

Boon Page of The Sunday Call CONDUCTED BY LINA H.A. COOL



'The Castle by the Sea'

By H. B. Marriott Watson, author of 'The Devil's Pulpit,' etc. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price \$1.50.

Very few readers will have to be introduced to H. B. Marriott Watson, the author of 'Hurricane Island,' 'The Privateers,' 'The Devil's Pulpit,' and various other tales of romance and adventure. His latest offering, 'The Castle by the Sea,' is one of the best he has yet published.

A certain Richard Brabazon, an English writer, wishing to find a quiet place by the seashore, where he will not be interrupted in his philosophic work, 'Studies in Earth,' takes Norroy castle upon the agent's recommendation. It is not a grand old castle and the London agent has felt that he must sell the new tenant that a ghost goes with it. This, instead of disturbing Brabazon, adds to the romantic interest of the place.

The excitement begins the very first night that Brabazon spends in his new home. Mysterious noises in the house make the tenant uneasy and though he is not yet acquainted with the arrangement of the house, he gets up and follows the sound. No ghost, it must be, he decides, and no burglar, for "it" drops a pencil and a notebook. Everybody about the place acts suspiciously and Brabazon has a hard time withdrawing his suspicions from the beautiful Perdicla, a charming English girl who has lodgings in the neighborhood and who apparently has no reason for staying there.

Sir Gilbert Norroy, the owner of this castle, is a dissipated young man who is so deeply in debt that he spends all his time dodging his creditors. The people of the neighborhood do not know Sir Gilbert, for he thinks this quiet seashore place too dull; and suddenly Brabazon discovers that many of the visitors in the town think he is Norroy or, disguise. This leads to endless and joyful complications and finally culminates in the kidnapping of Sir Gilbert, of Perdicla and Brabazon and confining them in a fearful cavern. The secrets of this cavern prove valuable as well as interesting and are a means to solving the difficulties of all the characters in the story.

The author has a keen sense of humor and the comedy parts of this romance are delightfully carried through. The love stories are convincing and the adventurous incidents are thrilling. The book is well written and is sure to please those who care for stories of adventure.

'The Game and the Candle'

By Eleanor M. Ingram. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Price \$1.50.

You may think when you have looked at the picture and glanced carelessly through the book that this is another imitation "Zenda" story, but it isn't. It is a story where Americans and some imaginary royalties are entangled for a while—to the great benefit, be it remarked, of said royalties—but no love entanglement ensues and no hearts are broken in the end.

The opening chapter is a sort of prologue to the real story. In it we are introduced to two young men, brothers, who with their aunt and cousin are living in California. They have been brought up in luxury and have no education which would fit them to battle with the world. They suddenly discover that their supposed wealth has vanished and that they must do something.

BLOOD AND THUNDER NO LONGER APPEAL

YOU can't commit so many merry little murders nowadays as you could a few years back; the boys don't care so much for this form of violence," said the man in charge of the detective output of the biggest New York publishing house given over to cheap weekly literature. "The tendency is toward the unraveling of crimes by scientific methods. In the days of Old Brodbrim, Old Sleuth and Old Cap Collier you couldn't get out a successful detective story unless you had an average of one kill to every three pages, but this is being gradually done away with. The half dozen men who write detective stories for the weekly libraries—and by the way, these are nickel novels, not dime novels, though I suppose the older term always will cling to them—are appreciating the fact that the schoolboy of today is an intellectual advancement over his daddy, and, consequently, you couldn't hold his knife and the poison bottle whenever you run short of a sensible plot. "The boys want mystery stories and the detective who can solve these mysteries quickest and most effectively is the one the youngsters will remember with their five cent pieces on publication day. Why, it's so that in one of the recent detective stories, which centers around the doing of the present day favorite, the boys ferreted worked out the entire problem without leaving his office, getting at the truth by the question and answer process and applying his deductions until they fitted the facts. This is a first deal healthier for the boy reader—and, incidentally, the change has resulted in attracting to the detective story another class of readers made up of lawyers and professional men who find plenty of mental relaxation in following the fortunes of the thief takers who hold the public

thing. The decision is surprising; it is that one of them will deliberately commit a felony for the benefit of the remaining members of the family and will disappear. Should disgrace come he will keep silence, so that the aunt and cousin will never know and the family name will be unharmed. The next chapter tells us what happened when a gang of counterfeiters is discovered and one, because of an injury to his foot, is captured. No one in public that when the young emperor is crowned at the end of the three years of regency he will depose the grand duke and take a certain wily officer named Dalmorev as his adviser.

