them to a remote country house where synthetic diamonds are in the process of manufacture. Villains, greed, violence, stark fiendishness, plain and fancy, are here let loose upon the young couple, and in the conflicting chaos they escape with the legitimate rewards of their perilous exertions. We finished the book with regret that there was no more to read.

GORA. By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. London: Macmillan. 1924.

Though there may be those who with good reason prefer Rabindranath Tagore in his more poetic or philosophic moods, yet the student of modern Indian life and institutions will be thankful for a novel such as "Gora," wherein the customs and beliefs, superstitions and traditions of the land are presented with all the vividness of intimate experience. He who expects to find in "Gora" the shimmering, rainbow quality of the typical Tagore will be disappointed, for the author permits no direct intrusion of his own colorful personality and keeps his ethereal fancy rather close to earth, depicting his characters after the manner of the realistic novelist rather than with that romanticism and with that wealth of imagination that one might have expected of him. Whether the result is equal to the author's capabilities is perhaps open to question, but there will probably be few to deny that the book is interesting at the same time as it casts a vivid illumination upon the life and the mental outlook of the typical Hindu.

The story is largely taken up with a study of the conflicting Indian sects and breeds, with the struggle between the orthodox and those of more liberal or modern views. Gore, the hero, a man dynamic alike in his aggressiveness and in his intolerance, is the apostle of religious conservatism, or rather of reaction; Binoy, his bosom friend, is inclined to drift away from the old dogmas, and the result is a constant battle between the two.

Despite the fact that the novel introduces us to unfamiliar scenes and situations and revolves about the unraveling of unfamiliar problems, one never feels one's self to be in an atmosphere that is altogether alien; and in spite of the palpable superficial differences that separate the characters and their environment from western characters and a western environment, one feels that they resemble us more closely in their passions and their prejudices than we are generally prone to admit. It is no doubt still true that "East is East, and West is West;" but one of the chief functions of a book such as "Gora" should be to show that the gulf between the two, while still wide, is perhaps somewhat slighter than is generally conceded.

THE SMITHS. By JANET A. FAIRBANK. Bobbs-Merrill. 1925. \$2.

Mrs. Fairbank's second novel is a serious and distinguished work whose breadth and richness of materials far outweigh the minor flaws perceptible in its technical structure and method of narration. It is the chronological history of Peter Smith and his wife Ann, but it is primarily the biography of the latter rather than his, from the early days of their youthful marriage during the Civil War till the recent years when Ann is a widow of over 70 and a great grandmother. The bulk of the story's movement is carried in the epic rise of Peter Smith from an obscure workingman to a place of immense wealth and power in the newly launched steel industry, while, fused into the whole, one watches the stupendous growth of Chicago, decade by decade, from semi-pioneer times to the summit of metropolitan significance.

Peter is essentially the obvious type of concentrated, iron-willed, ambitious materialist, and as such he is secondary in subtlety of characterization to the sensitively

portrayed Ann. She is the faithful companion of his lifetime's struggle, but never, as at first she had hoped to be, the sharer of his dreams and endeavors. Primitive instinct—secretiveness, self-reliance, taciturnity—cut him off from all but remote contact with even so apparently close an intimate as his wife. There is nothing deep or mysterious about him, his wall of aloofness being the natural product of a silent tongue and an indomitable purpose to get what he wants. At heart and in his worldly dealings he is honest, ruthless, irreproachably just, but utterly lonely.

Ann, at twenty, had descended from a higher sphere of life to marry him, to bear the hardships of comparative poverty in the succession of alternate ups and downs which they experience prior to his conquest of enduring affluence. It is always evident to Peter and to all who know her that she is his intellectual and spiritual superior, a woman fit to be the mate of someone infinitely finer than the uncouth, dour financier. Her motherhood and early maturity bring her solace in the love of their three sons and a daughter, but once, while traveling abroad alone, she meets and cares for a man who is the sort one feels is worthy of her. But, for the ultimate good of all concerned, Ann behaves herself, if with an effort, and the budding affair comes to nothing though the memory of it survives with her till she is past fifty.

