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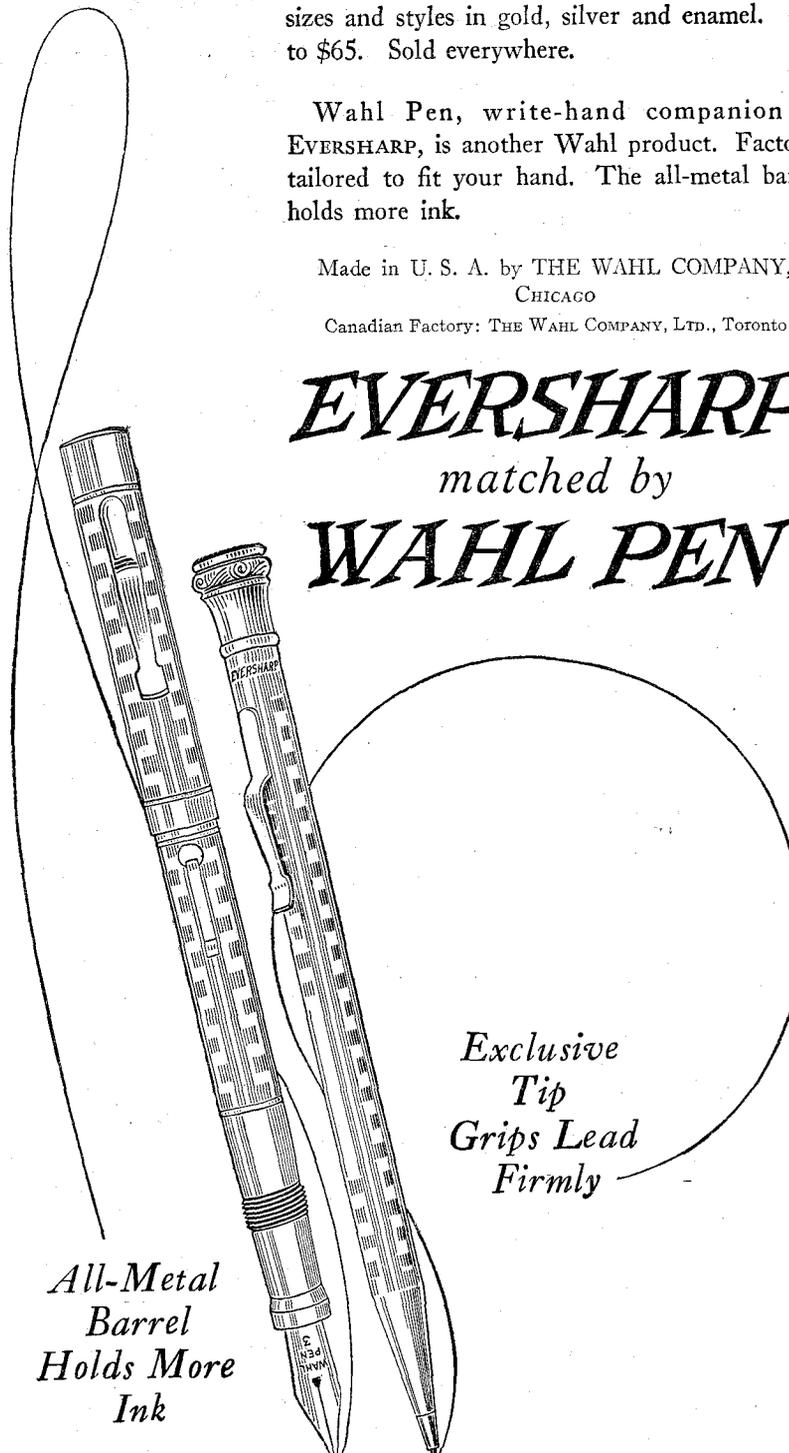
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# EVERSHARP matched by WAHL PEN



All-Metal  
Barrel  
Holds More  
Ink

Exclusive  
Tip  
Grips Lead  
Firmly

### REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

Continued

a little thing under six. She had never been allowed to play with any children, for the nurse who had the care of her was of no mind to have her charge snubbed by the other nurses, and affairs did leak out. The lonely child took her walk, played solemnly by herself, and returned to the dingy nursery day after day. And then came the meeting with the happy, handsome boy, whose life had been a free and lovely thing under the care of a mother who adored him. The children loved each other, and for Robin it was the first entry of love into her life. When the boy was snatched away to his Scottish home without being allowed a good-by, both children suffered, and little Robin was seriously ill of it. The one bit of color and comradeship and gentleness and interest was gone—the quickly waking emotional side of her nature was suddenly made barren again.

