



**AMONG MAKERS**

in architecture if applied as they were by the Greeks; as a sequence to the application of the almost universally neglected principles of perspective. The latter part of the book is a study of the physical and physiological effects of color, showing in what sense their influence upon one another and upon the eye accords with the principles underlying harmony wherever manifested. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

A fascinating book for the little ones is "The Wonderful Story of Jane and John," by Gertrude Smith, the author of the Arabella and Araminta stories. Besides the stories, there are many delightful pictures, and the book is a gem. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

Hamlin Garland's "Prairie Folks" is a complete volume to "Main Traveled Roads." The stories were written at the same time, but "Prairie Folks" refers a little more distinctly to prairie people and presents a larger number of younger and more humorous types. It complements

**EARLY DAYS IN THE NAVY**

Waldron K. Post's latest historical novel—various other publications of current interest.

Waldron K. Post's new book, "Smith Brun, United States Navy," is a historical novel dealing with the early days of the United States navy. The brilliant but ill-fated Lawrence is a prominent character. Most of his contemporaries figure more or less in the book, and the mystery of the coolly desperate Somers and his crew is explained in a most interesting way. While endeavoring to preserve the spirit and traditions of the old navy, the author has also tried to bring out strongly the sublime side of war, particularly as it was between kindred peoples. The story follows the adventures of a young lieutenant and a little midshipman. The opening and closing scenes are laid in and about the Great South Bay, and some of the principal characters hail from amphibious, sporting Long Island. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

"Nature Pictures by American Poets," which Annie Russell Marble has selected and edited, is a collection of scenes and songs of nature designed to give aesthetic pleasure to the student of nature. At the same time to foster acquaintance with the best American poets. By courtesy of authors and publishers, the editor has been able to include in this volume not only selections from our earlier poets of rank, but also lyrics and sonnets by such contemporary poets as Aldrich, Gilmer, Steadman, Scudder, Sherman, Cheney, Riley, Doan, Rowley, Catlin, Tabb, Lloyd, Mifflin, Mrs. Deland, Miss Guiney and others. An introduction traces the gradual interest in nature during colonial and revolutionary decades, and the pleasure to students of nature, and the poems are classified as landscape, sea, streams and tides, birds' notes, flower songs, and other nature poems. Each division, and the volume is supplied with a detailed bibliographical index. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

"The Ship of Stars," by A. T. Quiller-Couch, is a love story of the Cornwall coast, full of beautiful and tender color—the sea, old houses, old families, quaint characters, and strange, stirring happenings with a bit of Oxford life. Beginning with the hero's odd boy-life, with its dreams and adventures, and in the sweetness, the latter chapters rise to a high key of adventure and action. A Cornish squire as self-willed and untamed as Ruby or Bony or Silcott of Silcott, his daughter, his friend, and the son whom the squire is to marry, are grouped in contrast with a very noble person, who counts all works glorious when done in his Master's name; his humbly, womanly wife, and their son, a dreamer, in whom the father's spirit does not fairly awake until manhood. The boy loves the squire's daughter, but she marries as arranged, and leaves the boy to rather self-reliant strength from good and evil happening, until his character is the answer to his father's prayer, "Lord, make me as towers." (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

What Charles M. Pepper has to say concerning "Tomorrow in Cuba" is the result of a prolonged sojourn in the island before and during the American occupation. One of the first warnings Mr. Pepper gives runs to the effect that the mere fact that the people once choose to meet among the natives of Cuba while one is there for a short visit, are all in favor of annexation is not to be taken as settling the question. After talking to all classes of the Cuban people and using his best judgment, Mr. Pepper is of the opinion that the overwhelming majority of the Cuban people are in favor of self-government without American suzerainty or other interference. He believes they have the political sense pretty well developed, and that practice will carry them still further towards solving the problems of their own nationality. These comparatively few persons who do look for annexation are all convinced in their own minds that this means nothing more or less than statehood, with all that the word signifies to an American. So far local self-government is concerned, they know nothing of the territories, and would not consent to absorption on any such terms if it were proposed. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

Under the title of "San Isidro" Mrs. Schuyler Crownsfield has written a fascinating Southern romance. San Isidro, a Mexican ranch, is the home of Don Beltran and of Agueda, his beautiful niece. He wins her heart and then permits his own to be won by his cousin, Felice, a scheming and domineering young person, and when a flood comes Agueda dies to save her life. "Which is just what a girl would do." (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

In "Spanish Peggy, a Story of Young Illinois," Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood has shown the civilization of a small town in the '40s, with a fidelity which does not lessen the freedom and charm of its plot. Her life, as she inclines to think of it, Abraham Lincoln as surrounded by ignorance and vulgarity in his young manhood, but this little book indicates that, after all, there was something in his environment which made the dignity of his character possible. It is a very charming little love story that Mrs. Catherwood has woven around the figure of the crippled Peggy, and she makes her stand out as a real and captivating personality. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

lected and arranged by Alice M. Folker. (Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco.)

