Book Page of the Sunday Call

Conducted by Una H. H. Cool.

"The Wiving of Lance Cleaverage"

By Alice MacGowan, author of "Judith of the Cumberlands." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price $1.35.

Alice MacGowan knows the mountains of Tennessee and the people there as few writers of today do. These pictures of a southern life are fast vanishing and what one writer has called the only real Americans are fast being swallowed up by civilization. For they are still almost uncivilized, still almost primitive, and this tale shows them to an interested world in all their primal colors.

The opening chapters of the book are the best; there we see first the rustic beauty, Callista Gentry, and a bevy of gayly dressed girls seated by a running stream. A group of young mountaineers dressed in their Sabbath best homespun joins them. Most of the conversation is idle and half audacious, sparring between Callista and a ne'er do well named Lance Cleaverage. The scene is vivid with life and color—so vivid we feel we have seen it. The tale opens at once and the wooing of the spoiled beauty, Callista, begins. It is stormy and masterful, and though we see the uncontrollable temper of Cleaverage, his strength is fascinating, and we hope ardently that all will come out right.

One feels that the author has allowed herself a bit too much exaggeration at times in order to accentuate the primitive picture, for it is at the expense of her literary values. The couple have a stormy and unhappy married life, and it takes nearly 400 pages to tame these two high spirited and mistaken young people. Callista is too ready to sacrifice her life's happiness, and after marriage the strong, masterful Cleaverage becomes a sulky and irresponsible nonentity for a while.

The denouement bids fair to be very exciting, but is unconvincing in view of the characteristics of the hero. One welcomes the happy ending, however, and the story as a whole is satisfying.

The character drawing of some of the others in the book is well done, particularly little Ola Derf, a girl with some Indian blood and some savage gipsy ways of life. The pious Widow Greever, sister to Lance Cleaverage, furnishes some excellent humorous bits, and her irresponsible daughter is always welcomed on the scene.

There is a big story in this book and some fine work; a marked improvement is shown over the author's "Judith of the Cumberlands" fine as that was, and one can not but feel that great things are in store for this writer. The publisher tells us that Miss MacGowan rode a thousand miles on horseback through the inaccessible portions of Tennessee and North Carolina gathering her store of knowledge of these people. Her book shows the serious study of her subject and deserves much praise. It contains illustrations in color by Robert Edwards showing much sympathy with the text.

"Henry in Search of a Wife"

By Alphonse Courlander, author of "The Sacrifice," etc. Published by Brentano & Co. New York.

Perhaps one reason for the great pleasure derived from "Henry in Search of a Wife" is the great surprise that it comes from the pen of Alphonse Courlander. His two former books, with which we are familiar, "The Sacrifice" and "The Taskmaster," are somber realism of the most pronounced type, and it was quite natural to suppose that his new book would follow the same plan. Instead, he gives us the gayest and most charming of sentimental comedies. Imagine if you can a combination of the very best in Jerome K. Jerome and "Ik Marvel" with a dash of the wit of Anthony Hope, perhaps as a seasoner, and you have Mr. Courlander's style in this delightful fantasy of sentiment.

The character drawing is more than clever and the wit and originality of some of them would cure the worst grouch known. It is a book to read aloud or to oneself; suitable for either sex or any age, and the average words of praise are entirely inadequate.

Henry Tressingham has been left a fortune by an uncle and has settled in Whytelynch, somewhere in the middle of England, and owns a pretty house and a lovely garden in which he takes a deep interest. He is a sentimental bachelor and, though quite bald, he assures us that his looks belie him. He is evidently approaching middle age, for he talks so much about it. His next door neighbor is Mrs. Isabel Jardine, for whom he had once, long before, had a tender passion; but it has long since settled down into a fine friendship. She suddenly decides that her old friend should marry; that he is lonely, and that her niece, Phoebe, is the only suitable mate for him. After much talking, during which he repeatedly assures her that he does not want to marry any one, and does not even care to see Phoebe, Isabel sends for her. Phoebe is not a child any more and proves that she has some worldly knowledge very soon. She engages herself to a Mr. Inglis, a rather sappy and colorless young man, and our opinion of Phoebe goes down—way down.