The author handles this plot with great cleverness and when the young Emperor Adrian is crowned one waits his decision together with the rest of the court with almost breathless suspense. Throughout the book is the charming double love story which is convincing and entirely satisfactory. Eleanor M. Ingram is a new writer. She has done some short story work for magazines, but this is her first long work. It is an achievement and places her name permanently on the places of favorite authors. The book is well printed and bound and contains some good illustrations by P. D. Johnson.

"Christmas in Japan; or Saburo's Reward," is the title of a story by Sarah Gertrude Pomeroy. It tells of a little Japanese boy who, in order to assist his father to pay all his debts on New Year's day—a national Japanese custom—was willing to sacrifice some of his most cherished treasures, and later, by his bravery and stout heart, was enabled to earn the necessary amount required to satisfy his father's creditors and establish the family in affluent circumstances again. The book is illustrated in two colors and is a really printed and bound volume (Dana Estes & Co., Boston, 50 cents.)

All sorts of versions of the prehistoric man story have been woven into novels for grown ups; now comes Frederick B. Costello with a tale for boys entitled "Sure Dart." It is a story of strange hunters and stranger game in the days of the monsters when our remote ancestors lived an exciting life of action and adventure. The book is not entirely imaginary, the animals being described and drawn from scientific studies of bones and remains. It is an interesting tale and every page is filled with exciting incidents. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, \$1.25.)

more attractive form than was its predecessor. For one thing, there is a colored cover in place of the old black and white wood cut that was for long such an artistic horror. The publisher has paid a good deal of attention to externals, and it pays to give the boys something neat and tasty, for they are a very important part of the reading public, and their support of a nickel library is not to be sneered at by the business office. "Who is writing the detective stories of today?" "We have one man who does nothing else. His mind has been trained along these peculiar lines, and he has acquired a style that the boys seem to delight in. We keep him about a dozen numbers ahead of actual publication, for we can't afford to slip up in our weekly output. Sometimes, when he is indisposed, we assign the job to another member of the staff, but as a rule it is one man who does the work. "The detective story, however, is not the one that heads the list of popular productions for young fellows. As a matter of fact the library that sells best is one that exploits the doings of a boy. That is what the boys like most to read about—something another boy just like themselves has done. Of course they are filled with admiration for the achievements of the great detectives of fiction, but they always feel that they'll have to wait until they grow up before they can successfully emulate these heroes. In the case of the boy hero it is different. Every young reader feels he can duplicate the performances of this youthful paragon, and that is why the weekly sales of the library are enormous. "What does this boy hero do?" "Everything a healthy boy ought to do. He is the champion baseball player and the best football player in the most satisfactory all round athlete his country can produce. He is the sort of a lad Jack Harkaway was,

memory. He has all sorts of adventures at the school at Fardale, Conn.—an imaginary institution—and later when he goes to Yale. "How long has he been thrilling the boy public?" "For seven years." "And can you successfully hold him at the boy age for an indefinite period? Is he a sort of 5 cent Peter Pan?" "Oh, no; he grows up just like other boys. He grows up naturally, and each week he is a week older than he was in the previous number, but he doesn't appeal to the boys in any other way." "But won't he reach an age limit in time, when he can no longer take part in purely juvenile experiences?" "Then what will you do—stop your library?" "Oh, no, we'll dig up a younger brother and take him along a route similar to the one the present favorite has traveled. It's the usual thing. Don't you remember how Sir Conan Doyle gracefully brought on Mycroft, a brother of Sherlock Holmes, when he had about exhausted the adventures of Sherlock? That gives the author an opening. You watch out for some Mycroft Holmes stories some of these days. "What kind of a man writes these stories that are so well thought of by the boys?" "A boy's man. He lives in Maine and spends most of his time with the younger generation. He enters into all their sports and is as enthusiastic in boat building or baseball, playing as any youngster of 15. He understands his people, and so his people understand him. Incidentally, he has made a very good thing out of his books, in a money way, and could afford to live for the rest of his life without writing a single line or doing a stroke of work. But he isn't that kind. He wants to talk each week to his great boy audience, and I think

