

Business prefer one ounce of gold to 16 ounces of silver, or 22 ounces, as the case may be. The impossibility of keeping the two metals in circulation simultaneously

at a fixed ratio having made the choice

of one of them necessary, gold was chosen rather than sliver, because it was 16 times easier to handle, an a labor-saving machine it stood at the ratio of 16 to 1. As

this physical property cannot be sitered, the preference of mankind for gold can-

PREDERIC HARRISON.

swer all purposes so long as the paper sovereign can be converted into the gold sovereign at some convenient commer-cial center, at the pleasure of the hold-er. (Ginn & Company, Boston.)

The contents of "Theism in the Light of Present Science and Philosophy," are the connected series of lectures delivered in New York university, under the conditions of Charles F. Deems' lectureship. The author, James Iverach, begins his work with a scientific view of the world, drawing the conclusion that the power at work in the world is an intelligent power.

work in the world is an intelligent power

He then takes up the horganic world, which he treats as a preparation for life. His following chapters deal with "Life," "Rational Life and its implications," "The Making of Man," the question

whether a fational religion is possible, "Personality." Religion." The Agnostic Philosophy." The Idealistic Philosophy." Mr. Iverach holds that religion is uni-

versal and belongs to man as man. All

Mf. Iverach holds that religion is universal and belongs to man as man. All men have been conscious of their dependence on a power greater than themselves and have fell a necessity of being on good terms with that power. The result of investigation leads to the historical conclusion that there has been no people without a religion; at least, such a people has not yet been discovered. A religion gives a creed to believe, commands to obey, and consolations to be enjoyed. These are the elements in every religion. Religion is universal in still another aspect; it belongs to every part of human pature. It is not a matter merely of the reason, nor is it merely based on feeling, nor is it only directed toward action. It appeals to the whole consciousness of man, and to every mode of it. It is rational, emotional and yoll-tional. It gives truth for the intelligence, consolations for the heart, motive and guidance for the will. It is at home within the whole complex nature of man, and was the answell to the whole man and wasks it a answell to the whole man and

in the whole complex nature of man, and makes its appeal to the whole man and insists on being with him in all his think-ing, feeling and acting, (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

Edward Everett Hale's Writings.

All of the eight stories in "The Brick Moon and Other Stories," the fourth velume of the library edition of the works of Edward Everett Hale, are extravagances of one kind or snother, and one may suspect those with scientific themes, but Hi will it fare with the person who tries to persuade any boy fresh from a persual that every one of the charitable sales is not rowsel truth. The stories in

perusal that every one or the stories in tales is not gospel truth. The stories in this volume are: "The Brick Moon," "Crusoe in New York." "Bread on the Waters." "The Lost Palace." "Elin-Waters." "Ideals." "Thanksgiving Story."

Waters, The locale," "Thanksgiving wood Street," "Ideals," "The Surveyor's Story," at the Polls," "The Surveyor's Story," The preface, like the prefaces of the former volumes, contains a budget of in-

teresting details. (Little, Brown & Co.,

MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

Peatures of the Month's Publications -Literary Notes. "The Library of Congress," by Herbert Putnam, the librarian, is the open ing article in the February Atlantic. Mr. Putnam gives first an account of the in-

Putnam gives first an account of the in-ception and history of the library, com-pares its neglect by congress with the liberality of parliament toward the Brit-tish museum, and shows of what its various departments consist, their strength and weakness, and what should be done for the library to make it truly national and representative, and worthy of the magnificent home in which it is enshriped.

The opening Period of the Boer War's brilliantly described in the February Scribners by H. J. Whigham (who made

enshriped.

To Books. Basic towers grateful tribute pay, Doon towers graters trained pay, In soher protes or volve lay.

For well they know their magic power To charm and chaer the datasuma louir. Like the sevent flowers are books we love They oft a benediction prove. Like star-crost datay of the apring. They new-born pleasures to us bring; While the choice wisdom they impart While the chucke windom they impart Impires both intellect and heart. And 'its through books globe that we liots converse with antiquity— With Hopper and the classing mind. Whose learning Pasi with Present binds—History, philosophy, and song. All to me cherished books belong. Whether a field or leafy nece.
Or quiet home—welcome the book—
We have our human folk manywhile— Whether a wiscome the book-work home-wiscome to human folk mannwhite-We love our human folk mannwhite-We love our funcy to beguile.

