# IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

**"The Two Vanrevels."**

"The Two Vanrevels" is a fairy tale. With an impossible plot Booth Tarkington has written charmingly of the people of his fancy, has given a pretty picture of early Indiana life, and has created one character, Craney Grey, as lovable as Monsieur Beaucaire himself. While the book is a disappointment to admirers of the author's chivalric "Gentleman From Indiana," and the versatile "Monsieur Beaucaire," it will be read with interest on account of its graceful style. Elizabeth Carewe, the heroine, is a man's woman. She is pretty and lovable, rather than clever, and from the time that she steps out of a convent school she brings the dandies of Rouen to her feet. Tom Vanrevel, a rising young attorney, is one of these, but has not the entree to the Carewe mansion, because of the enmity of the charming Betty's father. The young girl is thrown in contact with both Vanrevel and his whimsical partner, the flirtatious Craney Grey, but by a strangely improbable circumstance is confused as to their identity. Direct, manly Tom Vanrevel is to her the trifling Craney. Craney Grey, the heartbreaker, is Tom Vanrevel. And so the romance is woven. Craney Grey, whose affections are supposed to be twining around another girl's heart, makes love to her as Tom Vanrevel. Vanrevel himself daringly woos and is snubbed. But all difficulties in the path of the novelist are swept away, and the reader is carried along with the story, provided he suppresses his natural incredulity. He is amused at the fire, entranced with the gayety of Rouen's social life, quickened into patriotism when Vanrevel raises his company for the Mexican War, and immeasurably saddened at Craney Grey's untimely end. For giving the reading world this one character, whimsical, extravagant, refreshing, the book is worth while.

("The Two Vanrevels," by Booth Tarkington. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.; $1 50.)

**"Gabriel Tolliver."**

The reviewers have heralded "Gabriel Tolliver" as Joel Chandler Harris' first novel, although his "Sister Jane" is suspiciously like a novel in form. "Gabriel Tolliver" is a most delightful book, and the lover of the quaint humor of the author will be glad to know that it is in a measure autobiographical. The scene is laid in reconstruction times, in the little village of Shady Dale. The chief merit of the book lies in the contrast of the peaceful life of this typical Southern community before war times, with the turbulence created by reconstruction and the descent of the carpet-baggers on the stricken land. Vivid descriptions are given of the changes produced in the easy-going negroes in the inflammatory speeches and doctrines of the Northern mischief-makers, and the equally reprehensible means taken by the hot-headed Southerners to keep negroes from asserting their power as freemen. Through the book runs a love story, told in a vein of charming sentiment and humor. From childhood Gabriel Tolliver and Nan Donington are described in their daily life, and the author has a hard time ending the book happily. Nan will persist in growing up and becoming a young lady, with all the mysterious ways that delight and puzzle man. Gabriel grows shy and awkward, and of course is absolutely certain that Nan hates him. The one character in the book that stands out above all others is Billy Sanders, a keen Southerner with a droll wit. He takes it upon himself to make the book full of humor, as well as to assist the author to rescue the hero from a Federal prison, when all the characters, and the reader, too, are downcast and gloomy with apprehension as to his fate.

("Gabriel Tolliver," by Joel Chandler Harris. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.; $1 50.)

**"The Heritage."**

"The Heritage," a story of defeat and victory, is the title of the latest novel which Burton E. Stevenson has written. The material of the story is semi-historical, and deals with the conquest of Ohio from the Indians. The autobiographical method, that of making the hero tell his own adventures, is adopted with fairly good success. The plot is very simple—in fact, there is scarcely any plot in it—and the character-drawing is sufficiently clear in outline to serve the purpose of making a readable tale. The hero is a native of Virginia, who goes to Ohio to make another fortune to take the place of the one lost by his father during the Revolution. He takes part in St. Clair's disastrous expedition against the Indians. He is taken prisoner and kept in captivity for three years, during which he makes his captor his friend and manages to withstand the charms of the dusky maiden who is offered to him. He escapes and joins "Mad Anthony" Wayne in the victory over the redskins at Fallen Timbers. He returns home wounded and—but she has loved him all the time, although he was too stupid to see it.

The story is not a pretentious one, but shows an advance in skill and power over the author's previous work, "A Soldier of Virginia."

("The Heritage," by B. E. Stevenson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. Price, $1 50.)

