"Fiction does not teach a lesson which we must afterward unlearn. It repeats the lessons of life, and disengages us from ourselves."—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Sabina, a Story of the Amish, by Helen Reimensnyder Martin. The Century Company, New York City.

It would have been equally fitting had the authoress of this readable novel called it "Sabina; A Story of Psychic Phenomenon," for its scope is within that peculiar viewpoint. The plot is new and original, and the work complete with emotional interest handled with remarkable skill. It is a love story, but the strangest kind of a love story and with a most unexpected ending. No illustrations adorn the pages, but a picture of a demure looking Amish maiden who resembles a Quakeress in personal appearance looks at you from the book cover.

Helen Reimensnyder Martin is well known for her studies in religious sect subjects, and she achieved a success with her previous book, "Tillie; A Mennonite Maid." In the present volume she tells of her newer friends who belong to a strange religious sect known as the Amish, their chief places of habitation being in portions of Pennsylvania, particularly Lancaster County. Apart from queerness of garb and life, they have their loves, bickerings, envyings and deaths just as other "people in the world." The heroine of the novel is Sabina, or "Biney" Wilt, daughter of a farmer, and she would have probably been an uninteresting rustic had she not only been very pretty but a junior Joan of Arc who saw visions. A painter, Augustus Acker, is the second chief moving figure in the story, and in the ordinary course of events would undoubtedly have married Sabina, but her psychic personality interfered, and she ultimately married another, Ulmer Popple, a Pennsylvania Dutchman. Acker secures board and lodging in the Wilt household for $3 per week because he said he wished to find local color for his pictures, but the real reason was that he saw Sabina's pretty face as she assisted her father to sell his farm produce at Lancaster market. Then the action starts.

There is no doubt about it that Sabina alternately loved and hated Ulmer Poppe when she was in the possession of her natural senses because of his mastery of her, and that in her shy way she loved Acker when she was in her trance condition suffering from psychic phenomena. The authoress states in her preface that the psychic mystery on which her volume is mainly founded is not fictitious, and that she can vouch for the truth of it. Let Sabina tell the story when she experiences second sight:

I can't think where first I could of saw that face. To be sure it might have been one of them faces in the circus parade I seen onct in there at Lancaster. Us Amish we don't uphold to circuses, but I stood in the front rank of that there parade and my conscience troubled me a heap fur lookin' on at such a worldly scen'ry as that there. Do you think mebbe I seen the face that day and that it comes back to me in my dreams? Mebbe Gawd sends it to me for a punishment fur to trouble me because I looked at the parade that day. One year ago, while visitin' my Aunt Rebecca, I had a dream of seein' such a ugly face of a man—so wicked like. And I knowed, as certain as if Christ had tole it to me, that somebody at home was in t'ouble. Aunt Rebecca said I was hystericky. I come home. And sure enough Melinda had fell in the well and was nearly drownded. All that night while I was dreamin' the face the doctor and pop and mom and Aunt Susanna was workin' to keep Melinda alive.

Had Sabina been a wrinkled old hag, with a black cat or two wriggling around her, it would be hard to keep up a respectful interest, but when Sabina is a slip of a girl and as pretty as a peach the case wears a different aspect. Especially when Sabina is a sort of living barometer to foretell trouble. And she never makes a miss in her predictions. A cheerful sort of person to have around a house!

Once the painter asked old man Wilt if he ever took any time for pleasure? "Yes," said Levi. "We go, still, on weddin's and funerals. And onct me and Naomi and Susanna we went to Phil'delfy." The male Amish around the Wilt house wore pants cut alike behind and before, vests fastened with hooks and eyes—the Amish faith forbidding the worldliness of buttons and buttonholes—and dark brown shirts. The fashion of the hair among the Amish men was a bang to the eyebrows, and flowing locks behind reaching almost to the coat collar. When Sabina was asked if she would like to draw pictures, she answered: "I couldn't waste my time. What good to a body is the picture of a thing? When you're got the trees and skies all around you, what's the use wastin' time makin' pictures of 'em? It ain't worth while." Her father proposed to cease buying a weekly newspaper because "them newspaper folks they print their paper on such little sheets we can't use 'em to cover our cupboard shelfs, still. And the paper's so thin that we can't make it do to cover our apple-butter crocks!"

