# Books of the Spring

By Amy Loveman

"R EELING, and writhing, and fainting in coils" best expresses our reactions when confronted with the mass of spring publications. A "slow season," the publishers say, yet books are piled about us in appalling multitude. Books, or perhaps we had better qualify the statement by saying books and announcements of forthcoming volumes, for there is undoubtedly a tendency toward distributing the new publications over a longer period than has been customary in the past. Indeed publishing is markedly growing less of a seasonal trade; where not long since there was a concentration of important works in March and April now some of them are held over for later spring and even summer months. Some of those which we cite here are already out; others are still to appear.

What with newspaper publicity, the Boston censorship, and the perturbation it has aroused in conforming souls "Elmer Gantry" (Harcourt, Brace), leaps to the forefront in discussion of the spring fiction. For those who like their romance spiced with propaganda, and are nothing loath to have that propaganda peppery, Sinclair Lewis's latest piece of iconoclasm is variously a stimulant or an irritant. Mr. Lewis takes the Methodist clergy by the ear, thereby setting the public by it; he deals his blows unsparingly, attacking not religion but its practitioners, and pillorying the latter through one of the most unlovely exemplars that literature can boast. Provocative, ruthless, savage "Elmer Gantry" despite its very obvious defects as a novel is of compelling interest. As an antidote for it we can suggest nothing better than Francis Brett Young's leisurely two volume chronicle, "Love Is Enough" (Knopf), a work in which character is developed and plot unfolded with rare insight and sympathy and with something of Victorian serenity. A survival in a different sense of the Victorian era is Olive Schreiner's "From Man to Man" (Harpers), a novel left unfinished at its author's death and now cast into form from manuscript and notes. The book on the whole is somber—it is in essence a study of prostitution viewed by a woman capable both of the white heat of indignation and of understanding pity-but it is shot through with beauty and even at its faultiest is on a high plane. If it had no other claim to attention-and it has many-than the opening autobiographical sketch of a child's day, a tender little idyl that should find permanent place in anthologies, it would be noteworthy.

No season would be complete, without its grist of tales from a group of writers whose reputation has long since been firmly established. From their lists come Virginia Woolf's story of an English family living in the Hebrides entitled "To the Lighthouse" (Harcourt, Brace), Arnold Bennett's "The Woman Who Stole Everything" (Doran); W. B. Maxwell's "Bevan Yorke" (Doubleday, Page), a tale of the triangle variety which after an excellent start continues less well than it began but nevertheless remains interesting to the end; Alice Brown's study of two generations and of the relationship of youth and age, "Dear Old Templeton" (Macmillan); Archibald Marshall's "That Island" (Dodd, Mead), G. K. Chesterton's "The Return of Don Quixote" (Dodd, Mead), a novel which like Maurice Baring's "Daphne Adeane" (Harpers), has a specifically Catholic bearing; Warwick Deeping's "Doomsday" (Knopf), a book less good than "Sorrell and Son," with a certain grim power through about half its length that declines in the latter part of its chronicle of love and mistakes; Stephen McKenna's tary of State" (Little, Brown), which together with Edith Wharton's "Twilight Sleep" (Appleton), the portrayal of a wealthy New York society that drugs itself by fruitless activity into oblivion of realities, and Michael Arlen's "Young Men in Love" (Doran), is as yet only announced. May Sinclair's "The Allinghams" (Macmillan), shows again her preoccupation with psychological subtleties and her very considerable skill in depicting the actions and reactions of personalities playing upon one another in the close communion of family life. In "The Old Countess" (Houghton Mifflin), Anne Douglas Sedgwick once more displays her delicate art compassing the conjunction of scene and personality; her lovely portrayal of the Dordogne country holds in solution as it were the elements of her story.

The historical novel which seems to be coming into its own finds representation in such books as Gertrude Atherton's "Immortal Marriage" (Boni & Liveright), the story of Aspasia; Donn Byrne's "Brother Saul" (Century), which takes for its hero Saul of Tarsus; Irving Bacheller's tale of the days of Christ, "Dawn" (Macmillan); Meade Minnigerode's "Cockades" (Putnams), a romance built about the mystery of the little lost Dauphin, son of Marie Antoinette, and introducing into its complications such figures as Aaron Burr and Jumel. Robert W. Chambers in "The Drums of Aulone" (Appleton), also draws in part on French history for material, introducing into his romance the France of Louis XIV and then carrying his characters to the English court at Whitehall and thence to Quebec. In "Forever One" (Morrow), Honoré Willsie Morrow presents a lively and plausible portrayal of Lincoln despite introduction of a discordant love

