

HISTORY - PARODY

Lads of Old Time For Today's Readers

METIPOM'S HOSTAGE—Being a Narrative of Certain Surprising Adventures Befalling One David Lindall in the First Year of King Philip's War. By Ralph Henry Barbour. Houghton Mifflin Company.

CEDRIC THE FORESTER. By Bernard Marshall. D. Appleton & Co.

Of course the sub-title of "Metipom's Hostage" is description enough and then again nothing we could say about its author, Ralph Henry Barbour, would improve on anything that has been said before. He is well known to many boys through his numerous books published by as many as three or four publishers. This book's hero, David, is a 16-year-old boy who was living not many miles from Boston when the King Philip's War began. A son of Metipom, chief of the Wachosetts, was suspected of having a hand in the burning of a white man's barn and was arrested. In return the Indians captured David, and the chief held

him as a hostage for his son. David escaped, was recaptured, had a number of thrilling adventures, was aided by friendly Indians, found himself in a position to become of great service to the white settlers, and came out on top safe and sound. It has 'thrills aplenty.

Bernard Marshall has written in "Cedric the Forester" what might be termed a capital story for boys, that has for its setting Merrie England in the thirteenth century, the time of Richard Coeur de Lion—when knights were bold and courageous and Robin Hoods roamed the woods. It is a story of a young forester who gallantly rose to rank and the highest honors. It is a tale of chivalry and brave and gallant deeds.

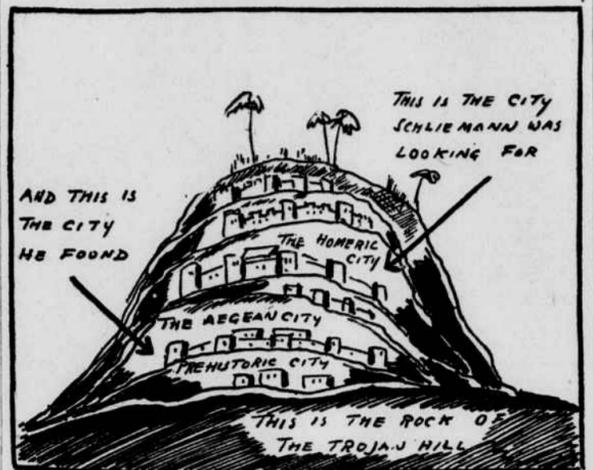
In the book we follow the adventures of Sir Richard of Mountjoy and his young friend Cedric—a freeman of humble birth who commands great skill with the crossbows, and through his wisdom, wit and brain work wins his spurs, and the climax of his career is reached in the part he plays in the drafting of the Magna Charta. The illustrations from drawings by Scott Williams add something to the book's merit. On the whole it is a "good" tale.

Truth Told Like a Fairy Tale

THE STORY OF MANKIND With Illustrations by the author. By Hendrik Van Loon. Bond & Liveright.

ONE of the truest and most original passages any historian ever wrote is this in which Van Loon urges his readers to correct his errors by looking up other authorities: "In the preface to this book I told you that I would not be an infallible guide. . . . As a child I happened to spend most of my waking hours with an uncle who was a great col-

Troy. . . . He decided to gather a fortune first and do the digging afterward. . . . Schliemann, whose enthusiasm was somewhat greater than his knowledge, wasted no time in preliminary explorations. At once he began to dig, and he dug with such zeal and such speed that his trench went straight through the heart of the city for which he was looking and carried him to the ruins of another buried town which was at least a thousand years older than the Troy of which Homer had written." But language is a part of man's life



Dr. Schliemann Found More Troys Than He Went For.

lector of the books written by Montaigne, the great French essayist of the sixteenth century. Because I was born in Rotterdam and educated in the city of Gouda, I ran continually across Erasmus, and for some unknown reason took hold of my intolerant self. Later I discovered Anatole France, and my first experience with the English language came about through an accidental encounter with Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," a story which made more impression upon me than any other book in the English language. . . . I state these few facts deliberately that you may know the personal bias of the man who wrote this history and may understand his point of view. The bibliography at the end of this book, which represents all sorts of opinions and views, will allow you to compare my ideas with those of other people."

as well as old cities, and reclaiming a lost language is an adventure, as it proved in the finding of the famous Rosetta Stone: "Seventeen centuries went by and Egypt remained a land of mystery. But in the year 1798 a French General by the name of Bonaparte happened to visit East Africa to prepare for an attack upon the British Indian colonies. He did not get beyond the Nile, and his campaign was a failure, but quite accidentally the famous French expedition solved the problem of the ancient Egyptian picture language. . . . One day a young French officer . . . found a stone which . . . carried three inscriptions. One of these was in Greek. The Greek language was known. . . . In the year 1802 a French professor by the name of Champollion began to compare the Greek and the Egyptian texts of the famous Rosetta Stone. In the year 1823 he announced that he had discovered the meaning of fourteen little figures. A short time later he died from overwork. . . . To-day the story of the valley of the Nile is better known to us than the story of the Mississippi River."

The end of the author's foreword might serve as a farewell expression of faith in his readers. "History is the mighty tower of experience, which time has built amidst the endless fields of bygone ages. It is no easy task to reach the top of the ancient structure and get the benefit of the full view. There is no elevator, but young feet are strong and it can be done."

