

LATEST PRODUCTS of the BOOK RULERY Book Page of the Sunday Call, Conducted by Una H. Cool

"The Hungry Heart"

By David Graham Phillips, author of "Old Wives for New," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price \$1.50.

People who have come to watch anxiously each year for the new book by David Graham Phillips will not be disappointed in this one. "The Hungry Heart" is doubly wonderful, being written by a man. It is a deep and exhaustive study of a woman, unfortunately not in a rare position in life, and the author shows remarkable appreciation of her needs and of her actions.

The hero and heroine have just returned from their wedding trip when the story opens, and in the first chapter of 20 pages the whole tragedy is revealed.

Richard Vaughan and his wife, Courtney, have been friends since childhood, and are apparently well suited to each other. Courtney is a very beautiful girl with a most amiable disposition and the additional advantage of a college education. Richard, who is an experimenter in chemistry, has spent all his time since college, barring the brief holiday he has given himself for his courtship and marriage, in serious scientific work. He has a laboratory at home, and Courtney, who has studied chemistry, has planned to be his companion and fellow worker, but is grievously disappointed. Her husband treats her like a baby, a beautiful toy that he has purchased to ornament his home and amuse him in his hours of relaxation. Therein lies the tragedy. Although Courtney tries by every means in her power to show him that she has some brain, Richard is blind and narrow and will not see. Even when the child comes, he only acts as if he had bought another toy for his wife to occupy herself with. A wealthy student, who invests some money in Richard's enterprises, studies at the laboratory, and before long Courtney discovers that he loves her, and soon she returns his love. Richard is exhibited in a less and less attractive light. He takes his wife for granted and quite ceases the little attentions of the courtship days, while she is literally starving for love. As in so many of Mr. Phillips' stories, much is

made throughout the book of the difference between love and lust, and no writer of today treats his subject with more daring and at the same time more decency, or with more absolute knowledge and justice.

It is not long before the neglected and misunderstood wife has forgotten the allegiance she owes to her husband, and so cleverly is this handled that the reader will pity and not condemn. A young girl comes to live with this unhappy family. Her people have died and the Vaughnans are glad to take her in. She is quite a different type from Courtney, but in her way equally charming, and Richard innocently remarks to his wife that she and the young chemist would be very well suited to each other. At this point all the emotions are brought into play—envy, jealousy, hate, love—and each one with perfect understanding. This girl is a necessary part of the story, not so much in herself, but to develop the characters of Courtney and her lover, Basil Gallatin.

While it hardly seems possible to extricate these characters from the terrible muddle they are in, the author does so and with very little strain on the credulities. The lesson of the book is perhaps to husbands more than to wives. In this day and age women demand more and more to be treated like real human beings, and not like animated toys. In effect, the deduction of the story is: "Sit up and take notice of the woman you have married, and if she is a companion do not treat her like a doll." The book is fully as interesting as "Old Wives for New," and quite as strong. The disagreeable part of it is the result of a condition of affairs forced upon the actors, and the author shows rare skill in disentangling them from the unpleasant net in which they have been caught. Although the book will be called immoral by some, it is a fearful warning, a powerful lesson, a terrible example of the tragedy following in the wake of carelessness, indifference and needless mistakes.

Brief Reviews of New Books

"Socialism as an Incubus on the American Labor Movement" is the title of a brochure by J. W. Sullivan, and one could wish that every laboring man who has a sympathy with the socialists might have the opportunity to read it. It is a plain statement of facts, all of which are easily proved, gathered together with no attempt at literary elegance, but for the special purpose of instructing the reader. It is a most interesting paper and one well worth reading by every man. (Volunteer press print, New York. Price 50 cents.)

"The only dogs" magazine in the world, the Dog World and Anti-Cat Review, written and illustrated by dogs for dogs, assisted by Walter Emanuel. The rest of the page is taken up by a large white pup chasing the disappearing tail of a black cat. The first page, entitled "Why We Appear," begins: "With the exception of dogs, almost every section of society is represented by a journal to look after its interests. There are even fly papers . . . That, it may be said, is a fair sample."

Some of the little book is clever, and some not so clever. It will at least amuse the youngsters. (Frederick A. Stokes company, 25 cents.)

Liberty, a Magazine of Religious Freedom, is published quarterly, and the present number shows a marked improvement over previous issues. It contains two important addresses, one by President Taft, and one by Baron Rosen. Besides these there are a number of short and interesting articles by prominent writers all over the country. The magazine is a department of the general conference of Seventh Day Adventists and is published quarterly at Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

Gossip of Books and Writers

Margaret Deland is at her country home at Kennebunkport, Me.