Then begins the real comedy. Henry goes off to foreign lands in search of a wife, and his adventures are quite what might be expected of so sentimental and innocent and guileless a bachelor. Of course, you know Henry will come home in the course of time and marry the widow, but you are quite mistaken. It's worth reading, and slowly, too, for fear you may miss some of the good things.

"Sparrows"

By Horace W. C. Newte, author of "The Square Mile," etc. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. Price $1.50.

After railing against problem novels and books filled with discussions of the sex question it is uncomfortable to be obliged to retract all statements and go completely over to the other side; but this novel makes one do it and will win praise from all classes of readers. Its subtitle, "The Story of an Unprotected Girl," is an indication of what one may expect, and not for one line in the story does the reader realize that it is fiction. It is a strong, impressive narrative of a real life and carries conviction with it.

Mavis Keeves is a young girl of gentle blood. Her father has misfortunes in his investments and she is removed from the fashionable boarding school and placed in a respectable but very cheap one. Soon her father dies, leaving just enough money to pay for the remainder of her education. She is an orphan now, and friendless also, but the kind women who manage the school take her on as an instructor, so she is provided for for a while. They, too, grow old and their school falls to pieces and Mavis must go into the world to earn her living. The awful horrors which this refined, innocent girl encounters have been variously described before, but we have seldom found them all in one book.

It is not too much praise to say that many of the pictures and passages in the book are worthy of Dickens and the multitude of characters in the story is also a reminder of the great realist. The reader will be reminded of "Frank Danby's" picture of the life of London shopgirls, but this is a ruder and more realistic drawing. Cicily Hamilton pictured the evils of the "living in" system in London shops most effectively, but her book was little more than a sketch, while this contains 533 pages, closely printed, with narrow margins. It is no small task to read a book of this size, even allowing for a certain legitimate amount of skipping on the part of the hurried reviewer, but one can't skip in this book; every word insists upon its own importance and one simply can't leave any of the story unread.

Though this story is set in London, the same abuses are to be encountered in any large city, and a book like this should rouse the reformer to active work.

The reading public has become accustomed to the calling of a spade by its true name, so that it is not likely the overnice will say the book is too outspoken in places. Mrs. Humphry Ward, adored by her English audience, is quite as plain in her expressions at times, and George Moore, the greatest Irishman writing today, has done nothing more vivid.

Mavis Keeves has all the experiences that can come to an unprotected, very pretty and innocent girl in London, but the author has been kind enough to leave her happy at the last, which in a measure atones for the agony of reading about her sufferings. Unfortunately, we know that all the young women who go through even half of her torments are not so rewarded. As a story, the book deserves great praise. It holds the reader every moment. As a great reform novel it should accomplish some real and lasting good.

"The Diamond Master"

By Jacques Futrelle, author of "The Simple Case of Susan," etc. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis. Price $1.

"Jacques Futrelle" has come to be almost a synonym for ingenuity, for his plots are always unusual and interesting. This is a mystery and a perfect delight, and, fortunately, short enough to be read at a sitting, for it is literally impossible to stop anywhere in the book.

Henry Latham, head of a firm of jewelers in New York, receives an unregistered package through the mail one morning containing a large perfect blue white diamond weighing nearly seven carats. He calls his expert, Czenki, in to examine it and finds it is perfect and worth almost anything he cares to ask for it. Out at lunch he meets another diamond merchant who shows him the mate to his stone and tells him of its mysterious arrival by unregistered mail and later they find three other jewelers have had a similar experience. The stones are absolutely alike in weight, cutting and color and to say that these men are amazed is putting it mildly. They are the best jewelers in New York and have the finest experts in the country working for them, so there can be no mistake about the diamonds.

There is blank astonishment for a week; then one morning Latham receives a letter from E. Van Cortlandt Wynne making an appointment and telling him he is the sender of the diamonds. All the merchants and the experts meet at Latham's office and await the coming of Wynne. When he arrives he brings with him a grip full of diamonds, and the men are speechless with admiration and wonder, and terror as well, for they realize that if these diamonds, a billion or so dollars' worth, are put on the market, it will ruin the diamond business.

