AS WOMAN to WOMAN

By RUTH CAMERON

THE other day I overheard a girl at a counter next me making her choice between a cheap but pretty collar and an expensive piece of good lace.

She finally chose the piece of real lace. "I can't possibly afford it," she said to her companion, "but I'll charge it, and I guess it'll come out all right. I simply can't bear things unless they are nice."

"I know it, my dear," said the other girl. "You do have such good taste."

Whereat the first girl smiled a smile of evident self-approval and tucked the piece of lace that she could not possibly afford into her muff with an air of complete satisfaction.

She evidently felt a great pride in that taste of hers which wouldn't let her be content with things that were within her income.

And in that feeling she was typical of a large class of people.

I know a woman who all her life has kept her husband in debt because she wouldn't have anything cheap in her home. Her silver must be solid, though his income was decidedy plated; her floors must be hardwood when she should have been content to have them painted. In short, she insisted that everything must be all wool and a yard wide, although her husband's salary was mostly cotton and much nearer eighteen inches than a yard.

She felt that she would degrade herself by admitting anything cheap into her home.

In reality, she would have raised herself, since she would have been doing what every just and square man or woman ought to do—making her tastes conform to her income, no matter how badly it hurt.

I don't deny that to have good taste is a reason for pride. It is good to appreciate the beautiful and the real, and to dislike the cheap and shoddy; and it is good to be able to gratify these tastes.

But it is not good to place these tastes and their gratification above our sense of justice and above our duty to our fellow men. And that is what any man or woman is doing who lives beyond his means.

After all, when you come to think of it, all that we believe is true, these material things that we sell our lives for are nothing but chaff which the wind driveth away. Did you ever look around your living room and see all those things that you've worked so hard to own and collected so painstakingly and suddenly realize how very little they meant? In themselves they are valueless. It is only because we have agreed together to call them valuable that they are so. What are they to be compared with honor and justice and other absolute and eternal things?

Of course it's only once in a while that a corner of the veil lifts like that, but even that brief, occasional vision ought to keep us from completely losing the right sense of values.

SOCIAL NEWS

A large contingent of society folk was at the wharf Saturday afternoon to bid goodby to relatives and friends who sailed on the Mongolia for Honolulu and the orient. Among those who took passage for the Hawaiian islands were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gailliard Smart, who have been visiting for some weeks in this city as the guests of Mrs. Smart's mother, Mrs. Frederick Knight. Miss Virginia Belknap, who was the maid of honor at the marriage of Miss Irene Sabin and John A. Merrill, the fifteenth of last month, is also bound for Honolulu, while Rev. and Mrs. Wade H. Bostwick and Wade Bostwick, who were among the passengers, will go on to Nagasaki. At Honolulu Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Maud and Clinton La Montagne will join the ship and proceed to Manila and the orient on their world tour. The Mauds and La Montagne departed from this city about 10 days ago and expect to be away two years.

* * *

In compliment to her new daughter in law, a bride of a month; and two brides elect Mrs. Nathan H. Frank entertained at an elaborate luncheon in her home in Vallejo street Friday afternoon. The tables were decorated as became the season with spring blossoms and hearts. The guests were bidden to meet the guests of honor, who were Mrs. Irving H. Frank, the former Miss Helen Carmer of Los Angeles; Miss Dorothy Keleher, who recently announced her betrothal to Lieutenant Carroll Armstrong Bagby, U. S. A., and Miss Anna Priber, the fiancee of William S. McKnight.

* * *

Mrs. John Hays Hammond will leave Washington for Florida today to remain several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond have recently been entertaining Mrs. E. H. Harriman of New York and Mrs. D. Frank Medane of South Carolina in their home in the national capital.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum
O'FARRELL bet. STOCKTON & POWELL
POSITIVELY LAST WEEK
Martin Beck Offers
MME. SARAH BERNHARDT
AND HER COMPANY OF TWENTY-FIVE, INCLUDING MONS. LOU TELLEGEN
Matinee Today and Tonight, "Phedre"; Tomorrow Matinee and Night, "Camille"; Wednesday and Saturday Matinees and Nights, "One Christmas Night"; Thursday Matinee and Night, "La Tosca"; Friday Matinee and Night, "Lucrece Borgia."
And a Great Vaudeville Show
JOHN and WINNIE HENNINGS; IGNATIUS CARDOSH; MR. and MRS. JACK McGREEVEY; JOSIE HEATHER; "AND THEY LIVED HAPPY EVER AFTER"; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES; McMAHON, DIAMOND and CLEMENCE.
PRICES FOR THIS ENGAGEMENT ONLY: Evening—Orchestra, $1; Box and Loge, $1.50; Dress Circle, 50c and 75c; Balcony, 25c and 50c; Gallery, 10c.
Matinee—Orchestra, 75c and $1; Box and Loge Seats, $1.50; Dress Circle, 50c and 75c; Balcony, 25c and 50c; Gallery, 10c.
PHONES—DOUGLAS 70, HOME C1570.

