

# Harper

*The History of  
Six Old Trades*  
**Creative  
Knowledge**

By  
Sir William Bragg, K. B. E.,  
F. R. S., D. Sc.  
\$3.50



**THE MAGIC  
FORMULA**

By L. P. Jacks  
Twelve stories by a dis-  
tinguished Englishman.  
\$2.50

**Are You  
Intelligent?**

The book that  
tests your  
**INTELLIGENCE**

6 complete sets of tests  
\$1.25

Eleonore Duse  
Mrs. Fiske  
Bernard Shaw

**Grotesques**

by Mary Cass Canfield  
Brilliant essays on con-  
temporary personalities  
\$2.00

*The  
LITERARY EVENT  
of THE SEASON*

**From Man  
to Man**

By  
Olive Schreiner, \$2.50

*Love  
in Rome. A bril-  
liant novel*  
by Ludwig Lewisohn

**Roman  
Summer**

\$2.00

**Launcelot  
and the Ladies**

By  
Will  
Bradley  
Delicate  
Romance  
\$2.00



Wherever Books Are Sold

Harper & Brothers  49 East 33rd Street  
Established 1847 New York, N.Y.

## The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

### Fiction

**THE MAGIC CASKET.** By R. AUSTIN FREEMAN. Dodd, Mead. 1927. \$2.

To those who are devotees of mystery stories, Mr. Freeman's Thorndyke is a detective of considerable achievement. He and Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot are notable additions to the growing group of sleuths in fiction. Mr. Freeman's present volume, as usual featuring Thorndyke, is a collection of short stories covering various "cases" taken in charge by this detective whose author now exercises much more ingenuity and plausibility than does the creator of Sherlock Holmes. From blood-clots, from the natural history of ditch and pond, even from the hairs of an elephant's tail, Thorndyke constructs his analyses of cleverly hidden crime. As pathologist, naturalist, and acute observer, also, of such minutiae as an apparently dead man's ashes in a crematorium, he displays his observant skill. All the stories are well worked out, both as to motive for the crimes and as to probabilities, with the solution always deft and dramatic. The element of terror is present only in inference, the interest in the stories centering about the ingenuity with which the crime was planned and by means of which it is unravelled. Mr. Freeman remains one of the most ingenious writers of our time in this field of fiction.

**BREAK O'DAY.** By CON O'LEARY. Doran. 1927. \$2.

Rural Ireland, toward the end of the late Terror, is the scene of this picturesque, deeply penetrating, yet ironic study of a Celt: rascal. He is an ex-member of the Constabulary, a poltroon, a braggart, a renegade, self-styled *The Cabogue*, who goes about the countryside posing as a rebel "on the run," thereby gain the hospitality and confidences of patriots only, when opportunity offers, to betray them to their oppressors. Occasionally his treachery and pretenses are uncovered, but he is signally successful in creating a legendary likeness of himself, his mythical great deeds and valor, which to his gullible countrymen identify him as a national hero. With the coming of peace, he turns petty highwayman, enlists several followers, who aid him in the robbery of rustic cottages, post-offices, and shops. His ignominious career at length is finished by a violent death. The story is splendidly written, intensely virile, but it is liable to prove a "dud" to readers who have not, either through knowledge or predilection, a sympathetic familiarity with the people and struggles of new-born Erin.

**QUEEN'S MATE.** By PHILIP MACDONALD. Dial Press. 1927. \$2.

The "Queen" who seeks a mate is Princess Sophonisba, related, through her father's second marital venture, to impoverished Slovene-Croatian royalty. Sophie is beauti-

ful, twenty-four, intellectual, and the unique scheme which she devises for her capture of the ideal male has already eliminated some three-hundred candidates, reducing the number to a scant seven when the book's prologue opens. These surviving hopefuls, all high-born Britons of the "silly-ass" type, are summoned collectively to Sophie's Berkeley Square residence, and there are acquainted with the unusual conditions by which she is to be won: To that suitor who, in her judgment, submits the best original literary composition she will award her hand and fortune. There follow, at the rate of one read a week, the seven short stories entered for the prize—and very fair products they seemed to us—but in the epilogue our over-exacting Princess spurns them all as mediocre, refusing to pronounce a decision favorable to any entrant in the contest. A gentle "kick," not apt to be foreseen, is reserved for the closing pages.