Therefore when the young man makes his proposition they know they must yield to him. He wishes them to purchase from him $100,000,000 worth of diamonds and he will destroy the remainder. Where are his diamond fields? You must read it to find that out—it is too wonderful.

The best thing about the heroine is the cabman's description of her: "A pippin, a peacherino, a beauty bright"; otherwise she doesn't amount to much and the love story could have been left out without detriment to the plot.

There is enough humor, furnished by one of the jewelers, a German, and enough mystery to please all readers. A decidedly entertaining little yarn.

"Melchisedec"

By Ramsey Benson, author of "A Lord of Lands." Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"Melchisedec" is a remarkable study of a strange character, a poor miserable human waif who seemingly has no reason for existence. He is the son of a half breed Indian mother and a degenerate Scotchman, and has been an outcast almost from his birth. How he managed to live at all is a mystery and the fatalist would say he was being saved by providence for some purpose. The child comes near being an animal in his barbarity and ignorance and the scene in which he enacts his life drama does not tend to raise him in the world. He drifts from one lumber camp to another, the prey and the butt of the ignorant, vulgar and half civilized men. Jacques, commonly called "Shack," grows to manhood, when one day a traveling preacher comes to the camp. He is astonished to find himself listening and believing and wishes to read for himself that wonderful book.

From this time on Jacques lives only to do good, and part of his experiences are interesting and convincing. He drifts to a city, but has discouraging and unhappy times, for he encounters serious obstacles in himself as well as in the people whom he would benefit. When he tries to serve as pastor of a Unitarian church in a small country town we feel that the author has been unable to handle the situation. It is weak and unconvincing and the story would better have ended before the episode. The author has something to write about and knows how to write, but this book is not equal to his first, "A Lord of Lands."

"The Journal of a Recluse"

Translated from the original French. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price $1.25.

When a book appears without the name of the author, with the legend "translated from the original French," and without the name of the translator, it naturally rouses curiosity. This book is one for thoughtful readers and it is easy to see was written because the author had something to say. The translator, in a long preface, says that he was walking about a small town on Bellingham bay, Wash., when he saw a shrub which interested him. On going nearer it proved to be Scotch broom, not indigenous to our coast, and he was very curious to learn how it came there. On inquiry at the nearby house he learned from the woman that her uncle had planted it. Almost on the instant she draws the stranger into conversation and proposes that he take some notebooks which she has, written in French by her uncle, and translate them and give them to the world. The upshot of it is that he consents and this book is the result. The translator gives us no more of himself than "M. F.," though what harm it could do to reveal himself is difficult to see. He has done his work well, and though we can not compare it to the original we are ready to agree with the publishers that the English is remarkably clear and beautiful.

The hero is George Graham, a Scotchman, whose father was head gardener to a nobleman with a country place near Edinburgh. This nobleman has a son who is a hopeless invalid, and taking a fancy to the gardener boy, takes him into his home and educates him. In Scotland the classes are plainly divided and this education is far above the position of gardener's boy. The boy falls in love with his noble master's daughter, Lady Margaret, and suddenly realizing how impossible such an affair can be, he leaves without telling his love and goes to America. Here he decides to settle in some place where he can study, a condition he thinks incompatible with life in a city. He obtains a land grant in Bellingham, Wash., and dreams his melancholy dreams.

A niece, Miss Abby Crawford, from Scotland, drops into his life from the clouds, thinking to take care of her aged relative; but she finds he is a young man of scarcely 40 and they, of course, fall in love with each other. Exactly why Graham should have the unnatural ideas of love which he has is something of a mystery, but he does not believe in the purity of love. He says: "So far as my experience goes love between men and women isn't a particularly noble sentiment."

The solving of their difficulties comes in an unexpected manner and is rather cleverly handled. The writing seems hurried at the last and does not appear so genuine a "journal" as at first. It is a strange book and the reader wavers constantly between pity and wonder. It will attract attention.