AMERICAN
Market and 7th Sts.
Phone Park 3589
TONIGHT, 8:15 P. M.
McKEE RANKIN
MARGARET DREW
And a specially selected company in the Parisian Dramatic Sensation
THE TYPHOON
Prices—Night, 10, 25, 35, 50 cents.
Prices—Matinee, 10, 20, 30 cents.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday, 2:15 o'clock.

EMPRESS
GRADUATES OF VAUDEVILLE
"THE DARLING OF VAUDEVILLE"
Frances Clare
With Her 8 Little Girl Friends and GUY RAWSON
Offering a Picturesque Pastoral Musical Production "JUST KIDS"
"Ringling Brothers' Greatest Stars"
Patty Brothers
EARTH'S MOST WONDERFUL ATHLETES
Greatest Array of Features Ever Seen in S. F.
PRICES 10c, 20c, 30c | S—ACTS—S

LURLINE
BUSH AND LARKIN STREETS
OCEAN WATER BATHS
Swimming and Tub Baths
Salt water direct from the ocean. Open every day and evening, including Sundays and holidays, from 7 a. m. to 10 p. m. Spectators' gallery free.
The Sanitary Baths
Natatorium reserved Tuesday and Friday mornings from 9 o'clock to noon for women only.
"FILTERED OCEAN WATER PLUNGE"
COMFORTABLY HEATED, CONSTANTLY CIRCULATING AND FILTERING
Hot Air Hair Dryers, Electric Curling Irons and Shampoo Room for Women Bathers Free.
BRANCH TUB BATHS, 2161 GEARY ST. NEAR DIVISADERO.

AMUSEMENTS

SEATS NOW ON SALE
GENEE
The World's Greatest Dancer, Assisted by M. Volinin and COMPLETE BALLET.
VALENCIA THEATER BEG. NEXT MONDAY NIGHT
Mon., Wed., Fri. Nights and Sat. Aft.
"LA DANSE," an authentic record of dancing and dances from 1710 to 1845, followed by Sundry Ballet Divertisements.
Tues., Thurs. and Sat. Nights.
"LA CAMARGO," Dramatic Ballet Pantomime and Other Special Features.
Tickets, $2.50, $2, $1.50, $1, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Valencia Theater.

NORDICA Next Sunday Aft. at Columbia Theater
Tickets Wednesday Morning
75c to $2—at Greenbaum Ticket Offices.

CORT LEADING THEATER Ellis & Market Phone—Sutter 960 TONIGHT
THIS WEEK and Next—No SUN. Performances Night and Sat. Mat. Prices—50c to $2.
ENTIRE LOWER FLOOR AT WED. MATS., $1.
BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS
EXTRA—2 Times Only, SUN. MAT. & NIGHT, FEB. 23—RAINEY'S AFRICAN HUNT Pictures

Savoy McAllister Nr. Market. Phone: Market 130.
Chas. H. Muehlman, Manager
LAST WEEK—EVERY NIGHT
Pop Mats., Wed. and Sat.—25c and 50c.

MUTT AND JEFF
The Big Musical Comedy
Prices—25c to $1
COMMENCING NEXT MONDAY NIGHT
KOLB and DILL in "Holty Tolty"

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
Opening March 12, 1913
PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION SALE NOW ON
AT SHERMAN, CLAY & CO., KEARNY AND SUTTER STREETS, OF SEASON TICKETS; ENGAGEMENT
Chicago Grand Opera Co.
Including LUISA TETRAZZINI and MARY GARDEN
MAIL ORDERS FOR SEASON TICKETS RECEIVED AND FILLED NOW. For one or more single performances received now, filled after close of Subscription Sale as near desired location as possible.
Special attention given orders of out of town patrons. Make all checks payable to W. H. LEAHY, Tivoli Opera House, San Francisco.
Full information concerning company, artists, repertory, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

FOREMOST WOMEN WRITERS TO MARCH

"Mrs. Helen H. Gardener," "Owen Kildare" and Miss Mary Johnson Enlist

(Special Dispatch to The Call)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—One of the features of the suffrage parade on March 3 will be the presence among the massed "petition in petticoats" of women writers, famous throughout the world.

