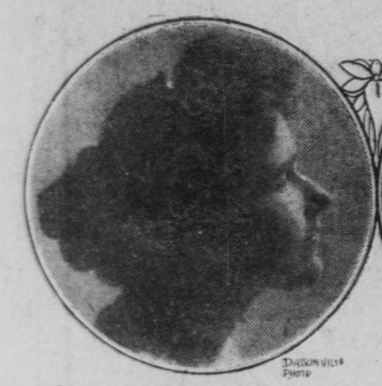
SO THAT THOSE WHO RUN MAY READ

BOOK PAGE OF THE SUNDAY CALL CONDUCTED BY UNA H. H. COOL

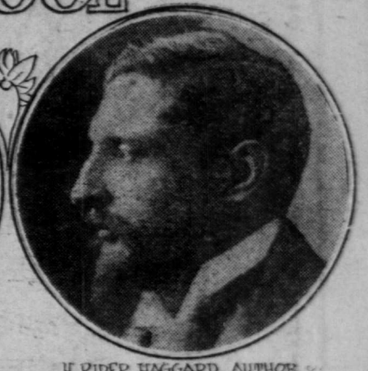


LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN Author of "THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR"

VIRGINIA TRACY Author of "MERELY PLAYERS"

HAROLD MORTON KRAMER AUTHOR OF THE K

PRESIDENT DIAZ FROM "DIAZ CZAR OF MEXICO" BY CARLO DE FORNORO



H RIDER HAGGARD AUTHOR "THE LADY OF THE HEAVENS"

"The Other Side of the Door"

By Lucia Chamberlain, author of "The Coast of Chance," etc. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis. Price $1.50.

"The city is always gray. Even in March, the greenest month of all, when the Presidio, and the Mission hills, and the islands in the bay, are beautiful with spring, there's only such a little bit of green gets into the city! It lies in the lap of five hills, climbing upward toward their crests where the trees are all doubled and bent by the trade wind. It seems to give its own color to the growing things in it. The cypress hedges are dusty black; the eucalyptus trees are gray as the house fronts they knock against, and even the plaza grass looks dark and old, as if it had been the same grass always, and never came up new in the spring. * * * And yet the city doesn't look sad. The sky is too blue, and the bay is too blue around it; and the flying fog, and the wind, and the strong tide flowing in and out of the bay are like restless, eager creatures that never sleep or grow tired."

No San Franciscan who reads these first few lines of the prologue will drop the book. Something very good should follow and in some ways the reader will not be disappointed. The descriptions are excellent and the writing throughout is good. The book is filled with improbabilities, but they are scarcely discovered before the book is ended; for the tale itself is so exciting that one hurries on to its close.

The scene, as the prologue shows, is San Francisco, and it is the very old town which is written about this time, before even the '68 earthquake had stirred things up. The tale is told in the first person by one Eleanora Fenwick, whose father was a person of wealth and consequence. She is just out of school when the story opens, and takes charge of her father's house. She is very young and very innocent, also very ignorant of the ways of the wicked world, and so easily imposed upon. On the morning of her father's birthday she gets up very early and goes down town to the opening of the markets to buy him some mushrooms as a surprise.

On her way home she finds herself on Dupont street, which had lately become notorious, and remembered that her father warned her not to go there. Suddenly she hears a shot and the doors of a saloon burst open and a man, rushing out, falls dead on the threshold. Before she can collect herself another young man comes to the door with a smoking revolver in his hand, which he throws away, and then runs off himself. Poor Eleanora is almost paralyzed with terror, but somehow manages to run home and bursts in on her father and Mr. Dingley, the district attorney, who is taking breakfast with him. She hysterically tells her story, and is immediately sorry, for she realizes that she is likely to be the only one who saw the young man and that her tale means ruin to him.

All this is told in the first chapter, and it takes a whole book to bring all the characters right in the end. One does see before the finish what is to happen, but it scarcely spoils the pleasure of reading. As a mystery story, the severe critics will say it is not a success, but as a love story with lots of excitement, plenty of good description and excellent local color, it is of the first quality.

This is the first story written by Miss Lucia Chamberlain. Up to this time she has written in collaboration with her sister Esther, whose untimely death last year was a loss to the literary community.

"Uncle Gregory"

By George Sandeman. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Price $1.50.

