

THE CHICAGO EVENING POST

LITERARY REVIEW

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1925.

Two Books of the Week

Icarian Wings Again

By **Llewellyn Jones.**
Gold by Gold, by Herbert S. Gorman.
(Boni & Liveright.)

Mr. Gorman has retold in a fresh setting the old story of the boy who left home and the people there who did not appreciate him and who looked forward to the day when his triumph as a poet would shame their skepticism and their cruelty.

In some versions of this story the poet's dream comes true; the boy makes good. But Karl Nevin was not that sort of a boy. It was not in him to stay on the back of his Pegasus. Karl lives, when the story opens, in the dilapidated home of his widowed mother, who is a drudge, and not a very efficient one. He has a slender but real talent for poetry. Indeed, it was Karl who started the Springvale (the name of the story) society. Dr. Cabot, the banker, representative of Mayflower blood and Plymouth Rock culture, is so impressed with Karl's service to the cultural life of Springfield that he gives him a job in his bank. And Karl, who is in love with Helen Clarkson, daughter of a minister, and six years his senior, gets married right away and starts that other old story of love in a cottage. Unfortunately, there is a booby in the cottage, and Helen won't go near it. She thinks Karl's reading is an idle habit, his spending money on books a mild vice—when the furniture installments must be met—and his writing something that, like adolescent pimples, he will outgrow.

After starting the poetry society Karl had suggested bringing the well-known poet, Chaney, up from New York for a reading, and he had introduced him. And now Chaney has asked to see his poetry and prompted his influence on its behalf if it turns out to be worthy.

But all this time the voice of Karl's one boy friend, Henry Kingston, the son of a drunkard and the professor of such a cynical philosophy as would beat arm a boy against the fate of a drunken father and a criminal uncle and no worldly prospects—the voice of Kingston has been warning Karl that one must bit Pegasus before trusting one's self upon his back. Indeed, something like that is Kingston's last word to Karl before he dies of injuries received trying to rescue his uncle from a fire.

Mr. Gorman is very fair to Karl, and while we see that he is not only sensitive—as he should be, being a poet—but equal to that and more, we can also see that he has a very good case. Springvale is all that in his mind, it seems; ugly, peopled by fossils and dull and docile workers; his wife, Helen, is undoubtedly stupid, undoubtedly jealous of his books, too shallow to see the gleam behind the roundness of Henry Kingston. When, before they marry, Karl tries to tell her, haltingly and vaguely, that each must retain individuality, that neither must be swamped in the new relation, she is simply troubled. And, of course, Karl could not have foreseen that utter lack of sympathy with his ambitions.

It is after he has fully realized just how little he is married in spirit—alho he does love Helen and Helen devotedly loves him (in her fashion)—that Chaney writes him that his book has been accepted. Blinded by visions of a successful career, he neglects his work at the bank. He is discharged, and, not knowing that his employer's anger is a gesture and that he will be offered his job again after he has "learned his lesson," and having his salary in his hand, he decides to run off to New York. He goes home first and intends to borrow some money from his mother—for he thinks he knows where she keeps it, and, of course, he is sure he can pay her back—but his mother comes in at the wrong moment.

"Karl's first feeling was one of intense anger with her for creeping upon him in such a sudden manner. . . . That feeling, indeed, is typical of Karl, as indeed it is of all weak people. We can always see so clearly where other people's actions are stumbling-blocks in our important and otherwise easily trodden pathway. So, having to beg before he can borrow, Karl gets a hundred dollars from his mother and after a stormy scene at home he departs for New York. And Mr. Gorman, still playing scrupulously fair with Karl, sets him down where all the Karls do set themselves down—in Greenwich village—and lets him work out his own salvation. Of

course the cards, in Greenwich village, are perhaps stacked against anyone who would do creative work; but the creative writer soon sees that, and even tho he still lives under the very shadow of the arch in Washington square, he ceases to be a villager. And, on the other hand, the cards are boundifully stacked in Karl's favor.