These women include "Owen Kildare," otherwise Mrs. Leita Kildare Adams, Mrs. Seldon Day, wife of Colonel Day, U. S. A., known to readers as "Mrs. Helen H. Gardener"; Miss Mary Johnson of Richmond, Va., who wrote "To Have and to Hold" and "John Oliver Hobbes," who among her intimate friends is just Alice Lee Mouque.

And "Owen Kildare" gives us assurance that among the American suffragettes, the pen is deemed far mightier than the sword or the brickbat. Mrs. Adams is indignant at some wild statements of the "antis."

"It is shameful—it is scandalous," she said today, "the things they are saying about the movement and its leaders in this country.

"One anti-suffragette has just declared that the women supporing the movement are socialists.

"Socialists! Just think of that! I wonder if she meant to include Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and other wives of wealthy men who are ardently with us?

ROSALIE'S ARMY GREETED BY MOB

Suffragette Hikers Forced to Run Gauntlet Entering Philadelphia

(Special Dispatch to The Call)

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 16.—"General" Rosalie Jones and her army entered Philadelphia in triumph tonight. The largest crowd the army ever experienced was on hand to meet them.

There was almost a riot at the Camden ferry, when several hundred men and boys tried to break into the thin, tired out line of pilgrims. There were only a few policemen on the job and the jeering, scrambling, pushing mob had the suffragettes at their mercy for many blocks. Mere men have their uses in this world, it was then learned.

The biggest war correspondent stalked protectingly at the general's side. The next biggest grabbed Colonel Craft's banner in one hand and her left elbow in the other. George Bugler, who is as big as two Martha Klatschkens, took the little corporal under his arm and together they charged the mob.

A halt for tea was ordered at the headquarters of the eastern district of the Pennsylvania suffrage organization. There the army, wearily picking up stores and knapsacks, proceeded to Hotel Walton.

The Call's Daily Short Story

MISS ANNE

By A. MARIA CRAWFORD

"Well, Tom Marshall!" exclaimed Carrington Humes, meeting the new arrival on the hotel veranda. "It's good to see you in these old mountains again. It must have been ten years since you were here. Jolly crowd of ours in those days!"

"Yes," said the big fellow, reminiscently, looking for familiar places about the hotel, "and I have never forgotten any one of you."

"Two or three of our old time friends are here with their families. Funny, isn't it, that the very men who courted their sweethearts on the banks of the trout streams around here are now in the same places teaching their sons to fish? But they're angling with different bait these days and looking for a different catch," he laughed. "By the way, old man, Anne Trayner is here, and as pretty as ever."

It was the very news Marshall was hoping to hear.

"Anne Trayner, did you say?" His voice broke a little. He seemed to master himself with an effort. "Who—whom did she marry?"

"Anne? She wouldn't have one of us. Half the men I know have been in love with her. For a long time I thought she was ambitious to go into opera. Her voice is wonderful, but so far she has never attempted to shine behind the footlights." He surveyed the corduroy clad figure before him reflectively. Gossip had maintained that this same splendid specimen of manhood had jilted the much adored Anne. "Ever care for her yourself?" he asked easily.

"Is she stopping at this hotel?" questioned Marshall evasively in return.

"No; oh, no." Carrington Humes held out his hand cordially. "See you again at dinner. I'm busy with a debutante this afternoon."

So Anne Trayner was in the mountains! He wondered how she would greet him, how she would bridge the years that spanned their river of youth. Ten years was a long time to remember, and yet every girlish charm Anne had possessed was stamped on his memory, although he had left her for Polly Neilson and her millions. He had felt an imperative need for money and, boylike, without counting the cost, he had married the little heiress, keeping his father's honor inviolate before his business associates, but sacrificing his own youth and happiness in the effort. Marshall had aged suddenly, but he was not a cad, and his little wife had lived and died believing that her husband's heart was hers, and that business cares had touched his brown hair with gray and set the sad lines about his mouth that no gayety could quite take away.

Interested groups of women watched him leave the hotel, saw him pause and then take the road that led past a number of picturesque bungalows built on the crest of the mountain. He walked rapidly until he came in view of a little gray stone cottage perched like a gentle brooding dove, guarding the peace of the valley below. The spot had been his trysting place back in those years when youth and love made his heart beat high. The two had planned just such a mountain home. Scarlet trumpet blooms on the porch vines swayed like ringing bells in the breeze, ferns lined the gravel walks and sweet, old fashioned primroses grew beside the steps.