"The Collected Poems of Arthur Upson"

Published by Edmund D. Brooks, Minneapolis, Minn. Two volumes. Price $5.

Though scarcely past 30, Arthur Upson had made his mark upon the literature of the day. His first volume, "At the Sign of the Harp," was published when he was barely 23 years of age, and each year thereafter some contribution was made to the list of American poetry. Last spring somewhere a little appreciation of him appeared, in which the writer offered a suggestion as to the manner of his death. He had just finished a manuscript, a medieval drama on Brittany, and had taken it with him out on his boat on the lake. Was he perhaps reading it, and a gust of wind took it out of his hand, and reaching to save it fell in and was drowned? His body was recovered, but never the manuscript, and that is a possible explanation.

These two volumes contain all the poems in his published works and are a beautiful example of the book maker's art. The introduction is written by Dr. Richard Burton, and after a brief sketch of his life, works and death he gives a most interesting appreciation of the poet's works.

One of his early poems is quoted below:

SONG OF AGAMEDE

Grow, grow, thou little tree,
His body at the roots of thee;
Since last year's loveliness in death
The living beauty nourisheth.

Bloom, bloom, thou little tree,
Thy roots around the heart of me;
Thou canst not blow too white and fair
For all the sweetness hidden there.

Die, die, thou little tree,
And be as all sweet things must be;
Deep where thy petals drift I, too,
Would rest the changing seasons through.

It is not possible in the short space of a review to give enough selections to make a fair showing of his work. One more, quite different in treatment and more mature in feeling, will serve:

THOUGHT OF STEVENSON

High and alone I stood on Calton hill
Above the scene that was so dear to him
Whose exile dreams of it made exile dim.
October wooed the folded valleys till
In mist they blurred, even as our eyes upfill
Under a too sweet memory; spires did swim,
And gables rust red, on the gray sea's brim—
But on these heights the air was soft and cool.
Yet not all still: an alien breeze will turn
Here, as from bournes in aromatic seas,
As round old shrines a new freed soul might yearn
With incense of rich earthly reveries.
Vanish the isles: mist, exile, searching pain,
But the brave soul is free, is home again!

The poetry of Arthur Upson is known and appreciated. Scholars and critics have set the mark of approval upon it since the first volume appeared. The dress of this collection is therefore all that remains to commend. It is beautifully printed and bound, and besides a fine photograph of the poet contains a facsimile of his verse writing.

BOOKS REVIEWED

"The Wiving of Lance Cleaverage," by Alice MacGowan
"The Diamond Master," by Jacques Futrelle
"Melchisedec," by Ramsey Benson
"Sparrows," by Horace W. C. Newte
"An Unofficial Love Story," by Albert Hickman
"The Journal of a Recluse"
"Henry in Search of a Wife," by Alphonse Courlander
"The Dupe," by Gerald Bliss
"The Collected Poems of Arthur Upson"

HOW MEREDITH NICHOLSON WORKS

WHEN Meredith Nicholson visits New York every three months he lives at the Hotel Gotham and spends his time cruising in out of the way places, chiefly on the east side in the foreign settlements. He told his interviewer the other day that one of his chief peculiarities was the negative one of not getting drunk. Mr. Nicholson describes himself as an extremely contemporaneous and urban person—a veritable cockney who never spends a night in the country except under protest. At his home in Indianapolis he has a room in a big corner of a big office building, where not a half dozen people, even among his intimate friends, know that he is a tenant. Here he does his writing in a room that contains nothing but a huge desk and one chair. No one but James Whitcomb Riley has ever seen this studio. The library it contains is rather shorter than Dr. Eliot's five foot shelf. The bible and Walt Whitman and two anthologies and dictionaries in three languages are about all there is to it. As a boy Mr. Nicholson worked in a telegraph office, in drug stores and printing offices, and he learned stenography, which he practiced in law offices for three years at a time when his ambitions turned toward the law.