His first book is accepted; he is given reviewing; if there is anything in him he finds in the Polish woman who falls in love with him, at least, one would think, a stimulus that might bring it out. Instead of which she is soon, in his mind, another agent in his failure to make good. For Karl finds himself barren; he can no longer

write; his gift is asphyxiated. He may, perhaps, save that gift by letting it go. He may try, failing to be a poet, to be a man. Such at least is the plattitudinous—but sound—advice that an older and a celebrated poet does give him. And it is a woman of

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Where Egotism Was Justified

By **Hiram L. Kennicott.**
Everywhere: The Memoirs of an Explorer, by A. Henry Savage-Landor.
(Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

The recent death of A. Henry Savage-Landor brought a sharp pang of sorrow to lovers of travel books. Gone to John Stanley, Du Chailu and Scott's law another intrepid adventurer; an facile narrator. When the news was flashed something was irretrievably taken from the life of everyone who has thru him vicariously penetrated forbidden lands, crossed deserts, scaled mountain peaks, hunched his way thru jungles, shot raptors in unknown climes, fearlessly faced savage business men, braved death in countless forms.

Fortunately for us, A. Henry Savage-Landor completed "Everywhere: The Memoirs of an Explorer," and thereby permanently enriched the literature of travel and of biography. Herein is distilled the essence of adventure from a life of well-nigh incredible activity and daring. The two sizable volumes can only chronicle the high spots of a career unique in its variety and charm.

Born of cultured and apparently well-to-do parents, grandson of Walter Savage-Landor, the future traveler from babyhood began to display talents which were in after life to lead him so far afield—"Everywhere," in fact. One of those talents undoubtedly the ability to take chances and escape to be in accidents and remain unharmed. He narrates a few such experiences of childhood. Later his pages teem with them, for he seems to have led a charmed life and to have carried always a talisman whose power prevailed to save him from disaster that so frequently impended.

Artistic talent of no mean proportions early turned Henry Savage-Landor's attention to painting and he became and could have been increasingly a popular portrait painter. His gold point portraits were especially in demand and their success was evidence of his technical skill, for this is a form of crawling that does not permit the artist to retreat or correct; he must make each stroke true the first time.

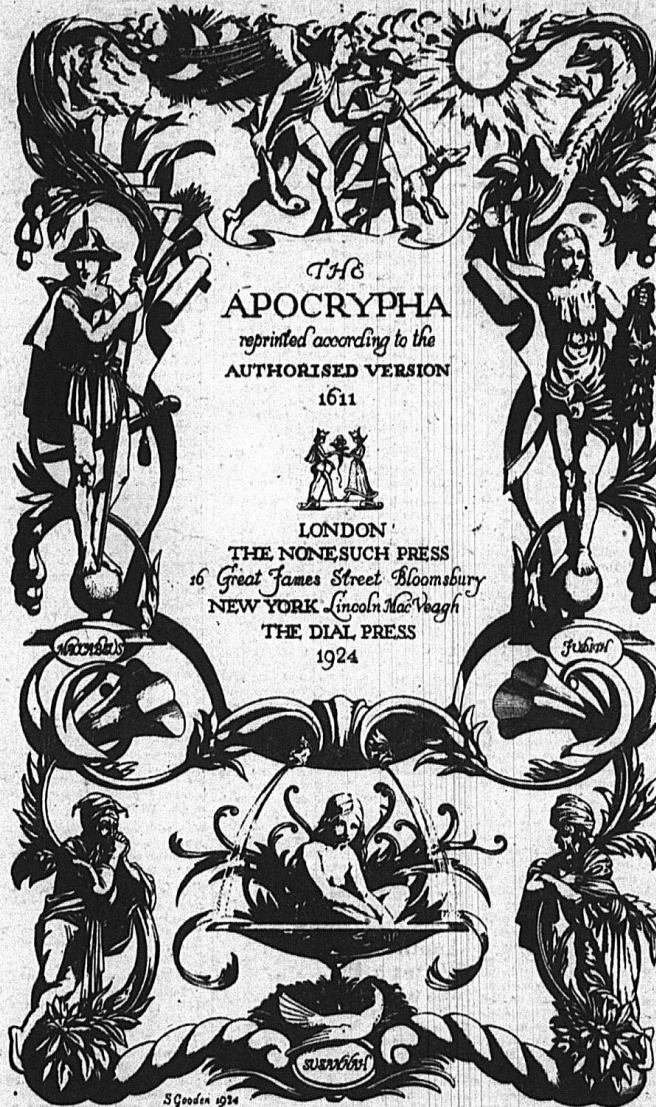
But the attractions of cities and of the monotonous, albeit, pleasant career of a high-priced and popular painter of portraits could not prevail against the urge that he felt to explore the unknown and little-known portions of the earth. This urge he was never able to surmount. Always it drove him on, so that his life unfolded in his memoirs became a succession of one- or two-year travels, followed by a few months of feverish activity on his return to write and illustrate a book of his recent adventures, then perhaps a little relaxation and perhaps a temporary dalliance with art, and lastly and inevitably the return of the urge that once again forced him to put out on new travels.