**"A Bayard From Bengal."**

"A Bayard From Bengal" is intended as a satire on the stories which are the craze in England, having Hindoo residents in that country as their heroes. It is a miserably weak story, and is a poor attempt at satire. It is a wonder that the author, F. Anstey, should put his name to such drivel, for "Vice Versa" and "The Tinted Venus" have proved him capable of work of real merit. There is a clumsy attempt at humor which would not even provoke a smile from an American whose taste in that regard is educated up to the standard of Mark Twain, though it may amuse the more dull-witted of the people across the water.

("A Bayard From Bengal," by F. Anstey. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price $1 25.)

**"A Treasury of Humorous Poetry."**

This little book, gotten out by Dana, Estes & Co., Boston, in beautiful form, contains over 250 selections, illustrating the work of more than 120 different British and American poets. The book is very amusing, containing as it does many old favorites, as well as the productions of all the famous contemporary writers of humorous verse. Fifteen pages are devoted to biographical and explanatory notes, which add greatly to the value of the collection, and there is a complete index of authors, titles, and first lines, besides a critical introduction.

("A Treasury of Humorous Poetry," edited by Frederick Lawrence Knowles. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co. Price $1 25.)

**"The Strongest Master."**

"The Strongest Master" is the title of a very peculiar work by Mrs. Helen Choat Prince, which is entertaining in its way. The hero is a Harvard man, expelled from his college, with a blight on his character. His one idea is to reform, first himself, and finally all existing wrongs tolerated by society, and the working out of his theories is the base of interest in the story. The several characters are well drawn, and the book shows much labor on the part of the author.

("The Strongest Master," by Helen Choat Prince. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $1 50.)

**"Eternalism."**

"Eternalism" is the title of a crisp argument in favor of "pre- and after-existence of the soul," which is written in a most vigorous style, one that will appeal to all persons interested in the subject. Orlando J. Smith, the author, has endeavored to present the whole subject in a clear and concise manner, and it must be conceded that he has written a most forceful expression of his views. The whole matter is most carefully considered, and but few points directly bearing on eternalism have been passed by without discussion. Mr. Smith has produced a work that will not only be appreciated by the average reader, but, what is far better, it will be easily understood.

("Eternalism," by Orlando J. Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $1 25 net.)

**"John Gildart."**

In the careers of most women and some men there are periods when they think that their mission on earth is to kneel at the feet of the Muse and pour forth their souls in flights of poetry. But, fortunately for the esteem in which true poets and poetry are held, these misguided versifiers usually come to the conclusion that what they took for the divine afflatus was merely a sudden spasm of erotic enthusiasm which disappeared with the satisfaction or the disappointment of their passion. Occasionally, however, some sensitive soul refuses to be suppressed and continues to express itself in more or less melodious warblings. And sometimes, by patient devotion and unceasing endeavor to attain higher flights, it almost succeeds in making a sacrifice which is acceptable to the exacting goddess. The pity is that it fails under the crucial test.

Mrs. M. E. Henry-Ruffin has written a poem which she entitles "John Gildart," and which she says is an heroic poem. Judged by absolute standards of poetry, it is not a great poem by any means. It has little of the elements which make the poems of Scott, of Byron and of Tennyson great poems. Of the truly heroic quality it has little or none. The scene is laid in the South, and the action has to do with an incident of the War of the Rebellion. It is the story of a man who heard his country's call to arms, obeyed it, served faithfully for a while, but deserted to go to the bedside of his sick wife, and then returned, only to be shot for a traitor. The incident might have been made to seem adequate, had it received proper treatment, but there is none of the pomp and pageantry of war, none of the desolation and discouragement to give it the true ring. The verse itself has none of the martial swing which characterizes that of the good heroic poems.

Instead, the poem is pervaded by a subdued, pathetic melancholy which, whatever it may not do, certainly makes it pretty. There is a sympathetic feeling for the various moods of nature expressed, an understanding of the finer feelings of the human heart, and a delicate, pleading sympathy for a man who obeyed what he sincerely believed to be the more insistent call. All in all, though not an heroic poem in any true sense, though not a great poem in any way, it is a pretty poem.

("John Gildart," an heroic poem by M. E. Henry Griffin. New York: William H. Young & Co.)