After various calamities, duly foretold by Sabina, had happened in the family, she was stricken with fever, and when she recovered her health, she seemd to forget her love for Acker and certain events of her past life. When Acker returned to the Wilt household years after, he found that his Sabina had married Popper, and was the buxom mother of two babies. She and he met, face to face. A strange, clairvoyant look came into the young mother's eyes and she began to tremble. But just then her younger baby cried, and the look of terror in Sabina's eyes gave place to motherly tenderness. Acker had completely passed out of her life. The novel pictures of a type of rugged American character.

The Passport, by Richard Bagot. $1.50. Harper & Brothers, New York City.

This novel has a touch of Old World romance, for the scenes are laid in sunny Italy and principally concern the efforts of two lovers, Silvio Rossano and Step-Uncle d'Antin, to win the love of a great heiress, Bianca Acorari. Silvio had long loved her in secret and at one of their early meetings, when they were slowly passing the borderland of mere friendship into something more tender, she said to him: "If I were a man I would marry whom I chose, no matter how many difficulties stood in my way if I knew the woman whom I cared for, cared for me. Of course I know that a man is obliged to speak to a girl's parents before he can tell her that he loves her. But I am quite sure if I were a man and wanted to know if my love were returned, I should ask the person I loved." After a speech like that, small wonder it is that her adorer poured into her willing ears such passionate wooing that they were speedily an engaged couple.

Of course the step-uncle, because of his relationship, wooed under a handicap, but he had the active co-operation of his sister, the Princess Montefiano, and a Prince of the church, one Abbe Roux. The plot that follows is a tangled one, but it is worked out with consummate skill. There is a secret passageway leading to Bianca's room in a medieval castle, and through this entrance a faithful retainer brings love letters which cheer the heart of the waiting damsel. The conclusion, dealing with a revolt of the peasants because their rents were unjustly raised, and the ultimate union of Silvio and Bianca, is a well constructed one. The novel could have been well named: "Bianca and Her Lovers."

Colonial Administration, by Paul Reinsch. Cloth. $1.50. The Macmillan Company, New York City.

In this era of expansion, when almost every government is endeavoring to extend its influence and activity by the acquisition of important colonies, the subject of practical administration of distant colonial possessions is certainly an interesting study.

This is especially so when we consider the subject from the standpoint of the recorded past, as well as from that of the immediate present. Indeed, it is only in the light of history that we can trace the great importance of colonial possessions upon the mother countries; and, guided by this light, we shall find a visible and audible demonstration of the influence for good or evil that distant colonies exercised upon their possessors.

When we recall the fact that liberty perished in Rome only when the empire became the mistress of conquered races, to whom she was unwilling to extend the principle of equal freedom, we shall understand why Great Britain is today the great world empire with loyal colonies in every part of both hemispheres—while Germany is a colossal failure, and Spain, but not so very long ago mistress of the world, has lost all of her distant possessions. For, if there be any lesson at all that the history of the past teaches the present in unmistakable terms, it is that colonial possessions, while yielding allegiance to the mother country, must not be governed as subject colonies, but should be placed upon terms of actual equality with every other part of the empire by which it is governed.

The author of "Colonial Administration," however, does not enter much into the philosophy of history of governing colonial possessions. His aim is rather that of presenting "a statement of the various problems confronting colonial governments," such as education, finance, commerce, communication, land, labor, etc. In doing this, he deals chiefly with experiments which "are of so recent an origin that their outcome is still entirely problematical." Nevertheless, the book as a comparative study of methods of colonial administration is a useful handbook for administrators whose chief interest, it must be admitted, is confined almost exclusively to revenues and their practical distribution.

The book is also very useful for the many valuable references with which each chapter is well supplied. But the tendency of the author to surround the subject of colonial expansion with a halo of altruism and benevolence, is certainly untenable. At the base of colonial expansion, it must be admitted, self interest pure and simple is the actual motive cause. But enlightened expansionists will strive to make adequate returns to their colonial possessions for whatever interests they may derive, and thus transform their colonies into loyal dependencies. That is what Great Britain has accomplished, and it is the very thing in which others so far have failed. W. H. G.

