

The Sunday Call

Conducted by Una H. H. Cool

BOOKS REVIEWED

- "America at Home," by A. Maurice Low.
- "The Great Miss Driver," by Anthony Hope.
- "Primary Elections," by Prof. C. Edward Merriam.
- "The Letters of Jennie Allen," by Grace Donworth.
- "Cardinal Newman," by Charles Sarolea, D. Ph., D. Litt.
- "The Spring Cleaning," by Francis Hodgson Burnett.
- "Wolf: The Memoirs of a Cave Dweller," by P. B. McCord.
- "The World's Greatest Events," by Albert Payson Terhune.
- "Felice," by John Luther Long.

"America at Home"
By A. Maurice Low. Published by George W. Lippincott, London. Imported by Scribner's Sons, New York.

WHILE written for British eyes, this book contains much pleasant reading for Americans. It is the work of a Briton who for nearly a quarter of a century lived in Washington most of the time as a newspaper correspondent. Referring to the alleged dishonesty of our higher politicians Mr. Low says:

It is generally believed, not only in Europe, but by many people in the United States who are not familiar with affairs that members of congress as a body are corrupt. This, I beg to assure the reader, does not mean that the members of congress are corrupt, but that the average member of congress, far from being corrupt, is scrupulously honest, and in an assembly consisting of nearly 500 men the members of congress, whether in the senate or house, who are open to direct bribery may be counted at any time on the fingers of one hand. Referring to immigration he says: More and more every year the foreign element is being absorbed with the American, and perhaps the time is coming when the real American type will evolve itself. There is a mixture of Anglo-Saxon and Latin and Teuton which has made the American a conglomerate people, a people who combine in themselves all that is best of all they have absorbed, a people who have worked out their own destiny, who have triumphed against overwhelming odds, with the world's admiration to encourage them to still greater things.

Barring sundry sharp comments upon a certain New York and Newport set, Mr. Low has only pleasant things to say about our women. For example: "It is appropriate that Columbia should be a woman. In the United States woman dominates"—and he begins his description of our ladies with the following outburst of epigrammatic praise:

In all that goes to make America unlike any other country, nothing so marks the contrast as the difference between the American girl and the European girl. The American girl is the product of her environment. She is what she is because America is America. The American girl she is worthy of a book and not a mere chapter in one. It is about her that captivates, that attracts, that makes her a constant surprise and a constant joy. She is her own enigma. She is not a type, because she is never the same and never like her sister. She is herself.

Discussing our intricate confusion of divorce laws, he says: Marriage and the severing of the marriage tie are attended with much less formality than in any other highly civilized country, which has created the impression—for which Americans are more largely responsible than for others—that the sanctity of marriage is lightly held and that, to speak bluntly, the American race are less moral than the English. This, I hold, does them a great injustice. I doubt if there is any nation where the home convention are held so sacred, where the chastity of the women is so great, where flagrant immorality on the part of men or women so often leads to social ostracism, as it does in the United States.

While not denouncing the frequency of our divorces, he offers the exocentric remark that:

It is abhorrent to American ideas that a woman, the wife of a drunkard, or of a brute that maltreats her because she merely committed an error of judgment by marrying a worthless man, should be compelled to pay such a heavy penalty as to be bound to him for life. Such a woman, according to the chivalrous sentiments of Americans, is entitled to her freedom, to marry a more worthy man, and to obtain the happiness to which she is justly entitled.

There is a very interesting chapter on "The American Press"—concerning which the author is not as complimentary as toward our women. Still he holds that: Despite its faults the American newspaper press has been a great civilizing and educational instrument and has tended to elevate rather than lower the nation. Upon our ultra sensational papers he is very severe, saying, among other things:

The so called "yellow press" is as infamous and as untruthful as the worst gutter rag of the boulevards, the only difference being the limitations of decency rather than of truth. To the "yellow" journal nothing is sacred so long as it can be turned into a sensation sufficiently alluring to fish the coppers from the pockets of the ignorant; there is no lie so preposterous that it will not be told; no truth so patent that it will be printed if it will help an opposing cause; no woman's fame is safe, no man's reputation secure; even the grave is no haven of refuge from the enterprise of "yellow" journalism. It always steals the ivory of heaven to serve its own "brighteousness." It prates much of morality, of honesty, of civic virtue, and its proprietors are notorious for their dissolute lives and the flaunting of their vices in the face of decent society.

signed as a text for university classes, could be read with profit and pleasure by American voters and prospective voters. Its references include virtually the whole bibliography of primary election legislation and investigation, and the book is valuable from that standpoint alone.

