

The Sun's Reviews of Books and Authors

Kidding the North Pole

MY NORTHERN EXPOSURE. By Walter E. Traprock. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

OF THE oldest little performances that have been recorded in New York of late years has been the success of "The Cruise of the Kawa." Such a blague seems better adapted to those who laugh more sophisticatedly than to those who laugh at all.

New York has had this pleasantly civilized experience, thanks to Mr. George S. Chappell and Captain Walter E. Traprock's cruise to the Filbert Islands of the South Seas. Now that Mr. Chappell has resumed his course in "My Northern Exposure," there seems to be a disposition to impale him on one of the horns of criticism.

Those who would out-Traprock Traprock in their burlesque laudations tend to destroy this dexterous illusion. They are almost as heavily handed as Captain Vilhjalm Stefansson, whom our neighbor, "The Times," enterprisingly got to review the "Exposure." Captain Stefansson, self-announcedly a Kawa fan, will have nothing to do with its sequel; the first book

Four Books by Women

DOUBTING CASTLE. By Elinor Chippendale. Liveright. \$2.00.

HERE is a unity of design in Elinor Chippendale's "Doubting Castle" rarely found in a first novel. The story opens with a description of the funeral of Nathan Baldwin. In the panoramic review the reader sees their clanish, arch conventional and senses the individual hypocrisy. The chief mourner, Gloria, is radically different. She is Nathan's granddaughter, offspring of his daughter Rosemary and a married adventurer.

Gloria is not in favor with the legitimate Baldwin, firmly increased by her father's penitence. She is a flushed-up peccadillo of her elders, as unknown to her, and by the right of seniority they hold the whip. Irene, the handsome settled wife of Richard Baldwin, invites the lonely eighteen-year-old Gloria to come and stay with them. Propinquity does the rest.

As a Baldwin she reverences respectability, and Irene is the love of his life. But he wants his youth again, and before he can get it he must have the feeling of a noble who goes to hear she slips quietly away. Richard Baldwin hurries after his wife. Gloria is sent away to the first Richard goes frequently to her lodgings, but as Irene, once sexually off, becomes a woman filled with love, conscious, renounces, he begins to find Gloria a nuisance.

Now Gloria becomes the pursuer, for hers is a love that can "do all things but forget." As she stramps the London streets hoping for a glimpse of Richard, she is youth, blind, unseeing, eager, ardent, selfless. It is the tragedy of the flower that trusts to the constancy of fall sunshine. For Richard's love is like fall sunshine, decreasing daily in fervor.

Psycho-Analysis

By Will Cuppy

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS IN THE SERVICE OF EDUCATION. By Dr. Oskar Pfister. Translated from the German by Dr. Charles H. Brownell. Psycho-Ed. F. Mott, and Miss Barbara Low. Moffat, Yard & Company.

WHO that has seen them walking out of a Sunday has not envied the Smiths their two darling children? Sweet little Pandora Smith, with her golden curls, an angel of six years, and sturdy little Master Prometheus, just enough older to take her to parties later on, and beat her up occasionally.

Who, one asks, has not longed for offering exactly like these two? The correct answer is: Those who know the Smith family. For blue-eyed Pandora, bless her little heart! is a pathological liar who makes life a hell for all who come within her baleful influence; and Prometheus is, not to mince matters, a highly expert kleptomaniac, headed swift and straight for Matteawan.

The Smiths are turning gray in their worse than futile attempts to abate these public nuisances. They have tried everything, it seems to them, except capital punishment. Before they go the limit I suggest that they read "Psycho-Analysis in the Service of Education," by Dr. Oskar Pfister, of Zurich.