**A Popular Scientific Periodical.**

One of the functions of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, is the diffusion of knowledge in language "understanded of the people"; so that, while most of its works are intended primarily for the specialist, there is an exception made by the secretary in publishing an appendix to his report, which is, in fact, an annual summary of the most interesting events of the scientific year, prepared for that large body of the public which does not care for professional memoirs, but has a general interest in such matters.

This popular volume for 1901 is before us. It contains 50 articles, many of them illustrated, nearly all prepared by masters of the respective subjects, but telling in clear and interesting language of the latest progress in all the principal branches of knowledge.

A short sketch of the history and the work of the Smithsonian Institution begins with a paragraph from President Roosevelt's first message to Congress, in which he calls attention to the institution's functions and its present needs. The paper further states that the Smithsonian Institution, which is composed of the President and his Cabinet, and the Vice-President and Chief Justice of the United States, has a remarkable organization for the administration of funds for the promotion of science. Its activities could be still further increased if it had greater means at its absolute disposal; while those who are thinking of giving for some special scientific object may yet find the regents, on account of the peculiarly disinterested position they hold, the best counsellors in suggesting the channel into which gifts for public purposes might be directed, even should they not see their way clear to accepting such donations for the institution itself.

"Bodies Smaller Than Atoms" is the title of an interesting paper, and as we read "The Laws of Nature," "The Greatest Flying Creature," and "The Fire Walk Ceremony," at Tahiti, we are reminded of the wide range of subjects included in the report. Wireless telegraphy, trans-Atlantic telephoning, and the telephotograph are discussed by experts in electrical progress. Attention ought also to be called to papers on utilization of the sun's energy, the Bogoslof volcanoes of Alaska, forest destruction, irrigation, the children's room at the Smithsonian, the submarine boat, a new African animal called the Okapi, pictures by prehistoric cave-dwellers in France, automobile races, the dinosaurs or terrible lizards that once lived in America, and Mr. Thompson Seton's paper on the "National Zoological Park at Washington."

The whole volume has been called "the best popular scientific periodical published in the world."

The Smithsonian reports are distributed by the institution to libraries throughout the world; may be had by purchase at cost from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington City, and may also generally be obtained free of charge from the applicant's member of Congress.

**"War and Worship."**

There is simply no other way of expressing it: Henry Bedlow "had a grouch on" when he wrote "War and Worship." The title is doubtless misprinted; it probably was intended by the author to be "War and Warship," for between the steel-colored covers of these 300 pages of vitriolic verse, he has stowed vituperative ammunition enough to last "Fighting Bob" through another Chilean campaign. He has concentrated here the petty irascibility, the fiery petulance, the snarling acerbity, the tetchy pugnacity, and the red-hot contankerousness which 50 years of indigestion, chronic nightmare, a smattering of science, a horror of religious creeds and intermittent attacks of versifying, superimposed on a college education, produce in a man of Dutch ancestry.

The author says on the title page that the poem "expresses convictions based on recollections of the revolts of 1848." In that year he was a member of the Dead Sea and Jordan exploring expeditions, and while encamped on the shores of the Dead Sea, he conceived and sketched these extremely animated verses, which, after 50 and more years he has perpetrated on an unoffending public. Hence youth may not be urged as a circumstance which mitigates the enormity of his offense, for he is old enough to know better; nor may "it's my first offense" be pleaded, for he has been found guilty of writing "The White Tsar" and other poems; nor may professing ignorance of the common law absolve him, for he is a graduate of Harvard College, and has had his chance to learn. Besides, he has been Mayor of Newport, R. I.—but maybe that is the secret of it all. He has probably mistaken the automobile explosions for "the loud-lunged cannon's seismic shocks," and the blood-choked boulevards of Newport for the "carnage-clotted field of cursed war." Witness, this stanza:

Then Crime holds Freedom as a fag,
While Riot Masquerades as War,
With License in triumphal car,
And Liberty a murderous hag.

Doesn't that sound like the vengeful mutterings of a man who has been run over by an automobile? And his ravings against religion may be the result of sitting too long at bridge-whist with some pillars and pillaresses of the church. At any rate, he has blood and creed, war and religion, state and church, laity and clergy, on the brain—besides other and less virulent forms of insanity too numerous to mention.

("War and Worship," by Henry Bedlow. New York: The Truth Seeker Company. Price, $1 25.)