Harper & Bros. have published a biographical edition of James Lane Allen's "Fute and Violin, and Other Kentucky Tales and Romances." Besides the title story, the collection contains: "King Solomon of Kentucky," "The White Cow," "Sister Dolores" and the "Posthumous Fame."

"The White Terror" is the title of the new romance by Felix Gras, author of "The Reds of the Mid." In "The White Terror," M. Gras paints with singular vividness the strange conditions offered in the "Mid" after the more familiar events of the French Revolution, in Paris. He shows the alternating triumphs and reverses of whites and reds and the lengthening of the shadow cast by Napoleon while throughout all these stormy and adventurous scenes there passes the appealing figure of Adeline, daughter of a murdered royalist. The story of Adeline's protection by humble friends from factional hate and from the murderous Calisto forms a romance extraordinary in its sympathetic quality and dramatic power. Her story and the tale of her friend Pascal's adventures in the Napoleonic wars make a romance which throbs with life. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The Doxey Book Company, of San Francisco, has issued an illustrated edition of Rudyard Kipling's poem, "Mandalay." The illustrations are by Robert Edgren, of San Francisco. "Mandalay" is the first of a new series, to be entitled "The Lark Edition."

The Becky Sharp edition of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" is meeting with the ready demand which the publishers, Harper & Bros., anticipated for it. A first large edition was exhausted before the day of publication arrived, and a second lay-



"And he shall be your master."—Fugitive Diableret.

ger edition was put on press immediately. "Vanity Fair" is a universal favorite, and the 48 illustrations, taken from the scenes and characters of Mrs. Fiske's successful production of "Becky Sharp," which embellish this edition, are not included merely for pictorial effect, but really give the first adequately illustrated edition of Thackeray's great masterpiece which we have yet had.

Harper & Bros. have published a new illustrated edition of "The Sowers," Henry Seton Merriman's dramatic story of Russian life, in which love, conspiracy and intrigue all play their parts.

**Books Received.**

From the Herald-Democrat, Leadville, Colo., "A Modern Hercules," by Melvin G. Winston.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston—"Ideal Suggestion Through Mental Photography," by Henry Wood.

From the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York—"When Shiloh Came," by Ambrose Lester Jackson.

From Alexander & Co., Chicago—"Peck's Uncle Ike and the Red Bearded Boy," by George W. Peck.

From Street & Smith, New York—"Trooper Tales," a collection of stories of life in the American army, by Will Livingston Comfort.

From R. F. Fenno & Co., New York—"Luther Strong," by Thomas J. Vivian; a story of Northeastern New York, in which there is much mystery, murder and blood.

From Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago—"Rose Island," an interesting story of love and adventure at sea, by W. Clark Russell.

From the Doubleday & McClure Co., New York—"The Barrys," an Irish love story, by Shan F. Bullock.

From the Courtsey, by William Allen White, delightful chronicle of boyhood.

From Alice B. Stockham & Co., Chicago—"Hindu Wedding Bells," a description of Hindu, Parsee and Mohammedan weddings and "Tales of the East," facts and pictures of Oriental life. Both are by Dr. Alice B. Stockham.

From the Macmillan Company, New York—"Soldier Rigdale," by Miss Beulah Catherwood, a story for young readers, based on the adventures of a small boy who came over on the Mayflower.

From Cassell & Co., New York—"Antony and Cleopatra," and "Twelfth Night," by Shakespeare; "Paradise Lost" and "Milton's Earlier Poems," by John Milton; "The Task and Other Poems," by William Cowper.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York—"A Corner of the West," a story of local life in Devonshire and London, by Edith Henrietta Fowler.

From the Family of the Sun, by Edward S. Holden; an instructive book that cannot fail to give the young reader a clear impression of the planets that form the family of the sun.

From the Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York—"When Love Is Lord" and "Tales from the Second Book," both are by the well-known Tom Hall.

From the Crown of Life, by George Gissing, a rather long-drawn-out love story, in which there is some good character drawing.

From Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago—"Judge Edridge," by Opie Reed. The author arranges in severe terms the spirit and practice of gambling. Young Bud Catherwood, the hero, is the son of a gambler, the professional blackie, and is of admittance to young men who do not realize the danger that lurks in a "quiet game."

From Harper & Bros., New York—"Favorite Songs and Hymns for School and Home," edited by J. P. McCaskey. "Mackinac and Lake Stories," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. The initial story, "Merlin's Song," is a well-told love story of Merlin, at the time of the year of 1312, and "The Cobbler in the Devil's Kitchen" is a delicious jumble of Hibernian reguery and humor.

**Whom First We Love.**

Though puppets come with faxes poll And glowing eyes of water deep, At night we find the old rag doll Enfolded in her arms to sleep.

And so, as through the years we rove, And sometimes thrive in fortune's quest, The ones whom first we learned to love Are still the ones we love the best.

—Washington Star.

Louise Carnahan, author of "Polly's Lion," believes that the extreme statements of the doctrine of moral heredity prevalent today logically involve pessimism as a result. Her new book, "Little Dr. Victoria," a Southern story for boys and girls, is a protest against this teaching. (Carnahan Publishing Company, San Francisco.)

"The Kindergarten in a Nutshell," by Nora Archibald Smith tells completely and exactly what the kindergarten is, methods are described and instructions given for adapting the kindergarten to the home or the community. (Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

Harper & Bros. have published in pocket size "Stories of Peace and War," from Frederick Remington's book, "Crooked Trails" and "Pony Tracks," and "The First Christmas," from Ben Hur, by General Lew Wallace.

"Toyon" contains about 100 holiday recitations suitable for school homes and church. There are many old favorites in the collection. The recitations were se-



**For Boys and Girls.**

**Bed Time.**

The little one climbing the old oak stair, With nurse, who holds his hand; A smile lights up her face so fair, As she tells of a far-off land.

A far-off land where we wander in dreams, Through countries pleasant to see, And the little face with rapture gleams, And he clasps his hands in glee.

Then, when she tucked him snugly in bed, She whispered a prayer to God, And the angels were glad to see Him away to the Land of Nod.

—Florence Evelyn Hemstreet, in Brooklyn Eagle.

**GRIEF OF A LITTLE ELF**

**But It Disappears When He Learns That a Soul Will Make Him Happy All the Time.**

Once upon a time a traveler was going through a great wood, almost a forest, so large was it. He was journeying to a city which lay on the further side and whose spires and domes could be seen here and there far away through the spaces of the trees. It was a very beautiful wood, and the green sward, studded with flowers of every color, was watered with little sparkling streams, while the rich foliage above shielded it from the heat of the sun. So on this morning the traveler's heart was filled with joy and happiness.

As he wandered on, his eye fell on a mossy bough of a grand old tree, and, sitting thereon, he saw a beautiful little elf. He stopped and watched it. The creature would sit a moment singing to itself, and then spring joyously from bough to bough and from tree to tree, laughing in the sunshine like a little child full of bliss.

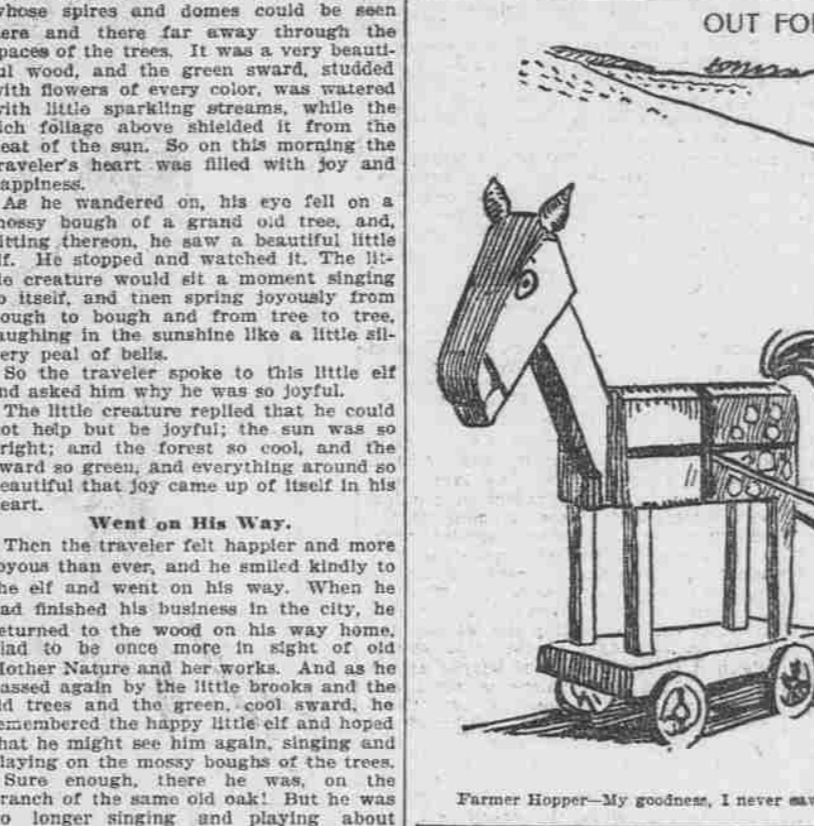
So the traveler spoke to this little elf and asked him why he was so joyful.