**THE COUNTERFEITS.** By MARJORIE STRACHEY. Longmans, Green. 1927. \$2.

To Adela Clifford the amorous intrigues of post-war England seem like an absurd parody on the fundamental drama of her earlier days as an army nurse in Russia. Constantly thrown back on memories for her emotional relief, she soon realizes that this is to dwell in a world of illusion, unless it is the genuine past with which she occupies her thoughts. Holding up truth, therefore, as the sole criterion, she reconstructs her affair with Boris Galkin, to find his charms entirely depreciated, as soon as she comes to a full realization of his selfishness. On the other hand, Captain Hope, dull as he is, emerges from the process of retrospection with all his quiet virtues gleaming. At the very end of the book, when Adela encounters the captain again in London, we are led to believe that with this one solid element from the past she will succeed in building a stable future.

The mechanics of Miss Strachey's interesting idea are managed very capably; but never does the story mount to distinguished heights. If we choose to identify the author's point of view with that of her heroine, the reason for this becomes apparent. She, no less than Adela, seems frankly bored with London society; and hence her picture of it is flat. Even her attitude toward passion on the Russian steppes is a disappointingly quiet one.

**THE SORROWS OF ELSIE.** By ANDRÉ SAVIGNON. Translated by R. J. Dingle. New York: Payson & Clarke. 1927. \$2.

This is a mystical, frequently incoherent narrative of the struggles of an English girl with the problem of sex. Her endeavor to find a "savior" in the perfect man, but symbolizes that constant search for higher values, which, according to M. Savignon, is characteristic of woman in general. It is a nice compliment to the *beau sexe*, though one more convincingly expressed in Rodin's piece, "The Centaur-

ess," where the female torso is represented as attempting to tear itself loose from its equine lower parts.

The sole test of such an unconventional method as we see in the book at hand, where supernatural elements are freely implied, lies in the accuracy and force with which the central ideal records itself upon the reader's mind. For the reviewer, M. Savignon has not been especially effective. To the former it was definitely a mistake to introduce into the earlier part of the story sufficient naturalistic detail to make the very allegorical tone of the second part strike a discord; although the latter considered by itself, remains a somewhat colorful and vigorous piece of writing. In the final section of the novel, the course of events between Horrick and Elsie is managed as any second-rate realist who was interested in love among the lower classes would manage them; that is to say, as dully as possible.

**THE DEVIL'S GUARD.** By TALBOT MUNDY. Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. \$2.

Mr. Mundy writes a mystery novel surrounding a mystic cult in Thibet. The story is vigorous and exciting when his characters are in action. But in the frequent passages where he attempts to make them talk and think it is as complete a soporific as recent fiction can provide. The mystery, like the cult, fails to satisfy. Perhaps this is because the author himself does not appear to know just what it is that he has to conceal. In any case he makes no revelations sufficient to justify the protracted suspense of his three-hundred pages and even the kind of reader who is willing to stretch some points for the sake of a howling mystery will probably feel himself cheated at the end. We like the character who tries to justify his roguery by saying that "the world is no oyster for a failed B. A. with a brown skin and no capacity to be a hypocrite," and Mr. Mundy's strong, silent American hero is also attractive.

**THE HAPPY TREE.** By ROSALIND MURRAY. Harcourt, Brace. 1927. \$2.50.

The sensitiveness and restraint of Rosalind Murray's beautiful book evoke the image of some such piece of Greek art as the Orpheus relief in the Villa Albani. And this is not because the author happens to be the daughter of Gilbert Murray, but because the artless artifice of her work suggests so much more than it actually thrusts before us.

