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(The Bookman)

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- The Man Nobody Knows—Barton
- Napoleon—Ludwig
- Revolt in the Desert—Lawrence
- War Birds—Anonymous
- The Book of Marriage—Count Keyserling
- The Christ of the Indian Road—Jones

**FICTION**

- Elmer Gantry—Lewis
- An American Tragedy—Dreiser
- Sorrell and Son—Deepling
- Doomsday—Deepling
- Galathea—Erskine
- Private Life of Helen of Troy—Erskine
- Plutocrat—Tarkington
- Revelry—Adams
- Tomorrow—Parish
- Beau Geste—Wren
- Sea Gull Norris
- Show Boat—Ferber

In "The Last Salon," by Jeanne Maurice Pouquet and translated by Lewis Galantieri, the world has at last the whole story, or probably as much as it will ever have, of the amusing and intriguing tale of Anatole France and his good genius, Mme. Arman, under whose inspiration and tutelage, even, most of his writing was done. It is a book interesting from other points of view as well, since it represents a picture of perhaps the last famous salon in Paris.

Anne Douglas Sedgewick, author of "The Old Countess," announces that her hobby is birds and her "passion" her little dog, a "Pom".

**FICTION**

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**Chandler's**

630 DAVIS STREET  
 University 123

**Novel Is Argument Against Divorce and Selfishness of Society**

"CHILDREN OF DIVORCE"—Owen Johnson.

In "Children of Divorce" Owen Johnson has written a good society novel. The people are people of our own time, and it is in this that our interest in the story lies. The fact that it is a "problem novel" means less than that it is a sprightly, well written story which holds your interest.

Jean and Kitty, cousins, both children of divorced parents are exiled to a convent in Florence. There amid strangers in this seemingly hostile alien country they are to each other sole friend and comforter. Then Kitty is taken away and Jean is left more miserable than before.

Years later Jean and Kitty are meeting in the fashionable world, Jean reserved and quietly charming, sobered by her experiences of life, Kitty heartless and daring, made sharp and bitter by what she has had of life. There is a man of course, Ted Larrabee also the child of divorced parents. Jean and Ted have loved one another from childhood but their different ideas about life have driven them apart. Jean asks for something stable, some assurance that their marriage will not end in disaster, Ted is too weak willed to be able to give it and between them is laughing, unprincipled Kitty, ready to take Ted on any terms she can.

Of course there is shipwreck in which, on the various terms each has made for himself or life has made for him, the chance for happiness of each one is lost. The book is an argument against divorce, yes, but it is no less an argument against wealth used lightly, against unprincipled freedom, against selfishness, against everything which we understand by "society" in its narrowest sense.

**Scenes in Paris**

"ON THE SLOPE OF MONTMARTRE"—William Wallace Irwin.

Those who are "going to Paris" have been deluged of late years with literature on what to do when they got there and how to do it. Some of this information has been useful, some of it merely entertaining. It is hard to say into which class "On the Slope of Montmartre" would fall.

Probably Mr. William Irwin, one of the American war expatriates who liked the state so well that he continued it indefinitely by living in Paris, amused himself a good deal in writing the book. It sounds as if he had. It would be fun to sit down and write sketches about the butcher, the baker and the rest of one's tormentors—sublimate your all-year-round anger, and get back at them in such a way that they couldn't retaliate—for they couldn't read English.

Mr. Irwin has made an attractive little book of word etchings, giving character sketches, glimpses of scenes which have the ring of romance for those who have or have not been in Paris—"Our Flower-Girl," "Our Coalman," "Our Butcher," all those who make the daily round romantic in a foreign city. —ESTHER GOULD.

George Jean Nathan's next book is to be called "Land of the Pilgrim's Pride." Whether Mr. Nathan has discovered anything of which, in his opinion, the Pilgrims have a right to be proud remains to be seen. The book will be published in September by Alfred A. Knopf.

—New York Times

**Pot Shots at Pot Boilers**

For the prize hair-splitting statement of the week we submit Percy A. Hutchison's statement in an article debating the respective values of romanticism and realism, wherein he asserts that a romantic attitude of the mind and romanticism are not one and the same thing. Neither are hydrogen and oxygen the same thing, but combined in stated proportions they are water. As a rabid reader of anything that comes within the reach of our avaricious grasp, we have decided that there are only two basic types of literature, i.e., the romantic or abstract introvertive and the realistic or concrete extrovertive. In the last analysis, romanticism is the romantic mind carried beyond the point of satiation and classicism and modernism are simply forms of expression of the two fundamentals. . . . Of the vast number of famous and infamous men in public life in the United States today, there is only one man who is typically American, who is a fulfillment of the American tradition and who does not aspire to cosmopolitanism. (Of course, if you want to insist on Senator Borer, but I hate to admit it.) Will Rogers looks, speaks, and thinks in the American tradition without ever descending to loud voiced "100% Americanism." The mayor of Beverly Hills has evidently been subconsciously affected by his neighbor, Hollywood, for he has named his latest book, "There's Not a Bathing Suit in Russia, and Other Bare Facts," when the bathing suit element actually appears only in one short paragraph of the volume. The book is a continuation of his "Letters of a Self Made Diplomat" and is a compendium of pithy and humorous comments anent the foreign political situation. Mr. Rogers has embodied more logic and sound reason in this "humorous" book than is contained in the usual weighty political tome. . . . The clay feet of another eighth grade history idol have been entertainingly exposed in "Marco Millions" by Eugene O'Neill. It is an ironic study of human futilities that will be appreciated by those of you who enjoyed "The Beggar on Horseback." The drama is a perfect portrait of one of those ineffectual individuals who learn the context but not the wisdom of things and who lusts without ever realizing love. O'Neil has woven a drama of barbaric beauty and sardonic brilliance and if his genius were not so taken for granted it would undoubtedly raise a furore among the critics and reading public. . . . Harking back to our statement of last week regarding the current propaganda for remaining upon the higher altitudes of literature may we, in spite (literally) of your superiority to the effervescent, recommend a book for your week-end guest whose departure from town presupposes a need for relaxation. It is "The Honorable Picnic" by Thomas Raucat and translated by Leonard Cline. Out of the vast difference between the Occidental and Oriental viewpoint the author has constructed a consistently and irresistibly funny tale that is set forth with original and clever humor. B. B.

E. P. Dutton & Co., are beginning the publication of a new series of books designed to afford a fuller knowledge of the general ideas upon which human progress depends. The first volume of the series is "Prehistoric Man," by Keith Henderson, —New York Times