

THE BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Reviewed by Professor H. B. Lathrop of Stanford University.



MISS LILLIE LAWLOR

England's Nobility Charmed by the Voice of a California Nightingale.

ANOTHER American girl has charmed royalty by the wonder of her voice—has shown that California is still a producer of remarkable songbirds.

Word comes from London of the success of a San Francisco girl, but it will not be a surprise to the many friends of Miss Lillie Lawlor, for it is but the fulfillment of what every one expected when she left here barely two years ago to cultivate her voice in the best schools abroad.

After studying in London, Paris and Brussels, she has divided her time between Paris and London, where, through her charming personality and the remarkable timbre of her voice, she has become a conspicuous figure in both the social and artistic worlds.

It is but another example of the popularity of the American girl abroad. Miss Lawlor was one of the most prominent of San Francisco's society belles when she decided to leave the gayeties of the afternoon tea, dinner and ball to go to the best masters abroad and take up seriously the study of drawing-room singing.

Her first appearance was at one of Mrs. Mackay's functions in London. Then followed rapidly other successes at the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Ronalds, Lady Waterloo, Lady Hamilton, the Viscountess Deerhurst and many others. But the greatest success was still to come.

Miss Lawlor has made many friends, and among them Mr. and Mrs. Holden, whose estate, Eastwell Park, at Ashford, Kent, is the second largest hunting park in England. It consists of several thousand acres and upward of 2000 deer were killed on the preserves last year. The Holden House has ample accommodations for hundreds of guests, and that music is well appreciated is evinced by the fact that there are half a dozen grand pianos in the different drawing-rooms of the mansion. Their house parties are famous throughout England, and invitations to them most highly prized. Recently the Holdens gave a five-day hunting party in honor of the Duke of Cambridge, the first cousin of Queen Victoria, and his sons, the Rear Admiral Fitz George and Colonel Fitz George; Miss Lawlor was invited as Mrs. Holden's special guest.

Miss Lawlor sang every evening, and the Duke, seated near the piano, enjoyed the singing greatly, and his Royal Highness, as well as the other guests, complimented her most highly. It is certainly very promising, this success the California songstress has in store for her, and an evidence of the cordial good will of the English people toward their American cousins.

Continued from Page One.

How Uncle Sam Watches the Immigrant and Catches the Smuggler.

ined in an asylum, but had escaped and gone to Australia. The Hawaiian lady was not a pauper by any means. She had \$683 with her, but was hopelessly crazy on religion. Her fanaticism extended also to mind-healing, and tangled up with any other idea she may ever have had. She went back with the Umattila and is hard to tell who is shipping her now or where she is being shipped to; but she is probably on the move.

The immigrants were all disposed of, so we left the Gaelic to go on the dock and watch the customs officers at work inspecting the baggage.

"Look here, Mr. St. John, this sounds hollow. I believe the trunk has a false bottom." The words came out of a big wood and leather affair, the contents of which were carelessly dumped in a sort of pyramid beside it. There was a custom service official stooping over the trunk, half inside, tapping away with his fingertips.

Mr. St. John, Deputy Surveyor of the Port, walked leisurely round and tapped a little on his own accord; then the hatchet tapped a little, too, and a splinter came out, disclosing a neat layer of silk and laces. The trunk belonged to a big, bluff passenger, who tried to explain that the bottom was there all the time and that the Custom-house officers could have seen it before if they had wanted to. He had known all about it and would have told them if they had asked.

But the inspectors did not see it from that point of view.

"Not more than the ordinary, nor so much," was the reply, "but the baggage has all to be gone over, and the searching process is the same, besides other duties of an official nature."

"Do the ladies ever try smuggling?" I asked.

"Not as a rule," was the reply. "We have had cases where the inspectress had her hands full. All the skirts, dutiable clothing, wraps, etc., that they can manage to wear are legitimately theirs, but when it comes to carrying things in the tops of bonnets, in the soles of their shoes and between the linings of their dresses we have to object, you know. We do not usually search the women unless there is something suspicious in their appearance or deportment; in case we suspect them of attempted smuggling we turn them over to an inspectress."