Altho his personalities were superficially as different as could be, one is constantly reminded by Henry Savage-Landor of Richard Harding Davis. Each was a born traveler and bold adventurer, and neither hesitated to recognize his own ability. But, more than that, each had charm of personality, notwithstanding frailties which in one form or another all flesh is heir to. It is rather amusing in this connection to recall that somewhere in "Everywhere" Savage-Landor mentions Davis and declares this very trait in him, the praising his ability to talk unique in a writer.

In his early days, spending a little time in Chicago, Savage-Landor was particularly impressed with our fire department. He tells of leaning out of his hotel window to see and hear the glowing engine drawn by galloping horses. Later he stayed at an engine house and responded with the firemen to several alarms, sliding down the polished brass pole and taking his place with the others on the running board, sitting on his shirt the while.

Speaking again of Richard Harding Davis, a contrast between the methods of Savage-Landor and Davis that is striking is that of dress and equipment. Davis, as all men know who have read his books, dressed always like one of his own heroes—in pith helmets, gauntlets, etc., were to him impedimenta as indispensable as beans and biscuits. Savage-Landor, on the other hand, delighted in penetrating outlandish portions of the earth's territory clad in the same com-

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From the point of view of the collector, the event of the last few years has been the establishment of the Nonesuch Press, Lincoln MacVeach (the Dial Press) has now become the American agent for the Nonesuch Press, and the chief among its early importations is the Authorized Version of the Apocrypha in a limited edition. The above is a reproduction of the title page from a copper-plate engraving by Stephen Godden.

A Sociologist's Political Memories

By **Laurence Martin.**
Leaves From a Russian Diary, by Pilitrim Sorokin. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Across the campus of the University of Minnesota there walks today a professor of sociology who has been thru the greatest social revolution of all time, who has been a maker of cabinets, who has been secretary to Krenskey, who has faced death a dozen times, and who has seen death attended with all conceivable horrors. This man, Pilitrim Sorokin, has at last given his diary of those terrible years to the world.

It is a fascinating, sleep-robbing account. As history or as sociology it has two manifest defects: it is written from a bitterly anti-bolshevik point

of view, and undoubtedly it has been retouched and revised. Mr. Sorokin tells us he began to write this account from journals and memory in November, 1923, when he reached this country. The uncanny rightness of the diary's prophecies and presentiments is chief indicator of retouching. Setting eyes for the first time upon Lenin and Trotsky, he feels that those men will go far.

The diary begins with January, 1917. On page 3 the revolution is under way, and here is its cause: "The Russian revolution was begun by hungry women and children demanding bread and herrings." Mr. Sorokin, a professor of sociology in Petrograd, was for a bourgeois republic; communism, even socialism,

was to him anathema. Hence he can say no good word for any bolshevik. Lenin is a "rebellious personality," and reminds him of "those congenital criminals in the albums of Lombroso." He accuses the "lowest, least-instructed in the artfuling masses." Trotsky is "a theatrical legend." Zinoviev is "a disgusting creature. In his high womanish voice, his face, his fat figure, there is something hideous and obscene, an extraordinarily mental and moral degenerate."

In spite of the bias certainly a legitimate one, when one considers what Prof. Sorokin went thru it is evident that the bolshevik were the only party that showed the slightest sign of a program and of an ability

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PRACTICAL INTERESTS

The Courteous Reviewer

Present Day Etiquette, by Virginia Van de Water. (A. L. Burt.) If the reader would be spared any agonies of chagrin he should approach this chronicle of fatuity believing the writer is impeaching her own veracity. To impute her imperious dictums in any other mood would be to feel that one is utterly remiss in punctilio.

