



ILLUSTRATIONS FROM

"THE NIGHT SIDE OF LONDON"

WRITTEN BY ROBERT MACHRAY WITH DRAWINGS BY TOM BROWNE. COPYRIGHT 1902 BY J.B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

CONDUCTED BY B. G. LATHROP.

LAST season everybody read "Graustark." It was a success right from the start. Although it was Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's first book, all sorts of nice things happened to it. It had only been in print in America for two weeks before Canada and Great Britain had an edition of their own, and the Germans, French and Spaniards had translated it and were busy poring over the love affairs of the stalwart American and the fair Princess of Graustark. It was romance of the deliciously improbable sort, but just the kind to appeal to the reader who, tired of the prosaic affairs of business as common in the present day, wished to seek mental rest in romance fashioned on truly romantic lines.

In spite of the fact that "Graustark" flavored strongly of the "Prisoner of Zenda" episode, it was not lacking in originality and it certainly met with popular approval. This year Mr. McCutcheon has written a romance that will even outrank "Graustark" as a book for popular reading. It begins with a delightful snap to it that catches the reader's interest from the first page and holds it until the last thread of the story has been unraveled.

The motif of the story concerns itself with the efforts of a wealthy young American to win for his life a girl who is already engaged to an Italian Prince, and a scion of royalty who has wealth as well as title and good looks. The American has this much in his favor at the start of this uphill game—he was, in his boyhood's days, at one time the preferred swain of a little maid. But that was a long time ago and he has not met Dorothy Garrison since they have grown to the estate of man and woman.

Here, that Mr. McCutcheon picks for leading role in his new novel of "Castle Cranecrow" is Philip Quentin, American by birth and occupation and with more money and time on his hands than generally falls to the lot of a young man of 25.

It is in his effort to waste a little time that he decides to sail from New York with his good friends Lord and Lady Saxondale for a visit with them in their London home. There he meets the Italian Prince who is to figure in the story as the arch villain, and he is struck by a certain familiarity in the face and voice of the Italian.

It does not take Quentin long to connect this familiarity with an incident in his life that happened while he was living in one of the South American republics, and he recognizes in Prince Ugo Ravorelli none other than Parvay, an Italian tenor who had appeared in leading roles in an opera company, and who had been charged with the murder of one of the women in the troupe, but had managed to save his neck but not his reputation.

When Quentin meets Dorothy Garrison it does not take him long to make up his mind that he will save her from a match with this man he knows to be a blackguard and a villain; and he has but barely come to a determination on this point ere he finds himself under ears in love with the lady. Then it is that the struggle begins in earnest.

Quentin soon finds that he has more than his hands full. In the first place, it is no light task to win over the affection of a rather blonde American girl who is really in love with another man, to say nothing of the fact that the object of her affection is a man of birth and wealth. A further obstacle offers itself inasmuch as the Prince soon realizes that Quentin has recognized him as the leading figure in the South American scandal and that the young American has fallen in love with his bride to be.

Ravorelli is not a man to sit back and see his schemes thwarted, so he begins operations with a full corps of assistants, even including a detective of no small ability and a shockingly small amount of conscience. He leaves no stone unturned in his efforts to bring about the American's undoing from attempts at assassination to the more subtle plan of having Quentin involved in a duel with a professional duelist.

Quentin, on his side, has also a band of adherents of no mean worth. He has told the story of the South American affair to Lord and Lady Saxondale and they stand by him body and soul. His chum, Dickey Savage, plays no small part and performs a very happy coup when he shoots the chin of the professional duelist, when, through a miscarriage of Ravorelli's plans the quarrel is foisted on the wrong man. Even Turk, Quentin's valet and an expert burglar, does his part in finally outwitting the Prince's detective, but not until the worthy little ex-thief has had some close calls for his own scalp.

The most unique part of the whole book is when affairs have gone so badly with the Quentin forces that the bride is on her way to the church to be married and as a last resort Quentin and his friends abduct her and carry her to Saxondale's castle of Cranecrow. This is a situation that would put even Dumas on his mettle to bring about a successful denouement, but Mr. McCutcheon shows himself equal to the task. The bare relation of the plot varies strongly of the fairy tale in its very preposterousness, but the author writes with such an assurance and imparts such a flavor of truthfulness in his care of details that as we are held to the highest pitch of excitement and even feel the conviction that the happenings are quite plausible. Whether Mr. Quentin wins or loses in his uphill fight for the woman of his choice is not for the reviewer to tell, but for the reader to learn for himself. The story is quite improbable, but the reading of it is most delightful.