We follow her through the years, as her children grow into rebellious or comfort-

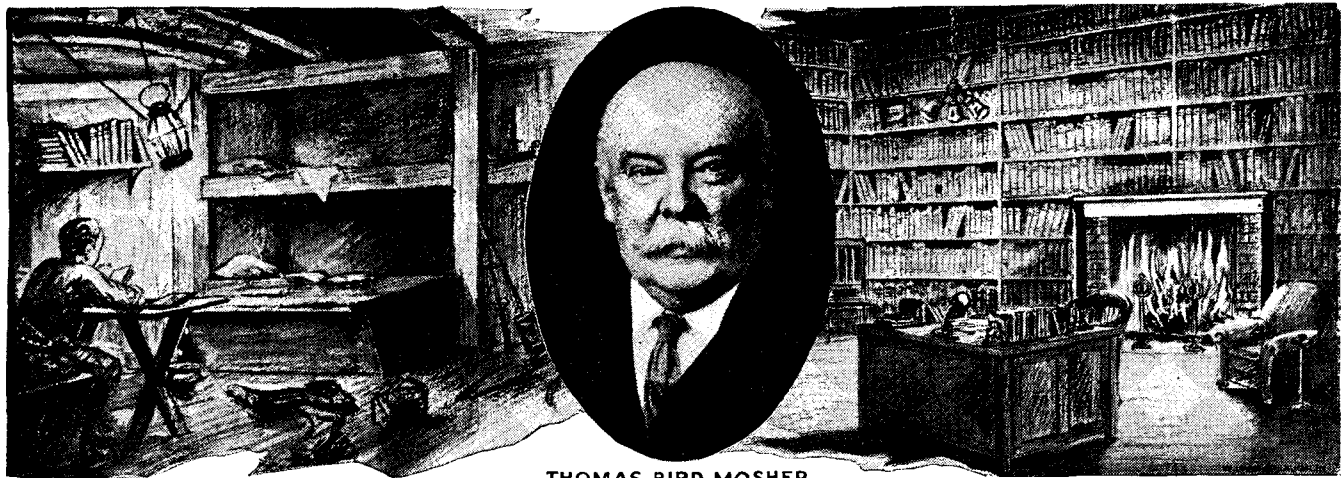
ing young people who bring her the exuberant witnesses of long-deferred, but inevitable old age, her grandchildren. But through its entire journey Ann guides the course of her life with unfailing grace and dignity, with a wistful and exalted rectitude, which sustain her far above the petty commonplaceness of the family she has borne and the dull, though appreciative, husband she has blessed with her devotion. At the end, when past seventy, she gives herself away by saying to an old friend who has always secretly loved her: "Life is all very well to live, Dan,—but it won't bear thinking about." Those who care for fiction which pictures life clearly, realistically, competently, yet without any of the strong odors which arise from sex laboratories, can scarcely find better reading among the current novels than "The Smiths."

LEVEL CROSSINGS. By COLERIDGE KENNARD. A. & C. Boni. 1925. \$2.

One feels that the author of these stories is saying when he writes them, not "I must make up a story," but "I must make others see what I see, feel what I feel."

To this task he brings a seeing eye, an ability to sort out the significant from the mass of the trivial, and a sensitivity to delicate impression and nuance. But in the central artistic problem of transmitting what he sees and feels he is only partly successful. His book is hurt by occasional obscurity and eccentricity, and by frequent

(Continued on next page)



THOMAS BIRD MOSHER

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The New Books Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

tricks of style incompletely mastered. Many of the stories are told with tortuous windings back and forth in the time sequence. That is all very well for Conrad, but dangerous for Sir Coleridge Kennard. He has a habit of putting indirect quotation into quotation marks—a device which has its uses, but which loses its effect and becomes irritating in sustained dialogue.