The little creature replied that he could not help but be joyful; the sun was so bright, the forest so cool, and the sward so green, and everything around so beautiful that joy came up of itself in his heart.

**Went on His Way.**

Then the traveler felt happier and more joyous than ever, and he smiled kindly to the elf and went on his way. When he had finished his business in the city, he returned to the wood on his way home, glad to be once more in sight of old Mother Nature and her works. And as he was again in the forest, he remembered the happy little elf and hoped that he might see him again, singing and playing on the mossy boughs of the tree. Sure enough, there he was, on the branch of the same old oak! But he was no longer singing and playing about among the branches; he sat quite still and was weeping as if his little heart would break. So the traveler asked the little creature what had happened to him; had his comrades left him alone, or why was he not so happy in the sunshine as before.

And the little elf after a while looked up and answered through his tears. He said yes, he had been happy because he knew the better; he had seemed natural to be happy. But since that time a soul had grown within him and now everything seemed changed. He had learned that nothing which has a soul is happy any



Farmer Hopper—My goodness, I never saw such a stubborn beast!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Cabby and the Thief.**

"What's that? A parcel, with no one to guard it?"

"See, coachman; there's some one robbing you!"

more, and now the sun did not seem so bright, nor the sward so green, nor anything so beautiful. And then he fell to weeping again.

**Foolish Little Elf.**

So the traveler smiled gently and said: "You foolish thing! Now that you have a soul, you ought to be happier than ever before, for your soul will make you understand and see better than you ever did before how beautiful is the sunshine and sward and the moss and the little brooks. And it will make you able to hear the singing of the trees and the little flowers and the ferns as they wave in the soft wind, as they wake in the morning and go to sleep at night, happy every moment and growing every moment to the edges.

"So be happy again, my little creature, and remember that as your joy and singing and gambols helped me to be happy when I was on my way to the dismal old city, so you can make every one happy in the same way whenever they see you and hear your merry songs." So the little elf dried his tears and in a few minutes made himself happier than he had ever been before.—In Brotherhood.

**THE MONKEY AND THE MIRROR.**

**Shaman's Curious Articles With a Looking-Glass—Carnie Contempt.**

"I saw," says a writer in the London News, "a performing monkey the other day. He went through many tricks very successfully. Toward the end of the performance he was ordered to put on his cocked hat before a hand mirror, which he did. He was next told to set it straight, and he tried on his general's headgear repeatedly at different angles, causing much laughter.

"When all was over and the organ-man, his helpers and the two monkeys were preparing to depart, I saw that the 'general' had possessed himself of the little

king. But these, as did the others, acknowledged that it was the blacksmith who made the tools with which they did their work.

"At last the king came to the blacksmith, modestly seated at the very foot of the table, not clothed in his good apparel as the other craftsmen, but with a smutched face and a grimy leathern apron.

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"Ho, ho," said his majesty, as the

blacksmith rose in an awkward way (for he had no acquaintance with the manners of the court). "What dost thou make for thy king?"

"I make your armor and your sword when you go to war for the honor of the kingdom," stammered the smith.

"Yes," said the king, "and thou makest the sharp points to the arrows of my stout crossbows and the heads to my spears and battle-axes. More than that, without thee there would be no tools for these craftsmen."

"The king then took the blacksmith by the hand; his blushes could even be seen through the amudge on his face, and moving the tailor down to the foot, placed him at the head of the table.

"The tailor alone of all the craftsmen did not like this change of places. So, watching his chance, while the others were drinking the health of the king in great flagons of beer, he slipped under the table, and with his shears cut along the edges of the blacksmith's apron.