The Social Secretary, by David Graham Phillips. Illustrations by Clarence E. Underwood and decorations by Ralph Fletcher Seymour. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Miss Gussie Talltower is the name chosen for this smart but sometimes silly confessor of social doings in the society of Washington, D. C. The print, pictures, and book-cover are all so delightful that it is difficult to speak of this book with necessary candor. The contents are not equal to the elegant surroundings, although the practiced hand of the bookmaker is seen. Mr. Phillips may have written the novel as a sort of relaxation from his great success, "The Plum Tree." Who knows?

"The Social Secretary" is written by a man who is familiar with Washington, and is the sort of a story to appeal to people of elegant leisure, and as such it is sure to be doubly welcome. Miss Talltower is engaged at the start at a salary of $2000 per year to pilot the Burkes to social success in the whirl or rather treadmill of gay, political Washington life, and she is so tactful that she rarely makes a mistake in her steering process. Being a smart society woman and one who dresses her hair in pompadour fashion, Miss Talltower knows just what to do and what to say. She introduces her employers and others under her motherly wing to the right sort of people, and apparently is on terms of intimacy with "the President" — presumably President Roosevelt. Here is a picture of the President at a reception:

After a while the President came in and said: "Is this your reception, Mrs. Burke, or is it mine?" At which there was more laughing, he raising a great guffaw and slapping his hip with his powerful hands. Then they all went up to have something to eat.

The book is not without its enjoyable human nature and its quick, amusing cleverness. Here are a few of its observations:

Washington, D. C., is the hardest place in the world for a woman to find a husband, unless she's got something that appeals to the ambition of men.

As if any woman was indifferent to men!

What a changed Washington it is, and what a fight the new simplicity is making against the new ostentation.

No proper man servant ever permits anyone to see his eyes.

I wonder why they teach men at Harvard to use their lips in making words, as a Miss Nancy sort of man uses his fingers in doing fancy work?

Men forgive slights, and, when it's to their interest, to forget them. But I know that the women never do. They keep the knife sharp and wait for a chance to stick it in, for years and years.

The men sleep in Washington. But the women with social duties have no time for sleep—only for naps.

Women always seem older than men who are even many years older than they.

I like the man a woman can fool easily. That shows he's honest.

There's nothing deader on this earth than an ex-President, with no offices to distribute and no hopes for a further political career.

A woman slept on her way to a musicale. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I was dreaming I was in bed asleep, and it ain't so. Instead I've got to enjoy myself."

I believe the primeval woman fancied the lover who lay in wait and brought her down with a club.

A Washington love story told by a woman: "Do you know when we became engaged? Listen. It was the first time we met—after three hours. After one hour he made me insult the men who came up to claim dances. After two hours he made me say: 'I love you.' After three hours he asked me to come into a little reception room. And he closed the door and kissed me. 'That makes you my wife,' he said in a dreadful voice, and he added: 'Do you understand?'" And the woman nodded ravishingly, "I understood."

Under Rocking Skies, by L. Frank Tooker. $1.50. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York City.

Good sea stories are not so plentiful as formerly. We have had our day of Captain Marryat, Clark, Cooper, Mayne Reid and that ilk. Lately, we have enjoyed Joseph Conrad and John R. Spears, and our Pacific Coast writers, Jack London and John Fleming Wilson.

Now comes a new writer of the ways of the sea, Lewis Frank Tooker, who was born in 1855 in the village of Port Jefferson, on Long Island Sound; his father was a sea captain, and the boy was raised in the strenuous enjoyment of the seafaring life. Growing older, he became Deputy Clerk of his native county, but 20 years ago he capitulated to New York City, joining the editorial staff of the Century Magazine. And in the long 20 years of his service to literature his name remained unknown to the general readers, though an occasional poem in one of the magazines made us aware of a poet who knew the sea and sang of it beautifully. These occasional poems were collected and published, three years ago, in a thin little volume, "The Call of the Sea," a book which no one who ever owned it has ever parted with. The very first poem, the title-poem, was stirring enough to set the reader tramping to and fro with longing fancy feeling for the swaying of the deck.

