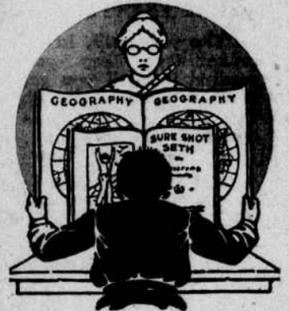


I. COBB, DEFENDER OF DIME NOVELS BELOVED OF BOYS

A PLEA FOR OLD CAP COLLIER. By Irvin S. Cobb. George H. Doran Company.

WHO would have thought that Irvin S. Cobb would ever close a book of his with a bibliography? Sounds like a slender, but there you are, beginning on page 51. Title and author given in full, just as in a Solemn Scientific Study of the Secondary Scintillations of the Solar System: Full bibliography and notes.

But Cobb is dead serious. This little book is written in a glow of crusading fervor. No Dickens out to down Do-theboys Hall ever struck a manlier blow for the oppressed lads of whom Cobb was, and always will be one or more.



His argument is that "dime novels," which really cost five cents, were more reasonable than much of the "improving" prose and verse in school readers and other prescribed books for the young.

He points out the absurdities in such poems as "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck." He even fires a few choice volleys at Scott's "Young Lochinvar" and Longfellow's "Excelsior."

Some points in the indictment wouldn't stand cross-examination. But who could be cross with Cobb? His main idea is quite in harmony with a good deal of the teaching in modern books of boy psychology.

Which brings us to the great thought that follows the reading of this painless volume—or rather two great thoughts. First, we want to read—and study nights—Cobb's Psychology, yet unwritten; and, second, we call for the inauguration of a series of Cobb's Dime Novels (at five cents) as thrilling as this master of plain and fancy language makes us believe the books in his bibliography must have been.

Coyote outlaw and his pack

THE YELLOW HORDE. By Hal G. Everts. Little, Brown & Co.

THERE is no animal which is as close to man as the dog, and the dog's wilder relatives are almost equally interesting because they lead a life which appeals to the savage in us. Civilization often seems more bother than it is worth, and so we like to read about outlaws. The cunning coyote is the outlaw par excellence among wild animals, and so it is a pleasure to have a story about these sly marauders written by a man who knows his subject.

Fate made him an Egyptologist

GALUSHA THE MAGNIFICENT. By Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton & Co.

THIS is "Joe" Lincoln at his genial best; an excellent plot with enough of novelty in its incident and cleverness in its handling to lift it out of the ordinary rut, treated with wholesome, warmly human humor and a sympathetic understanding of real folks. It is located on Cape Cod of course. It has its full measure of eccentricities, but they are none of them the least bit overdone or caricatured. The even accepts Miss Primrose Cash—"Primie"—as a possible human creature, although she touches the edges of burlesque, as a specimen of the primitive native. Galusha himself is an importation, not indigenous to the Cape, although he is a relative of the mighty Cabots of Boston.

These haughty relatives intended the young Galusha to be a banker, but fate and his own inherent repugnance to high finance, or any kind of business, made him an Egyptologist. He is the typical archaeologist; shabby in dress, absent minded, generally snuffy in looks, but beneath this professional exterior is a shrewd, kindly, warm hearted man; rather, a fine gentleman.



REVIEWS OF NEW FICTION

Hamsun's most poetic work

PAN. By Knut Hamsun. Alfred A. Knopf.

THERE was a stone outside my hut, a tall, gray stone. It looked as if it had a sort of friendly feeling toward me; as if it noticed me when I came by and knew me again. I liked to go round that way past the stone when I went out in the morning; it was like leaving a good friend there who I knew would be still waiting for me when I came back.

