

Books and the People Who Make Them

A NEW novel by "Q"—Quiller-Couch—is being published by the Macmillan Company. It is called *Foe-Farrel* and is a study in transformation of character; in this particular, at least, being akin to *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. There is adventure; the story takes the principal characters around the world, and the people of the tale, or some of them, are said to be unusual and interesting.

From a personal letter to the editor of *Books and the Book World*:

"I have been writing, it seems to me, for thirty decades, in reality about sixteen years, and I do not need to tell you how pleasant it is to see finally any accumulated recognition of an effort to write as honestly and with as near an approach to beauty as possible. I have not the complaint to make which I hear on so many elevated literary sides: that is, of a widespread blindness to any imaginative work above the lowest. Since I have been able to write at all I have had friends for my books and dollars for my stories. I could wish a more perfect unity for the above sentence, but on the whole I have had a very healthy treatment."

These refreshing words come from a man who, of all the younger American writers, seems to us to be the best artist in fiction.

"God tells us we must all love our enemies," says Harry Lauder in his book, *A Minstrel in France*, which Hearst's International Library Company is publishing. "He could not expect us to love His enemies. With my own eyes I have seen the hellish work of the Hun."

Miss Inna Demens, author of *He Who Breaks*, a first novel, is Russian born of a family belonging to the class of nobles. She had a Turkish great-grandmother. She was brought to this country as a child by her father, an author and a political exile. She has lived in this country in the North, South and West and travelled with her father in Mexico, Europe and the Orient. For a while she was a San Francisco newspaper reporter. Now she runs an orange ranch in southern California, striving to provide food and exercise for a Great Dane pup and writing on a lapboard anywhere she happens to lop down.

George Jean Nathan's *Bottoms Up*, satirizing the stage and opera, has gone into a new edition.

Philip Goodman reports that a New York newspaper refused an advertisement of H. L. Mencken's *Damn! A Book of Calumny* because the title might offend readers, and that a New York book store refused to stock the book because of its "shocking content." No doubt the store refused to be wired for electricity because of the shocking content of the copper threads. The book, says Goodman, has horrified the "teething ring school of critics," but the worst thing about it is that a fourth printing has been called for and Mencken is seriously prostrated with dread lest he become a popular author.

In *The A. E. F.* Heywood Brown tells how American soldiers in France went to

see a French Red Cross travelling movie show. The announcement spoke of a film called *Le Vagabond* with Charlot. Says Brown:

"It sounded foreign and forbidding. The doughboys anticipated trouble with the titles and the close ups of what the heroine wrote. . . . The first scene was a road winding up to a distant hill, and down the highway with eccentric gait there walked a little man strangely reminiscent. He drew nearer and nearer and as the figure came into full view the soldier in front of me could stand the strain no longer. He jumped to his feet.

"I'm a son of a gun," he shouted, "if it isn't Charley Chaplin!"

"Recognition upon the part of the audience was instantaneous and enthusiasm unbounded. . . . Never again will the French be able to fool them by disguising him as 'Charlot.'"

Houghton, Mifflin Company are about to publish *With the Fighting Fleets*, the result of Ralph D. Paine's five months with the British, French and American warships in the war zone.

Having written a novel called *Oh, Money! Money!* Eleanor H. Porter proceeded to corral some by selling Liberty bonds in a Boston store. Patricia Collinge, playing the title role in *Pollyanna*, helped her.

J. E. Spingarn, a Major in the United States Army now, wrote a book called *Creative Criticism*, published by Henry Holt & Co., and started a row. Spingarn says a lot of stuff must be thrown overboard. "Sophistry!" yelled William Archer. "Most interesting," said Galsworthy. "An honest critic, Spingarn the American," Eden Phillpotts rejoined. The division of opinion seems about as pronounced in this country.