—Preferick Saunders.

# MEN OF VICTORIAN ERA

Frederic Harrison's Estimates of Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill and Other Authors,

Under the title of "Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill and Other Literary Estimates," Frederic Harrison has collected a series of essays dealing with some of the most important and typical writers, who have influenced thought in one field or another during the reign of Queen Victoria. Some of these "appreciations" have already appeared in the Nineteenth Century or elsewhere, but the place de resistance of the volume, the long and elaborate essay on "Tennyson," is now published for the

The conspicuous and surpassing quality

of Tennyson, according to Mr. Harrison, was his dainty felicity of phrase, his faultless chiselling and his imperturbable refinement. Tennyson, though much of his work is no doubt destined to be shed in the course of time, as is so much of all workers, except the very greatest, has stamped his name foverer on English literature as the poet, the one dominant poet of the long Victorian era, and as one of the chief lyrists in the whole of our poetic roll. He is destined to share with Milton the grown of consummate mastery of poetic diction. As a poet of nature, he stands beside Byron, Keats, Shelley and Wordsworth. Byzon is the poet of the mountains and oceans; Shelley of clouds and air; Kents of the perfume of the evening; Wordsworth, of the meaning and mysteries of nature as a whole. And so Tennyson is the poet of flowers, trees Tempson is the post of flowers, tress and birds. Of flowers and trees he must be held to be the supreme master, above all who have written in English, perhaps, indeed, in any positry. The meanest flower that blows does not impire in Tenyson thoughts so deep as it did to Wordsworth; but Tennyson has painted them all—flowers wild and cultivated, trees, berbs, woods, downs and moors—with the master of a Turner. He make of trees magic of a Turner. He spoke of trees and flowers, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssep that groweth on the wall As flowers, hills, trees and rivers uttered o Wordsworth a new moral decalogue, so hey second to Tennyson, as they did to harder, radiant with a familful beauty which no man had seen before. If we cannot claim for Tempyson the supreme-place of a poet of man's destines, or as se of the creative masters of our litercture, he has forever clothed the softer-aspects of the world of man and nature with a garment of delicate fancy and of

pure light.

Ruskin is treated more at length than any other author, and Mr. Harrison's judgment is timely in view of Ruskin's seath. He holds that Ruskin has not been put high enough as a master of English. "I hold that, in certain qualities, in given ways, and in some rarer passages of his," says Mr. Harrison, "Ruskin not only surpasses every contemporary writer. nly surpasses every contemporary writer of prose, but be calls out of our glorious English tongue notes more strangely manufful and inspiring than any ever yet sesued from that instrument. No writer of pross before or since has ever rolled th such mighty fantasies, or reached the pathetic melodics in words, or comed long books in one sustained strait pld grace." If it were not for the l megalomania and plotheric habit pervades Ruskin's writings, Ruskin Hmpld arnes." uld be "the greatest master of English has in our whole literature; but it is th mastery over language, such power riumph over almost impossible con-or and difficulties, that compel us to gard him as one who could have become a nohiest master of prose over recorded. on would only have set himself to curb is Pegasus from the first, and systemat-ally to think of his reader's capacity or taking in, as well as his own capacity or pouring forth, a towent of glowing oughes." (The Macmillan Co., New

MONEY AND BANKING. Horaco White's Comprehensive Treatment of Referred Subjects.

Horace White recalls at ention to first principles in "Money and Banking." He spins at the beginning of civilized life in this cominent, and treats the related abjects historically. The science of some, he mays is much in need of some pairs to an increase of the complete of the complet hing to enliven it. If anything can make it attractive it must be the story of he stressies of our ancestors with the the archives of our ancestor with the same problems that vex us. Indeed, a complete and correct sheary of muney and banking might be constructed from events and experiences that have taken place on the American continent, even if we had so other sources of knowledge. All the wisdom and all the folly of these subjects have been explained on our shores within

come and all the folly of these subjects have been exploited on our shores within the space of less than 300 years.