"Under Rocking Skies" fairly has the breath of the sea in its 282 pages, and the story well deserves the popularity it has earned while being issued in serial form in the Century Magazine. It is undoubtedly written by one who knows life on shipboard as we landlubbers know our asphalt pavements and cement sidewalks. The voyage pictured in the brig Henrietta C. March, 500 tons burden, from Long Island to Santa Cruz, West Indies, is no holiday sail—the storms roar, the shipwrecked crew is met and rescued, and captain and sailors fight on slippery decks with the warring elements for their very lives. The chief actors are Captain March, his wife and daughter, Hetty; Rev. Robert Drew, a clergyman, who is taking a sail for the benefit of his health; and Thomas Medbury, first mate. Medbury loves Hetty, a damsel who is not sure of her own mind for more than a minute at a time. Consequently, she dallies with Medbury's affections. Here is Hetty's portrait: "Her face was in profile, and the mouth, clear-cut and undrooping, had the softness of outline associated with good temper. Her eyes, though now sad, had the same gentle look. He liked her thick brown hair and the clear oval of her face. They gave him the impression of harmony."

Hetty became angry at the thought that Medbury, her old schoolfellow, had again sailed with the brig with the avowed desire to win her as his wife, and she looked with favorable eyes at the parson. Poor Medbury! He made fast and furious love to his fair divinity, little dreaming that she, a woman, would exercise her prerogative to daily with two men willing to make love to her at the same time, just as a cat would play with a meek little mouse. At last Medbury was stung to his inmost soul, and said to her:

"You are a hard woman, a hard and heartless woman."

"I wish you wouldn't," she whispered passionately, "wouldn't speak to me. You hurt me." He did not understand, and his eyes grew hot with impotent anger. "You've hurt me for many a long year," he answered hotly. "But you'll hurt me no more."

The parson began reading the "Idylls of the King" to Hetty, but she was won at last by the dog-like devotion of Medbury. Captain March, who said: "Ashore I mostly smoke cigars. My wife says that a pipe is low. Here on shipboard I'm master," was at the wheel through the thickest of storms. There is a thrilling little passage when he is taking the brig past Ball Rock. Apparently just to enjoy the steadiness of his hand, out of a strong soul's bravado, he carries the little vessel so close that the startled mate hears the seabirds crying. "You can always hear them at night if you go close enough," the unsmiling old captain explained. Best of all the passages concerning Captain March is the one after the fight. The crew had given up hope, had slipped away from the pumps and were hiding in the booby hatchway, where the mate fell upon them in mighty wrath; the fight was swift and murderous, and only the flash of the captain's lantern saved Medbury, but the men were driven back to the pumps, and as the mate stood over them with the admonitory belaying-pin, the old captain leaned over and roared into his ear:

"Keep 'em going! Don't let 'em slack up a bit! Never had such a lot aboard a vessel of mine before. It makes me sick.

"Don't understand it," went on the captain in an aggrieved, plaintive voice; "nobody could."

The foreign girl and her brother, saved from their wrecked ship, are not so strongly drawn, and their broken English is difficult to understand. They ought to have taken a stronger part in the action. But in genuine sea pictures the author is at his best. He paints with a master hand and with authority.

Business Philosophy, by Benjamin F. Cobb. $1.20. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York City.

Sound common sense and practical suggestion along business lines are the prominent features of this helpful book, and it ought to be read with profit by both employers and employed. Mr. Cobb goes minutely into problems of buying and selling, some of his chapters being on these topics: "How to Handle a Customer," "The Credit System," "Collections," "Loafers," "How to Treat a Competitor," "The Class of Men to Employ," "Advertising," etc. Here are a few of Mr. Cobb's ideas on advertising:

The secret of successful advertising is to make people talk about you. It is only a narrow-minded man who says he does not advertise. Everybody advertises and cannot help it. The good advertiser is the one who fully appreciates the fact and makes his "ads" count for all they are worth. Do you know what it means to be a successful advertiser? It means success in business; and the only way to be successful in business is to keep constantly at it.

Here is a paragraph on labor unionism:

This should be a free country. We have always boasted that it is, but labor unionism brings us much nearer slavery than anything this country has seen since 1864. It not only enslaves the employers, but it makes the majority of the members of the union slaves to the few. The labor unions, if they carried out the ideas of the labor agitators, would be the greatest trusts that were ever invented. The only thing that holds the unions together is fear. The men are forced to join a union and then they are forced to strike.