The GLIMPSE ARNOLD BENNETT

BOOKS REVIEWED

- 'The Castle by the Sea,' by H. B. Marriott Watson. 'The Game and the Candle,' by Eleanor M. Ingram. 'The Glimpse,' by Arnold Bennett. 'The Deeper Stain,' by Frank Hird. 'The Southerner,' by Cleveland Moffett.

'The Glimpse'

By Arnold Bennett, author of 'The Old Wives' Tale.' Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price \$1.50. This is a queer sort of book and one which half its readers will throw aside before finishing and the other half will poke fun at it. It tells the story of a man, Maurice Loring, who has been married a number of years—perhaps 10—and while he and his wife do not quarrel they have outgrown their love and are almost indifferent to each other. Suddenly Loring learns by an accident that a man who visits their house—his good friend—a man whom Loring thinks is interested in his sister, Mrs. Dean, is making love to his wife and they have an appointment to meet the next day, and he dies from heart failure caused by the excitement and shock. Then comes a glimpse of the hereafter and knowledge of all his previous existences and everything behind the veil. He is prepared for burial, partially, but suddenly life returns to him after he has seen this glimpse of the other world. His wife comes into the room and, seeing his eyes open, hastily pulls the bandage from his head and sends for the doctor. She then rushes into the bathroom and drinks oxalic acid. She lingers five days and dies. In about a month his sister and the other man are engaged. The whole story is dull and uninteresting and the glimpse of the other side is not particularly illuminating and the book seems quite useless. It is a surprise to read this after "Doubloons," a book which came out about three years ago. In that tale the author collaborated with Edith Phillips, but this book was sane and readable, which this one is not.

'The Deeper Stain'

By Frank Hird, author of 'Victoria the Woman.' Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price \$1.50. One of the most depressing books which has appeared in many years is "The Deeper Stain," by Frank Hird. The author is already well and favorably known by his "Victoria, the Woman," and the good style which distinguished that work is found in this novel. The book, although an interesting story throughout and dramatic and well done, seems unnecessary. There is no reason why the people concerned should be left in so uncomfortable and unfortunate a position; none of them deserve it in the least, so what lesson can be learned from it? Not that books should always teach some lesson, but if they do not amuse, and this is far too tragic to amuse, they must have some purpose. And what is the purpose here? A handful of innocent people are made to suffer by a fiend who is too depraved to appreciate their wretchedness; and their entire life's happiness is left dependent upon the silence of a repentant woman—she, poor thing, not vicious, but not well balanced. A poor and proud family, father, invalid mother, son and two daughters, are distant relations of the great Lord Roberough. They have placed the son in the army and are too proud to ask any favor, either money or influence, from Roberough. The son is too evil to be real. It scarcely seems possible that any man of gentle blood, with refined influences and love about him, could be so depraved. He gambles and dissipates until his father is hopelessly in debt and finally sends him most of his pension. The father and elder daughter, Beatrice, are the only members of the family who see the son's faults; the mother and younger sister, Anne, are quite blind to his vices, but all unite in keeping any disquieting news from the mother. Through the influence of Lord Roberough, whom they