Short stories, too, are having their innings this season. In addition to numerous anthologies there are collections of tales such as William Gerhardi's "Pretty Creatures" (Duffield); Edward Lucas White's volume of horrendous mystery yarns, "Lukundoo" (Doran), Cynthia Asquith's well-chosen compendium, "The Ghost Book" (Scribners), to which such writers as De la Mare, Walpole, May Sinclair, and Algernon Blackwood have contributed stories of the supernatural, the forthcoming "Case Book of Sherlock Holmes" (Doran), by Conan Doyle, and Eden Phillpotts's "Peacock

House and Other Mysteries" (Macmillan); tales of less violent type such as Edna Ferber's "Mother Knows Best" (Doubleday, Page), Susan Ertz's "The Wind of Complication" (Appleton), Irvin S. Cobb's "Ladies and Gentlemen" (Cosmopolitan), "Etched in Moonlight" (Macmillan), by James Stephens, and William J. Locke's "Stories Near and Far" (Dodd, Mead).

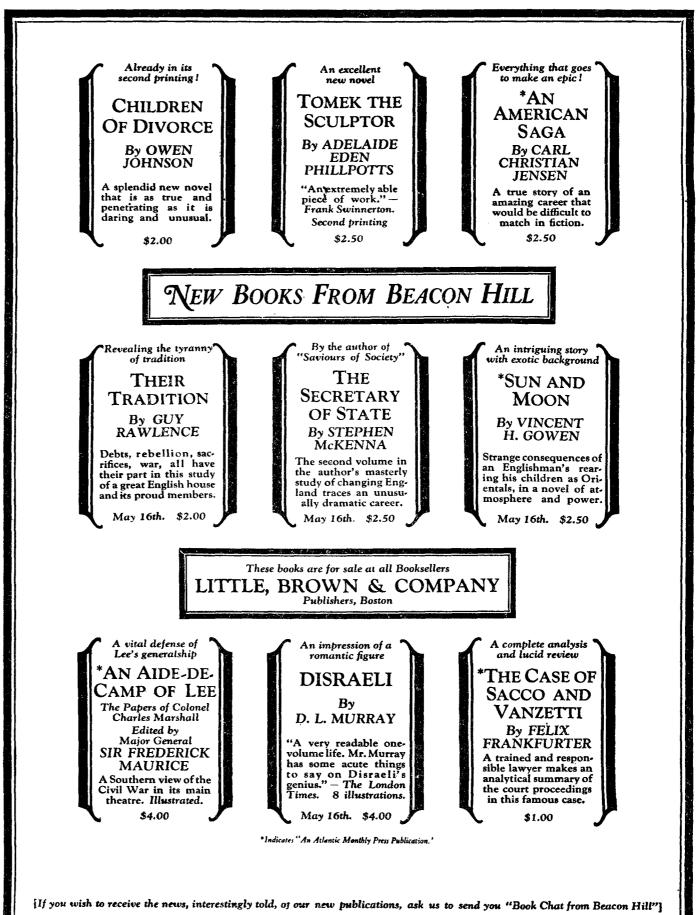
Four excellent volumes to which the war lends background and impressiveness have appeared in "Three Lights from a Match" (Doran), by Leonard Nason, whose earlier book "Chevrons" showed him a writer of high promise; "Marching On" (Scribners), by James Boyd, which was the choice of the Book of the Month Club; "Red Pants" (Scribners), by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., whose vivid pictorial sense finds outlet both by pen and pencil; and in R. H. Mottram's "The Spanish Farm Trilogy" (Dial), which has now been issued in one volume with the addition of a new part.

Interesting publications are the volume of tales by Walt Whitman which the Columbia University Press has issued under the title "The Half Breed and Other Stories" and the reissue of Leonard Merrick's first novel, "Violet Moses" (Dutton), a work which displays some of the best qualities of its author. Familiar names appear again in J. C. Snaith, whose "The Hoop" Appleton is bringing out, Sarah Comstock, who has just published in "Speak to the Earth" (Doubleday, Page) a story of the return of the soldier to his environment of the American prairie region; and Reginald Wright Kauffman who in "A Man of Little Faith" (Penn), does some vigorous

writing; Compton MacKenzie, whose "Rogues and Vagabonds" Doran is issuing. In "Kit O'Brien" (Macmillan), Edgar Lee Masters has written a book in the "Mitch Miller" vein which is something between a juvenile and a story of the young for their

