

A History of the Victorians  
Written by Themselves

### MR. PUNCH'S HISTORY OF MODERN ENGLAND

In Four Volumes

A chronicle of life in England drawn in its essentials from the Pages of the world-famous Punch, and illustrated with over 500 pictures by Punch artists.

An requests for the First Edition will be filled in order of their receipt, we suggest that you mail your order to your bookseller, if convenient at once. Order by set only. Volumes I and II will be sent you at once. Volumes III and IV next Spring. Remit for the entire set with order, or for two volumes now (\$10) and for two in the Spring (\$10).

### A CHILD OF THE ALPS

By MARGARET SYMONDS

The daughter of the famous historian and critic, John Addington Symonds, writes this fascinating romance of the Alps and of Italy. She pictures skillfully the intense power of environment over certain natures, centering the interest in a beautiful and beauty-loving heroine. \$1.50.

### OLD PLANTATION DAYS

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

"The author is without a rival in his chosen field. His stories are redolent of the soil, of the pine forests and cypress swamps of the Santee country, of the woodlands and rice fields of the South Carolina coast."—N. Y. Times, Illustrated. \$2.50.

F. A. STOKES COMPANY

443 Fourth Ave. New York



### QUILL'S WINDOW

George Barr McCutcheon

At Bookstores. \$2.00

Dodd, Mead & Company

Publishers New York



### THE SNOWSHOE TRAIL

By EDISON MARSHALL

"Curwood, Bindloss and others have written good adventure stories with northern settings, but these men will have to begin looking after their laurels, for Edison Marshall has entered their field and expects to remain. Marshall knows his territory thoroughly. He knows the trees, animals, and his characters are true to life. 'The Snowshoe Trail' has strong situations—rapid fire adventures and an appealing love interest."—New York Herald.

\$1.50 wherever books are sold.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

Publishers, Boston

He dared her—  
She did it!

### THE BOOK OF JACK LONDON

By CHARMIAN LONDON

HERE is Jack as he was, with nothing glossed over, as his proud honesty would wish that the story of his life be presented. He said no one knew him as his wife did, but believed she would not dare write him down as he was. She has. (In two royal octavo volumes. Illustrated. Price \$10.00. Published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Ave., New York City.)



## THE NEW FICTION

### Art and Business Were Rivals

GOLD SHOD. By Newton Fuesels. Boni & Liveright.

"HERE'S no limit," scoffed the Blasphemer, "to what wives want. When they have everything obtainable, then they fix their minds on the unobtainable—bottomless vats of acquiescence."

"Wives," Fielding said, "are of course primarily conservative."

"Wives," snarled the Blasphemer, "are primarily pigs!"

The Blasphemer, the only real man friend Fielding ever had, understood his ambitions, his double life of daily business grind and hours of nightly longing for self-expression through one of the arts. His ideas closely wove with those of Anton, Fielding's grandfather. Anton had been a musician before he became a doctor to support a wife in the manner to which she was used. Ames, Fielding's father, had hoped to be a professor of literature and had died early in life, longing for hours with his beloved books instead of bending over a desk in the office of the Elyria Lounge Works; but a mother and wife of the ambitious-for-their-men type had placed him there.

Anton's words to the boy Fielding had made too little impression upon him. "Life isn't going to be easy for you. Don't let women manage you. They don't understand it." Yet these words foretold the future of the child, who seemed to hold in his three-year-old body all the longings of both his father and grandfather. Both those men died and Fielding was at the mercy of an ambitious mother. Women came and went in his life, bringing him some little relaxation, some little comfort after the days of striving in a hateful office.

