

Leaves for Bookworms

GRAUSTARK Revived in Sequel

"BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK" is the name given by George Barr McCutcheon to his sequel to the "Graustark" of a few years ago, which created such a breeze of appreciation in the reading world. "Beverly of Graustark," he calls it; not because Beverly, the heroine, was of Graustark or had any close affiliation with that hypothetical principality "somewhere to the east of the setting sun," but because he knows that the magic name of Graustark, displayed in bold letters on the cover, will sell his book, and that is the principal consideration with most of our contemporary writers of fiction.

Better even did Anthony Hope fare with his sequel to the famous "Rider of Zenda" than does Mr. McCutcheon in his second installment of the Graustark cycle. The story here produced is woefully lacking in spontaneity, in unity of action and sprightliness of handling. Many of its pages are given over to commonplace dialogue. Several of the situations are painfully forced. Romance gives way to melodrama of the most lurid stripe upon the least provocation. Throughout the entire story the effort of the writer to produce something akin to the breathless interest of the original "Graustark," something live with action and humming with incident, asserts itself with persistent presence. But the discrepancy between design and execution is so great as almost to excite commiseration for the author.

As the curtain rolls up on Graustark after this intermission or several years we see the Princess Yette and her American consort, Lorry, hurrying back to their dominion from a jaunt to Washington, impelled by rumors of a disturbance along the frontier of the little state. Prince Gabriel, whom we remember as the terrible assassin of the last story, has fled his Graustarkian dungeon and is now in collusion with Princess So-and-So of Such-and-Such—object, the extermination of Graustark. With fine independence Beverly Calhoun, beautiful Southern girl and friend of their Majesties, crosses to St. Petersburg and takes an independent jaunt into Graustark over the northern border. Her traveling carriage is held up in a fearsome mountain pass by some wandering scallawags; the chief of the scallawags graciously saves her from being devoured by a wild lion, and thereby becomes an object of interest for Beverly Calhoun.

contribution to the literature of travel and the bibliotheca of sacred architecture; the companion volume is hardly worth putting between covers.

In the introduction to his book Mr. Miltoin declares that "too often it is a half-acknowledged delusion, however—once meets with what appears to be a theory that a book of travel must necessarily be a series of dull, discursive, and entirely uncorroborated opinions of one who may not be an intelligent observer," but he continues to remark that it lies entirely within the province of the writer either to make the reader an interested partner in his peregrinations or to hold him at a stern distance of cold indifference. The writer elects to follow the first course and admirably does he succeed, both as a ready cicerone and a clever interpreter of the meaning that is hidden in the graven stones of the old church piles of Provence and the Midi. Allowing himself just enough leeway in terms strictly architectural to cover the demands of the specialist, Miltoin discourses upon the hoary old cathedrals from a point of view closely intimate for the student of history and of human nature impartially.

As do other writers upon ecclesiastical architecture, the author finds in the aspect of the cathedrals a reflection of the life and thought of the times which saw their inception. Especially does he find this true in the case of the cathedrals of Southern France. There, as he points out in an early chapter, the church militant had a hold on the minds of the medieval peoples not duplicated outside of Italy itself. With the spirit of the Crusades centered in Provence and Aquitaine and later with the Popes of the Schism established in Avignon, little wonder is



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CREATOR OF SUSAN CLEGG
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GEO. BARR McCUTCHEON
"BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK"

phere of simplicity could do. The serpent in Eden comes (with a camera) from a near-by city and indelicately wins his way, amid the deep silence of the wood, into the favor of loving little Margy Kergan, whose true island lover has gone for a draught of the world's activity before settling down to "the simple life" with Margy. The story is an affecting one, relieved from deepest tragedy by native humor and a beautiful end.