Everybody will not be disposed to agree with Mr. Cobb in this view of the subject, but he goes on to explain the matter in detail and ultimately concludes that employers and labor unions should get together and be friends. He adds: "I believe that the only possible understanding that can ever be had between capital and labor is through a system of profit-sharing, and it can be done in the smallest or largest business."

Her Letter, by Bret Harte. Pictured by Arthur I. Keller. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

An edition de luxe, such as we might wish to handle when we wear white kid gloves and place with our dearest treasures in the book line. The printing and binding form a union of perfect beauty, and if you know a young man of literary tastes to whom you wish to give a Christmas present send him "Her Letter," and you will make him your debtor when all his other presents shall have faded.

Is life worth living? ask the discontented, whose digestions are out of order and whose lives ought to be regulated by a wise physician. There are too many of us who have devoted ourselves to the pursuit of ignoble ends—such as the unceasing pursuit of the elusive dollars because we loved those same dollars for their sake—and ask ourselves when life's sands are waning: "What act of ours will keep us in grateful remembrance when we are dead?" At that moment bonds, watered stocks, money and real estate must seem meaningless to us, since we cannot carry any of it away with us to the land we are journeying to.

On the other hand we are told that in the making of books there is no end. But if ever an American writer is lovingly remembered, now that he is dead, it is Bret Harte by such a book of verses as "Her Letter." Verily, his words and message live after him. The first of the two poems given have long been popular favorites, but the third was not writen until near the end of Mr. Harte's life. All the poems are rounded out with completeness and charm depicting as they do the rugged, picturesque beauty of Western life. As an illustrator, Mr. Keller has performed admirable work. In the verse, we scarcely know what to admire the most:

I'm sitting alone by the fire
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even you would admire—
It cost a cool thousand in France—
Or the girl's surrender of her heart:
Good night!—Here's the end of my paper,
Good night! If the longitude please—
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got the riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

"His Answer" has enthralling charm and keen humor, and this verse is worthy of the delicate finish of Tom Moore:

He hopes you are wearing no willows,
But are happy and gay all the while,
That he knows—(which this dodging of pillows
Imparts but small ease to the style,
And the same you will pardon) he knows,
Miss,
That though parted by many a mile,
"Yet, were he lying under the snows, Miss,
They'd melt into tears at your smile!"

Mr. Penwiper's Fairy Godmother, by Amy Woods. Illustrated by Diantha W. Horne. 50 cents. Dana Estes & Co., Boston.

A readable little book of 98 pages, for children. It introduces a new writer and a clever "first book," the style being crisp and bright and the coloring wholesome. Every child who reads this story will love little Mary Gray, who was run down by an automobile and narrowly escaped being crippled for life. She effected a reformation in the hard-fisted, business-loving Oliver Hardwick, alias "Mr. Penwiper," and the way in which this is done—and told—leaves a helpful influence for good. The old-fashioned virtues of patience and unselfishness are skilfully portrayed. A child reading this book will grasp a sermon without being aware of so doing.

The Queen's Page, by Cornelia Baker. Illustrations by Fanny Y. Corry. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

An historical novel for children, which has no cruel, bloodthirsty setting, but illustrates court life when Charles the First was King of France, and Catherine de Medici flourished, but had not yet had the opportunity to work her death harvest. Two children are the chief moving figures in the novel, Pedro and his sister Petronilla, whose father was Don Hernandez de Velasco, of Navarre. Pedro becomes page to Queen Eleanor. The story is told in a natural, refreshing manner and the interest is kept up throughout the whole 319 pages. A healthy book for boys and girls, as they can learn a mass of historical data without their becoming aware of it. J. M. Q.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP

Vaughan Kester's new book dealing in a romantic way with the settlement of the Mississippi Valley, "The Fortunes of the Landrays," has gone into a second edition.

* * *

"The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," by Anne Warner, has already gone into a third edition. The author in her latest book has written a story excelling in interest both "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop" and "A Woman's Will," according to the critics.

* * *

The poet, Cale Young Rice, author of "Charles di Tocca" and "David," dramatic poems, has just taken up with a venture that is quite at variance with poetic traditions. He is to hold an important executive position in a bank which he has been instrumental in forming in Louisville, Ky.

