GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS IN THE BOOK WORLD

WHY ENGLISH AUTHORS SHOULD VISIT AMERICA

Author of "The Garden Without Walls" Not Sorry He Refused to Be Oxford Don.

Says Authors in England Are Influenced by "Class" Aspirations in Their Work.

Afraid to Write of Homely Scenes They Know Best for Fear of Losing Baronetcy.

IT SURELY might be discouraging to an earnest author to overhear it said of himself that his work was very promising and he was very nice but—he did not buy his clothes in Bond street. Yet that thing actually happened to an English author.

And Connigsby Dawson, the young English writer whose "The Garden Without Walls" is being hailed as one of the most brilliant novels of the season and who has been living in America for the greater part of the past eight years, asserts that the big drawback to the unhampered development of English novelists may be indexed by that very incident.

"Look at them," he says, "the men of promise in their earlier work, and see what they all have come to! Arnold Bennett was great in 'The Old Wives' Tale,' but he couldn't afford to let himself become hopelessly associated with the lowly Five Towns, so he moved his scenes up to fashionable London and took to writing of characters of which he knows comparatively nothing. And Kipling! In the early days when writing the life he had lived and which he knew so well he was a master, but Kipling when he began to rise became sensitive as to what people might think of his connections, and his artistry was on the wane.

"Then there is Barrie. He lives in Kensington now, far from humble Thrums. He occupies himself with writing of society folk, whom he understands almost not at all. Of course he writes brilliantly in this Pinero style—he couldn't avoid writing brilliantly—but the thing doesn't go clear through, and the results are not to be compared with those of the earlier Barrie.

"Even Wells hasn't gone untouched, Wells who so proudly proclaimed in his first work that he was reared in a linen draper's shop, and was going to write about what he observed there. But now he has changed his tactics; he realizes that it would never do to give a baronetcy to a man who is widely known to have sold calico by the yard.

"That's the trouble. In England a man's eye is always on the stratum of society just above him. He can't help it. The thing's in the air. He learns early to pretend that he's a round or so higher up than he actually is and tries to bluff it out. So a novelist would never dare to write of the lowly folk to whom he belongs and whom he knows. And there's no denying that most of the novelists belong to the middle class; so they bluff it out by writing, knowingly, of dukes and countesses and aristocratic drawing rooms. By those means they may the sooner get elected to the Garrick Club.

"I yet remember how appalled I was when I first came to America by the way in which self-made men openly admitted their early poverty, even boasting of it sometimes. I couldn't understand it at all. But now I'm amused when I go back to England at the shocked expressions I can bring to the faces of my friends by telling them some of my hard luck experiences during my early American days. I went over some rocky places, experiences I wouldn't take anything for, for they broadened my contact with life and people; but when I try to tell about them in England I'm given to understand that those things are not spoken of in polite society; if one has had the misfortune to hear vulgar people talk in their peculiar vernacular and to catch their peculiar viewpoint he must keep his knowledge securely locked away in his breast. My Oxford friends openly grieved over me; that I, who could have had a fellowship and been a Don, should have come to such a pass! Actually telling my misfortunes about!

"That's why I'm glad I'm in America and why I am going to stay in America. I wish a lot of the brilliant novelists in England could come over here and catch freedom of viewpoint and devote themselves to writing the things they actually know and feel without that eternal feeling of having to make good in the social eye. My novel is set largely in England, but I've written of the people and conditions I'm most familiar with, I know, with a frankness I could never have mustered over there."

Mr. Dawson admits that many of the characters and scenes are autobiographical in source, especially those appearing in the first half of the book.

He also states that to-day London is a literary suburb of America; that there is not a writer in England who has not his eye primarily on the American public. And having had several years connection with leading publishing houses on both sides of the water he is in a good position to make an accurate statement on the subject.

