

# Review of The Sunday Call

Conducted by Una H. A. Cool

## BOOKS REVIEWED

- "The Voice of the City—Further Stories of the Four Million," by O. Henry.
- "The Irresistible Current," by Mrs. I. Lowenberg.
- "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn," by George M. Gould.
- "June Jeopardy," by Inez Haynes Gilmore.
- "My Lost Self," by Arthur W. Marchmont.
- "The Four Philanthropists," by Edgar Jepson.
- "The Red Skull," by Fergus Hume.

### "The Voice of the City"

By O. Henry, author of "The Four Millions," "The Trimmed Lamp," etc. Published by the McClure Company, New York. Price \$1.50.

The appearance of a book by O. Henry is an event, for though he is not writing but a few years he is in the front rank of the short story writers of America, not only for quality but quantity—two descriptions which seldom go together.

O. Henry, whose real name is Porter, writes for some of the newspapers—every month one or another magazine has one of his stories, and his name is probably known in every reading household in America today. And it is the more remarkable to think that the description which the Kentucky colonel applied to whisky applies to his stories: "No whisky is bad, but some is better than others."

The stories of O. Henry are really not stories—they are episodes or incidents of metropolitan life which have to do entirely with the four million. The four million are not what is known as the middle class people, nor does it describe the lower class people. They are workers, all of them, the unknown, plodding people who really make the wheels go round; the clerks who get \$15 a week and live on it and realize that their limitations will prevent their ever becoming rich.

This volume of tales the author has called after the title story, "The Voice of the City," a pretty allegorical little sketch, unlike the author's previous work. The rest of the book is made up of experiences of the four million and they are as good as any previously published. The publishers call this collection "cameos" of metropolitan life and it is a happy use of the word. The same qualities of realism and wit, of fine human sympathy and understanding, that were so noticeable in his earlier work, are found in this book. There is more sentiment, perhaps, than in the earlier stories and less of the cynical, though there was never much of that. "The Defeat of the City," one of the expected climaxes, is a tale without the expected climax; the last line almost brings a choke in the throat, and one is not ashamed of it. An ordinary incident like "The Defeat of the City," told by O. Henry, becomes an interesting and remarkable character study. "Squaring the Circle" is great. Not only is it well developed and cleverly written, but it shows Henry's powers of appreciation and observation at their very best and also his keen insight into human nature.

### "The Irresistible Current"

By Mrs. I. Lowenberg. Published by the Bessway Publishing Company, New York.

"The Irresistible Current," a novel dealing with the religious barrier separating the Jew and the Christian, is from the pen of Mrs. I. Lowenberg, a well known San Francisco clubwoman who has been long and prominently identified with the Red Cross society and other philanthropic works here.

In a straightforward style the author has disclosed the trend of thought in both the Jew and the Christian, the wide difference between the two being vividly brought out in the little acts of everyday life. Mrs. Lowenberg makes no argument, she advances no opinion on either religion, she simply taken a small community of Jews and Christians, with their distinctive aims, ideas and ideals, brought them together in love, religion and business and put them in contact. "The Irresistible Current" is that of love, or perhaps, of progress, common sense and simple justice.

The scene of the story is a small town in the middle west, populated by characters, prosaic and lovable, doing business, becoming bankrupt and, necessarily, falling in love. The main character is a Jewish girl, springing from lowly stock, but which has made a fortune in the land of opportunity. She is not wealthy or brilliant, but beautiful and emotional. The girl goes to a convent to receive her education, but leaves it with the religious beliefs of her forefathers strongly impressed upon her. On graduating from the convent she travels, and while doing so meets with a Unitarian minister, with whom she falls in love. This affair, at its height, is nothing more than a girlish dream, but even then the barrier is manifest.

"Become a Jew," she tells him.

"I will give up my calling," pleads the man, "and we can worship according to our own beliefs."

Such an impractical undertaking is very wisely stamped out by the girl's mother and in time the girl, urged by her parents, becomes engaged to a wealthy man of her own faith. Friendship develops into love and, aided by her emotionalism, rises to the heights. Troubles, however, arise. Her father through dissipation loses his wealth and to save him the girl sells the diamonds which her lover has given her. The gems fall into the hands of another man, a misunderstanding arises and the lover turns from her in anger. Confronted with ruin the father shoots himself, the mother dies from the shock and out of this woe the girl flees to the peace of the cloister of the convent in which she was educated. "Come to us," the kind sisters had said when she had graduated, "when you are in trouble."