**"Our Lady of the Beeches."**

"Our Lady of the Beeches" is a charming romance which opens in an orginal way. The lady, Winifred, who has married a Hungarian nobleman with an unpronounceable name, engages in a correspondence with Dr. Dix, a bachelor scientist of middle age, without either revealing her and his identity to the the other, the cause being a book full of pessimism which has been published anonymously by the doctor. Their letters grow more confidential as the correspondence progresses, and, when they finally meet accidentally among the beech woods of Maine, the foundation for a love affair is already laid. But they do not descend to the coarseness of an elopement and part for ever after a declaration of mutual love. The characters are so well drawn as to enlist the sympathy of the reader and the book abounds in clever sayings. An important part is played by Winifred's old French nurse and her husband, who become reconciled after a long separation by the mediation of the hero and heroine.

("Our Lady of the Beeches," by Bettina von Hutten. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $1 25.)

**Children's Books.**

"Coquo and the King's Children" is one of the handsomest books of the year. With a bright red cover and beautiful illustrations in color, from drawings by Lucy Fitch Perkins, will delight the eye of any child. And the stories by Cornelia Baker tell a quaint, delightful style of Coquo, the King's clown, who pilots the King's children, Felipo and Ramona, to many strange places and through amusing adventures.

("Coquo and the King's Children," by Cornelia Baker.—Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)

Carolyn Wells comes to the rescue of her young friends this Winter season with "The Pete and Polly Stories." The book is finely printed and has fanciful illustrations by Fanny Young Cory. Pete and Polly have a hankering for travel so they go to the South Pole in an airship with 17 green monkeys as a crew. They keep on going after they get there and meet all sorts of strange creatures. In fact, they can't turn around without running into, the Berks the Saitices, the Tip Tops or some interesting Shacklat, Pollick or Salerator. Incidentally they hear some clever nonsense verse, which grown-ups will read to little ones and get secret enjoyment at their mystification or envy them their ability to understand a forgotten language.

("The Pete and Polly Stories," by Carolyn Wells. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"Mayken," a child's story of the Netherlands in the 16th century, by Jessie Anderson Chase, is more wholesome by long odds than the "milk and water" diet of reading usually fed to young girls. Instead of being forced to read boys' books to get the thrill of a story of adventure let the young girl of today read the interesting life story of "Mayken," Marie, daughter of William of Orange, during the stirring times of his great career. She will perhaps absorb some of the little Holland girl's brave spirit that shone forth in the midst of great trials.

("Mayken," by Jesse Anderson Chase. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)

The most famous and successful juvenile publication in the world, "Chatterbox," is out in an attractive form for 1902. Of this popular juvenile work the American publishers have sold over 1,250,000 copies, and the sale in England is even larger. The book contains a great variety of original stories, sketches and verses. Stories of heroism and adventure, anecdotes of the animal world, and tales inculcating lessons of manliness, truth and courtesy make it an admirable holiday present for a boy or girl. ("Chatterbox for 1902." Boston: Dana Estes & Co. Price, $1 40.)

## THE END OF THE HARVEST

BY GRACE DUFFIE BOYLAN

(Copyrighted, 1902, by Grace Duffie Boylan.)

Now, humbled by the steel, the ripened grains
Lie prone upon the Fields of Yesterday,
And Summer, like a spirit free from chains
And carelese of old pledges, flies away.

With slumbrous eyes and features lily pale
And pulse unquickened by the world's alarms,
Life sits apart, within a hallowed vale,
And clasps her gathered roses in her arms.

Oh, season of completed joy and woe.
Oh, harvest moon, when those who sow must reap;
Or, barely meek, in stranger meadogs go
And stoop to take what other scorn to keep.

Who chooses, now the day is past and done,
To take what is his meed and make no moan,
I hold as nobler, braver than the one
Who bends to glean where wiser men have sown.

Let him who sows the whirlwind take the yield!
For seasons upon seasons wax and wane.
And who shall say that in a tare-set field
There may not wave a yellow sea of grain?

Shall God, the Master of the Harvest, lend
With hand impartial all that we must sow,
And find no pity for us in the end,
When blighted seeds have failed to spring and grow?

In some the weevil of dead years lie deep;
And some are empty husks of rust and mold;
In some forgotten wrongs have lain asleep,
A heritage of evil manifold.