"And that is the way the blacksmith's apron came to be notched, and it has been worn so ever since."

**NEW YEAR FEED FOR HORSES.**

**Curious Custom at a Home of Rest for Work-Over-Etims.**

Once in every twelvemonth the animals in the home of rest for horses, at Friar's Place farm, Acton, England, and of which the Duke of Portland is president, are treated to a New Year's dinner. The objects of the home are to enable the poorer classes to procure on moderate terms rest and good treatment for horses that are falling, not from age, but from continuous work, sickness or accidental causes, and are likely to be benefited by a few weeks' rest and care; to provide horses for poor seasons for temporary use, while their own animals are resting at home, and to furnish a suitable asylum for "old favorites" that would suffer by being turned out.

**OUT FOR A DRIVE.**

High on the branch of a walnut tree, A bright-eyed squirrel sat— What was he thinking so earnestly? And what was he looking at? The forest was green around him, The sky all over his head, The nest was in a hollow limb, And his children snug in bed.

**"My Friend's Seat."**

This is a jolly game, in which the players are equally divided and half of them leave the room together, while each of the others chooses from among them the "friend" he or she wishes to sit beside them. Those outside enter one at a time (the others, very honorably, of course, refraining from "peeping," as that would spoil the fun) and each approaches the seat by the company whom he or she thinks has chosen him or her, and who is industriously fanning the seat with a handkerchief, and singing, "this is my friend's seat, with the rest, if the incomer is wrong all unite to hiss him or her from the room; if right, a great applause goes on as the chosen one triumphantly seats himself or herself.

**Becky-Tall's Arithmetic.**

High on the branch of a walnut tree, A bright-eyed squirrel sat— What was he thinking so earnestly? And what was he looking at? The forest was green around him, The sky all over his head, The nest was in a hollow limb, And his children snug in bed.

**Didn't Like the "Donk."**

A wee little Brooklyn (N. Y.) lad recounts the Eagle of that city, saw and heard a donkey for the first time the other day, while out for a walk with his aunt. She talked about it continually after getting home. It was "such a boofy donkey," and "such a good chuck," and so on through her small store of adjectives. When her father came home at night he heard the story over again, with a renewal of the adjectives.

"And so you liked the donkey, darling, did you?" he asked, taking the tin lines off his knee.

"Oh, yes, papa, I liked him. That is, I liked him pretty well, but I didn't like to hear him donk."

**His Greatest Joy.**

Little brown dog with the meek brown eyes, Tell me the boon that most you prize: Would a juicy bone meet your heart's desire? Or a cozy rug by a blazing fire? Or a sudden race with a prattling cat? Or a gentle word or a friendly pat?

In the worn-out hall you have always near The doorest of all the things held dear? Or is the home you left behind? Or the room of your dear mother's mind? But the little brown dog did not even say, As if "None of these are best," he said:

A boy's clear whistle came from the street, There's a wig of the cat, and a twinkle of feet, And the little brown dog did not even say, "Remember when we were together away, But I'm sure as can be his greatest joy Is just to trot behind that boy."

—May Hills Nichols in Wide Awake.

**Grandpa as a Chinaman.**

horses, conspicuous among the "old favorites" being The Old Man, a brown horse, 37 years of age, an inmate of the home since March, 1882, and Bones, a veteran black charger of the Horse guards (Bones, now the property of Miss Hartly, and an inmate since 1885. Bones figured conspicuously in the Egyptian war of 1882, and took part in the famous charge at Khasesth.

**QUEER FISH.**

**Some Groan, While Others Make Musical Sounds, Bark or Croak.**

Fish that utter sounds are by no means rare, but they are not often seen or heard

**REBUS—A WELL-KNOWN PROVERB.**

My first is in stile but not in glide; My second is sea but not in tide; My third is make-but not in destroy; My fourth is light but not in boy; My fifth is east but not in outh; My sixth is learn but not in taught; And my whole is known as a very strong fort.

—New York Herald.

Clara, aged 4, went into a drug store the other day, and, stepping up to the proprietor, said, in a halcyon whisper: "Suppose a little girl has a very strong fort, how much chewing gum would give her for a cent?"—Chicago News.

**Wasn't a Bit Selfish.**

"Now, Timmy," said his mother on Christmas morning, "you must remember that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Yes, I know, mamma," replied Timmy, "but I ain't a bit selfish."—Chicago News.