In the convent the girl buries her-

self. Her relatives appeal in vain to have her leave it and in time she becomes a novice. She adopts her new religion with the zeal of the extremely emotional. The day for her to take the final vows approaches. At the last moment the tattered cord snaps. The girl flies back to her own kin and falls senseless on their doorstep. A few days later she dies.

That is the story in the main. Through it all there runs the thread telling of the gulf between the Jew and the Christian. The minor characters feel it. The Jewish girls run with tearful eyes to their mothers because they are not admitted to school societies. The Christian woman hates herself for loving a Jew. The barrier is there, but there, also, is the irresistible current. This excerpt gives the essence of the story:

"Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

"Yes, I do."

"So do I. Do you believe in the resurrection of the body?"

"No."

"Neither do I. You are no Christian, I'm a Jew; we are simply monotheists."

### "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn"

By George M. Gould. Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. Price \$1.50.

Some time last year the "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn" by Mrs. Elizabeth Bisland Wetmore were published and people who had heard little of Hearn were greatly surprised to see a volume of such importance. It attracted much attention, also, because of its appearance so soon after his death. On the principle of saying nothing but good of the dead it lauded Hearn to the skies and placed him on a pedestal much higher than he deserved.

In the course of the book a statement was made about Dr. George M. Gould which he and his friends resented. The statement was none the less irritating because it was well founded. Hearn was a subject of remarkable interest to Dr. Gould. His left eye was gone and his right eye could see only about three inches before him. It appears that Hearn treated Dr. Gould very badly and in no way showed any gratitude toward any of the people who befriended him. In the preface Dr. Gould says:

He has been spoken of as a "great man," which, of course, was not true. He had, but these were far from constituting personal greatness. Deprived by nature, by the necessities of his life, or by conscious neglect, of religion, morality, scholarship, magnanimity, loyalty, character, benevolence and other qualities which make a man a man, he had only to endeavor to place him thus wrongly before the world.

That is a pretty severe statement and one feels that more should have been substantiated to make it more than empty abuse. Another bit from the preface is characteristic of the state of mind in which Dr. Gould evidently approached his subject:

Character, lastly, is the reaction of personality against circumstance, not under and dominated by circumstance. To have character is to control circumstance, not to be controlled by it. It takes it longer to see what it finally does than in the case of other eyes. So all the movements of such a unique person must be slow and careful, for he is in doubt about everything undertaken, or even within reach of his hands. Hearn's myopia produced his manner.

One cannot but say that Dr. Gould is biased, that he is at times unnecessarily harsh—insomuch as the man is dead, his friends say let him rest—but Hearn's own letters are enough to condemn him. He richly deserved his unhappiness and loneliness as a punishment for his ingratitude and insincerity. We have no criticisms to make of Hearn's art nor for that matter has Dr. Gould. The last half of the book is taken up with an epitome of criticism which Dr. Gould has compiled. It contains some fine appreciations and is a very valuable addition to the book.

Miss Laura Steedman has arranged a very interesting, complete and valuable bibliography.

### "June Jeopardy"

By Inez Haynes Gilmore. Published by B. W. Hoeber, New York.

Notwithstanding the fact that the publishers have sent out various notices seeming to satisfactorily establish the identity of Mrs. Inez Haynes Gilmore and her authorship of "June Jeopardy," if it had happened that the notices had gone astray and we had not been told that she "lives at Brookline, Massachusetts, and has just re-



HER HUSBAND — SAW THE GLEAM OF HER BRILLIANT DARK EYE!  
FROM THE WOMAN PAYS BY FREDERIC P. LADD



LAFCADIO HEARN  
FROM CONCERNING LAFCADIO HEARN BY GEORGE M. GOULD

hardly when it is not any Valdesque, or any Beethoven or any Wagner—when it is not D'Ally or Sousa or the latest ragtime ballad. My favorite poet is Omar or Herbert when it is not Chaucer or Heine or any woman's jingles. My favorite melodies are Casara and St. Augustine when it is not Brahms or the Book of Job or Paganini. My favorite play is "The Merchant of Venice" or "The Day After Tomorrow" or "The Merry Wives of Windsor" or "The Merry Wives of Windsor" or any Jane Austen or the latest dime novel. Now choose from all the above or any other combination.