Cosmo Hamilton, the English novelist and playwright who, after achieving the height of success at home and after declining his proffered baronetcy, chose last year to live and work in America at least several months out of each year, has coincident views. And incidentally he overflows with critical praise of Mr. Dawson's work. He says:

"OLD MASTERS" AND NEW ONES.

By COSMO HAMILTON.

For a number of years, since, in fact, Hardy and Meredith were overtaken by that most relentless and eternal figure old Father Time, the writing of novels has ceased to be a vocation. It has dwindled into a mere means of earning some sort of a livelihood. It is as true as it is good that there are two men who have attempted to aim as high as the great masters, who have not permitted themselves to bastardize their gifts and their ideals and have never fallen before the tempting bait of easy money. Kipling and Wells at any rate have attempted to fling their work forward across the horizon and to leave in front of them something of which posterity shall be proud; and both have succeeded. These are, however, the only novelists of our time to whom the novel has been something infinitely more than a mere ephemeral thing of undigested romance written down to what the publishers so fatally regard as the public taste.

Whether we have all come under the horrid infection of self-consciousness, whether we have grown to believe the parrot cry of those most inept and unbusinesslike of all tradesmen, the publishers, that the public does not desire to have its palate tickled by anything but light short novels that make no sort of demand upon the intellect or whether we have all, to be in the fashion, forgotten the high aims of the masters and their noble example and looked upon posterity with the sneaking scepticism of these times it is not easy to decide. The fact remains, too coldly and plainly for argument, that new masters have not followed the old masters, and that but for two exceptions the galleries are empty. Book shops are big with novels. Novels pour yearly from the presses of England and America. Men, women and even boys write novels with the same fatal ease and facility with which Italians roll cigarettes. Never within the memory of the living was there a time in which so many novels are written. They are designed to live a month and if their little lives are extended into two it is owing only to the hot air that is pumped energetically into their lungs by a more businesslike or deluded publisher than his fellows.

We have all been acclaimed as "great new authors." Most of us have seen ourselves referred to as the writers of "the book of the year." But which of us has been able, deep down in his heart, to believe honestly that he has done the best that is in him; that he has been brave enough to turn his back upon the God of things as they seem and face the God of things as they are? Have we not mostly served Mammon and laid our work at the foot of the shrine of the God of things according to the publisher? Which of us all has dared to attempt more than once to emulate the old masters—Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Charlotte Bronte, Fielding, Smollett, Defoe, Cervantes, Victor Hugo, Balzac and Hardy—and make our novels the vehicles of our souls and hearts, our suffering and grief, our hard won experience of life, the idealism of childhood, the broad sympathies of manhood? Which of us has ventured to fling a novel at some great abuse, some crying evil, like a thunderbolt or a bomb? Self-consciousness, the inept and mistaken shibboleths of the little critic, the unambitious satisfaction in easily won royalties, have all choked our ink pots and stultified our pens. We have been afraid. We have dared to be satisfied. We have permitted ourselves to drift into becoming the slaves instead of the masters of publishers and their wretched so-called public taste. We have almost killed the novel.

But with the young new moon of this golden month of September we novelists can take our second breath because a new writer, who is an old master, has sprung into the arena, unashamed and unafraid and unselfconscious and fully equipped. His book, which will be the big thing of the year, is the work of Connigsby Dawson, an Englishman who has lived in America for eight years, an Oxford man, whose love for his alma mater is all the greater because he can look at her with the eyes of a man who has since passed through the sterner university of life. It is the work of a man, too, who writes more truly and rightly of English life than those English writers who know nothing of other countries in that he has the inestimable advantage of having acquired perspective and of having lost the almost inevitable sense of caste and its traditions which creeps ever into the literature of Great Britain. Like Wells and Kipling he is not afraid of being taken for a seafaring dog because he writes intimately of the captains of coast travellers or of having it thrown in his teeth by velvet collared critics that he was reared in a circus because he describes with exquisite accuracy the life and feelings of gypsies.