"Can you tell me who lives in that little stone house?" Marshall asked a small boy who came swinging down the road.

"Can't you tell without asking? Why, that house just looks like Miss Anne. Everybody says so. My Aunt Kitty told mother that half the men come here just to see Miss Anne."

"Is she pretty?"

"Yes, she looks like an angel. Her best beau came yesterday. Mother thinks they'll get married. Won't those fellows over at the hotel feel bad about it? Why, honest to goodness," confided the small gossip, "they're all crazy about her. My brother Bob thinks she is the loveliest woman in the world. I heard him tell her so last night."

Marshall sat down on a big bowlder and lighted a fresh cigar.

"Who is the man she is going to marry?"

"He writes songs for her to sing, and she can sing, too. You'll hear her soon. She always sings about this time of day. I'm going for the mail. If you wait here, I'll see you again when I come back."

Far over the valley the setting sun burned crimson, tinting the windows in the little stone house the color of the trumpet blooms that rioted over the porch. A trim little maid appeared, and through the open door Marshall saw a blazing three foot log in the old fireplace. It was a picture that his youth conjured up, and his fancy had caught and clung to it until the scene had grown to be his destined goal, elusive as a dream, yet always luring him on. The twilight deepened, and the evening star, radiant as the far famed beacon of Judea, shone over the quiet valley. Lost in dreams, Marshall sat there, and presently, out into the peaceful stillness, came Anne's voice, singing her old appealing love song for him. "I hear you calling me." So he had called her in his heart, ceaselessly through the years. Had she heard? Had she understood?

"I hear you calling me, though years have stretched their weary length between——" Anne's rich voice rang out in mellow sweetness across the mountain.

Lights flashed in the windows of all the houses along the road, but the little stone house remained unlighted save for the glowing hickory logs that made summer of early spring. "I hear you calling me." The words were almost whispered, yet Marshall heard, and getting to his feet, he started toward the singer. As he went up the fern lined pathway, he saw Anne in the doorway, her white dress touched to color by the rosy flames behind her.

"Anne, dear Anne," he said humbly, "I heard your voice and it brought back such a train of tender memories that I feel just like a boy again. The little dream house we planned together came true for you, didn't it?"

"It's very real, Tom. Won't you come in?" She had schooled herself for just such a meeting and had herself well in hand.

She lighted a lamp and so presented the little house, built according to their youthful dreams, for his inspection. His eyes took it all in quickly and then went back to the slender, beautiful woman by the fire whom Time had passed without taking his customary toll of youth.

"I have wanted to see you again, Anne," he began quietly and tensely, "to explain something to you which I hope you will be good enough to hear for my own sake."

"What is it, Tom?" She turned toward him and the firelight caught a little jeweled pin in the laces of her gown. It had been his last gift to her.

"You knew that I loved you and that I married Polly for her money. I acknowledge all that. There were, however, mitigating circumstances that seem to lessen my guilt. I was young and I did not stop to consider that I was wronging three people to save one. My only thought was my duty to protect father."

"Protect your father?" Anne's voice was only a whisper. "How?"

"He became financially involved. I bought his honor at the expense of my own. There is only one thing that is not reprehensible in my part of it. Polly was happy. She lived and died without suspecting why my hair turned gray in a few weeks and why I forgot how to smile. I have heard your voice calling me through every day of those lost years. That was my penalty. I loved you then. I love you now and yet I can not hope even for forgiveness."

"I, too, have paid a penalty, yet perhaps, it was for the best."

"Then you cared, Anne?" he cried brokenly. "If I could only have suffered for both of us!"

"I tried not to think of you, but a robin outside my window warbling a lilting love song, sang of you; the wind sighed your name to me, and every orchard, sweet with May blossoms, was fragrant with memories of you."

"And whenever I saw or heard anything beautiful, I, too, thought of you. When did you forget, Anne?"

A nightingale called plaintively to his mate in the dusk outside.

"I was calling you tonight when you came," she said softly. "I have always known that some day you would come back to me."

And there in the little house of his boyish fancy he came at last to his destined goal that, elusive as a dream, had always led him on—to her.

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AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA
THE LEADING PLAYHOUSE.
Geary and Mason—Phone Franklin 150.
LAST SEVEN NIGHTS—2 MATINEES.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
The Year's Triumph—Franz Lehar's Operetta,
GYPSY LOVE
NEXT WEEK ONLY—6 Nights, 2 Matinees,
Wm. H. CRANE
In His Latest Comedy Success,
"THE SENATOR KEEPS HOUSE."
SEATS THURSDAY—Evgs. and Sat. Mat., $2 to 25c. Wednesday Matinee, 25c to $1.50.