Several new writers have made most promising entries into the field of fiction. Eleanor Carroll Chilton in "Shadows Waiting" (Day), has produced a book whose delicate and subtle values have found quick appreciation at the hands of the trained critics and which despite its tenuous hold on reality is winning favor from the general public. Robert Carse in "Horizon" (Dodd, Mead), a tale unfolding through part of its length at sea and through the rest of its course in the newspaper world, gives evidence of real ability, while Patrick Hamilton in "Craven House" (Houghton Mifflin), shows a talent that deserves watching. Mr. Hamilton's tale is in the Dickens manner and displays considerable power of characterization in the vein of that master. A painful book, but an impressive one, is Edna Bryner's "Andy Brandt's Ark" (Dutton), a novel notable for its unflinching honesty, and its understanding but unsentimental approach to vital emotional situations. E. H. Young, whose work attracted attention in her own England before more than a few discerning critics had discovered it here, shows again in "The Malletts" (Harcourt, Brace), the restraint of manner and delicate insight into character and the springs of action that made "William" notable. The author of

(Continued on next page)



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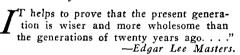
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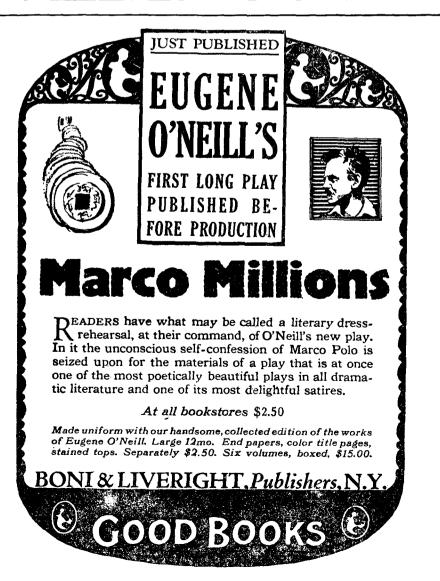
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# The Spring Books (Continued from preceding page)

"Miss Tiverton Goes Out" still preserves her anonymity in her new novel "This Day's Madness" (Bobbs-Merrill), a story of considerable enough merits to arouse curiosity as to the personality back of the namelessness. Nathalie S. Colby in "Green Forest" (Harcourt, Brace), and Ellen Dupois Taylor in "One Crystal and a Mother" (Harpers), have produced first novels that whet the desire to have more from their authors. In "Red Damask" (Harpers), Emanie Sachs, deserting the field of her first book the scene of which was laid in Kentucky, deals with the theme of youth in rebellion against the suppressions and traditions of the family, choosing for her milieu wealthy Jewish society of New York. Among other novels of the newer writers which should have mention are "The Beadle" (Doran), Pauline Smith's fine story of South Africa; Murray Sheehan's "Half Gods" (Dutton), which opens with a striking incident, the birth on the farm of a perfectly commonplace and conventional family of a centaur-like creature; Liam O'Flaherty's somber but powerful "Mr. Gilhooley" (Harcourt, Brace); Elizabeth Cobb Chapman's "Falling Seeds" (Doubleday, Page); Henry Justin Smith's "Innocents Aloft" (Covici), for which William McFee has written an introduction; Hope Mirrlees's fairy story for grown-ups, "Lud-in-the-Mist" (Knopf); Jeffery E. Jeffery's "The Longest Shadow" (Little, Brown); Christopher Morley's clever and entertaining "Pleased to Meet You" and "The Arrow" (Doubleday, Page); Richard Connell's "The Mad Lover" (Minton, Balch); "The Islanders" (Macmillan), by Helen Hull, a study of a woman's struggle to realize independence of personality and freedom to live her own life; Arthur Train's "High Winds" (Scribners); "The Lingering Faun" (Stokes), by Mabel Wood Martin, a tale of post-war Paris; Upton Sinclair's "Oil!" (A. & C. Boni); Harry Hervey's "Congai" (Cosmopolitan); Maria Moravsky's "The Bird of Fire" (Crowell); A. B. Cox's "The Professor on Paws" (Dial), a tale that should appeal especially to those familiar with university life; Marjorie Strachey's "The Counterfeiters" (Longmans, Green); "Morning, Noon and Night" (Mitchell), by Kenneth Phillips Britton; Ronald Fraser's charming and delicate little fantasy, "Flower Phantoms" (Boni & Liveright); "The Ardent Flame," by Frances Winwar (Century); "The Magic Casket" (Dodd, Mead), by Austin Freeman; "Bold Bendigo," by Paul Herring (Lippincott), and two novels by writers hitherto known as critics, "Adam in Moonshine" (Harpers), by J. B. Priestley and "Marionette" (Boni & Liveright), by Edwin Muir.