In fact, he is unselfconscious. He holds the mirror up to human nature, not only to that smug portion of it that is to be found clinging with pathetic dignity to the pages of the knighthood and baronetcy. He takes his men and women from the highways and byways, the suburbs, the universities, the sea coast, the small villages of England, France, Italy—what matters it so that he has seen, known and noted? He is sincere, and that is everything; and he is fearless, and that is everything else; and he has sympathy, and that, if anything is left, is the rest. Coningsby Dawson has not merely joined our ranks but will be placed out in the open alone, as captain, leader, inspirer. His novel, "The Garden Without Walls," dates back to the great days and makes it not only possible but necessary for us all to take ourselves, in spite of publishers, seriously and to look in future upon the novel no longer as a melting snowball, but as a balloon which shall sail over cities and go out of to-day into the day after to-morrow. To him the novel is a work and not an effort. He has put the novel back into the great place it occupied in the days of our grandfathers. He has emptied two years into the writing of this book without one grudge. He has cut more words out of it than go to form the average long novel. He has dashed to half a dozen parts of the earth to catch his atmosphere. He lets all the poet in him loose upon the descriptions of those effects of nature that stirred his soul. He has, in a word, set himself in line with those great dead to whom the novel was a living, throbbing thing, vibrant with the lifeblood of its creator, pulsing with the sensitiveness, laughter, idealism, tears, the fire of youth, the joy of living, passion, and underlying it all that sense of the goodness of God and His earth and His children, without which nothing is achieved, nothing lives.

"The Garden Without Walls" puts back the clock to the days of Thackeray and Dickens and George Eliot. I welcome it with a hat high in the air not only for itself but for ourselves and all future novels and novelists, because Coningsby Dawson, with this one book, this one great vibrating chunk of himself, has revolutionized the outlook and the possibility of novelists. He sets a new example. He brings back into our ears the big tune that we had forgotten or to which we had deliberately turned a deaf ear.

LATEST BOOKS FROM THE VARIOUS HOUSES

Coincident with the announcement that the Pope has taken exception to the doctrines of M. Bergson, the Holts report that they have had to send his most significant work, "Creative Evolution," to press for the tenth time.

The Holts also report that Conigsby Dawson's novel "The Garden Without Walls," published September 11, has already gone into its second edition and that arrangements have been completed for its dramatization by the author in collaboration with Cosmo Hamilton.

Among the titles figuring prominently on the fall list of Dodd, Mead and Company are: "A Fool and His Money," a new romantic story by George Barr McCutcheon; novelizations of two of last season's stage successes, "Peg o' My Heart" and "Years of Discretion"; "The Taste of Apples," by Jeannette Lee; "The Destroyer," a tale of international politics and intrigue, by Burton E. Stevenson; "The Honor of the House," a story of mediæval Italy, by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, and "the Honor of the Clinton," by Archibald Marshall.

The same house is announcing for early publication the first long book Maurice Maeterlinck has written since "The Life of the Bee." It is entitled "Our Eternity" and caused a sensation upon its appearance in Paris last year.

September fiction announced by John C. Winston Company includes "The Man Who Saw Wrong," by Jacob Fisher; "Fanny of the Forty Frocks," by Frances Aymar Mathews, and "The Fate of Felix Brand," by Florence Finch Kelly.

The following books were issued September 19 by G. P. Putnam's Sons: "Sex Antagonism," a treatment of the subject from the biological standpoint, by Walter Heape; "My Own Story," an intimate biographical revelation by Louisa of Tuscany (ex-Crown Princess of Saxony); "The Eagle's Talon," a romance set in the France of Napoleon, by Georges Ohnet; "The Fire Within," a novel by Patricia Wentworth, and "A Venetian June," a Venice idyl, illustrated in color by Frederick S. Coburn.

Harper and Brothers announce the publication this week of "The Way Home," a new novel by Basil King, author of "The Inner Shrine." They are putting to press for reprintings "Riders of the Purple Sage," by Zane Grey; "Wee Macgreegor," by J. J. Bell; "The Gray Man," by S. R. Crockett; "The Standard of Usage in English," by Thomas R. Lounsbury, and "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott.