It is in the London of some twenty or twenty-odd years before the War that the story opens, and it is that ordered, rich and useless part of the world's metropolis known as Smart London that makes the particular background. The next half of the book evidently plunges us into the London of the War and possibly into other places.

#### THE MISSING ACTOR

BASSETT OLIVER, the well-known actor, was missing. He had closed his engagement at Northborough on Saturday night and was to open at Norcaster, a neighboring town, on the following Monday evening. He left the hotel at Northborough at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, had taken a ticket for Scarhaven, a little village on the coast reached by a branch line, and that was the last heard of him. His failure to turn up at Norcaster for a rehearsal on Monday morning started an inquiry which elicited these facts, and consternation reigned in the company, where he was much liked. This is the agreeably thrilling opening of Mr. J. S. Fletcher's "Scarhaven Keep" (Knopf, \$2.00), one of the best of his many good mystery stories.

A search party is organized, consisting of Stafford, the business manager; Rothwell, the stage-manager, and Copplestone, the author of the play in which Oliver was booked to appear, and their quest leads them at once to Scarhaven, a picturesque little fishing-village, dominated by a fine old house on the cliff called Scarhaven Keep, on account of the ruins of the old tower in its grounds. Copplestone learns that this estate belongs to Marston Greyle, who succeeded rather unexpectedly to the estate on the death of his uncle, and came to take possession from America, whither his father had emigrated some years before. He is not altogether English in his ways and is consequently regarded with some suspicion by the villagers. Copplestone, who takes the lead in the investigation, learns that Oliver has been seen in Scarhaven, that, on learning the name of the owner of Scarhaven Keep, he remembered having met him in America and, announcing his attention of calling on him, had entered the grounds of the Keep and had not been seen since.

The next incident throwing any light on the subject is Copplestone's interview

with a poacher who says he saw Oliver enter the ruins (he himself was hiding in the wood near by), and declares that he saw Squire Greyle follow him and come out alone some ten minutes later. This looks bad for the Squire, but on that same evening Copplestone is summoned to the Keep, for the body of Oliver has been found on the ground inside the tower—he had evidently fallen from the top, for the vines and brambles were broken where the body had plunged through. Then the question arises as to whether the death is accidental or not, and the search for the truth discloses so much in the way of plot that the reader is bewildered. Greyle suddenly disappears, and it is learned that he has drawn from the bank all the money that he had there, and has also offered the estate, which is not entailed, for sale. Then there is Chatfield, the estate agent, a most unpleasant person, who seems to have some hold over Greyle; there is his daughter Addie, a handsome successful actress; there is pretty Audrey Greyle, the girl who would succeed to the property if Marston died, and a number of lesser characters, all of whom have a share in the final clearing up. There is plenty of incident, both by sea and land, and the book may be heartily recommended as a thoroughly interesting and absorbing story. The discovery of the mystery hangs upon one of those chance happenings, big with results, that are so frequent in real life.

#### SPRIGHTLY TALES OF TERRORISM AND SCIENCE

**L**URED into The Villa of the Peacock (Richard Dehan, Doran Co., \$1.90) by a token he has given to a beautiful girl whose life he had saved in a railroad accident in France, King Aldobrando II of Donda is suddenly confronted by his double, Don Enrique Zabalza, pistol in hand. The King resigns himself to die—yet through a caprice of the girl, and the ineptitude of Don Enrique, he walks unharmed from the villa, while his double perishes by the poisoned darts of the ambushed Terrorists.

Don Enrique was born wealthy, but of plebeian origin, and both he and his family paraded his resemblance to the King, accentuating it by copying the royal dress and mannerisms. As long as the King was young, he took advantage of the presence of his vulgar counterpart to mask his youthful escapes, but when he married, Don Enrique was banished to France. There, too, he aped royalty, and in jest the King had him created a nobleman, but, since he was the son of a sardine merchant, gave him for a coat of arms three sardines, argent, and a can-opener, gules. This insult Don Enrique swears to wash out in blood, and joins the Terrorists.

He agrees to undertake the assassination of Aldobrando, and returns to Donda accompanied by a girl whose Terrorism is as fervent as her beauty. She is infatuated with the unknown man who rescued her from a burning railroad coach, and believes it was Don Enrique, until she notices that he has blundered and marked himself with the rescuer's distinguishing scar upon the left arm instead of upon the right. From this she argues him a person of no capacity, and the plan for assassinating the King proves her right. Don Enrique proposes to lure the King to his old home, frighten him by flourishing a revolver, and then suddenly relent and allow him to go free after he has exchanged clothes with the conspirator. But the man who leaves



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