* * *

Says an appreciative reader to Eugene Wood in praise of Mr. Wood's volume of stories, "Black Home": "Keep on, give us more of the same kind of 'cheer-up' product from your own particular bakery. We enjoy your style and hope the tree is a prolific fruit-bearer.—From one who has eaten some of the apples."

* * *

A holiday edition—its eighth since publication five years ago—of "Widow O'Callaghan's Boys," is a welcome announcement. An entirely new set of illustrations by Mrs. Shinn, who immortalized the characters in "Mrs. Wiggs," greatly enhances the value of this new edition, for in her pictures she presents the O'Callaghans just as we have always imagined them. "Widow O'Callaghan" and "her b'ys" are still amusing delighted readers.

* * *

The Century Company will issue James Eugene Farmer's "Versailles and the Court Under Louis XIV" this Fall. The volume will be a royal octavo, bound in light blue cloth, with 72 full-page illustrations in tint, reproductions from photographs and of famous pictures. Mr. Farmer, who is master in history and English literature at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., has been a zealous student of French history and has spent considerable time at Versailles and Paris gathering material for this work.

* * *

A level-headed and intelligent criticism of one's own country is always acceptable, and particularly so when the criticism comes from a native of another land. In "The Land of the Strenuous Life," the Abbe Felix Klein records his impressions of a visit to the United States, and his opinions and observations on American life, seen from his own standpoint, make very interesting reading. Among other cities he visited New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington, D. C., and he comments on each, from an unbiased point of view, in a lively and most entertaining manner. The book contains many portraits and views.

* * *

The publication of a short story in one of the leading monthly magazines under the title of "A Lady of Balance," completes the toll of work which is to appear in print from the hands of Elizabeth Cherry Waltz, author of "The Ancient Landmark." Mrs. Waltz's first book, a series of short stories of Kentucky life, was "Pa Gladden," and she died while it was still in press. Her novel has also a Kentucky setting. Mrs. Waltz promised to do for Kentucky what Frank Norris was doing for California and the West, and there is a pathetic similarity in the small amount of work they were both able to achieve before death stopped their pens.

* * *

Few of this generation are better fitted to write the thrilling story of the first days of overland commerce in America than Charles F. Lummis. The routes of all the great streams of past travel he follows in "Pioneer Transportation in America" have been traversed by him afoot or on horseback. In the course of many years of leisurely wandering he has explored the Americas from Canada to Chile. Twenty years ago he followed on foot the route of the Santa Fe trail, traversing in 143 days 3507 miles from Cincinnati to California. In addition to his experience of the hardships of the trail, Mr. Lummis brings to his subject a scholarly knowledge of the Spanish colonial history.

* * *

"The Ward of the Sewing Circle," by Edna Edwards Wylie, just published, is the first prose of more than short-story order that the author ever sent to a publisher. The ideas for this tale of an orphan, who was adopted by a sewing circle, the members of which take care of him in turn for two months each, while not gathered from it, were inspired by Mrs. Wylie's residence in Beverly, Mass., which was her husband's first parish. It was written amid the cares of a pastor's life, the sights and scenes of staid New England life breaking full upon one accustomed to Western ways and scenes, had a deep inspiration. Mrs. Wylie is a native of Iowa and a direct descendant of Jonathan Edwards. At present she lives in Cleveland, O.

* * *

The King of England's brother-in-law, the Duke of Argyll, won considerable literary fame during his famous father's lifetime. He was at that time the Marquis of Lorne, and his work on the "United States After the War," published in 1885, brought him prominently before American readers. After serving as Governor-General of Canada, he wrote his "Canadian Pictures," a book of great interest and value. It is, however, as a poet that the Marquis won his best reputation. The Duke is once more entering the literary field—this time as a writer of nonsense verse of the Lewis Carroll and Lear order. His first venture in this line is a long ballad which will appear in the November issue of The Smart Set, with the title, "The Three Little Africanders."