Nevertheless some of these stories leave pictures finely true. In widely different settings (Sweden, Switzerland, England, Russia) we see tragic bits of life—tragedies of misunderstanding, of dullness, of struggle against inevitable decay and change. Sometimes the pictures are brighter, but always tragedy is in the background, always there is the sense of mystery and fate. Unfortunately, however, some of the poorer stories provoke the disconcerting suspicion that the sense of mystery is due less to the quality of the matter than to the obscurity of the manner.

Among the better stories are "Luck," "In the Shallows" and "Two People in Love." These have the very savor of life. They justify the book and make us hope for more and better.

THE MONARCH. By PIERRE MILLE. Translated by FAITH CHIPPERFIELD. Greenberg. 1925. \$2.

This agreeable collection of stories deals with a Frenchman of the Midi named Bonnafoux, who is known to his townspeople as "the Monarch." Though he has hardly a cent in the world, he manages to live on the generosity of his neighbors through his wit, good-humor, and originality. He is, indeed, the pride of the little town of Espelunne, a worthy descendant of Tartarin, as vivacious as he is sometimes improbable, and as amusing to his friends as he is to the reader.

Several of the Monarch's escapades make first-rate entertainment. With lies tripping off his tongue almost without his being aware that they are lies, he gets himself into difficulties which require all his ingenuity and charm to get him out. Take, for example, his courtship of Madame Emma with her four hundred francs a year, who marries him in the belief that he is a rich landowner, and is led as a bride to a ramshackle home. And then the follow-up: the visit of Madame Emma's relatives, which necessitates keeping up the pretense of wealth, an undertaking which the Monarch copes with successfully. But beyond doubt his most hilarious adventure, as well as his greatest *coup*, was the wager with the naval lieutenant that he could ride a horse a hundred kilometres a day for two successive days. This story is told with remarkable gusto, and is genuinely funny. And this gusto, if not everywhere so strongly, runs through the whole book, along with the winsome qualities of the Monarch, and some charming pictures of the portion of the Midi which is his kingdom.

A BRIDGEMAN OF THE CROSSWAYS. By JUSTIN HERESFORD, JR. Marshall Jones. 1925.

"A Bridgeman of the Crossways" is a garrulous discussion of the revolt from orthodox religion of first and second generation Yankee immigrants to Nebraska. Nine-tenths of this biographical novel is monologue, trite, prone to the most wretched of puns, and endlessly discursive. Who but a Yankee could chew for one hundred and fifty pages over the inconsistencies of the Episcopalian Prayer Book?

With a wealth of excellent local color material apparently at his elbow, Mr. Heresford chooses the sterile way of petty controversy. At its best, there is in the book a hint of "David Harum" and of the unjustly forgotten Ironquill of Kansas.

THE VALLEY OF STRIFE. By MARSHALL R. HALL. Small, Maynard. 1925. \$2.

There are enough gun-fights in this yarn of the wild and woolly to provide the shooting spectacles for at least three productions of the same type. In fact, when the fire-arms are temporarily inactive, one is bored and held to the puerile course of the narrative only by a knowledge that fresh slaughter is brewing and will not be long in being let loose. The hero is Clive Morgan, upstanding he-man, ex-Ranger, cowboy extraordinary, who wanders into Arizona from Texas looking for a job of ranching work. He encounters Forest Glade, (a girl, not a pic-nic park) owner of the Swinging J Ranch, which has been deserted by all of its male help after half of her herds have been rustled off her land by

her thieving cattlemen neighbors. Clive appoints himself foreman of Forest's declining property, sends for thirty of his Texas buddies to act as his crew of punchers, and when they arrive peace departs from the valley for many miles around. The reader who likes "Westerns" will find in Mr. Hall's romance one of the best we have recently read.

DESTINY. By RUPERT HUGHES. Harpers. 1925. \$2.