Mr. White divides his work into two parts, the first of which treats of money, and the second, of representative money. Mosey, our suffice says, when real is a commodity; and when representative, represents a commodity. This is true of gold as well as of heaver-skins, tobacco, rice or wampum. Under the title "Evolution of Money," are discussed money as a commodity, general monetary principles, colmage and legal tender. Money is held to be the product of evaluation, a result of the agre. The better has gradually crawded the worse out of existence. Our own binner forms no exception to this rule, for, although our colonial ancestore for a line went back to a system almost as rude as that of the Homeric period, they eventually abandoned it and rearmed metallic money, which always served as a metal standard, even when it was not a legal one. The gold standard is next counidered, and the experiences of England, the United States. Germany ard is next considered, and the experiences of England, the United States, Germany, France, Austria and India detailed, and Brussels movestary conference re-med. The gold standard, which has a adopted by the nations, one by one. Spanish war). He is accompanying the

Modder river column and describes the movement of troops from Cape Tawn to the front. His own photographs give a realistic picture of the actual conditions encountered by the troops.

encountered by the froups.

"Out of the Past," by Eleanor Hooper Coryell, is a study of the far-reaching and unforeseen working of the evil of filegitimacy. (Street & Smith, New York.)

An older "Institution than St. Nicholas itself is pictured in the frontispiece of the February number of the only American magazine for young forks—to wit, the Sphinx; and picturesque facts about that prehistoric Egyptian creature—facts with which all children ahould be, but are not, familiar—are set forth by Emma J. Arnold, with illustrations by Harry Fenn and Maicom Franer, The 'Unbuccessful Colony" to which Elbridge S. Brooks introduces his little group of historical travelers was New Albion.

The last of the "body" articles in the

The last of the "body" articles in the February Century is the one that will doubtless attract the most attention. This is the first installment of hitherto unpublished extracts from the private diary of Dr. H. E. O'Meara, Napoleon Bonaparte's physician at St. Heiena. The original manuscript of this journal, in 18 little volumes, has come into the possession of the Century company, and is found to afford a surprisingly large amount of new material in the way of conversations with the exided emperor, These "Talks With Napoleon" will form an important feature of the Century during the year 1996.

With the Ledger Monthly for February The last of the "body" articles in the

With the Ledger Monthly for February

to Be Published.

derive a fresh impression from "Five Great Oxford Leaders: Keble, Newman, Pusey, Liddon and Church," by the Rev. A. B. Donaldson, which the Macmilian Company is publishing. This work, like Dr. W. H. Hutton's "A Short History of

from the point of view of the "Anglo Catholic." While in its form it may be regarded as simple memoirs, it is in its entirety a monograph on the Oxford

A new edition of John Martin Vincent's "Government in Switzerland" will be is-sued shortly by The Macmillan Company. A large part of the book has been com-pletely rewritten and much additional

matter has been inserted in order to take

account of the changes which have been meantime made in the Swiss government. One of the interesting chapters which have been added is on proportional rep-

reagntation.

"The Gentleman From Indians," by Booth Tarkington, which ran as a serial in McClure's Magazine has year, has been published in book form by the

the pessimist's standpoint

the Church in Great Britain," nounced by the same house, is

ose who are interested in the general istory of the "Oxford Movement





Went Through to China. here was a man so very tall (You'll see his height was great)

When he went out to skate. He fell headling, went through the ice, And never stopped, 'tis true, Till nothing but his monstrous shoes. And skates were left in view;

And every person present said. He'd die for want of air, But his head went through to China, And he did his brokthing there. —Philadelphia Inquirer.

## NEW YEAR IN CHINATOWN

Disappointment of a Little Chinese Maiden, Who West Calling With Her Mother the Other Day.