ALCAZAR O'Farrell nr. Powell Phone Kearny 2 Home Phone C4455
STARTING TONIGHT—THIS WEEK ONLY
MAT. THURSDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY
EVELYN VAUGHAN AND BERT LYTELL
Leading the ALCAZAR CO. in
"The Third Degree"
Charles Klein's Strongest Play.
PRICES—Night, 25c to $1; Mat., 25c to 50c.
NEXT—Miss Vaughan and Mr. Lytell in
"SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS"
David Belasco's Beautiful Costume Play.

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE
Market Street Opposite Mason.
LITTLE HIP The Tiniest Baby Elephant in the World and NAPOLEON The Man Ape
DAISY HARCOURT Magnetic English Comedienne
CALL MOTION PICTURES, "Heart of San Francisco."
Mat. Daily at 2:30. Nights at 7:15-9:15.
SUN. AND HOLIDAYS Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.

NOTES NEWS BOOK REVIEWS COMMENT

By PORTER GARNETT

READ 'BUNKER BEAN' AND LAUGH ALOUD

Harry Leon Wilson's Story of an Egregious Young American Is Alert, Ingenious and Amusing.

"Bunker Bean" is beyond all whooping. It is more than a story; it is a topic of conversation. You have to be very quick indeed these days if you wish to ask any one whether he or she has read "Bunker Bean." He or she usually asks you first. There are signs, too, that in book form Bunker Bean is insinuating his amiable presence into sacred precincts of culture whither the weekly serial never penetrates.

It would be an impertinence if it were not an impossibility to describe or to outline the plot. The story is an orgy of "live wire" Americanism, filled with the atmosphere as well as the substance of humor. It stands in the same relation to New York life that "The Principal Girl," by J. B. Snaith, stands to the life of London. And just as Mr. Snaith can do and has done better things than "The Principal Girl," so Mr. Wilson can do better things than "Bunker Bean." In support of this statement it may be pointed out that the part of the present story, which will be considered by many the poorest because it is the least alert and extravagant, is, from one point of view, the best. This is the part that deals with the youth of Mr. Wilson's remarkable hero. There is to be noted here a method of presentation, combining workmanship with atmosphere, for which one may look in vain in many serious biographical novels. The rest of the story—the part that makes you laugh aloud—shows workmanship, too, but the thing we laugh at is extravaganza and not art. There is art in it to be sure. It is the author's subtle art that makes "Bunker Bean" so far superior to stories of the same general type by writers without Mr. Wilson's perception or skill. It is only necessary to note the precision with which he drops a phrase into the current of his text, producing an effect similar to that produced by a completed harmony in music. But now that Mr. Wilson has made a center shot on the target of popular taste he will probably go on producing "Bunker Beans" at the rate of one a year (one can almost hear the publishers clamoring for more) and he will have no time to devote himself to more serious work.

In "Bunker Bean" he has adroitly synthesized the dominant interests of modern American life. Thus we have finance, baseball, woman's suffrage, Christian Science, spiritualism, class antagonism, the untrammeled American girl and the alert American man. Mr. Wilson has woven these elements with extraordinary dexterity into a rapidly moving story and has, for the moment at least, achieved what the public wants. The recording of that fact should be the principal if not the only purpose of a review which in the case of such a book as "Bunker Bean" seems to be utterly unnecessary. (Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.25.)

MACKAYE'S POETRY

Elegy on William Vaughn Moody, a Real Contribution to the Poetry of Our Period

Percy MacKaye's "Uriel" is a great poem. In making this statement the full import of the adjective employed is borne in mind. It is usually enough to say of the best contemporary poetry that it is "distinguished." "Uriel" which gives title to a recently published collection of Mr. MacKaye's poems, has qualities that raise it definitely out of mere excellence into the catagory of works the beauty and fitness of which partake of the absolute. When "Uriel" was originally published in the North American Review two things happened. American poetry received a contribution such as it has received only at rare intervals, and Mr. MacKaye decisively established his right to be placed in the foremost rank of living poets.

"Uriel" is an elegy on the late William Vaughn Moody, than whom none has a clearer claim to recognition as the master poet of a nation. The poem should address itself to the interest of all lovers of poetry because it celebrates the passing of a great singer, because it has nobility and beauty, and because it is the only elegy of consequence written by one of the present generation of English poets. In it the high traditions of the English elegy are revived.