"Destiny" is preceded by a solemn prologue in which one is allowed to hear the Angels of Heaven pompously discussing the lowly life of earth. God Himself looks in to caution his celestial assistants against the fallacy of believing that existence down here is simple or easy. The Angel of Desecration courageously volunteers to temporarily occupy the body of a girl called Niobe, in order to gather information for the heavenly records. The Angel of Scorn likewise undertakes a similar mission by entering the soul of an illiterate hill-billy, Joel Kimlin.

The story proper then commences and, insofar as we could see, proceeds without the prefatory rumble-bumble having any bearing whatever upon its development. Mr. Hughes permits his heavenly spectators to comment occasionally upon the show they are watching, but their speeches and the device of the prologue are entirely extraneous and unessential to the tale itself. The latter is a serio-comic romance, singularly labored and long winded, whose arid dullness is relieved at rare intervals by an oasis of graceful and first rate writing.

Of course the mundane paths of Niobe and Joel cross and conflict continuously, which supplies the slowly unwinding threads of action. Joel gets religion of the Holy Jumper denomination, deserts the backwoods bent upon salvaging souls, Niobe's in particular, wanders to the city and essays the role of a slum Messiah. He struggles with the devils of his flesh, succumbs, fights them some more, and has a generally terrible time without showing any perceptible improvement. Niobe too, has her troubles, but they are of a genteel, scented kind, for she is a lady, born to wealth, beauty, charm, culture, and the high places. Joel, the sly dog, nearly ruins her, but she escapes the fires of seduction to wed a bloated financier. Except for the bright spots mentioned, "Destiny" is pretty tame reading.

THE SONS OF THE SHEIK. By E. M. HULL. Small, Maynard. 1925. \$2.

The author of that sweet and succulent masterpiece, "The Sheik," has given us, in the present volume, an epic sequel worthy of a place beside that shining marvel of yesterday. Here we meet again old friends, the lovely Diana Mayo, scarcely touched by the passing of over twenty years; that splendid and inscrutable personage, Sheik Ahmed ben Hassan, her lord and spouse; the devoted and gallant comrade of the family, Raoul St. Hubert. But best of all are the two newcomers who have joined the circle, Ahmed's and Diana's sons, now entering upon early manhood and the inherited responsibilities of their widely different positions.

Caryll, the elder, has been reared carefully in England under the guidance of his grandfather, the old Earl of Glencaryll, whom he has now succeeded as head of the house. Ahmed Jr., has been kept at home to thrive upon the desert sand, and has become the living image of his indomitable and fiery sire. Indeed he follows the example of the old man's once goatish ways to perfection, committing rape, and abducting his victim with a zeal and flourish fit to warm the heart.

Caryll comes to Algeria, for the first time since his childhood, to visit the picturesque traveling circus of which his father is boss and ring-master. No effort or expense is spared to give the youth a rousing welcome, and consequently he is treated to the most exciting time of his life. Somehow or other we don't care for it, but "—God forgive us, who are we to judge!"

SUNKEN GOLD. By ANDRÉ SAVIGNON. Translated from the French by EDGAR JEPSON. Appleton. 1925. \$1.75.

Yo-Ho-Ho-Hum! This pirate story has a wooden leg, or, perhaps, clay feet. It is a pity, for there is nothing wooden about the characters. M. Savignon's knowledge of the English Channel is excellent, and so is his understanding of the French fishermen and wreck robbers. He draws his characters well, and apparently without effort. A few words of description, an unconscious, self-revealing remark—and there is a character, living, individual. A writer who can do it

for it, and treat his characters with respect. Unfortunately, Savignon obliges his people to do what is stupid and improbable. This is particularly true at night, when they adjourn outside to spy on one another. Often, the over-taxed landscape cannot afford enough places of concealment, and we have the effect of each character hiding behind the other, the last one hiding behind himself.