The woman who is supposedly writing this record of her uneventful life says when she has finished, "I was happy when I was a child, and I married the wrong person, and someone I loved dearly was killed in the war—that is all." That is all, perhaps, on the surface, and the tragedy pulling like a restless undertow beneath is seldom more directly stressed. Yet pages filled with self-analysis and passionate encounters could make us no more conscious of "the pain of finite hearts that yearn."

Every person in the tale has actuality,

"Profound," "fascinating,"  
"amazing,"



"monumental," "all-embracing,"  
"a masterpiece."

## The Road to Xanadu

JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES

"It is in its broadest sense the story of the human spirit, of the imagination 'voyaging through chaos and reducing it to clarity and order' . . . profound . . . amazing."—*Boston Transcript*

"A masterpiece . . . I doubt if an investigation like this was ever carried out before with such creative skill, so thoroughly, so adventurously and so delightfully. . . . The lust of all the modern adventurers seems to be in this investigator's blood; the knowledge of all the modern psychologies . . . a perfectly fascinating book . . . it ought to be reviewed by Coleridge himself, assisted by the Recording Angel. For in itself it is a feat almost equal to the writing of the poems."—*Mary M. Colum in the New York Herald Tribune.*

"A monumental book . . . as thorough a piece of productive scholarship as has been done in America; and Germany, where research into matters scholarly was invented, has little to show to surpass Professor Lowe's book in mastership of every detail . . . written with a glow that greatly inspirits one. Henceforth no one need hope to speak authoritatively of Coleridge—if, indeed, any one dare speak of him at all—without first reading this all-embracing work."—*The New York Times Book Review.* \$6.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

and there are many minor incidents—such as the heroine's sudden distaste, almost on the eve of her wedding, for the man she is about to marry—that are admirably realized. Her last meeting with the cousin she loved so dearly is unforgettable. At times, to be sure, the simplicity of the telling seems a little unworthy of the high intellectual level of the whole; at times the heroine—who is after all a woman writing on her fortieth birthday—appears curiously naive and remote. For the most part, however, the unaffected naturalness of the style gives the book a poetic quality and an atmosphere of sincerity that contribute not a little to its charm. And throughout there is a continuity of mood—a wistful tenderness and a mellow delicacy of feeling—that readers who are properly attuned will find irresistibly appealing.

THE PATH OF THE SUN. By R. W. ALEXANDER. Appleton. 1927. \$2.

The prelude of this south sea adventure story briefly sketches the life and death of Captain Jamie Ferguson, an immensely rich island trader, who securely hides his fabulous wealth before he enters eternity. We next encounter "Monkey" Arnold, a desperate gun-runner, as he is escaping from five years' confinement in a Mexican prison, and share with him a perilous voyage to Polynesia. There one finds old Ferguson's nephew, come to track three ruffians whom he suspects of having murdered his late uncle. The activities of all these people, including the inevitable brave girl, thereafter center in the hunt for Ferguson's missing treasure. While utilizing many familiar properties, the tale is written in a vastly better style than is common to the majority of its kind.

THE GARDEN OF REDEMPTION. By WILLIAM E. ROYDEN. McBride. 1927. \$2.

Twelve years prior to the opening of this gracefully written, fanciful romance, a young prince of a central Europe empire (presumably pre-war Austria-Hungary) is exiled, under a cloud, from his native land. Accompanied by his English secretary, he takes refuge in England, and later dies there. The secretary, James Herbertson, a gentle, kind-hearted, scholarly man, leads a solitary existence in a suburban villa near London. From this seclusion he is summoned by his chivalrous impulses and fidelity to the past to the protection of a titled mother and her daughter, natives of his late master's country and the persecuted victims of the prince's enemies. Herbertson intrepidly accepts the cruel challenge of these bitter foes, even offering the sacrifice of his life in payment for a pledge of amnesty to the women, his courageous struggle for the deliverance of the latter forming the balance of the tale. It is a smoothly flowing, attractive story, marred only by a decided and regrettable deterioration toward the close.