The interest in foreign literature which the war aroused has apparently persisted undiminished through the decade since America's entrance into it. Indeed if the publishers' announcements for the spring of 1927 are any index to it, interest in European books was never livelier than at present. In the field of fiction, for instance, a large proportion of the outstanding works are of foreign origin. The German speaking countries, though still apparently regarded as less likely than France to secure a hearing, have nevertheless a considerable array of novels to their credit. Such tales, as Jacob Wassermann's "The Triumph of Youth" (Boni & Liveright), a romance in which a magic dream world is projected against the historical background of the Thirty Years War, Hermann Sudermann's "The Mad Professor" (Boni & Liveright), wherein is depicted life at the University of Königsberg, Hanns Heinz Ewer's "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" (Day), a vigorous portrayal of religious hysteria in the development of which the author has skilfully blended ruthless realism with occasional rhapsodic passages, Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain" (Knopf), a heroic canvas depicting the reactions of the diseased mind to life, Count Edouard von Keyserling's sombre but powerful story, "Twilight" (Macaulay), and Schnitzler's blithe ro-mance, "Rhapsody" (Simon & Schuster), constitute a block of books of genuinely impressive character. To these may be added O. E. Rolvaag's "Giants in the Earth" (Harpers), a book of rugged strength; Maxim Gorky's "Decadence" (McBride); Knut Hamsun's "Mysteries" (Knopf); Maurice Dekobra's "The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars" (Payson & Clarke), which has sold over half a million copies in France; the third volume in the translation of Lady Murasaki's "Tale of Genji" (Houghton Mifflin), the charming chronicle of a lady of the Japanese court, and the Dutch work, half biography, half

history, "Max Havelaar" (Knopf), by Multatuli. French novels are appearing in English translation in goodly number among the most noteworthy being Romain Rolland's "Mother and Son" (Holt), the third volume of "The Soul Enchanted;" Pierre la Mazière's striking "I'll Have a Fine Funeral" (Harpers); Alphone de Chateaubriant's "The Peat-Cutters" (Dial), a novel which won the Grand Fiction Prize of the French Academy and which is one of those realistic portrayals of peasant life which the French have so frequently handled successfully; Henry de Montherlant's "The Bull Fighters" (Dial), another book which has had wide attention in France; André Maurois's "Bernard Quesnay" (Appleton), the chronicle of a young man of artistic nature whom circumstances brought to a wrestle with the problems of industrial life; Paul Morand's "East India" (A. & C. Boni), and his collection of short stories, "Europe at Love" (Boni & Liveright); André Savingnon's "The Sorrows of Elsie" (Payson & Clarke); Claude Anet's slight but delicately wrought "Ariane" (Knopf), and Vicente Blasco Ibañez's "The Pope of the Sea" (Dutton).

From fiction we pass to biography in which as in the former field the present season has interesting titles to show. H. A. L. Fisher's long-awaited biography of Lord Bryce has recently come from the press of Macmillan as has Francis W. Hirst's "Early Life of Lord Morley." Putnam has issued "Wilhelm Hohenzollern: The Last of the Kaisers," by Emil Ludwig whose "Napoleon" (Boni & Liveright), last winter made its author's name familiar to a large public. Like this latter book the study of the Kaiser is written in vivid fashion, and its development of its thesis of the effect of the German Emperor's crippled arm upon his personality and career is exceedingly interesting if not absolutely convincing. Philip Guedalla, as was to be expected, has turned out a brilliant biography in his "Palmerston" (Putnams), while other interesting lives either recently issued or about to appear are "The War Diary of Emperor Frederick III" (Stokes), "Robespierre" (Putnams), by Hilaire Belloc; "The Letters of Voltaire and Frederick the Great" (Brentanos), "Jean Paul Marat" (Greenberg); "The Memoirs of a Revolutionist" (International), by Vera Figner; "The Dreams of a Duchess" (Doran), by Elizabeth Duchess of Northumberland, a record covering the years 1717-1776; "My Early Life" (Doran), by William II; and "Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels" (International), by D. Riazanov.