First among the well-chosen short stories comes Eleanor A. Halliwell's "Brindle Boy," in which a pretty girl, a bulldog and a red cart combine to make a lively love story. Francis Howard Williams contributes "The Traze Touch." This contains both the grace and fire that may be confidently expected from Mr. Williams. "The Waywardness of Susan," by Luellen Cass Teters, is a tale of a farmer's widow. Her life had been one of renunciation, and after the taking off of her husband she determined to have her "flink." She soon finds out that what has before seemed desirable is so no longer, and she promptly makes out a new programme. Alfred Stoddard's sporting stories have become an established fact in the autumn season. The one entitled "The Dark Horse" shows distinct advance in his special art.

The first installment of David Graham Phillips' new novel, "The Plum Tree, or the Confessions of a Politician," appears in the October Success. It starts out in a strong, vigorous, epigrammatic manner and dips well into the "inside" of things. Sydney Brooks, the noted English journalist, contributes a somewhat startling article on "Foreign Ignorance of American Affairs." Mr. Brooks declares that there are living British statesmen like Lansdowne and Balfour who do not even know where some of our principal cities are located, and tells about a certain Britisher who recently asked Justin McCarthy if the Mississippi River flows east and west. Frank Fayant contributes another of his articles on American industries. This time he writes about the cereal crops and their relation to the financial centers of the world. Some of the facts that he gives regarding the annual wheat crop are truly remarkable. Vance Thompson in his interesting "Diplomatic Mysteries" tells a thrilling story regarding the mysterious death of Felix Faure, once President of France.

Country Life in America for October is the large annual house building number, a complete manual with about two hundred superb pictures, which are practical and suggestive, as well as beautiful. The opening feature, entitled "Representative Country Homes," illustrates many types for the home maker, of moderate means, what the designers charge and rules for estimating what a house will cost. Important articles deal with "Building a House of the Land," the story of a Long Island house built from the owner's own local labor and from the owner's own drawings; "A New England Country Home in Ohio;" "The Philosopher Who Built," which shows the success that may come of a calm foresight; "Frugal, Frivolous and Final Floor Coverings;" "Windows and Window Motives;" and "The Finest California Patio House." While a great many other articles cover almost every feature of house building, including such subjects as "The House and the Garden," "The Ideal Farmhouse—For real farmers," "How to Light the Country House," "How to Fit Up the Bathroom," "Remodeling Old Houses," "The Ideal Stable," and "Window Gardens."

There is much food for thought for wideawake girls and boys in George Ethelbert Walsh's article in the October St. Nicholas, entitled "What a Lump of Cool Cold Do." He shows that a small lump of coal, suddenly converted into steam, if its energy were utilized, would be sufficient to run an electric motor car full of passengers two and a half miles at the rate of twenty miles an hour, or would carry a train of ordinary cars and a heavy Pullman sleeper and dining-car one-sixth of a mile at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. The article will prove an interesting exposition of the transformation wrought in the labor field by man's utilization of coal and its latent powers.

New Books Received

- THE BETRAYAL—E. Phillips Oppenheim; Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; illustrated; price \$1.50.
- THE FLIGHT OF A MOON—Emily Post; Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; illustrated; price \$1.50.
- TOMMY & CO.—Jarome K. Jerome; Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; illustrated; price \$1.50.
- GOD'S GOOD MAN—Marie Corelli; Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price \$1.50.
- OUR FRIEND THE DOG—Maurice Masterlinck; Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; illustrated and decorated; price \$1.
- RECREATIONS OF AN ANTHOLOGIST—Brander Matthews; Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price \$1.
- BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK—George Barr McCutcheon; Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; illustrated; price \$1.50.
- SUSAN CLEGG AND HER FRIEND MRS. LATHROP—Anne Warner; Little, Brown & Co., Boston; illustrated; price \$1.
- MORE CHEERFUL AMERICANS—Charles Battell Loomis; Henry Holt & Co., New York; illustrated; price \$1.25.
- JIU-JITSU COMBAT TRICKS—Irvine Hancock; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; illustrated; price \$1.25.
- THE FIRST AMERICAN KING—George Gordon Hastings; Smart Set Publishing Company, New York.
- ROLAND OF ALTENBURG—Edward Mott Woolley; Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; illustrated.
- THE SORCERESS—George Morehead—adapted from Sardou's play of that title; J. S. Oglivie Company, New York (Paper).
- OSEBA'S LAST DISCOVERY—Colonel George W. Bell; New Zealand Times, Wellington, N. Z.; illustrated.

non, close this volume of pleasurable reading.
(Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price \$1.)