BEVAN YORKE. By W. B. MAXWELL. Doubleday, Page. \$2.50.

In our judgment, a careful, meditative reading of Mr. Maxwell's new story is

essential to a clear appreciation of the book's significance as a whole. For it is emphatically no tale for those who dip, skip, and hurry—rather it is for the leisurely, alert-witted connoisseur of fiction. The technical method employed is the difficult one which necessitates narration through the impressions conceived by one man of the acts and characters of the principals, all of whom are his friends and confidantes, he playing a minor, onlooker's rôle in the drama. Yorke himself is a distinguished Egyptologist, a man of letters, the soul of uprightness. But in his mid-forties he commits the vital error of falling in love with a temperamental, high-strung girl of twenty-four, Ursula Dibden. He has been long married to a devoted wife, is the father of three children, the bearer of a spotless, honored name.

The disclosure of his liaison with Ursula brings social disgrace and ostracism to Yorke, punishment suffered no less grievously by the girl, but merited in severity by neither of them. While conscientiously seeking to solve the problem of their relationship, the couple part, to meet at intervals, frequently and platonically. A divorce is planned, reluctantly agreed to by Yorke's wife, but is endlessly deferred by the conflicting, unreasonable procrastination of all involved. At length, from the entangled multitude of incidents, too voluminous to be detailed, there is worked out a conclusion, not wholly tragic, nor lacking in elements of consistency. To merely casual observation the book may seem formless, hard to read, too heavily freighted with implication and indirectness of import, but study of it reveals its masterly fineness in both design and accomplishment.

THE GHOST BOOK. Designed by CYNTHIA ASQUITH. Scribners. 1927.

Miss Asquith has gathered together in this volume sixteen stories by various hands, some of much distinction, which form an impressive mass of evidence that the ability to write the spectral thriller has not by any means passed from the English.

Yet all of these can hardly come under the head of "thrillers." Some are mere atmospheric fantasies. There are several with a decided touch of humor. The variety, however, is refreshing.

For sheer "scariness" this reviewer elects Mr. L. P. Hartley's "A Visitor from Down Under." The atmosphere created in May Sinclair's "The Villa Desirée" is also remarkable, though the point of her story seems decidedly far-fetched. Mere sensualists do not strike us as the obvious instruments of this particular quality of fright. This is a girlish notion. Algernon Blackwood, in "Chemical," demonstrates his usual power; he conveys the shudder. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes disappoints, "The Duenna" is scattered in effect. Hugh Walpole narrates in burly fashion a not distinguished ghost-tale. Walter de la Mare, as usual, tantalizingly avoids explanations while building beautifully eccentric atmosphere. Clemence Dane creates a lovely spell with poignant power. "Munitions of War" is

average Arthur Machen, neatly turned. D. H. Lawrence writes with feeling of the preposterous and, as usual, creates vividly. The excitement of the old "something for nothing" is the force of "The Rocking-Horse Winner," though it is memorable. Enid Bagnold's "The Amorous Ghost" is excellently wrought and original, one of the best. Mary Webb precipitates the illusion of her story with an almost comic-paper explanation. "The Lost Tragedy" by Denis Mackail and "The Corner Shop" by C. L. Ray both deal with bookselling, the former being quite an obvious trifle, the latter more ingenious. The second of "Two Trifles" by Oliver Onions is deliberate and successful farce. Desmond MacCarthy gives one a really gruesome thrill in "Pargiton and Harby," while Charles Whibley simply tells an antiquarian anecdote in "Twelve O'Clock."

Thus we pigeonhole the exhibits. The book as a whole is a most interesting collection, presenting some distinguished writing.

CRESTON MEADOWS. By Sheridan F. Wood. Doitance. \$2.

A SECRET OF THE MARSH. By Oliver Warner. Dutton. \$2.

THE THOUSAND HANDS. By Bruce Norman. Dial Press. \$2.

BEADS OF SILENCE. By L. Bamburg. Dutton. \$2.

WHERE THE WATERS TURN. By Theodore von Ziekursch. Macrae Smith Co.