With great gusto she puts a magnifying glass on one's social peccadilloes. But I very much fear the book is a bovine blunder almost from beginning to end. Imagine how speedily one might be ejected for annoyance if led to follow such a rule as this here propounded: "When strangers are served at the same table in a hotel they should bow and say 'Good-morning' or 'Good-evening' on sitting down or leaving. Supposedly she is speaking of first-class hotels, for she goes on to revive the legend persisting in bucolic circles that many first-class hotels will not permit an unescorted woman to register after sundown, and for that reason she urges her woman readers to consider the Y. W. C. A.

One might fancy she is press agent sub rosa for that domicile of virtue when she expatiates on the advantages of stopping within its portals. When not lapsing into banality, the authoress waxes into braggadocio to display such a startling knowledge of terms pertaining to the cuisine that the reader must consult the long-respected dictionary. To read this book is to learn that "au gratin" means "dishes covered with crumbs and browned;" "Julienne" is a clear soup with shredded vegetables;" "supreme" means "white cream gravy made of chicken." I ask you, dear reader, could fruit supreme ever again titillate your palate if you thought it had any savor of chicken?

Launching into the realm of weddings, the authoress asserts: "The bride's dress, if she is young, must be white and with a veil." I wonder with her meticulous explanation of terms on the bill of fare that she doesn't tell us just when a bride is old enough not to have to wear white. The unsmopatched and the parvenu may read this book and be filled with consternation over some fancied contrepets, but a less credulous reader will say with Poe, "It combined conceit and obtuseness are indescriminably droll."

GENEVA HOULT.

A Synonym for Peace and Quiet

The Happy Baby, by Dr. L. Emmet Holt, with contributions by Drs. Robert Lohenstein, Harvey J. Burkhardt and Henry L. K. Shaw. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Dr. Holt's wide experience as a child specialist and the unquestioned authority with which he advised as to the care of children, make any of his books on the subject worthy the wise mother's consideration. "The Happy Baby" is a little book, rich in suggestions, particularly for the young parent who finds the responsibility for her baby's welfare rather overwhelming.

The expectant mother will appreciate the prenatal precautions given. She can hardly afford to underestimate the stress laid on the importance of the very first weeks of the baby's life, both for the health and disposition of the baby itself and for the peace of its family. The mother of the "problem" baby is told to take it to a specialist. This book's "do's" and "don't's" in feeding and general care concern themselves chiefly with the normal child and the means of keeping him so. The book is wide in scope, and is a combination of common sense and the results of scientific experiment, simply stated for the average woman. The authors



Henry Savage Landon, author of "Everywhere" (Stokes), reviewed in this issue.

A Russian Diary

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and determination to carry out that program. It may be that their program was abhorrent and diabolical; but the pitiful weakness of Kerensky, the Russian Hamlet, which was heading the country for chaos, made the success of the bolshevik coup inevitable.

Mr. Sorokin speaks of the "disturbing telegraphic reports of strikes, riots of soldiers, and anarchistic conditions among peasants." As secretary he referred these to Kerensky, "to little purpose, however, as Kerensky does almost no constructive work, busying himself instead with the framing of resolutions which get the business of government nowhere. The wheels of the state are moving in a vacuum. Sometimes I feel sympathy, sometimes rage with Kerensky. He is incompetent, weak-willed, and without mental direction. He knows nothing whatever about the art of governing and imagines he is doing great things when he makes paper plans for the abolishment of capital punishment in time of war and revolution. He seems to revel in the consciousness of his own purity, humanity and high idealism."

Mr. Sorokin lends his word to the old story of German financing of the bolshevik. It is true he doesn't know, but merely notes the rumor. "The rumor is spreading that they were hired by the German staff to incite civil war in Russia." Later Trotzkis hires a rich apartment in Petrograd. Bolsheviki officials are fat and sleek and their wives wear jewels.

This personal tale is more crowded with dramatic incident than J. S. Fletcher novel. There is a winter palace massacre. The palace, where in the members of the provisional government were hiding, was besieged by communists and bombarded by the warship Aurora. "A regiment of women and military cadets were bravely resisting an overwhelming force of bolshevik troops, and over the telephone Minister Konovloff was appealing for aid. Their situation was desperate for we knew that the sailors, after taking the palace, would probably tear them to pieces. What could we do? After breathless council it was decided that all of us should go in procession to the winter palace and do our utmost to rescue the ministers, woman soldiers and cadets. Even as we prepared to go, over the telephone came the despairing shout: 'The gates of the palace have been forced. The massacre has begun. Hurry! The mob has reached the first floor. All is over. Goody! They break in! They are...' That last word from the winter palace was a broken cry."