In the early days at the shoe manufacturing concern Fielding met the Blasphemer. To him he confided his ambition to write. In response to Fielding's confident statement that he would write when he was ready for it the Blasphemer replied: "Rot! Dear boy, I've heard that statement before. But they never do it. They grow fat and contented. They marry and breed yowling brats. They go to church on Sundays, mow the lawn, sprinkle the garden, join a lodge, pay their taxes, read the Literary Digest and imagine themselves to be getting on. Write? Good heavens! they can't even write a letter. Take heed. Don't put your soul on a shelf with a lot of shoe boxes and kid yourself that some day you're going to take it down and burnish it up." And when later Fielding is married, the successful official of a promising motor corporation, the Blasphemer condemns the man even though he is unhappy in his work, and to Fielding's wife he says: "I want plenty of smoke, plenty of production, plenty of jobs. I'd just as soon have the world flooded with merchandise, more of it all the time, and getting cheaper all the time. But I want to see the stuff produced by fatheads who can't do anything else. I hate to see Fielding driven to it by this craze for power, and, if you will pardon me, by an ambitious wife."

Then in New York, his son and wife mentally and physically separated from him, wrapped up night and day in his demanding work, after the successful organization of the biggest enterprise in which he had yet found himself, Fielding "came to realize that it was not his own will that had driven him to it. Rather it was a peculiar fascination to see how far he could go with this idea, a curiosity to find out how much power he could really exert."

A specialist ordered him to indulge in the pastimes he loved, to take time for reading, writing, theatres, music. And Fielding, with his family out of the city, sought a tiny apartment, and in the simplicity of its furnishings found the peace which his magnificent house could not give his soul. And he tried to write in the night hours after the days of business strife. He began to realize that "after dusk he was a different man, engaged with different thoughts, reacting entirely differently to life. He had embarked upon two different lives—the one known and approved by the world in which he lived and the other a secret. Only the Blasphemer knew of Fielding's divided life."

"I'm after two things," Fielding had written him. "But instead of hating one of my activities and enjoying the other I propose to enjoy them both. I feel that I am making definite headway each day in both directions. The one effort feeds the other. They seem to balance each other. I too shall write. You will hear from me." "You poor fish!" roared the Blasphemer in reply. "Either you'll be a good business man," he went on, "and a vile artist, or you'll be a decent artist and a rotten man of affairs. Do you think you can serve two masters? . . . You've kept your soul in a forgotten bin in the stock room. You've let it get covered with cobwebs. You've let it rot." "What the hell do you know about my soul? I'm not done. You watch my smoke!" was Fielding's reply. "You poor hybrid. You're the product of two separate and distinct species. So you're sterile. You were raised on a soil that nourishes factories and starves artists. In Europe you'd have been a genius. In America you had to sell goods, manufacture goods, export goods. And you've been ruled by women in whose eyes you could shine only by making money for them. You're not to blame; you're just the victim. Why, if I had had even a spark of your gift for business the women in my life would have done the same for me. And because they didn't have the material to work on I'm nothing. No, I'm not being sorry for myself; I've at least made my try.

But you—they didn't even let you open your mouth. And now it's too late."

To the suggestion of one of the artistic women in whom Fielding interested himself that "there is no end to artists who would give body and soul for even a very little boon. Help some of them," he replies:

"Yes, I have at least that comfort to look forward to." Fielding's tone was bitter. "A patron of art, a collector of books and pictures, a backer of musicians and plays and publishers—yes, I can still do that. I can endow a few libraries and present a few statues to needy parks. I can sign my name to checks if not to poems. All I can do is line up with the other philanthropic fatheads who have served Mammon and served him well!"

At the height of his glory—business glory—Fielding interviewed a young sculptor to whom before the war he had promised a commission to do a bronze for the public library. The young artist keeps him from a directors' meeting, submitting a sketch of a "heroic figure at a desk. An idealized conception of a modern business executive."

"Fielding shook his head. . . . 'Make your figure an artist of some

story, is a witness to the alteration. He decides to show the humble story, what a master mind can do. 'Let me handle her!' says Hilmer quietly. Striding toward the unruly female, he cries, 'Get out! Understand?' Perceiving the utter folly of arguing with big business, she blubbers, 'I'm a poor, lone widder woman,' casts a look at him, 'half despair and half admiration' (the italics are ours) and departs.