COPY 1927. Selected by Helen Hull. Appleton. \$2.

ONCE IN THE SADDLE. By Eugene Manlove Rhodes. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

THE MUSING WANDERER. By Anton Gross. Boston: Roxburgh Publishing Co., Inc.

THE MARIONETTE. By Edwin Muir. Viking. \$1.75.

RED PANTS. By John W. Thomason, Jr. Scribners. \$2.50.

THE LOVELY SHIP. By Storm Jameson. Knopf. \$2.50.

TOM AND JERRY. By O. J. Boulden. Dorance. \$2.

FINDINGS IS KEEPINGS. By John Boyd Clarke. Clode. \$2.

CHAINS. By Theodore Dreiser. Boni & Liveright. \$2.50.

IRENE IDESLEIGH. By Mrs. Amanda M'Kittrick Ros. Boni & Liveright. \$1.75.

THE HOLY LOVER. By Marie Conway Oemler. Boni & Liveright. \$2.

TRAGIC MANSIONS. By Mrs. Philip Lydig. Boni & Liveright. \$2.50.

ROAD END. By Woods Morrison. Putnams. \$2.

TO THE LIGHTHOUSE. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

THAT ISLAND. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead. \$2.

THE GOOSE-FEATHER BED. By E. Temple Thurston. Doran. \$2.

THE STORY OF CALIFORNIA. By Stewart Edward White. Doubleday, Page. \$2.50.

WORKING BULLOCKS. By Katharine Susannah Prichard. Viking. \$2.

THE MADONNA OF THE SLEEPING CARS. By Maurice Dekobra. New York: Payson & Clarke, Ltd. \$2.50.

THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S. By George Rector. Doubleday, Page. \$3.

CALL OF THE HOUSE. By Ruth Comfort Mitchell. Appleton. \$2.

THE BLACK VIRGIN AND OTHER STORIES. By Olga Petrova. Four Seas.

(Continued on page 831)

MACMILLAN

POETRY

Tristram

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

"A rare achievement . . . a masterpiece of narrative-dramatic poetry that will long remain unsurpassed, if indeed it does not long remain unequalled. It is a poem which will not dim with time."—*New York Times*. \$1.50

Sonnets

By Amory Hare

A group of sonnets dealing with woman's love and reflections on life and death—marked by unusual quality and power. \$1.25

BIOGRAPHY

James Bryce

By the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher

"The work is exceedingly well done . . . a white light on the personality and mental processes of the author of *The American Commonwealth*."—Claude G. Bowers, *New York World*. 2 vols. \$8.00

Washington

By Joseph D. Sawyer

A portrait of the traditional Washington made unique by 1,500 pictures which illuminate every phase of his life. 2 vols. \$20.00

FICTION

Islanders

By Helen Hull

"One of the best books of the year. . . thoughtful . . . beautifully written."—William Allen White in the *Emporia Gazette*. \$2.50

The Allinghams

By May Sinclair

"A very big thing, done supremely well."—*Boston Transcript*. \$2.50

Dear Old Templeton

By Alice Brown

Alice Brown has never been more gently humorous or more artful in character drawing than in this new novel. \$2.50

SCIENCE

The Logic of Modern Physics

By P. W. Bridgman

Contemporary physical concepts and science are examined in this critique by a noted physicist, in a manner which will interest all readers of A. N. Whitehead's *Science and the Modern World*. \$2.50

An Experiment with Time

By J. W. Dunne

An account of an important scientific discovery which presents new concepts of the universe. \$2.50

ILLUSTRATED

The Junk Snupper

By C. R. Clifford

These adventures of an antique collector are full of the oddities and humors of hunting for old and rare things. \$4.00

Certain Samaritans

By Esther Pohl Lovejoy

Here is a true and thrilling story of American women hospitaliers on the shores and islands connected with the adventures of Jason and Ulysses. \$4.00

HISTORY

Peacemakers of 1864

By Edward C. Kirkland

New material from many sources has been worked into an interesting narrative of attempts to negotiate a peace in 1864. \$4.00

The MACMILLAN CO. 60 Fifth Ave., New York

**HAVE YOU read these three stunning Novels?**

**ANDY BRANDT'S ARK**  
by EDNA BRYNER

a novel of an American family

ORIGINAL PUNGENT      COURAGEOUS BRILLIANT



\$2.50

**BILL MYRON**  
by DEAN FALES

Our happy American warrior.

