BOOKS OF THE WEEK SEEN IN REVIEW AND COMMENT

CRITICAL REVIEWS OF THE SEASON'S LATEST BOOKS

In His New Novel H. G. Wells Frees His Mind of Some of His Thoughts About the War.

New Stories by Harry Leon Wilson, Beatrice Harraden, Sir Gilbert Parker and Others.

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH. (Macmillans.) By H. G. Wells. ($1.50.)

In *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* (Macmillans) H. G. Wells frees his mind of some of his thoughts about the war. He starts with a story that is humorous and satirical but which soon turns to a record of the ideas some people held before the war broke out, of the slow and gradual process of their coming to a realization of what it meant and of the change of mind about some matters that came over one person at least. The central figure in the book, by no means a hero, is a voluble and impulsive middle aged writer, not too thorough in his writing or his thinking, with the æsthetic and analytical tendencies that are now the fashion and the present conventional disregard of propriety. While we feel sorry for him, it is hard to feel much respect for him or his opinions and still harder to imagine that he stands in any way for Mr. Wells himself. This detracts from the interest in his mental processes, but perhaps makes it easier for the author when his reasoning leads to fair and sensible views about the Germans which might give offence to the British public.

The visit of an amiable American to this British writer in his country home gives the opportunity for bright and amusing comparisons between the two countries and the people in them and also between the England of to-day and the England good Americans expect to find. The tone is that of the lightest comedy and in harmony with it are the host's performances with the automobile he has not mastered, the eccentricities of his household and his amatory exploits, which seem to be wholly superfluous and out of place. The two also exchange the opinions about civilization, about the impossibility of war among the Western nations and about other matters which were taken for granted by everybody before the summer of 1914.

Then, while these people are occupied with their usual pursuits and England and the rest of the world busied with matters which Mr. Wells enumerates, the events leading to the war occur. These he interjects as notes, for his people are unaware of their import, and his brief summaries are bitter against Germany. He shows the incredulity in England when war is declared, the helplessness of all, the confusion and incompetence of those in authority, the desire to do something and the inability to find out what to do. Mr. Wells is bitter against selfish politicians and particularly against the disloyal conduct of Sir Edward Carson and his Ulstermen. Very slowly but inexorably the war impresses itself on the chief actor; he sees his son, his secretary and his German tutor go off to fight, but it is his mental history only that is related. The son writes him graphic accounts of the drilling, with much criticism of the officers, and later of life in the trenches and of fighting. Then he is killed. Later the father hears that the young German tutor has also been killed and it is brought home to him that parents on the other side are suffering too. He keeps speculating as to why it should be and comes to the conclusion that we must believe in the love of the Christian God, that lives like those of his boy cannot have been lost for nothing and that some good for humanity must come out of it all.

The opinions of so intelligent an Englishman as Mr. Wells must be interesting to many; his ability to apprehend the German side as well as the English is gratifying and his courage in making it known to his countrymen is laudable. It might have been better if he had not chosen the story form for his exposition, or if after having decided on that mode of expression he had stuck to it to the end.

SOMEWHERE IN RED GAP. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) By Harry Leon Wilson. ($1.35.)

Nine stories of absurd doings, all told by that capable and energetic ranch woman, Ma Pettingill, with the volubility and discursiveness which those who have met her before will expect from her, will be found in Harry Leon Wilson's *Somewhere in Red Gap* (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Eight of the episodes take place on the ranch or in the West that Mr. Wilson has discovered, the last one tells about an adventurous personally conducted tour of New York city. The stories are all extremely funny, with the fun that will make the reader laugh out loud, and whatever exaggeration the author may use in drawing his characters he always succeeds in making them human. It is a thoroughly entertaining book.

THE GUIDING THREAD. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.) By Beatrice Harraden. ($1.35.)

