

Critical Comment on the Booksellers Offerings

BOOK PAGE OF THE SUNDAY CALL

CONDUCTED BY UNA H. H. COOL

"The Bride of the Mistletoe"

By James Lane Allen, author of "A Kentucky Cardinal," "Aftermath," etc. Published by the Macmillan company, New York. Price \$1.25.

After a silence of six long years James Lane Allen offers a remarkable work too short to be called a novel and yet hardly a story. It is more a psychological study so different in theme and method from anything he has done before that his admirers may not like it.

A portion of his short preface is quoted as showing briefly the author's purpose: "There are two characters, a middle aged married couple living in a plain farmhouse; one point on the field of human nature is located; at that point one subject is treated; in the treatment one movement is directed toward one climax; no external event whatsoever is introduced; and Christmas Tree: An Interpretation."

The scenes take place on Christmas eve and Christmas day; this joyous holiday time being selected in order to bring into more exquisite contrast the fearful psychological struggle, which takes place, for the tale is the author's conception of a love from which the soul has fled, of a union undermined by the wear of life.

Allen has maintained the ideal atmosphere throughout his study of the ever vital problem of marriage and true loyalty of spiritual as well as physical loyalty. The subject matter has been treated and in the last few years there have appeared hundreds of novels of married life; but no one has approached it with such consummate skill or on so elevated a plane. It will be difficult to restrain one's impatience for the appearance of the two remaining books of the cycle.

"Anthony Cuthbert" By Richard Bagot, author of "A Roman Mystery," etc. Published by Brentano's, New York. Price \$1.50.

When the reader discovers in the course of the first short chapter that Anthony Cuthbert, the hero of the novel of the same name, is a childless widower and almost 55 years old, he feels that all chances of romance is gone.

The second chapter of the book shows Anthony Cuthbert walking on the terrace of his country home with his nephew, James Sinclair. He has taken fancy to the secret of the young man and decides to make him his heir.

Young Sinclair is sympathetic and wishes his uncle could forget his unhappy experience, and is so frank and unselfish that Anthony loves him more than ever. Sinclair, who is in the army, is stationed at Malta, and directly he decides to go to Italy for his few days' holiday, and there meets the only woman in the world for him.

Mr. Bagot has made as noble a figure of Anthony Cuthbert as can be found in any English fiction, and poor, admirable, young James Sinclair is a close second. Sonia is not within a thousand miles of the two men, though she possesses many noble traits. It would have developed the fine qualities of her character without dragging her through so questionable an experience, which did not seem to fit her earlier or later character.

There are few weak spots in the book besides the one defect mentioned, and it is decidedly to be recommended.

"Standard Recipes for Ice Cream Makers," by V. Miller, is a practical up to date work, giving the latest approved recipes for making all kinds of ice creams for wholesale and retail business purposes.

Christmas Tree: An Interpretation. The three works will serve to complete each other and they complete a cycle of the themes.

After that explanation it is not fair to say that this little study leaves one with a feeling that it is unfinished. It is unfinished, and it will require the other two books to satisfy the student.

The scene of the "Bride of the Mistletoe" is Kentucky and Allen has no peer in writing of this land of history and romance. His nature descriptions are poetical and distinctive to a degree of excellence that wants a better word than perfect; but readers who know "A Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath" need hardly that word of praise.

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"Antonio" By Ernest Oldmeadow, author of "Susan," etc. Published by the Century company, New York. Price \$1.50.

