

Ghosts Which Haunt Morley

Echoes of Many a Dead Master Are Heard in His "Mince Pie"

By Heywood Brown

"Mince Pie" is the title of the most recent book of essays by Christopher Morley, but the nature of these little sketches is so different from anything he has ever written before. Morley is a little broader, a little more of a journeyman Stevenson; he drinks with something of the gusto of Chesterton, and he walks like Robert Curlew.

Some of the imitations are good, but others are too carefully rehearsed. It seems to me that a nice gift for writing is impaired by the fact that Morley almost invariably observes things through other men's eyes. One can almost see him with his quill pen poised in his hand as he says to himself: "What would Charles Lamb have said about this?" Respect and enthusiasm for this tradition are all very well until they begin to develop into an industry. Then it is about time for an author to try and forget that anybody else ever wrote anything and go out on his own without a compass.

Mr. Morley's Oxford pinches a bit. "Oh, to be in England now that April, May,

June, July, August and the rest are there," is the way he would have it. It was in Oxford, we fear, that he got the notion that a man should grope emotionally upon looking at a bottle of ink and passionate in his praise of pipe tobacco. Of course, it must be shag tobacco and very strong.

If one can pierce the Morley pose there is not a little in his writing which is excellent fun. In beginning the essay, "A Japanese Bachelor," he writes: "The first obligation of one who lives by writing is to write what editors will buy. In so doing, one often laments that one cannot write exactly what happens. Suppose I were to try—for once!" And then he goes on and writes in a delightful straightforward fashion right out of his own head. Likewise, the essay about Robert Blythe called "Owd Bob," in spite of a tendency to magnify the object many times, is a record of personal observation which makes pleasant reading.

As a matter of fact, the essay itself is a form which is in present danger of being to survive new men must adapt it for their own ends and not seek to use it again as it was once employed by all the good men who are dead.

Gossip

Rupert Hughes's Novel

Rupert Hughes, known to the country over as a novelist, but whose most recent book, "The Fairy Detective," is anything but a novel, sent to Harper & Bros. this week over half of the manuscript of his next novel. Mr. Hughes has come to believe in the freedom which the longer form gives the story-teller, and it is probable that this new novel will be between 130,000 and 150,000 words in length. "The Fairy Detective" was written for one small person, but the Harpers brought it out this fall as a published juvenile. A good many of Mr. Hughes's writing friends, as well as their children, have been impressed with the unusual aspect of the story, which combines the fairy element and a modern twist distinctly American in its note.

The Sunwise Turn

The Sunwise Turn announces the sale of the works of various modern writers, including Henry Adams, Robert Frost, Claud L. Sandburg and Morley, at their new shop in the Yale Club. Paintings, wood cuts, drawings and etchings by various young artists may also be obtained there. Their latest publications include "Holy Night," a Christmas play by H. Tausil, illustrated by Lady Speyer, and illustrated with Eric Gill wood cuts, \$1; and the strike-delayed study in educational psychoanalysis, "The Intellectuals and Wage-Workers," by Herbert E. Rusek, \$2.

The weekly meetings of the organization will begin Tuesday, January 6, when Alfred Kreymborg will continue the presentation of his dramatic mimes, which have even attracted the attention of the hypercritical London Athenaeum. January 14, a recital by Mr. Kreymborg under his pet slogan, "Little known Americans who will make America better known," will introduce the youngest poets, who will in turn be enabled to listen later to such artists as Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Lola Ridge, Dhan Gopal Mukerji, Witter Bynner, Gilbert Cannan, Rollo Peters, Mowbray Clarke, Dr. Coomaraswamy, Giovanni and others. Discussions will follow the readings. Season tickets for fifteen lectures, \$12. Single lectures, \$1. Details of lectures are posted on the Sunwise Turn bulletin board and announced in the papers. No further notices will be sent except upon request.

New England Turnpikes

THE TURNPIKES OF NEW ENGLAND, by Fredric E. Wood, published by Marshall Jones Company, Boston.

A vast amount of historical and antiquarian information is contained in this exhaustive description of the New England turnpikes. The author has spared no pains to make his study of the subject accurate and complete to the last detail. In addition to the main theme of the work, the author inserts a brief sketch of the origin of the turnpike in England and describes some of the more famous turnpikes which were built in other states. The value of the book is still further enhanced by its numerous historical illustrations, which give a charming representation of the New England countryside.