It is eafe to say there are American boys and girls in Portland who, during Chinese New Year, were made distinctly onscious of their own lack of anything special in the way of enjoyment, when they came in contact with the gaily-bedeplied little Mongolians who appeared upon the streets, not aimlessly, or searching for amusement, but in charge of their elders, and with faces aglow with happi-

If a glimpse of their contentment aroused a feeling of envy among American children, the feelings of a little Chinese girl who was excluded from participation in the gareties, because of her Americanisation, may be imagined. Yet this is what Pearl Lee-which isn't her right name, by the way; she mightn't like that mentioned-had to bear, and she feels now that while it is all right to be an American girl Christmas and Fourth of July, being one Chinese New Year's is an en-

Mrs. Lee had spoken of taking her, al-though never before this particular after-noon, during New Year's week, had she come away feeling dissatisfied with her not be changed. It is this preferences which paralyzes all the international monotary conferences. Even if the so-called limitation were attempted, if anything different from the market or commercial ratio between gold and silver were chosen, there would be an immediate grab for gold, and "bimentaism" would be dead before it was born.

Mr. White discusses flat money and banks at great length and with thoroughness. He considers the Sectch hank system the best in the world, and believes that we might borrow from it with profit. Credit has been systematized in Scotland to the last degree, and is found to answer all purposes so long as the paper.

Is incorporated Demorest's Family Magnine. The fashion and pattern departments of the latter magazine are continued in the Ledger Monthly. Among the more notable of the illustrations of the Outlook are Mr. H. W. Magniness. Birthday, 1800-1800," and Mr. Clifton Johnson's "The Village of Millet."

BOOK NOTES.

New Story of the Oxford Movement to Be Published. own pretty home, which is on the East Bide, and surrounded by green fields, in-stead of being cooped up in a Chinese tenement.

Thought It Fourth of July.

Many Good Things. The first thing that attracted her eye like those of which she had caught glimpses while coming through the hall. many other things. A plate of candy-Chinese candy, of course-stood in the cen-

been taught Chinese even more carefully

was a red-covered table that looked just Upon it were placed oranges, citrons and canness canny, or course—stood in the center, while near by was a saucer of preserved watermelon seeds; here and there were small bowls filled with rice, or with oil, upon which floated they flames or lighted wicks. In addition to these wicks, were candles, each having its wax of three different colors—red, green and yellow, interwoven so as to form a very current parters. Further had on the table

place, there was a cumming little two rocker for her to sit in, which was ever so much more comfortable than the black bench she had just been occupying; then the wan't so strongly reminded that Chinese New Year's lm't for Americanized little girls, although she did have to look at all the presents the children had brought their teacher—a crepe shawl, fans, handkerchiefs and fancy hexes were among them. Fearl had a dollar which, had she only known what was going on, she could have spent for Miss White, who was very kind, and gave her pletures to look at. No sconer, however, was she comfortably settled than her mother said: "Well we must make a short call today, so we'll be going."

"Oh no, manions; let's stay right here. I don't want to see Choy Eng." commenced Pearl, but Mrs. Lee said:

"Now, don't begin to teass," so, rather than be naughy before Miss White, she went along, without making any trouble.

At Chey Eng's. At Choy Eng's.

at home, and Pearl enjoyed herself better than she had at Quilenes. In the first place, there was a cunning little red rocker for her to sit in, which was sven

"New Year's" at Choy Eng's seemed just like "New Year's" at Quilene's, except that there was a party in progress at Chay Eng's. Nine or ten children, glorious in all the thats of the rainbow, were present. For the first time, Pearl felt ashamed of her own dark bins accordion-platted dress, and even of her red shoes and stockings, which she had happed choose, and of which she had felt so proud. But she started bravely to join in the gene and might have been able to low, interwoven so as to form a very curous pattern. Further back on the table,
and leaning against the wall, were tail
ornaments, made of red and green and
white paper, to represent camalias, honeysuckies, white buds and green leaves. Into his cue, pointed a lighted "punk"

# NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.



The family was too poor to afford a rocking cradle for the baby, so-The inventive mind of the head of the bouse supplied the deficiency very nicely.

"Don't play out too long. Pearl," her mother said, one day, about a week ago. "I want to take you to see Quilene and Choy Eng and Miss White this afternoon, and I'll have to get you rendy."

Pearl was so pleased that she decided not to go out doors at all, but to stay in the house, so as to be there the minute her mamma was ready to begin dressing her. She likes to go to Chinatown, where Mrs. Lee had spoken of taking her, all.

Quilene was having now.

