

BOOK PAGE OF THE SUNDAY CALL CONDUCTED BY UNA H. H. COOL

"The Day of Souls"

By Charles Tenney Jackson. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis. Price \$1.50. WHEN a book comes with the announcement that it is the best picture of San Francisco that has ever been given in fiction we pick it up rather gingerly and quite expect to be disappointed. San Francisco has been the scene of several fair stories during the last few years, but it remained for a visitor on our shores to write the most appreciative description of our romantic city that has appeared in any novel.

This story is of the old San Francisco, and one must confess to a certain joy in reading a novel with no mention whatever of the earthquake. The author's powers of observation and keen appreciation are shown well in this passage:

"Old San Francisco was as inevitable to the dweller beyond the Rockies as God to Mahomet; the very phrase with which it was summed spoke that—anywhere over the range it was 'the city.' That meant no place on earth but the gray town. * * *

"Old San Francisco was fashioned by the weather and a two bit piece. The climate forbade the roseate dalliances of youth, moonlight sittings, twilight porches, trysts of summer nights; year long after sunset the guerrilla trades fogs harried the bleak suburbs, routing the dwellers so that they fled to the down town, and under the arc lights defied the somber sky. The blatant Pacific drove them to their lubricity; they invented a prodigality of meat, light and music for two bits, that no man might lack cheer, and, being a homeless people of brave wit, an ingenious people of mad individualism, dwellers in a town of superlatives, gliding the common with a defying genius on the optimistic two bits, they reared a method of life artistically unique, hectically materialistic, astonishingly brilliant and most potentely human—which last at once explains old San Francisco. Nothing was bad to the gray city that offered a pretext for dining; nothing could be good that forbade fellowship. It lived, loved and died in the radiance of its gorgeous, labyrinthine cafes, laughing with its merry mistresses, though the bread be stale, the wine raw and the jewel on her finger a bit of glass. It had no patience with a virtue that would not feast with it, jest with it, forget with it in its curiously childlike amorosness; but with an understanding heart the ten laws might have sat with the harlot and been lifted."

This story is a character study of one man. To be sure, there are many other characters of much interest, but John Arnold holds the stage from first to last. The story of this man's life is very the study, and while in no sense didactic is distinctly a novel with a purpose. It preaches a sermon and points anew the ancient warning that the wages of sin is death, but revives again the blessed promise that he that is steadfast to the end shall be saved. John Arnold is the son of a convict.

"The Beauty" By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, author of "The Silver Butterfly," etc. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis. Price \$1.50.

A new kind of a petted and spoiled beauty is presented to us in Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's latest bit of fiction, and hidden away in the heart of the story is a moral for those who are interested. It will not intrude itself upon the careless and indifferent reader—will not spoil the pleasure of one who seeks to while away an idle hour—but there it is just the same, and it will give the reader of the book something to talk about.

"The Beauty" is being married when the story opens to a very rich bachelor, a man who has successfully eluded matrimony for nearly 50 years. There is something of a mystery about the Beauty. She is quite unknown in the great world of "society," and we are treated to the usual servile gossip which such a marriage would evoke. The truth of the matter is that she is a penniless orphan, and comes to New York to make her living. She paints lamp shades, cotton favors, dinner cards and such things, and has a hard time to get along. She possesses a very curious old silver and crystal amulet which has been in the family for generations. The rich bachelor is a collector of amulets, and hearing of her treasure arranges to meet her and purchase it. She refuses, and later laughingly says he married her just to gain possession of this coveted trinket.

Everything that money can buy is showered on the Beauty, but something is lacking. She has a distant relative, a sort of cousin, who is making a sensational success as a society artist in New York. She has imagined that she is in love with this cousin a little, but it is only when he is near her. He exerts a sort of magnetism which does not last when he is gone.

Some two years after her marriage the artist turns up, fresh from European successes, and at once starts a flirtation with the Beauty. She is bored with existence; is constantly hunting a sensation; her husband treats her as if she were simply a beautiful doll with no brain, and though he loves her she is dissatisfied. The most remarkable jumble of complications ensues, during which almost every character in the story is suspected of some degree of evil at least. The solution of the Beauty's troubles is found in work, and this same experience opens her husband's eyes to her intelligence.