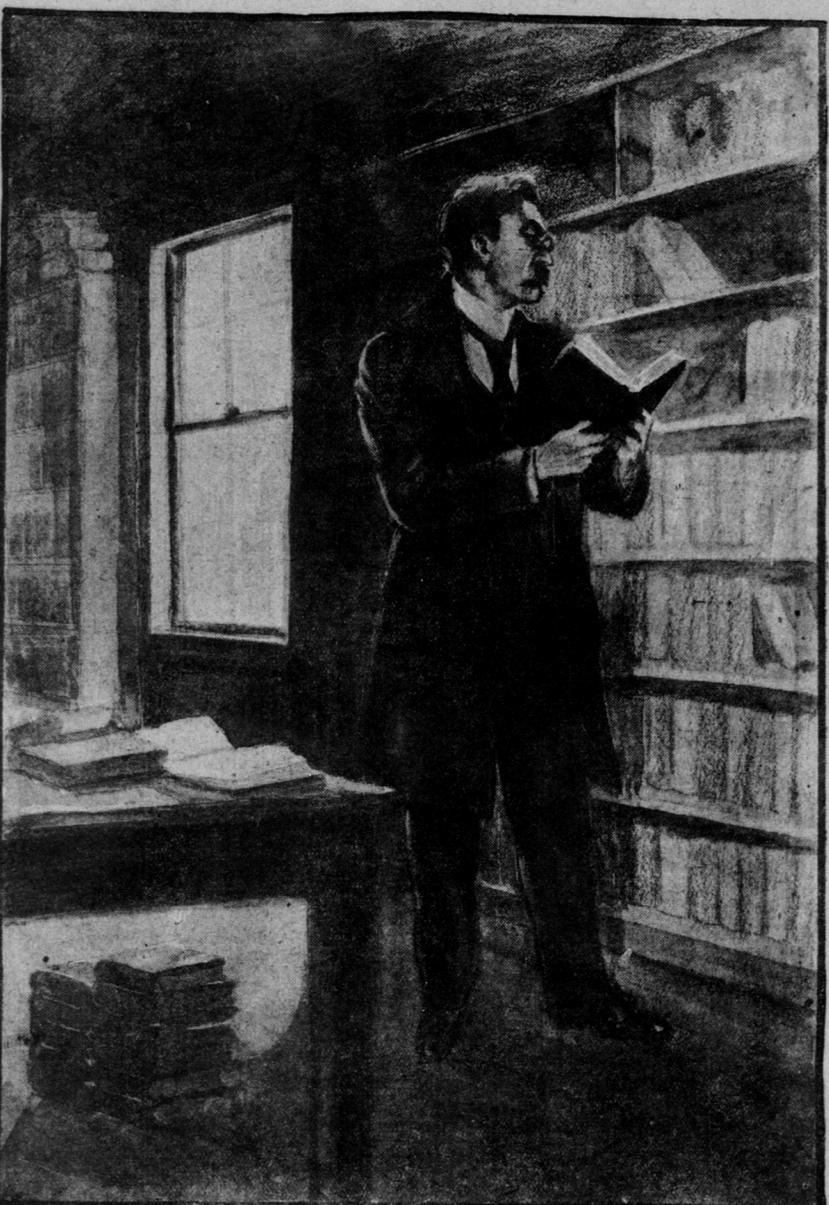
Antonio da Rocha is a Portuguese of noble family living in Lisbon. He becomes weary of the gay world and decides to enter the Benedictine monastery near Oporto. On the very day when he is to be formally received into the order and will say his first mass, the decree suppressing the Benedictines goes into effect.

Antonio flies with the other monks, but he registers a mental vow that he will work the remainder of his life in order to buy back the property of the monastery and will then restore the church.

He has been brought up among wine makers and so naturally turns to that for his livelihood. He makes a success, but is known to the neighbors as a wine grower and merchant, never revealing the secret of his calling.

Sir Percival has a daughter, Isabel, and almost immediately Antonio is subjected to as fearful temptation as could have been devised. The one who knows that he had entered the church and consequently there is no reason why the lovely Isabel should not fall in love. She is a lovely creature, and she appeals to Antonio's heart as no woman has before.

"Our Inheritance," by Z. Withers, is a defense of the negro. It is written by a negro, evidently of good education, and a man who has studied much on the subject. Reading this it is difficult to shut one's eyes to the right of this much abused people. The book is inscribed to the Hon. Joseph B. Foraker, who has so often lifted his voice in favor of the negro, and contains a photograph of the author as a frontispiece. Tribune publishing company, Oakland.



"The Woman and the Sword" By Rupert Lorraine, Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. (London: T. Fischer Uxbridge.) Price 75 cents.

"The Woman and the Sword" is a dramatic romance of the seventeenth century and no more exciting tale of that period can be imagined. Gilbert Charrington is a typical Englishman of the period who would rather fight than eat, and when this story opens he is returning a war worn soldier of fortune. He had championed the Protestant cause in Germany and his blade had been in the service of half the captains of Europe, but now he planned to lead a peaceful life.

In his absence his brother had died and made him the guardian of his son, Sir Francis, and as a sort of payment for his guardianship gave Gilbert the dower house on the old family estate.

Sir Francis' father had, before he died, come to an agreement with Sir Mortimer Page that his son should marry Miss Hilary Page, Sir Mortimer's daughter. Sir Francis, however, is a dissolute young man and cares more for a certain Romany gipsy girl, Bess Poole, than for Hilary and has openly courted her and neglected his fiancée.

