

Another Bonnet for Blue Bonneteers

UNLESS you have read others of the Blue Bonnet series *Blue Bonnet of the Seven Stars* will give you the feeling of being at a large reception where you don't know any one. Inquiries about old friends abound in its early pages and cause regret that there is no synopsis of preceding volumes so that uninitiated readers' hearts could swell and sink with the joys and sorrows of all the fold of dear ones. It does not excite us to know that Aunt Lucinda is aging a little, that dear old Denham is gone died last summer, and that Delia has rheumatism so badly that she isn't of much service when we haven't the ghost of an idea who any of them is! And yet the novice may gather up enough threads to wring his heart considerably as the tale progresses.

For the benefit of the loyal and understanding juvenile readers on behalf of whom Miss Lela Horn Richards and her assistant have written this book it should be said that *Blue Bonnet* is "the same Blue Bonnet—being married and a mother haven't changed her a particle." The story in its deeper aspects is a moral lesson to young women who will presumably become wives and mothers, and who are even now sisters and sweethearts. It points the proper course of behavior when their "men" are called to war. They will, through reading of *Blue Bonnet's* bravery in carrying on while her "man" was at the front in "the aviation," and of the flawless conduct on the part of the minor heroines, learn to shoulder their burdens when the call comes. *Blue Bonnet* within a few weeks after her John left had learned to rise with the dawn and pull on corduroy breeches with ease and despatch in order to run the ranch with more agility.

Miss Richards writes in a style of splendid dignity unknown now except among the writes of juveniles and perhaps among Hall Caine. Her dining tables are "arrayed with edibles," and when a person dies he is said to have reached the green pastures—"his soul has taken flight on the wings of the morning." *Blue Bonnet* as hostess on an evening early in the story has "several rounds with the officers who dance in approved army style." Which goes to show how ignorant is the present writer, who has been in the army for years and danced with gay unconsciousness of Government restrictions.

Rebecca's Promise is another girl's book, by Frances R. Sterrett, written in a less stately style than Miss Richards's, but no less pleasing on that account. It is built upon a framework of eternal freshness and ought to be popular. Rebecca is a school teacher who works hard and plays safe and never has any fun at all until her Cousin Susan Wentworth takes her in hand and forces her to store up happy memories for old age. The initial scene takes place in the tea room of the Waloo Hotel, and that very afternoon Rebecca finds a four leaf clover in her hand. Her luck turns at once and benefits come her way until it makes one dizzy to watch—lovers, good clothes, good times, all things a young girl needs, and finally the great lover.

BLUE BONNET OF THE SEVEN STARS. BY LELA HORN RICHARDS and CAROLINE E. JACOBS. Boston: The Page Company. REBECCA'S PROMISE. BY FRANCES R. STERRETT. D. Appleton & Co.

AN English critic, Robert Lynd, has turned out a volume of lyrical essays which has just been brought over by the Scribners. It sounds like an interesting collection, but it seems from the prospectus to walk into Kipling. The title of the essay on him is *The Poet of Life With a Capital Hell*; and this is quoted: "Everybody who is older than a schoolboy remembers how Mr. Rudyard Kipling was once a modern." Beyond these indications we have no idea of what Mr. Robert Lynd's attitude may be.

But to the teeth of critics in general, this: Step up and take your cracks at Kipling, gentlemen. Tear his tattered ensign down; cancel him out to zero; cart him to the junk heap; do your brightly worst. He is aging and sad and tired, and won't fight back. He never would. Some day (remote indeed, one hopes) the first of living writers of our language will die. Then there will be a reaction, much of which will stay. And the pack of you will be left looking damnably foolish!

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce for publication September 6 *The Quast of the Sacred Slipper*, by Saxe Rohmer, author of the *Fu Manchu yarns*.

Cupid Is Double Crossed



Frederick Orin Bartlett, author of "Joan & Co."

FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT plays a pretty mean trick on his readers in *Joan & Co.* After preparing them for a happy ending to a conventionally unconventional love affair between a poor young man and a girl born to the purple, he turns his tale t'other way about and gives hero and heroine each to their own kind. Joan Fairburne, who is one of the Fairburnes, first met Mark Devons at her college when Mark's girl cousin died. The next time she met him was when her limousine knocked him down at a street crossing in New York. She took him home and he was nursed back to health at Fairburnian expense, and of course fell in love with Joan, who seemed to return it.