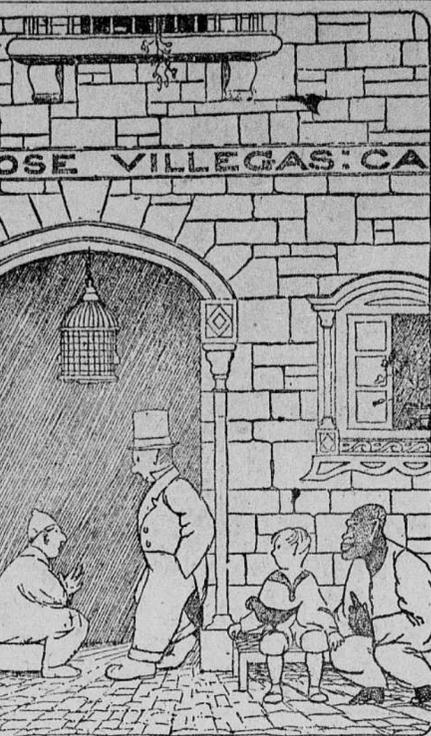
Oh, those Smiths! I seem to see them in a vision, immense against the abyss and teeming with the seeds of the future. I see them with their heroic and ridiculous gesture, the Freudian injunction, "Know thyself!" And in real life are they not backed in their self-sufficiency by all their talents, their great brains, their scientists, dedicated in the holy name of truth—to what? I can't imagine; but whatever it is, it leaves Pandora and Prometheus at a loss. They would gather the Smith kids into his arms world for them.

These annoying children, the wise physician would point out, have not taken to their present mode of life. They are not neurotic, but neurotic. They are not neurotic, but neurotic. They are not neurotic, but neurotic. They are not neurotic, but neurotic.

DR. PEISTER is Freud plus. For Freud himself does not specially advertise any one particular system of morals, although ethical matters are prominent in his guidance of analyzed patients, which is a part of the psycho-analytic technique. Freud, in Dr. Pfister's words: "is a medical man who was first and foremost a just and honest man, and a just and honest man who was first and foremost a medical man."

Mystery Story

THIS is a mystery story that brings to mind the novel of Jules Verne in which murders are committed at a distance by some previously unknown projector. Like Jules Verne, Mr. Hext works from a pseudo-scientific basis and centers his tale upon the fancied exploits of a man equipped with virtually unlimited scientific power. Through the investigation of inter-atomic energies he has succeeded in making himself master of a force sufficient to wreck whole cities and to cover great nations with ashes and ruin.



"The Doctor started chatting in Spanish to the bed-maker"

The above is one of the illustrations from "The Adventures of Dr. Dolittle" by Hugh Lofting, reviewed in this issue.

The Glamour of the West

By William Harper

WHEN THE WEST WAS YOUNG. By Frederick R. Becholt. Century Company. \$2.00.

IT is a frequent lament of the cultured that America has no history, and hence no atmosphere, no glamour, no romance. The truth is that no country ever compressed so many stages of history within so brief a period, and so recently that we have not yet got a perspective upon it.

What Europe took two thousand years to accomplish, America jammed through in two hundred. It passed from the Stone Age by way of the pastoral and agricultural eras to the present day of humming industrialism within that short span, not omitting the period of the strong hand and every man for himself, equivalent to Europe's Dark Ages, or the Age of Chivalry in the literal sense of the term—which, indeed, is all the sense it ever had.

Now "Cryder of the Big Woods," George C. Shedd's hero, though he is the center of an equally stirring plot, is very much an individual. His faults are not his virtues, and his virtues are not his faults. He has a big heart, a bullying manner, a quick and large intelligence which is unfortunately sometimes overruled by his own vanity and pugnacious streak.

It deals only with the Southwest, thus leaving a considerable field for future historians. But the Southwest probably offered the greatest variety and wealth of color for a writer, since it was the battle ground of three races, and ultimately the connecting link by which the two empires of the East and the West were fused into one by the coming of the railways.

Critics

By Burton Rascoe

THE CRITICAL GAME. By John Macy. Liveright. \$2.00.

THE most frequent expression that any one who signs his name to published opinions on books, music, drama or art hears from lips of people he meets for the first time is: "I enjoy reading your work. Of course, I don't always agree with what you say, but I like to read what you write just the same."