Brief Reviews of New Books

H. L. Hubbard has crowded a lot of wisdom into a very small space in his new book, "Summing It Up." It is in reality a treatise on economical, moral and religious conditions of today, tracing their evolutions from the days of Noah through all the centuries and ending by many excellent and practical suggestions as to how mistakes can be corrected and peace and happiness result. The book is divided into five parts and no one will read it and not be impressed with the author's earnestness and seriousness of purpose. (J. S. Ogilvie publishing company, New York, 50 cents.) A beautiful new edition of "Maggie McLanehan," by Guilelmo Zollinger, is issued in time for the holidays. It is illustrated profusely in color by Florence Scovel Shinn and is sure to be a popular Christmas book. No better human nature book for young people has ever been written than this study of the good hearted Irish girl who did not know how to complain. The book is well printed and daintily bound. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, \$1.50.) Margaret W. Morley spent several months in "Toy Valley," which lies in the Tyrol of Austria. This little valley lies at an elevation of 4,000 feet and is surrounded by the high peaks of some of the grandest of the dolomite mountains. The inhabitants of this little karst region speak a strange language of their own and spend their lives carving wooded toys for the children of the world. This story, "Donkey John of Toy Valley," while primarily for children, is interesting to all readers, telling of sweet simplicity of the lives of these unworried people. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, \$1.25.) A new series of books for boys is inaugurated with "Winning His Shoulder Straps," of Bob Anderson at Chatham Camp. The book is by Norman Redmond and his series will be

PARISIAN DETECTIVE STORY THROUGH THE WALL BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

'The Southerner'

Being the autobiography of Nicholas Worth. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Price \$1.50. This book, supposed to be the autobiography of one Nicholas Worth, has many interesting points. It is a southern tale told in an attempt on the part of the author to give an unbiased statement of the position and conditions prevailing in the south. Nicholas Worth belongs to a prosperous family living in the south. His father is a rich man, so does not go to war, but is forced to run his cloth mills for the use of the confederate government. Just after the war, while Nicholas is still a little child, his father is killed by burglars, and his mother takes upon herself the management of the mills. The school days of the hero are rather tiresome to read; no detail is omitted and he is very long winded. In the military school he is forced to fight for his father's name, for by the loyal southerners he is considered a traitor. In the Methodist college, where he goes later, he has many religious doubts, but they do not make interesting reading. Then his grandfather, who is a fine old chap, broad minded and wise with years, advises sending Nicholas to Harvard. When he returns from Harvard, he has a most serious and patriotic, but his education and experience make him more critical of conditions than ever before and he decides to devote his life to the work of reconstruction of his country.

The book is in fact, and every problem of the south is handled. The negro alone does not demand all the attention. The southern people are full of faults, some of them most charming faults, but they make for weakness in a nation. All of these characteristics come in for criticism; the bragging colonel, always ready to make a speech full of round words and patriotic phrases, the professional soldier, always trading on his lost position; the race problem orator, one of the most dangerous people at large, and the chivalrous gentlemen, who treat women as if they were wax images and could never have any intellect. There is little story; the hero falls in love and marries a woman who is thoroughly in sympathy with him and his work, and his son—25 years later—has a difficult situation, but the improvement of his country, too. The book is plainly a manufactured autobiography. It is easy to see where the author has inserted his own opinions up for purposes of fiction and where certain incidents have been inserted to point a moral. The book is poorly constructed and does not hold the reader's attention. It is a good deal better than the author while he dreams and moralizes.

The most serious criticism aside from a purely literary one is the author's absolute lack of a sense of humor. Many a difficult situation is saved by the sense of humor, but this author does not even know what it means. He has ideas and makes some keen observations on the south and its conditions, but they are not worth a set of serious articles, would be well received; but put in the form of fiction bore the reader to extinction.

This is a rousing story of life in a military school and the five chums are the boys. All sides of school life, from the strict military discipline to athletics, are pictured by one who plainly knows what he is writing about. The book is illustrated and well printed and bound. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company, Boston, \$1.25.) "Mother Tucker's Seven" is the title of a book by Angelina W. Wray, and a more humanly appealing tale one will hunt hard to find. Here is a real man, a true hero of a country clergyman, who lost his life in an act of heroism, and seven children of varying ages, all trying to get all they can out of life in an economical way. It is pretty close sailing at times, but the love of each other takes them all through the trying times and helps them to overcome all obstacles. Mother Tucker and her seven, deserve every bit of good fortune which finally comes to them. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company, Boston, \$1.25.)