M. Savignon's best touches are reminiscent of the work of Master Loti, though more cluttered with incidents and less eloquent in style. While his philosophy seems shallow for notable work, his sense of characters and locality is too good, or at least the wrong kind, for treasure-mysteries. He might do well to hang his harp on a willow. It was not made for jazz.

THE HAIRY ARM. By Edgar Wallace. Small, Maynard. \$2 net.

MARSH LIGHTS. By Rachel Sevete Macnamara. Small, Maynard. \$2 net.

THE GOOSE WOMAN. By Rex Beach. Harpers. \$2.

THE LUNATIC AT LARGE. By J. Storer Clouston. Dutton. \$2.

CONFIDENT MORNING. By Arthur Stanswood Pier. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

Miscellaneous

CODED LIMERICKS. By S. B. DICKSON. Simon & Schuster. 1925. \$1.50.

The publishers of the above are following up their success with the Cross Word Puzzle books by presenting another exercise for your ingenuity. A red band, running diagonally across the jacket of this Limerick book informs one that "This Code Book is for the Confidential Use of Members of the Secret Service," but smaller type declares this a spoof. Poe's "Gold Bug" is printed in the front of the book, together with a foreword by the author on how to decode the limericks. The jacket bears further information.

We tried one out, and, after what seemed like fifteen minutes of hopeless struggle found the hidden limerick actually emerge. The hints in the "Gold Bug" and certain additional hints by the author as to the prevalence of certain vowels and consonants and what key letter combinations to look for do really help. Certainly a long winter evening would pass like a flash while one set about decoding a couple of these limericks. The only trouble with the pastime is that it is likely to become too absorbing!

CHATS ON FEATURE WRITING. By H. F. HARRINGTON. Harpers. 1925. \$2.75.

The writing of special feature articles is an art entirely distinct from that of everyday newspaper reporting, and is treated with this point in mind by the members of the Blue Pencil Club of Professional Writers, whose advice, comment, interpretative articles, in fact, everything a prospective young feature writer should know, are collected and edited by Mr. Harrington. The various types of feature stories are presented, looked into, and analyzed for the benefit of the neophyte; the building of the story, revision, and marketing are dwelt upon at some detail. Over thirty well-known feature writers—among them Will Irwin, James B. Connolly, Kenneth Roberts, Irvin S. Cobb, Fred Kelly—lend a helping hand in this business of putting the essentials of special article writing on a practical basis for the beginner. This book should prove useful to those desirous of entering this particular division of journalism.

BARBER SHOP BALLADS. Edited by Sigmund Spaeth. Simon & Schuster. \$2.

COMB MAKING IN AMERICA. Compiled and privately printed by Bernard W. Doyle.

Pamphlets

WHAT IS AMERICANISM? By William M. Salter. New York: American Ethical Union. 15 cents.

DRYDEN'S CRITICAL TEMPER. By John Harrington Smith. Washington University Studies.

THE EVOLUTION OF MARRIAGE. By Duren J. H. Ward. Denver: Up the Divide.

WASTED. By Kathryn Peck.

HOSPITAL HYPOS. By Willie Live. U. R. Weil Co., 809 Lexington Ave., New York.

THE LAWS OF MAH-JONGG. Revised and standardized by Joseph Park Babcock. New York: Parker Bros.

ROBERT BURNS: A REVELATION. By Otto Heller. Washington University Studies.

A REVIEW AND AN OUTLOOK. New York Labor News Co. 5 cents.

GRAVITY. By Charles F. Johnson, LL.D. Hartford, Conn.: Edwin Valentine Mitchell.

WAR-TIME ADDRESSES 1917-1921. By J. L. Magnes. Seltzer. 50c.

THIRD BIENNIAL REPORT OF THE MINNESOTA WAR RECORDS COMMISSION. Saint Paul.

THE SECTARIAN INVASION OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By Dr. Louis I. Newman. San

THE QUEST FOR TRUTH. An Account of Research. Published by the Committee on Development, University of Chicago.