Now Mark had a secret process for making patent-leather better and at less cost than any on the market; and it was in trying to sell his invention that he ran across the firm of Burnett & Co., who controlled the patent leather business. Dicky Burnett was in love with Joan, but when he proposed she refused him, friendship being the basis on which they were to continue. Mark wanted money to market his invention and Joan borrowed \$5,000 from Dicky, who got it from his father, to set up the Mark Devons Manufacturing Company. The Devons preparation was so valuable that when Burnett went bankrupt playing Wall Street, Mark's business associates bought out the concern and Dicky went to work for them, never knowing that it was his \$5,000 that had originally made the deal possible.

With prosperity coming to him Mark proposed to Joan. But prosperity spelled

a kind of hard vulgarity for him, and Joan would have none of him or his potential wealth. He went home and proposed to Marion Thompson, the local school teacher, and Joan invited herself to dinner at the Burnett's flat in Brooklyn and made Dicky propose to her again. In addition to being sorry for the reader in his disappointment, we also feel sorry for Marion Thompson. She was due for a hard life as Mrs. Mark Devons.

JOAN & CO. BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Of forty-eight books reported as June best sellers by fifty-five book stores in forty-three large cities eight were Doran publications—these: *The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land*, by Ralph Connor; *Love Stories*, by Mary Roberts Rinehart; *In Secret*, by Robert W. Chambers; *The Secret City*, by Hugh Walpole; *Midas and Son*, by Stephen McKenna; *Poems, Essays and Letters*, by Joyce Kilmer; *The New Revelation*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and *The Grand Fleet*, by Admiral Viscount Jellicoe.

Little Mary has secured from the Page Company the world movie rights in *Pollyanna* and *Pollyanna Grows Up*. Are you properly glad?

The Position of Peggy Harper by Leonard Merriak, with introduction by Pinero, is now added to the limited edition of the uniform American Merrick being brought out by E. P. Dutton & Co. It will appear in the popular edition August 2.

A Yank Sleuth on a Parisian Trail

THE author of *The Trail of the Beast*, Achmed Abdullah, introduces to us James Tennant—James Oliver Tennant to be exact—an American detective who had received an offer from Henri Ducastel, head of the "world renowned" *Agence Ducastel*, asking him to sever his connection with the O'Byrne Detective Agency of New York to join the Paris agency at a salary "which was fabulous for frugal France and generous even when measured with the dollar yardstick." He accepted the offer, for he knew Paris and loved France.

It is needless to say that Tennant had plenty to do in Paris, since a month or so after his arrival, Anatole Jarvet, a powerful political figure, an ultra radical Socialist and intolerant pacifist, "an enemy of everything that smacked of law and order and established authority, nearly an anarchist, a ruthless demagogue who had always been considered a grave danger to the French Republic," was murdered. That was on January 4, 1914, a half year before the outbreak of the great war. Tennant set to work on the case with his great store of "applied psychology." He shortly discovered that it wasn't robbery, neither was it revenge that caused Jarvet's death, but a map of Indo-China. And this is only the beginning of mystery piled on mystery and plot on plot.

Tennant had kept track of everything regarding the case, even to Guillaume Nordeg, a butcher who claimed to be an Alsatian, and who seemed to have an income that was not being earned by his shop. Paris was becoming restless about the case, and when Raoul Stenyard, the owner of the *Etoile*, a radical daily, was found murdered the public began to lose faith in Tennant. He and M. Ducastel print a notice in all the papers to the effect that he had quit and had left for America. A new character, M. Ernest Lafarge, pops up in his place. M. Lafarge had Tennant's characteristics, the same disposition and the same smile!

Through this disguise Tennant gets to the bottom of things, playing the part of a secret service agent of Germany, and becomes acquainted with Nordeg, who afterward proved to be the esteemed high chief of German spies and secret diplomatic agents in Paris. Tennant discovered that the map for which Nordeg was after, when its cryptic significance was properly interpreted, was of grave importance. It was a map of the fortifications of France, with which Germany, by way of Switzerland, could conquer.

In *The Trail of the Beast* there is a situation more intriguing than the mere mysterious murder of the average criminal tale. There is love too, and these add to the pleasure one finds in reading this engrossing yarn, which never flags in ingenious interest from beginning to end.

THE TRAIL OF THE BEAST. BY ACHMED ABDULLAH. James A. McCann Company.

POEMS REJECTED BY MAGAZINES

ARE WANTED for publication in volume. Address: Francis Fielding-Held, Seal Harbor, Me. All communications must be accompanied by stamped addressed envelope. Poems accepted paid for. Please state if poems submitted have been rejected.



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