* * *

An amusing incident illustrative of the shifting relations of politics occurred during the printing of the little volume of speeches by George Washington Plunkitt, Tammany leader of the 15th New York district, entitled "Plunkitt of Tammany Hall." For a frontispiece there was furnished a picture of the Honorable Mr. Plunkitt sitting on the New York County Courthouse bootblack stand surrounded by friends, but when the proof of the cut was shown to Mr. Plunkitt he was in consternation, for the picture showed standing close by him in a friendly attitude a man whom the fortunes of politics had recently made an active enemy. The news of the dilemma was carried to the publishers, but they were equal to the occasion, and no one would recognize the portly gentleman with the very Frenchy moustache and side whiskers who occupies so prominent a position in the picture by the side of the Honorable Mr. Plunkitt.

* * *

"A Modern Symposium" is the title of a new book from the pen of G. Lowes Dickinson, author of "Letters from a Chinese Official" and "Religion: A Criticism and a Forecast." It is a volume quite as much out of the ordinary as the author's two previous productions. Mr. Dickinson has set himself the task of showing how great a factor in life is the point of view. Like an extremely able and discerning novelist, he presents a group of typical individualities—the artist, the poet, the politician, the connoisseur, the dilettante, etc.—and makes them explain and defend their methods of life, and their outlook upon the things—people and events, ideals, etc.—of the world. These speeches are like a series of flashlights upon human character. The book becomes a species of antidote to that attitude of mind which, while willing to admit that there are many defensible attitudes toward the world, can never appreciate the real tenability or justice of any but its own.

* * *

At the announcement that those poems of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning which were written by each to the other are to be gathered now for the first time into one volume, the first feeling is one of surprise that such a compilation has not been made before. Under title of "Sonnets From the Portuguese," the Century Company has collected, in addition to the sonnets, six lyrics from the pen of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Robert Browning's "One Word More," "Prospice" and "O Lyric Love" from "The Ring and the Book." The little volume, in appropriate cover designed by Blanche McManus Mansfield, and with portraits of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, will be one of the Thumbnail series. It will have an introduction by Richard Watson Gilder, giving the history of the Brownings' meeting, friendship and marriage, and discussing sympathetically this remarkable and unique antiphony of love poetry.

* * *

"The first turning of a French door-handle is symbolic. Just as we lower the knob to the left, our neighbors raise it to the right, so we may safely take it for granted that everything done across the water is performed after a fashion directly contrary to our own." This is just the reason why Miss Betham-Edwards in her book entitled "Home Life in France" gives us a study of French home-life from the most interesting point of view. In describing the domestic, social, and business life in France, she includes all the characteristic details which make her book both valuable and interesting because it depicts a daily life in distinct contrast to our own. There are chapters on "Social Usages," "Housekeeping," "Holiday Making," "The Baby," "The Girl," "The Boy," "Conscripts," "Brides and Bridegrooms," "Wives and Mothers," "The Young Business Lady," "Restaurant-Keeping in Paris," "The Family Council," "The Code Civil and Family Life," "New Year's Etiquette," all of which subjects the author knows intimately, owing to her many years' residence in France.

* * *

Mary Farley Sanborn, the author of one of Little, Brown & Co.'s new Fall novels, entitled "Lynette and the Congressman," had a peculiar but valuable experience when she wrote her first novel, "Sweet and Twenty." "One prominent literary woman, to whom I sent the manuscript, with the usual humble suggestion of the novice that I would willingly change it, if it were not what it ought to be," says Mrs. Sanborn, "replied bluntly that no amount of alteration would make it what I wanted my work to be. She added, however, 'you make your characters real, not lay figures; that is a great power.' Upon this bit of encouragement I began the process of rewriting, with the result that the book was published and still continues to sell steadily." "Sweet and Twenty" was followed by "It Came to Pass," and "Paula Ferris"; then for a short time Mrs. Sanborn wrote only short articles, until "The Revelation of Herself," which appeared in the Bookman serially, was published a year ago. "Lynette and the Congressman" is a love story, with a Southern flavor and a touch of political life. The scene is laid in Washington, the hero is a Western Congressman, and the heroine a girl of Virginia. Mrs. Sanborn is a deep and ardent lover of Washington, not for its surface life, so much as for the quality of its personality which has developed out of its history. The opening sentences of "Lynette and the Congressman" were written one day in the Senate gallery, when the business on the floor was not interesting enough to hold her attention. Mrs. Sanborn is a native of Manchester, N. H., but at present resides in Boston.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

O. R. & N.
UNION PACIFIC
OREGON SHORT LINE
AND UNION PACIFIC
3 TRAINS TO THE EAST DAILY

Through Pullman standards and tourist sleeping-cars daily to Omaha, Chicago, Spokane; tourist sleeping-car daily to Kansas City; through Pullman tourist sleeping-car (personally conducted) weekly to Chicago. Reclining chair-cars (seats free) to the East daily.