Let him who sows his portion take the yield,
And, patient, grind his bitter bread alone,
And undishonored, in dishonored field,
Refuse to glean an acre not his own!

## TEMPERANCE LESSON FOR WOMEN

BY MABEL BOUTON

The story which follows the introduction was written by Mabel Bouton, the over-pretty actress, on her deathbed in a New York charity hospital.

From Blackwell's Island, that dreary, desolate place in the heart of the greatest city of the modern world, where all the poor and forsaken are sent to be cared for by charity, Mabel Bouton, the young, pretty and once popular little actress, barely 30 years of age, sends a warning voice to other American women against intemperance. In this significant and pathetic personal note of warning which she sends out to all women she does not direct it alone to women of the stage, but to women who go out shopping and take a little tipple to stimulate themselves; to the woman whose nerves are worn and jarred who take a little tipple, thinking to drive away their nervousness; to the women in the working world who get a little blue and discouraged and take a tiny tipple, thinking that their blues may be this way cured, and to all women who take the first glass of stimulant to forget their troubles and disappointments, whatsoever they may be.

Five years ago Mabel Bouton was a clever and successful actress. Theatergoers remember how prettily she danced, how well she played her roles, in "After Christmas" and "Little Christopher." Her slender, graceful figure and her oval face, with its gypsy coloring and merry eyes, attracted many admirers. Her cheery nature and high spirits won and held many friends for her. There was no question of her talent, of her beauty, of her cordiality and charm. The sun of promise was high, but it has set—set so suddenly as to surprise all who admired her. And there is but one reason. She names it on this page. It is drink. Miss Bouton's sister, Madeleine Bouton, married a Count two years ago. Her life of happiness and luxury makes her sister's end the sadder by contrast. But she is no more beautiful, no cleverer than the woman who has lost in the game of life.

One easily recalls to mind in this connection with Miss Bouton's sermon the very pathetic case of Marie Allen Wilmerding, the great-granddaughter of Commodore Vanderbilt, whose life was wrecked by this very same curse of drink. A very pretty society girl, with all the money she wanted, was lured on to ruin by the constant habit of tippling, and it got to such an extent that her husband, after warning her, had to leave, and now she is a waif and a stray in the Tenderloin, New York. Again, there is the case of Bettina Girard, lovely, beautiful and a favorite of Washington, whose wretched end began by a diplomat drinking champagne out of her slipper at a function in Washington. Then there is Miss Pearl Eytinge, whose brilliant mind was spoiled by drink. And there are many other cases which we have not room to mention here, in society and on the stage, all over the United States, who are in the same terrible predicament of Miss Mabel Bouton. All of these women, beautiful, gifted and unfortunate, have said in substance what Miss Bouton emphasizes on this page today with such a striking moral. Drink is the quick, short cut to ruin of everything desirable in woman—her mind, her morals, her beauty and her lovableness.

I am a victim of consumption, so my physicians say, induced by drink and drugs. My life may be almost ended. I am living on the charity of a great city. I am abandoned by my friends. I am sick. I am alone. I am in the "slough of despond," in the deepest depths of despair.

Late, late, so late! but he can enter still.
Too late! Too late! Ye cannot enter now!

Oh, how this despairing wail rings in my head! My young life is spent. All my hopes are withered. I cannot turn back. It is "too late, too late."

But it is not "too late" for you to whom I am talking—all you women who may take a few moments to read my poor little sermon which I preach to you from this prison-house of tears—you women and young girls who are just beginning to take an occasional glass because you think you need it; because you are tired or "blue," or discouraged, or just want a little "innocent fun," and think it will do you good. Good! If I could only burn into your souls what evil it will do—what awful irremediable evil!

Perhaps I can preach my sermon best by the simplest, directest method—my own story of how I came to be here at Blackwell's Island, dying. I have heard them whisper when they thought I could not hear. Dying! At Blackwell's Island!

I was born at Reno, Nev. My sister Madeleine and I were always told we were pretty and clever. We were told, too, that the place for beauty and cleverness, if a girl must earn her living, is the stage. I came to New York and joined a theatrical company, and we traveled in the West and South. We had many "one-night stands," and after two or three years of this trying life I got discouraged. I came to New York every Summer and tried to get other engagements—tried to "better myself." It was hard, for the amateurs who will work for almost nothing crowd what we call the "professionals." The time came often when my purse was empty.