JOTTINGS About Other Books

AMONG the first of the holiday books and lending itself readily to the exigencies of this genre of literature is Maurice Maeterlinck's little essay, "Our Friend the Dog." Taken from the last collected volume of the Belgian writer's essays, "The Double Garden," and given the typical Christmas dress of gay cover, illuminated page and attractive illustration, this delicate bit of whimsical reflection upon a dog's world and a dog's destiny makes an attractive feature for the coming holiday bookstall. As we had occasion to say in a review of "The Double Garden," this brief essay, unique in concept and delicate in expression, is typical of the highest art that is in Maeterlinck. It is his sympathetic understanding of the hidden things in bee and flower, in the dog even, that makes for the beauty of his thought.

(Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; illustrated by Paul J. Meylan; price \$1.)

With the seriousness characteristic of the Englishman at his sports, "Badsworth," high priest and chief nagus of bridge whist, or bridge to be more proper, now turns apologist for the game he has sponsored these ten years past and delivers himself of a "Defense of Bridge" in pamphlet form, which, for logic heaped up and argument piled on argument, might well cause the shades of Butler or Jeremy Taylor to shiver and turn back. From a reading of his impassioned apologia it appears that the same is delivered in reply to an attack by an ecclesiastical organ of England—an attack which brands bridge as worse than poker and comparable only to the "rouge et noir" of Monte Carlo in its blighting effects upon society. Stoutly does "Badsworth" rally to the charge and valiantly does he expound the high qualities of the game from the viewpoint of ethics and sociology.

"The large claim for bridge," he concludes, "is that it can bring light and pleasure into every home in the land, from castle to cottage, and improve the memory, the reasoning powers and the judgment of every man in the kingdom from Premier to peasant."

May we not reasonably expect some one in our own country to come forth now with a defense of seven-up or a vindication of the heartless game of hearts?
(G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price ten cents.)

A recent contribution to Macmillan's Sportsman's Library is Hamilton Busbey's "Trotting and Pacing Horse in America." To the untutored eye of the novice in things horsey it appears that Mr. Busbey has incorporated in his book every ascertainable fact concerning the breeding of racers, the growth of famous stables and the methods of leading horsemen. One reads with awe of "the tribe of Hambletonian," "the Star family" and "Mambrino Chief" and his descendants; and readily consents to giving the author all the credit due a specialist. One who does not know a single footer from a Flemish dray horse, however, cannot find himself competent to pass final judgment on a book of this character.

Though beyond the province of the book reviewer somewhat, exception must be made and recognition given on this page to the book, "Japan in the Beginning of the Twentieth Century," a thorough compendium of facts concerning the industrial, governmental and topographical aspect of present-day Japan, which is issued under the authorization of the Imperial Japanese Commission to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. The statistics of products and manufacture, given the most prominence in this publication, are at once possessed of the most interest and value in that they body forth the story of the marvelous strides made by Nippon since the days of the dawning of civilization. A careful scrutiny of the record of imports and exports, together

edly invaded a field already overworked by books of the "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Second Mrs. Jim" type, her Susan Clegg sketches have a distinct tone of originality and can have no imputation of imitation attached to them.

In the first story, "The Marrying of Susan Clegg," we have that lady of strenuous convictions introduced to us through her guileless confessions of matrimonial aspirations that are poured over the back fence into the willing ears of a doltish neighbor. Susan, who has faithfully served a paralytic father through all the days of her maidenhood, now finds age creeping on with the father still as a heavy asset and no mate to share the questionable joys of her companionship. With delightful naïveté she invites one of her elected suitors to come and give his professional opinion as to the probable duration of Clegg senior as a factor in marital consideration and she cheers herself with the aphorism that "a watched pot never boils." A delightful ingenious creature this Susan Clegg.