There are many little sayings, a word here and there which, when one knows Gelett Burgess' work, seem unmistakable and yet the passage may not be of interest when quoted. The return of an expression, sometimes remembered by those who have known the man himself will "give him away." If one may be allowed to say so. Of such the following passage is a sample:

"And you have the vertical line in the middle of your forehead," he went on, staring at her hand. "I've always been warned against women with vertical lines on their foreheads. Now, frankly, wouldn't you walk a thousand miles to meet anybody you'd been warned against? I've come upon each of these characteristics many times, but never the two in nefarious combination. My hands are up."

### "My Lost Self"

By Arthur W. Marchmont. Published by Cupples & Leon Company, New York.

If the success of a novel depended upon action then Arthur W. Marchmont's new book, "My Lost Self," would take first place at once. It is the embodiment of the strenuous life. None of the characters is able to sleep more than a moment at a time.

One reads but a few pages before the whole plot is revealed. Cuthbert Dalrymple is an American and in the first chapter he relates a strange tale of lapse of memory. He had been struck on the head in New York and had lost consciousness. Some months later he finds himself living in Italy, where he is known as Victor Serrano. Also he is in love with a beautiful and good Italian girl, who is held against her will by a band of Neapolitan brigands. My, but those brigands are a murderous lot. They do not seem to be afraid of anything on earth but the American hero and act as foolish as can be imagined when he comes on the scene. All the villains are vanquished and the hero wins his love and everything ends happily. It is clumsy in construction and poorly written, but in a wild and exciting tale of adventure such as this one should not be too critical.

### "The Four Philanthropists"

By Edgar Jepson, author of "The Admirable Tinker," etc. Published by Cupples & Leon, New York.

If Edgar Jepson had not finished his book, "The Four Philanthropists," as

somewhere in the gold fields of South Africa where some of the characters were concerned in mysterious, crooked transactions, for which they are pursued by a vengeance typified by the "Red Skull."

The book has more romance about it than most of Mr. Hume's work, but it needs polishing sadly. It is indifferent—almost badly—written, but will interest lovers of cheap mystery stories.

### New Books Briefly Noted

"How to Become a Competent Motorist" the title of a very readable little handbook by Virgil B. Livermore, inspector N. Y. C. H. R. R. and former chief instructor with the Brooklyn rapid transit company, and James W. Williams, mechanical expert department Calens-Signal oil company, formerly general foreman of shops, Brooklyn rapid transit company.

With their experience and knowledge it is easily seen how well fitted they are to write such a handbook. It is written absolutely for motorists and for those who desire to become motorists. Illustrated with all sorts of cuts of the various motors in use in this country, with complete descriptions of everything. (V. Van Nostrand company, New York. Price \$1.)

The foreword of a little book called "Entering the Kingdom," by James Allen, completely describes its purpose. "In seeking for pleasures here and rewards hereafter men have destroyed in their hearts the temple of righteousness and have wandered from the kingdom of heaven. By ceasing to seek for earthly pleasures and heavenly rewards, the temple of righteousness is restored and the kingdom of heaven is found. The truth is that those who are ready to receive it; and this book also is for those whose souls have been prepared for the acceptance of its teaching." The author has written several other little booklets upon kindred subjects which have received high praise. (R. F. Fennell & Co., New York.)

"The Sufism of the Rumiyaat, or the Secret of the Great Paradox," is a booklet written and published by Norton F. W. Hazeltine. It is an attempt to make a religious explanation and interpretation of the great Persian poet. Some of it is not unreasonable, but much of it is very "far fetched."

"The Night Riders," by Henry C. Wood, is the messenger boy's delight, sure enough. It describes a thrilling story of love, hate and adventure, graphically depicting the tobacco uprising in Kentucky. It is all of that, but handled like the cheapest melodrama. However, since the recent tobacco "war" in Kentucky and other districts it makes a bid for temporary popularity. (Laird & Lee, Chicago.)

"The New Old Healing," by Henry Wood, is an attempt to render helpful truth in familiar language and show the way of its practical application. (Lothrop, Lea & Shepard, Boston.) It is arranged as a treasury of many different though related topics, to be drawn upon as needed, so that consequently the work is done during the morning. Identity of the new and old spiritual and physical healing laws and forces is shown and their working utility explained. Mr. Wood is a veteran writer upon this philosophy of psycho-therapeutics in general, and his former works have been very popular. His breadth and conservatism have done much to develop and formulate the general movement which the churches are just beginning to investigate.