I kept on seeing managers and agents every day, being snubbed by some of them and insulted by others. It happens to be an uncertain life. A few succeed, but there are many more who fail and are forgotten. Every Summer the old anxiety of getting an engagement for next season must be lived over again. But this is only a little preliminary.

Sometimes I had a good engagement, sometimes not. It means a lot of sacrifice to save any money, for an actress, even more than any other woman, must dress prettily. It is her stock in trade. She dare not go before a manager shabbily gowned. Now to my own story.

One evening, when I had had no work for months and my money was all gone, I lay on the bed, in my little hallroom, crying. A friend, who lived in the same cheap theatrical boarding-house came in to chat with me.

"What is the matter?" she said.

"Nothing new," I answered. "I am blue and discouraged."

She went to her room and came back with a small glass with a bright brown liquid in it.

"Drink this," she said, kindly. "I always take it when I feel like that. It will do you good."

"Is it medicine?" I asked. Remember, I was very young and innocent in those days.

"Yes," she said; "the best kind of medicine for the blues. It is sure to cure. Take it. It is only a glass of sherry."

I drank it, and it did seem to do me good. It drove away the chill and numbness. It warmed and comforted me. I sat up and leaned against the foot of the bed and thanked the woman who had brought it to me.

"Your eyes are bright and your color is coming back," she said. "Take another glass."

I did, and again that sense of warmth crept over me. The miserable little room looked less bare. I forgot things it made me sad to remember.

My friend laughed when she saw the flush rise to my face. I laughed back, and we had a merry evening. I did not dread the next day as I had.

Before she left she suggested to me to drink one more glass.

"It will make you say 'I don't care,' and mean it, too," she said. And she was right, for that evening.

The next day was a trying one. No engagment. No prospect of one. I looked into other discouraged faces on the streets, on the stairs and in the offices. Some of them looked as disconsolate as I felt. Others looked as though they didn't care. I wondered why they didn't care, and I remembered what had comforted me the night before. I sent for some sherry and drank it before I could go to sleep.

It is a short story. From cherry I began to drink cordials when I could get them. Then anything after that—whatever would bring that delightful glow of warmth and forgetfulness soonest and keep it with me longest.

I got an engagement at last, and when I went "on the road" again I always carried something in a bottle with me. I needed it when it was cold and when I was tired and when I was depressed.

And when I was happy it seemed to make me happier. It was an escape from my sad moods and t increased my gay ones.

Of course there was a reaction afterward, and I hated the stuff for a little while, but not long. I needed it then, I thought, more than ever.

The friends who have taught you to drink drop away when you learn too well.

The woman who brought me the sherry that evening in New York began to avoid me.

Other friends asked me if I were ill.

Somehow I was left alone more than I had ever been in my life.

One day the drink would not warm me. It could not make me forget. There was a man in the house who smoked opium. Sometimes when I passed the room a sickening, sweet smell would come to me through the open door. I sent him a note. I told him I had neuralgia and I craved sleep. I begged him to give me an opiate.

He sent it to me with a note in answer. "If you have smoked before, no matter," he said. "If you haven't, don't."

The opium did what liquor had refused to do. I had been very cold and it warmed me. I had been wretched and it made me forget. I was content.

But soon after they took me to Bellevue I was cured and discharged. But in a little while they brought me back. Then they sent me to the island, and from the way they whisper behind the screen of my bed—the nurses and the doctor—I know it is nearly over.

Take me as an example. Remember my story when you are tempted to take that first glass because you are tired and blue, or because someone says: "It will make you feel better." It will, for a second or a moment, but in the end, unless you are protected by riches, it may bring you where I have told you I am.

And I am in the dreariest, most forsaken place on earth—the almshouse of the greatest city in the modern world—and all alone.

Don't drink because you are lonely and sad. That first drink is only the beginning of a long loneliness and a lasting sadness.

Oh, how easy it is to begin a bad habit, and, oh, how hard it is to stop!

Learn to conquer trouble within yourself. Conquer it by work, by philosophy, by religion, through love—anything but drink. For as sure as I am lying here waiting, helpless, for my release, in the end drink will conquer you.

MABEL BOUTON.