The man who kept faith with himself—in a city by an inland river he fought with mind and body, he loved, he played, fell into the gutter—and arose to look with ecstasy upon the stars.

\$2.50



**HALF-GODS**



\$2.50

A Centaur's life in a "Main Street" town

Murray Sheehan

ANALYTICAL      VIRILE      IMAGINATIVE

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

## PUTNAM'S

### The Revolt of Asia

By Upton Close

"Easily the most valuable recent work on the Far East. Its timeliness is amazing. The most interesting interpretation of Asia's political flux now extant."—*New York Post*.

\$2.50

### Cockades

By Meade Minnigerode

"None but a master craftsman could have made a story so absorbing, dramatic and real. An unforgettable picture of an era."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

\$2.00

### Brackie the Fool

By Klabund, Author of "Peter, the Czar."

"A dazzling performance. All the splendid artistry of a facile pen in a fantasy of human manners and morals."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

\$2.00

### Recent

#### Popular Successes

##### Pheasant Jungles

By William Beebe

60 illustrations. \$3.00

##### Palmerston

By Philip Guedalla

16 illustrations. \$5.00

##### Wilhelm Hohenzollern

By Emil Ludwig

28 illustrations. \$5.00

### Just Published

##### Road End

By Woods Morrison

The famous screen star writes a thrilling mystery story.

\$2.00

##### My Wild Flower Garden

By Herbert Durand

The care of flowers, trees, shrubs through all the seasons.

48 illustrations. \$2.50

##### Everyday Life in Anglo-Saxon, Viking and Norman Times

By Marjorie & C. H. B. Quennell

Over 75 illustrations. \$2.50

#### High Spots On Our Fall List

##### Caste

By Cosmo Hamilton

##### Robespierre

By Hilaire Belloc

##### Francis-Joseph

Last of the Caesars

By Eugene S. Bagger

##### Across Asia's Snows and Deserts

By Wm. J. Morden

#### And Books By

Capt. Harry Pidgeon

Meade Minnigerode

David Binney Putnam

and three other boy authors

For sale at all book-sellers, or at the Putnam Store, 2 West 45th Street, just West of 5th Avenue.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
New York London

## Points of View

### Decadence

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

From time immemorial revelation has come down to men in chaste phraseology. Inspiration has implied eloquence; and when the prophet committed his message to writing the divine afflatus extended to the theurgy of words. Instinctively men have sensed that the truths of God should be clothed in language's richest garb. So the sacred books of the world have easily become classics.

Hebrew is a well-nigh untranslatable language, yet even through the medium of an indifferent rendering into English we are fairly overpowered by the simple majesty and beauty of certain passages of the Old Testament. Nor can we conceive of the stories of Jesus, which his early disciples have given us, being set down in less appealing, realistic, ingenious prose than that in which they stand; in the original *koïna* (everyday Greek) or the modified Anglo-Saxon of the King James Version. In later centuries Augustine composed his "City of God" and "Confessions," Anselm his "Cur Deus Homo," and Aquinas his "Summa" in Latin, not of golden classic Rome, indeed, but that may be compared to hammered silver for the care and skill with which it is manipulated. They say that Luther made the German language. He was certainly a good enough writer to do it. Universal literature counts "Pilgrim's Progress" among its dozen most valued treasures. French prose before and since has often reached high levels, but there is little chance that a more perfect French prose will ever be written than Renan's "Vie de Jésus." Dante and Milton, distinctively religious poets, are poets of the first rank. Taken all in all, the writers of the past who "could not free themselves from God" have not been able, or have not dared, to employ commonplace language and literary forms.