'I'll show you Quilene's presents," the
hostess said, in Chinese, for she can't
speak a word of English. She brought "Mamma, are it Fourth of July?" Pearl questioned, as they walked down Second street, and just as, from a balcony everhead, there went off a big bunch of fire-crackers. The burnt ends of red, green and yellow firecrackers, lying in the gutter at the edge of the sidewalk, together with the swinging lanterns and waving banners, helped make her think this.

"No, dear; it's New Year's," her mother appeared with the swinging lanterns and waving banners, helped make her think this.

"No, dear; it's New Year's," her mother appeared with here against the can't and yellow calleo, and with a big pocket right in the middle of the front, which is convenient for popoors, nuts or can't, and yellow calleo, and with a big pocket right in the middle of the front, which is convenient for popoors, nuts or can't, and yellow calleo, and with a big pocket right in the middle of the front, which is convenient for popoors, nuts or can't, and yellow calleo, and with a big pocket right in the middle of the front, which is convenient for popoors, nuts or can't, and yellow calleo, and with a big pocket right in the middle of the front, which is convenient for popoors, nuts or can't, and yellow calleo, and with a big pocket right in the middle of the front, which is convenient for popoors, nuts or can't, and yellow calleo, and with a big pocket right in the middle of the front, which is convenient for popoors, nuts or can't, and yellow calleo, and with a big pocket right in the middle of the front, which is convenient for popoors, nuts or can't, and yellow calleo, and with a big pocket right in the middle of the front, which is convenient for popoors, nuts or can't, and yellow calleo, and with a big pocket right in the middle of the front, which is convenient for popoors, nuts or can't, and yellow calleo, and with a big pocket right in the middle of the front, which is convenient for popoors, and yellow calleo, and with a big pocket.

banners, helped make her think this.
"No, dear; it's New Year's," her mother answered.
"Are there going to be a parsy?" she will but she preferred listening to questioned, upon noticing that the children the conversation, which was not so easily

wait patiently and listen to her mother and Quilene's mother talk. Now, "little pitchers have hig ears," as well among Chinese as among Americans, and Pearl found out that "New Year's" isn't so much for children, after all, but more for grown people, although children are dressed in their best and taken to call upon their eidere, which pleasure Quilene was having now.

"I'll show you Duilene's presents," the Year's".

Year's a little American girl: I is a little Chinese girl, and that's what I want to be." Pearl nnawered.

#### DOLLY WAS AFRAID. She Just Couldn't Help It, Though

Ruby Guarded Her. Helen, 5 years old, was sent to bed alone on the third floor, Louise being sick and kept down in her mother's room. It was the first time Helen had thus taken on the grown person's burden, and she was so good about it that presently her elder sister crept up into the room to see how she was getting along, and to tell her a story. She found her with hands elsenched around her doll and with her eyes and mouth screwed up tightly. Helen opened her eyes with a start and gasped: "Oh,

"Why, what's the matter, Helen?"
"Well--you see, this doll is afraid, and I have to held her hand. She is 'fraid

of foxes and-tigers."
"Nonsense, dearie," the sister said,
"Oh, but she's afraid of more than that-

Off, but sade arread of more than thatrobbers and "burgiars?"

"Well, why didn't you tell her that
mamma and ister were right downsints?"

"Well, "at is "e funny part of it. I kept
saying just as fast as I could: 'My mosmer is right down 'tairs; my sister is
right down 'tairs; my mosser can hear
me if I call"-but 'at doll kept right on
below arread." New York Commercial being afraid!"-New York Commercial

The Toy Tiger's Wall.

I'm a little toy tiger for twenty-nine cents; I have lost my sweet smile, and I rippis with denis, I've been here many moons and I'll never be

bought. Pull of wee to the brim, with myself I commune.

And my dispirrigm whistle is all out of time;

And I'm epurned by the patron, sisk! and

Who in preference buys a giraffe or a yak. Oh, 'the right from my nose to the tip of my That I surge with a deleful, tempest

While I years, all in vain, till I'm weary and In the sinshine to play on some nursery floor-Oh, the joy I'll ne'er know that a toy tiger teels

Tommy he's dragged all around on his wheels. And I never will dream with the horse and the sheep. In the pretty beam crib where he amiles in his

Yet although from this counter I never maj " wing, I will try to look calm, and 'its proudly I'll

sing. To the fate that from s grimty and selden se-

I'm a little toy tiger for twenty-nine cents!