Hilmer laughs as though he had accomplished nothing at all and returns nonchalantly to the living room. Ah! if we only knew how to be masterful like that.

\*\*\*

### ALL ABOUT PARADISE.

In Paradise there was a tree— Angel, sing merrily.

Got wot, and there were he and she— Demon, sing merrily.

To do this much and hot that more, Without that more they wandered free;

So runs the burden of this lore. In Paradise there was a tree.

In Paradise there was a tree— Infant, sing merrily.

Helgh-ho for us and all to be— Old man, sing merrily.

While sinning least or sinning more, It is enough for thee and me To sing as all have sung before.

In Paradise there was a tree. —From "Christopher," a play by Lionel Joseph, a San Francisco bard.

In San Francisco there's a pote— (Muses, sing merrily).

A touching play he went and wrote— (Reader, read merrily).

Precisely what the volume means I know not, though I did devote An evening wrestling with its scenes, Including that from which I quote.

In Frisco dwells a warbling guy— (Time to "sing merrily").

Whose passion is to verify— (Hear him sing merrily!)

I don't know what he's driving at, Or what he's carolling, or why; I only know, dear reader, that In Frisco there's a warbling guy!

\*\*\*

### A Wedding Over the Wire

MARRIED? By Marjorie Benton Cooke. Doubleday, Page & Co.

WOULD you, we ask, no matter how much excitement you loved, and how much valuable property was entailed in the transaction, marry a young man over long distance telephone, when you only had your lawyer's word that he was a good fellow and you could have the marriage annulled at a later date—would you do that without even having had the pleasure of meeting your husband to say even a most formal How do you do?

There are three rivals for the Santa Rosa ranch—the grandparents of Marcia Livingston and Dennis Shawn and the East and West Railroad. It is to keep the property from the railroad that the proxy marriage takes place.

Dennis is out on the ranch as foreman. He has the usual labor troubles, which result from the antagonism he has roused in the Spaniards. Then a Mexican half-breed, Kate, saves Dennis by telling him the plot her father and other workers have made. Dennis in turn is forced to protect her. Kate loves him and is jealous to the point of hatred.

In the meantime the owner of the Santa Rosa ranch is dying and will sell the ranch only to Marcia in person. To save the ranch for the Livingston estate Dennis gains the old Spanish woman's consent to sell the ranch to him if he becomes Marcia's husband. And so the long distance marriage takes place.

But Marcia was not dealing with a spineless creature, and though she had taken a great dislike to Dennis because of her lawyer's deep admiration for the young man she finds that she has quite a little excitement and trouble on her hands when Dennis appears at her home in New York.

Legal complications arise and the lawyer suggests to Marcia: "It would be wiser, if not absolutely necessary, for you and Dennis Shawn at least to simulate marriage until after the case comes to trial."

Then imagine this little scene: Marcia—"I suppose you would en-

### Stake Your World All on One Woman

COBWEB. By George Agnew Chamberlain. Harper & Brothers.

Do you like those delightfully light and beautiful stories which have the reality of life interwoven through their structure? Stories which have just enough philosophy of life to explain the varying moods of man and woman? This is one of that kind.

In this book a real father fulfils his duties in the highest sense and leaves the reader loving every page on which his name is even mentioned. Here two opposite types of women and their men work out their problems, and make the reader work them out, too. Do you like such a "clean" book that it may always lie on the living room table and the children may read it as soon as they are old enough to understand print? Then you have it in "Cobweb."

It will fit your every mood; it will hold you like chains until you have finished, and then you will urge the rest of the family to read it, promising yourself that when they have finished you will read it again. And you will. There is an intangible something about the book which will make you.