Siberia To-day

Captain Moore Not Favorably Impressed

SIBERIA TO-DAY. By Frederick P. Moore. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Captain Moore spent six months in Siberia as an intelligence officer of the American Army. At the end of that period his two outstanding impressions were chaos and dirt. He found the Siberian people lazy, ignorant, uncleanly and sunk in a welter of political confusion compared with which outright anarchy might almost be considered a state of order.

The city of Chita, where the author was assigned to duty, offered an excellent illustration of the conflicting interests which prevented the conservative forces from forming a united front against the Bolsheviks. The city was ruled by the Cossack chieftain Semenov, who defied Supreme Ruler Kolchak, with the secret encouragement of the Japanese. Semenov's rule, as Captain Moore describes it, was largely maintained by wholesale shootings, varied by drunken orgies, in which the chief and his officers participated. In fact, a taste for alcohol seemed to be the one bond which united Siberians of all ranks, classes and factions. Captain Moore, commenting bitterly upon a suggestion that American aid to Russia might be extended through the zemstvos or local governing bodies, observes that all the members of one zemstvo with whom he was personally acquainted were habitually drunk and that the only way to cooperate with them would be to buy them a bottle of vodka. He also tells the story of a trans-Siberian express which refused to proceed until he had obtained a bottle of the same fiery fluid.

The book is impressionistic, rather than historical, the author only incidentally mentions the political and military events which took place during his sojourn. He relates his experiences with spirit and vividness; but he evidently did not enjoy eating raw salmon roe, nor did he enjoy the through long waits in trenches and billets. In addition, a whole new book by a public has arisen, chiefly made up of people whose war industries have become prosperous.

These people, working men and women, curiously enough, have stimulated the sale of classics in cheap editions. The Everyman and similar libraries of classics report a livelier sale, has brought back the reading habit acquired through long waits in trenches and billets. In addition, a whole new book by a public has arisen, chiefly made up of people whose war industries have become prosperous.

Captain Moore censures the policy of the American government in sending troops to Siberia without adopting any definite policy toward the various anti-Bolshevik forces which may be brought to the aid of the new Russian republic. He is convinced that this action has made the United States disliked and suspected by Bolsheviks and anti-Bolsheviks alike. His final recommendation is that we should intervene effectively, extend economic aid effectively or keep our hands off the whole situation.

Among Those Present

War

SUBMARINE WARFARE OF TO-DAY. By Charles W. Donville-Pile. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

An exhaustive study of the work of the submarine in the war.

CAPTAIN BOYD'S BATTERY, A. E. F. By Russell Lord. Published by the Atlantic Press, Inc.

An intimate account of Battery F, 110th Field Artillery (Maryland Battalion), "an outfit which will never admit that it won the war."

VERSE AND OTHER POEMS. By Elise Fureberly Cabot. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

A collection of prose and verse selections, written in a grandiose and passionate style. Some of them are inspired by the Grand Cañon and by the scenery of Arizona.

THE MIGHT OF MANHATTAN AND OTHER POEMS. By Charles Francis French. Published by the Charles Francis French Press, New York.

A collection of mediocre poems. The longest is a description of the glories of New York City in versified prose.

Fiction

THE MAN FROM TALL TIMBER. By Thomas K. Holmes. Published by George Sully & Co., New York.

A novel whose scene is laid in the great Northwest.

BETWEEN SCARLET THRONES. By Florence Wellingham Dickson. Published by the Stratford Company, Boston.

A Biblical tale of the Holy Land in the time of the prophet Elijah.

Miscellaneous

JOAN OF ARC. By Laura E. Richards. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A popular story of the life of the French saint and heroine.

"Consoling Ireland," from "The Giddy Globe," by Oliver Herford (George H. Doran Company, New York)



An English Publisher's Views

Sir Ernest Hodder William Describes British Readers' Likes and Dislikes

By Rebecca Ducker

Sir Ernest Hodder William, of the English publishing house of Hodder & Stoughton, the representatives in London of George H. Doran & Co., has arrived in this country with some interesting information about the English literary field.

He says it is in the same phenomenally flourishing condition as is the American market. The war seems to have broken down the Englishman's prejudice against reading, as a rather disrespectful form of idling. Reading was practically the only diversion left people through London's dark days, and the men returning from service have brought back the reading habit acquired through long waits in trenches and billets. In addition, a whole new book by a public has arisen, chiefly made up of people whose war industries have become prosperous.