With the heroine of Beatrice Harraden's *The Guiding Thread* (Frederick A. Stokes Company) the reader will sympathize fully. She is a young girl married to a literary egotist who has cut her off from all her friends and kept her in solitary confinement for seven years, while he impressed on her his own ideas and his lucubrations over the Renaissance. She hears a parrot screech, which makes her think that she is a mere parrot herself, and after some brutal treatment from her husband she runs away to become herself again. Every one she meets is kind to her, she has delightful little adventures and runs across interesting people in England and in America. Meanwhile the husband mopes; the author makes him out to be a sullen and dangerous lunatic, though he finally gets it through his head that he has treated his wife shamefully. The seclusion has been worse for him than for her. When the girl feels that she has won back her individuality she returns to her husband, whom she loves, and in spite of the jealous rage with which she is greeted she makes up with him. The woman's fight for independence is marred by no suggestion of her caring for any one else. The husband's true friend is charming with his unselfishness and the queer people that he looks after. The impressions of New York are pleasant and the heroine is attractive. It is to be regretted that the æsthetes and disciples of Walter Pater have made so bad an impression on the author; their ideals may account for the husband's supreme selfishness and perhaps for his disregard of the feelings of others, but cannot be held responsible for his fits of physical violence.

HARRY LEON WILSON AUTHOR OF "SOMEWHERE IN RED GAP" (DOUBLEDAY PAGE)

JENNETTE LEE AUTHOR OF "UNFINISHED PORTRAITS" (SCRIBNER)

GEORGE GIBBS AUTHOR OF "PARADISE GARDEN" (APPLETON)

JIM — UNCLASSIFIED. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) By Robert J. Kelly. ($1.35.)

It is the delightful way in which the story is told and the queer characters the author has created rather than the absurdly melodramatic plot that will make the reader enjoy Robert J. Kelly's *Jim—Unclassified* (Dodd, Mead and Co.). The author has deliberately applied the methods and machinery of the old picaresque romances to modern England. The hero's guardian angel is an eccentric broken down actor who mouths quotations amusingly. The youth emerges from the tavern where he has been brought up after some properly brutal scenes that will excite the reader. He starts for London on a dilapidated bicycle and comes to grief, but not before he has rescued from danger the beautiful and capricious heroine. As he grows up he is allowed to cultivate his inherited talent for painting. When all is going smoothly between himself and his lady love a malicious female interferes, but after she is foiled and he has justified himself he succeeds in proving his noble birth and his right to great estates. The old actor, the tipsy medical student, the Irish doctor, many of the minor characters are capitally drawn and the story is told with the required dash and brightness. The author must have had a lot of fun in revamping the properties of the old romances for a modern audience.

THE WORLD FOR SALE. (Harpers.) By Gilbert Parker. ($1.35.)

A reckless young woman chooses to run dangerous rapids at low water in her canoe in Sir Gilbert Parker's *The World for Sale* (Harpers), faints away when she has got through in safety and is brought ashore by the hero, an efficiency expert in charge of the industrial development of the district. The place is somewhere in the Canadian Northwest, where an old slow town and an enterprising new town face each other across a river. There is trouble of all kinds between them due to differences of race and of religion as well as industrial rivalry, which the hero tries to keep down. He is opposed by a dastardly and disreputable French Canadian. More trouble arises through their rivalry for the girl. She is the daughter of the chief of all the gypsies, who has come into the wilderness because he has promised that his daughter shall not belong to his people. He is followed up, however, by the son of the man he deposed, a wholly disreputable scamp, who insists on the observance of the child marriage between himself and the girl. She will not have him and the old man turns him out, whereupon he joins forces with the French Canadian. In a riot the hero is blinded, the girl nurses him, but he will not ask her to marry him till he can work for her. Then the girl is kidnapped by the gypsy, but is rescued in time. The hero recovers his sight, the old gypsy dies, the girl renounces her people and marries the hero. There is much action in this tale, but the gypsy portion seems rather forced and artificial and hardly fits into the picture of Canadian frontier life. The villain is disposed of in a dramatic manner. The story is interesting, but is not up to the standard of Sir Gilbert Parker's later work, either in construction or in execution.

MUCH NEW WRITING TALENT, SAYS LITERARY ADVISER

Miss Roseboro is widely known as a discoverer of and adviser to literary talent as well as for her own stories. She finds it possible between her own writing hours to correspond with clients and pupils scattered over the country. Among them are new and unknown people as well as such established authors as Samuel Hopkins Adams, Julian Street, Amelie Rives and various lesser lights.

Seen at Annadale, her Staten Island home, she was asked if among unknown and little known aspirants she found encouragement for American letters.