The story, like all of Mrs. Woodrow's work, is well written—there are even some brilliant passages, and her observations on society are keen and searching, sometimes satirical, but scarcely cynical. Her character drawing is excellent; one rarely finds in light fiction so perfect a picture as Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Hewston, the meddlesome, old, good hearted scandal mongers. The book contains a few excellent illustrations by Will Grefe and is artistically printed and bound.

a man who has been "sent over" for some crookedness in politics. They have been people of wealth and social position before the disgrace comes to them, but the wealth disappears and John Arnold drops lower and lower in the social scale until he is a thorough paced crook. When this tale opens he has succeeded in some sort of a crooked deal about ballot stuffing. He has never "worked," but has his pockets full of money, the results of bribery and various forms of corruption in which he is always the central figure. John Arnold's first awakening shock comes when sweet little innocent Sylvia comes from the country to marry him. He has idly flirted a few weeks away in the mountains and is amazed when she comes to the city to be his bride. Her innocence is so sweet and trusting that he hasn't the heart to deceive her, and in order to save her tells her to go back—that he does not love her. While this is really the first step toward his own regeneration, it is a hard road he travels toward that end. It is a wonderful experience, but much of the strength of character was there or he would have fallen by the wayside many a time.

The book is full of quotable passages—good advice—not the sort one sneers at, either:

"Certainly, if all the cool-faced young men in America, like this one sitting across from him, ever rejected the teachings and the examples of him and his kind, the foundations of the republic would move, the grip of money, of tradition, of conservatism on the life of the people, even to the hold of the fathers and the constitution, would loosen.

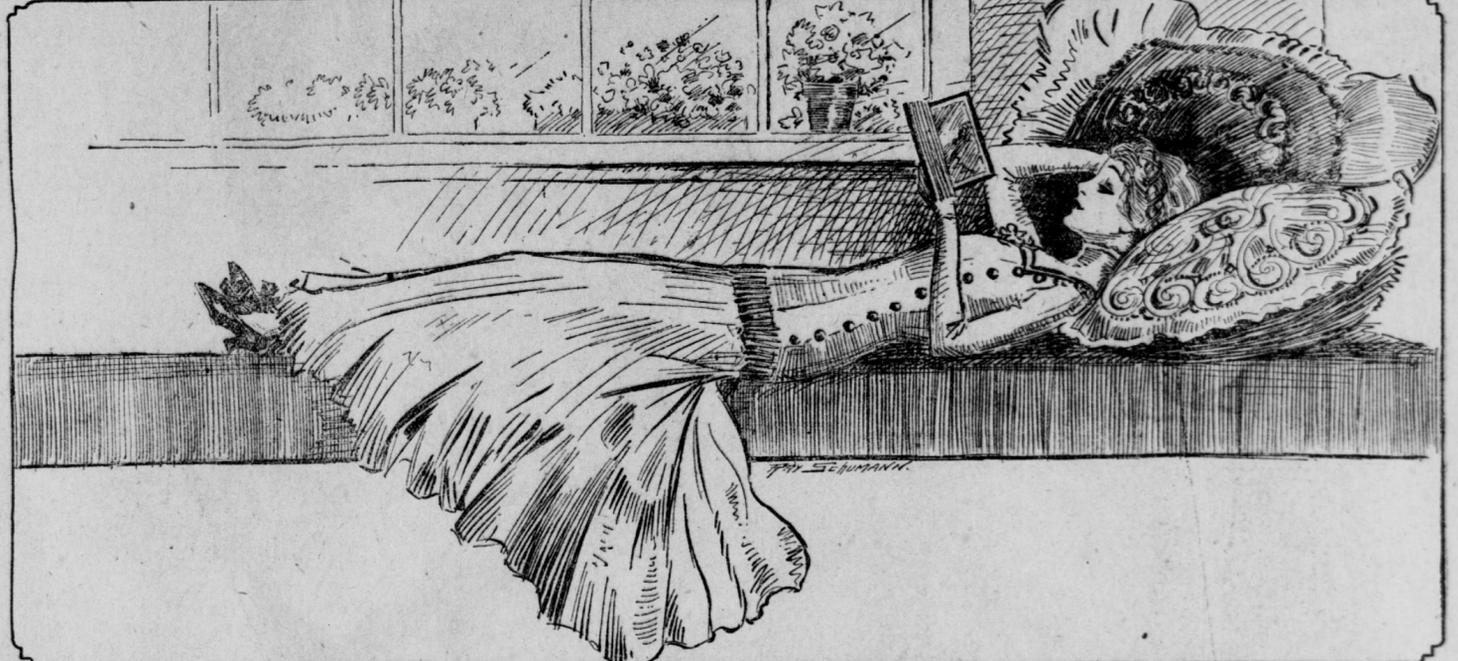
"Yes, the future was with the young men, society was with the young men, the genius and ideas of the race were with the young men—it was a great thought—he was dwelling on it now, and he would tell the young men of it at the associations and colleges."