"I read a lot of law," he explained, "because it interested me, and I still keep in touch with legal matters and often read the records in cases that present some new development of law. But I can't remember a time when I did not try to write—poetry at first, and a great deal of it. It was a great day in my life when, in my nineteenth year, at Indianapolis, James Whitcomb Riley climbed up to the law office of William Wallace, a brother of the author of 'Ben Hur,' carrying in his hand a newspaper that contained poems by both of us. It was characteristic of Mr. Riley to look up a youngster who was dabbling in his own art, and he has since been one of my most stimulating and generous friends and critics. And General Wallace used to come over from Crawfordsville, about the time of his return from Turkey, where he had been ambassador, and he did much to turn my attention toward literature. My father had been with him in the war and I was born in Crawfordsville, so I had inherited a sincere admiration for him. He was to me then and now a story book character, a most striking and interesting personality—an oriental born out of the clime, but with the appearance and manner of an oriental. He was always helpful and encouraging in those early days, and he sent me, almost in the last months of his life, a beautiful copy of 'Ben Hur' with a friendly note written on a fly leaf.

"George Edward Woodberry has been one of the real factors and influences in my writing experiments. Some one put his first essays and poems into my hands when I was about 20 and I became, as he calls me, his first pilgrim, and it was through him that I wrote my first prose book, called 'The Hoosiers,' which he published in his 'National Studies in American Letters.' Thomas Russell Sullivan of Boston, whose short stories I consider among the finest written by an American, did a good deal toward intresting me in the writing of fiction, but I was slow in bringing myself to try it. I never wrote short stories, never more than half a dozen when I was pretty young, and I don't believe I could write them successfully."

"What about plays?" the reporter asked him. "A great many writers are going in for plays now, like Booth Tarkington, for instance; and your own 'House of a Thousand Candles' made a successful play."

"Yes, but I didn't make it. I made the story, the novel. I consider the short story as distinct a branch of literature as the play, and I never had any illusions as to my ability to write for the stage. It's another business. What I want to do is to write novels—not a long string of them, but a few that shall set forth to the top of my ability the life of the America of today. I am an individualist and a democrat, in the old fashioned sense of that word, and I am interested in our social contacts and political experiments more than in anything else.

"Realism? No; realism without romance isn't what I have in mind. The newspapers take care of that. To reach any large number of people you must write of life without ignoring the story for the story's sake. To me everything is romance—everybody is a character in a story. The only use I have for New York is the moving picture show of the streets—not only Fifth avenue, but the Bowery and Hester street. I've worn out a good many pairs of shoes in recent years just walking the East Side streets."

"But your new novel, 'The Lords of High Decision,' is about Pittsburg, isn't it?"

"Yes. I have always been a student of cities, and I chose Pittsburg because it presents so many of the great problems of democracy—the city is not so big but that you can see it all there. I've been going there for two years just to study it. I've stayed in clubs, or with friends, but mostly I've been about the slums and in the neighboring towns about the great steel mills. The race mixture there, with all its possibilities of good and evil, interests me immensely. And, you know, I believe in it—believe that the problems will all work out. I've seen white faced little children living in a hole in the ground right there—poor, little pinched Russian faces, and the sight of such things does not cheer you much."

"Do you 'muckrake' Pittsburg then?"

"No, for I believe things will come out right. Pittsburg itself is going to deal with all those things. The work has been begun by wise and great hearted people. What I want to do for the rest of my life is to illustrate phases of democracy through novels, and do it so the purpose will not be too obvious. You must tell a story first and last.

"Yes, there is a baseball player in my new story, 'The Lords of High Decision,'" he went on, "and that's perfectly natural. Baseball is one of the big features of American life, and the men who play the game are among the most interesting I have ever known. And some of the crack performers have been coal miners.

"I'm not interested in trans-Atlantic marriages, though I did a tale, 'The Port of Missing Men,' that almost had a duke in it.

"I've been all over Pennsylvania getting material for 'The Lords of High Decision.' I've mingled with the miners in the anthracite country and gone with them into the pit. The fact is I was in the coal mining business myself for three years; that was in Colorado, and know how a man's back feels when he has crawled through a three foot vein."

