

Wanted to Read and Not to Skip

"The Infamous John Friend"

By Mrs. R. S. Garnett. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Mrs. R. S. Garnett has written a historical novel of the first quality and which is not only the best of the year but of many years. She has set her story in England at the time of the threatened invasion by Napoleon, and has succeeded in painting a strong and graphic picture of those exciting days. Although the reader soon discovers that John Friend is a spy the author has handled her subject so deftly that his keenest interest is aroused and his career is followed with breathless excitement. He is a man of almost superhuman courage, with all the characteristics of a hero—save conscience. He does not know the meaning of that word and is absolutely unscrupulous. With all this, he has a wife whom he loves devotedly and to her he is always tenderly itself.

John Friend's father, who had been cheated out of his inheritance by dishonorable judges and politicians, had taken refuge in France, where, throughout his childhood, John had not only been the victim of the English and their methods. Added to this he had no religious training. He returned to England and in the course of time married a gentle girl, notwithstanding the disapproval of her family, occasioned by the mystery surrounding him. No one knew whence his income was derived and even his wife was unsuccessful in worming the secret from him. She devoted herself from the start to trying to save his soul, which she thought could only be ac-

Gossip of Books and Writers

Jacques Futrelle is known wherever the "best seller" has gone, and the sun never sets on the best seller. But books are just a Futrelle by-product. His real interest in life is crops. In 1901 Futrelle discovered the town of Scituate, Scituate is situated on Massachusetts bay. The Pilgrims discovered it first, but Mr. Futrelle was the first agricultural Scituate. It roused the rural soul within him. Since then he has spent eight months of the year there, farming. His farm is about 20 by 20—feet high, not miles! The only thing he has succeeded in raising on it so far are "umbrella" and a family. In the intervals of planting trees and onions, building furniture and carving wood (with a beak), Mr. Futrelle usually writes his best sellers. It is easy to turn out literary skills at Scituate.

Maarten Maartens—few of whose readers know that his real name is Just Marius Willem van der Poorten—has been a popular author for nearly 20 years, writing in English in order to reach a larger audience than the Dutch language commands. To say that he writes it like a native of England or the United States would fall to do justice to his style, which is not idiosyncratic but idiosyncratic, being marked by a humor which is all the author's own. "The Love of a Fool," in Putnam's Magazine for July, is a serious enough story in all countries, but it is enlivened by a playful way of putting things that distinguished Mr. Maartens' work from that of most of his fellow men of letters.

The south has lost one of its most interesting literary figures in the death a short time ago of Mrs. Augusta J. Evans in Mobile, Ala. The voice of the most popular of her novels, "St. Elmo," an amazingly good "best seller" in the years immediately following the close of the civil war, has undoubtedly waned during the last two decades, but it is nevertheless a book that is not yet forgotten and that will surely hold its own with the more enduring and vividness of description and a certain romanticism of sentiment peculiar to an older generation of writers. Mrs. Evans, who was Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson in private life, did not write many books in her long life of 74 years, and this novel, "Inez," appeared when she was 15, and her last, "Devota," was published only two years ago. In the long interval between these two she wrote and published seven novels.

"That the Trail of the Go-Hawks," Eric Hoffer's Stapp's sparkling juveniles, has blazed a new trail in the hearts of boy and girl readers is proven by the numerous letters that reach the publishers from childish admirers of the story. Like "Oliver Twist" they invariably request for "more," and the young readers eagerly inquire when they may expect another story from the same gifted pen. The author comes from the family of the noted English writer, R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," the greatest romance ever written in English. She has a wide acquaintance among clubwomen, being the much loved journalist of the Iowa federation.

A recent newspaper paragraph points out that what might be called the "European" edition of the American Literary Digest is published by the German emperor himself. It is called "A Daily Record of International Opinion." Unlike the American Literary Digest, which prints some 200,000 copies per week, the circulation of the German emperor's organ is limited to exactly two copies, one of which is placed in the hands of the emperor and the other goes into the national library.

The interesting announcement has just been made that Wilson Vance, father of Louis Joseph Vance, well known for his "The Black Bag" and "The Brass Bow" and other novels, is himself the author of "Big John Baldwin," which Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. expect to issue in the fall. Big John is a Puritan gentleman who has experiences as a colonist in America and also under Cromwell in England.

Miss Helen Clergue, who has written much upon French society and letters in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is staying at present at the Lyceum club, London, where we understand she is busy upon a new work along the lines in which she is especially interested. She finds London, thanks to the British museum, her best workshop. Miss Clergue's last book was "The Salon," a study of the institution of that name.