It is impossible to give from a single incident an idea of the melodramatic quality of this book. Hunting from pillar to post, arrests, death sentences, reprieves, death and danger on every side, and on every side such wholesale agony as ought to make a man go mad. "Yet the Slav is not wholly devoid of humor. In the midst of all this 'The Devil's Pepper Pot,' an anti-bolshevik paper, said editorially: 'The winter season in the health resort of Petropavlovskaya fortresses has opened brilliantly. Prominent ministers, eminent politicians, gentlemen of the czarist and provisional governments and leaders of the parties are taking vacations in this celebrated resort with its well-known methods of medical treatment by cold, hunger and complete rest, interrupted at times by surgical operations, butcheries, and other excitements.' Sometimes the Russian is an unconscious humorist, and flattens himself

out with an unsuspecting irony. A bolshevik orator was wearing 'a soldier's uniform and prominent on his tunic was a military medal. Furtively he denounced the czar, aristocrats, officers, and loudly he called for the abolition of all honors, privileges, distinctions and insignia.' "Why do you wear that medal?" some one demanded. "Oh, this medal is quite a different thing," returned the orator. "It was given me by the czar himself for my military services." The author laughs with the crowd at this simple soldier, yet there is a little of the same naivete in this comment: "As the teachers' conference (where Sorokin's speech evoked great patriotic enthusiasm) Mr. Verzhbitskiy tried to speak, but the audience refused to listen to him. Thank God, the state of mind here is saner than in Petrograd."

The combination of fun and pathos in the prison scenes is irresistible. In the bustle of Petrograd the bolsheviks rounded up the "distinguished" prisoners. As new batches of professors, ex-ministers, and aristocrats come in, Prisoner Avksentiev, former minister of the interior, cries: "Representatives of the sovereign people, welcome to this shrine of liberty." They take exercise, and are granted light and visiting privileges during certain hours. The warden supplies hot water, a little cabbage, a speck of meat, sugar, tea, and a quarter pound of bread a day for each. Friends smuggle in a tid-bit now and then.

Icarian Wings

Continued from First Page.

the streets whom Karl had picked up one night who, meeting him afterward when he is down and out, does make him see that that is his only course. But even that course is made useless by the spirit in which Karl takes it. He is still egocentric; the world must still serve him. And he goes home buoyed up by a certain assumption—and when that assumption proves groundless he is lost.

Well, all of that might be a mere morality play and not a work of art at all, as have been many novels written around a similar theme. But Mr. Gorman is a poet and has imaginatively entered into Karl's spirit—and the whole thing rings true. Here is no mere auctorial indictment of a course which the author disapproves. Here is no fictional punishment for wife desertion or for a callous disregard of one's mother. The tale is told with absolute artistic detachment: Karl is what he is, and his Nemesis is self-engendered. And the reader who injects any moral bias into his reading of the book will distort its values. The artist, making life viewed on a certain level his objective, must needs collide with his nearest and dearest as well as with those more remotely about him, who live not on the esthetic but on the practical level. In any society based on acquisitiveness the conflict is inevitable. Even Goethe has been condemned by the moralists for his "esthetic exploitation" of other people. But most of us forgive Goethe as even the exploited ones might well have done. Whatever moral judgments may be passed on Karl, no matter how just in their condemnation, would be, from the point of view of this book, beside the point. The decisive judgment was passed by Fate itself, and Karl was condemned for lack of self-knowledge.

And, to end on an incidental note, if anyone wishes to know the reality behind that phrase—still magic, one imagines, to the un sophisticated—"Greenwich Village," he may be referred to the pages of "Gold by Gold," Mr. Gorman has its number.

During the few hours when it is light they study English and read Dumas and Conan Doyle. Likewise we devoured these romances, adding to our conversation the phrases employed by our favorite heroes. "Swear by the five fingers of my hand," from Conan Doyle, became a popular expression.

Adversity brings out incongruities as well as character. "Tereshchenko," from a man very "comme il faut," always cleanly shaven and exquisitely dressed, was transformed into a bearded man in shabby trousers and a sweater. Puriashkevitz looked like a janitor, the work of which he really performed in prison. Here are all the elements of tragedy-comedy. What could not a Chekhov plus a Moscow theater do with it?

