

The Book Factory

By EDWARD ANTHONY.
IMPIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

9. Fannie Hurst.

Peep, peep! From the O. Hennerly comes
The pleasant sound of stories hatching;
They'll soon be bringing wondrous sums
That I have little hope of matching.

And prithee do not think, sweet coz,
That anybody I'm berating;
The lady in that hen-house does
A fairish job of incubating.

The man who built the place is dead,
And some one, I suppose, must run it;
And who am I to shake my head
Because this lady went and done it?

And though the breed has fallen away,
The lady is a good disguiser
And fanciers fancy prices pay
And no one seems to be the wiser.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

A good reader will take in twelve or thirteen letters at one glance?—*New York Journal*.

"Tut!" said a busy reviewer of our acquaintance (and though we ought to expose him we shan't, for he bought us a good lunch the other day), "I take in that many pages at a squint; and a squint, in case you don't know, is squinted in half the time that a glance is glanced."

"MARIA CHAPDELAINÉ."

This tale of remote Peribonka (What rhymes with that word? "Anne Veron'ca!") Is worthy of lutins, And here I am tooting Away on a bourgeois harmon'ca!

For the lowly limerick is the harmonica of verse forms, and it's little short of a rhyme to employ it as a means of telling the world that "Maria Chapdelaine" is a beautiful book.

We can't help saying, however, that we think the publishers made a mistake in telling the reader (on the jacket) of the death of Maria's lover, Francois Paradis. This amounts to giving away the climax, and the reader has no business knowing the climax in advance. When Old Man Climax makes a premature appearance his well known relation, Auntie Climax, follows him in.

By the way, those who think that bookmaking is a vanished art are advised to inspect "Maria Chapdelaine." It is admirably printed and bound, and is easily the most attractive looking novel we have seen this season.

REVISION.

After reading in Clemence Dane's "Will Shakespeare" that Will was a liar, philanderer and murderer, we are thinking of starting a movement to have a well known line changed to "What fools these immortals be!"

MUSCULAR HEROINES.

When in Henry Sydnor Harrison's "Saint Teresa" we read that "a smart thrust from her fist settled the matter; he went down with a bang," we thought this as fine an example of the womanly art of self-defense as we had ever encountered in fiction. But in reading Gertrude Atherton's "Sleeping Fires" (Stokes) the other day we discovered a battle in which the villainous male suffers even greater humiliation. "Madeleine," writes Mrs. Atherton, "already had the door open. (They were in a carriage.) She put her arms under his shoulders and threw him out into the road."

Harrison's Teresa scores a knock-down, a notable achievement, but Madeleine's knockout (she knocked him out of the carriage, didn't she?) is a much more difficult feat.

We are beginning to doubt that the rules of boxing were written by the Marquis of Queensberry. Our idea is that the Marchioness wrote 'em, or furnished most of the ideas.

One of the things we liked about "Sleeping Fires" (which, by the way, deserves more attention than it has received) is the sensible course pursued by the bookloving heroine (the aforementioned Madeleine). Her husband did not want her to read books; he was afraid she would become a bluestocking.

At first, like Carol Kennicott (and, by the way, Madeleine's husband was a doctor too), she "did not renounce the design of gradually converting him to her own love of literature and pictured delightful hours during

which they would discuss the world's masterpieces." Unlike Carol, however, it did not worry her much that her husband did not encourage her fondness for literature. Perhaps she had a better sense of humor than Carrie. At any rate, on the way home from a social function with her husband Madeleine cried: "You were proud of me! I could see it! At the table . . . I never mentioned a book."

Of course Madeleine did not give up her books. She simply gave up trying to convince her husband that it was foolish to "stuff her little brain." One of her husband's friends liked books, and that solved the problem; she had a daily literary afternoon with him (not strictly literary, to be sure) and had a darned good time while it lasted.

POET FLAYS CRITICS.

A fire smouldering in my heart
Has slowly burned for many years;
It has a message to impart
Of life and death, of joy and tears;
And in the midst of many fears
Of critics with envenomed dart,
Has never burst into a flame,
But goes on smouldering just the same,
Awaiting possibly some art
To give its message to the world;
Or does it wait to find a name
Which when emblazoned and unfurled
Will be so plain that all must see
And call the outburst Poesy!
—Carter S. Cole, in "Varied Verses."

A notion that I've sheltered in
My upper floor these many years
Is that when writer folk begin
To play the parts of mutineers
And sulk (while freely flow the tears)
When critics tap 'em on the chin,
With justice, for some stupid job,
It's time to raise particular hob.

We ought, at least, to stick a pin
In one of them—this bard will do
Whose book that offers up a sob
Over the things the critics do
Prompts me (Oh why must writers sniffle?)
To call the outburst silly piffle.

We had a hard job following the complicated rhyme scheme of Dr. Cole's poem. For a while we found ourself tripping all over our metric feet, but after a desperate struggle we emerged triumphant. We don't know what the doc's idea was in arranging his rhymes as he did, but we think he has tried to make a sonnet out of fourteen lines of iambic tetrameter, something that has never been done before.

THE KNIGHTS ENTER THE LISTS.

A gang of us were sitting around the other day lazily discussing nothing in especial. Inevitably the talk turned to books—and the American novel in particular. In the course of the proceedings some one gave a list of what he considered the five best American novels. He started something, take it from us. In a minute the air was filled with All-American novelistic quintets. We made a note of the more interesting selections and submit them to our readers (who may be interested in sending in lists of their own). The books are listed in the order in which the choosers rate them:

- "The Scarlet Letter" (Hawthorne).
- "The Red Badge of Courage" (Stephen Crane).
- "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly" (Hamlin Garland).
- "The Harbor" (Ernest Poole).
- "Van Cleve" (Mary S. Watts).
- "Ethan Frome" (Edith Wharton).