"The Letters of Jennie Allen"

By Grace Donworth. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Price \$1.00.

The letters of Jennie Allen to her friend, Miss Musgrove, will cure the worst case of blues in the world. They form a jewel in the midst of bits of paths that will one day lead to a clean and wholesome and altogether fine.

Jennie Allen is a young woman who does sewing at home for big wholesale dealers in ready to wear clothes. In addition to this hard work she has a huge family of little brothers and sisters, a married brother with his wife and babies, all on her hands, and she does most of the house keeping for them. The observations of Jennie are all told in a series of letters to Miss Musgrove, a lady whom she has seen only once, but taken a tremendous fancy to, and she grows as confidential as though she were writing a diary. There is no attempt at spelling, and her humor is quite unconscious, as are the paths. The letters reflect the sayings and doings of the very poor-tenement house people. Some of the sayings of Jennie will be quoted, one can be quite sure. They are almost epigrammatic.

"He is a Maine man, but a perfect gentleman. So is his mother."
"She is Irish, but very pleasant."
"It is no story of his he uses that way of the world. A few folks enjoy the fruit and others slip down on the peelings."

Through the letters runs the thread of two love stories, quaint and honest and natural. Only very word leaves us keenly interested. The end of the book finds Jennie telling of her happiness in the love making of Mr. Spinney and of its superiority to the articles handed out by Dante to Beatrice and Petrarch to Laura. It is a genuine work of art, this book, and deserves to live.

"Cardinal Newman"

By Charles Sarolea, D. Ph., D. Litt. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price \$1.25.

The series of books under the general title of "The World's Epoch Makers" and edited by Olynthus Sisson, is being published by the Scribners. Two of them have been received, but do not come up to expectations. The first, a work on Newman, contains nothing new (for that matter could it contain anything new with 18 or more well known lives of Newman already in existence) but, as the author says in his introduction, is "a modest attempt to deal dispassionately and objectively with some of the fundamental problems which are suggested by the writings of Newman and which have hitherto received a somewhat one sided treatment even from those English critics who have made an exhaustive study of the great cardinal."

The author, Charles Sarolea of the University of Edinburgh, is a scholarly writer, and his book is filled with statistics and references to other writers which would be under his lifetime hunt up. If it were the first and only work upon Newman it would be more appreciated, but, considering the tremendous amount of literature already issued about him, this book seems almost unnecessary.

The second book, "Wycliffe and the Lollards," is a very difficult book to read. It is written in the poorest of schoolboy English and is very badly put together. Lechler's "Life of Wycliffe" seems to be the only source of the author's information and he makes no other references as to his statements. The greater part of the book is devoted to showing up the abuses in the Roman Catholic church, a work the author seems to roll under his tongue as a delicious morsel, but which has little to do with Wycliffe. In fact, the Lollards, anyway, only about a quarter of its space being used for that purpose. No new light is thrown upon Wycliffe and his methods, and one can not but conclude that there is little excuse for so badly written and useless a book.

"The Spring Cleaning"

By Francis Hodgson Burnett. Published by the Century Company, New York. Price 75 cents.

It is just the hundreds and thousands of things I have to do for people like the Racketty-Packetty House Dolls and Winnie and the Rooks and the Cozy Lion that makes it impossible for me to attend to my literary work. Of course, nothing would get told if I didn't tell it, and how is a person to find time for stories when she works 75 hours a day? You may say that there are not 75 hours in a day, but I know better. I work 75 hours every day, whether they are there or not.

So reads Mrs. Burnett's, or rather Queen Crosspatch's, foreword to her story of "The Spring Cleaning." This story is of an old English vicarage and some of the characters introduced are new. This tale is one of the Queen Silver Bell series and it seems more genuinely tender, less like the fairy tale style of the others in the series. The vicarage is "The Rookery" which is always laughing; the sad little Jan Ann Biggs, the London flower girl; the Benches and then the beautiful Primrose world. The Primroses would have a hard time if Queen Crosspatch hadn't worked so hard getting her water bags for them at the last minute, for one never can tell what General Freeze is going to do. It is a charming story and the children will appreciate its imaginative qualities keenly.