And there came a storm, the south-westerly gale; a play for me to stand and watch. All things in a seething mist. Earth and sky mingled together; the sea flung up into fantastic, dancing figures of men and horses and fluttering banners on the air. I stood in the shelter of an overhanging rock, thinking many things; my soul was tense. Heaven knows, I thought to myself, what it is I am watching here and why the sea should open before my eyes. Maybe I am seeing now the inner brain of earth, how things are at work there, boiling and foaming. Aesop was restless; now and again he would throw up his muzzle and sniff in a troubled way, with legs quivering uneasily. When I took no notice he lay down between my feet and stared out to sea as I was doing. And never a cry, never a word of human voice to be heard anywhere—nothing; only the heavy rush of the wind about my head. There was a reef of rocks far out, lying all apart. When the sea raged up over it the water towered like a crazy screw; nay, like a sea god rising wet in the air and snorting, till hair and beard stood out like a wheel about his head. Then he plunged down into the breakers once more.

Here is a great work of literature. No one quotation can demonstrate its power as a whole, yet on almost every page is the fingerprint of genius. Seldom does a writer of prose attain

so near the intensity of the poet, the spear thrust of inevitable utterance.

If there were nothing in the book save its expression of the unity between man and nature it would be great. But on a first reading one scarcely realizes the proportions of the human drama. The author explains nothing, gives no analysis of psychology, makes no pleas. He simply chronicles.

Written in the manner and method of Henry James, for example, this might be a three volume novel—as one might make indefinite expansions of Shakespeare's plays.

Glahn is a solitary creature who fails to find happy relationship with other human beings. Mr. Bjorkman in his introduction holds that Hamsun is always more or less preoccupied with the idea of the evil effects of the city. No doubt the land is a passion with him; but whatever may be said of his other books this one scarcely sets men and women in opposition to nature. In fact, it might be argued that "Pan" was a demonstration of the danger of living alone! But we shall make no such argument.

A point that should be emphasized is that even this record of a tragic life is full of expressions of joy. Glahn is not a perverse cherisher of melancholy. Nor does Hamsun use him to express a depressing philosophy of life. He leaves rather the sense of general beauty, shadowed here and there by misfortune. These are characteristic words:

"Thanks, my God, for every heather bloom I have ever seen."

"The monotonous breathing and the familiar trees and stones mean much to me. I am filled with a strange thankfulness; everything seems well disposed toward me, mingles with my being. I love it all. I pick up a little dry twig and hold it in my hand and sit looking at it and think my own thoughts. The twig is almost rotten, its poor bark touches me, pity fills my heart. And when I get up again I do not throw the twig far away, but lay it down and stand looking at it. At last I look at it once more with wet eyes before I go away and leave it there."

Dramas grew from our own soil

THE PROVINCETOWN PLAYS. Edited by George Cram Cook and Frank Shay. The Stewart Kidd Company, Cincinnati.

Reviewed by LAWRENCE REAMER. PROVINCETOWN has two companies of actors this summer.

Will its fertility as a source of drama be doubted? Certainly the Provincetown actors who began their work on Cape Cod and then transferred its winter phases to MacDougal street created a distinct school of drama in the American theatre. They did more in creating, or rather bringing to light, one of the promising playwrights of the day in Eugene O'Neill. But it is rather as the founders of a particular school that they deserve praise.

Their efforts in putting dramas of various kinds before the public have met with the mutable success which is the fate of all human enterprise. Sometimes the directors of the Provincetown Players have found complete success, as in the case of O'Neill's "Emperor Jones." At other times they have had to share the failure which is destined to be the lot of all artistic enterprise at one time or another.

But they have accomplished one definite purpose. They have formed a Little Theatre repertoire which was one of the needs of this fruitful branch of the American drama. Not all of their plays have been confined even to this public.

"Emperor Jones" and "Different" held the stage of a commercial theatre last winter. "Bound East to Cardiff" has been the third of the O'Neill plays to meet with widespread success, greater even than "In the Zone," which, after an experience in vaudeville here, is just now a part of a successful one act programme in a London theatre.

But as the creators of a valuable repertoire for the Little Theatre movement the Provincetown Players have put their best foot forward.

Some of their most successful plays

have been collected in "The Provincetown Plays." Ten examples of their repertoire are together accessible in this single volume, although some of them have previously been published separately.

