

The New York Tribune's News and Reviews of Books and Authors

Thus Spake Mrs. Zarathustra

By Will Cuppy

MARGARET STORM JAMESON was born in Whitby, on the Yorkshire coast of England, several years less than thirty years ago. Somewhere around 1920 (here, too, authorities are vague) she married Mr. C. Douglas Clark, of an old and distinguished family of New York.

Besides "The Clash" Storm Jameson has written two novels—"The Pot Bells" (1919) and "The Happy Highway" (1920)—"The Moderns" (1921) in Europe. (1921), has published weighty articles on the social and economic relations of England and the United States in "The New Europe" and "The New World" of "The Commonwealth."

After completing a scholarship at Leeds University she wrote her study of the drama for her master's degree at the University of Cambridge. It was either in spite of or because of her knowledge of her subject, she made no faintest mention of the United States. This surprised me, if nobody else, since it is a matter of fact that she was in this country a few years earlier at the University of Chicago. I had reached the conventional hand, and even an arm and leg or two across the Atlantic in connection with something about the Elizabethans, I forget just what.

Some of the above information I have lifted verbatim from the jacket of "The Clash." I pass it on to you in the belief that anything whatever about Storm Jameson is important in the circumstances, perhaps more important than criticism of the work she has done. It is a matter of fact that she is a meeting about the Declaration of Independence.

This crude and flat-footed parallelism and grubby ingenuity would horrify Miss Jameson, who is not for her intended diplomatic message. To one with neither hatred for the hedges of dear old England nor pride in prohibition, Miss Jameson's fixed idea gives the effect of a separate shaft to lend significance to her characters, who are, however, rather belittled by it than ennobled. Besides, the symbolism is far from complete. I have no idea how old she may be, but as Jess is twenty-five, surely Elizabeth would have to be at least a couple of centuries to carry out the figure.

I prefer the love making of these two, their mere coyness and moments. Elizabeth had never experienced the complete eclipsing of her cerebral functions until Jess came flying. Her strong rushing spirit, her scintillating wit, her whimsical, though already her wisdom of life. She is like rich wine. She brings a Nietzschean fury that rarely this time. She would reach beyond life to the finer than life. Yes, in this novel Mrs. Zarathustra speaks.

It need hardly be pointed out that she has no affinities with the authors of a certain flourishing type of bourgeois novel. For her life is too short to write such novels, although here she would not deny the right to a place in the world, a place with the coffee grounds, I fear, and the wholesome but to some palates savourless potato skins. Those who wish to read about a man must seek elsewhere for the emotion of recognition.

A Rotter and His Wife

By Isabel Paterson

HER UNWELCOME HUSBAND. By W. L. George. Harper & Bros. REPUTATION is equally hard to live up to as it is to live down. It may be his own fault that for some years past W. L. George has not been appreciated on his pretensions as a student or savant of feminine psychology; but at times this classification is unduly hard upon him. Mr. George's rhetorical gift is authentic and unobscured though humbly liable to imperfections. On the other hand, it is evident enough that his knowledge of women is no more extensive than that of any average observant person, for if it were it would be taken for granted, and only the use made of it would receive attention. That is the case with Moore, who really does know an ungodly lot about women, so much that he can create them, instead of generalizing about them, and so argument becomes absurd in his hands.

So it would seem that if the critics have been led astray in regard to Mr. George's work there is probably a "Second Blooming" was judged, and praised, as a well rounded social study, rather than a series of exhibits of captive ladies. That book marks the height of his art, inasmuch as it dates and the beginning of a retrogression which culminated in "Ursula Trent." It had to culminate there, that being the lowest deep. It is pleasant to see him now take a step backward and upward, with "Her Unwelcome Husband."

The title alone will warn the acute reader that the story is not equal to "The Second Blooming." A making a mere "working title." He could have invented a better one, surely, if he had been at pains to do so. So the story could have gained several subtle in advance of the author taking a little more thought. The theme is interesting, and the plot, so far as it is developed, is dramatic. But neither is quite worked out to the end.

The problem stated is not an uncommon one, especially under the English law. Mrs. Caldecot, the heroine, is a thoroughly nice woman, not even "at heart a rake," but married to one. Her husband deserted her for no reason but to follow his own loose inclinations more freely, yet she could not easily get a divorce, probably at first she was too disinclined to desire one. But being young and charming and lonely, in course of time she fell in love again. We see her, in the first chapter, at the age of thirty-eight, beginning to be suspicious about her future with her lover.