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About a Column

"Jurgen" and the Non-Reading Public

James Branch Cabell is making a clean getaway with "Jurgen," quite the naughtiest book since George Moore began ogling maid-servants in Mayo. How come? Dreiser had the law hot after him for "The Genius" and "Hagar Revelly" came close to landing Daniel Carson Goodman in Leavenworth, yet these volumes are innocent compared with "Jurgen," which deftly and knowingly treats in thinly veiled episodes of all the perversities, normalities and dam-foolishness of sex. There is an undercurrent of extreme sensuality throughout the book, and once the trick of transposing the key is mastered one can dip into this tepid stream on every page. Cabell has cleaned his bosom of much perilous stuff—a little too much, in fact, for "Jurgen" grows tiresome toward the end—but he has said everything about the mechanics of passion and said it prettily. He has a gift of dulcet English prose but I like better the men who say things straight out and use gruff Anglo-Saxon monosyllables for the big facts of nature that we are supposed to ignore.

It is curious how the non-reading public discovered "Jurgen." A few days after it appeared on the newsstands a male vampire of the films who once bought Stevenson's "Underwoods" in the belief that it was a book of hymns—a typewriter, saying up and down Broadway, "Say, kid, get a book called 'Jurgen.' It gets away with murder." This sold the first edition quickly. How do they discover these things? WALTER J. KINGSLY.

To Dunsany—Writer of Tales

I suspect you of having very large pockets, Bulging with Time, And Cricket Balls, And the domestic schedules of Gods, Ah, that is a pocket! That one, for dreams. You dip your hands into it And draw them forth Shining like the colored walls of heaven.

But in your vest pocket, The one over your heart, The Land of Ard-ri, And the green meadows about Tara, HAROLD COOK.

"The Crimson Tide"

Much obliged for your comment about "The Crimson Tide." You have almost rehabilitated a digestion destroyed by the essay. For Heaven's sake and mine, keep your finger off the "Crimson Tide" after such fellows. Unguided, Chambers' ambition will lead him quite astray, and what a shame to have his precious perspicuity squandered upon the trivialities of sociology. You are already doing more than your share. An ounce more of effort on your part, and who knows but we shall have him back again in his native element of pink lingerie and scented bouquets. Imagine a bedroom specialist of such parts reduced to his present extremity! He forsakes the voluptuous and must dwell upon odors of our fish-just-to-have society. Let the state, if possible, first retrain Robert Chambers to his atmosphere and preserve his true talent for the ages. CRAIG HOUSE.

Our First Victory

I give up. I see that I can't pierce your self-satisfaction. I will grant, however, that you have courage. MORA M. DEANE.

Yes, But Our Goal is 1,000

Most people are demi-goal anyway, and Miss Deane fails to define our attitude sufficiently to be quite safe in throwing stones, or bouquets, or whatever it was she hurled in your general direction. Without committing myself to any part of the road and without any claim to being intelligent, I want to tell you that for the last three years I have been guided in my choice of plays by your column headed "Books," and much to my surprise have been facts by a recital of the doings of the third Verwood. Of books there has been no mention. No doubt you have a very good reason for this, but to my mind it is all very stupid. Can you not enlighten me as to this course on your part, as I absolutely fail to see the connection. A. B. BRUSHABER.

Mr. Hughes a Victim

Once more Rupert Hughes has been victimized to make a movie holiday. Mr. Hughes had just finished the task of supervising the movie production of "The Cup of Fury" and had sworn to take a rest from the screen for a while, when he was asked to preside at a banquet of "contributions" to F. P. A.'s column in the New York Tribune. And then he heard that they were going to movieize the procession of F. P. A.'s unsalaried slaves, with Rupert Hughes marshaling the parade!

A Striking Presentation of Henry van Dyke's colorful word-picture, "The Other Wise Man," was given in Orange a few days ago. When Professor Albert T. Davis stepped out on the stage of the Young Men's Christian Association of the Oranges to give a reading of this favorite tale, the curtain came on a great old painting, beside which stood the character of a living tableau, posed as though he had just stepped out of the pages of "The Other Wise Man." Seven of these scenes in all were shown, the paintings being the work of Mrs. Arthur T. Davis and the Woman's Auxiliary. "The Other Wise Man," which is published by Harper & Brothers, has gone through fifty-five large printings.