The first time Rittenhouse Bourne saw Alloway was in a hotel elevator. He was in a brown study and noticed nothing until the operator said, "Your floor, Mr. Bourne, unless you wish to ride to the roof, sir." After alighting Bourne wished he had ridden to the roof, for the girl in the elevator had caught his imagination and held him, all because of "a single great tear" which "had squeezed over the tender barrier that opposed it, raced slow, then fast down the oval of her cheek and leaped to destruction. . . . It was a rogue tear, broken away from the herd, complete in itself and busy with an individual mission."

And Rittenhouse, the world-wide traveller, was enamored in her web. The next time he saw her—oh, but we must not tell you the story! You would never forgive us. And our duty is to lead you to the kind of book you would like and allow you to wander alone in the world of its making.

But just spare us a moment more. Don't you like old Bourne? When Ritt comes to tell him of his love for this girl the old father says: "To put your mind at rest I'll tell you now, out of faith in what I've tried to make of you, that whatever you ask I'll give, and give freely. If that proves to be a mistake, why let it fall on both our heads. You are my son." Then in their talk of plans the old father goes on:

"To-morrow, after the visit to the office, you shall bring her here to your mother's rooms. They are just as she left them, except that last spring I had fresh chintzes put in her sitting room—the dearest, brightest room in the house. . . . I hate half givers. Either your girl is everything that you say or we all go down in a single great wreck. To-morrow she becomes the mistress of this house, of all its traditions and memories. She can make of it a plaything or a shrine, but you and I, we have cast our die. It's a great thing, Ritt, it always has been a great thing, to gamble your whole world on the turn of a woman."

Forgive us for telling you that much of the story, but, now really, don't you think you are going to love old Bourne? We know you will love the others, too. You can't help it. They are real people, and when we see into the hearts and souls of real people we always love them.

VIVIAN RADCLIFFE.

### The Book Factory

By EDWARD ANTHONY. A ROLLICKING YARN.

("Real Life," by Henry Kitchell Webster.)

One Leda Swan, a movie queen Adventurous and gay,

Wearies of camera and screen And sallies forth one day

To taste reality, of which She's seen no jot or tittle

'Cause Mother Swan, obese and rich, Believes she is too little.

But Leda, who is twenty, thinks It's time she tasted life

And saw the world and met some ginks

Who might desire a wife.

"No prisoner in a gilded cage Do I intend to be!"

Cries Leda: "Am I not of age? Hurray for liberty!"

Ah! kindly fates, ah! sweet romance! She hardly makes a start

When fortune offers her a chance To win a feller's heart

By saving him from certain death In good old movie fashion.

No wonder that (though out of breath)

The lad declares his passion.

All kinds of things occur—the plot Contains some auto chases.

A journey in a stolen yacht And similar disgraces.

Our hero proves a fiddler great (A Russian or a Turk)

Yet Leda—such is human fate!— Knows nothing of his work.

Nor has he heard of Leda, though Her films are known all over

The universe from Mexico Unto the Straits of Dover.

Whether this ruins their love affair I cannot tell you truly.

I only know their kisses bear No fruit; she leaves him coolly.

Oh, why should honest wooing pause And loving hearts renig?

Perhaps it happens here because Our hero wears a wig!

Old Henry Kitchell Webster has Been kidding us I'm thinking

With this diverting piece of jazz. There! see him slyly winking!

\*\*\*

### WHEN THE SHORT STORY WRITER TURNS NOVELIST

We are beginning to think that the short story writer should stick to his first love and keep away from the novel. Fannie Hurst, several of whose short stories we admire, made a mess of her first novel "Star Dust" (which really ought to be called "Saw Dust"). And now comes Charles Caldwell Doble, also an able short story writer, with "Broken to the Plow."

Doble's new book is really not a novel. This tale of an insurance clerk who comes to the conclusion that he has been a mediocrity too long and decides to do something about it, is really a short story, with philosophical interludes and lessons in psychology for the benefit of those who don't happen to understand why the characters do what they do.