David Graham Phillips is still in Paris. He expects to return to this country in October.

Elizabeth Jordan, author of "Many Kingdoms," etc., is back in New York after a sojourn of many weeks in Spain.

A new novel by Robert Hichens is promised for the autumn. The title has not yet been disclosed, but it is stated that the scenes are laid in Egypt.

Will Carlton is making a short sojourn in Vermont. This is not a vacation, he declares, since he professes a profound disbelief in vacations.

Theodore F. Wolfe, author of "Literary Rambles at Home and Abroad," etc., is passing the summer vacation in the valley of the upper Delaware.

F. J. Wylie, the Oxford representative of the Cecil Rhodes scholarship trust and member of Brasenose college, Oxford, has just arrived in New York from England.

Stewart Edward White is at his home at Santa Barbara, which he calls the "jumping off place," where he is engaged on a new novel, much of which is already completed.

Joseph C. Lincoln is at Brewster, Cape Cod, his birthplace, where he has just finished his forthcoming novel, the last chapters of which were delivered to his publishers this week.

Ed. Rice, the author of "Old Jim Case," has now gone into the ice business at Syracuse, the scene of his novel. Mr. Rice is writing a second book dealing generally with the life of his own community.

S. B. Lancaster, whose arrival from Australia was recently noticed in these columns, is the pen name of Miss Edith Lyttleton. Her latest book was "The Tracks We Tread." Miss Lyttleton is at present writing stories for the magazines.

It should be interesting to know in these days of simplified spelling that quite an acrimonious discussion arose when Lord Macaulay's famous "History of England" was published as to whether Harper & Bros. were justified in having altered the author's spelling to conform to the orthography of Noah Webster.

Babylonian Letters." It is expected that these investigations, which have been in progress for the last year, will detail him in London until April of next year, after which he will resume his course at the university.

Rex Beach, author of "The Barrier" and "The Spoilers," Alaska novels which he hopes to place on the Harper fiction list, has just returned from New York after an absence of several months spent at Hot Springs, Ark. Mr. Beach intends to pass part of his summer on Long Island.

Since Dr. Elliot's five foot bookshelf has jumped into fame hundreds of people far and wide offer "improvements" upon it. Here is one submitted by Gilbert Totten McMaster, M. D., to the New York Times Saturday Review of Books. It seems almost presumptuous for any one not a professional educator to offer such a list, but after all it amounts to little more than an expression of individual taste:

- 1. The Bible.
2. Shakespeare's works.
3. Macaulay's Larger Geography of the World. (Any large one.)
4. Euclid's common school arithmetic.
5. Eugene Schuyler's "Peter the Great," best, light, electricity and sound.
6. Pickering's astronomy.
7. The text book on political economy.
8. Elementary physiology—Huxley.
9. American Commonwealth— Bryce.
10. Rodney's "War of the Centuries."
11. Zoology—any text book.
12. Botany—any text book.
13. Webster's dictionary. (Either a large or small one. But learn 10 words per day and their meaning.)
14. Pope, Homer's Iliad and "Odyssey."
15. Aeneid—Dryden.
16. Cicero's "Last of the Romans."
17. Demosthenes' orations.
18. Sallust.
19. The ancient history.
20. Macaulay's history of England.
21. Guizot's history of France.
22. Eugene Schuyler's "Peter the Great."
23. Carlyle's "Hero Worship."
24. U. S. Grant—personal memoirs.
25. "The Story of the English Hammer-iron," by W. M. Thackeray.
26. J. B. McMaster—"History of American People."
27. "The Rambler"—Samuel Johnson.
28. "The Last of the Romans."
29. "Ben Hur," by Major General Lew Wallace.
30. U. S. Grant in the House," a play, by C. R. Kennedy.
31. Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson."
32. "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

If there is another state that contains more literary people than Maine that state has not been heard from. Margaret Deland is at her cottage at Kennebunkport, William Dean Howells at his at Kittery Point, Winston Churchill is at Seal Harbor, Holmes Day at New Meadows River, Norman Duncan at Moosehead and at Bar Harbor are Mrs. Burton Harrison and Arthur C. Train. Of four writers who are at Northeast Harbor two are bishops and two are former college presidents—Bishop Doane and Bishop Greer, and Charles W. Eliot and Seth Low—while two other college presidents who are likewise writers, one, Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, is at Bar Harbor and