Spiritualism as Religion

Arthur Conan Doyle Upholds New Faith With the Zeal of an Ardent Proselyte

THE VITAL MESSAGE. By Arthur Conan Doyle. George H. Doran Company, New York.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is a most enthusiastic believer in the reality of psychic phenomena. In fact he sees in spiritualism the stuff and basis of a new religion. This new religion, as he interprets it, accepts the general spirit of the teachings of Christ, but rejects the Old Testament elements of the Bible and lays no stress upon the mystical aspects of the Crucifixion.

Sir Arthur is convinced that a vivid and credible picture of the world to come is given in the spirit messages which have already been received through sympathetic media. Probably the most famous of these messages is contained in Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond." Basing his ideas upon the revelations from this source, Sir Arthur states his conception of the future life of the disembodied soul as follows:

"There is action for the man of action, intellectual work for the thinker, artistic, literary, dramatic and religious for those whose God-given powers lie that way. What we have both in our brains and in our hearts is the brain and heart of a man who is not dead. No man is too old to learn, for what he learns he keeps. There is no physical side to love and no child birth, though there is close union between those married people who really love each other, and, generally, there is deep, sympathetic friendship and comradeship between the sexes."

Sir Arthur interprets the miracles of the New Testament as extraordinary demonstrations of psychic power. In the light of this theory his irritation at the opposition to spiritualism expressed by various orthodox churches seems rather unreasonable.

To admit that modern spiritualism shares the miraculous powers accorded to Christ and the Apostles would imperil the edifice of belief upon which every orthodox church rests.

Every age of history has its more or less obscure and badly described instances of spiritualist possession. Such cases are probably more common in Russia and Asia than in Western Europe and America; but no country is devoid of them. With a great amount of conflicting testimony from scientists of equal eminence it would be rash and presumptuous to pronounce a final verdict either for or against the reality of psychic phenomena. The numerous cases of proved fraud in connection with experiments in this field should not prejudice the case; chemistry grew out of alchemy, and the false science of astrology gave birth to the true science of astronomy. Psychological research is a legitimate and fascinating subject of inquiry; and the conclusions of such skilled investigators as Hyslop and Carrington are entitled to respectful consideration.

But to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle spiritualism is not a debatable scientific question; it is a religious creed, which he champions with the zeal of an ardent proselyte. He will hear of no skepticism, no lukewarmness; any one who rejects the new faith must be a bigoted materialist, whose eyes are closed to vital and obvious truth. He claims the rights of established facts for theories which are still in their infancy. Sir Arthur's attitude is a religious one, and vigorous exposition of a personal theory; it will doubtless appeal to convinced believers in spiritualism; but it will scarcely move skeptics or win over doubters. W. H. C.

Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh

Mr. Cram's Plea for Medievalism Not Warranted in the Light of History

GOLD, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH. Mr. Cram's Plea for Medievalism Not Warranted in the Light of History.

Industrialism unquestionably has many sins to answer for. Its failure has perhaps been most complete from the aesthetic point of view. It has placed a premium upon making a living sometimes makes us forget how to live. The classical period, the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, can all teach us valuable lessons in the use of leisure, in the deep, quiet joys of reflection, in the keen and ardent appreciation of beauty.

But only a man desperately determined to prove a theory could speak of a "righteous and beneficent social system," of a "political estate marked by justice and liberty," in connection with the Middle Ages. The social order which prevailed almost everywhere throughout this period condemned the great mass of the people to live in a state of hopeless serfdom, exposed to the tyranny and rapacity of every petty robber baron. Outside of the Church there was no acknowledgment of the spiritual equality of man, no recognition of the dignity of human personality. The political systems of the Middle Ages fluctuated between despotism and anarchy, and the hapless people were either oppressed by bad laws or forced to live without the protection of any law whatever. A few magnificent cathedrals, a few stirring ballads, a few tomes of acute scholarship cannot atone for the intellectual barrenness of the period, the defects of past ages are softened and obscured by the passage of time; only their achievements are still seen in full perspective. On the other hand, an active, idealistic mind is almost certain to be more impressed by the shortcomings than by the virtues of contemporary civilization. Modern

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Harper Reprints

Among the Harper books that are being reprinted this week for reprints are: "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop," by Hamlin Garland; "Princess Mew," by Mrs. Hays; "Options," by O. Henry;