Mark Twain continues to enjoy his seclusion in his home in the Connect-

complished by his acceptance of God and a hereafter. Early in their married life John Friend brought to his wife a baby girl, telling her that it was the child of a French mother and an English father, who had been killed during the wars in France. Mrs. Friend gladly took the infant and brought it up as her own, and this girl had reached the age of 17 when this story opens.

Friend succeeds in hoodwinking the public completely, introduces his daughter into society and has a number of eligible suitors for her hand. Several historical characters are introduced, notably Mrs. Fitzherbert and Charles James Fox, and an excellent picture of the social life of the period is given.

The artistry of the author creates real sympathy for John Friend, in spite of his treason to his country, to his friends and to his family. When it comes to his trial, though his guilt is known and the proving of it scarcely more than a formality, one hopes and hopes that something may intervene to save him. Such splendid courage should not be wasted; if only his great ability could have developed along the lines of honor and nobility!

The weakest portions of the book are those dealing with the love story. The author has not handled that part with the skill she has shown in the strong historical narrative. She has, however, succeeded in reproducing the atmosphere of the times and has written a story which will live.

leat hills, where summer is scarcely less quiet than winter, since there is no actual summer colony in that region. Here he simplifies business and social labor with the friendly services of his daughter, Miss Clara Clemens, and Albert Bigelow Paine. It is Miss Clemens who sifts her father's correspondence, which is probably as varied and amusing as that of any writer in the land, while Paine is in charge of many of the business affairs which surround the literary properties of Clemens.

Major Guy de Maurier, author of "An Englishman's Home," the play that startled England, is one of a number of British army officers who have written plays. There seems to be something in the business of soldiering, from the tight itself down to the uniform, which is itself a dramatic attack. Some of the British regiments to boast playwrights among their officers are the marines, the duke of Wellington's regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, the royal navy and the Fourth Hussars. Major du Maurier's own regiment is the Third battalion, Royal Fusiliers, where he is very popular in his command.

Louise Crosser Hale, author of "The Actress," will be interested to hear of a compliment recently paid her by Miss Dorothy Donnelly. Miss Donnelly and Mrs. Hale are remembered as fellow players of a few years ago in Bernard Shaw's "Candida," when the one was Candida herself and the other the intemperate Prossy, typist. "Nowadays," writes Miss Donnelly to a friend, "there are so many false and misleading things written about the stage that it is a delight and a relief to find it indicated with such truth." Mrs. Hale is "en pays de connaissance" and writes of her comrades with so much originality, verity and tender gaiety at their sides that one recognizes at once that the book has been stamped with life.

It is better, especially if you are a woman, not to suppress your emotions, advises Dr. Samuel McComb of Emmanuel church, Boston, writing on a case of nervousness in the current Harper's Bazar. These strangled emotions, these griefs and moral wounds and deep rooted but frustrated desires of which you never speak, even to your dearest, are the greatest life hazards you carry. Nervous dyspepsia, the irritation of your blood and flesh. Have a heart to heart talk with a dear friend or a trusted adviser and watch them disappear. Women especially carry in their bosoms a great deal of unexpressed wretchedness and concealed in their hearts for years, says the writer, with the inevitable result of a nervous catastrophe. Doctor McComb thinks such as these will lead to relieve themselves by confiding their troubles either to a wise minister of religion or to a psychologically trained physician.

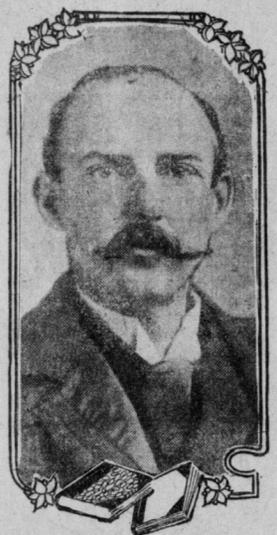
On every side is heard, "Who is Elizabeth Dejeans," the author of the remarkable novel, "The Winning Chance," which is creating much discussion. Mrs. Dejeans—a nom de plume, by the way—is a sunny daughter of the south, with laughing eyes and a real sense of humor. Her interest in the picked up in her travels abroad, fill her artistic home near Los Angeles. She takes especial pride in her collection of rare old Japanese prints, mellowed by time, and she has a taste of its own. Although this is Mrs. Dejeans' first novel, she comes by her gifts naturally, as she is of a literary family. Susan Warner, the noted writer, is her aunt, and Horace Scudder, the historian by connection, her mother-in-law. For years, she says, her friends begged her to write. Other things, however, crowded out literary work. But when she settled in California she decided that she would devote her time to writing, and so energetically did she put this resolution into effect that within two months and a half "The Winning Chance" was finished.