A Meeting With Oliver Wendell Holmes

(Ernest Newton Bogg in the Springfield Republican.) The writer, holding a staff position on a Boston newspaper, had several times sought and narrowly missed on several occasions meeting Oliver Wendell Holmes, and he jumped at the opportunity when the city editor said Doctor Holmes had written an original hymn for an anniversary reception of the Boston Young Men's Christian union, announced for the evening of May 31, 1933. A Boston east wind rainstorm began that morning—and it is most undignified for these to last less than three continuous days! "He will never venture at his age from his comfortable 'aviary' on Beacon street at any other time than daylight, sunshine and summer." But city editors are not infallible. To the amazement of many about 9 o'clock on the dark and gloomy night in question, a stooped, bushy browed, frail looking little old gentleman passed quickly up the steps into the union's reading room and office. I knew him instantly, for that very morning I had saved what the Holmes family says was the best full length portrait of the poet ever published, inserted in a Boston weekly. There he was to the life, overcoat, hat, all, exactly as the picture had shown them.

His old friend, the president and brains of the union, and one of the uncanonized saints, William H. Baldwin, also a small man physically, rushed forward to meet Doctor Holmes at the flower arched entrance to the office with tears of real gratitude on his radiant face; for the last, and indeed the principal feature, remaining to make the affair an unqualified success, heaven sent, so it seemed to be, was an assured fact. Rev. Minot J. Savage bowed low over the slender hand of the autocrat, as the latter, relieved of his outer wraps, was led forward to greet his friends, the charming wonder child Helen Keller and her no less remarkable interpreter, Miss Sullivan; Rev. Robert Collyer, Doctor Anagnos, Doctor Donald of Trinity, Doctor Gordon, Lieutenant Governor Roger Wolcott and the rest.

It was a singularly impressive picture, this meeting between Doctor Holmes and Helen Keller. A real garden of growing trees and flowers (perhaps it was the abundance of the latter which lured the poet thither on such a night); a wilderness of electric lights and expectant faces, the strains of a hidden orchestra, playing somewhere among the palms. The subdued murmur of many voices surrounding him who was doubtless the foremost Unitarian of his time, led the eyes possessed of the blessing of sight in that direction. Facing him there in the office was a girl's countenance, framed with old fashioned curls—a face of wonderful dignity and calm; the sweet, strange, girl woman, speaking with mute lips and sightless eyes and smiles bright enough to make up for the deficiency in both the other senses, so eloquently out of her weird and lonesome world of unnatural gloom. It was as if the foremost living exponents of song and silence had met together; as if righteousness and peace had really kissed each other.

We could not help wondering, as we went up to the union hall, where the unusual pleasure of hearing the poet read was yet in store for us, whether there would be in it any reminder of the professor, who read his "Mare Rubrum" at the famous "table" with the "slightly singsong cadence observable in poets who read their own verses, with that occasional backward and forward movement of the arms, likened by some impertinent young people to playing on the trombone!" If we drew breath once during the poet's very simple and natural reading of that "music prayer": Our Father, while our hearts unlearn The creeds that wrong thy name. Then made public for the first time, we were unconscious of doing so. Reaching the third stanza he seemed less the patriarch than one who had grown younger before our eyes. From that it was climax upon climax of spirited intonation, to the end.

The orchestra aided the great assemblage then and there in consecrating these beautiful words to the musical service of man forever. Near his left hand during the singing sat Helen Keller, who overcame by the contagious enthusiasm of the occasion, quaintly passed her hand over the face of the poet, as if to ascertain his feelings, and then, in a transport of sympathy, kissed his cheeks. It was worth, as Doctor Donald said, "a long journey to see good Doctor Holmes playing at 'Copenhagen' in the presence of so many orthodox people in good and regular standing." (There were only a few seats in the hall.) Scores of young men and women stood

"Allan, Son of a Gun Maker"

By Harvey Rowell. Published by the Cochran company, New York. Price \$1.50. Little has been written about the novel selected by Harvey Rowell for his novel; the time just after the close of the revolutionary war, at a period when the colonies were loosely held together by the articles of confederation. The author has had access to many old histories and historical documents not available to the ordinary reader, and these have given him an opportunity to make a true picture of that very interesting period in American history. We are told that the author's ambition was also to write a story "not only interesting, but sufficiently profuse in ideas that it might be read with profit more than once, and, in a way, become a classic library volume."