She has reason enough, as immediately appears. Rodbourne, the lover, not at all a bad sort, is not exactly three feet high, but perhaps he is a little less than his condition of a man. Another bound nor free; and he has begun to fall in love with a young girl. Mrs. Caldecot catches him in the act of kissing the girl, for the first time, he is seen and with a great deal of dignity, she releases him unconditionally from all obligation to her, bids him marry and live happily ever after. Not an easy thing to do; but she is a woman of character and makes him see that she means it.

Now here is trouble enough; but on top of it returns her wandering husband, after an absence of fifteen years. Mrs. Caldecot is neither reformed

Not for Children

By Howard Irving Young

ONCE ON A TIME. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton & Co.

A. MILNE, in the introduction to his new book "Once On a Time" (Dutton), calls it "a fairy story for grown-ups." That is all very well, but the author's candor concerning his tale does not go far enough. It would be fairer to say of it that it is "a fairy story that no child should be allowed to read"; that is, it would be fairer to the parents if Mr. Milne should send this book to the book and put it in large print on the cover. Of course, the youngsters might thereby miss a great treat, but irrevocable havoc would be wrought among fathers, mothers, adult relatives and nurses if the children should pounce upon the book as their natural right because it treats of historical happenings in Fairyland. So far in the antics of the human race the terrible curiosity concerning this complex world which the fledglings bevel their elders has never been turned upon fairy stories.

The child, usually a stark realist, becomes as sentimental and romantic as an adult of forty when he opens the enchanted covers of Fairyland. He doesn't ask how a prince who wears a pair of seven-league boots can travel anywhere, without the drudgery of prosaic pedestrianism, except to places that are twenty-one miles or some multiple thereof from his starting point. He doesn't wonder what would happen to the prince—and what the princess would say about it—if some wicked old wizard with a sense of humor should turn him into a ridiculously ugly beast or a pitifully helpless frog. At least, if the child wonders at all about these things he doesn't worry the wits out of his busy betters by quizzing them concerning these practical details. The child seems to accept his Fairyland as it is handed down to him, a courtesy which he is not inclined to show toward the everyday world.

Then along comes Mr. Milne with his "Once on a Time" and, unless parents are unusually careful, sows the seeds of revolt. After a single reading any bright child would realize that Hans Christian Andersen, Andrew Lang and the Brothers Grimm left an awful lot of sense—and fun—out of their pretty little tales. As it is, the book will probably shock the illusions out of many grown-ups, who never recognized the fact that the people who lived in Fairyland were quite human and became excessively annoyed when bumped into by arrogant persons who were invisible cloaks or who went around muttering magic runes and rubbing wondrous rings. Nor would it ever occur to these romantic adults who were fed in their youth upon the sugary propa-

A Critic as Novelist

By Charlotte Dean

THE THINGS WE ARE. By John Middleton Murry. Dutton. ANY ONE who was ever less than seventeen years old and never quite got over it will find something of himself in Mr. Poston. For that estimable young man, the modest hero of a novel by John Middleton Murry, "The Things We Are," is full of vague doubts, occasional splendid glows of beatific happiness and self-confidence and horrible gnawing reactions; he aches with growing pains. In spite of his four pounds a week and his thirty years, he is as reticent and unconscious of his destiny as a cabbage. Not that he is like a cabbage, except that he is in some danger of being devoured. On the contrary, he is fine-grained, delicately nurtured. His own dark conviction that he is unworthy to live, unfit to associate with other people, never convinces him that in the depths of his being is concealed "a dead cabbage—something tight and yellow with a faintly unpleasant smell." Not, of course, unless we are willing to admit such an unheroic presence within our own being. Mr. Poston, in short, is a real person—as real as a very English young man, brought up in France by a beautiful and adoring mamma, can be. His associations are less real only in the degree of difference between him and them. When Bettington is most alive he is another Mr. Poston, a long-legged, red-wristed, ungainly Mr. Poston, a shade more enthusiastic and sincere, whose disjunctive Boston thoughts. He peers out at life from the same misty cave inhabited by his friend. So does Miss Mortimer. The three of them are shy and awkward and sincere—terribly sincere. Their finest and their most interesting aspect is a trait they share with Mr. Murry—a happy gift for turning aside from the press of events for fanciful philosophizing and speculation.