"The Boy With the U. S. Survey," by Francis Zolt Wheeler, is the first volume of a "U. S. Service Series," being ten along new lines. This book gives actual experiences of members of the United States geological survey, graphically woven into a stirring narrative that both pleases and interests. The books are submitted to the chiefs of various bureaus in Washington to insure accuracy, and it is easy to see that that would never come under their notice otherwise. The illustrations from photographs are of unusual excellence. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company, Boston, \$1.50.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

"A Mission to Hell," by Edward Ellis; Sherman, French & Co., Boston. "You and Some Others," by Agnes G. Foster; Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. "The World of Jean," by Edna S. Little; Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. "Ruhylat of Omar Khayyam," by Edward Fitzgerald; Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. "An Unofficial Love Story," by Albert Hickman; the Century company, New York. "The Prodigal Father," by J. Storer Clouston; the Century company, New York. "Mother Jones," edited by Walter Jerrold; Dodge publishing company, New York. "The Wonders of the Zoo," by Lillian Gask; Dodge publishing company, New York. "The Arabian Nights"; Dodge publishing company, New York. "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll; Dodge publishing company, New York. "Stories from the Bible," by H. L. Carroll; Dodge publishing company, New York. "Through the French Provinces," by Ernest Pelouton; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. "How to Buy Things Cheap," by Thomas Page; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. "John Marvel, Assistant," by Thomas Page; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. "The American Girl," by Harrison Fisher; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. "City People," by James Montgomery Flagg; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. "A Mother's List of Books for Children," by Gertrude Arnold; A. C. McClurg & Co., New York. "Making the Best of Our Children," by Mary Wood Allen; A. C. McClurg & Co., New York. "Armed with the World with the Battleships," by Roman J. Miller; A. C. McClurg & Co., New York. "Chatterbox 1909"; Dana Estes & Co., Boston. "Little Maud and Her Mama," by Charles B. Loomis; Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. "The Master," by Irving Bacheller; Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. "Trues Every Child Should Know," by Julia E. Rogers; Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. "Arrows Lifting," by Edgar Jessup and M. Leblanc; Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. "The Doors of Life, or Little Studies in the Art of Self-Reliance," by Walter de Voe; Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. "The Cash Intrigue," by George R. Chester; the Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis. "Letters from G. G.," by Henry Holt & Co., New York.



CLEVELAND MOFFETT AUTHOR OF 'THROUGH THE WALL'

'Through the Wall'

By Cleveland Moffett, author of 'The Battle,' etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price \$1.50.

If any property of the real detective story has been left out of this tale of Cleveland Moffett's it's by a mere slip of the pen, for every one known to the average writer is here, and some new ones, too. Paul Coquelin, a worthy successor of the great Vidocq, is a marvelous man. One could never trace his work, for he never employs the same methods twice and is as infallible as our old friend, Sherlock Holmes. He has in this book a foeman worthy of his steel, one who is as trained in crime as Coquelin is in detecting it, who employs all the methods that great detective employs and who comes within a hairsbreadth of winning out.

A man and a woman are dining in a private room in a French restaurant. The man is discovered dead, shot in the eye, and the woman and the weapon have disappeared. It is soon found that he has been shot through a hole in the wall which he had bored to look through; that the man who shot him had thrown the revolver out of the window and escaped by a private—almost a secret—stairway. It has been comparatively simple to discover this and to arrest a young man who had dined in the restaurant that evening and who owned the revolver. It is further proved that the lady with the murdered man had left without her cloak and purse, and that this same young man had come back for them later on. Everything which develops points to the guilt of this fine young American, but Coquelin says he is not guilty.

Everything possible is done to frustrate Coquelin's plans. He is warned, he is threatened, he is offered a bribe, but nothing will stop him. Finally he is removed from the force. Then he knows that there is more in this case than meets the eye, and he decides to stick to it "till the death."

The joy of reading a detective story is to build theories and reason as you go along, so this very exciting story must not be spoiled by a hint, but it is amusing and plausible and once started will never be dropped till the last page is turned.

The book contains many illustrations by H. Heyer, and is well printed and bound.

BOOKS reviewed or mentioned in THE CALL can be obtained at ROBERTSON'S 222 STOCKTON STREET, Union Square, San Francisco. Wedding invitations and visiting cards properly engraved and printed.