Trunks were being opened, overhauled and shut up systematically, the contents of the sacks and valises were being dumped out and poured in again; cabs and transfer wagons were waiting, or taking them away as rapidly as they were released. It was a busy time in the corral. When things became a little quieter and the big pile of luggage had diminished to a few scattering items, some of the officers lit cigars and became more communicative.

"We seize baggage occasionally," said one, "but it is only when the owner has shown his hand very plainly and there is no chance of mistake. Seized baggage is kept in the hands of the Government, and unless it is claimed it is appraised and sold and the money goes into the Government funds."

"There isn't much danger of its being claimed," added another, "for the owner is apt to consider the goods well lost if he can keep out of prison. Sometimes they do try the trick, though, of allowing their baggage to be seized for delinquent duty, and then buying it up at the auction sale."

"And what do you do if you catch them at it?"

The officer made an eloquent gesture in imitation of a razor rapidly drawn across the throat, accompanied by a sort of "Z-l-l-p" sound. I am inclined to think, as a matter of fact, however, that the Government officials are less violent than that.

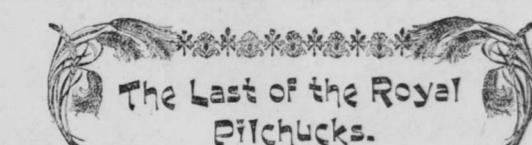
NAN BYXBER.

The Last of the Royal Pitchucks.

THE last of the royal Pitchuck family, who calls himself the most contented of men, is spending his declining years in the pretty little town of Snohomish, Wash.

"Indian Jack," as he is called by the white people of the town, is a most remarkable man. Absolutely happy and contented, industrious and intelligent, he sees the days slip by, the years come and go, and never murmurs or complains of the vanished glory of his tribe. On the contrary, he is fond of his supposed enemy, the white man.

He takes a great interest in all things political, and those who remember a few years back say that



when "Jack's" name was among the political speakers people would come miles to hear him. His speeches, clever and bright, made the opposition party smart. His sarcastic humor caused more than one man to lose a coveted position. He could never be bought, and if he truly thought that some man on his own ticket was unworthy he felt the sting of Jack's tongue too.



INDIAN JACK THE ROYAL PITCHUCK

PHOTO BY FOWLER WASH.

been married but a year ago.

Their home (for they scorn to live on the reservation) is a little hut on the banks of the Pitchuck Creek. The creek and the woods around give them their living. In fish season they fish for salmon. They do this with what is called a gaff hook. It is a large hook fastened to a long stick, and the fish are speared with it. In clam season they dig for clams, and in berry season gather wild berries and sell them to the whites.

The Pitchuck Indians are a branch of the Siwash tribe. In appearance they resemble the Digger Indian of the southland. Here the resemblance ends, for the Pitchucks are honest as the day is long and never have given the whites any trouble.



OF the abundance of incident in Skienlewicz's new novel, "The Knights of the Cross," may well be said that Dryden says of Chaucer's exuberance—"Here is God's plenty." On every page is a downright word; on every third or fourth page the record of a downright blow. Now the tale tells of a hotly contested duel, ending with a piece of magnificent killing; now of instant and imperious love, boldly declared; now of youth's fantastic challenges as he rides about, longing to twirl the world on his lance point; now of the dark and bloody deeds wrought in a secret prison chamber, of abductions, feasts, rescues, hunts, of plotting in the King's palace, good cheer and wrangling in the farmer's cabin, subtle cruelty in the monastery of violence everywhere, on the road, in the field and the wood, in the castle and the church. The author seems never to falter or be at a loss for action to fill his pages. Often one adventure is not even completed before the next adventure begins, and the reader feels as if the author were drawing from an exhaustless source of supply. The rushing life of the tale, unconscious of effort and heedless of economy, is as resistless as a force of nature.