are a number of interesting publications. Michael Sadleir's "Anthony Trollope" (Houghton Mifflin), "The Letters of George Gissing" (Houghton Miffln), "The Life of Frederick Harrison" (Putnams), by his son, Austin Harrison, Lloyd Morris's "The Rebellious Puritan" (Harcourt, Brace), a study of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the new volume in the issue of William Butler Yeats's autobiographies (Macmillan), which presents the author's reveries over childhood and youth, Van Wyck Brooks's "Emerson and Others" (Dutton), and Jean Maurice Pouguet's "Anatole France and Madame" (Harcourt, Brace), which adds another to the already large number of studies of the French author. In "Fire Under the Andes" (Knopf), Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant has supplied a series of impressions of noted figures of the day. The French have contributed to current biographical studies three volumes on musicians, "Polonaise" (Holt), in which Guy de Pourtalès has depicted the life of Chopin, "The Prodigious Lover" (Duffield), under which title Louis Barthou writes of Richard Wagner, and "Beethoven-Vie Intime" (Brentanos), by André de Hévesy. Mention also should be made of "The Late Victorians," (Lippincott), by A. A. Baumann.

In the field of literary biography there

There is a particularly interesting group of specifically American biographies amongst which may be mentioned "Anthony Comstock, (A. & C. Boni), in which "the roundsman of the Lord" gets gentler handling than might have been expected from Hevwood Broun and Margaret Leach; Carl Christian Jensen's "An American Saga" (Little, Brown), the chronicle of a foreigner who reached his development in the land of his adoption; "The Harvest of the Years" (Houghton Mifflin), by Luther Burbank with Wilbur Hall; Ring W. Lardner's "The Story of A Wonder Man" (Scribner's); Susan Glaspell's "The Road to the Temple" (Stokes), a biography of her husband, George Cram Cook, which by virtue of its transcription of conversations held with him and of his writings and notes at times constitutes almost an autobiography of that gifted man; "Trumpets of Jubilee"

(Continued on page 773)

## 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.

MASTERPIECES OF ITALIAN PAINT-ING. New York: Francis Pristera. 1927.

If the succeeding portfolios in this series live up to the achievement of the first volume lovers of art will indeed have cause for rejoicing. For Mr. Pristera has here presented in admirable photogravure reproductions some of the great paintings of the Florentine school. Masacchio, Pollaiulo, Verocchio, Ghirlandaio, and Botticelli find representation, the pictures included being in each instance preceded by brief introductory comment. Schools, as well as homes, could do no better than to procure this publication. The book is so bound as to make possible the removing of any illustration at will.

J. FRANCIS MURPHY. By ELIOT CLARK. Illustrated. Frederic Fairchild Sherman. 1927. \$25 net.

An old conviction that a minor artist is a better theme for the essayist than a great one is confirmed by this latest addition to Mr. Sherman's fastidiously printed "American Artists Series." Mr. Clark makes a brilliant and enlightening essay out of a singularly exiguous matter, without indulging either hero worship or gratuitous rhetoric. Apparently Murphy lived merely to enrich the tawny enamel of his pictures, and, having early thought out a simple and rational formula of composition, thereafter he ceased to think. He seems like a musician who plays a single phrase delightfully on the monochord. But the single phrase is here fraught with a quietly intense nature worship, with a thin yet authentic poetry. Since Murphy's life was featureless, Mr. Clark's concern is necessarily with technical analysis of the pictures. This is clearly and agreeably done. On the issue of value your reviewer somewhat differs from Mr. Clark in finding the big Murphys without exception a shade empty. There was no change of convention to meet the larger scale. Perhaps then the little canvases of the 'nineties better bear out the parallel with Whistler-"Their pictures when hung together belong at once to the same age: vague, suggestive, undefined, mood-

CARRY ON, SERGEANT! By Bruce BAIRNSFATHER. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2,50.

This book was presumably published for its pictures, which are amusing enough in the good Bairnsfather fashion, although not up to his first inspirations. But it deserves reading for its text alone, which is witty, ironic, and more informative than many more pretentious narratives. This, indeed, is Bruce Bairnsfather's autobiography in the war period, with valuable contributions from the biography of Old Bill and Alf. A humorist has to be a good deal of a philosopher and still more of an observer. Hence the author's comments on how war is made, and why, and his studies of Americans at the front are much more penetrating than his jesting "now I'll tell you another" style of writing implies. There is a good deal more to this little book than its amusing pictures.