Max Beerbohm in the Saturday Review says: "Shrewd and good as many of the appreciations of Meredith have been, I have seen only one that properly stated Meredith's magnitude. The professional critic is always a little afraid of saying anything that might lead to an accusation of 'gush.' After Meredith died it was reserved for an amateur critic, Sir Ray Lankester, to write the essential thing of him—that he was, with the sole exception of Shakespeare, the greatest man in our literature. This and that of our writers has had this and that gift as signally as Meredith. But only in Shakespeare has there been such a variety of endowment; only in him a range so ample, depths so many. In due course England will recognize this. I don't mean that many hundreds of people will in any generation be reading Meredith. Very few hundreds read Shakespeare, though they care to see their favorite actors in such of his plays as contain good parts for those actors. His transcendence is taken on trust. So will Meredith's be."



Life and Works of F. Marion Crawford

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD, who died at Sorrento, Italy, on April 9, has been so continuously and prominently before the public since his first book was published that it is hard to realize how comparatively short his career has been. A prodigious worker, he produced not less than 40 novels and historical works; yet "Mr. Isaacs," his first book, was written only 28 years ago. With this and the books that followed in rapid succession he perhaps reached a larger public than any other American novelist of the last 50 years. Not only was he immensely popular in America, but he was equally a favorite in England, while his following in Italy, France, Germany and other European countries was undoubtedly greater than that of any other American.



F. MARION CRAWFORD

Mr. Crawford once told a newspaper reporter that he had written one of his longest novels in six weeks, and, moreover, this novel was written out in his own hand within that space of time. Much of the manuscript was so minutely written as to be almost impossible to decipher except by the strongest eyes. When a glass was used upon it, however, it was found that every letter was perfectly formed; and among the friends to whom his manuscripts were shown it became a matter of remark that the more closely a manuscript was written the better and more interesting it turned out to be.

This remark of Mr. Crawford to the reporter, however, was unfortunate, as it led to the inference that he worked hastily, and used his great talent chiefly with a view to its immediate reward. Those who knew him well, and had watched his career since his first success, know that such an inference would be unjust to his high sense of responsibility toward himself and the public. He had many natural gifts, but he had also the patience and power of concentration which are often lacking in gifted natures. His observation was always, and almost unconsciously, keen, and his desire to learn unbounded. As he used to say, "I like to know how things are done," and he could do many different things himself. Readers of "Casa Braccio" (which he thought his best book) may remember that one of the minor characters, an old cobbler, is described in a manner which shows intimate acquaintance with his trade. That was easy to do, because when Crawford was preparing for Cambridge at Hatfield Regis, the "Lonely Parish," one of his friends had been the village shoe maker, and he made a pair of shoes "just to learn how."

He also joined the local bell ringers, and became familiar with their complicated system of peals and chimes. The description of silver chiseling in "Marzio's Crucifix" is also the result of actual experience, for he once worked at this branch of art, and if he had gone on could have supported himself by it. Like many left handed men, he was skillful in the use of tools, and his capacity as a practical mechanic was tested when he put a complete system of American plumbing into his villa at Sorrento, assisted by a couple of workmen who had never seen such appliances and could only solder a joint.

As a young man Mr. Crawford was the envy of his friends and acquaintances, for not only was he tall and straight, extremely handsome, and possessed of great bodily strength, but he had in addition much charm of manner, and a mind capable of grasping with ease tasks which were impossible to others, or only obtainable by months

or even years of effort. One of his talents was a special facility for acquiring languages. Having been born and partly brought up in Italy, he naturally spoke Italian in most of his many dialects perfectly, and he also had the frequent experience of being taken for a German in Germany and a Frenchman in France. At one time he spent a winter in Prague, in order to obtain local color and atmosphere for one of his novels, and in the short space of eight weeks he had acquired enough of the difficult Bohemian language to make himself easily understood wherever he went, and to gather material from those who spoke no other tongue.

But although he knew many languages well, he did not pick them up carelessly; a grammar and dictionary always aided the service of his quick ear and iron memory. His knowledge of Sanskrit, Hindustani and Urdu was not of much use to him after his early manhood, but in Greek and Latin he found his familiar friends until the very end. Latin, either classic or medieval, was almost as simple to him as English, and only a few months ago, as an amusement for his leisure, he read everything of Pindar's that survives, "because some of it was pretty tough Greek."