### Gossip of Books and People Who Make Them

The personality of Marjorie Bayen, the young author whose name has acquired such prominence through her writing of three historical novels—"The Viper of Milan," "The Master of Stair" and "The Sword Decides"—has naturally aroused curiosity through the fact that she is said to have scarcely passed her twentieth year. Her publishers, the McClure company, send out the following information: Her name, it appears, is Gabrielle Vere Campbell, and though she has lived in London, nearly all her years, she is a native of Hayling Island, Hampshire, one of the most beautiful spots on the south coast of England. At an early age she showed aptitude for painting and began to look upon art as her profession. Her writing was a secondary matter—a pleasant way of whiling away an hour or two in the evening—but now, of course, the tables are reversed. She lives with her mother and one other, and most of her work is done during the morning. One of her American admirers is Mark Twain, and so keen was the interest he took in her first novel that she reciprocated by dedicating "The Master of Stair" to the eminent humorist.

Many men have written their own obituaries, but only a few have ever reviewed their own books. Jesse Lynch Williams, author of "The Girl and the Game," and "Other College Stories," was the very young reporter on a New York daily when his first book, "Princeton Stories," which has since run through a dozen editions, made its appearance, and Vance Thompson was the literary critic on the same staff. One day the latter asked the new reporter if he thought he could write book reviews. All new reporters looked alike to him. He did not know this one's name.

"Who?" was the answer.

"Why?" was the question.

"I do not know," replied the new reporter, and he did. When the review was printed a few days later "Princeton Stories" was hailed as a work of genius in a long review, written in a sufficiently patronizing note to allay suspicion. "We hope to see other and better work by the same pen," it concluded.

"That was a very sympathetic appreciation," said the critic to the reporter. "Are you not a Princeton man yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, indeed! What is your name?"

"Jesse Williams."

Miss Lillian Whiting is in Paris selecting the illustrations and gathering the material for "Paris the Beautiful," which is to be one of the holiday books of 1905.

### Books Received

"A Doctor's Career," by Harriet C. Moore. The C. M. Clark publishing company, D. Ross.

"A Handful of Stars," by John Macdonald. The C. M. Clark publishing company, D. Ross.

"The Mystery of the Yellow Room," by Hjalmar Sved. The C. M. Clark publishing company, D. Ross.

"Work and Habits," by Albert J. Beveridge. Henry Alden & Company, Philadelphia.

"The Mystery of the Yellow Room," by Rev. Louis E. Hunt. D. Appleton & Company, New York.

"Vigorous Deeds, Vigorous Deeds," by Ambrose Bierce. R. F. Fennell & Co., New York.

"The Mystery of the Yellow Room," by Gaston Leroux.

"The New School," by Hjalmar Sved. The C. M. Clark publishing company, D. Ross.

### "The Red Skull"

By Fergus Hume, author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," etc. Published by the Bessway Publishing Company, New York. Price \$1.50.

Fergus Hume is a busy person, having no less than three books crowding the markets for favor right now. He has tried for years to repeat his success of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," but so far has been unsuccessful. This tale has a dash of the occult, as well as the usual mystery, which is fairly well concealed till toward the end. The scene of the book is in England, but the plot has its foundation

as it was begun it would be one of the successes of the year. As it is once taken up it must be finished for much of it is interesting, and the love interest is well sustained. Three young men, all in love with a charming young girl, form the strangest company that was ever heard of. They and the young girl plan to get rid of all the people who are objectionable to society at large. The idea is not exactly new. One of the characters in Philip Oppenheim's last book, "The Avenger," went about murdering people who were in the way or were a menace to the community or to individuals. Mr. Jepson loses his courage and his company accomplishes nothing much, and the reader almost loses interest in them. Many of the secondary characters rouse more enthusiasm, some of them being particularly well drawn.

It is unfortunate for an author to form the strangest company that was ever heard of. They and the young girl plan to get rid of all the people who are objectionable to society at large. The idea is not exactly new. One of the characters in Philip Oppenheim's last book, "The Avenger," went about murdering people who were in the way or were a menace to the community or to individuals. Mr. Jepson loses his courage and his company accomplishes nothing much, and the reader almost loses interest in them. Many of the secondary characters rouse more enthusiasm, some of them being particularly well drawn.

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