BERNARD BOSQUQUET, 1848-1923. (From the Proceedings of the British Academy. Vol. XI.) London: Oxford University Press. One shilling, net.

THE PROMOTION LITERATURE OF GEORGIA. By Verner W. Crane. Cambridge, Mass.

Poetry

A POETRY RECITAL. By James Stephens. Macmillan. \$1.50.

SONNETS AND VERSES. By Enid Clay. Golden Cockerel Press.

PICTOR IGNOTUS, FRA LIPPO LIPPI: ANDREA DEL SARTO. By Robert Browning. Golden Cockerel Press.

A BOOKFELLOW ANTHOLOGY, 1925.

WINDOWS OF NIGHT. By Charles Williams. Oxford University Press. \$2.25.

HILL FRAGMENTS. By Madeline Mason-Manheim. London: Cecil Palmer. 6s. net.

COLLECTED POEMS OF H. D. Boni & Liveright. \$2.50.

Religion

THE NEW ORTHODOXY. By Edward Scribner Ames. University of Chicago. \$1.50.

THE WONDER OF LIFE. By Joel Blau. Macmillan. \$2.

SURVIVAL. Edited by Sir James Marchant. Putnam. \$2.

MEASUREMENTS AND STANDARDS IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION. Edited by Walter S. Athearn. Doran. \$5 net.

CURRENT WEEK-DAY RELIGIOUS EDUCATION. By Philip Henry Lotz. Abingdon Press.

THE RELIGION OF THIRTY GREAT THINKERS. By Albert Gehring. Marshall Jones.

Science

CHEMISTRY TO THE TIME OF DALTON. By E. J. HOLMYARD. Oxford University Press. 1925. \$1.

A brief account of the development of chemistry as a science from the gropings of earliest speculation down to the establishment of the Atomic Theory by John Dalton (1766-1844), this little book avoids weighty theory without becoming superficial. There are many evidences of careful study based, the author states, as far as possible on original sources. For the person with an intelligent interest in the subject, or for the student who wishes a point of view slightly apart from the class-room and laboratory, this will make helpful reading.

THE CASE AGAINST EVOLUTION. By George Barry O'Toole. Macmillan. \$3.50.

THE EARTH SPEAKS TO BRYAN. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. Scribners. \$1.

THE LIFE OF THE CATERPILLAR. By Jean Henri Fabre. Boni & Liveright. 95 cents.

Travel

WE VISIT OLD INNS. By MARY HARROD NORTHEND. Small, Maynard. 1925. \$3.

Were we able to spend a summer's vacation exactly as we pleased there could be nothing more delightful for us than to follow Miss Northend's pilgrimage through the quiet villages of New England, and to visit the picturesque old taverns still to be found scattered here and there through the quiet countryside.

In a gossipy, entertaining style the author tells us of the popular legends and historic incidents clustering about each of these old "ordinaries," some of which have never closed their doors since receiving their first license in the seventeenth century. She carries the reader back to the days of the early Puritan, who found warmth here on a winter Sabbath after the two-hour sermon in the unheated meeting-house: to the stirring days of the Revolution when men like Washington and Lafayette found shelter and entertainment within their hospitable walls; and to the early nineteenth century when the village inn became the haunt of such literary and political celebrities as Longfellow, Rufus Choate, and Daniel Webster.

In nearly every inn visited Miss Northend noted something of distinctive interest in furniture, china, or glassware that gives to each particular hostelry an added interest and charm. In the Wayside Inn, immortalized by Longfellow, she was attracted by the number and variety of antique lanterns: in the Wayland Inn by the rare types of old amplifiers, some dating back to Elizabethan times: in the Berry Inn by its fine collection of exquisite Bohemian glassware: and so one through an extensive list.

To one who loves the quiet attraction of an old New England village, and to one who finds interest and delight in antiques of all kinds, this book will afford much pleasure.