### Biography

SIR JAMES MACKENZIE, THE BE-LOVED PHYSICIAN. By R. MACNAIR WILSON. Macmillan. 1927. \$4.

Sir James Mackenzie became famous as a heart specialist and by the invention of a device for recording heart irregularities. But the main new doctrine which he preached to the somewhat unwilling ears of the great London doctors was that the profession was overloaded with specialists and devices, to the neglect of the knowledge only to be gained in general practice. He was twenty-eight years a family doctor in a provincial town before he moved to London, and he insisted that all his contributions to the knowledge of the profession were based on that long, varied, patient, and intimate experience. General practice in England was classed as a lower order of the profession. Mackenzie wanted to do

away with all that. He even suggested to the London specialists "that they were of small use to the future of medicine; that their knowledge concerned only the late and hopeless stages of illness; and that, if they were to achieve any worthy service, they must become general practitioners, or else attend the out-patient departments of the hospitals where early disease may usually be studied."

To a layman's ear it sounds like good sense. The layman's impression in general is there are two few family doctors, at least in large cities, and proportionately too many specialists. Mr. Wilson has succeeded in making the noble life of a great doctor an absorbing book for a layman to read, although it is almost wholly taken up with the account of his professional work.

THE VAGABOND DUCHESS. By CYRIL HUGHES HARTMANN. Dutton. 1927. \$5. Co. 1927. \$5.

This biography of Hortense Mancini is characterized by the solid, plodding scholarship with which the author unfolds a somewhat spicy and sensational tale. Were the scholarship just a touch more penetrating, a distinguished piece of work would have been forthcoming; were the book not so scholarly, it would have been merely one more piquant, distorted popular romance about a lady "fair and frail." Mr. Hartmann hasn't chosen the perfect mean, merely a satisfactory one.

Hortense Mancini was one of the seven nieces whom Cardinal Mazarin imported from Italy to be pawns in his political game. Marie, afterwards Princess Colonna, was the first love of the youthful Louisit was she who spoke the oft-quoted words of parting, "Sire, vous êtes roi, vous pleurez, et je pars." Anne Marie Martinozzi was married to the Prince de Conti; Laure, her sister, was allotted to the powerful Alfonso d'Este. Of Hortense's own sisters, Marianne was married to the Duc de Bouillon, Olympe to Prince Eugène de Savoie-Carignan, and the unhappy Marie to Charles Colonna.

Of this batch of political alliances, Hortense's should have been the most brilliant. She might have had Charles 11 of England, but her uncle, confident of the permanency of Cromwell's régime, thought the exiled Stuart unworthy. He finally

chose a persistent old admirer of hers, the Marquis de la Meilleraye, to whom she brought the title of Duc Mazarin, a large part of the Palais Mazarin, with one of the outstanding art collections in the world, and a dowry of a mere twentyeight million livres.

After her marriage, Hortense flirted somewhat more discreetly than before, and evidenced the seriousness with which she took her new profession by bearing her husband four children in rapid succession. The old duke, however, developed an insane jealousy of his young wife, which may or may not have been justified, and at times acted the part of an absolute lunatic. Among his more unusual acts were the smashing with an axe of some of the priceless statues in his art gallery, and bearing messages from the Archangel Gabriel to the apparently patient Louis XIV.

At any rate Hortense's home life became unbearable, and she fled to Rome where she lived with her sister Marie and behaved quite scandalously. Afterward she became indeed a vagabond duchess, wandering about in all the most intriguing and some of the most disreputable places in Europe. Curiously enough, she ended her days living on a pension from the stern William of Orange after for a time having displaced the Duchess of Portsmouth as mistress of Charles 11-whose Queen she might have

There is little attempt to reconstruct personalities in Mr. Hartmann's biography. For the most part he is willing to rely upon the written word of Hortense and the diaries and memoires of her contemporaries. It is only when there is an obvious conflict between such authorities that the author steps in and straightens things out. Naturally, such treatment leans to heaviness, but where the material used is so light and entertaining, the final effect is satisfying to all but the most exacting.

English Women in Life and Letters. By W. Phillips and W. S. Tomlinson. Oxford University Press. \$4.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. By Sidney Dark. Doran. \$1.50 net.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM THE TWENTY-SECOND. By Senator Benjamin Antin. Boni & Liveright. \$2.50.

THE ROAD TO THE TEMPLE. By Susan Glaspell. Stokes. \$3. (Continued on next page)

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