"Uncle Gregory," by George Sandeman, is a singular and original novel. It is, apart from the love story woven into it, a vivid picture of a modern type that is not without obvious resemblances to notabilities of the same breed who now have a place in the public eye. Uncle Gregory is a successful banker of immeasurable wealth, a sectarian, an "efficient" man, obstinately philanthropic on the grand scale. Outwardly and, so to speak, officially he is righteous and narrowly religious, and, though certain of his secret business dealings are treacherous and dishonest, the law never reaches him. He regards himself as the champion of progress and is still astoundingly stunted and limited. In endeavoring to impose in the name of principle his cut and dried notions of morality and progress on others, he is unintelligently hard and cruel, proud and self-willed, and presumptuous in his attempts to stamp his personal ideals of goodness upon those dependent upon him.

Dying, he leaves a preposterous will directing the carrying out of all kinds of unwelcome educational schemes. His tenants and employes are well nigh reformed from the face of the earth, and regard the efforts to enlighten them with contempt. His heirs and the trustees of his estate are saddled with the difficult business of bringing out a monumental biography of Uncle Gregory and with a well nigh intolerable burden of administration.

How the engaging young couple upon whom the bulk of these irksome duties rests free themselves from them; how the grandiose fame of Uncle Gregory withers and shrinks, and of the part a great conflagration plays in the denouement of this tale, the reader can ascertain for himself.

From Paris comes the announcement that the well known library of the late vicomte de Janze, which is said to be among the choicest of its kind in the world, is to be sold in that city this year. The coming auction is regarded as one of the most important in many years. The owner of the library was a distinguished member of the Societe des Bibliophiles Francais, and his collections of early editions of French authors of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in bindings by Derome, Padeloup, and other masters, rank among the most extensive and carefully selected in private hands.

"The Chippendales"

By Robert Grant, author of "Unleavened Bread," etc. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price $1.50.

The casual reader may think he can skim through this novel in the usual two or three hours, but let him try! In the first place, though the book looks about the same size as the average novel, it contains 602 pages, closely printed, too, and so carefully written is it, and so important is every word of it, that none can be skipped without serious detriment to the whole. We have had occasion during the last year or so to use the word leisurely about two authors, Robert Herrick and William de Morgan, and now into that same leisurely category must Robert Grant be placed.

From a literary point of view, nothing so scholarly has appeared in a long time, and it seems eminently fitting that the theme of the story should, of all the cities of America, be around about and in Boston, the oldest, most conservative and leisurely and the seat of learning.

The conflict between the old and the new order of things, between the conservative Puritan and the too liberal Pagan, is the theme of the story, and while in this day and age just such a conflict can be found anywhere, it is bound to be more marked in its contrasts in Boston than elsewhere.

The story is of Hugh McDowell Blaisdell, a young man from Maine, who chose Boston for his world because he had a good letter of introduction. He is introduced at a private boarding house in Dartmouth street, where he speedily becomes on very friendly terms with all the household. His landlady was a widow, with a daughter, Lora Burroughs; they came from Ohio, and shortly afterward the widow married an inventor, a Mr. Avery, who also had a daughter, Priscilla. Lora and Priscilla are as different in temperament and disposition as in face, but are both attractive girls, and Hugh can not decide which one he likes the better.

Finally Lora is chosen, and then we see Hugh climb gradually from a small position as a broker's clerk to a grand place in the financial world. He is a real power, and as he rises he constantly changes his domestic environment. No matter what they do, however, they are unable to make the conservative society of Boston receive them. Even Lora's request that her little daughter be allowed in the Thursday evening dancing class was contemptuously refused. "Of course, the real reason why they don't get on faster socially is his wife. She's pretty and she has lots of pretty clothes, but —er—she's different. A man can be different, but a woman can't."

Henry Chippendale Sumner, whose mother was a Chippendale, is the type of Puritan who is yet progressive. He does nothing very startling, beyond declaring his love for Priscilla when he is still too poor to think of marriage. But he remains faithful for 15 years, and though by that time Lora is dead and Blaisdell is his rival for Priscilla's hand, he wins her in the end. Near the close of the book there are some remarks by the author which show how deeply he feels on the subject he has chosen. A few lines may be quoted, for they show the idea of Mr. Grant's book better than pages of reviewing:

"Are there not Puritans enough still in Boston? There are people who would rid the world of them altogether, claiming that they are forbidding and awkward; have 'customs, but no manners.' But these wouldbe exterminators must reckon with the baby carriages on the sunny side of Commonwealth avenue. * * * Prominent among them ride Priscilla's boy twins—one the living image of his father—while their first child, a daughter, with the eyes and dash of her mother, trips gayly beside her brothers. But let the exterminators take heart. There are rumors that Henry's sister, Mrs. Paton, smokes an occasional cigarette, not for audacity's sake, but because she likes it, and insists that most civilized women do. * * * But the wouldbe exterminator of the Puritan is likely to have his way, despite Priscilla's twins. Already the social type for which Henry Sumner stands is waning fast before the pressure of foreign and visible forces. Let whoever doubts this face Boston from the region of the west, where the setting sun transfigures the landscape of the Back bay fens, and ponder. On what does the eye linger? On the commanding dome of the Christian Science temple, on the Saracenic top of the Hebrew synagogue, on the official roof of the Roman Catholic see. Beyond this vanguard of conflicting old world doctrines, reincarnated on New England soil, lies an already cosmopolitan city, proud of its traditions and its glory. Richer than ever in the fruits of its industry and thrift, seething—still seething—with all the problems of the universe, will it hold its distinction as a molder of thought and a quickener of conscience when Henry and his like slumber with the mastodon and the buffalo? That is for posterity to answer. Or, if you are impatient to know, ask Blaisdell. He can tell you anything."

The story of Blaisdell's career is the most interesting from the standpoint of the novel reader. There is much in it of the dramatic, and while he is frankly a climber, he is rarely offensive and is decent, both in a business way and socially. One is unconsciously very sympathetic and would like to give him a friendly hand now and then.

As for the Chippendales and the Sumners, the author knows them all well, for he could not improve on his picture of them, which is more than photographic in its faithfulness.

The author has written a very long story, but it is all worth reading. It could not be effectively told with fewer words, and the only thing missing is a touch of humor. One gathers that the author himself feels so deeply on his chosen subject that he has no eye for the humorous situations and possibilities in his tale. This lack makes the book drag in spots, but not so badly that one becomes discouraged. It is simply something missed which would improve the otherwise excellent book.

"The Chrysalis"

By Harold Morton Kramer, author of "Gayle Langford," etc. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston. Price $1.50.

Perhaps if the publishers had not stated in a note sent with the book that "Every element of a great American novel is present here, and the ripened powers of Mr. Kramer have been equal to dealing with situations of the strongest emotions and passions that humanity can know," the reviewer would not be so critical. The book really lacks many of the elements of a great American novel, and as presented to us it is more of a melodrama than a novel of real life.

The opening scene of the story shows a Yale-Harvard football game, which is well described. The score stands 6-4 in favor of Yale at the end of the first half, and the coach in the Yale clubhouse is giving the team directions. At the finish he says:

"And now, listen, all of you! Here's a spur I've been saving for the last half, and the same spur is being gouged into Harvard. This game will decide more than the question of which college has the better football team. It will decide whether a Yale or a Harvard man is to be president of the United States. Hah! I thought that would open that swollen eye of yours, Marley! It's the chance of a lifetime for you huskies!"

The explanation is that a Yale and a Harvard man are in the political race for president. If the Yale team wins, the Harvard man will withdraw from the field, and if the Harvard team wins the Yale man will leave the field clear for him. The hero of the story is on the Yale team, and when he sees the man he is to help win the game for, he deliberately fumbles the ball and loses the game to Harvard. The man, Senator Nelson, had brought dishonor on Seb Layton's father, and this was his opportunity for revenge. Of course it ruined him in college, but he thought it a game well lost.

The scene changes to Spokane and the great northwest, which the author knows, as he says, like his own dooryard. The effects of the football game follow him to this new country and the battle is waged throughout the book. The hero is a decided disciple of the untrammeled life and does many things which will shock the conventional, and, at times, it seems as if the author could never extricate him from some of the tight corners he gets into.

The heroine says the words which name the book and which give the reader an inkling, too, that perhaps everything will come out right at last. "A chrysalis is an ugly thing, but it contains possibilities that are beautiful. Maybe your heart has been a chrysalis."

The love story is full of melodramatic incidents also, and the heroine is an unusually young person. The story is one of exciting adventures in which politics, love and business play equal parts, but too much lawlessness is introduced for the present day and age.