"There is an extraordinary interest in writing among an extraordinary number of people," she said, "and there is talent scattered about. But there is one great trouble—it is scattered so far. Our big country does not furnish many groups working in some sort of companionship, not as many as might get together. It is odd and touching to see how the talent of a successful writer will continue to fructify talents in his own country town, say, long after he has ceased to come in personal touch with them. I have just been writing to a client, a hopeful one too, in Paducah, Ky.; and what set him to writing was the fact that Irvin Cobb was his whilom fellow townsman. Another, a man who has written for many periodicals, is in Chatham, Ont., where Arthur Stringer came from and often returns to the stimulation and pleasure of my client. The editor of the *American Magazine* sent me a young newspaper man whose inspiration lay in the other newspaper men who are among our successful authors. And the Princess Troubetzkoy (Amelie Rives) turned over to me a girl, a gifted young person, too, who was fired by admiration of herself.

"This kind of thing that I am talking of has nothing to do with imitation. No one of the people I mention shows an bent for imitating any one. They are rather noticeably off their own bat. No, it is just that contemporaries, acquaintances, people in our class, wake us up to say 'I too will not be idle!' It is part of man's profound gregariousness.

"Now if these people could work an play together, pound out their problems in discussion, read their effusions to each other—'I'll listen to you if you'll listen to me'—they would benefit enormously. Often all they can do is to turn to me and the best I can do is to give the stimulus of another and interested mind. Our geography is against a Latin Quarter, but we have not the tradition either that would break down our shynesses and teach us to get together as well as we can. So I take every chance to do my little part toward starting them.

"There is a group in Louisville, Ky., who illustrate my point. They got together to such good effect several years ago that to begin with Mrs. George Madden Martin wrote 'Emmy Lou' from my first 'finds' at *McClure's* and Alice Hegan Rice wrote 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' Margaret Anderson became distinguished poetry, and others of my friends things successful though less splendorous.

"A couple of years ago while the editor of *Collier's Weekly* I was interested in some 'unavailable' material sent me by a Kentucky woman. She had the real story instinct and brains besides—the two don't always go together—but she was out of tune. She had some necessary sophistications, but she lived remote from all literary contact at least with producers. Simply a little editorial correspondence—rather it was a somewhat extensive exchange and a very interesting one to me—did the work of putting Mrs. Mary Lauder Magruder among the contributors to our current journals. All she needed was to play with some one in the game, the chance to powwow about it.

"One thing that is notable about American stories now is that so many of them show a good knowledge of some practical side of life or affairs, of business or ships, or dressmaking. Perhaps you have heard me quote that the trouble with literature is that the people who know anything can't write, and the people who can write don't know anything. We are changing that; we have a number of people writing stories who show they know things. And it may come to pass that some of them will sometime write immortally. It is one of the great assets of Shakespeare that though not counted a scholar in his time he knew so much. After quoting the hunt from 'Venus and Adonis' 'It is absurd,' says Bagehot, 'to say we do not know anything about the man who wrote that. We know he had been after a hare.'

"I have a new and promising pupil, a young woman who thought of writing stories largely because she loves and knows so much about horses. That alone would be but a poor excuse, but this ardor is a good match to set to kindling for the storyable quality of life. And that is how it has acted. The knowledge and enthusiasm will be a help in getting the attention of editors. Some of our most popular periodicals make it one of their aims to publish stories that appeal to particular and large classes with the romance and adventure in their own callings and pursuits.

"That is assuredly an advance over the bids of old for popularity with Lady Angela stuff spun out of the blue.

"This interest in the occupations of our own lives starts a great many people writing, so that a great many Americans are not only writing stories but are learning something genuine about life as far as they go. It is a desperate phase that will feed our literary future."

LATE NEWS OF BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.

A protest is being circulated among American writers gaining signatures against the efforts now being made by the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice to suppress the work of Theodore Dreiser. The protest is being signed widely, even by writers who are out of sympathy with Mr. Dreiser's point of view, but who believe that an attack by irresponsible and arbitrary persons upon the writings of an author of such manifest sincerity as Mr. Dreiser and of such high accomplishments must inevitably do great damage to the freedom of letters in the United States and bring down upon the American people the ridicule and contempt of other nations.

Reports from Chicago book stores show that the war book most in demand there is James Norman Hall's "Kitchener's Mob." Among the fiction best sellers in Chicago are prominent Eleanor H. Porter's "Just David" and Meredith Nicholson's "The Proof of the Pudding."

One of the delightful gift books of the season will be "A Hoosier Holiday," by Theodore Dreiser, an account of an automobile tour through the author's old haunts in Indiana. Mr. Dreiser was born and spent most of his boyhood in Indiana, so it is a sentimental journey that he records. The illustrations are by the author's host, Franklin Booth.

