

# A Candid Study of Bolshevism: Current Fiction in Review

## Russia Seen in Fair Perspective by American Woman Correspondent

### Mrs. Harrison. Recently Freed from a Bolshevik Jail, Writes of Her Experiences With Humor and Understanding

**IMPRISONED IN MOSCOW.** By Margaret H. Harrison. Published by George D. Van Nostrand. \$1.50.

The first characteristic of Mrs. Harrison's book is the author's evident disposition to regard Russia as a land peopled not by devils or angels but by ordinary human beings. Proceeding upon this assumption she has succeeded in writing the fairest book on Russia which has yet appeared in this country, in spite of the fact that she was twice arrested and held for almost a year in a Bolshevik prison.

Even the most hardened Bolshevik must admit that Mrs. Harrison shows herself a pretty good sport in discussing her imprisonment. Confinement is not pleasant in any country, and the sufferings of prisoners in Russia are naturally aggravated by the privations which affect all classes of the people. Yet the author candidly admits that the agents of the "Cheka," or Extraordinary Commission, the much dreaded Soviet secret police, were technically quite justified in placing her under arrest. She had entered Russia without the permission of the Soviet government and remained there during the period when the war with Poland was at its height. She broke various Russian laws and regulations, and she associated openly with people who were known to be hostile to the Soviet government. Under these circumstances she does not feel that she had any special cause for complaint about her arrest.

Mrs. Harrison was free about eight months after her arrival in Russia in February, 1920. Possessing a very keen and reliable sense of observation and a remarkable faculty for making friends with men and women of all viewpoints, from Communists to Monarchists, she missed very little that went on in Moscow during this time. She was also able to form an excellent idea of the condition of the peasants under Soviet rule as a result of her trip down the Volga with the British labor delegation. She found the famine which has come with such devastating effect after the great drought of last spring foreshadowed in the diminished acreage under cultivation and in the peasants' pathetic lack of seeds, fertilizer and agricultural implements.

Moscow in 1920 was just as picturesque and exciting a place to live in as Paris in 1793. It is true that there were no tumbrils rattling by to the guillotine, but the formidable Cheka was shooting its monthly quota of victims, accused of profiteering, speculation and counter-revolutionary activity. No one, either Russian or foreigner, ever got up with any assurance that he might not find himself in prison before the day was over.

Then there was the picturesque gathering of revolutionists from all over the world for the congress of the Third International, Hindus, Afghans, Turks and other Orientals in gorgeous costumes mingled with the more soberly clad delegates from Western countries, and sentiment in his narrative of Wade Carson, a native of the wilderness, who at thirteen years is forced to meet the selfishness of human nature. The lad, left alone when his father dies, finds himself robbed of his small patrimony by a wealthy man, who has coveted the lovely wilderness for a country home and acquires it through a technicality of law.

## Redwood Romance

**Novel of Big Tree Land of California**

LONG SWEETENING. By Grant Carpenter. Published by Robert McBride & Co. CALIFORNIA'S wide range of country, including great variety of scenery, climate and people, has offered a background for many a tale of love and adventure. The imagination of the novelist has played freely among the palms and roses of Southern California, the deserts and mesas and canyons, but not so often has it frolicked through the redwoods of the north. A really great story woven about these marvels has yet to be written.

## Chas. E. Hughes

**Root, Taft**

THE three pre-eminent Republican leaders; also Wood, Lowden, Hoover, the most popular candidates for the presidential nomination, with many other great leaders, and more than 150 important Republican newsmen, Senators, Representatives, campaign speakers, the party platform, and more potent than all in influence upon the voters' decision, the party record, pledged an effective association of nations or else the League Americanized to prevent war. In the face of all that and much more, can the vote be fooled or bluffed into accepting the claim of the irreconcilables that the vote was a mandate to scrap not only the League but likewise any vital association of nations for the preservation of peace? Not if they read

**THE GREAT DECEPTION**  
By SAMUEL COLCORD  
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We forget to count six million votes the votes for Cox, all for the League of Nations. But the author of "The Great Deception" who cares little whether it be League, Association of Nations, or International Court, teach us in it. If only it equals the League of Nations, did not forget. After he had triumphantly won his case, Dr. Hall says, "I have just thrown in those six millions for full measure."

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## Legal Philosophy Contrasted Viewpoints Well Defended

**PHILOSOPHY OF LAW.** By Josef Kohler. Translated from the German by Adalbert Albert. Published by The Macmillan Company. \$1.

**THE FORMAL BASES OF LAW.** By Giorgio Del Vecchio. Translated from the Italian by John Ladd. Published by The Macmillan Company. \$1.