-A. K. Muskitrick in Harper's Basar.

Arithmetical Equires. A Russian investigator has found that horses can count more numbers than any other animal. He established that a par-

other animal. He established that a parrot can count four, a cat six, crows it, and some few slogs 30. But he found horses that could count more than this. One would plow across a field 30 times and would then stop and rest, but it never stopped at 19 or II. Always just 20.

Another horse always counted the miles along the road by the white miceposts that were set up and stopped every 25 miles, as it had been laught to do, to be fed. Another one was always fed when the town clock struck II. When the clock struck II it would lift up its hould and listen, but when the bell had stopped would again droop its ears. But when the clock struck II, it always neighed loudly for dinner.

Seared Monkey.

An Italian showman once had a monkey that rode on the back of a hound, while four other dogs danced. One day the little show was passing through a park where there were some deer. The hound saw them, and, true to his instinct, he tore after them. Poor Mr. Monkey was chained to his collar, so he had to go along, much as he wished not to. He chattered and streamed, but all in valu.

The hound kept up the chase until the showman finally succeeded to stopping him and took the frightneed monkey of his back. No counting or threatening could ever induce the monkey to get on that doe's back was every meman as "auntie," so Pearl said to Quilene's mather, "Chow ab som;" which means "Good-bye auntie," and they niarted for Miss White's. Miss White teaches a school where only Chinese calldren stiend.

Pearl and her mother found Miss White dog's back again;

To a Dog.

On every side I was your trace:
Your water-trausi's source door.
Your empty solids in its glare
Provides the beary sigh.

And you were here two days ago. There's little changed, I see. The sun is just as bright, but shi The difference to me? The very sicial of your small pad

Do no the whitened stone, where, by situat ways, or said or glad, Do you gare on above? Oh. Hille face, on morey and wise, Brisk feet and eager back! The house is innecessar for your eyes, My spirit by sourcettan dark.

Now, amail, invincible friend, your look is done your lighting o'er. No make your wandering feet will rown Reyard your own house-door.

The cate that feured, their hearts are high, The dog that hered will gave Long, long we you come penning by With all your jovial ways.

Th' accuract arches who has sent Ris arrow all too trus. Would that his evil days were spent Eye he took alm at you!

Tour isomest face, your winsome warm to Hunnt me, dear little ghoys.

And everywhare I see your (race.

On: well beloved and lost!

—Fall Mail Gazete.

Blue Jays as Trec-Planters. An old-time Arigona woodchopper says the blue jays have planted thousands of the trees now growing all over Artsona He declares that these birds have a habit of burying small seed in the ground with their beaks, and that they frequent pinyon

trees and hury large numbers of the small pine nuis in the ground, many of which aprout and grow.

He was walking through the pines with an Eastern gantleman a short time ago, when one at these birds flow from a tree to the ground, stuck his bill in the earth and quickly flow away. When told what and quickly flew away. When told what had happened, the Eastern man was skeptical; but the two went to the agot, and with a knife bliefe dug out a sound pine aut from a supth of about an lich and a half. Thus it will be seen that nature has plans of her own for forest perpetuation.

Shut Off the Draft. Along in the night a large turkey climbed from the ridge of the roof on Ole Petersan's house to the top of the chimney and sat down, so as to get the benefit of the heat from the fire helow, says the Swes City (fa.) Herald, Early in the morning, Mrs. Peterson and two children. sleeping in the room where the hard-coal

stove was located, were discovered to be deathly sick, and the room was full of gas. The turkey was soon discovered and driven off, but it look quits a while for the

Rehead to renew order and leave to units. Behead penetrating and leave clover, Behead name of a tree and leave part of a Behead an animal and leave earth Bohead a black misseal and leave a divine

Belond to grasp and leave mellow. Belond to frequent and leave a relative. Belondings spett the name of one of our war

My first is in state, but not in hate.
My second is in carry, but not in take, a
My third is in have, but not in take, a
My third is in live, but not in hier.
My first is in live, but not in hier.
My first is to year, but not in her.
My while is an efficient, or a hero we all should know.