In fact, the people in this book fall into two classes—those that are like Mr. Poston, and the others. Of the others, Mr. and Mrs. Williams are comfortable and useful and Miss Mortimer's friends are rich and not too ordinary. They move about discreetly in the background while the three romantics muddle through their slough. Though Mr. Poston and his friends are romantic, they have flashes of such realism as a camera cannot catch. They do not always disentangle their dreams from reality. While Mr. Poston squats on the bed in a wayside inn and diligently scrubs his feet with a nail brush for which he feels disproportionately grateful, he gazes at the motto on the calendar, "if anything remains to be done, nothing is done—Roederer." And he murmurs as he scrubs: "Put not your trust in Roederer. Of truth he is the murderer. So what could be absurd?" The absurdity of this jolts him back to reality and the nail brush and the inconvenience of no pajamas. Such delightful inconsequentialities are sometimes driven away by more

Books for Children

- OLIVER HERFORD'S enchanting drawings are the perfect touch which makes this original and delightful story. The Bird-Nest Boarding House By VERBENA REED \$2.50 Verotchka's Tales By MAMIN SIBERIAK Are Russian stories translated by Boris Artzybasheff. \$2.50 The Pinafore Pocket Story Book By MIRIAM CLARK POTTER Whimsical, quaint fancies for little four and five year olds. \$2.50 Little Lucia By MABEL L. ROBINSON A charming story, by the author of "Dr. Tam o' Shanter." \$1.50 Henry and Penny By BERTH PARKER HALL Author of the "Ducky Daddies" stories. Illustrated by Ruth Clements Farrell. \$1.50 Karl the Elephant By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI A stimulating story of the education of an elephant. \$2.00 He Who Stails By ALFREDO BAIUCCO Mr. Walter Cramp's translation sustains well the atmosphere of the Italian original. \$2.00 The New World Fairy Book By HOWARD A. KENNEDY Folk lore from the Canadian border, chiefly Indian in origin. Illus. \$2.50 The Japanese Fairy Book By YUI THEODORA OZAKI Stories which have delighted many Japanese children. Illus. \$3.00 The Shadow Witch By GERTRUDE CROWFIELD By the author of "Princess White Flame"; a beautiful allegory. \$2.00 Elizabeth Ann's Delight By MAUD DOWSON A fairy tale which any child will enjoy. \$2.00 The Story of a Cuckoo's Egg By HILDA TERRAS A true story of bird life illustrated with colored photographs. \$2.50 Sing a Song of Sleepy Head By JAMES FOLEY Whose "Boys and Girls" is a children's classic. \$2.00 Send for an illustrated list of Books for Children published by E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY 681 Fifth Ave., New York

Seven! Come, 'Leven!

By A. Donald Douglas

LILY. By Hugh Wiley. A. A. Knopf. WHEN a Senegambian gentleman of fortune takes upon his bosom a mascot goat, a simple faith in the divinity of Lady Luck and an infinite capacity for shooting dice, he thereby becomes the chosen prey of Old Man Trouble and the brunette sport of chance. He must pass through the twin gates of destiny: the gate of horny-handed toil when his plunder fails to cull boys more expert than himself in the oracular hymn of Come Seven! Come 'Leven! and the gate of the galling ivories whose always variable frivolity not even the most capricious woman (unless, indeed, it be Lady Luck) can ever hope to match. His pleasure adventures unroll their darkening course from the Golden Gate to Memphis, Tenn., but never does Wildcat desert his companion goat or turn apostate to the gracious but uncertain patronage of Lady Luck.

The Wildcat's odyssey Mr. Hugh Wiley has recorded in "Lily," a title borne by the voyaging goat, and herein this tan Ulysses pursues the uneven tenor of his ways from the steamer in San Francisco until he comes home via the shipwrecked Master Jack in Memphis. He has the bad taste to sail over the ramparts of the castle where the King of Eurailia and his daughter, Princess Hyacinth, are at breakfast. Naturally, they are annoyed by this unceremonious flight and several stiff notes are exchanged between the two monarchs. Then comes war—a rollicking war in which magic sword clashes impotently against magic sword and each army sits up nights repeating spells backward and forward. Now while the King of Eurailia and all his men are at the front Hyacinth, that lovely princess, is not sitting idle at home. Suspecting the machinations of the charming Countess Belvane, she sends for Prince Udo, of Araby, to lend her counsel. Poor Udo meets with success on the road (of course, the countess knows something about it) and when he arrives at the castle—But it would not be fair to either Mr. Milne or myself to tell his story here, for in his delightful narrative fairyland appears in a new and sparkling splendor. Realistic treatment seems to add to its radiance. Not only for telling the gay truth about Fairyland is Mr. Milne to be praised, but for his unacidulous flocks of social satire on his pages; there are no higher principles to be served in his whimsies. The author wrote his book to amuse and to entertain, and it does both in charming fashion. Read it, you people of age and dignity, but don't let your children carry it off if you cherish your ease and comfort.