Hilary elopes with the count, but in a few hours discovers that he is married and runs away from him. The count chases her and Gilbert and Francis chase them both, and it takes most of the book to describe it all.

This gives the author a chance to show his knowledge of the history of that lawless and exciting period and he takes his characters from comparatively peaceful England to the worst that barbarous low countries of Europe. Some of the scenes described are blood curdling, but all are graphic and strong.

George Paston (Miss E. M. Symonds)—Nearly every review of every novel and every play I have written has begun with some form of this question: "Why do all women writers take the name of George?" It would be about as reasonable to ask: "Why are all men writers born with the family name of Benson?"

BOOKS REVIEWED

"Anthony Cuthbert," by Richard Bagot.

"The Bride of the Mistletoe," by James Lane Allen

"Alcohol," by Henry Smith Williams, M.D., L.L.D.

"The Woman and the Sword," by Rupert Lorraine

over him. At last, however, Gilbert and Francis present themselves at the house of Sir Mortimer. The greetings are pleasant and Francis is docile, but when Hilary is summoned she proves a vixen and will not accept Francis after having been treated so cavalierly. The visit is concluded with fighting and hysteria and Hilary sends a note begging for help to the count von Zinkendorf, a society gallant with whom she had but a slight acquaintance.

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As a Norfolk woman I chose the name of Paston from the little village "where the letters come from." But it may be asked, why does a woman prefer to write under a masculine pseudonym rather than under her own name? The answer is to be found partly in the desire for fair play, which a woman seldom gets from men, and partly from dread of making a public failure. When I say that a woman seldom gets fair play I don't mean that she is necessarily treated more harshly on account of her sex; I mean that she is often treated with so called civility—in other words, a contemptuous indulgence—on account of her sex.

"Alcohol"

By Henry Smith Williams, M. D., L.L.D. Published by the Century company, New York. Price 50 cents.

Some time ago Dr. Williams wrote some articles for McClure's magazine on alcohol which were considered so comprehensive that he was requested on all sides to publish them in book form. The articles have been considerably revised since they appeared in the magazine and much matter added. The book omits the suggestion that the Gothenburg system be tried in America, also the claim that serious economic troubles would result if there were prohibition were suddenly made effective, and aims to give facts and rather suppress opinions.

Under the head of "The Physical Effects of Alcohol" the author says: "I am bound to believe, on the evidence, that if you take alcohol habitually in any quantity whatever it is to some extent a menace to you." He enumerates a number of scientific facts showing the effect of alcohol on the various organs. Then he says: "For every individual that gives prematurely of a disease directly due to alcohol there are scores of individuals that suffer to lesser degree from maladies which are wholly or in part of the same origin, but which are not directly fatal."

As for the mental effects of alcohol, they are more far reaching, and the author first gives some scientific facts and then says: "For every patient that suffers complete mental collapse as the result of alcoholism there are scores of patients that are the victims of epilepsies, neurasthenias, neuralgias, choreas and palsies of alcoholic origin. For every criminal that alcohol sends to prison there are scores of persons whose moral delinquencies induced or emphasized by alcohol, are not of the indelible order, yet are a source of suffering to their friends and a detriment to humanity."

The book is written by a skillful physician and one who has had much practical experience along the lines of which he writes. He has contributed much to the magazines and has written a "History of Science," in five volumes.

NEW BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

Abbott's "Automobile Law for Motorists" is the only complete manual of motor law published, and should be in the possession of every one interested in automobiles. It is written by Judge Twyman O. Abbott, who is the author of a number of well known lawbooks and stands high in his profession. His name will be immediately recognized by the legal fraternity and the standing of the book assured. The book, which carries as well the statutes of the various states and thus becomes an authority on the law relating to automobiles, deserves all praise. (Reilly & Britton company, Chicago. \$1.50.)

"Stories of the Great West" is an illustrated book made up of chapters from Theodore Roosevelt's books, "The Winning of the West," "Hero Tales" and "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail." They are attractive reading and possess the true historical color. The author has done no better work than these selected chapters, and the book makes one of the finest which has appeared for years for healthy American youth. The illustrations are by Remington and others, and the book is almost a necessity for supplementary school reading. (Century company, New York.)

"Cherry Feasts for Barbarous Fourth," by Ansenath Carver Coolidge, is a contribution in the form of fiction for boys and girls, in favor of a saner celebration of the "glorious fourth." It should have a large circulation in those sections of the country which are still so benighted as to think it necessary to celebrate the national holiday with dangerous fireworks and bombs. (Watertown, N. Y. Price 25 cents.)