We give below the opening chapter, which tells of the way Philip Quentin happened to acquire the valuable services of James Turkington, burglar and man of the underworld. Those who are not acquainted with Mr. McCutcheon's direct style of narrative and his resources in the way of unique situations will here find a fair sample of his ingenuity. "Castle Cranecrow" will undoubtedly be one of the most popular books of the season. It is published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. Price \$1.50.

It was characteristic of Mr. Philip Quentin that he first lectured his servant on the superiority of mind over matter and then took him cheerfully by the throat and threw him into a far corner of the room. As the servant was not more than half the size of his master his opposition was merely vocal, but it was nevertheless unmistakable. His early career had increased his vocabulary, and his language was more picturesque than pretty. Yet of his loyalty and faithfulness there could be no doubt. During the seven years of his service he had been obliged to forget that the young gentleman whose goods and chattels he guarded was more assiduous than he did his own soul or what meant more to him—his personal comfort. His employment came about in an unusual way. Mr. Quentin had an apartment in a smart building uptown. One night he was awakened by a noise in his room. In the darkness he saw a man fumbling among his things, and in an instant he had seized his revolver from the stand at his bedside and covered the intruder. Then he calmly demanded: "Now, what are you doing here?"

"I'm looking for a boardin' house," replied the other, sulkily. "That's all."

"Well, it won't do me no good to say I'm a sleepwalker, will it?—er a missionary, er a dream? But, on d' dead, sport, I'm hungry, an' I war tryin' to git enough to buy a meal an' a bed. On d' dead, I wuz."

"And a suit of clothes, and an overcoat, and a house and lot, I suppose, and please don't call me 'sport' again. Sit down—not on the floor; on that chair over there. I'm going to search you. Maybe you've got something I need." Mr. Quentin turned on the light and proceeded to disarm the man, pilfer his mislaid keys, and "Take off the mask. Lord! put it on again; you look much better. So, you're hungry, are you?"

"As a bear."

"Now, don't be unkind, Mr. Burglar. I mean supper for two. I'm hungry myself, but not a bit steevy. Will you wait?"

"Oh, I'm in no particular hurry. Quentin dressed calmly. The burglar began whistling softly.

"I haven't got me overcoat on yet," replied the burglar, suggestively. Quentin saw he was dressed in the chillest of rags. He opened a closet door and threw him a long coat.

"Ah, here is your coat. I must have taken it from the club by mistake. Pardon me."



before he was looking at a stalwart figure with a leveled revolver, confidently expecting to drop with the bullet in his body from an artful weapon. Indeed, he encountered conditions so strange that he felt a doubt of their reality. He had, for some peculiar and amazing reason, no desire to escape. There was something in the oddness of the proceeding that made him wish to see it to an end. Besides he was quite sure the strapping young fellow would shoot if he attempted to bolt.

"This is a fairly good eating house," observed the would-be victim as they came to an "all-nighter." They entered and deliberately removed their coats, the thief watching his host with shifty, even twinkling eyes. "What shall it be, Mr. Robber? You are hungry and you may order the entire bill, from soup to the date line, if you like. Pitch in."

"Say, boss, what's your game?" demanded the crook, suddenly. His sharp, pinched face, with its week's growth of beard, wore a new expression—that of admiration. "I ain't such a rube that I don't like a good t'ing even when it ain't comin' my way. You're a dandy, dat's right, an' I t'ink we'd do well in de business together. Put me nex' to yer game."

"Game? The bill of fare tells you all about that. Here's quail, squab, duck—see? That's the only game I'm interested in. Go on and order."

"S'elp me Gawd if you ain't a peach." For half an hour Mr. Burglar ate ravenously, Quentin watching him through half-closed, amused eyes. He had had a dull, monotonous week, and this was the novelty that lifted life out of the torpidity into which it had fallen.

The host at this queer feast was at that time little more than 25 years of age, a year out of Yale, and just back from a second tour of South America. He was an orphan, coming into a big fortune with his majority, and he had satiated an old desire to travel in lands not visited by all the world. Now he was back in New York to look after the investments

his guardian had made, and he found them so ridiculously satisfactory that they cast a shadow of dullness across his mind, always hungry for activity.