THESE two volumes, published in series, fit very nicely into a single review, because they present two definitely contrasted viewpoints about the nature of legal philosophy. Professor Kohler is a neo-Hegelian; Professor Del Vecchio is a neo-Kantian. The difference may perhaps be more intelligibly summed up by saying that Professor Del Vecchio believes in the existence of a definite standard of right, independent of external circumstances and applicable everywhere, while Professor Kohler believes that standards of right are essentially relative. So the institution of slavery might be justifiable in a low state of economic development, and ethically wrong in a higher state.

Professor Kohler is an expert on many subjects. He has written books on aesthetic and literary criticism, and on many specialized branches of legal science. The wide range of his interests is reflected in his book, which treats the philosophy of law from many viewpoints.

Kohler insists that the law is more important than the men who enforce it; and here we find him in philosophical agreement with the framers of the American Constitution. He admits the disadvantages which attend legal procedure in all countries, and recommends the adoption of measures calculated to relieve the suffering which an innocent party must sometimes undergo as a result of a delayed judgment.

Professor Del Vecchio asserts that "the principle of law is deducible a priori from the nature of man." This statement marks the essential difference between his viewpoint and that of Kohler. Del Vecchio sees in the highest principle of law not a product of perpetually changing experiences, but an immutable guide to personal and social righteousness. He is well acquainted with the philosophic doctrines of every age; and his book is enriched with citations from the works of Bacon, Locke, Hume, Bentham, Spencer and other English thinkers.

Both these books are remarkably powerful expositions of a definite theory about the underlying philosophy of law. To the lawyer they give a renewed conception of the scholarly dignity of his profession, while the layman gains from these works a new conception of law as something that is inextricably blended with the most profound experiences of the human race.

## Dramatic Satire

**Zangwill Lashes War and Nationalism**

**THE COCKPIT.** By Israel Zangwill. Published by The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

"The Cockpit" Mr. Zangwill has written an ironic companion piece to his well-known earlier drama, "The Melting Pot." Having dramatized the fusion of races in America, he now seeks to dramatize the friction of races in Europe.

The accumulated proof of Heywood Broun's ineligibility for academic reverence is present in "Seeing Things at Night," a volume of reviews, essays, stories and paragraphs retrieved from old newspaper columns and casually put together by the author. If Ethel Barrymore and the Hattons and Eva Tangany had never minded the world that Mr. Broun was once only a baseball reporter (and before that even a copy reader) the traces of his vulgar origin would still be ample. Mr. Broun carries the figures of the ringside and the diamond and the poker table into belles lettres very much as a breeder carries the smiles of the stud into the drawing room, and to the same effect. He seems to think that the clean hit and the foul hit, the ringing blow and the close race are as frequently served in the realm of ideas as in life and that they are just as stirring in one as the other. He seems to think that the coarse old sporting rules of fair play are just as good now as then. All this would not matter so much if he could manage to preserve the air of the cognoment, the authority of the critic. But he gives this away, too. He blurs out his own doubts, his own fallibilities, his own fears. You know him for a man with a weakness for

and gentiment in his narrative of Wade Carson, a native of the wilderness, who at thirteen years is forced to meet the selfishness of human nature. The lad, left alone when his father dies, finds himself robbed of his small patrimony by a wealthy man, who has coveted the lovely wilderness for a country home and acquires it through a technicality of law.

The loss of his beloved birthplace, where he had lived in contented poverty, caused the awakening of Wade's nature and the beginning of a career in which his chief desire was to avenge himself upon the usurper. He gains an education and returns years later, a full-fledged lawyer, to develop his long-cherished plans against his enemy. There is a barrier, however, the daughter of the latter, and the way in which love plays against vengeance forms the best part of the story. The characters are crudely drawn, but there is interest from the start, until the final chapters reveal a happy ending.

## A Sterling Story

**THE OLD MINE'S SECRET.** By Edna Purpur. Published by The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

TO THE children of the South the Confederate cause was a tradition as heroic and romantic as the legends of Roland and Arthur. But it lost much of its color in contrast with the red hours of the World War, which roused their loyalty to the united nation and brought them to its assistance as readily as their Northern kin. "The Old Mine's Secret" is a good boy's story of war activities in a Southern village, where a 100 per cent American family do a great deal for their country. The young hero and his sister get into some exciting scrapes with German spies, and, incidentally, unearth precious secrets, mineral as well as military.

## A Theater Story

**ROMANCE TO THE RESCUE.** By Denis Mackail. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.

THE scene of this novel is laid in the colorful theatrical world of London. The heroine, Mrs. Cartwright, separated from her husband, England's matinee idol, writes a play which falls into his hands and is accepted. In her quandary she palms off a young Oxford student as the author. A plot of this type easily opens ways for the introduction of bright talk and clever situations, and this novel does not lack in good measure in both elements.