There is a scene in "Broken to the Plow" that slaves of their servants are sure to like. Starratt, the lowly insurance clerk, is ordering an obstreperous kitchen problem to leave his house. "Will you be good enough to leave!" he commands. In reply the discharged female thrusts a red-knuckled fist into his face and shouts, "Not much I won't!"

Hilmer, the big business man of the

### Stake Your World All on One Woman

COBWEB. By George Agnew Chamberlain. Harper & Brothers.

Do you like those delightfully light and beautiful stories which have the reality of life interwoven through their structure? Stories which have just enough philosophy of life to explain the varying moods of man and woman? This is one of that kind.

In this book a real father fulfils his duties in the highest sense and leaves the reader loving every page on which his name is even mentioned. Here two opposite types of women and their men work out their problems, and make the reader work them out, too. Do you like such a "clean" book that it may always lie on the living room table and the children may read it as soon as they are old enough to understand print? Then you have it in "Cobweb."

It will fit your every mood; it will hold you like chains until you have finished, and then you will urge the rest of the family to read it, promising yourself that when they have finished you will read it again. And you will. There is an intangible something about the book which will make you.

The first time Rittenhouse Bourne saw Alloway was in a hotel elevator. He was in a brown study and noticed nothing until the operator said, "Your floor, Mr. Bourne, unless you wish to ride to the roof, sir." After alighting Bourne wished he had ridden to the roof, for the girl in the elevator had caught his imagination and held him, all because of "a single great tear" which "had squeezed over the tender barrier that opposed it, raced slow, then fast down the oval of her cheek and leaped to destruction. . . . It was a rogue tear, broken away from the herd, complete in itself and busy with an individual mission."

And Rittenhouse, the world-wide traveller, was enamored in her web. The next time he saw her—oh, but we must not tell you the story! You would never forgive us. And our duty is to lead you to the kind of book you would like and allow you to wander alone in the world of its making.

But just spare us a moment more. Don't you like old Bourne? When Ritt comes to tell him of his love for this girl the old father says: "To put your mind at rest I'll tell you now, out of faith in what I've tried to make of you, that whatever you ask I'll give, and give freely. If that proves to be a mistake, why let it fall on both our heads. You are my son." Then in their talk of plans the old father goes on:

"To-morrow, after the visit to the office, you shall bring her here to your mother's rooms. They are just as she left them, except that last spring I had fresh chintzes put in her sitting room—the dearest, brightest room in the house. . . . I hate half givers. Either your girl is everything that you say or we all go down in a single great wreck. To-morrow she becomes the mistress of this house, of all its traditions and memories. She can make of it a plaything or a shrine, but you and I, we have cast our die. It's a great thing, Ritt, it always has been a great thing, to gamble your whole world on the turn of a woman."

Forgive us for telling you that much of the story, but, now really, don't you think you are going to love old Bourne? We know you will love the others, too. You can't help it. They are real people, and when we see into the hearts and souls of real people we always love them.

VIVIAN RADCLIFFE.

### The Book Factory

By EDWARD ANTHONY. A ROLLICKING YARN.

("Real Life," by Henry Kitchell Webster.)

One Leda Swan, a movie queen Adventurous and gay,

Wearies of camera and screen And sallies forth one day

To taste reality, of which She's seen no jot or tittle

'Cause Mother Swan, obese and rich, Believes she is too little.

But Leda, who is twenty, thinks It's time she tasted life

And saw the world and met some ginks

Who might desire a wife.

"No prisoner in a gilded cage Do I intend to be!"

Cries Leda: "Am I not of age? Hurray for liberty!"

Ah! kindly fates, ah! sweet romance! She hardly makes a start

When fortune offers her a chance To win a feller's heart

By saving him from certain death In good old movie fashion.

No wonder that (though out of breath)

The lad declares his passion.

All kinds of things occur—the plot Contains some auto chases.

A journey in a stolen yacht And similar disgraces.

Our hero proves a fiddler great (A Russian or a Turk)

Yet Leda—such is human fate!— Knows nothing of his work.