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5 DROPS

TRADE MARK

CURES RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA AND ALL KINDRED DISEASES

Swanson's "5-DROPS" will cure Rheumatism in any of its forms or stages of development. Applied externally it affords instant relief from pain. Taken internally it rids the blood, tissues and joints of the uric acid and other poisonous matter, which are the causes of the disease. "5-DROPS" never fails to cure Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago. It has effected more cures of the above named ailments than all other remedies combined. It will cure the most obstinate cases.

Neuralgic Pains cease at once when "5-DROPS" is used. In neuralgia the nerves are inflamed, they throb and shoot from congestion and arrested circulation. "5-DROPS" hastens circulation, quiets the nerves and the pain stops. No other remedy in the world will stop neuralgic pains so quickly as "5-DROPS" and no difference how severe the case may be "5-DROPS." if used as directed will make a permanent cure.

FREE COUPON No. 224.

Cut out this coupon and send it with your name and address to Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., Chicago, and you will be sent a trial bottle of "5-DROPS" free, postpaid. Write today.

5 DROPS TRADE MARK

If "5-DROPS" is not obtainable in your locality order direct from us and we will send it prepaid on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle. For sale by druggists.

Large Size Bottle (300 Doses) $1.00.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO. 160 Lake Street, CHICAGO.



CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine. SAFE. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH in RED and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse Dangerous Substitutions and Imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists. Chichester Chemical Co. Mention this paper. Madison Square, PHILA., PA.



TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

EAST VIA SOUTH

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY — SUNSET — OGDEN & SHASTA ROUTES

| Leave | Union Depot | Arrive |
|---|---|---|
| | OVERLAND EXPRESS TRAINS. | |
| *8:30 P. M. | for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mojave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East. | *7:45 A. M. |
| *8:30 A. M. | Morning train connects at Woodburn (daily except Sunday) with train for Mount Angel, Silverton, Brownsville, Springfield, Wendling and Natron. | *7:00 P. M. |
| *4:00 P. M. | Albany passenger .. Connects at Woodburn with Mt. Angel and Silverton local. | *10:10 A. M. |
| *7:30 A. M. | Corvallis passenger. | *5:30 P. M. |
| ‖4:50 P. M. | Sheridan passenger. | ‖8:25 A. M. |

*Daily. ‖Daily except Sunday.

PORTLAND-OSWEGO SUBURBAN SERVICE AND YAMHILL DIVISION.

Leave Portland daily for Oswego at 7:20 A. M., 12:50, 2:05, 3:25, 5:20, 6:25, 8:30, 10:10 P. M. Daily except Sunday, 5:30, 6:30, 8:35, 10:25 A. M., 4:00, 11:30 P. M. Sunday only, 9:00 A. M.

Returning from Oswego, arrive Portland daily 8:30 A. M., 1:55, 3:05, 4:35, 6:15, 7:35, 9:55, 11:10 P. M. Daily except Sunday, 6:25, 7:25, 9:30, 10:20, 11:45 A. M. Except Monday, 12:25 A. M. Sunday only, 10:00 A. M.

Leave from same depot for Dallas and intermediate points daily except Sunday 4:00 P. M. Arrive Portland 10:20 A. M.

The Independence-Monmouth motor line operates daily to Monmouth and Airlie, connecting with S. P. Co.'s trains at Dallas and Independence.

Rebate tickets on sale between Portland, Sacramento and San Francisco. Net rates, $17.50 first class and $14.00 second class. Second class includes sleeper, first class does not.

Tickets to Eastern points and Europe. Also Japan, China, Honolulu and Australia.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, corner Third and Washington streets. Phone Main 712.



CHICAGO

and all points East and South are best reached from Minneapolis and St. Paul via

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE — C. ST. P. M. & O. RY.