Only Shadows.

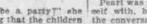




"You may be the biggest, but I'll knock you







FORSAKEN AND ALONE.



Johnny, the Elephant-I wonder why nobody wants to skate near met I'm just as sociable as any one!

has been published in book form by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York. It gives a picture of life in a small Indiana town, its hero being the proprietor of a country newspaper, who has various adventures with whitecaps. It is a refreshingly well written book. "Outsiders," by Robert W. Chambers (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York), tells the story of New York City's Fohemia—the side of metropolitan life which brings artist, critic, journalist, Bohemian-inclined business man and model into play. Whether these people are really outsiders, anclassed members of the community of not, may be questioned. of the community of not, may be ques-tioned. The story is well conceived and well executed, if it does view life from who passed to and fro were dressed in understood now, for the subject was retheir very bst.
"I don't know; we'll ask Quilene," retheir very bst.
"I don't Enow; we'll ask Quliene," re-plied Mrs. Lee, guiding Pearl, who clung tightly to her hand, up a narrow stair-case, which led through a dark hall to a The atmosphere of "The Market Place," Harold Frederic's last work (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York), is sordid. It is a story of finance and business schemes for men and acceptance.

did. It is a story of finance and business schemes for men and of social struggles and English country life for women. Thorpe, the promoter of the story is the Hooley of real life. The story has the same defect as Mr. Frederic's "liferia Mundi"—the obtrustiveness of its Americanism. The explanation that Thorpe's vernacular was acquired during residence in America is a thin covering for the author's lack of knowledge of English life.

Max Pemberion has given us in "Signors of the Night" (Dodd Man).

should have seen Quilene's mother, who answered their kneck. She was beautifolly a persons upon whom she had called, and through the reappearance of characters. Together they form charming picture of old Venice. The less are united by the personality of a Glovanni, the soldier mank of Venice. Nina, the dancing girl, adds to the mance and mystery which pervade the meant, "Happy New Year, my dear!"

"Year! understood perfectly, for she has adding the personal personal training them are the personal training them are the personal training them. They have the personal training them are the personal training them are the personal training them. They have the personal training them are the personal training them are the personal training them.

"Gung hee faht shoy, qui jai," and which meant, "Happy New Year, my dear!"

"Pear! understood perfectly, for she has the personal training them are the personal training them.

"Shall we stay a little longer?" asked the meant, "Happy New Year, my dear!"

"No: let's go," was the agent of the personal training them.

"No: let's go," was the agent of the personal training them.

"No: let's go," was the agent of the personal training them.

"No: let's go," was the agent of the personal training them.

"No: let's go," was the agent of the personal training them.

"No: let's go," was the agent of the personal training them.

"No: let's go," was the agent of the personal training them.

"No: let's go," was the agent of the personal training them.

"No: let's go," was the agent of the personal training them.

"No: let's go," was the agent of the personal training them.

"The personal training them.

"The personal training them." the personal training them.

"The personal training training them." thor's lack of knowledge of English life.

Max Pemberton has given us in "Signor of the Night" (Dodd. Mead & Co., New York), a series of dramatic atories connected throughout by a thread of incident, and, through the reappearance of dressed, in light blue sitk, and she wors the same characters. Together they form in her hair the lovellest ornaments—gold a charming picture of old Venice. The stick-pins, studded with jewels. As she tales are united by the personality of invited her callers into the room, she said for the pear, something which sounded like: lee. Nins, the dancing girl, adds to the "Gung has faht show out in the content of the content

ma had very different thoughts about the "Joss"—whatever that meant, for she had never heard of it hefore.

Presently Quilene came in. Not only was

she attired in wonderfully bright-bued little garments, but she wore dangling chains and bangles, which jingled as she walked. She would have walked right past Pearl without speaking, so full was her mind with her own happiness, had she not been reminded of the little guest's

Her chubby, brown first was lightly doubled up, but she opened it to show some—one of copper, with a square hole

## MISCHIEVOUS WILLIE AT IT AGAIN.







GRANDPA MAKES A REMARKABLE CARON,

-New York World.