Edith Wynne Matthison is one of the sponsors of the new book by Clare Tree Major, entitled "How to Develop Your Personality," and among the others are Sir Herbert Tree, who wrote the foreword; Frank Vanderlip, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Frederick L. Collins, publisher of *McClure's Magazine*.

Mrs. Major is a graduate of the London Academy of Dramatic Art, and came to New York about a year ago to become the principal of the Comstock Conservatory of Music. She took several parts in the production of "Caliban," and now conducts a School of Allied Arts in connection with the Washington Square Players.

Thomas Mott Osborne, who contributes a preface to Madeleine Z. Doty's "Society's Misfits," says that he has personal knowledge of almost all the persons and events mentioned in the book. It was he who arranged with the warden of the women's prison at Auburn for the week of voluntary incarceration which Miss Doty and her friend, Miss Elizabeth Watson, spent there. Mr. Osborne vouches for the truth of the "reformatory stories" incorporated in the book, taken down from convicts who, under pledge of confidence, told Miss Doty their histories, directly traceable in so many cases to the evil influences of reformatory life in earliest childhood. "After reading the book," Mr. Osborne says, "you will easily understand why Miss Doty could not resist writing it. She could not help calling upon the good people of this country to 'save the kids.'"

In response to a general demand John Lane Company will issue this fall "The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke" and "India's Love Lyrics," by Laurence Hope, in full leather binding.

How is this for versatility? That genial Englishman of letters E. V. Lucas is for the fourth time this season the subject of a book announcement, this last concerning a new novel, "The Vermilion Box." Mr. Lucas started the season with "The Hausfraue Rampant," a translation of some of the famous "Bucholz Letters," the German humorous classic, which made a stir in the 'Too. Then came "Cloud and Silver" and "London Again," two little volumes of the graceful charm characteristic of the author.

A writer in the *Poetry Journal* recently selected ten "All America" poets. These included Edward Arlington Robinson, Vachel Lindsay, Amy Lowell, Percy Mackaye and Edgar Lee Masters.

Although a New England girl Mary E. Chase, author of "The Girl from the Big Horn Country" (Page), has made her home for the past three years in Montana. She recently wrote her publishers that "Just now it (Bozeman, Mon.) seems further from New England than ever, for a snowstorm visited us yesterday and the ground is quite white. With winter already here the year stretches an interminable length." Miss Chase has just completed the manuscript of a sequel to "The Girl from the Big Horn Country," which the Page company will publish early in 1917.

"Head Winds," a new collection of James B. Connolly's stories, includes "The Trader," which won the $2,500 prize offered by *Collier's Weekly* two years ago. The other stories are "Mother Machree," "Down River," a story of the Mississippi; "Colors," a story based on the Vera Cruz incident; "The Camera Man," a story of a movie operator with the Mexican revolutionists; "The Train to Havre," an immigrant story, and "Chavero," a tale of Mexico.

"Red Wine of Roussillon," William Lindsey's romantic drama of mediæval France, will be played this fall by Miss Julia Arthur. The play will be called "Serenonda," after the name of the heroine.

Henry Irving Dodge, author of "Skinner's Dress Suit," is qualified both by ancestry and experience to be a keen observer and to write well. He is a great-great-grandson of the astronomer Samuel Dodge, and a great-grandson of Major-Gen. Richard Henry Dodge and Anne Irving, sister of Washington Irving. Beginning his career as a junior clerk in Wall Street, he left this position to engage in railroad surveying in Texas and Mexico, and later was with Robert E. Peary in preliminary work on the Nicaragua ship canal. Then he went to London, working for a number of years as a newspaper correspondent in London and in Italy, and, returning to this country, was for a while a Wall Street reporter. Lately, he has devoted himself exclusively to general magazine work and play writing. "Skinner's Dress Suit," his latest book, is a story of American enterprise, which incidentally demonstrates how much clothes may have to do with making a man.

Annie Hamilton Donnell, the author of "Miss Theodosia's Heartstrings," which Little, Brown & Co. are publishing, is a native of Kent's Hill, Me., a former resident of Ann Arbor, Mich., who now resides near Boston. She has written many stories of varying length, her best known book being "Rebecca Mary." Mrs. Donnell is the mother of four children.