It is impossible here to follow the author thru his subsequent trials, counter-revolutionary plots, and harrowing experiences. He passed thru tremendous days, thru which he bore himself bravely, and of which he has written simply and well. This is his swan song:

"Whatever may happen in the future, I know that I have learned three things which will remain forever convictions of my heart as well as my mind. Life, even the hardest life, is the most beautiful, wonderful, and miraculous treasure in the world. Fulfillment of duty is another beautiful thing, making life happy and giving to the soul an unconquerable force to sustain ideals. This is my second conviction, and my third is that cruelty, hatred, and injustice never can and never will be able to create a mental, moral, or material millennium."

On Feb. 1 the Century company will publish "Christianity—Which Way?" by Charles S. Nickerson, D. D., and on Feb. 13 "Portuguese Silver," by Charles Neville Buck, and "Life and Erlan," by Gilbert Frankau.

Bobbs Merrill Books

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The Bobbs-Merrill Company
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do not forget that she continues to be a wife and a homemaker as well as a mother, and do not outline a program demanding all her day for fulfillment. One of Maud Tousey Fangel's delightful blue-eyed, rollicking youngsters perches on the cover page, as an added inspiration to the happy mother of the happy baby.
WINIFRED RAGAINS.

Games Both Quiet and Noisy

What Shall We Play? by Edna Gelster. (George H. Doran company.) Because she is, in the unoffensive sense of the phrase, such a life-of-the-party person herself, Miss Edna Gelster is just the one to answer the question, "What Shall We Play?" Having done so on previous occasions with gratifying returns in the way of royalties, for the benefit of harassed hostesses and social committees, Miss Gelster this time addresses herself directly to the children. The rules she gives are, however, quite as enlightening to playground worker, Sunday school teacher or parent, as to the small players themselves.

There are not-noisy games and very noisy games, moving-around games and sick-a-bed games, table games and sidewalk games, running games, tag games and races and games for hot weather. The beauty of these games is that they suit any occasion and any number of players. If you are under the false impression that a book of rules will stunt the creative impulse in the growing mind, just try a round of "The Witch's Carpet," or "Roar."
H. B. M.

"Everywhere"

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fortable straw hat and blue serge suit he would wear on the streets of London or Paris.

It would be easy to make a review twice or three times the size of this by quoting, for quotable passages abound. But how is one to choose from a book that deals with every continent of the globe and whose author knew most of the remarkable people of his time and had himself essayed occupations as diversified as author, artist, explorer, inventor and soldier?

Then, too, since some earlier reviewers have criticized the author's "it," let this review by a staunch admirer of man and book keep the offending pronoun out.



Edward W. Bok

has written the story of the personal side of his life. "The Americanization of Edward Bok" was the autobiography of Edward Bok, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal. This new book is the autobiography of Edward W. Bok, the Man.

TWICE THIRTY

SOME SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNALS OF THE ROAD

The New York Times says: "The Americanization of Edward Bok" was one of the most interesting of autobiographical narratives. . . . "Twice Thirty" is no less interesting. . . . In its recollections of great men it surpasses in interest Mr. Bok's first volume. . . . It is apparent, then, that Mr. Bok, excellent journalist that he is, saved some of his best stuff for a second installment."

The New York Times: "We found ourselves fascinated with the story of a man who has made something of an adventure of life. . . . Reading these fascinating pages, glowing, as they do, with the virile personality of the author, one is persuaded that here, too, is a man who has seen the sea."

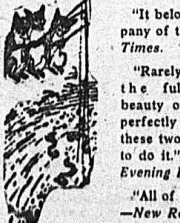
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

When we were very young

Verses by A. A. MILNE. Drawings by E. H. SHEPARD

"An enchanting book."—Anne Carroll Moore in the Herald-Tribune.

"A simply enchanting book. . . . The delicate, tricksey, whimsical, completely charming talent of Mr. Milne never shone more deliciously than in these inspired rhymes."—Harford Courant.



"It belongs in the company of the best."—N. Y. Times.

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"All of it is charming."—New Republic.

"Lucky Mr. Milne to have Mr. Shepard to decorate his poems, lucky Mr. Shepard to have Mr. Milne writing so enchantingly in his picture book. . . . Mr. Milne at his best is ravishing."—Literary Supplement of the London Times.

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