"I don't read much fiction any more except O. Henry and Balzac. I'd always wanted to know something about O. Henry and knew nothing until I read an interview with him in a New York paper that told me just what I wanted to know. He has the truest eye for American life of anybody I know and I'm always indignant when I read one of his little masterpieces to think I didn't see it first. Funny combination, maybe, but Bacon's essays and Cardinal Newman's sermons are my favorite things in prose, and I read the old poets a great deal, including Old Walt, who had, as the farmer said about Emerson, 'a good many of my own ideas.'"

Mr. Nicholson has lately purchased a cottage on the south side of Mackinac island on a bluff overhanging the straits of Mackinac and expects to spend half the year there in the future. The house was built and has been owned by Gilbert White of Grand Rapids, father of Stewart Edward White, the author of "The Riverman" and other books. It adjoins the summer home of Hugh D. Hanna of Indianapolis. Stewart White was long a resident of the island, which has otherwise been identified with writing folk from the beginning of its history. Constance Fenimore Woolson, whose novel "Anne," a story of Mackinac, is in every house on the island, is still remembered here by old residents. Jesse Lynch Williams, author of many stories and whose name is as familiar as that of his grandfather, a railroad pioneer of Indiana, has spent most of the summers of his life there. Mary Hartwell Catherwood wrote many tales of Mackinac, where she was a summer resident for many years. William Vaughn Moody, the poet, critic and author of "The Great Divide," is well known on the island and had a cottage there this year. Booth Tarkington and Charles Major have been frequent visitors.

Mr. Nicholson has begun to remodel the house to fit it for residence in all seasons and is providing himself with a workshop on the third floor with an unrivaled view of the long procession of ships that pass through the straits. He intends to return May 1 to remain until the snow flies next winter. He finished his novel, "The Lords of High Decision," published by Doubleday, Page & Co., while a resident there this year.

Brief Reviews of New Books

An interesting guide book is something new under the sun, and when it is about our own country, inspires more than the usual enthusiasm. Mrs. Harriet Earhart Monroe wrote "Washington—Its Sights and Insights," several years ago, and it proved so successful that it has been revised and brought up to date. The book is practically a condensed history of Washington and written as it is in a pleasing and unconventional style, will be of much value to the sightseer. It is fully illustrated and deserves its assured popularity. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York. $1.)

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"An American Transportation System," by George A. Rankin, is based firmly upon a foundation of practical knowledge, the best statistics and a thorough acquaintance with the literature of its subject. It should have a profound effect upon the railway problem which, in this country, is one of peculiar difficulty and complexity. The book criticises the past with suavity and good nature, but for all that its criticism is sweeping and scathing. The book on its destructive side deals firmly but gently with the past; on its constructive side it suggests a carefully pondered plan for future improvement. (G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York and London.)

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A fine literary production is the essay by Temple Scott on "The Pleasure of Reading the Bible." The author says that he has written the essay "in order that I might help to reinstate the bible in its rightful place," and some readers of today will resent that, thinking it is already there. The paper while stating that there is nothing to explain is strong in analysis and one must confess there is still much left to explain even if read only as literature. The essay is daintily bound in boards and is an attractive gift book. (Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 50 cents.)

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Joel Chandler Harris needs no words of praise. His own name is his best monument, for America appreciated him and knew when he died that she had lost one of her greatest story tellers. "The Shadow Between His Shoulder Blades" is a little classic. It is a strange tale of civil war times and tells the story of two faithful soldiers of the union and a spy. The girl, Margaret Featherstone, is a fine bit of character drawing, but the author's best work was spent on the traitor, Bushrod Claiborne, and on Billy Sanders. The shadow between his shoulder blades is the shadow that falls over Sanders whenever he thinks of "that black thing a-swingin' in the wind." That was the body of the spy. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 50 cents.)

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Miss Helen Green is a living refutation of the accepted saying that women have no sense of humor. Her sketches at "The Actors' Boarding House" were heartily appreciated from one end of the country to the other. She now writes a series of sketches around a fascinating criminal, "Mr. Jackson," and he is so much better than the victims he plucks that we are entirely in sympathy with him from start to finish. "Mr. Jackson" is kind and helpful to a few characters in the book, and you may be sure they deserve it. The book is amusing and will effectually kill an idle hour. (B. W. Dodge & Co., New York. $1.25.)