One might contend that the burden of proof rests with those who would deny that "Uriel" is a great poem. It may be said that this poem calls attention to itself as a communion with the muse in one of her proudest and shyest moods. In reading it one feels the poet's reverence for the poet, the friend's love for the friend, the artist's respect for his art. One sees in it an intense feeling held in check by the desire of beauty and a sense of the dignity of the spirit.

Its beauty of image and epithet is singularly pure. The poem is nowhere marred by feebleness, by over emphasis, by affectation, or by excess of effort. The result is an integrity of tone maintained upon a level of high and effortless beauty.

It is interesting to note in this connection with what art the poet breaks the mood of spiritual contemplation and permits his memory to draw from the data of life without disturbing the poem's integrity of structure, a swift impression of the man as he lived.

"Uriel" shows Mr. MacKaye bringing to perfection that modernity of manner which he has expressed with such consistency, discretion and individuality in his earlier poems. But although he employs the gesture of modernity, he is never guilty of its excesses. No other contemporary poet has extended the poetic vocabulary with more sanity and judgment; none has, while freeing himself from the shackles of classical prosody, exhibited greater mastery in obtaining effects by means of altered rhythm and stress.

All the poems in the volume are commemorative in purpose, and there is something about their impersonal, objective and interpretive character that gives to the collection an interest such as few books of poetry possess. The unusual interest of the volume will be instantly recognized by whosoever looks into it. There is much art and much beauty in these poems, and when the occasion demands, as in "The Bard of Bouillabaisse" (written for the centenary of the birth of Thackeray), there is much cleverness.

"The Sibyl," addressed to Edward Gordon Craig upon the publication of his volume, "Upon the Art of the Theater," is a perspicuous and exquisitely wrought tribute to a man revered by artists and reviled by the rabble. Mr. MacKaye expresses this artfully and incisively in the following lines:

Then the sated ones and blinded,
And the timid, callous minded,
Clutch the children's sleeves and stare,
Crying: "What behold you there?
There is nothing!" But the lover
And the young of soul, his friend,
And the artist follow after
The children in their laughter,
And the daring half discover
And the happy comprehend.

"In the Bohemian Redwoods" is a lyric expanded from the form in which it originally appeared in a little paper published in the Bohemian club's grove during the encampment of 1910. The dating of this poem at "San Rio" (evidently a mistake for Monte Rio) would seem to indicate that the author of "Sappho and Phaon" is innocent of information regarding the vicinity.

Published by Houghton-Mifflin company. Price, $1.

KATHLEEN NORRIS DEPICTS CALIFORNIA

Clever Short Stories That First Made Native Author's Reputation Appear in Book Form

A majority of the tales in "Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby and Other Stories," by Kathleen Norris have San Francisco and other places in California for their settings. In these the suggestion of local color and local atmosphere is intimately suggested, particularly (for the reviewer) in "Miss Mix, Kidnaper," which introduces a fictitious city editor of The Call telephoning instructions to the composing room about a "front page story."

Mrs. Norris' stories are uniformly optimistic in tone. Some of them show a strain of discreetly managed pathos, while others are frankly cheerful and still others frankly humorous. The tale already mentioned falls in the last category as do "S Is for Shiftless Susanna," "Making Allowances for Mamma" and several others. It would be a difficult reader, indeed, who would not be moved to mirth by Susanna's mishaps or by the most amazing of mothers in law for which allowances must be made.

The frankly humorous stories are on the whole the best in the collection. Those into which pathos and sentiment enter show a resolute wrench at the verities for the sake of a happy ending. "The Tide Marsh" is a typical example. But the ultimate happiness of Mrs. Norris' stories serves a purpose, the purpose of supplying the demand for cheerfulness in fiction. Mrs. Norris knows that while some people may like their coffee without sugar there are others who always put sugar in their chocolate. Life as she presents it is like chocolate, to which she adds a little sugar in order that she may be sure it is sweet enough. Her stories are neither meat nor medicine. They are beverages. They will delight every one who has a sweet tooth, which is equivalent to saying that they will delight a great many.

"Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby" is the story of a wife, impatient in affluence, but faithful in adversity. The theme is similar to that of Washington Irving's "The Wife." The treatment is interestingly different. Mrs. Norris' story is a good example of present day magazine fiction, but it is difficult to imagine Irving's prose idyl "getting by" the third assistant reader for a popular monthly.