The same house issued last week "The Golden Rule Dollivers," by Margaret Cameron; "Thirty Pieces of Silver," by Clarence Budington Kelland, and "Source Problems on the French Revolution," by Fred Morrow Fling.

Among the fall announcements of the Macmillan Company are the following books: "My Life With the Eskimo," a volume of description and adventure, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson; "His Father's Wife," a novel, by J. E. Patterson, the well known English author; "The Will to Live," a new novel by M. P. Willcocks, the author of "The Wingless Victory," and "Deering at Princeton," by Latta Griswold, author of "Deering of Deal."

Other September books issued by this house include: "His Great Adventure," by Robert Herrick; "Stories of old Greece and Rome," by Emilie Kip Baker; "The Theory of Social Revolutions," by Brooks Adams; "Insurance and the State," by W. F. Gephart; "The Life Work of Edward A. Moseley," by James Morgan; "One Hundred Years of Peace," by Henry Cabot Lodge; "The Message of Greek Art," by H. H. Powers; "The Chemistry of Plant and Animal Life," by Harry Snyder; "The Meaning of Evolution," by Samuel C. Schumaker; "Manures and Fertilizers," by H. J. Wheeler.

The authorized translation of Hervieu's "Le Dedale," under the title of "The Labyrinth," is announced for early publication by B. W. Huebsch. The story deals with the divorce question in French society. The translation into English has been made by Barrett H. Clark and Lander McClintock.

Many subjects are included in the first announcements of Charles Scribner's Sons. Among the titles are: "Beyond the Old Frontier," adventurous tales of Indian fighters, hunters and fur traders, by George Bird Grinnell; "The Autobiography of George Dewey, Admiral of the Navy"; "Dame Fashion," a pictured account covering the period 1786-1912, by Julius M. Price; "Merrille Dawes," a novel of love and business, by Frank H. Spearman; "History as Literature and Other Essays," by Theodore Roosevelt; "Marsh Lights," a novel set in New York's "upper world," by Helen Huntington, and "Columbia," a descriptive volume by Phanor James Eder, included in "The South American Series."

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ADVENTURES OF A RICH AND BEAUTIFUL GIRL

There was trouble for the adventurous heroine in Margarete Muensterberg's story of "Anna Borden's Career" (D. Appleton and Company). In Berlin Anna refused the aristocratic young English diplomatist Kenneth Holcombe. In a vibrant voice Kenneth said: "I have waited so long. I cannot keep it longer. I do love you so much." The story says that Anna "felt the beauty of his courtship and the joy of being loved with such deference, such noble homage." But she rejected him and returned home to Boston with her rich and proud father.

At Manchester-by-the-Sea she met with a painful accident. As she stepped upon some wet seaweed her ankle turned and she fell. The description runs at this point: "A fierce pain held her fixed on the crag. 'It is broken, my ankle!' a blurred voice murmured within her. 'I can't call for help! The tide is coming! They won't find me! The tide is coming!' For the sea gurgled beneath her and lapped the rock on which she lay." To the distress of her family she went away to New York to be a hospital nurse. After a period in the hospital she went to Providence as leading lady in a melodrama. Her father visited her in that city. He waited for her at the foot of the stairs in the hotel. The story speaks of him as "proud and austere, standing at the foot of the stairs as if he would not stir from the spot until he had carried out his iron will." When she came down he "inclined his head slightly and looked at her with a glance horribly expressive." He did not remain entirely calm. At one point in the distressing interview he "bounded forward like some wild creature let loose."

When Anna had tired of being leading lady she found employment with the Regal Waist Company.