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"The Leaven of Life, or Nature's Secret of Happiness Revealed" is what its author, Edmond Auclair, calls "an essay treating on what everybody should know concerning love's phenomena." Rather is it an excuse to talk about a lot of involved rot, which is neither reasonable nor clear, on the sex question. (Oakland, Cal.)

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Mrs. Florence Jackson Stoddard has made a collection of Cuban legends and folklore, of the articles entitled "As Old as the Moon." It is the first collection made of the myths, nature stories and semihistorical tales of primitive Cuba, and as such will appeal strongly to students of folklore, to historians and to ethnologists. It is interesting in reading these tales to find that these primitive people have the same legend of the flood destroying the world that other races have. There are several myths equally interesting, one about the coming of sharks to the Cuban waters and another describing the origin of women's fear of rats and mice. The stories are simply told, so that they appeal also to children as well as older and more serious students. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.)

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The third bound volume of "Philopolis" contains many articles bearing on the questions which have puzzled the city in its rebuilding. While Arthur T. Mathews has been the most generous contributor both with pen and brush, there are some fine articles from Anna Pratt Simpson, Louis T. Hengstler, Alexander McAdie, the Rev. David Evans and others, all written in an unconventional and exceedingly interesting way. The illustrations, some of them photogravures, deserve much praise, and the decorative work is of the first quality. The binding is uniform with the two volumes already published and is extremely artistic, being the work of Bruce Brough of San Francisco. Volume III begins with October, 1908, and includes September, 1909.

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"The Standard Guide for Locomotive Engineers and Firemen," by Ed Turner, is an illustrated pocket manual for the convenient use of railroad engineers, firemen and machinists, covering breakdowns, quick repairs on E T equipment, New York brake equipment, compound engines, injectors, lubricators, etc., standard rules for engineers and firemen, signals and definitions of railroad terms. The work contains many illustrations and a map with tables showing points at which railroads running east and west change from one time to another. (Laird & Lee, Chicago. Leather binding, 75 cents.)

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Walter de Voe is an author who believes that there lies within each person the faculties through which that person may develop the power of God within himself. In a unique book entitled "The Doors of Life," just published, Mr. de Voe, with delightful optimism, emphasizes the existence of an oversupply of joy in the whole created universe. This book takes its place with all the "uplift" literature of the last few years and deserves consideration. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York. $1.)

"An Unofficial Love Story"

By Albert Hickman. Published by the Century company, New York. Price $1.

"There are many kinds of love stories," says the author in opening this story, "but I think this is a new kind; besides, it is true. Truth is so much stranger than fiction that you do not like to write it, because some people are reasonably sure to doubt its being truth, and then they are equally sure to say that your sort of invention shows that you lack common sense and good taste. But in this story there are certain little things that will convince your inner judgment that it is plain truth, after all, and I shall be freed from blame."

Now, as an opening, that is not bad, but if you think the little book lives up to that opening you are very much mistaken. The author works very hard to make his tale unofficial and unusual, but he only succeeds in making a very bad imitation of Anthony Hope's early successes, like the "Dolly Dialogues," the "Indiscretion of the Duchess," and others.

Marjorie Dyer is the unconventional heroine of this tale, and is a past master in the art of flirting. She has never been in love, but it has become a fixed habit with her to annex every new man who comes to the little Canadian village where she lives. Arthur Morley Mott-Trevor was an agent of the foreign office and he was suddenly sent to this town. Miss Dyer sees him and wishes to meet him, but is unable to effect an introduction; so out on the ice one day she skates deliberately into his arms. A sudden and extraordinary friendship results, and some of the unconventional pranks this young lady plays would make one think she had a most indifferent and careless family. There is never a suggestion of a chaperone and she and the young man engage in a series of remarkable adventures.

The average young man would fight shy of a young person allowed such liberties as Marjorie, but Arthur falls desperately in love and she with him, and so it's all right. It is scarcely a book to recommend to young girls, unless they have a well developed sense of humor and will not take the foolishness of the book in earnest.