"Have you a place to sleep?" he asked, at length.

"I live in Jersey City, but I suppose I can find a cheap lodgin' house down by d' river. Trouble is, I ain't got d' price."

"Then come back home with me. You may sleep in Jackson's room. Jackson was my man till yesterday, when I dismissed him for stealin' my cigars and drinkin' my drinks. I won't have anybody about me who steals. Come along."

Then they walked swiftly back to Quentin's flat. The owner of the apartment directed his flustered guest to a small room off his own and told him to go to bed.

"By the way, what's your name?" he asked, before he closed the door.

The size of his body. The little ex-burglar was like a piece of steel.

The illustrations on this pageshow some of the types of character familiar to Londoners in their city after dark. They will serve to give an idea of the numerous pen sketches and wash drawings that add so much in the way of illuminating the text in a volume just published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

This book is called "The Night Side of London" and is from the pen of Robert Machray, while Tom Browne, R. L. R. B. A., has furnished the drawings.

Some thirty years ago a book was published under the same title and its popularity was so great that it ran through several editions ere the demand for it could be satisfied. Since then the character of London has changed so materially after dark, owing to the influence of public opinion and the efforts of the police, that new matter on the subject is naturally quite different in every way from the sketches as then published. At that time the town presented certain aspects that have since passed away. Still, even at this time, there is plenty of material offering an entertaining field for the pen of a clever author and especially when that pen is supplemented by the artist as Mr. Browne. In this case the drawings are of special value as an aid to the reality of the reader's mental pictures of the subjects discussed; for the artist and author saw the life together and it is almost as if the text and the drawings were both the work of one person, so perfectly is the illustrating in touch with the text.

Their work has not been to bring out the hideous side of night life in London, but rather to present the familiar, though bizarre—the side that is most characteristic and the most enjoyed by the great public.

Mr. Machray writes with a versatile pen and gives us the atmosphere of his scenes with a flavor of convincing truth that is irresistible. He pictures the street scenes, the "Flooded Circus," "In Society," the music hall, the masked ball, the shilling hop—all of them with a vigor and clearness that makes them realities ever when they come to us through the medium of cold type. Considerable space is devoted to the club life of the great city and the different phases of merry-making enjoyed by these revelers after dark. The book is most profusely illustrated and the capital drawings deserve full praise for the realism they impart to the text. The price of the volume is \$2.50.

Literary Notes. Barrie in his new story, "The Little White Bird," in Scribner's, introduces two curious minor characters, a club waiter and a nursemaid. This tale displays what Barrie himself calls the narrator's "whimsical ideas."

William Watson, the English poet, is the subject of a critical article by Professor George E. Woodbury, the American poet, which is to appear in the September number of The Century, which will also contain an admirable example of Mr. Watson's work in "A Ballad of Semmerwater," which embodies an old legend, and which will be illustrated and decorated by Henry McCarter.

That men who indulge in the sanguinary fad of collecting human heads should have a "home life" which is anything but repulsive seems incredible. And yet Dr. W. H. Furness, third, who lived for a while among the men of Borneo, in his forthcoming volume, "Home Life of the Borneo Head Hunters," will disclose a home life attractive and unsophisticated, which, while dominated by superstitious fears stirred by the ever-present mysteries of the jungle, bears also many traces of that folk-lore which seems to girdle the earth. His book will be illustrated by almost a hundred helleotypes of microscopic excellence reproduced from photographs. By an ingenious device, involving duplication of the photographs, he has reproduced the tattooing of men and women with a vividness which it is believed has never before been attained something which will be of no small service to those who wish to study these intricate and conventional designs. The edition is limited to 500 copies. It will be one of the handiwork of J. B. Lippincott's autumn publications.