But it is in the second story, "Miss Clegg's Adopted," that the writer's humor bubbles over with riotous effervescence. With father dead and buried Susan is torn between the duty of providing him with a suitable tombstone and the desire to take to her maidenly bosom an orphan for loving upbringing. The stonecutter has an entrancing article of graveyard furniture in the shape of a recumbent lion, which is moved with visible grief over the demise of the individual whom he may be selected to honor. Here is a transcript of Susan's haggling over this treasure, as faithfully reported to Mrs. Lathrop:

"He's three hundred dollars, but the man says that's because his tail's out of the same block. I asked him if he couldn't take the tail off, but he said 't'would hurt his reputation. He said 'I'd go up the ladder to his second floor 'n' look down on the lion 'n' he said 't'anyhow cuttin' it off would only make it cost more because it was cut on in the first place. I saw the sense of that 'n' I remembered too, 't' even 'f' folks in the cemetery never can see the tail, father 'll have to look at it from higher up 'n' the ladder in the monument man's shed, 'n' I don't want him to think 't' I economized on the tail of his tombstone."

Through the experience of "Jathrop Lathrop's Cow," the awful catastrophe attending the discovery of Cousin Marion and the diplomatic disposition of the minister's children during that worthy's vacation, Susan Clegg's continuous monologue carries the reader. Susan is not the philosopher of Mrs. Rice's conception, nor the philanthropist of the Mrs. Jim stripe. She is wholly self-centered, wholly selfish. The charm in her lies entirely in her picturesque diction and the breeziness of her thoughts concerning the import of the several village happenings in which she is either an active participant or of which she is an interested spectator. Anne Warner has made her Susan one of the most entertaining personages of all the year's book people.
(Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price \$1.)

MATTHEWS' Literary Diversions

BRANDER MATTHEWS, dramatist, critic, essayist, fiction writer and literary man-of-all-work, has collected into a volume scattered essays on topics of the beaten path of literature which he has contributed to the magazines for several years

past. He styles the whole "Recreations of an Anthologist." The great number of readers who hold Mr. Matthews in familiar address through the varied and manifold character of his writings will find this little collection of sketches fully satisfying, and a return to them for those that have already read them in magazine form will not be without profit.

In a prefatory essay of quaint humor Mr. Matthews defines the joys of the anthologist and the characteristics that he holds in common with the collector of tea cups or the hoarder of boot heels from off the shoe of fame. Through all of man's mania for collecting, be it counterfeit coins, canceled stamps or shoe buttons, the essayist sees clearly the primitive instinct of our fathers of arboreal dwellings, of the man in the Nth degree, "who hung suspended by his prehensile tail from the boughs of the forest preserve." So without apology or reservation he admits a partiality for the joys of the anthologist—the collector and compiler of literary shoe buttons, if you will—and he submits this brace of essays as a sort of by-product of his larger labors.

As supplementary to an earlier paper of his on "The Ethics of Plagiarism" and illustrative of the way in which that charge may be falsely imputed by a too willing critic, Matthews traces in his first essay the path of an odd literary conceit down through the centuries. By taking from the pen of Austin Dobson one of his rondeaus of quaint conception he shows its earlier prototype to be in the French of Voltaire, farther back still in the same tongue, Desmarte's, and finally one of the strange flings of wit of the old Spaniard, Lope de Vega. A journey, thus, into the literary rag bag, so to speak, with an eye to matching the colors for a crazy quilt.

The essayist's two themes on "Unwritten Books" and "Seed Corn for Stories" carry more interest than anything else in the volume. In the first of these he cites the noted cases of the intervention of death between the inception and the accomplishment of a writer's task and gives us other less known instances of authors' promises that have never been fulfilled. Vague castles in the air were those of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who promised to write his comedy par excellence, "Affection," and did not; of Mollere, who was ever talking of a forthcoming "L'Homme de Cour"; of Victor Hugo, whose publishers advertised for years a book which never wrote itself. More fascinating still is Matthews' review of the plots for stories yet unwritten, which writers have left to the world in their crumpled notebooks. "A person to catch fire-files and try to kindle his household fire with them" scribbled Hawthorne in his notebook. A man is born into the world endowed with an intellect far superior to those of his fellows, according to Poe's "Marginalia"; suppose he was confined as an insane person, what would his feelings be?