The work is a historical novel, portraying the obscure period when Poland and Lithuania, united under one crown by Jadwiga's patriotic marriage, were struggling into national self-consciousness and unity. The book, written from the point of view of a loyal Pole, deals with the contest between this inchoate nation and the great religious and military order of the Teutonic Knights. These Teutonic Knights, known from the black cross on their white cloaks as the Knights of the Cross, had established a government, represented as strong and orderly, but frightfully oppressive, on the western confines of Lithuania. They had converted, or, more properly, conquered the heathen natives to Christianity, and were engaged in carrying on the same process among the Lithuanians. The Lithuanians, meantime, by the marriage of their King with the saintly Queen of Poland, had in accordance with the usual summary methods been obliged to turn Christian. Thus the Knights no longer had any excuse for assailing them. For all that, the Knights, who are depicted as thoroughly corrupt, committed hideous outrages on the borders, not only of half-heathen Lithuania, but of Poland, long settled in Christianity. The baser Knights are portrayed as given over to sensual indulgence and cruelty; the nobler to a fanatical devotion to their order. Almost without exception they are completely unscrupulous, hesitating at no cruelty, deceit or breach of faith which seems likely to gain their ends.

Against this compact organization, strong with all the strength of the highest civilization of the day, and evil as hell itself, is set off the great-hearted but half barbarous Polish nation, with its wild energy and beauty. The freedom and sympathy with which the author represents the barbaric character and the rude conditions of the age give the book itself something of a barbaric nature. The men are of uncommon magnitude of stature and great beauty of form. Their strength is marvelous. The hero squeezes sap from a twig, and one of the princesses can break horseshoes with her hands. In the endurance of cold and hunger, wounds and torture they are almost superhuman. Old Yurand of Spjohov, weaponless in the midst of his enemies, slays one by swinging him over his head and dashing his skull to pieces on the floor, and seizing a great sword sweeps the hall clear of the armed crowd that oppose him. At last he is entangled in a net, and laid bound in a noisome dungeon. But even when his eye is burned out with pitch, his tongue torn forth by the roots and his right hand cut off, he utters but one dull groan, and has might left in him for battle. The laughter of the men is boisterous and their hunger huge. Matakko of Bogdanets is in some ways the most characteristic figure in the book. In his frank devotion to his nephew he has received a dangerous wound. After three weeks he takes the saddle, but spits unmixt blood on every exertion. "It was difficult to live with a piece of iron sticking under the ribs. He complained that he spat blood continually and had no appetite. A quart of shelled nuts, two spans of sausage, a plate of fried eggs—that was his whole daily sustenance. Father Tsybek bled him a number of times, thinking to draw the fever from under his heart and restore desire for food; that gave no relief either."

This hunger of Gargantua and the strange names give a wild archaic air to the tale. Matakko, Mikolaj, Yagenka, Poval of Tachev, Pietko of Mioslavie, Prokop, Yasko of Lazevitse, and multitudes of names with k, z and v in them make an American reader stare and gasp. The very hero is Zbyshko.

The incidents of the novel are nearly all marked by something of the elemental un-oughtness already hinted at. Matakko is healed of his grievous wound by drinking three quarts of bear's fat, which oiled the buried weapon and made it slip out. "The first quart Matakko drank with pleasure, for it was fresh, not burnt, and had the odor of angelica, which the girl, skilled in plants, had added to the pot in measure. Matakko was strengthened in spirit at once, and received hope of recovery."

"That was needed," said he, "when everything is oiled properly; that dog mother of an arrow point may slip out of me somewhere."

The succeeding quarts did not taste so well to him as the first, but he drank because of good sense.

When the crisis was past, a splinter from an arrow working its way through an abscess, he called for food.

He could not look at bear's fat, but they broke up twelve eggs to be fried for him, for through caution Yagenka would not permit more. He ate these with relish, together with half a loaf of bread, and drank a pot of beer."

Yet it is not only the rudeness of simplicity which is expressed in the book. Its beauty—open-hearted, clearness of character, loyalty, courage, unsophisticated directness, the nobility of genuineness—takes its rightful place as the inspiring force of the story. Yagenka, Brimhilde in strength, beauty and daring, better than Brimhilde in the generous tenderness of her unrecruited love, is a

worthy parallel as woman to Zbyshko as man. This heady but nobly single-hearted youth makes a fine hero, for he is free from the insipidity and characterlessness of the usual hero of romance.

The subject and the substance of "The Knights of the Cross" remind one of another Slav story—the prose epic of "Tarass Bulba." "Tarass Bulba" possesses the same strange union of uncouthness and heroism, but differs from "The Knights of the Cross" in its more compact unity and intense fire. Both seem more genuine, less sentimentalized than, for example, Scott; both tempt one to draw unfavorable comparisons with Homer's noble manner of dealing with similar subjects.

