



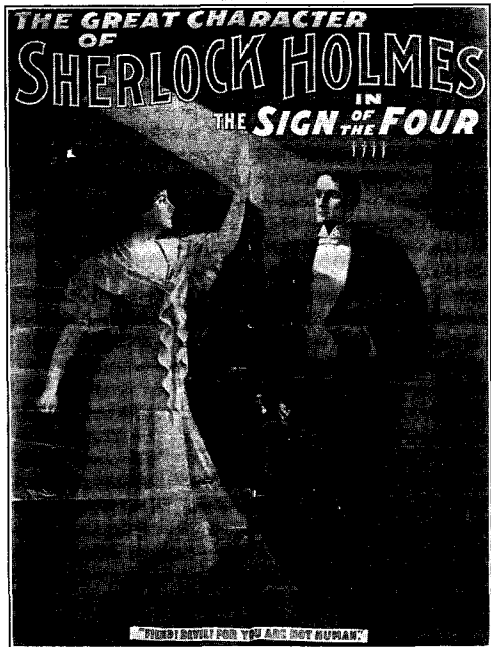
UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. HULBERT FOOTNER, AUTHOR OF "TWO ON THE TRAIL"

he stumbled upon "Z. Marcas," the name he needed for the particular character in his projected novel. About the political merits of the controversy between Magistrate Corri-gan and Mayor Gaynor in the City of New York, we naturally have nothing to say. But we wish to call attention to certain very extraordinary names which have been mentioned in connection with the affair. There were "Kid Twist" and "Bennie Slyfox." But above all there was a certain alleged crook by the name of "Yeddo November." Could anything be more splendidly sinister? Can a name to surpass it be found in all the pages of Harrison Ainsworth and Eugène Sue?

We have received some letters calling our attention to the frontispiece of the *Strand Magazine* for April, which purports to be a review of Sherlock Holmes. It represents certain episodes in "The Second Stain," "The Speckled Band," "The Solitary Cyclist," "The Dancing Men," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Reigate Puzzle," "The Red-Headed League," "The Boscombe Valley Mystery," "The Norwood Builder," "The Abbey Grange," "The Final Problem" and "The Bruce Partington Plans." Where, and when, ask these letters, did "The Bruce Partington Plans" appear? We are very strongly of the opinion that this story never appeared at all: The only tale involving Sherlock Holmes which was not presented to the American reading public

was the "Adventure of the Card Board Box," which belonged to the very earliest series. Dr. Doyle did not wish it included in *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* and, after all, it was a yarn of very inferior quality. By the way, we wonder how many of our readers who have admired the acting of Mr. Gillette in his dramatisation of Sherlock Holmes or have been mildly thrilled by the more recent stage presentation of *The Speckled Band* recall the fact that *The Sign of the Four* was once dramatised by a Philadelphian, and had a brief run in the American theatres. We reproduce a poster designed to exploit that play.

When it is a matter of a character so widely known as Sherlock Holmes, and an author so conspicuous as Conan Doyle, it is a comparatively easy matter to say whether or not such a story has appeared, and whether it is the work of the author to whom it is ascribed. There are cases, however, which present far greater difficulties. Last month the writer of the article in *THE BOOKMAN* on "The Best Translations" was recalling Professor Brander Matthews's story about H. C. Bunner's adaptation of certain stories by Guy de Maupassant under the title *Made*





MADAME MAURICE MAETERLINCK (GEORGETTE LEBLANC)

in France. In a spirit of tricky humour that Maupassant would have appreciated, the most French of all these ten tales "with a United States twist" was not derived from the French, but was Bunner's own invention—a fact no reviewer of the volume ever knew enough to find out. Now this is supposed to be very crushing. As a matter of fact it is not fair criticism of the critics. Maupassant's literary work was essentially disordered. After his death a number of tales by him were gathered from various obscure sources and some of them were incorporated in the volume *Le Père Milon*. Professor Matthews unquestionably has a very profound knowledge of the works of Guy de Maupassant, but we think that there are conditions under which he might find himself more than a little puzzled. We wonder if he has ever heard of a certain tale entitled "Notre Ami Rappel."

About the events leading up to the death of Guy de Maupassant in 1893, there has always been a curious mystery. He died in the madhouse of Dr. Blanche to which he

The Mystery was taken after two attempts upon his own life. But why were these attempts made? What made him change his plans and break the promise to his mother that he would spend Christmas Eve with her at Nice? He did not go to Nice, but to the Isles Sainte-Marguerite with two ladies, one of whom had played a considerable part in his life and is understood to have been the original of Madame de Burne of Notre Cœur. Something happened on that journey—something weird and horrible—but what it was no one seems to know. It was the definite beginning of the man's mental and physical débâcle. A week later at Cannes he made the two attempts at suicide.

A new book about de Maupassant has appeared. It was written by François Tassart, who from 1883 to 1893 was the writer's valet. Of the mysterious attempts at suicide he tells us that two o'clock one morning he was awakened by a noise. De Maupassant stood before him; his neck was covered with blood. "I have cut my throat, François," he said.

"It is a clear case of madness." The servant called for help, and aided by one of the sailors of the *Bel-Ami*, staunch the bleeding as best he could, till the arrival of a physician. While the doctor took stitches in the wound the patient remained perfectly calm and silent. Stretching out his hand to François and the sailor, he asked their pardon for the trouble he had caused them. After that it was a clear case of madness. Once he woke his valet in the middle of the night. "War is declared!" he cried. "We must depart!" He imagined that Germany and France were fighting again.

François, despite his humble social position, had some decided literary opinions. He did not quite approve of the novels of M. Emile Zola. As he told De Maupassant, he considered that the author of the Rougon-Macquart was entirely too hard on servants. "I have been a servant twenty-five years, Monsieur," he said, "yet I have never heard anything even resembling what Monsieur Zola puts into the mouths of his characters. It is not right that he should fall afoul of poor creatures with no means of defending themselves." De Maupassant smiled at his vehemence. "Believe me, François, that Zola did not wish to attack those good girls of whom you speak so well," he remarked. "He simply wished to show the defective side of that class of society. He wrote very well about it, but, as is always the case with him, he sought sensationalism for the sake of big sales. If he had written about the good side of servants, as you suggest, he would have made no money. Writing as he does, however, all those with unhealthy appetites hurl themselves at his books, and money, which is all he desires, pours in on him. His method is wrong, I think. An artist, if he would really give his measure, must think of nothing but his masterpiece and be absolutely disinterested."

Fort Comme la Mort was a huge success, despite the ending, against which the author's mother argued resolutely. "My master is very happy about it," writes François. "He feels sure that it will sell well on the railroad station book stalls."