"The title of the book is explained in bits through the text. 'The Day of Souls' is a solemn festival universally kept by all loyal Japanese. A Japanese in San Francisco will cross the 5,000 miles of ocean that lie between him and his native land in order to take part in the festival of the samurai or knights. In preparation for it the devout one must 'clean himself and make great thoughts.' Then when the time of the festival arrives he watches all night beside the altar of his warrior ancestors. He believes that these old fighting men on that night come back to judge him. All dead and sleeping souls awaken. The old warriors ask if the watcher has been brave and honorable, and no man dare stand in their presence unless he is cowardly. This title typifies the cleansing of John Arnold, who has gone downhill to the very bottom and fights his way up again.

"The woman character, Nella Free, who has walked the path of the 'easiest way,' will furnish food for much discussion. She has had every luxury money can buy, but is not happy. Only in work, happy, honest work, does she find strength and satisfaction, and at last the man she loves. The story is strong and vigorous and is by far the best picture of one side of the life of the old San Francisco that has ever been written. Much of it could be applied to any big city, but much is purely local. The constant references to people and places we all knew and loved brings the story close to all of us and it is done with a sympathetic but not a sentimental hand."

"With Walker in Nicaragua" By James Carson Jamison. E. W. Stephens publishing company, Columbia, Mo. Price \$1.50.

The publication of this volume is a rare contribution to the written history of one of the most romantic and disastrous undertakings that ever appealed to the imagination of any man in search of renown and fortune. The "ill-fated" expeditions of General William Walker, a citizen of the United States, to Nicaragua, were a notable epoch in the history of his own country and that of the Central American republics. By his personal magnetism and the ardor of his ambition for glory, he drew to him hundreds of adventurous Americans who enlisted under his banner in Nicaragua and later poured out their blood in countless battles in Walker's desperate attempt to make true his imperial dream of empire, with himself as Caesar, for which he gave up his life on the sands of Truxillo when Honduran soldiers sent their volley of rifle fire into his breast.



"Tower of Ivory"

By Gertrude Atherton, author of "Ancestors," etc. Published by the Macmillan company, New York. Price \$1.50.

Gertrude Atherton has done perhaps the most brilliant writing of her life in this newest of the books from her pen. It can not fail to interest all readers, for it is almost a composite of all her work. It appeals to all who have admired this great American author for any and every reason, and its scope and breadth is such that it may be pronounced, without hesitation, her masterpiece.

We are told that this is not a novel of divorce, politics, finance, muck-raking, capital and labor, woman suffrage, international marriages (save incidentally, New York society, the tenderloin, California, New England, the south, Alaska, Bohemia, a new Balkan state, the negro, mysticism, symbolism or any sort of sermon. It is a large tapestry of modern life, dealing with things as they are, human nature as it is, with eternal characteristics, not passing phases.

The heroine is Margarethe Styr. She is a great Wagnerian singer who, having won her laurels at Bayreuth, has now become court singer in Munich. What a graphic picture of the musical life of Munich Mrs. Atherton draws for us. The Hof theater, the very center of all things musical, the idiosyncrasies of the mad king of Bavaria, are drawn with a true hand. The criticism, too, of the great Wagner music-dramas is as fine as one can read anywhere and is strong and sound, not at all the padding one expects in fiction. There is a mystery about Styr. She is an American, not

rather audacious in his manner to her and she is interested and allows him to call. This is the beginning of a friendship of many months, in which there is no talk of love on either side and is as nearly perfect a picture of platonic friendship as can be imagined between a man and a woman.

At this time his habits become very pressing—another phase of his extraordinary character—and his mother and a rich American woman with a marriageable daughter plan a campaign to save him. Of course, they succeed in all their plans and he allows himself to be married to the heiress.

