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NEWEST BOOKS AND BOOK REVIEWS

DID YOU KNOW—

That a Chicago girl, Viola Paradise (not a nom de plume), is the author of a new novel, "The Pacer?"

That the London Times Literary Supplement is to have a supplement in turn on book production?

That two surprisingly good first novels published recently are: "Shadows Waiting" by Eleanor Carroll Chilton, and "The Beadle" by Pauline Smith?

That "Revelry" by Samuel Hopkins Adams is to be found in the list of the most popular books compiled by the American Library Association having come from twelfth to eighth place in the last two months?

Among the first editions which were owned by Major Whittall and sold recently were a number of books by contemporary authors. Among them were "A Shropshire Lad" by A. E. Houseman which brought \$320; "The Purple Land that England Lost" by W. H. Hudson, \$360; Masefield's "Salt Water Ballads," \$250; and Thomas Hardy's "Dynast" was sold for \$2,200.

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Pot Shots at Pot Boilers

The irrepressible Gilbert Keith Chesterton has a new book before the public, "The Outline of Sanity," and I find it of the same gleeful material that always makes him a joy forever. If you are one of the fortunate few who enjoy watching Chesterton refuting his own irrefutable arguments you will enjoy this latest work wherein he waxes eloquent in a repudiation of both capitalism and socialism. The Quixotic Chesterton, when not taken seriously, will always prove a refreshing thought stimulant . . . The apathy of Nona, which is described in "Twilight Sleep," the latest graph of the very discerning Edith Wharton, must surely be the mirror in which Mrs. Wharton sees her own reactions. Even the most vehement of the "Ask Me Another" school of authors must inevitably sense the futility of their vehemence, if nothing else . . . Willis Ellis complains of the lack of detail and the conventionality of "Washington," a biography of the Coolidge nemesis, by J. D. Sawyer. Mr. Ellis must be very naive if he fails to realize that the two faults he names must, of necessity, be synonymous . . . One of the important items in the litany of the average man is that over-cheerful pest who, in the midst of your luxurious grumbling, brightly remarks, "Oh, but think of the terrible things that happen to some people." and cheerfully proceeds to list all the ills from Pandora's box—including Hope. My chief worry is that some day one of them will discover Theodore Dreiser, that supreme horror-monger. Mr. Dreiser's latest book, "Chains," is typically Dreiserian: a tendency to become wordy but remaining a powerful delineation of man's futilities and cowardices. "Chains" is a series of short novels and long stories with the sole triumphant note in the grinning irony and cynicism of "St. Columba and the River" . . . "The Dark Gentleman" is the Mr. Pimmish character in the very doggy book of the same name by G. B. Stern. In this very amusing tale of the promiscuous life and morals of dogs at large, Mr. Stern achieves a much-to-be-admired canine point of view and "The Dark Gentleman" is recommended to those of you who dragged at least one stray mongrel home in the days when you were very young . . . "We Live But Once," by Rupert Hughes, that perennial of the magazines, is perfectly titled—if you indulge in that type of thinking you may possibly like the book. Aldous Huxley has created the most engaging bores but Mr. Hughes seems to be cursed with the failing of making bores of interesting people—as a young lady whom I met recently cen-

Reviews

"AW HELL"—Clarke Venable.
 When the War ended and we as well as the men who had been in it began to see it as a colossal "sell" there began to come forth from all sides a literature of disillusionment. Bitterness, mockery, it seemed only by the very excess of these that the hurt pride of those who felt they had been tricked into being idealistic and illusioned could be satisfied.

So the clever among the bitter, those who could wield their bitterness best, let go a fusillade. They looked back on war as seen through the disillusionment of peace and pretended to, or did, forget that once they had marched away filled with a high desire to serve and if necessary to die. We forgot, too.

But now we are far enough away to remember, and it is well that we should remember, and Clarke Venable in his startlingly named war book, "Aw Hell" helps us to do so. He recalls the men, and there were hundreds of thousands of them, who answered the war cry valiantly in the spirit of the knights of old, of men called to protect something dearer to them than life itself.

It was in this spirit that Jephtha Montgomery Brice left his peaceful Tennessee hills and tramped forty miles to the nearest recruiting station to "jine up." But because Jeph had a heart which did alarming things on the slightest provocation he was refused. This made no difference to a boy of Jeph's calibre, he had come to fight and fight he would. There is a long amusing struggle by which he tries to outwit the authorities, finally doing so and being accepted under the name of a man who had actually deserted from the army.

Jeph goes to France. There "impressions pile upon impressions," and he saw war—its horror, its humor, its heroism, its futility. But he was not embittered, only saddened, as one is as surely, perhaps, by life if one views it with understanding.

"Aw Hell" gives an all-round picture of what war was to aspiring, simple hopeful men. It gives it vividly, humanly, holding your interest from the first page to the last.

—ESTHER GOULD.

America is becoming a more popular resort for her own authors. Struthers Burt has a country home at Southern Pines, N. C., near which James Boyd and a number of other literary people live. The Larry Barrettos after a year in Paris have settled near New York.

tered her entire conversation on the undeniable handsomeness of George Jean Nathan . . . Keith Preston, as a writer for our revered contemporary, the Chicago Daily News, and as a resident of Evanston, is necessarily conservative. However, this virtue creaks painfully when he suggests that Michael Arlen name his new Peruvian book "Pen and Inca." Mr. Arlen may, as the consensus of opinion seems to prove, be weary enough to retire to some shady tree for recuperation, in which case he could use the title "Underwood," but if he is still Mr. Arlen and acquiesces with the spirit of Mr. Preston's suggestion, he most certainly will name the new book "Elsie Smith" . . . Further deponent sayeth not . . .

B. B.

The Great War Novel

"AW HELL"

By Clarke Venable
 'Not Profanity, but Philosophy'
 Keith Preston in
 The Chicago Daily News

Love, for country and a girl, carried Jeph Brice through. It will carry you through this poignant story of highest hazard, valor and romance.
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