"Lily" is a novel without a heroine unless it be Lady Luck, whom all true boys espouse to their mischance, or Lily, the plaintive quadruped from whom not even the unequal combat with A. W. O. L. Yet not even writing a confession more compromising than a bla-a-a. The actors in this epic of the perambulating Wildcat (really a black panther) are limited in race and color to dark-skinned gentlemen whose only servitude is vowed to Lady Luck flying before the sinister following feet of Old Man Trouble. To Wildcat money comes and money goes, but the ivories click on forever.

Orphan! None killed dey father. Nex' boy. Fade me white. Trouble come in at the door he lie. Shoots twenty. You is met. You reads six and de sunset gun. You furlough. You is bleached. You cat, you is bleached.

Yet the bleaching of the brunettes no fear into the intrepid and unlighted soul of the Wildcat. With a nickel in his pocket and Old Man Trouble coming in at the door he lie out of the window, hearing the yell of Lily in his arms, and serves as a mascot on a boat bound for New Orleans. He tends not pancakes, like the forgotten Alfred, but peels potatoes whose Lily absorbs into her "personal snick." He wins the confidence of the cook, Bam (whose full name with the elision is Alabama), and together they purchase a desolate farm, only to be recommenced with forty thousand dollars by an oil company. Money goes the way of all dice, Wildcat works in a factory, where he rattles the bones instead of tending the pipes, and a reservoir of molasses spreads its vast ooze over the land. Again Wildcat takes him to the rail and after a miraculous escape from the clutch of Magnesia Bunny the prodigal comes safe to Master Jack in Memphis, Tenn.

No doubt Wildcat is a profane and good-for-nothing (but dice) gambler. He cannot work for the earning power of a capital, he cannot sign his name, he puts words above worldly goods and dice above thrift stamps. Yet for color and previous condition of servitude to Master Jack instead of Prince Hal, wherein does Wildcat differ from Sir John Falstaff? Which do you love the more—the bulk of gray inequity or the exemplary Pendermoss of "The Newcomes"? Would you rather see the illusory history of the rogue's blackgram, aided by the knaves in Lord green, or the improving story of the boy atop the torrid radiator?

CERTAIN IN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE

What was back of Dolores Brewer? What made her a gay flapper—bright, slangy, defiant? What produced this reckless child, so pretty and so wise? She didn't make herself. Her surroundings didn't make her. Even the War didn't make her. She is to be traced back and back. Each of her ancestors contributed something to the startling vivid creature, who was to be Dolores Brewer.

Reuben Crabtree and Harriett Pratt, who were married in 1760 in New Hampshire, left their mark on her. Unknown men and women between 1760 and today helped to fashion her. Each was responsible for some impulse, some flare of spirit, in the Dolores of today. While they were making Dolores, they were also making the United States. Slowly they moved across the continent, slowly they built up this people, this civilization. To understand Dolores—to understand the United States of her day—our day—you must know them.

That understanding, that knowledge, has been put by a great American writer in the great American novel of today, "Certain People of Importance."

RUPERT HUGHES Says: "The book is, indeed, a boulevard of life with glimpses into innumerable houses and hearts. There are landscapes of beauty, trysts kept, romances begun and ruined by circumstances. "Throughout, the conversations are marvelously vivid and truthful. Young and old people, maids and wantons, children and granddams, all live and move and have their being. "Big as the monumental work may be, it has nothing of the ponderous or the dismal. "It is human altogether. Its dignity and its veracity have won it the highest praise of the severest critics. Its humanity makes it what Horace Greeley called 'Mighty interesting reading.'"

\$2 at bookstores

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.



"I thank them and walk into the nearest dining-room table"—One of the illustrations for Robert C. Benchley's new book of fun, "Love Conquers All." (Holt).



By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "Mother"



1920 California