His characteristic thoroughness was shown in the way he took his pleasure. Always a lover of the sea, and an expert sailor of that swift but dangerous craft, the Italian felucca, he could not afford a yacht, but happening to be in America when the sailing pilot boats were replaced by steamers, he bought one for a song and set to work to make himself proficient in navigation, of which he already knew something. In a short time he passed his examination before the United States marine board and the Association of American Ship Masters and obtained a master's certificate, entitling him to command any sailing vessel on the high seas. Then, with a young Scandinavian mate and a very small crew, he sailed his 40-ton schooner, rechristened the Alda (which means "deep sea wave" in Icelandic), back to the Mediterranean. They touched at the Azores and his scratch crew came on board again fighting drunk, but the mate was a good man with his hands, and Crawford had been the best boxer in the

university when he was at Cambridge, so, as he expressed it, "we got under way after a few lively minutes."

While he was at Cambridge his family met with money losses which made it necessary that he should support himself, and the hard training which he underwent for several years was invaluable in his after career. For some time in Rome he did any sort of work that he could get, such as translation and newspaper correspondence; then he decided to try his luck as a professor of physiology in India, and he started for Bombay on money lent him by his old friend Augustus J. C. Care. Things went so badly with him there that he was on the point of enlisting as a trooper in an English cavalry regiment, when the editor of the Allahabad Herald having died of cholera, his place was offered to Crawford. For the following 18 months he did everything connected with a newspaper, not only writing it all, including the advertisements and correcting the proof, but sometimes helping the slender native staff to strike it off.

When he first "found himself" as a writer of fiction at the age of 28, the result was like the rush of an artesian well when rock is pierced, and one book followed another in rapid succession. Those who think that he forced himself to write are mistaken; the writing forced him. When he was at work on a novel he was possessed by it—he heard the characters speak and saw them move, and they were real to him for the time as living men and women. No novelist who has written many books is always at his best—there were no "best" if that were so—but Marion Crawford, from first to last, gave all that was in him to his work, and a proof of its high quality is that half a dozen people will often give as many different opinions as to which is his "best book." Even when not at work his mind was always collecting material for future work, and Mr. Isaacs" were written, he was thought to have invented wildly improbable situations, he was only setting down facts. The triple tragedy in "Gretchenstein" occurred in a noble German family before the middle of the last century, and the son of the house, the last of his race, entered the church and died a cardinal. There are two well known instances in which priests kept the secret of the confessional and Don Ippolito does in "Corleone," but with the difference that they were convicted of the crimes which they had not committed, one being sent to Siberia, the other to a French penal colony.

He had finished two novels before his fatal illness, but when they have appeared there will be no more. The pen which has brightened so many hours for thousands since the first words of "Mr. Isaacs" were written, is quiet now, and its master has gone to his own place.

- CHRONOLOGICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY
- 1882 Mr. Isaacs
 - 1883 Doctor Claudius
 - 1884 A Roman Singer
 - To Leeward
 - An American Politician
 - 1885 Zoraster
 - 1886 A Tale of a Lone Island
 - 1887 Marzio's Crucifix
 - Don Ippolito
 - Sarcinella
 - 1888 With the Immortals
 - 1889 Gretchenstein
 - 1890 A Little of the King
 - 1891 Khalee
 - 1892 The Three Fates
 - 1893 The Children of the King
 - 1894 The Children of the King
 - 1895 Fair Margaret
 - 1896 A Lady of Rome
 - 1897 Aethusa
 - 1898 The Little City of Hope
 - 1899 The Primadonna
 - 1900 The Diva's Baby
 - 1901 The White Sister
 - The Ralston

BOOK PAGE

of THE SUNDAY CALL

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"The Heart of Silence"

By Walter S. Cramp. The C. M. Clark publishing company, Boston.

"The Heart of Silence" is a story with a moral of the good old fashioned sort—virtue triumphant—strong plea for the conventional and very narrow life—but written for the most uneducated type of back stairs intelligence.