How is it in our own time? This is to be my criticism and thesis.

Publishers' "readers" and magazine editors mingle their tale of the flood of submitted manuscripts with which they are one and all being overwhelmed with the complaint that such a small proportion of these manuscripts are in any real sense religious—they are just now facing, remember, an insistent demand for religious reading matter—and that those that are of such inferior quality. Even so, the output of religious publications strikes one as being heavy. I sample it, cursorily in libraries and book shops, more conscientiously for the purpose of review and for my personal profit. And now this is what I find, and my problem, and the thing that is troubling me: Why is it that nowadays when people write about religion, or write religious books, essays, and poetry, they do it so poorly; carelessly, if not slovenly; and without the labor, skill, and polish that the makers of secular literature employ?

Comparisons are unfair, nor am I going to reflect upon worthy Christian writers, some of whom I admire and some of whom are my friends; so I will mention only parties of the second part; but it is discouraging and depressing to turn from the finished, masterful prose of such writers as James Branch Cabell, Aldous Huxley, or Llewelyn Powys, whom one is justified in labelling "irreligious," to the religious books that are being offered us. The name of the editor of *The American Mercury* is coming to be an irritant to the church in this country and Great Britain. Might one advise that the way to keep people from reading Mr. Mencken is not to anathematize him in the pulpit and religious weekly, but to give the reading public something equally as bright, suggestive, and readable, but that shall represent Christianity and not paganism? Our young people will not give up *College Humor* until you put into their hands a magazine that shall be not merely less vulgar and more moral, but just as full of life, entertainment—pep, they would say—and modernity.

The novel is the present-day medium of propaganda, or if you want to put it in that way, of teaching. Everything under the sun, truth, untruth, and half-truth, is being handed out by this medium. Why shouldn't the church use it? Manifestly she doesn't. One can't think of a decent religious novel that has appeared in the last twenty years. Scarcely a religious short story. It is Chesterton, I believe, who adds to the common statement that Jesus was the greatest story-

teller that ever lived, "but he has had no successor among his followers." Chesterton was forgetting Dante and Bunyan, at least. Is the great Christian church of the twentieth century unable to produce a writer capable of driving home through a masterpiece of a story the truth as that church sees it in the gospel of Jesus? I don't mean a slushy, sentimental, namby-pamby, false-colored romance, but a novel of strength, beauty, and appeal, constructed according to the newer canons of literary art. I suspect that the publishers and book dealers are longing for such a book, and I know that a dozen million Christian readers are. They'd swing it into the best-seller class mighty quick! But if it isn't forthcoming—or several of them—we shall go on reading the books that are—well, not altogether bad, but which in many ways run against the grain of the faith that we cherish.

The most pertinent criticism of current religious publications has already been hinted at: They are distinguished by a hasty, careless workmanship. When literary ability and genius do manifest themselves their value is frustrated by neglect; and a neglect of the matters that go to the making of either real literature or marketable books: infinite painstaking; intelligent construction; beauty of form—and features; merciless excision; meticulous revision; a studied avoidance of dullness; a stiff fight for the reader's attention—I mean. The pronounced successes in secular literature are all being gained in just this and in no other way. Real books don't happen—they are the result of hard work. We assume, indeed, that the Holy Spirit will liberally assist the religious writer; but that will not make superfluous these other things that have been enumerated.

An examination of the more recent religious books reveals two illuminating facts: They are pretty much all by clergymen and theological seminary professors, and they are mostly collections of sermons or addresses. There is no particular reason why ministers shouldn't write books, especially religious books; but there are many reasons why they should not be the only ones to do it. The church assuredly does not lack literary laymen. The minister has hard work to get away from sermonizing, and a sermon is not a book. It cannot even be made over into an essay, if it wasn't one in the first instance. Preaching is speaking, not writing. It is a well known fact that many great sermons are poor stuff when printed. A preacher's friends and parishioners are glad to have in permanent form some of his discourses; but this making books of them is on the whole a dubious business. The majority of such volumes reach the junk shop, by way of the second-hand dealer, at an early day.