"Wolf: The Memoirs of a Cave Dweller"

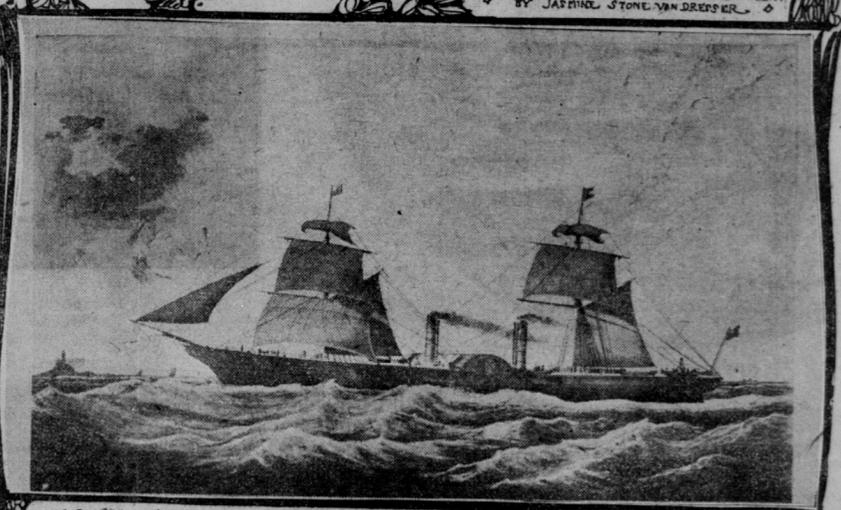
By P. B. McCord. Published by B. W. Dodge & Co., New York. Price \$1.

The author of this story is not daunted by the fact that he has had two predecessors in his chosen field, Jack London, with his "Before Adam," and Stanley Waterloo, with "The Story of Ab." Both of those stories, notwithstanding the much advertised controversy about plagiarism, were very interesting, and one need not hold that both authors were masters of the pen. Mr. McCord, we believe, is a newspaperman, connected with the art department of a Newark, N. J., paper. His style is hurried and shows little care in writing and no polish.

"The first part of the book, entitled 'Pioneer Days,' is in the nature of an introduction. It purports to tell of the early days of the writer's family when they left Pittsburg 'to make the then tedious trip down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to that thriving, growing town of the west, St. Louis.' This introductory chapter is by far the best of the book. It sketches the life of the pioneers in clear lines and introduces a very interesting and typical charac-



"JENNY WAS CROUCHING ON THE FLOOR BESIDE POWERS' ILLUSTRATION FROM 'THE GREAT MISS DRIVER.' BY ANTHONY HOPE



"THE 'PERSIA,' THE FIRST IRON CLIMBER." ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE BOYS' BOOK OF STEAMSHIPS" BY J. R. HOWDEN



"SHE PULLED ME DOWN STAIRS WITH AN AZALUM PLANT IN HER ARM THAT DINNY HAD GIVEN HER." ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE LETTERS OF JENNIE ALLEN" BY GRACE DONWORTH

ter of those times, a traveling Jesuit priest, which he considered of great value and interest to the world, with all sorts of conditions as to its opening and disposition. That manuscript is the chapters of the book which follow. Thinking to cast an atmosphere of antiquity thereon are to render it available for quick reference, and to interest readers to the point of studying more valuable, exhaustive works on the same themes.

The book is very pleasantly written and is frequently interspersed with quaint moral and religious criticisms of the world's celebrated men—most of them, indeed, get rapped over their mental knuckles—for having been tyrants, swashbucklers or human tendencies.

Even people who are given to much reading may glance through this book with pleasure, for it will refresh memory and suggest further reading on half forgotten subjects.

It can be heartily recommended as a present to young people of the high school age.

"Felice"

By John Luther Long, author of "Madam Butterfly," etc. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. Price \$1.

Joseph Conrad, a novelist for whom the subject of anarchy holds a peculiar fascination. The "Secret Agent" shows

the effect of this interest very plainly. Now Mr. Conrad, having recently written two short stories, each with anarchy for a theme, includes in one of them a paragraph that might be a naive confession of the brooding delight he takes in this type of mind.

"But, indeed," says the author, speaking through his man, "I don't understand anarchy. Does a man of that—that persuasion still remain an anarchist when alone, quite alone, and going to bed, for instance? Does he lay his head on the pillow, pull the bedclothes over him and go to sleep with the necessity of the chambermaid's general, and the French slang has it, of the general blowup always present in his mind? And, if so, how can he?"