Although "The Knights of the Cross" is so rich in incident, the outline of the story so far as it has appeared is extremely clear and simple. Indeed, when a reader stops to think of the story he is surprised to find how panoramic a view of the place and time has been given so simply. The author seems purposely to have depleted all ranks of society and all phases of life. The farming, the organization of labor, the wild life in the unbroken forest, the work of the church, the administration of justice, the meeting of chivalry with the untutored wildness of the half-savage races, the methods of the religious orders, the dress and domestic habits of the period, are all depicted, casually as part of a story which never becomes conscious or didactic. Of the accuracy of the picture very few are competent to judge and as a work of literature the novel may be from the truth as far as the south pole from the north pole and lose not a jot of its merit. The history of a historical novel is the least significant of its elements. If the author can carry the reader's imagination with him into a new world he has added a new world to his reader's wealth, as precious if in Fairyland as if in San Francisco or South Devon.

It is not likely that the new book will excite so much popular interest as "Quo Vadis." The period of "Quo Vadis" is one about which many readers have a natural curiosity to begin with, and it offers an opportunity for brilliant contrasts, great variety and descriptions of alluring beauty. In "The Knights of the Cross" the historical period is little known; one might say totally unknown without great exaggeration. The subject presents far fewer opportunities for variety of incident than does the subject of the earlier novel. As a matter of fact, the incidents, though vivacious and brilliant, are in a sense very much of one type. Nor is any of them so original in inspiration as the struggle of Ursus with the bull, the death of Petronius, or the burning of the Christian martyrs. This is not to say that the scenes are not of thrilling interest. The death of the bear and the ax duel between Zbyshko and Rotiger are marvelously vivid. The strange horror of the soft footsteps in the wood, where foul spirits abounded; the later coming of the bear, the manful attack on the great bear with only a barbed fork and an ax for weapons, and the surprise of Yagenka's help make the picture of the two beside the fallen bear in the sudden twilight one never to be

forgotten. The combat, less novel in conception, is equally brilliant in execution. Unlike many a tournament, it has the merit of seeming to be more than play.

Thus far only the first half of the book has appeared. The publishers announce that the translator, Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, has a good part of the second half ready for publication, but that the author has not finished the novel yet. Mr. Curtin's style is flexible and forcible and is very appropriate to its subject matter. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Books Received.

"The Disastrous Motion of the Earth," by William Andrews, Myra Andrews and Ernest G. Stevens, 18 West Forty-fifth street, New York.

"Christian Science," by William A. Purinton, E. B. Treat & Co., New York, \$1.

"Sense and Sattire," by William L. Breyfogel, Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

"True Motherhood," by James C. Fernald, Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, 50 cents.

"Nooks and Corners of Old New York," by Charles Hemstreet, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, \$1.

"The Successful American," vol. I, No. 1, The Press Biographical Company, New York, \$3 a year.

"Coin on Money, Trusts and Imperialism," by W. H. Harvey, Coin Publishing Company, Chicago, 25 cents.

"Some Reminiscences of a Long Life," by John Hooker, Belknap & Warfield, Hartford.

When English literary papers review American novels they rarely fail to poke fun at what they call "Americanisms," if they run across any. Thus the Athenaeum calls attention to the ejaculation "Love me big, big," which the heroine of a work of fiction emanating from this country addresses to the hero. This the Athenaeum calls an "Americanism," but it may be doubted if such an expression be current in this republic. Many other "Americanisms," as our English cousins call them, may fairly be said to be unknown in the United States. American novels to the contrary notwithstanding.

Books are not furniture, and a library does not consist of cases. Bookcases are bodies necessary only for the protection of the souls of volumes within them. The less care the better, so long as it does its work. Too many persons have the furniture idea in their heads when they think of a library and will first provide a cumbersome, top-heavy, over-ornamented receptacle with awkward doors, that in its massiveness dwarfs the volumes it contains and proves to be anything but an ornament to the room it is in, and if the room be a small one so much the worse for the general aesthetic effect; better plain, open shelves, that exhibit their contents and make them easy of access.

Pope Leo will live in literature as a writer of Latin verse. His Holiness is said, notwithstanding his many cares and burdens of old age and delicate health, to turn to this form of composition as a recreation.