The features of Outing for August include the following: "Surf Bathing," Duffield Osborne; "At the Races," Arthur Ruhl; "Tippecanoeing," W. S. Dunbar; "The Partisans' Roll Call," William J. Long; "Theodore Roosevelt on His Hunter," photograph; "Suspicious Characters of the Woods," William S. Rice; "The Caribou of British Columbia and Alaska," Dr. J. A. Allen; "The Mystery of the Salmon," Barton W. Evermann; "The Great Horned Salmon of the Penobscot," J. O. Whittemore; "Ras Haskin's Dog," James H. Tuckerman; "A Matter of Mascalonge," Edwyn Sandys; "Mountaineering as a Profession," Francis Gribble; "Of the Real Sea," Norman Duncan; "How to Save a Drowning Man," Alexander McFerrit; "The Trilogy of the Talking Apple Tree," Aloysius Coll; "The Small Boat and Its Sailing"; "Pig Sticking in Morocco," Marion

Wright; "The Beginner and His Automobile," Leon Vandervort; "The Sportsman's View Point," Caspar Whitney; "Notable Performances and Records"; "The Game Field," Edwyn Sandys; "Striped Bass in Summer—Adirondack Fishing," William C. Harris; "Photography for the Sportsman," A. Radclyffe Dugmore.

Dr. David Starr Jordan has in press for publication by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco, "The Philosophy of Despair," an essay embodying the reply of science to pessimism, taking for his text certain quatrains of Omar Khayyam. The following selection from his introductory lines will best indicate the point of view: "In the presence of the infinite problems of life, the voice of science is dumb, for science is the co-ordinate and corrected expression of human experience and human experience must stop with the limitations of human life." It is my purpose here to indicate some part of the answer of science to the philosophy of despair. Direct reply science has none. We cannot argue against a singer or a poet. The poet sings of what he feels, but science speaks only of what we know. We feel indubitably but we cannot know it, for to the highest human wisdom the ultimate truths of the universe are no nearer than to the child. Science knows no ultimate truths. These are beyond the reach of man and all that man knows must be stated in terms of his experience. But as to human experience and conduct science has a word to say. Therefore science can speak of the causes and results of pessimism. It can touch the practical side of the riddle of life by asking certain questions, the answers to which lie within the province of human experience." The publishers will issue the work in a richly printed little volume, using a large-sized Caslon type and a paper of a quality to insure the full blackness of impression.

Many excellent features mark the Theater for August. Conspicuous among the literary contributions is a scholarly and interesting article by Henry Turrell on Gabriele d'Annunzio's new play, "Francesca da Rimini," the writer giving his own version of passages from the tragedy, no English translation of which has yet appeared. An article by H. P. Mawson, entitled "The Truth About Going on the Stage," sets forth some plain, unvarnished facts and is likely to be eagerly read by aspirants to histrionic honors, perhaps with profit to themselves. The usual "Chats With Players" is devoted this month to Mary Shaw, an actress too seldom seen on the stage and justly entitled to her reputation as one of our most distinguished players. It will be news to most people that Costa Rica, whose total population hardly exceeds 250,000, boasts of a national theater which cost over a million dollars. Pictures of this and other magnificent playhouses in the tropics appear in an interesting article entitled "The Million Dollar Theaters of Central America." Where do our actors spend their vacations? In an article entitled, "An Actor's Summer Colony," the writer describes the pleasures of Seonset, on the shore of Nantucket Island, where an exclusive set of player-folk occupy weather-beaten fisher cabins and form their plans for the ensuing season. The pictures—more varied and elaborate even than usual—include, in addition to the cover, representing Lulu Glaser as Dolly Varden in ten colors, scenes from the new problem play, "Hearts Aflame," the Chicago success; "The Wizard of Oz," "The Doll's House," "Lad's Godiva," etc., and the new pictures of Eleonora Duse as Francesca and portraits of Mary Shaw, Belle Harper, Adelaide Prince, Sarah Truax, Henrietta Crossman, Nanette Comstock, Frank Burbeck and many others.

Books Received. CASTLE CRANECROW—By George Barr McCutcheon. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50. THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO—Edited by Edward Albertson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 60 cents. HAROLD'S DISCUSSIONS—By John W. Troeger, A. M., B. S., and Edna Beatrice Troeger. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 60 cents. JESUS THE JEW, AND OTHER ADDRESSES—By Harris Weinstein. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. \$1. KINGS OF THE QUEENSBERRY REALM—By GENTLEMAN GARNETT—By Harry B. Vogel. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, in paper, 50 cents.

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GUIDES TO THE OPERA. Annesley—The Standard Opera-Glass (\$1.50), for... \$1.20 net. Singleton—A Guide to the Opera (\$1.50), for... \$1.20 net. Upton—The Standard Operas (\$1.50), for... \$1.20 net. Guerber—Stories of Famous Operas (\$1.50), for... \$1.20 net. Complete Selection of Works on Music. Elder & Shepard, 238 Post Street, San Francisco.