"That Gay Prodigal" is a compilation of sayings and opinions on kissing in romance and history. It is semihumorous in character and is dedicated to "The School Ma'am of America . . . most of them sweet enough to kiss . . ." The book is anonymous, by the author of "Some Letters to Henry," etc. (The Important Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio.)

"Gold Nuggets," by Alice Kingsbury Cooley, is a tiny pocket booklet filled with Christian gems of thought and bits of good advice. "Be good to yourself" is the burden of the author's song, and for 30 pages she suggests ways of being good. The book makes a dainty little Christmas card. (217 Buena Vista Avenue, Ahmada; 25 cents.)

"Economic Evolution" is No. 58 in the Pocket Library of Socialism, published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. It is written by Paul Lafargue, who is one of the ablest and at least most interesting and polished of the socialist writers of Europe. This little booklet is a translation of Lafargue's speech on the occasion of his debate with M. Demolin, the celebrated French editor. It is a clever piece of work. (5 cents.)

For one who is puzzled what to give as a card party prize the "Card Club Record" would surely do. It is a handsome volume, containing blank space for keeping record of card parties—date, hostess, games played, scores, prizes, winners, refreshments, guests and general remarks. It includes concise rules of latest revision of whist, bridge, five hundred, euchre, club and American pinochle. (Cloth, \$1; full leather, \$2. Brewer, Barse & Co., Chicago.)

"Keep Up Your Courage" is the title of the latest book compiled by Mary Allette Ayer. She has been successful with her former books of good advice that she has been encouraged to put forth this one for the holidays. The author's unflinching good judgment in her selections and the authorship is always correctly given, which makes the book valuable also as a quotation book upon optimistic subjects. The Rev. J. P. Miller, editor of the "Daily Cheer Book," has written an introduction to this book, which is interesting. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company; \$1.)

best known by his "Madame Butterfly," but that does not by any means imply that that is his best work. It merely appealed to a popular taste.

The scene of this little story is laid in Philadelphia, but it could be in any Atlantic city. The dedication of the book is an indication of its subject: "To the gentle strangers in our gates—who speak in other words and understand in other ways than ours—that both words and ways may be more and more one."

Most of the characters are Italian, and so perfect is the foreign atmosphere which Mr. Long has created that one can almost smell the garlic! That is hardly fair or decent to say of this book, for it is pretty and dainty throughout.

A charming family of children who believe their father infallible is most pathetically appealing, and no woman can read of the poor little things without feeling the deepest sympathy.

Sigra Martinos, the Florentine barber is always giving way to his quick and ungovernable temper, but he is the kindest hearted barber that ever lived and really one of the great characters of the book.

The volume contains a dainty colored frontispiece by James Montgomery Flagg and is artistically printed and bound. The book is sure to add fame to its author as well as its publishers.

New Books Briefly Noted

- "The Boys' Book of Steamships," by J. R. Howden, follows this author's book on "Locomotives," which he did for the boys last year, though, as then, one must say, why for boys? It is fully as interesting to men—clear and concise, easy and pleasant reading, and a valuable book for any man's library. A boy can understand it, for it is not crowded with long words nor overburdened with advanced technical phrases. Everything a boy wishes to know on the subject will be found in this book and much valuable information is given. The history of many great steamships is given and some fine tables of measurements, most valuable for reference. (The McClure Company, New York.)
- "Three of a Kind" is just the story of an old German musician, Phil, a wife of a newsboy, and Dun, a cocker spaniel, but it possesses that heart interest in which humor and pathos are combined. The most remarkable thing about the book is that it was written by Prof. Richard Burton of the University of Minnesota, who is a poet and essayist, but has not before tried his hand at fiction. The three lovable vagabonds in this tale are admirably drawn and the pictures given of their romantic adventures and lowly life are vivid. The author shows a remarkable insight into human nature as well as dog nature. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.)
- Frederick the Great will always be one of the heroes of history, and a very interesting part of his career is his unusual childhood, under the rule of one of the sternest fathers that a boy ever had. All this as well as the story of his later triumphs, which won for him the undying title of the "Great," is told by Mrs. Kate E. Carpenter in "The Story of Frederick the Great for Boys and Girls." It is told with the same scrupulous historical accuracy which distinguished her "Story of Joan of Arc." The colored map showing Prussia and her neighbors in the time of Frederick the Great is very valuable. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company.)

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