In October will be published "John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama," by Rupert Brooke, the late talented English poet, whose Collected Poems are now in their twenty-sixth thousand. The present volume was written in 1911-12 and was the "dissertation" with which the author won his fellowship at King's College, Cambridge, in 1913. "In order to understand Webster," the author writes, "one must know what a play is; one must know how the Elizabethan drama arose, and one must know what the Elizabethan drama was." He has given attention therefore to each of these points, not pretending to cover the whole ground, but correcting some of the more misleading wrong ideas and hunting at some of the more important right ones. The volume will contain a complete bibliography.

On the fourteenth of this month occurred the death of Josiah Royce, the greatest philosophical authority in America. A former pupil, Prof. William P. Montague of Columbia University, says of him: "What stood out in his teaching was his aim to make students philosophers for themselves. Although he was an idealist and a systematist, and was far removed from the scattering empiricism of other of the men who taught at Harvard in his time, he was not anxious to make disciples. This is the more extraordinary, as idealist and systematic philosophy disposes men to form schools."

Among Prof. Royce's best known philosophical writings are "The Spirit of Modern Philosophy," "The Conception of Immortality" and "The Religious Aspect of Philosophy."

Publication of "Analytical Psychology," by Prof. Jung of Zurich is announced by Moffatt, Yard & Co. Dr. Constance Long, editor and translator of the work, has gathered in this volume the earlier writings of the famous Zurich professor which preceded his "Psychology of the Unconscious" and which had appeared in print scattered through pamphlets, reviews, monographs and lectures. The large sale which Jung's "Psychology of the Unconscious" has had since its publication in the spring of the year promises well for the reception of "Analytical Psychology" on the part of the friends and followers of Freud and Jung in this country.

Miss Caroline Lockhart is the heroine of the following true tale. She writes: "While I was in the mountains a cowpuncher on an adjoining horse ranch thought it was a shame that I should be loose on the range, a maverick—a 'Slick' no brand—in other words unmarried, so he asked me to be his. I suggested that it would be sinn 'pesh'n' on $60 a month, as I was rather an expensive lady when I got strung out. He said, 'Oh, we'll get along. You can write books and I'll steal horses.'" The author of "The Man From the Bitter Roots" (Lippincott's) and other Western stories does not report her answer.

"The Ashes of My Heart," so Edith Hunt, the author, says, is a combination of facts and fiction.

"The contents of the diary of a young woman who has wasted her 'beauty years' in the opium dens of a large city had been published broadcast. I was in San Francisco at the time, and the horrible expose so impressed me that I began an immediate investigation. I didn't have to look far. The sights were appalling. I was astounded. Young and beautiful women, the flower of our sex—oh, what's the use! I have exhausted myself in 'The Ashes of My Heart' in an effort to help emancipate my sex—the human race. I have appealed to fiction to sugarcoat the bitter pills called 'facts' that they may not be so hard to swallow. I want to do my share toward crushing the existing evil of drugs and opiates that is fast fastening its fangs into the hearts and sapping the life blood of an amazing percentage of the young men and women of the present generation. How well I succeed remains to be seen."

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The Allies' New War Monster

The "famous cheese-box on a raft" that revolutionized naval warfare may have its land counterpart, editorial observers are noting, in the new British traveling forts, or land monitors, nicknamed "tanks" and "Willies" by the "Tommies."

In THE LITERARY DIGEST for September 30th the leading article gives a clear description of these new "super-dreadnoughts" of the land, illustrated, including a map showing where the "tanks" first went into action, causing, according to General Haig, "indescribable demoralization in the enemies' ranks."

Among the other articles of striking interest in the issue of September 30 are:

Shall Britain Further Hamper Our Foreign Commerce?

England's Latest Order by Which She Designates What Articles May Be Shipped to Foreign Neutral Countries from America Arousing Much Resentment in America

The Danish Islands Muddle
The English Legend of O. Henry
Sing Sing's New Vocabulary
Why Quebec's Bridge-Span Fell
"Dope Cops" at Work
Twilight Sleep Propaganda
The Language-Issue in Canada
The Resurrection of Poland
Carlyle as a Music Critic
The Future Christianity
"Lazy-Verse" Attacked and Defended
The Trentino as a New Papal State
Churches That Should Quit
The Doom of the Paper Thriller
Inefficient Sunday Schools
Should the Government Appoint Experts or Non-Experts to Scientific Positions
Birds as Tree Protectors
Conditions in Mexico Under Carranza
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