"Suppressed Desires," by Mr. Cook and Susan Glaspell, is one of the most popular of the products of the Provincetown genius. Not only is it frequently played in the Little Theatre repertoire, but the amateurs have appropriated it, while last year it was for almost a season a curtain raiser to "Emperor Jones." Such widespread popularity is almost enough to demonstrate that its Provincetown qualities may not be deep seated. It is, however, a diverting specimen of the comedy that may dwell in psychoanalysis.

The powerful bit of irony, "Cocaine," by Pendleton Kink, appears with its most radical line omitted from the printed play. It was sufficiently raw in the spoken performance to be gratefully missed. The play has a strong tang of the gutter that makes an undeniable impression, just as any exudence from such a source is certain to do. But there are other tings that stir the air as strongly and are yet free from the miasma of the dialogue between the street walker and her M. Alphonse. An example of this kind of power may be found in O'Neill's "Bound East for Cardiff," which is a genuinely poignant study of a momentary tragedy, redolent of the salt and free air of the sea.

In the volume are Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo," with its felicitous phraseology and graceful imagination to recommend it rather than any dramatic effectiveness in the presentation of its theme; "The Widow's Veil," by Alice Rossetter; "Night," by James Oppenheim; "String of the Samisens," by Rita Wellman; "Not Smart," by Wilbur D. Steele; "The Angel Intruder," by Floyd Dell, and "Enemies," by Hutchins Haggood and Neith Boyce.

This professor was a mine-finder

DESERT VALLEY. By Jackson Gregory. Charles Scribner's Sons.

WESTERN novels are inclined to sneer at the effete Easterner. In this story Mr. Gregory uses the well known reverse English. His main hero is a college professor. He is pictured as of the absent minded type. All his life he has been devoted to theory. His friends are dismayed when he makes



Jackson Gregory.

up his mind to seek his fortune. He is convinced that his academic knowledge of geology will give him a better chance than prospectors who have learned only by experience. So he starts for the wild and woolly, accompanied by his fair daughter. She feels that he needs a guardian. This feeling is justified when he is cheated out of the first mine he discovers. Most of his friends believe that this discovery was a happy accident.

The professor assures them that he can repeat the feat. When he discovers a better mine he turns the tables on those who first cheated him in a very clever way. Of course, this interesting story of the desert has a thread of love and rivalry running through it.

The Century Company will resume publication, beginning with the October number, of the *Centurion*, the little illustrated monthly magazine dealing with authors and their works which it formerly published. On account of shortage of paper during the war the *Centurion* was discontinued. It is sent regularly without charge to any one requesting it.

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Your shelf of golf books lacks the nineteenth hole without this. \$3.00. E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 5th Av., N. Y.

Leave it to the secret service

THE MORETON MYSTERY. By Elizabeth DeJeans. Bobbs Merrill.

Reviewed by VIVIAN RADCLIFFE. MORETON ran his eye over the company, then slowly rose, his glass held high.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said incisively, "to the cause of the Allies—to America! To the complete vanquishing of her foe and the annihilation of autocracy, however long it takes—to Democracy!" And that night Moreton, who was furnishing money for testing and developing certain explosives, and who had a big idea for promoting the efficiency of our Secret Service and was using all the influence he possessed to get more severe laws passed against spies, was murdered.

Yes, it is a story in which the war and Germany play some part. But even those who are tired of war stories need not hesitate to read this book. The war is but the cause of the murder—the unravelling of the mystery of the person or persons who committed the crime and the revelations of character constitute the true theme.

Get the Secret Service and the Department of Justice on the case and developments will be exciting. Have a lawyer as the staunch friend of Nikola Allen, ward of Moreton, and regarded by him as his beloved daughter, and an extremely highbred chauffeur in love with her, and complications are bound to result—also bound to be solved in a book!

Too, Moreton's will must be carried out, and the part about Nixie bears greatly upon the solution of the story: "To my ward, known as Nikola Allen, and regarded by me as my beloved daughter, I give, devise and bequeath all the rest and residue of my property, real, personal and mixed, with the request that her husband, should she marry, shall take the name of Moreton and be known by that name, and that her children, should she have issue, shall bear the name of Moreton."