Capt. R. Hugh Knwett, who died in New York on April 15, two days after the publication of his book, *Over There With the Australians*, was at the outbreak of the war a pearl fisher in Australia. He had been graduated from Sydney University and had lectured on psychology, but an outdoor life appealed to him more. He enlisted as a private, was trained as a scout in Egypt, served at Gallipoli, and then on the western front as an intelligence officer. It was while scouting behind the German second line that he was severely wounded. He dragged himself 800 yards back to the allied lines. Invalided to Australia, a nerve was grafted in his leg. He came to America to recuperate, thinking to get back into service. Meanwhile he lectured and wrote his book. Although constantly growing weaker he kept at work, often rising from his bed an hour before the time set for a lecture.

Mrs. Caroline King of Philadelphia, author of *Caroline King's Cook Book*, is now a dietitian with the American forces in France.

Baroness Orczy's new novel is called *Lord Tony's Wife* and the Scarlet Pimpernel of her earlier story reappears in it. It's an adventure story of France and England and the heroine is a French

girl who, with her father, an old aristocrat, has been exiled by the revolutionaries.

James Hay, Jr., author of *Mrs. Marden's Ordeal*, a Little, Brown & Co. book, used to be a Washington reporter and "covered" William H. Taft when he ran for the Presidency in 1908. His first novel was *The Man Who Forgot*, published three years ago. He now lives in Asheville, N. C., sleeps out of doors the year round, believes Woodrow Wilson is the greatest President the country ever had and studies psychology for recreation. He is at work on a novel to be called *Her Great God*, with scenes laid in North Carolina and Washington; time, the present. *Mrs. Marden's Ordeal* is a murder mystery story.

The handsomest paper jacket on a new book is the maxfieldparrishy mountain on the wrapper of Michael Williams's *The Book of the High Romance*; the most enticing cover is the blue one with a "want ad" on it which encloses *Suspense*, a mystery story, by Isabel Ostrander.

Agnes Ethel Conway's *A Ride Through the Balkans* contains amusing stories of the experiences of two women in the summer of 1914. At Athens they saw a celebration in the stadium on a national holiday of the victory of Samothrace. King Tinos was present and an important feature was dancing—by Loie Fuller!

The Education of Henry Adams was privately printed some years ago. A number of people have raved about it ever since. It is "the history of a mind, with notice of some friendships and of various national episodes." Adams was private secretary to his father, our civil war Minister to England. He was a friend of John Hay and travelled about with John La Farge. His book is now to be republished and this time by the Houghton Mifflin Company. It will be ready next fall.

After camping out for thirty years in all weathers and hiking everywhere and inventing some tents and a pack besides editing *Field and Stream* the while, or part of it, Warren H. Miller decided to write a book to be called *Camping Out* and George H. Doran decided to publish it. Mr. Miller tells all, and an abstract of his revelations has reached us from Mr. Doran on one of the famous Pink Slips.

The Fleming H. Revell Company has just published a short collection of hymns compiled by Dr. W. P. Merrill, pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York, and Clarence Dickinson, the church's organist.

Dr. Bruce Kinney is the author of a new book on *Frontier Missionary Problems* dealing with home missions in North America.

Instead of taking a leaf out of Benjamin Franklin's life, Christopher Morley has taken a leaf out of Franklin's writings for his new book, *Shandygaff*; that is to say, Morley was struck by the personality that Franklin and other old-timers got into their title pages and decided to let a little Christopher Morley into his own title page, with what success the world may now judge.

Harper & Brothers are publishing the new Montague Glass book, *Worrying Won't Win*.

Almost every publishing house put out long ago one or two or three or seven-in-the-trenches sort; it was, therefore, a severe shock to realize that *Ambulance 464*, by Julien H. Bryan, is the first volume of the kind that the Macmillan Company has published, with the possible exception of *Attack*, by Edward G. D. Living, published two weeks earlier. Bryan was a 17-year-old, who kept a diary and is now a Princeton freshman. For Living's simple narrative of the assault on Gommecourt at the beginning of the Battle of the Somme, July 1, 1916, John Masefield writes an introduction with words that raise considerable expectations in the reader.

Joseph Husband's *The Story of the Pullman Car* has just been published. It ought to be full of picturesque stuff. If at the close, after long drawn suspense, it

reveals the secret of the car names we shall have to consider describing it as a mystery story.

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