She joined the Toilers' Brotherhood, an association that combated capital, and discovered that John Bruce, the brotherhood leader, was "the master of her soul." It is to be read of the two at this point: "They had turned into a little dark alley away from the crowd. There John Bruce, the master, drew Anna powerfully into his arms. The silence was broken and Anna's future lay before her clear, wonderful, fierce!" It seemed to Anna after her marriage that "a stern hero's caress was worth her constant toil." At the time of the strike in Waterborough she saw her husband acting in opposition to the police. It was an inspiring sight. "But horror! One policeman was brandishing his club in the air, ready to let it drop on her husband if he stirred." It was soon after this that "a momentous body of restless marchers" broke through the police.

When the strike was won "Anna danced about in glee." But she grew tired of these associations after a while. "Ungrateful man!" So she cried out to John Bruce, and running into the bedroom "she slammed the door in rage." Later, learning that Kenneth Holcombe was to be entertained at a banquet at the Plaza Hotel, "Anna danced and capered about the kitchen." She went to the Plaza and "walked into the warm, perfumed hotel." The old acquaintance was renewed. But after John Bruce had been killed by a soldier's bayonet Anna learned that Kenneth could not marry her. He had his career to consider. Anna and he were both miserable. It is a strange and a hard world.

AFTER PARTING.

O H, I have sown my love so wide
That he will find it everywhere;
It will wake him in the night,
It will enfold him in the air.
I set my shadow in his sight
And I have winged it with desire,
That it may be a cloud by day
And in the night a shaft of fire.
—*Sara Teasdale* in October *Smart Set.*

CURIOUS MISTAKES IN BOOK TITLES

There is always a crop of amusing mistakes concerning titles. Nothing so taxes the ingenuity of the bookseller as these phonetic endeavors to get at the name of a book. Who but a genius could conceive that by "Within or Outside the Pall" was meant "Beyond the Pale," or that by "The Forgotten Cigar" a customer meant "For God and the Czar"! Even Mr. Bullen would be puzzled by a reference to "Screws of the Cash Lock" for "The Cruise of the Cachelot." Some other amusing blunders are "She Strips to Congo" for "She Stoops to Conquer," "Hero of the Week" for "Hereward the Wake," "Lined Pockets" for "Lying Prophets" and "Bad Acre of Greece" for Baedeker's "Greece."—*From the Pall Mall Gazette.*

Books Received.

"The United States and Mexico, 1821-1848." 2 vols. George Lockhart Rives. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"The History of English Patriotism." 2 vols. Esme Wingfield-Stratton. (John Lane Company.)

"Governor's Island." The Rev. Edmund Banks Smith. (The author, New York.)

"History as Literature." Theodore Roosevelt. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"Robert Fulton." H. W. Dickinson. (John Lane Company.)

"The Municipalities of the Roman Empire." James S. Reid, Litt. D. (Cambridge University Press; G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Land of the Blue Poppy." F. Kingdon Ward. (Cambridge University Press; G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"One Hundred Years of Peace." Henry Cabot Lodge. (Macmillans.)

"The Message of Greek Art." H. H. Powers. (Macmillans.)

"A Queen of Shreds and Patches. Madame Taillien." L. Gastine. (John Lane Company.)

"The Tragedy of Isabella II." Francis Gribble. (Richard G. Badger, Boston.)

"Godoy, the Queen's Favorite." Edmund B. D'Auvergne. (Richard G. Badger.)

"The Cure of Alcoholism." Austin O'Malley, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. (B. Herder, St. Louis.)

"The Plain Man and His Wife." Arnold Bennett. (George H. Doran Company.)

"Saint Tammany and the Origin of the Order of Tammany." Edwin P. Kilroe, Ph. D. (The author, New York.)

"The Life of Robert Toombs." Ulrich Bonnell Phillips, Ph. D. (Macmillans.)

"Heraldry for Craftsmen and Designers." W. H. St. John Hope, Litt. D., D. C. L. (Macmillans.)

"Conservation of Water." Walter McCulloh. (Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.)

"Gentlemen Rovers." E. Alexander Powell. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"The Life Work of Edward A. Moseley." James Morgan. (Macmillans.)