BOOKS REVIEWED

"The Lady of the Heavens," by H. Rider Haggard
"The Chrysalis," by Harold Morton Kramer
"Diaz: Czar of Mexico," by Carlo de Fornaro
"The Chippendales," by Robert Grant
"Uncle Gregory," by George Sandeman
"The Other Side of the Door," by Lucia Chamberlain

"Diaz: Czar of Mexico"

An arraignment by Carlo de Fornaro. Published by the International publishing company, New York.

It is difficult to read this pamphlet of 154 pages without the most intense emotion. It is written in the extravagant and excitable style of the Latins by Carlo de Fornaro, the former editor of a Mexican newspaper, and even though we know the author has in intense bias against "Diazpotism," as he calls it, we must believe that much he has to tell is true.

In a warning at the beginning of the book he says: "I challenge and dare Porfirio Iaz to permit the free sale of this book in Mexico; for if the accusations herein are baseless they can easily be laughed away. However, Porfirio Diaz will not laugh but will silently suppress the truth, inasmuch as a government as perverse as his own cloaks its doings with the utmost secrecy; that I am perfectly aware of the risks incurred by this venture, now and in the future, but I gladly shoulder all the responsibilities, hoping that in a near day a high minded philanthropist will be induced to create a society for 'the prevention of cruelty to Mexicans'."

The author asserts that he has no personal grievance of any kind, that he was treated with courtesy and distiction while there, but that the things he has investigated and knows are the truth and he must tell them.

What little the Americans at large know of Diaz is from magazine articles, where his wonderful statesmanship is commented upon and comparisons made between his rule and the governing of other republics. It is a shock to find him so execrated and to hear that fear alone keeps him at the head of the Mexican people. After speaking of the notorious tyrants of the world, like the rulers of Russia, Turkey and Persia, the author says: "Mexico alone stands enslaved by the tyranny of one genial hypocrite, tied hand and foot to the ambitious lust of this ex-bandit, and hypnotized to a standstill by the shrewdest of political confidence men."

With all its bias the book gives a very clear idea of the political and financial system created by Diaz, its results and a forecast of what will happen at his death. That his death may be long deferred one gathers from the care of his health and life, which we read is extreme. Even though the author condemns every public act of the president, he has this to say of his private life:

"His private life for the last 30 years has been spotless, and although surrounded by all the luxuries, he has led a life simple as a nermit's; in food and drink abstemious as an Arab; in

"The Lady of the Heavens"

By H. Rider Haggard. Published by Frank F. Lovell company, New York. Price $1.50.

It is not such a long time ago that it has passed from memory when the novel reading public sat up and took notice of a strange new writer, one H. Rider Haggard. So new and unusual were the stories he had to tell that few stopped to criticise them from a literary standpoint, but rushed eagerly to buy every new book which he offered to the world. "She" and "King Solomon's Mines" and "Allan Quartermain" remain, perhaps, the best known of the lot, and he has been a prolific writer for close upon 30 years.

After a period of rest from his labor H. Rider Haggard now offers "The Lady of the Heavens," and one must admit reluctantly that the author still possesses the story telling instinct, developed as few writers of the day have developed it. One says "reluctantly" advisedly, for with such ability to tell a story it is unpardonable to do it so badly. It is amazing that a man of Haggard's education and position (is he not a member of commons in England?) should write so poorly. And yet with so much to criticise one must admit interest in the story. Interest, too, so convincing and compelling that one reads to the end of the long story with scarcely a page skipped.

The story tells of the adventures of the daughter of a pig headed missionary, a man who was working for a martyr's crown and got it, but who insisted on dragging his family with him. This daughter was, of course, radiantly beautiful and her experiences with the superstitious Zulus are hair raising.

Whatever may be said of the improbabilities of the tale, the author knows his Africa and also the tribes among which the lovely Rachel dwelt perfectly. His descriptions of them do not read in the least like imagination, but the story itself is quite impossible. For the interest he forces the reader to take in it he deserves much credit—it is a pity so much must be said against the style.

New Books Briefly Noted

The name of Arthur M. Lewis is frequently attached to socialist tracts similar to this one, "Vital Problems in Social Evolution." He is by no means a convincing writer, although his arguments have always possessed a factitious air of logic, which has doubtless made them popular with a certain class. (Charles W. Kerr & Co., Chicago.)