"Cooper's Adventures of Pathfinder," adapted by Margaret N. Haight, is a very thorough abridgment of Cooper's famous story, in which all lengthy descriptions, tedious conversations, moral reflections, and other unnecessary details have been carefully omitted. Cooper's own words, of the atmosphere of the original novel, have been retained wherever possible. The story moves right along, the interest continues from beginning to end, and there are no apparent breaks in the narrative. Several attractive full page pictures illustrate the story. The book will be found especially valuable for supplementary readings in American book company, New York. 35 cents.)

"The Home of the Soul," by the Rev. Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life," is the first that has been written by Pastor Wagner since he arrived in Paris and established the religious institution called "Le Foyer de l'Ame," or "The Home of the Soul." The contents of this new book comprise the bulk of the messages he has delivered to his congregation. The book also contains an introduction by Dr. Lyman Abbott. A careful reading of the book will repay the student, who can not fail to find it interesting. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York. 25c.)

In Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," adapted by Margaret N. Haight, the adventures of Chingachcook, Uncas and Hawkeye, which have delighted so many generations of readers, are condensed in a form suitable for grammar grades in school. Only those portions of the original narrative have been omitted which do not bear directly on the story, and which are neither suitable nor interesting to the average boy and girl. Attractive full page pictures illustrate this adaptation of what is undoubtedly the best known of Cooper's many tales of Indian sagacity and warfare. (American book company, New York. 35 cents.)

GOSSIP OF BOOKS AND THEIR WRITERS

D. Appleton & Co. beg to announce that they have decided to discontinue the publication of Appleton's Magazine with the June number. Arrangements have been made with the publishers of Hampton's Magazine by which that magazine will be supplied to subscribers to Appleton's Magazine during the unexpired terms of their subscriptions, and D. Appleton & Co. hope that this adjustment will be entirely satisfactory to their subscribers. D. Appleton & Co. fully appreciate the interest and support of their subscribers and patrons, for which they take this opportunity of expressing their thanks.

George Meredith let all one sparkling drop of criticism on the shining mirror of Henry James' literary surface, which has been eagerly caught up again by Meredith story tellers of the last few weeks. It touches James' books on America, which the Harpers published a few years ago. "You know my dear James' book," wrote Meredith, "which he describes as an account of America revisited. The substance of it all is not a restatement of America, but a tour of James' own inside. He doesn't tell about America, but about how he felt when he saw this or that in America. Now and then he goes so far as to say that he has seen a glimpse of the anatomy and shows you a glimpse or landscape that he says is America. But taken all in all, it's very little one sees beyond the interior of my dear James."

The recent assertion of a prominent physician that 99 per cent of the business and professional men in American cities are sufferers from functional heart trouble or circulatory disturbance, simply because they will not take any bodily exercise, brings home one of the most astonishing truths of the present day, and one that should be recognized by every man and woman in the country, save the Bookkeeper for July. Every day the metropolitan papers contain scores of notices of the illness of lawyers, bankers, merchants and others of their kind, who have been forced into retirement by the constant strain of business without the saving antidote of physical training. Any day when business is at its height a physician can point out scores of men on the streets and in office buildings who are suffering from the most serious disorders and any person may see hundreds of old and young men hurrying about their daily routine with drawn faces and staring eyes, almost every bank, store and office in the city are clerks with hollow chests and trembling hands whose labors are a constant strain upon them and whose leisure brings no recuperation. All of these are truly going the pace that kills. In a short time, no matter what the number of their years may be, they will be decrepit old men, their vigor sacrificed in the rush and strain of business. And the panacea for all these ills is—exercise.

The Williamsons are very fond of the Riviera, whither they go in the early autumn just when the English country is beginning to fade. By the middle of October, or course, there is summer on the Riviera. The roses are still in bloom and the fresh new grass is green as emerald. This is an early time to come to the Riviera, but the Williamsons have a private villa not



DR. HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS author of "ALCOHOL"

far from Monte Carlo, which used to be the shooting lodge of the former prince of Monaco. Before the season really begins and friends come in, they write in the quiet, take long drives and walks and motor excursions.

About May they return to their old-fashioned garden in Surrey. There they live in a queer old house, as old as the days of Queen Elizabeth. It has a secret room in it, and the quaint antique furniture is said to represent the "finds" of a year's motoring in England.