"The Monroe Doctrine. An Obsolete Shibboleth." Hiram Bingham, Ph. D. (Yale University Press.)

"The Business of Life." Robert W. Chambers. (Appletons.)

"WO2." Maurice Drake. (E. P. Dutton and Company.)

"Diamond Cut Diamond." Jane Bunker. (The Bobbs Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

"The Idiot." Fyodor Dostoevsky. (Macmillans.)

"A Modern Eve." May Edginton. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

"The Luck o' Lady Joan." Josephine Daskam Bacon. (F. G. Browne and Company, Chicago.)

"The Outlaw." David Hennessey. (Hodder and Stoughton; George H. Doran Company.)

"The Law-Bringers." G. B. Lancaster. (Hodder and Stoughton; George H. Doran Company.)

"Anne, Actress." Juliet G. Sager. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

"A Young Lady." Horace W. C. Newte. (John Lane Company.)

"Bendish." Maurice Hewlett. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"The Marriage of Mademoiselle Gimel." Rene Bazin. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"The Way Home." Basil King. (Harpers.)

"Madeleine at Her Mirror." Marcelle Tinayre. (John Lane Company.)

"The Pulpit and the Pew." Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., LL. D. (Yale University Press.)

"Are You Going to College?" William C. Schwinnerer. (John Lane Company.)

"Winter in Egypt." (Egyptian State Railways, Cairo, Egypt.)

"Lincoln, Labor and Slavery." Herman Schlueter. (Socialist Literature Company, New York.)

"Scientific Tariff Making." Henry Tarleton Wills. (Blanchard Press, New York.)

"The Psychology of Learning." E. Meumann. (Appletons.)

"The Round Table." James Russell Lowell. (Richard G. Badger.)

"A Pilgrimage of Pleasure." Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Richard G. Badger.)

"Mother West Wind's Neighbors." Thornton W. Burgess. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"Laddie, the Master of the House." Lily F. Wesselhoeft. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"The Freshman Eight." Leslie W. Quirk. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"The Responsibilities of Buddie." Anna Chapin Ray. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"The Pipes of Davis." Grace Duffie Boylan. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"Henley on the Battle Line." Frank E. Channon. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"Donald Kirk, the Morning Record Correspondent." Edward Mott Woolley. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"Ned Brewster's Bear Hunt." Chauncey J. Hawkins. (Little, Brown and Company.)

"Dorothy Dainty's Vacations." Amy Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company, Boston.)

"The Girl From Arizona." Nina Rhoades. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.)

"Harmony Wins." Mildred Olmsted. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.)

"Uncle David's Boys." Edna A. Brown. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.)

"Queen Magi's Little People." Claude Wetmore. (The Con P. Curran Printing Company, St. Louis.)

"Annie Laurie and Azalea." Ella W. Peattie. (The Reilly and Britton Company, Chicago.)

"The Handy Boy." A. Neely Hall. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.)

"The Texan Triumph." Joseph A. Altsheler. (Appletons.)

"Around the End." Ralph Henry Barbour. (Appletons.)

"Apache Gold." Joseph A. Altsheler. (Appletons.)

"Strike Three." William Heyliger. (Appletons.)

"Five Yards to Go." Hawley Williams. (Appletons.)

"Joseph and His Brethren." Louis N. Parker. (John Lane Company.)

"Faint Chords." George Scheftel. (Radical Publishing Company, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

"Heaven Lost and Regained." J. Gardner Smith, M. D. (Commerce Publications Company, New York.)

"The Bodley Head Natural History. Volume I. Passeres." E. D. Cuming. (John Lane Company.)

"Farm Arithmetic." Charles William Burkett and Karl Dale Swartzel. (Orange Judd Company, New York.)

"Hin and Her." H. H. Fick. (American Book Company.)

"Modern American Speeches." Lester W. Boardman. (Longmans, Green and Company.)

"Through England With Tennyson." Oliver Huckel. (Thomas Y. Crowell Company.)

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