"Bridging the Years" preaches the gospel of content and gives a glimpse of one of San Francisco's charming old hillside houses. "What Happened to Alanna," "The Friendship of Alanna" and "The Last Carolan" are three of the tales in which Mrs. Norris deals delightfully with children. Her touch on the human note is sure, her plots have invention, her method adroitness. It is her humor and optimism, however, that make these stories worth while.

Published by the Macmillan company. Price, $1.30.

NEW DAVIESS STORY

"Andrew the Glad" Has Qualities That Made "The Melting of Molly" a Success

There is nothing in the slightest degree unpleasant from the beginning to the end of "Andrew the Glad," the latest story by Maria Thompson Daviess, who set a standard of agreeable story writing with her earlier novel, "The Melting of Molly."

The setting of this new story, which, like its predecessor, has a way of insinuating itself into one's sympathies, is in the south of the present day. It contains traces, however, of the older traditions, and the plot is made to turn upon certain events of the past as they affect the lives of persons living in the present.

Caroline Darrah Brown is a genuinely charming young person. We meet her when, after having been brought up abroad, having lost her parents and having inherited a fortune, she appears in the southern city where her father and mother were married. She is taken into the home and into the affections of Major and Mrs. Buchanan, who were her mother's friends. Toward Caroline's father, however, there is a different feeling in the community. Peters Brown has been one of the so called "carpetbaggers" who made fortunes in the south after the war by acquiring property at ridiculously low prices from the impoverished southerners. It is Caroline's purpose to make such restitution as she can by spending Peters Brown's money for public works in the community from which it had been shrewdly extracted. There is in the Buchanan circle a young engineer, Andrew Servier, who is also a playwright and something of a poet. That he should fall in love with Caroline and she with him is inevitable, but there is that in the background of their lives which it seems must keep them apart. Andrew's father had died a suicide after having been ruined by Peters Brown.

The central interest of the story lies in the romance of Caroline and Andrew, which we see thus threatened by circumstances, but surrounding it are many related incidents that go to the making of a pleasantly varied plot. There is the siege of Phoebe Donaldson's heart by Andrew's friend, David Kildare; there is David's candidacy for the judgeship which affords the author an opportunity to present the many interesting aspects of a factional fight; and there is a possum hunt.

Mrs. Daviess has the narrative faculty and considerable humor. The conversation of her characters, however, is not always natural; it is too often obviously manufactured. One of the chief difficulties is that she rarely permits one person to speak to another without addressing him or her by name.

Published by the Bobbs-Merrill company. Price, $1.30.

SHORTER REVIEWS

VARIETY AND HUMOR

The intention of J. E. Buckrose's novel, "The Brown's," is to amuse. The story is builded around the lives of a mother and daughter who live in a small town in Yorkshire, whence they finally venture to London and to the continent, taking with them their provincial ignorance of the ways of the world. The author conducts them through an endless variety of social adventures in which they display a naive aptitude for making amusing blunders. He extracts a quiet and consistent humor from the situations in which he places his characters and threads them through with a plot which deals with a family inheritance and a double romance. (George H. Doran Co.; $1.25.)

"POETRY"

"Poetry: A Magazine of Verse," the little periodical which was started in Chicago a short time ago, devoted exclusively to the publication of poetry, is upholding a high standard of excellence. Two California poets, George Sterling and Clark Ashton Smith, were represented in the December number. The January number contains a poem by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay entitled "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven," which is one of the most remarkable poems that have appeared in America in a long time. The February number of "Poetry" is devoted to the work of Arthur Davison Ficke and Witter Bynner.

* * *

"Madison Hood," by Hamilton Drane, is the story of a young pioneer in the Missouri river country whose unconventional religious views are imposed upon the narrative throughout. Hood is a rough diamond, a lawyer, and makes himself a power in the community in which he lives. The villain of the tale is a Methodist minister, who is Hood's rival for the hand of Lucy Thornton. When it transpires that the minister is already provided with a wife Hood magnanimously takes his part. (Hamming Publishing company; $1.25.)

* * *

"A Blot on the Escutcheon," by May Wynne, is a story of adventure in England and France at the time of the French revolution. The hero of the romance is a young Englishman, whose family has been disgraced. The family of his sweetheart is also threatened with dishonor, but the blot on the escutcheon is finally removed and the story ends happily. (R. F. Fenno & Co.; $1.25.)

* * *

"Which One?" by Robert Ames Bennet. The author of this story has made skillful use of the interesting phenomena of plural personality with which we have been made acquainted through the investigations of Dr. Morton Prince, to whom Mr. Bennet dedicates his story. "Which One?" has originality, fancy and humor. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

* * *

"The Two Gods," by Walter S. Cramp, a romance of the Saracens in Spain. The hero, Beltran, a student at the University of Cordova, attains happiness by forsaking Christianity for the faith of his fathers. The story is largely a discussion of the two religions. (Richard G. Badger; $1.25.)