## Sube Cane

**By Edward Bellamy Partridge**  
The funniest book since "Tom Sawyer"  
All Bookstores, \$1.00  
The Penn Publishing Co., Phila.



HERMAN MELVILLE, famous author of "Moby Dick" and other South Sea stories, whose life and works are treated deftly in Raymond M. Weaver's "Herman Melville, Mariner and Mystic" (Doran)

## "Seeing Things at Night" Through the Eyes of a Critic

### A Delightful Medley of Essays, Reviews and Stories Embracing a Variety of Subjects

By Rebecca Drucker

IF ANY kind of watch had been kept over the field of criticism, we doubt if Heywood Broun could have got by. He has made admissions of the most damaging sort. By his own confession he has never been up the Acropolis by moonlight, and the celebrated nave of the Amiens cathedral only aroused in him an uncomfortable fear that the German gunners might drop something through it. In spite of an exaggerated regard for his university, his devotion appears not to have taken the form of scholarship. He admits that he followed the practice current in his day of forming his schedule of studies by eliminating all electives that came before 11 o'clock or higher than the second floor. This seems to have left the upper stories of his education unfurnished. And the Hattons have demonstrated that he has never reached the higher social levels.

The accumulated proof of Heywood Broun's ineligibility for academic reverence is present in "Seeing Things at Night," a volume of reviews, essays, stories and paragraphs retrieved from old newspaper columns and casually put together by the author. If Ethel Barrymore and the Hattons and Eva Tangany had never minded the world that Mr. Broun was once only a baseball reporter (and before that even a copy reader) the traces of his vulgar origin would still be ample. Mr. Broun carries the figures of the ringside and the diamond and the poker table into belles lettres very much as a breeder carries the smiles of the stud into the drawing room, and to the same effect. He seems to think that the clean hit and the foul hit, the ringing blow and the close race are as frequently served in the realm of ideas as in life and that they are just as stirring in one as the other. He seems to think that the coarse old sporting rules of fair play are just as good now as then. All this would not matter so much if he could manage to preserve the air of the cognoment, the authority of the critic. But he gives this away, too. He blurs out his own doubts, his own fallibilities, his own fears. You know him for a man with a weakness for

and laughs, and this fundamental seriousness is the driving force of his humor.

In one of his paragraphs Broun describes his idea of a magazine editor. He is a man who regards him fixedly for five minutes and then brings out the suggestion, "Why don't you do a series like the Dooley papers?" Broun is at least exempt from the suggestion by his friends, "Why don't you write naturally—like Heywood Broun?" To write naturally—as if that were not the hardest thing in the world to do. But for Broun the partition between spontaneous feeling and expression that we all strain and sweat against is like the looking glass which gave before Alice on a land of magic fables.

One wonders if Broun's abundance does not come because he is improvising. He catches nothing. He is thrifless with his wit; he crams into a paragraph what any man could make an essay of. He hates elegance, and the ritual that goes to shore it up. He hates work, and does an enormous amount of it. He is fundamentally anarchic and he yields his best work at the tyrannous demands of the daily press. He once said that Mark Twain's description of Huck Finn's life on the raft on the Mississippi is the most glamorous passage of writing he knows. That is more than a literary avowal.

There is a kinship between him and Huck Finn that is deeper than the similarity that he, too, chafes in store clothes. There is the same kind of inner man in both of them, mistrustful of respectability, wary of glibness and prone to idle, fecund dreaming. There is the same fugitive poet, too.

It is the poet in Heywood Broun that makes him the unknown quantity that he is. If the glittering rallery of the rabbit piece, if the essay and delightful self-revelation of "Buying a Farm" and "Michael" and the H. third piece and the gorgeous satire of "A Bolt From the Blue" were all the book contained it would be an especially fine demonstration of a native kind of genius. But the quality of imagination that turns off the ironic ending of the old Anderson fairy tale into something so moving as "A Robe for a King" and that projects the absurd pathos of "The Fifty-first Dragon" cuts deeper than satire. It penetrates secret places whose existence we deny—vulnerable places which we guard because we fear to receive our mortal hurt there. Admitting Heywood Broun there we admit a great deal more than we are aware of. We admit him at the least to be disturbingly, potentially great.

## Outline of Science

Professor J. Arthur Thomson's "Outline of Science" will be published in this country early in the new year by Putnam. The American edition will be similar to the fully illustrated original English edition of Wells's "Outline of History."