The day the news of his engagement reaches Styr she is to sing Isolde. She has been lonely since he went to England, but has not allowed herself to think she is in love; but this news forces the knowledge upon her. Then is the Munich audience treated to an "Isolde Furiosa" such as they had never heard before and are never likely to hear again. Mrs. Atherton has surpassed herself in description in this little chapter. In the space of perhaps 1,500 words she has condensed all there is of suffering in love, in hate, in madness and despair. It is quite impossible to choose any of it for quotation. It is perfect and complete; it is all or nothing.

The character of this great singer is consistent throughout. After Ordham has deserted his wife in a cold-blooded and calculated fashion, he goes to Styr with his love. Her love is much greater than his. She realizes perfectly what it will mean to Ord-

ham—social ostracism, death of his diplomatic career and all for a short bit of happiness—so she confesses to him. She tells him in the plain, straightforward fashion that only Gertrude Atherton would have the courage to write, her whole past. The reader has not known any more than has John Ordham what this confession would be, though he might echo Ordham when he says:

"I had imagined very much all you have told me, taken it for granted, at least." He also says—and how the reader longs to shake him by the hand for saying it—"We have now wiped the thing off the slate, and if you don't mind when I return we will not refer to it."

It took such a past as that possessed by Styr to develop the peculiar character she is when we meet her. She herself fully realizes it and is quite honest about it. She does not pose as a penitent. She says: "Were I penitent now I might inspire your sympathy, be worthy of it, but I would not give up one of those years of misery, of vice, of horrors, if I believed that—as I do—they played their part with the coincidentally progressing brain in developing that depth and intensity of genius which makes me the greatest Isolde the world will ever see. I regret nothing—nothing! And for that reason I hold myself to be the worst woman alive, and am prepared to see you turn your back and walk out without comment. I shall not ask you to stay."

This book is a long one—466 pages of closely printed matter, but one has no desire to hurry through it. It is a

book for study, for it can not be half appreciated in a hasty reading. The climax appears to be inartistic, but after all that is an individual opinion which possibly may be changed later. It is the only draw in the best piece of work which this author has accomplished.

"John the Unafraid"

Published anonymously by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Price \$1.

The publishers of the modest little book asked more than perfunctory attention for it and they deserve thanks, for in the mass of spring publications beginning to pour in this small volume might have been overlooked. They are not at liberty to divulge the name of the author, but they tell us he is a man known from one end of the country to the other. It hardly seems possible that a book which is a long sermon, a statement of philosophy, a declaration of a creed, could be made so interesting that it will be read at a sitting like a novel. But such is the case with this book. The best review of the book will be found in quotation, and the sayings of John the Unafraid are sure to make every one wish to own a copy of his book:

"If there be aught of unselfish good within me that is God's. Let us not be every boy or girl, who has labored for you is your partner."

"A man may be but money can not be tainted."

"You say we must get rid of the wine shop. If so, we must go out of partnership in the business and go in honor. We tax them for making it, and with the money build our ships and pay our soldiers. * * * Come, let us not be too virtuous while our cloak is marked with the scarlet letter. Let us not be temperate with temperance. * * * May we not as a nation say, 'We believe it for the good of all to stop your business. We will lose our share and pay for you.'"

"The meanest thing we can say about honesty is that it is the best policy; yet even that ought to suffice. Let us selfishly look to our own interests."

"I fear that we have forgotten how many of us are immigrants, and I venture to suggest that the danger to our dear country is not so much in opening our gates to the oppressed of the world as it is in giving some of them so readily a voice in the government of the people. The franchise, more than immigration, needs the attention of unselfish men."

"Blessed is he who has wisdom to fight without quarreling."

The author, it is plain to be seen, has thought deeply and sanely on many vital problems. There are many beautiful but practical socialistic thoughts to be found in his lessons and his views on politics and government are deeply illuminating. There is sure to be a guessing contest over the author's identity; it is a pity to hide it, for he would receive only kind words for his book.

"Panama and the Canal"

By Alfred B. Hall and Clarence L. Chester. Published by Newnes Co., New York. Price 75 cents.

"Panama and the Canal" is the title of a schoolbook rather out of the ordinary in its treatment of a scientific theme. Within a very small compass the authors, Alfred B. Hall and Clarence L. Chester, have compressed the interesting history of the isthmus of Panama from the day when Columbus gave it the name of "Golden Castle," through the desperate period when the pioneers who fought to win the treasure from savage Indians, cruel pirates and dreadful climate called it the "grave of the Spaniards," up to the present time.