Yes, it can be done and it will be done by many more children—and their parents with them—with so wise a hand to guide them as the hand of Hendrik Van Loon.

now, he calls in two distinguished authors to polish off the army. And they do. It is only fair to inform the enthusiast over American history that he needn't look for any of it here, even in the form of caricature. One can't help feeling that a chance for a good deal of fun was missed. But take the book for what it is—a parody on the styles of popular authors of to-day, not on the historians. Most of the victims are novelists, but in some respects the best thing in the book is the introduction in the best all's right with the world manner of William Lyon Phelps. It is a very good manner, dealing largely with the two most recent Presidents. The first he met at the first night of "Peter Pan." "I shall never forget," declares Prof. Phelps (?), "the moment when Peter came to the front of the stage and asked the audience if we believed in fairies. I am happy to say that I was actually the first to respond. Leaping at once out of my seat, I shouted, 'Yes, yes!' To my intense pleasure the whole house almost instantly followed my example, with the exception of one man. This man was sitting directly in front of me. His lack of enthusiasm was to me incredible. I pounded him on the back and shouted, 'Great God, man, are you alive? Wake up! Hurrah for the fairies! Hurrah!' Finally he uttered a rather feeble 'Hurrah!' Childe Roland to the dark tower came." The other President he met on a railroad train.

He Tried 'Em on His Own Boys

MUCH is heard these days of commercialism. Art, dog raising, music, charity, Christmas, religion, medicine, war, oratory, and even poetry, have been placed on a commercial plane. It has remained for Johnny Gruelle, illustrator and writer of children's books, to commercialize bedtime story telling.

He is aided and abetted by Dickie Gruelle, 4, and Worth Gruelle, 9, to say nothing of Mama Gruelle.

When bedtime nears in the Gruelle domicile at Norwalk, Conn., Dickie hops on Johnny's right knee and Worth mounts the left arm of father's chair. Mother Gruelle rolls in the family dictating machine. Thus the scene is set to catch at somewhere

around ten cents apiece the words about to fall from father's lips. "Once upon a time," says father—and the machine begins to buzz.

Next morning a typist drops around, copies off the stories of the night before and turns her sheets over to Father Gruelle. Whereupon he sits around the house all day and draws pictures. Then the publishers fight for the privilege of printing the Gruelle stories and the Gruelle pic-



tures. Truly Mr. Gruelle has a hard life.

The author and illustrator of "Orphan Annie," "Raggedy Ann," "Little Brown Bear," "My Very Own Fairy Tales" and many other popular books for children doesn't write all of his stories in this fashion. But he invariably tries out everything on Dickie and Worth before he sends his work in to the editors. He declares that his two boys are far better judges of what will sell and what won't than even Hewitt Hanson Howland, the editor of the Bobbs-Merrill Company. "The tremendous sale of Gruelle books indicates the soundness of the Gruelle methods."

Gruelle was born in Arcola, Ill., in 1880, the son of an artist. He did newspaper comic work in the Middle West for a number of years and then

came to THE NEW YORK HERALD as the result of winning a prize contest, among 2,500 entries, for a Sunday comic feature. Eventually he turned to the field of magazines and books.

"Orphan Annie," his newest book for children, is based on the stories that James Whitcomb Riley's famous character might have told to the youngsters in her care. It is beautifully illustrated in colors by Mr. Gruelle.

Parson Weems Outdone by Modern Myth Maker

A PARODY OUTLINE OF HISTORY. By Donald Ogden Stewart. George H. Doran Company.

THIS book has one of those old-fashioned economical title pages that uses up all the white paper with supererogatory words and supernumerary type ornaments. The subtitles read thus: "Wherein May Be Found a Curiously Irreverent Treatment of American Historical Events, Imagining Them as They Would Be Narrated by America's Most Characteristic Contemporary Authors, Together with Divers Delightful Droll Drawings Pencilled by Herb Roth, the Whole Forming an Amusing and Satirical Picture of American Letters of To-Day Published in These United States."

Here Draw a Deep Breath.

Really that title page is an index and a review. And when we reproduce, as we do, the frontpiece opposite, there is little obligation to say more. Yet more will be said. For the bit of the courtship of Miles Standish in the manner of Scott Fitzgerald must be quoted to go with the picture: "It was of some such yellow-haired Priscilla that Homer dreamed when he smote his lyre and chanted, 'I sing of arms and the men'; it was at sight of such as she that were Ben Jonson's Dr. Faustus cried, 'Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?' In all ages has such beauty enchanted the minds of men, calling forth in one century the Fiesolan terza rima of Paradise Lost, in another the passionate arias of a dozen Beethoven symphonies."

This seems a trifle excessive. Mr. Fitzgerald is not always, always wrong.

None of the biographies of Gen. Grant record any such passage in his personal history as the chapter attributed to Harold Bell Wright relates. And somehow it fits the Godey's Lady Book of the period before the civil war rather better than it does Mr. Wright. But it is a good parody of something or other. And the picture



Miles Standish and Priscilla—New Version.

of the brave and determined General rescuing the beautiful damsel from a frightfully black—an inky rather than watery—grave is a little masterpiece. Through this incredible adventure and mission in the palatial New York afterwar the General always keeps on his army hat.

His near historian has a weakness

for repeated motives, as it were. Two of his episodic ladies go in swimming in what might be called a memo-piece bathing suit. And he is strong on Generals. But then so are the authorized versions of history. He entrusts Gen. Custer, or rather his son, to Edith Wharton. But since the common (?) soldier has become the thing

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MY UNKNOWN CHUM

(Aguecheek) Foreword by Henry Garrity

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BEAUTY AND NICK

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