* * *

"Coe's School Readers" for the third and fourth grades offer much new and interesting material, including stories of adventure, of humor, of child life, of animal life, myths, chivalry, etc. They will appeal to the teacher as well as to the pupil. The selections are of literary value, and the compiler, Fannie E. Coe, has shown great care and excellent judgment in her choice of subjects. The illustrations are numerous and attractive and the books are admirably suited for supplementary use in connection with any standard series of readers. (American Book company, New York. 40 and 50 cents.)

* * *

A dainty little book entitled "All Is Well" is the fourth volume of the Primers of Peace, "Don't Fret" series, which is edited by Jeanne Gillespie Pennington. In lieu of an introduction or preface we have a page on which is stated the "object" of the book: "To bring into active use some portion of the latent mental and moral courage of individuals." Then follow quotations, poems, little sermons, bits of good advice, all offered in most attractive form; sugar coated pills, one might call them, taken from the best authors. Bacon, Emerson, Whittier are found sandwiched in between Amiel and Omar, Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Walt Whitman. All the selections are well chosen and the book makes a most attractive pocket companion. (Dodge publishing company, New York. 50 cents.)

* * *

"The Book of a Hundred Bears" is a tale of travel in Yellowstone park. It is not written in the usual style of travel books, for its author, F. Dumont Smith, is first a humorist and then a traveler. "To arrive at the Yellowstone and all its felicities you go to Ogden and turn to the right," says the author in his opening sentence, and a few lines later he says: "To arrive at Ogden you should go to Denver * * *" Then follows some information about Denver and its place on the map. The book deals with Denver, Utah and the Mormons, and the Yellowstone park, and, though many books have been written on these subjects, this author has brought a few new points to view and looks at the old things with a decidedly fresh eye. He is very enthusiastic over his trip through the Yellowstone and has some interesting observations to make. Decidedly a book worth reading. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.)

* * *

Helen Rowland, who became famous with "The Willow," offers a second book, "The Reflections of a Bachelor Girl." It is full of wit, wisdom and wickedness, much of it very cynical, but all amusing. The inside of the front cover is marked with a gem: "The average man looks on matrimony as a hitching post where he can tie a woman and leave her until he comes home nights." The book is attractively illustrated and decorated by Henry S. Eddy and is tastefully printed and bound. (The Dodge publishing company, New York. 75 cents.)

* * *

"Merely Players" is a collection of stories of stage folk. They are written by Virginia Tracy, an actress and the daughter of an actress, and in every line it is evident that the author is writing of familiar scenes. The tales have the merit of originality in conception and they are skillfully developed. The author has a captivating style and reveals not only human characteristics but gives glimpses of life behind the scenes of the theater. Both comedian and tragedian are included in these stories of the stage and one feels that real people are hiding behind the makeup. (The Century company, New York, $1.50.)

* * *

"The Garden of Girls" is a new story for girls who have just about outgrown Louisa Alcott's charming books. It is written by Marian A. Hilton, and every line in the book proves that she knows the young girl of today as few of our writers for young people do. The story tells of two young southern girls who go to New York to seek their fortunes. There they meet three other girls as sweet and wholesome as they are, and altogether they constitute "The Garden of Girls." Their goodness and perseverance gradually make all obstacles melt from their path, and we follow them to a happy ending. (The Landy-Thomas company, New York. $1.50.)

* * *

"Some Assurances of Immortality," by John B. N. Berry, is a collection of 10 papers all tending to strengthen the reader not well grounded in his faith. The subjects will reach all sorts of doubters, covering, as they do, a wide field. "Who and What Is God?" "Where Is the Soul?" "Man's Immortality," "Spiritism," "Materialization," "Faith," "Intuition and Conscience," "Prayer," "Love," "Trust—Hope," are the titles, and much of comfort will be found in each one of them. The book is neatly printed and bound and will make an attractive gift book. (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.)

* * *

"The Physiology of Sex" is a pamphlet for parents and their children arranged for the Colorado mothers' congress. It is a very carefully compiled little booklet and its importance can not be too strongly emphasized. The introduction explains the object of the book, and, in closing, says: "We hope that this book will give you practical knowledge and an inspiration to apply it in your everyday life and in helping others. We hope it will reveal the mystery and laws of your being, not tend to make you ashamed of your whole nature, or of any part of it." (M. A. Donohue & Co., Chicago.)