Nothing wiser has been written about children than the pieces about H. B. gathered in the book under the heading "A Continuous Performance." Here you have the romance of the relationship between father and son felt and vividly communicated as few have done it. This is a man's true astonishment at the new individuality that may spring from him, his fear of the judgment of the next generation, and his dispassionate interest in the biological phenomena unfolding itself before him. It is all so lightly and unpretentiously done that it takes a minute or two to realize that this is better romance than H. G. Wells and better pedagogy than Floyd Dell.

But whatever Heywood Broun's concealments, his tenderness for the inarticulate plain man is clear enough. The puzzled bonhead is the real hero of all that Broun writes—the man who whistles in the dark to keep his courage up, who is so glib and so ludicrous, and so heroic. With Conrad and Charlie Chaplin, Heywood Broun shivers a little in the wind of infinity. He, too, has a vision of the hoax destiny plays upon man, sees and pities

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## Tragedy and Comedy Mingled In Crop of Winter Fiction

### Bertrand W. Sinclair Writes Gripping Story of North Woods—Tales of the Diamond—A Twisted Murder Case

**THE HIDDEN PLACES.** By Bertrand W. Sinclair. Published by Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

**HEALTH AND THE DIAMOND.** By Gerald Beaumont. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$1.50.

**THE HERMIT OF TURKEY HOLLOW.** By Arthur Train. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Tragedy and comedy are cleverly blended in these three works of fiction. Bertrand W. Sinclair shows her usual facility for utilizing the great forests of the Canadian Northwest as a background for a story rich in elemental conflicts and passions. Gerald Beaumont reveals the human side of the baseball diamond in the episodes of humor and pathos which he weaves into his tales of ballplayers and their lives. And Arthur Train displays a diverting mixture of humor and legal acumen in his narrative of the unraveling of a twisted murder case.

Robert Hollister, the hero of "The Hidden Places," is a man whom the war has not treated kindly. He returns from a German prison camp to find himself given up for dead, his wife married to another man, his money gone, while men and women everywhere turn away in pity and horror from his shell-scarred face.

Hollister's overwhelming impulse is to escape from cities, to bury himself in the woods. He meets a blind girl; they are mutually attracted to each other; and Hollister finally marries her without saying anything of his former wife. Hollister and his wife take up quarters in a timber tract which he owns and which he plans to work. Here he encounters Myra, his former wife, who is living nearby with her new husband.

The situation is rich in dramatic possibilities; and in the end tragedy falls to the lot of Myra; but Hollister successfully patches up the fragments of his shattered life. The story is told with power and intensity of plot and style; and the author makes effective use of the rugged physical features of the region in which the action takes place. There is a superb description of a forest fire near the end of the book.

The very genuine human beings who are hidden behind the uniforms of professional baseball players are vividly revealed in Mr. Beaumont's collection of stories. The pitcher who goes to "the bushes" for lack of control and wins his way back to the big leagues through the inspiration of his son; the

"fresh" young player who breaks down the hostility of a team of veterans by a fine demonstration of physical courage; the big, clumsy pitcher who finds all sorts of difficulties in the way of making his declaration of love; these are typical figures in the tales.

Some people who write baseball stories are lacking either in knowledge of baseball or in knowledge of the art of fiction writing. Mr. Beaumont leaves nothing to be desired in either respect. His skill as a story teller of the diamond is most convincingly demonstrated by the fact that he is even able to represent an umpire as a very sympathetic character.

The genial Mr. Tutt, of whose exploits we have heard before, is again pressed into service by Mr. Train to solve an intricate murder case and to rescue an innocent tramp from a network of circumstantial evidence which has been woven about him by an unscrupulous prosecutor. "The Hermit of Turkey Hollow" is an ingenious detective story. It is also a shrewd and humorous commentary upon the weaknesses of lawyers, judges, juries and country towns.

### Occidental Inversions

Julian Street's "Mysterious Japan" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) gives an interesting list of Japanese "inversions"—things that the Occidentals do in a manner directly opposite to ours. Mr. Street says:

"The Japanese method of beckoning would to us signify 'go away'; boats are beached stern foremost; horses are backed into their stalls; sailing and planing are accomplished with a pulling instead of a driving motion; keys turn in their locks in a reverse direction from that customary with us. During the day Japanese houses, with their sliding walls of wood and paper, are wide open, but at night they are inclosed with solid board shutters, and people sleep practically without ventilation. At the door of a theater or a restaurant the Japanese check their shoes instead of their hats; their sweets, if they come at all, are served early in the meal instead of toward the end. Action in the theater is modeled not on life, but on the movements of dolls in marionette shows, and in the classic No drama the possibility of showing emotion by facial expression is eliminated by the use of carved wooden masks."

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