The peer of all fine trains between these large cities is the famous

NORTH-WESTERN LIMITED

For Lowest Rates, Time of Trains, Etc., Address

H. L. SISLER, General Agent, 248 Alder Street, Portland, Or.



TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

O. R. & N.

UNION PACIFIC — OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

THREE TRAINS DAILY FOR ALL POINTS EAST

| UNION DEPOT. | Leave. | Arrive. |
|---|---|---|
| CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL. For the East via Huntington. | 9:00 A. M. Daily. | 4:30 P. M. Daily. |
| SPOKANE FLYER. For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Gt. Northern points | 6:15 P. M. Daily. | 7:00 A. M. Daily. |
| ATLANTIC EXPRESS For the East via Huntington. | 8:30 P. M. Daily. | 8:10 A. M. Daily. |
| RIVER SCHEDULE. COLUMBIA RIVER DIVISION. | | |
| FOR ASTORIA and way points, connecting with steamer for Ilwaco and North Beach, steamer Harvest Queen, Ash-street Dock. | 8:00 P. M. Daily ex. Sunday, Saturday, 10 P. M. | 5:00 P. M. Daily except Sunday. |
| WILLAMETTE RIVER DIVISION. | | |
| For Salem, Corvallis and way points, steamer Ruth, Ash-street Dock. | 6:45 A. M Mondays, Wednesday Fridays. | About 6:00 P. M. Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays. |
| YAMHILL RIVER ROUTE. | | |
| FOR DAYTON, Oregon City and Yamhill River points, str. Elmore, Ash-st. dock. (Water permitting.) | 7:00 A. M. Tues., Thurs., Sat. | 3:00 P. M. Mon., Wed., Fri. |
| SNAKE RIVER ROUTE. | | |
| For Lewiston, Idaho, and way points, from Riparia, Wash., steamers Spokane or Lewiston. | 4:05 A. M. daily except Saturday. | About 5:00 P. M. daily ex. Friday. |

TICKET OFFICE, Third and Washington. Telephone Main 712.

PORTLAND & ASIATIC STEAMSHIP CO.

For Yokohama and Hong Kong, calling at Kobe, Nagasaki and Shanghai, taking freight via connecting steamers for Manila, Port Arthur and Vladivostok.

INDRAVELLI SAILS ABOUT NOVEMBER 28

For rates and full information call on or address officials or agents of O. R. & N. Co.



NORTHERN PACIFIC

TIME CARD OF TRAINS

PORTLAND

| | Departs. | Arrives. |
|---|---|---|
| Puget Sound Limited for Tacoma, Seattle, Olympia, South Bend and Gray's Harbor points | 7:25 am | 4:15 pm |
| North Coast Limited for Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Butte, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, New York, Boston and all points East and Southeast | 2:00 pm | 7:00 am |
| Twin City Express for Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Helena, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, New York, Boston and all points East and Southeast | 11:45 pm | 7:00 pm |
| North Coast-Kansas City-St. Louis Special, for Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Butte, Billings, Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis and all points East and Southeast | 2:00 pm | 7:00 am |

All trains daily except on South Bend branch.

A. D. CHARLTON, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 255 Morrison st., corner Third, Portland, Or.



THE GREAT NORTHERN

Ticket Office 122 Third St. Phone 680

| LEAVE | | ARRIVE |
|---|---|---|
| No. 4 6:15 P. M. | The Flyer daily to and from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Chicago and all points East. | No. 3 7:00 A. M. |

Through Palace and Tourist Sleepers, Dining and Buffet Smoking-Library Cars.

JAPAN - AMERICAN LINE

TOSA MARU

For Japan, China and all Asiatic points, will leave Seattle

About December 2

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

For South-Eastern Alaska.

Leave Seattle, 9 A. M.,

Steamships City of Topeka or City of Seattle Nov. 7, 13, 19, 25; Dec. 1, 7, 13, 19, 25, 31.

Steamers connect at San Francisco with company's steamers for ports in California, Mexico and Humboldt Bay. For further information obtain folder.

Right is reserved to change steamers or sailing dates.

AGENTS—N. POSTON, 246 Washington st., Portland; F. W. CARLETON, 607 Pacific ave., Tacoma; Ticket Office, 113 James st., Seattle. GEO. W. ANDREWS, Northwestern Passenger Agent, San Francisco. Ticket Office, 4 New Montgomery st. C. D. DUNANN, Gen. Pass. Agt., San Francisco.



REGULATOR LINE STEAMERS

Daily except Sunday.

DALLES-PORTLAND ROUTE TIME CARD.

STR. REGULATOR.

Leaves Portland Tues., Thurs., Sat., 7 A. M.
Leaves Dalles Mon., Wed., Fri., 7 A. M.

STR. DALLES CITY.

Leaves Portland Mon., Wed., Fri., 7 A. M.
Leaves Dalles Tues, Thurs., Sat., 7 A. M.

LANDING OAK ST. DOCK PORTLAND.

M. V. HARRISON, Agent.



Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Co.

| LEAVES | Depot Fifth and I Streets. | AR