Indeed, I agree with Mr. Sherman less than one-third of the time, and yet I confess enjoying what he has to say perhaps more than all the others put together. He is to me at times exasperating, annoying, incredibly short-sighted, irrational, logical and hard-headed, but he does not scruple to kick him one or wring his neck or get him roundly drunk; but there is no one among us who can beat him in the composition of neat and effective sentences, or in the use of a simple and stinging and malicious wit, a searing sarcasm, a suave and confident manner.

Specifically, Mr. Byrne selects from the adventurous life of Shane Campbell—whose name alone proclaims him Scotch-Irish—seven moments which he makes the nucleus of the seven episodes. Working from such a moment he gathers to him the backward rolling panorama of Shane's spiritual development since the preceding climax in his life, and the forward rolling action to the next sharp break, mingling the two elements with such skill that you receive the impression of a good tale, not little by little, but all in one glance. Other writers have, of course, achieved this effect, often, but not for me, at least—so vividly. And this is the more curious because a picture of the preceding half of the book, the retrospective half, properly belongs to the preceding division. That is to say, the narrative half always concludes—often tragically—with what is known as a snap, so that for knowledge of the effect of each incident upon Shane's soul you have to wait till, seeking guidance among the pitfalls of the past, he gazes backward upon the intervening years.

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Far-Off Things

By Hunter Stagg

THE WIND BLOWETH. By Donn Byrne. The Century Company. \$2.00.

IT is just about a year, now, since the publication of Donn Byrne's "Messer Marco Polo"; and by the same token it is just about a year since Mr. Byrne, whose progress toward the literary spotlight had been till then a decorous matter of putting one foot before the other, accomplished the large remainder of the journey in one sudden jump. It was, at the time, perhaps I might as well confess, my loss that I was unable to share the general enthusiasm for "Messer Marco Polo"—that, though prettily enough done, the device of retelling in Irish dialect the tale of a medieval Venetian's adventures in China seemed to be a long way to go in search for novelty. But on the other hand, what was last year's loss may possibly be this year's gain, in that I am the more able to enjoy Mr. Byrne's new book, which, I understand, a little disappoints some of his admirers of the other.

Nevertheless, Mr. Byrne's style is a thing of rare beauty. It is the pure gold of poetry, the clear, the dead white of Aristotle, and the white of the courtesan's hand, which Mr. Shane left dead behind him. He almost saves from Alvaro, an episode of the cool Spanish medicine in Buenos Ayres, and the two chapters. It is a style which is far off colorful, it is the mood of men's souls. Yes, the "Wind Bloweth" is a rich and warm and beautiful book, and it contains a "star-scattered" gem, the "grass" that are the grass itself. As Mr. Byrne's most immediate want, now, is to be a man, it is a book which will come with us.

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BONN & LIVERIGHT publishers - 105 West 40th St. - New York. THE MOTHER OF ALL LIVING by ROBERT KEABLE Author of "Simon Called Peter" HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE: "Those who care for a rich and interesting story, who feel the thrill of adventure..."

THEATRICAL LIFE MUMMERS IN MUMPT. By Philip G. ... THE OUTSET of the novel is a scene of the hero visiting the office of a mental specialist to learn whether or not he is going sane. He describes the central character, a lingering emmal, due to excessive wealth, combined with the absence of any vital interest in life. How the central character, overcome by mental lethargy and how he actually comes to take his normal place in the world constitutes the theme of the novel, which is written entertainingly and with decided artistry. The characters are portrayed vividly and naturally, the background of a New England town is depicted with convincing reality, and the plot is well up logically and consistently. The book deals largely with the past, and the author gives the impression of knowing thoroughly whereof he writes. He describes with evident understanding the details of the managing of a musical comedy on the road and one interesting glimpse of the life of a traveling troupe. As one might expect, the novel is a pronounced sentimental, and the romantic is distinguished, is none the less of undoubted interest. S. A. C.