* * *

Whether or no Frederick Niven has any facts as a foundation for his novel, "The Lost Cabin Mine," he has so convincing a fashion of telling his story that one can not but believe it to be a piece of real history of the west. Two parties of prospectors have clews to the location of a very rich mine which was formerly operated secretly by its owners. The owners died and the rivalry between the two factions over the possession of the treasure is keen. Each party is afraid to start toward the claim for fear of being followed by the other, but the daring "Apache Kid" finally makes the first move, and the battle begins. The adventures of Francis, the young Edinburgh lad who tells the story, have few equals in exciting fiction, and one may venture to say no more could well have been crowded into the time limit set on the story. Francis surely has enough experiences to entertain his family and friends in Edinburgh for many a long day. (John Lane company, New York. $1.50.)

* * *

"The Fate of Iciodorum: Being the Story of a City Made Rich by Taxation," by David Starr Jordan, is an amusing little satire on protection. It was originally published in the Popular Science Monthly in 1888, but its appearance in book form just now is timely because the entire country has been so interested in the tariff reform, and also, as President Jordan says in his preface, because since "the chronicle was written most of the events and nearly all the speeches have had their close parallels even in America." The book is a powerful allegory in favor of free trade, and as such will be of great interest to all readers. (Henry Holt & Co., New York. 90 cents.)

* * *

The curious impressionistic style which Charles Fort, the author of "The Outcast Manufacturers," has adopted for his novel does much to detract from the interest and from the real merit of the book. The story is of the slums, and, while it is doubtless very true to life, it does not ring true. One feels that the author is making a constant effort to be clever and unusual at the expense of fact. The author has unusually keen powers of observation, and some of his descriptions are graphic and interesting. If this is his first work, we may look for something better. (B. W. Dodge & Co., New York.)

Gossip of Books and Writers

Beatrice Harraden, in spite of her novel, "Interplay," is said to be not at all connected with the London type of "militant suffragette." Her sympathy with the demand for equal suffrage is said to be more of the character that appeals to American women.

* * *

Hamlin Garland now announces that he will write no more novels. He proposes devoting himself instead to writing plays, and while his efforts may perhaps include a dramatization or two of his own work, this will only be in passing, for it is his declared intention to do original dramatic work.

* * *

Martha Finley, known to children everywhere as the author of "The Elsie Books," died recently at the age of 81.

* * *

Maarten Maartens has completed another book, and it will appear in the autumn. It is entitled "Brothers All," and is a collection of short stories of Dutch peasant life.

* * *

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. have just had to reprint for the twenty-sixth time Mrs. Voynich's remarkable romance of Garibaldi's defeat of the Austrians, entitled "The Gadfly." The book has always borne on the title page merely the name "E. L. Voynich," and is written in such a virile style that for some time after its appearance people supposed the author was a man.

* * *

The title of the new book by the Williamsons is "Set in Silver." The name suddenly came to the authors one day as a description of England. They had got out of their automobile to have a picnic lunch on a down overlooking Portsmouth. The wonderful beauty of the view led one of them to quote from "Richard II" about "This precious stone, set in the silver sea."

* * *

Doubleday, Page & Co. have just published a book of wide practical value entitled "Fireless Cooking," by Margaret J. Mitchell. The book contains clear and complete instructions how to cook food in the inexpensive fireless cooker, together with a large number of recipes that have been tested. The fireless cooker, of course, saves much in time and labor and does away with many inconveniences and discomforts. Miss Mitchell has aimed to make her book a complete and working guide. The principle of fireless cooking is that of the hay box. Food brought to the boiling point can be put in the box and left to cook itself. When you take it out it's "done." "Fireless Cooking" tells you how long different things are to be left in the box.

* * *

An instructive contrast between the past and present position of woman suffrage in this country is drawn in the current issue of the Woman's Journal of Boston, the oldest paper of its class, and now entered upon its fortieth year. Lucy Stone raised most of the money with which it was started; Mary A. Livermore was its first editor, and Julia Ward Howe is still the chairman of its board of directors. Among its contributors have been Louisa M. Allcott, Maria Mitchell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, George William Curtis and a long list of the distinguished men and women of the last half century. The present editors are Henry B. Blackwell and Alice Stone Blackwell.