Harold Harvey, accompanied by his foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt, and their daughter, Priscilla, is convalescing from typhoid fever at Florence. Priscilla is a pianist, who plays a lot and talks about it more. Harold is the head of a bank in New York, and outside of business hours is deeply interested in a boys' club in the slums. These two young people, brought up like brother and sister, are so used to each other they don't know they are in love. They compare all the young men and women they meet with each other, but always something is found wanting. At last Priscilla is nearly interested in Ward Benton, a young American living in Florence who is writing an opera, but she realizes in time that they are not suited to each other. In the meantime Harold has returned to business in New York and is desperately smitten with a beautiful, empty headed, unconventional, designing girl, whom almost anybody could have seen through. He becomes provisionally engaged for a year, but before the year is out he hears such a fearful story about "her" that he breaks it all off. The tale which so shocks him is to the effect that at a charity bazaar Madeline, his adored one, while in charge of a cigarette booth, had been offered \$5 by an impudent youngster for a lighted cigarette, and then "that booth took in \$400 for the orphans before you knew it!" Tut! tut!

Many pages are devoted to musical conversations between the young people, which the parents of Priscilla can not understand and have no desire to learn. The idealistic interpretation of classical music is a pretty difficult theme, even for a master, and when attempted by an amateur the result is boring when it is not sad. The book, while it has no literary value, is sufficiently bound and printed from large, clear type.

BOOKS REVIEWED

- "The Heart of Silence," by Walter S. Cramp.
- "The King of Nobody's Island," by Thomas Enright.
- "The Infamous John Friend," by Mrs. R. H. Garnett.
- "A Gentleman of Quality," by Frederick Van Rensselaer Dey.
- "David Bran," by Morley Roberts.

"David Bran"

By Morley Roberts, author of "Rachel Marr," etc. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston. Price \$1.50.

The scene of this remarkable novel by Morley Roberts is laid in Wales, among the primitive fisher folk of the village of Trescas, where David Bran when an infant, with his mother, had been cast ashore by the sea, the only survivors of a shipwrecked vessel.

David is a grown man when this story opens and the strongest in the district. He has long been in love with Lou Trevarris, the daughter of a well to do farmer. She is a great beauty and other young men of the village would court her also, but David will have none of that and has fought one after another of them and has proved his supremacy. In the first interviews between Lou and David we find that she loves him fully as well as he loves her, but, fearing the responsibilities of matrimony, refuses to marry him. All the village, including David's mother, think evil of this girl and do not hesitate to speak of it, so David's mother decides to save her boy by a bit of diplomacy. She and one of the old men of the village lay the plan, which is to fight fire with fire. The old man has a granddaughter in another village, who is as beautiful a blonde beauty as Lou is of the brunet type.

This unsuspecting maiden is imported and David falls straight into the trap; not, however, as his mother had planned, for the man's heart has room for both these women, and a most extraordinary tale is the result. It is a difficult question to discuss, this "life force," as Bernard Shaw has it, and psychologists and physiologists will go on quarreling about it until the last trump; but the facts are there and normal people recognize them.

The book is consistent throughout, and never once does the author take us out of the atmosphere of the primitive fishermen. It is a book for the mature mind, for the old, old problem of a man and two women is too deep for facile youth, and the surprising conclusion of the novel is a severe test to the sensibilities.

Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts has written to the publisher: "Hitherto I have regarded Mr. Morley Roberts as one of our clever and successful contemporary novelists. Now I regard him as one of the masters." After reading the book it is safe to say the discriminating reader will agree with Professor Roberts.

"The King of Nobody's Island"

By Thomas Enright. Published by the G. B. Putnam Sons, New York.

During the last few years one author after another has tried his hand at stories glorifying the simple life. The latest convert to this wholesome existence is Thomas Enright, whose story is entitled "The King of Nobody's Island."

In the first few chapters of the book a brief history of the events leading up to the decision of the Chicago speculator to try the normal out of door life is given.

The strenuous business career in which John Douglas has acquired a fortune of a million dollars has wrecked his health.

At this time he is taken into a "deal" in Wall street by a pool of unscrupulous financiers and fleeced out of half his fortune. He finds that his system will not respond to the usual stimulants and the ultimatum of his physician is "Quit work or die."

On a tramping tour through the wilds of Wisconsin beyond the Crooked Lake region he comes upon "Lost Lake," and finding some delightful people on a charming island, he builds himself a cabin and is soon known as "The King of Nobody's Island."

Nearly happy, he slowly climbs back to health, strength and youth; but he finds perils in the wilderness not only to life and limb, but to peace of mind as well, and which have nothing to do with money.

The tale is told in a natural, easy manner and with much spirit.

The convincing style leads one to suspect that the story is at least partly autobiographical. The stock exchange chapters ring true, and the descriptions of the scenery in the lake region are surely written by a nature lover.

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