It should be noted, by way of exception, that some such collections, originally delivered as sermon series or courses of lectures, possess a coherence that makes them real books. Or they may have been woven into book form in revision, or by rewriting. Dr. Fosdick and Dr. Jefferson, and Bishop Gore and Dean Inge, of Great Britain, for example, are skilful in doing this and sometimes their readers forget that the chapters originally lacked the unity of a book.

If this word is taken as a challenge to the men and women of the Christian church who can or could write—and do it exceptionally well—to produce, the question of profit and loss will be raised in rejoinder. The reported and reputed immense sale of the Fosdick books, "This Believing World," Bruce Barton's two "Nobody Knows," "The Christ of the Indian Road," and Papini's "Christ," or, to go farther back, "In His Steps" and "Robert Elsmere," should dispel the idea that the reading and book-buying public is indifferent to distinctively religious literature. It is also worth noticing that the Bible never ceases to top the list of the best-sellers. The point is, however, that the book submitted to the publisher and offered to the reader shall not be anywhere near mediocre; shall, if possible, be actual literature.

It will perhaps be submitted that the capable men and women of the church are too engrossed with its urgent and multifarious tasks to have time for superior literary composition. But is any task of the Christian job more important than this, more telling in its results—than the making of a good religious book, or story? For Christianity is a book religion. After all, the typewriter and the printing press are mightier than the pulpit, rostrum, or soap box. The radio reaches millions upon millions of listeners, but doesn't reach them so effectively as the printed page.

"PHILADELPHIA."

### AMERICAN MASTERS OF SOCIAL SCIENCE

*An Approach to the Study of the Social Sciences Through a Neglected Field of Biography*

Edited by HOWARD W. ODUM

In this volume the portraiture of nine pioneer scholars and teachers unfolds the fascinating story of the social sciences in America from their meager beginnings about fifty years ago to their present phenomenal development. \$4.50

### PURPOSIVE EVOLUTION

*The Link Between Science and Religion*

By EDMUND NOBLE

A book as original and profound as Bergson's *Creative Evolution*.

"It is certainly a remarkable book in the force of its argument and in its literary style."—*David Starr Jordan*. \$5.00

### SOME NEW LIGHT ON CHAUCER

By JOHN M. MANLY

"The general reader will gain from it without effort an excellent notion of what life was like in fourteenth century England."—*Gordon Hall Gerould* in "The Saturday Review." \$3.00

### LIGHT FROM THE NORTH

*The Danish Folk Highschools—Their Meanings for America*

By JOSEPH K. HART

"It is so inspiring a picture of a great educational movement that I feel all educators ought to study it. I do hope that the book will circulate by tens of thousands."—*Professor E. A. Ross*. \$1.50

### PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS ETHICS

By CARL F. TAEUSCH

A penetrating analysis of the theory and practice of the Codes of Ethics of the doctor, the lawyer, the teacher, the engineer, the business man, etc., contributing vitally to the advancement of practical ethics. \$3.00

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY  
One Park Avenue, New York

## DUTTON

### MAN: AN INDICTMENT

By ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI

Is modern man degenerating? Is woman beginning to regard him with a certain amount of animosity and contempt? \$5.00

### Travel Books

#### IN CHINA

By ABEL BONNARD

Awarded the Grand Literary Prize by the French Academy

Throws light on the darkened China of our day and generation.

1st American Edition \$3.50

English Edition \$5.00

#### TO THE LAND OF THE EAGLE

By PAUL EDMONDS

Author of "Peacocks and Pagodas."

With seventy-three black and white illustrations, frontispiece in color by the author and two maps.

\$5.00

### LISZT, WAGNER AND THE PRINCESS

By WILLIAM WALLACE

Author of "Richard Wagner As He Lived," Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music, London.

Three beautiful, almost living portraits of an "inscrutable, and not altogether scrupulous trio."

\$5.00

## DUTTON