"The Dupe"

By Gerald Biss. Published by Brentano's, New York.

"The Dupe" is partially a detective story, but it is so many other things, too, that one is tempted to call it a wild tale of adventure rather than anything else. Every page is exciting, not one moment can the reader stop for breath, and that is a recommendation indeed for people who like such excitement.

The first chapter shows us a murder, and the murderer is as cold blooded and merciless as a man well can be. No mystery is made of any of the incidents leading up to the murder—in fact, there is scarcely any mystery about the book. One sees the whole story at the start, but that fact does not in any way destroy the pleasure in reading it. One follows the exciting chase of the murderer with the hero as if one's life depended upon it.

The hero is a fine young chap, a little precipitate in his love affairs, but otherwise normal and decidedly likable. Almost anybody reduced to the fearful straits which he was would have succumbed to a like tempting offer, but he seemed singularly guileless.

The story itself is good and is not badly written. It reads like the writing of an amateur, and the name, Gerald Biss, is not familiar to American readers. The author has ideas—decidedly—and his next work will be awaited with interest.

Books Received

"The Arabian Nights, Their Best Known Tales," edited by Kate Douglass Wiggin and Nora A. Smith; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Stephen A. Douglas, His Life, Public Services, Patriotism and Speeches," by Clark E. Carr; A. C. McClurg company, Chicago.

"The Best of the World's Classics," 10 vols., selected by Henry Cabot Lodge; Funk & Wagnalls company, New York.

"The Better Treasure," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews; the Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis.

"Sparrows, the Story of An Unprotected Girl," by Horace W. C. Newte; Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

"The Man Shakespeare and His Tragic Life Story," by Frank Harris; Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

"Cyrus Hall McCormick, His Life and Work," by Herbert N. Casson; A. C. McClurg company, Chicago.

"The Law of the Range," by Wayne G. Barrows; the C. M. Clarke publishing company, Boston.

"Hawaii and Its Volcanoes," by Charles H. Hitchcock; the Hawaiian Gazette company, Honolulu.

"Something of Men I Have Known," by Adlai E. Stevenson; A. C. McClurg company, Chicago.

"A Smoker's Reveries," by Joseph Knight; H. M. Caldwell company, New York.

"The World of Suckers," by Lionel Josephare; the Danner publishing company, San Francisco.

"On the Old Kearsage," by Cyrus Townsend Brady; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Boy Pioneers, Sons of Daniel Boone," by D. C. Beard; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"'Posson Jone' and Pere Raphael," by George W. Cable; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Dorrien Celfax," by Norwell Griffith; the John McBride company, New York.

"Recollections of a Fire Insurance Man," by R. S. Critchell; A. C. McClurg company, Chicago.

"Triune Development," by Anna Jenness Miller; the Triune Order, New York.

"Musicology," by Maurice S. Logan; Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York.

"The Clutch of Circumstance," by Arthur L. Hardy; Mayhew publishing company, New York.

"The Helter Skelters," by George Daulton; Frederick A. Stokes company, New York.

"Beechy," by Baroness von Hutten; Frederick A. Stokes company, New York.

"The Flute of the Gods," by Mary E. Ryan; Frederick A. Stokes company, New York.

"Dick in the Everglades," by A. W. Dimock; Frederick A. Stokes company, New York.

"Cadillac," by Robert Barr; Frederick A. Stokes company, New York.

"The Veil," by Ethel Stefana Stevens; Frederick A. Stokes company, New York.

"Undying Waters," by Frances Parker; the C. M. Clarke publishing company, Boston.

"The Bitter," by Walter S. Cramp; the C. M. Clarke publishing company, Boston.

"The Florentine Frame," by Elizabeth Robbins; Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

"The Loving Cup Toasts," edited by Wilbur D. Nesbitt; P. F. Volland & Co., Chicago.

"A Curb to Predatory Wealth," by W. V. Marshall; R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.

"Personal Information for Boys," by Ernest Edwards; R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.

"The Modern Mother," by Dr. H. Lang Gordon; R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.

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reviewed or mentioned in THE CALL can be obtained at
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