* * *

Everybody is familiar with Southey's lines, "How the Water Comes Down at Lodore." In fact, it is the only thing of his that survives in the popular memory. Therefore, everybody will be disillusioned by this story: One dry summer a Canadian, on a visit to England, who had read and been enthralled by Southey's famous jingles, came to Keswick and set out alone to watch "the waters come down at Lodore." Long he wandered about, vainly seeking the lost Lodore, until at last, broiled, baffled and bubbling with fury, he sat down upon a large boulder in an almost dried up water course, down which trickled a tiny stream. Presently a native, the first he had seen that day, came along. "Hi!" yelled the Southey enthusiast, "can you tell me where I can find the falls of Lodore?" "Why, master," replied the rustic, "you be sittin' in middee of 'em."

* * *

Eleanor Gates, author of "The Plowwoman" and "Cupid, the Cow Punch," is at present living in the Santa Cruz mountains near Los Gatos. There she is conducting an interesting experiment in horses which she describes as follows: "The western horse, now fast disappearing, was a direct descendant of Arabs or part Arabs. To bring back that splendid, enduring, general utility horse I have brought 10 pure Arabs into California, and shall raise both the pure stock and the part Arab—following the footsteps, you see, of Lord Byron's granddaughter, Lady Anne Blount, who has great Arabian studs, one in England and a second near Cairo in Egypt. This raising of Arabs and part Arabs is to be both a recreation and a business, but shall not interfere with my writing. At any rate, I am meeting with great encouragement."

* * *

The home of Mrs. Jeanette Lee in Northampton is described as just such a house as it should be for literary workers, near town, with all the quiet and seclusion of out of town, with a wonderful view of Mount Tom. Mrs. Lee sees her classes at Smith college three mornings a week, and her own and her husband's days are full of diligent literary work. She began writing while she was still a student in college and has been writing ever since. Her best known novels are "Kate Wetherell," "A Pillar of Salt" and "The Son of a Fiddler." Some of the pages of the Atlantic's Contributors' club are from her pen. These are to be published in book form under the title of "Some Gentle Heresies."

* * *

The Canadians, apparently as a reward for his intrepid attack on the "Canada Fakers," have adorned one of the town sites along the new Grand Trunk Pacific railway with the cognomen of Arthur Springer, whose "wireless" romance, "The Gun Runner," has just been published by B. W. Dodge & Co. As a matter of fact, about 2,000 new names were needed for this country to be, and as the line prospectors had run through the full list of well known politicians from Laurier to Oronyteka, and all the established cow names from Aberdeen-Angus to Sussex and Shorthorn, to say nothing of the patronymics of every official, employe and stenographer in the home offices, a native author or two worked in very handily. When the author of "The Silver Poppy" and "The Wire Tappers" learned of the honor that had come upon him, he wrote out to the incipient city of "Stringer" and suggested the contingency of proffering the newly christened community a limited free library of his own books. In two weeks an answer came back. It was signed by one "Sid Wappler." It said:

"Don't bother about sending them books out to this here metropolis called Stringer. I guess they are good books, all right; but the Crow breed who runs the water tank engine ain't eddjecated in English and I'm busy track walking.

"P. S.—Us two is the metropolis."

Books Received

"The Book of Good Fellowship," edited by Edwin O. Grover; P. V. Holland & Co., Chicago.

"The Book of Good Cheer," edited by Edwin O. Grover; P. V. Holland & Co., Chicago.

"Central Italy and Rome," by Karl Baedeker; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Inner Shrine," Harper & Bros., New York.

"The Lodger Overhead and Others," by Charles B. Davis; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Alternative," by George Barr McCutcheon; Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"The Full Glory of Diantha," by Mrs. Philip V. Mighels; Forbes & Co., Chicago.

"The Winning Chance," by Elizabeth Dejeanis; J. B. Lippincott company, Philadelphia.

"A Man Without Principle," by Rotsel Terreve; Lowenthal-Wolf company, Baltimore.

"Writing the Short Story," by J. B. Esenwein; Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York.

"Misery and Its Causes," by Edward T. Devine; the Macmillan company, New York.

"The Light of Stars," by Hattie B. Bohannan; R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.

"The Hawk," by Ronald Legge; the John McBride company.

Books Reviewed in The Call May Be Obtained at
ROBERTSON'S
1539 VAN NESS AVENUE

ROBERTSON'S PUBLICATIONS
A WINE OF WIZARDRY
AND OTHER POEMS
By
GEORGE STERLING
Cloth, $1.25 Net
"THE last two lines of the third stanza of 'A Dream of Fear' are worthy to stand alongside any two lines ever penned by any of the poets." —Current Literature.