To this history they have added a clear, compact account of the various canal enterprises and a graphic, entertaining description of the wonderful work thus far accomplished by the government of the United States in the building of the Panama canal. A large part of the text and the pictures are given over to a full detailed account of the canal in all its phases. One of the authors having lived on the isthmus for a considerable time, he is thoroughly familiar with the enterprise.

Brief Reviews

"Stories of American Discoveries for Little Americans." by Rose Lucia, compiled by Styr to develop the peculiar character she is when we meet her. She herself fully realizes it and is quite honest about it. She does not pose as a penitent. She says: "Were I penitent now I might inspire your sympathy, be worthy of it, but I would not give up one of those years of misery, of vice, of horrors, if I believed that—as I do—they played their part with the coincidentally progressing brain in developing that depth and intensity of genius which makes me the greatest Isolde the world will ever see. I regret nothing—nothing! And for that reason I hold myself to be the worst woman alive, and am prepared to see you turn your back and walk out without comment. I shall not ask you to stay."

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Gossip of Books and Writers

Readers who have noticed the close knowledge of the stage and intimate sympathy with those behind the footlights in baroness von Hutten's novel, "Beechy," will not be surprised to hear that she herself has entered upon a dramatic career. She made her first appearance on the stage at His Majesty's theater in London in the revival of the "Christmas play," "Pinky and the Fairies." The part which the baroness took was one which Miss Ellen Terry played last year. Baroness von Hutten is noted for her cleverness and wit. Beerboom Tree thinks there is the making of a great actress in her, although she enters the profession somewhat late. Before her marriage to the chamberlain to the king of Bavaria she was Miss Riddle of Erie, Pa.

John Stevenson is a new name among the company of authors. A forthcoming book by him is being announced by the Harpers for publication in early spring which will bear the title "The Hermit of Capri." The story is to be told in letters written by a man, a sojourner in the ancient town of Capri, who has returned to his woman back home in America. The book will contain some expressive ideas on the matter of reincarnation and other spirit mysteries, although of the whole story this particular phase of it will be only a part.

F. Berkeley Smith, who lives in France and who is the author of "The Lady of Big Shanty" is in this country on that book. Berkeley Smith's forthcoming book, "A Village of Vagabonds," is a tale set around his own farm in Normandy. His father has made several paintings of the place that will be used as illustrations in the book.

Ford Madox Hueffer, novelist and magazine writer, has been petitioned for desertion of his wife and two children. The petition was undefended.

The Berlin correspondent of the New York Times writes that Sudermann, author of "The Song of Songs," has probably cleared from \$40,000 to \$50,000 on that book. "The Signes of Doubt" refer to the German edition and do not include the proceeds from the French, Russian and English translations. The third American edition is announced and everything indicates that it may prove the greatest book, at least in point of numbers, of 1910.

Maurice Rostand, son of Edmond Rostand, has been chosen by Frohman to write the English version of "Chanticleer" for presentation to the American public. It will be doubly interesting to have the father's work interpreted by the son. "Critics seem to be unanimous as to the lyric beauty of the poem—which by some is regarded as the author's masterpiece. Of course, "Chanticleer" represents man—condemned in the value of his effort. The dog is the philosopher, the blackbird is the Parisian quizzer, a chatterer; the night birds are the haters of light. Like Anatole France in his "Iledes Pin-golins," Rostand has selected from the animal world types that have enabled him to present his philosophic ideals clearly, without a crude pessimism, and the result is a dramatic apologue that will remain a classic.

Whatever the result of the meat boycott may be, the boycott itself goes merrily on, with a daily increase in its ranks. Those housewives whose weekly allowance remains unchanged while meat prices soar prohibitively, or whose sympathies are with the protesting multitude, are exerting all their ingenuity to keep the daily menus nutritious and varied, without the use of "good red beef."

That this can and has been done times without number is a proved fact, and there are many recipes for meat substitutes which are dear to every cook's heart. Little, Brown & Co. are publishing a cook book which exactly meets the demands of the hour. "The Golden Rule Cook Book," comprising over 600 recipes for meatless dishes, will be found tried and tested and delicious. The author, Mrs. M. E. L. Sharpe, has devised and used in her own kitchen for the last seven years. Mrs. Sharpe and her family have been vegetarians for years, and these results of her experiments in the kitchen will prove a boon to the cook who now has to cater to non meat eating diners.

R. H. Foster, the author of "Cab No. 44," relates a story of the launching of



GERTRUDE ATHERTON