* * *

"Sara," by Frances Stocker Hopkins, is a picture of Pennsylvania country life in the first decade of the nineteenth century. In this setting the romance of Sara Vanderpoel and her English lover is told with humor and address. (Neale Publishing company; $1.25.)

* * *

"The People's Books," a library of monographs by distinguished writers, aim to bring the results of modern knowledge within the reach of all. One of the chief merits of the series, in which about 100 titles have thus far been issued, is the promptness with which it fills the need of inexpensive handbooks on such subjects of live interest as "syndicalism, and suffrage, and on the contributions to philosophy of such men as Bergson and Euken. "The People's Books" are published in America by the Dodge Publishing company and the price per volume is 20 cents.

* * *

"Essays and Addresses," by Roger A. Pryor reflect the intellectual activities of an eventful life. The author was in turn United States minister to Greece, member of congress and of the Confederate States congress, brigadier-general C. S. A. and finally justice of the supreme conrt of New York. These political addresses and arguments in famous law suits form an interesting contemporary exposition of significant historical events. Neale Publishing company: $1.50.

PUBLISHERS' CORNER

Admiral A. T. Mahan, whose latest book, "Arguments and Arbitration," (Harpers) was published shortly before he sailed for abroad, believes that one of the effects of the opening of the Panama canal will be to put an end to the dread of Asiatic immigration on the Pacific coast. It will then be possible, he notes, to carry shiploads of European immigrants direct to Pacific ports without the tiresome and expensive rail journey across the continent. Thus, he says, "the ground will be filled up—the only perfectly sound provision for the future."

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Among the new editions announced by the Macmillan company are John Masefield's "The Everlasting Mercy and the Widow in the Bye Street," Albert Edwards' "Panama" in the new Travel series, R. C. Punnett's "Mendelish," Dr. Henry H. Goddard's "The Kallikak Family," Alva Agee's "Crops and Methods for Soil Improvement," Henri Bergson's "Laughter" translated by Cloudesley Brereton and Fred Rothwell, W. B. Munro's "The Government of American Cities," and Dr. Ernest Richard's "History of German Civilization."

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"Advertising as a Business Force," by Prof. Paul Terry Cherington of the school of business administration of Harvard university (Doubleday, Page & Co.), has been taken up and used in a course of study by the 10,000 members of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America.

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"Lanagan: Amateur Detective," is promised by Sturgis & Walton for March publication. Lanagan is a San Francisco police reporter whose genius for running down murderers and other criminals made him the envy and despair of the professional detectives. The author is E. H. Hurlbut, a well known newspaper man of this city.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Curious Bits of History," by A. W. Macy (The Cosmopolitan Press, New York). "The Children of the Meadows," by Mittie Owen McDavid (Cosmopolitan Press, New York). "Poems," by Campbell Mason (The Cosmopolitan Press, New York). "Social Welfare in New Zealand," by Hugh H. Lusk (Sturgis Walton & Co., New York). "Heroines in Modern Progress," by Elmer Adams and Warren Foster (Sturgis Walton & Co., New York). "The House of Shame," by Charles Felton Pidgin (The Cosmopolitan Press, New York). "The Stock Exchange From Within," by Will Van Antwerp (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York). "The Night Riders," by Ridgwell Cullum (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia). "The Inn of Tranquillity," by John Galsworthy (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York). "Elementary Jane," by Richard Pryce (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York). "Woman's Share in Social Culture," by Anna Garlin Spencer (Mitchell Kennerley Co., New York). "Mighty Animals," by Jennie Irene Mix (American Book company, New York). "Seven Keys to Baldpate," by Earl Deer Biggers (Bobbs, Merrill company, Indianapolis). "Child of Storm," by H. Rider Haggard (Longmans, Green & Co., New York). "The Maiden Manifest," by Delia Campbell MacLeod (Little, Brown & Co., Boston). "On Board the Baltic," by Anna Chapin Ray (Little, Brown & Co., Boston). "The Days of Days," by Louis Joseph Vance (Little, Brown & Co., Boston). "The Governments of Europe," by Frederick Austin Ogg (Macmillan company, New York). "Latin Subordinate Clause Syntax," by M. A. Leiper (American Book company, New York). "Time and the Woman," by Richard Pryce (R. F. Fenno company, New York).