Nor has he heard of Leda, though Her films are known all over

The universe from Mexico Unto the Straits of Dover.

Whether this ruins their love affair I cannot tell you truly.

I only know their kisses bear No fruit; she leaves him coolly.

Oh, why should honest wooing pause And loving hearts renig?

Perhaps it happens here because Our hero wears a wig!

Old Henry Kitchell Webster has Been kidding us I'm thinking

With this diverting piece of jazz. There! see him slyly winking!

\*\*\*

### WHEN THE SHORT STORY WRITER TURNS NOVELIST

We are beginning to think that the short story writer should stick to his first love and keep away from the novel. Fannie Hurst, several of whose short stories we admire, made a mess of her first novel "Star Dust" (which really ought to be called "Saw Dust"). And now comes Charles Caldwell Doble, also an able short story writer, with "Broken to the Plow."

Doble's new book is really not a novel. This tale of an insurance clerk who comes to the conclusion that he has been a mediocrity too long and decides to do something about it, is really a short story, with philosophical interludes and lessons in psychology for the benefit of those who don't happen to understand why the characters do what they do.

There is a scene in "Broken to the Plow" that slaves of their servants are sure to like. Starratt, the lowly insurance clerk, is ordering an obstreperous kitchen problem to leave his house. "Will you be good enough to leave!" he commands. In reply the discharged female thrusts a red-knuckled fist into his face and shouts, "Not much I won't!"

Hilmer, the big business man of the

**Torchlight**  
By LEONIE AMINOFF  
Of this vivid novel of the French Revolution and the Terror, *The New York Tribune* says: "The vivid, vital, palpitating humanity of every person and every act is so real as almost to seem uncanny. . . . cautiously and advisedly we must regard Mme. Aminoff's work as one of the most convincing and enthralling historical romances of our time—unrivaled for historic truth, romantic charm, red-blooded realism and dramatic power."  
\$2.00 at any book store or from E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 5th Ave., N. Y.

**Blood and Sand**  
the brilliant novel on the sport of bull fighting, by **Blasco Ibanez**  
gives you the background for enjoyment of the play in which Otis Skinner is playing the part of El Gallardo. \$2.15. At any bookstore, or from E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 5th Ave., N. Y.

**BOOKS BOUGHT**  
Entire Libraries or Single Volumes. Highest prices paid. Representative will call. Cash paid and books removed promptly.  
**WOMRATH & PECK, Inc.**  
Formerly Henry Malkin, Inc. 42 Broadway Phone Broad 3006

**"Hugo, Tolstoy, Dickens . . . Cain"**  
"Caine is the surviving member of a school, the founders of which were Dickens, Hugo and Tolstoy."—CHARLES GABRIEL IN THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

**HALL CAINE'S**  
New novel is an unforgettable heart romance which sets the pulses throbbing—

**THE MASTER OF MAN**  
The Story of a Sin

Some say That it Is an Apology for Sin. In a letter to the public giving an interesting viewpoint on life and literature the author has replied to this unjust criticism. A printed copy of this will be mailed to any one who wishes to judge for himself. Others say—"It may make the year memorable."—Chicago Tribune. "It is a great book. The author has put his entire genius into this terrible story."—Philadelphia Public Ledger. "A tragic sweep of the chords of life and love."—Edwin Markham.  
Price, \$1.75. At All Bookstores

**J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY : PHILA.**  
Ask Your Bookseller or the publisher for Complimentary Booklet by Hall Caine—"SCENES AND CHARACTERS"

**Stevenson Would Acclaim This Story**  
**MESSER MARCO POLO**  
By DONN BYRNE  
Author of "The Foolish Matrons," etc.

The love story of young Marco Polo and the daughter of Kublai Khan. An amazing literary achievement of sheer delight. Illustrated. \$1.25

**A Brilliant Novel of Society Smart and Piratical**  
**GIBBETED GOD**