- "El Supremo" (Edward Lucas White).
- "The Sea Wolf" (Jack London).
- "The Bent Twig" (Dorothy Canfield Fisher).
- "Cytherea" (Joseph Hergesheimer).
- "Pudd'nhead Wilson" (Mark Twain).
- "The Rise of Silas Lapham" (Howells).
- "Linda Condon" (Joseph Hergesheimer).
- "The Conqueror" (Gertrude Atherton).
- "Main Street" (Sinclair Lewis).
- "Main Street" (Sinclair Lewis).
- "The Turmoil" (Booth Tarkington).
- "Together" (Robert Herrick).
- "In Our Town" (William Allen White).
- "Queed" (Henry Sydnor Harrison).
- "Sister Carrie" (Theodore Dreiser).
- "The Scarlet Letter" (Hawthorne).
- "McTeague" (Frank Norris).
- "Susan Lenox" (David Graham Phillips).
- "Brass" (Charles G. Norris).
- "The Scarlet Letter" (Hawthorne).
- "Sister Carrie" (Theodore Dreiser).
- "Jurgen" (James Branch Cabell).
- "The Pit" (Frank Norris).
- "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly" (Hamlin Garland).

Our own list? Here it is, submitted, as the saying goes, for what it may be worth:

- "The Scarlet Letter" (Hawthorne).
- "Huckleberry Finn" (Mark Twain).

- "The Red Badge of Courage" (Stephen Crane).
- "Ethan Frome" (Edith Wharton).
- "Birthright" (T. S. Stribling).

Our inclusion of Stribling's "Birthright" almost started a riot. Every one accused us—and rightly so—of taking an unfair advantage. For the book had been out only a few days and our friends had not had a chance to read it. But they are reading it now (or their promises aren't worth a nickel), and we'll soon know whether they agree with us on its importance.

To our notion this story of what happened when Peter Siner, a negro of fine ideals, returned after four years at Harvard to the squalor of his native Hooker's Bend, Tennessee, is the finest of the decade. Siner's struggle—against odds that made failure a certainty—to improve conditions among his uneducated brothers is presented with a mastery that takes one's breath away. This is an unforgettable story.

We suspected that we were in the presence of greatness when we read parts of "Birthright" in the *Century Magazine*, where it appeared serially; now we know it.

Our only quarrel with the author of "Birthright" is that he is fonder of such words as "fiduciary," "impudicity" and "clench" than he should be. But this is a minor fault and he will outgrow it.

There is a character in "Birthright" who will appeal strongly to William Jennings Bryan and Alfred W. McCann. We have reference to old Captain Renfrew. "In the Captain's library," writes the author, "the only notice of evolution was a book called 'Darwinism Dethroned,'"

Vignettes of Children

OURSELVES WHEN YOUNG. By H. T. Sheringham. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THIS is a series of vignettes of children as they live and are during the progress of nursery years. Possibly all such books refer back to Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age," or maybe to Mrs. Ewing's epics of childhood. Many attempts are made to follow these famous models, but few are so successful as Mr. Sheringham's. There is no thread of story upon which these gay little beads are strung, save the thread of childhood, which we must take for granted. The question often recurs, Why are such books written? Certainly not for the amusement of children, for children often could not understand the language used, and certainly they would see nothing but the topsy-turvy point of view of the grown-ups in considering their simple and forthright words and actions "amusing." Of course they are written for the grown-ups, and perhaps the "why" of the question was answered in the idea of the present title—"Ourselves When Young." One is apt to cast many a longing look over the shoulder as childhood slips further and further back into the "mists of the enchanted years." Surely it is not all the somewhat quaint "pride of parenthood" which makes us find such extraordinary interest in the doings and sayings of our children. It must be that we catch an echo (faint as the horns of elfland) of some childish concept of our own recalled, like a forgotten incident, by a chance whiff of perfume.

Clean literature and clean womanhood are the keystones of Civilization:—this aphoristically defines the ideals of The Devin-Adair imprint

Every Hypocrite is a Thief—but not every Thief is a Hypocrite.

Has the Spirit of Christ gone from the World?
Are Midas and Magus again lording it over Church and State?

On January 16th, 1920, our republic, the greatest of all time, was "signed" into a sectarian Theocracy—made a tassel to the whims and activities of Prohibition Preacher-Politicians and their lucreted lobbyists.

On the following Sunday there was read from the pulpit of every Episcopal, Catholic and Lutheran Church in the world a divine protest—in the Gospel of the day—against this anti-liberty, anti-Christian and really anti-Christ tyranny.

Whether you are in sympathy with such enslaving autocracy or not, read

The Light of Men

By M. Reynes Monlaur

(Crowned by the French Academy)

with its charm of supernal story and a truly beautiful prose prelude to the greatest of all women—the Mother of Christ—in which she introduces the Master of Men to public life in a way that should compel all Prohibition zealots to drop the word "Christian."

In this simple story of the most eventful, most fateful week—Easter—since the dawn of creation you will see that if these body monitors are right, then Christ was a fraud and Christianity a tragic joke. It is an ideal book for frequent reading—surely so for a few minutes before retiring—after a wasted evening at movie, play or cabaret of the kind that is playing the devil with youth; that sends you home feeling less a man—less a woman. Lend or give it to all who prefer the Christ of the poor, of sinners to the counterfeit, capitalized Christ of the commercialized churches of these paganistic times.

More than sixty editions of THE LIGHT OF MEN sold throughout the world.

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