And you will not only love Nikola but you will admire the chauffeur, Holt, who loves her with a big and true love, and who to protect her name endeavors to throw suspicion upon himself by disappearing after the murder. He is a fine chap, you know, inviolable home after service in the Canadian army, going back as soon as they will take him, but in the meantime he will give fiery talks to the crowds.

And Nixie? She loves Moreton, and she loves Holt and she is very fond of the lawyer Parker, but she needs must do things which hurt each of

them, because the Secret Service is in charge of the solution of the murder.

If you can guess the answer before the last few pages of the book you are a better man at mysteries than we are.

How the animals live together

LIGHTFOOT THE DEER. By Thornton W. Burgess. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

WITH nearly three dozen children's books to his credit, Mr. Burgess begins in this volume a new set—the "Green Forest Series." The plan is to make some animal the hero of each book. The author's loyal readers need not fear that they will lose any of their old friends of other tales. For if the adventures and the centering of interest are varied, the inhabitants of this outdoor world are the familiar figures of other tales. Peter Rabbit, Sammy Jay and Paddy the Beaver come and go, seeking food or fun, or to warn each other of danger. Even the very winds of heaven are alive. When the deer is pursued everything helps him.

"A merry Little Breeze came stealing through the Green Forest. It

came from behind Lightfoot and danced on toward the hunter with the terrible gun. Instantly Lightfoot began to steal softly away through the Green Forest. He took the greatest care to make no sound. He went in a half circle, stopping every few steps to listen and test the air with his wonderful nose. Can you guess what Lightfoot was trying to do? He was trying to get behind the hunter so that the Merry Little Breezes would bring to him the dreaded man-scent."

No the deer plays hide and seek with the hunter, and happily he wins. Also he wins Daintyfoot, and there is a new home in the forest.

Harrison Cady shows exactly how all the wood people look and the style of clothes they wear, even to the colors.

If Mr. Burgess doesn't change his mind the next volume in this series will be about Blacky the Crow.

Master and man become partners

WHAT NEXT? By Denis Macchall. Houghton, Mifflin Company.

The author of this story is born to the purple of British aristocracy. He has taken pains to assure the reviewer of that fact in a sheet which accompanies the book. It was not necessary, as the book shows familiarity with all the life of high society. Like Mr. Felham G. Wodehouse, he is able to portray servants as individual types. Like Sir James Barris, he portrays a servant who is more efficient than his master. When the hero finds that the fortune which he is supposed to inherit has evaporated the butler proposes a partnership. They turn their hands to everything. All their ventures meet with a success as startling as those of the Ponderosos in H. G. Wells's Tono-Bungay. Although the situations are rather fantastic they are saved by a dialogue which sparkles like Sheridan's comedies.

Life intrudes on the scenario

THE CLUE OF THE PRIMROSE PETAL. By Harvey Wickham. Edward J. Clode.

"The Clue of the Primrose Petal" is a novel which is designed to please those readers who are devotees of the silent drama. It is concerned with the vicissitudes of a company which is engaged in manufacturing films. Needless to say, while they are preparing romance for the screens emotions of various kinds affect the producers, until life itself furnishes a plot more dramatic, thrilling and bizarre than the scenario they are working out. A murder is committed and McClue, the great detective, is called in. Suspense is carefully worked up, and although very early in the story the reader is able to detect the real criminals, the author soars to heights of melodrama and in the final chapter, he discloses the fact that aside from murder and robbery, his villains have been engaged in the drug traffic. The story ends with a close up of the hero and heroine in each other's arms.

Just before sailing in late July with his family for a long visit to Holland, his native land, Edward Bok completed the arrangements for the publication of his autobiography, "The Americanization of Edward Bok," in a popular edition. This will be only slightly different in form from the original edition, but the price will be greatly reduced.

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HALF LOAVES Margaret Culkin Banning

"One of the few late novels to read a second time."—New York Times. "Everything a fine novel should have."—Duluth Tribune. "Fidelity, sincerity, genuine worth."—Boston Transcript. \$1.90

SNOW OVER ELDEN Thomas Moulton

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THE HOUSE IN DORMER FOREST Mary Webb

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