Though he is in no particularly argumentative mood, the writer does not make out a very good case for American satire. Noting the fact that two British compilers of English satire did not see fit to incorporate in their works any samples of the American product, Mr. Matthews goes on to trace the growth of that form of verse in this country with illustrative passages. Lowell with his "Bigelow Papers" would appear to be the only writer this side of the water meriting the name of a satirist. Nor in the domain of poetic epigram can the writer find much of home product that can pass muster. Uncollected poems of the late H. C. Bunner, one time editor of Puck, with brief comment by Matthews in the way of elucidation



MAURICE MAETERLINCK
AUTHOR OF "OUR FRIEND THE DOG"

stark after this intermission or several years we see the Princess Yette and her American consort, Lorry, hurrying back to their dominion from a jaunt to Washington, impelled by rumors of a disturbance along the frontier of the little state. Prince Gabriel, whom we remember as the terrible assassin of the last story, has fled his Graustarkian dungeon and is now in collusion with Princess So-and-So of Such-and-Such—object, the extermination of Graustark. With fine independence Beverly Calhoun, beautiful Southern girl and friend of their Majesties, crosses to St. Petersburg and takes an independent jaunt into Graustark over the northern border. Her traveling carriage is held up in a fearsome mountain pass by some wandering scallawags; the chief of the scallawags graciously saves her from being devoured by a wild lion, and thereby becomes an object of interest for Beverly Calhoun.

it that the activity of the times should have found permanent expression in the construction of religious edifices. "The great cathedral church," says the writer, "is next to being a symbol of the faith, more great as a monument to its age and environment than as the product of its individual builders."

Pursuant to his conception of church architecture as the most perfect exponent of the lives of the builders, Miltoin carries the thread of history with his descriptions, giving us the associations that cling about all of the most important cathedrals besides outlines of the architectural features of each. Through all the beautiful southland of France the narrative carries, into places far off the beaten path of tourists and made known only through that gentle voyager with a donkey, R. L. S. His book is thoroughly satisfying and is given an added value by the delicately drawn illustrations by Blanche McManus.

"The Cathedrals of England," on the other hand, is not worth reading. Declaring that in the limits of one volume it would be impossible to give a full description of the architecture of England's thirty cathedrals, Miss Taber cloaks her evident ignorance of the same under the guise of a rambling comment, half archaeological, half devoted to personalia. Through literature and history she has grubbed after reference to any or all of the bishops, priests and deacons who were associated in the flesh with the several cathedrals mentioned, and these anecdotal and semi-traditional jottings are ranged forth in chronological order under the proper chapter heads. Photographs of the several sacred edifices give more clew to their respective architectural features than the text.
(L. C. Page & Co., Boston; price, 1 volume, \$1.50.)

SUSAN CLEGG of Rare Naivete

WHEN "A Woman's Will" came out a few months ago with the name of a new writer, Anne Warner, appended to its title page, it made manifest the fact that there had come to the front a writer who was blessed with pleasing originality and the grace of keen wit. Simultaneously there began to appear in the Century a series of delightfully amusing sketches about a certain Susan Clegg, spinster, which proved that Anne Warner was also the possessor of unusual versatility. These four Century stories together with a new one, hitherto unpublished, have been collected into a book, its title, "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop." Though in this new metier Anne Warner has avow-

CATHEDRAL Lore of Old World

TWO books of widely different worth have appeared in the Cathedral Series of Messrs. L. C. Page & Co.—"The Cathedrals of Southern France," by Francis Miltoin, and "The Cathedrals of England," from the pen of Mary J. Taber. The first named is really a noteworthy