We read in the introduction: "Our story opens in May, 1784, soon after the close of the revolutionary war. The armies had been disbanded and the soldiers had returned to their homes. These individuals had for a long time been deprived of the opportunity to profit by their labor. The government was weak and impoverished, unable to compensate them for their patriotic services. Poverty reduces men to a level in some respects. The intelligent, educated man was compelled to earn his livelihood the same as the ignorant. The occupation of a man was necessarily a poor index to his ability. This state of affairs tended to level social distinction." The author's ideas are far beyond his power of expression. The story is crude and written in an amateurish fashion and the love episode is most unconvincing.

"Happy Hawkins"

By Robert Alexander Wason. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Price \$1.50. When "Happy Hawkins" arrived labeled "cowboy story" it must be confessed that it was picked up with a sigh. There are enough and to spare of good, bad and indifferent writers of cowboy stuff and it has been almost a drug on the market for the last season or two. But if "Happy Hawkins" falls under your eyes don't pass it by. It can be opened anywhere and read for five minutes or an hour and it will produce a smile any time.

In a way quite his own Happy Hawkins tells his own story. The opening paragraph explains the difference between him and real cowboys: "I wasn't really a westerner and that's why I'm so different from most of 'em. Take your regular bonie fide westerner and when he dies he don't turn to dust, he turns to alkali; but when it comes my turn to settle I'll just natchely become the good rich soil of the Indiana corn belt." Born in Indiana, he started out to hunt Indians and see life at the tender age of 10 years. This book tells his experience. While it is a real story and a connected story, it contains many finished anecdotes which are as full of interest as any delightful miniatures of the west can be. The fine big qualities which go with a free out of door life are the dominating features of Happy's character. His adventures take him to Wyoming, Texas, Nevada, California, Montana and back again to Wyoming. While the tale is full of action the emotions are not sacrificed, and the skill with which the romance is developed and handled places the author among the fiction writers of the day. The book deserves the success it is sure to make.

"Zarlah, the Martian"

"Zarlah, the Martian," by E. Norman Grisewood. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. Price \$1. The trouble with "Zarlah, the Martian," is that the imagination of R. Norman Grisewood got tired. The book is very interesting through the first three chapters, but after that one feels the tremendous effort required of the author to keep up the pace he set for himself.

An American, Harold Lonsdale, is at Paris, engaged in various electrical and scientific experiments. His attention is attracted by a newspaper article which "set forth the great and increasing demand for a substitute for glass, one which would answer the purpose in every respect and at the same time be indestructible and a good conductor of sound." He at once begins to experiment and when he thinks he has about perfected his invention turns an electric current through the millions of little wires which it contains. By chance he does this at night. There is a skylight directly above his work, and he finds himself in direct communication with Mars. He can not only see the people, but is able to talk with them. From a wonderful Martian scientist, Almos, he learns that Mars is about 1,500 years in advance of the earth in civilization and science, and many other things, which, in his almost terror stricken state he can scarcely grasp, and the exchange of souls is certainly too weird a strain on the imagination. While the love element is perhaps necessary, it distinctly weakens the tale. The book is fairly well written and simply and tastefully bound.

Books Received

- "The Hungry Heart," by David Graham Phillips; D. Appleton & Co., New York.
"Zarlah, the Martian," by E. Norman Grisewood; R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.
"Happy Hawkins," by Robert A. Wason; Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.
"Number Primer," edited by M. A. Bailey and G. R. Germania; American book company, New York.
"The Holy Man of Santa Clara," by Father Z. Engelhardt; the James H. Barry company, San Francisco.
"English Poems," edited by Walter C. Brown; The Univ. of Chicago press, Chicago.
"Men of Modern Times," by John H. Hays and A. B. Polans; American book company, Boston.
"Men of the Mountains," by George Cary Eggleston; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company, Boston.
"The Utmost Farthing," by Mrs. Belle Lowndes; Mitchell Kennerly, New York.
"Deedly Brown," by Nina Rhodes; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company, Boston.
"Prus at School," by Amy Brooks; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company, Boston.
"The Little Heroines at School," by Alice Turner Smith; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company, Boston.
"The Lookout Island Campers," by Warren L. Lowndes; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company, Boston.
"The School Four," by Albertus T. Dutley; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company, Boston.
"Selections From Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats and Browning," edited by Copeland and Rice; American book company, New York.
"Foundations of German," by Kayser and Montez; American book company, New York.

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