Miss Alice MacGowan, author of "Judith of the Camberlands," will spend her vacation in or near the Yosemite Park, and her sister, Mrs. Grace MacGowan Cooke, and Mrs. Cooke's two daughters will go with Miss MacGowan. They all plan to spend the summer camping, under the competent care of Jap, to whose genius as cook and majordomo of the MacGowan Cooke household the guests of that household will be glad to render grateful tribute.

Books Received "Cherry Feasts for Barbarous Fourth," by A. C. Coolidge; Watertown, N. Y. "The Home of the Soul," by Rev. Charles Wagner; Funk & Wagnalls company, New York. "The Woman and the Sword," by Rupert Lorraine; A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. "The Last of the Mohicans," adapted from Fenimore Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans," by Margaret N. Haight; American book company, New York. "Adventures of Pathfinder," by Margaret N. Haight; American book company, New York. "Standard Recipes for Ice Cream Makers," by V. Miller; Laird & Lee, Chicago. "Fleet Street and Other Poems," by John Davidson; Mitchell Kennerly, New York. "The King of Nobody's Island," by Thomas Kerstelt; Gibson publishing company, New York. "The Infamous John Brown," by Mrs. E. S. Garrett; Hunt Holt & Co., New York. "Missionary Heroes: How to Make It," Popular Mechanics company, Chicago.

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Why Women Novelists Use Men's Names

SOME interesting reasons why women novelists choose to write under masculine pseudonyms are given by a number of famous English writers as follows: Charles Marlowe (Miss Harriet Jay)—I write plays under the name of "Charles Marlowe" because, being a novelist as well as a dramatist, I think it better to keep the one quite distinct from the other.

"My reasons for choosing this particular name is simple. When the idea of using a dramatic nom de plume first occurred to me, I happened to be writing a comedy which was afterward produced at a vaudeville theater under the title of "Fascination." The leading part in this play—that of a girl who impersonates a boy—I created myself, and made in it a great success. The name of the girl was "Lady Madge Hazleton," that of the boy "Charles Marlowe." I have used the name ever since.

The bitter truth was that my first publishers refused to bring out "Cavalry Life" under a feminine pseudonym. I have no doubt they were wise, and though I did not relish it, I was enough of a Yorkshire woman to recognize on which side my bread was buttered.

John Strange Winter. After some consideration I thought I could not do better than credit this imaginary character with the other stories also. George Frost (Mrs. Octavia Eddison)—I wrote under a man's name because I believe a woman's work is handicapped by the mere fact of her sex. The voiceless woman witness to the injustice of men an injustice which is dealt to women by editors and publishers in common with other men. The use of a male pen name gives a writer a better chance of publication, and a fair payment.

Theo. Gift (Mrs. D. H. Bulger)—My reasons for taking "Theo. Gift" as a pseudonym were simple. When I began to write novels and publish them (35 years ago) I was a young girl; and at that date girls were neither as hardened to outside opinions nor as independent of their elders as they are now. If I had attempted to make a name for myself in the literary world under my own patronymic and had been ill received, it would have been felt that I had disgraced the family name.

So I took a pseudonym, which, after all, was my own already. My name is Dorothy, the Anglicized version of Dorothea or Theodora, which means "Gift of God." I translated "Dora" into "GMI," leaving "Theo." (from a sense of modesty which I am sure you will feel was not uncalled for) in the original Latin, and—voilà tout!

Curtis Yorke (Mrs. S. C. Richmond Lee)—The principal reason that I chose "Curtis Yorke" as a pen name was that I did not want my work to be judged with the leniency frequently accorded to women's work 21 years ago; but that it should be reviewed either favorably or unfavorably on its own merits.

George Paston (Miss E. M. Symonds)—Nearly every review of every novel and every play I have written has begun with some form of this question: "Why do all women writers take the name of George?" It would be about as reasonable to ask: "Why are all men writers born with the family name of Benson?"

When I chose the name of "George Paston" there was no other female George in the field except George Fleming, who had not come before the public for some time. As a Norfolk woman I chose the name of Paston from the little village "where the letters come from." But it may be asked, why does a woman prefer to write under a masculine pseudonym rather than under her own name? The answer is to be found partly in the desire for fair play, which a woman seldom gets from men, and partly from dread of making a public failure. When I say that a woman seldom gets fair play I don't mean that she is necessarily treated more harshly on account of her sex; I mean that she is often treated with so called civility—in other words, a contemptuous indulgence—on account of her sex.

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