UNION DEPOT.	Leaves.	Arrives.
CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL for the East via Huntington.	9:15 A. M. Daily.	5:25 P. M. Daily.
SPOKANE FLYER. For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points.	6:15 P. M. Daily.	8:00 A. M. Daily.
ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	8:15 P. M. Daily.	7:15 A. M. Daily.
RIVER SCHEDULE		
FOR ASTORIA and way points, connecting with steamer for Ilwaco and North Beach, steamer Hassalo, Ash-st. dock (water per.)	5:00 P. M. Daily, except Sunday. Saturday, 10:00 P. M.	9:00 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.
FOR DAYTON, Oregon City and Yamhill River points, Ash-st. dock (water per.)	7:00 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	5:30 P. M. Daily, except Sunday.

For Lewiston, Idaho, and way points from Riparia, Wash.

Leave Riparia 5:40 A. M. or upon arrival train No. 4, Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday. Arrive Riparia 4 P. M., Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

Ticket Office, Third and Washington. Telephone Main 712. C. W. Stinger, City Ticket Agt.; A. L. Craig, Gen. Passenger Agt.

EAST via SOUTH
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

Leaves.	UNION DEPOT.	Arrives.
*8:45 P. M.	OVERLAND EXPRESS TRAINS for Sale, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mojave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East.	*7:25 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.	*5:55 P. M.
*6:00 P. M.	Eugene passenger connects at Woodburn with Mt. Angel and Silverton local.	*10:25 A. M.
*7:30 A. M. *4:50 P. M.	Corvallis passenger Sheridan passenger	*3:50 P. M. §8:25 A. M.
†10:45 P. M.	Forest Grove Passenger.	†1:50 P. M.

*Daily. §Daily except Sunday.

PORTLAND-OSWEGO SUBURBAN SERVICE AND YAMHILL DIVISION.

Depot, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Leave Portland daily for Oswego at 7:30 A. M.; 12:50, 2:05, 4, 5:30, 6:35, 7:45, 10:10, 11:30 P. M. Daily except Sunday, 5:30, 6:30, 8:35, 10:25 A. M. Sunday only, 9 A. M.

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

Leave from same depot for Dallas and intermediate points, daily, 6:00 P. M. Arrive Portland, 10:10 A. M.

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

First-class fare from Portland to Sacramento and San Francisco, $20. Berth, $5. Second-class fare, $15. Second-class berth, $2.50.

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

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

C. W. STINGER, City Ticket Agent. A. L. CRAIG, Gen. Pass. Agt.

NORTHERN PACIFIC
TIME CARD OF TRAINS
PORTLAND DAILY.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Yellowstone Park-Kansas City, St. Louis Special for Chehalis, Centralia, Olympia, Gray's Harbor, South Bend, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Lewiston, Butte, Billings, Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis and Southeast	8:30 a m	4:30 p m
North Coast Limited, electric lighted, for Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Butte, Minneapolis, St. Paul and the East	2:00 p m	7:00 a m
Puget Sound Limited for Chehalis, Centralia, Tacoma and Seattle only	4:30 p m	10:55 p m
Twin City Express for Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Helena, Butte, Yellowstone Park, Minneapolis, St. Paul and the East	11:45 p m	8:50 p m

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

Astoria and Columbia River Railroad Co.

Leaves.	UNION DEPOT.	Arrives.
Daily. 8:00 A. M.	For Maygers, Rainier, Clatskanie, Westport, Clifton, Astoria, Warrenton, Flavel, Hammond, Fort Stevens, Gearhart Park, Seaside, Astoria and Seashore.	Daily. 11:20 A. M.
7:00 P. M.	Express Daily. Astoria Express Daily.	9:50 P. M.

C. A. STEWART, Comm'l Agt. 248 Alder st. J. C. MAYO, G. P. & P. A. Phone Main 906.

For South-Eastern Alaska
PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.
Steamers leave Seattle 9 P. M. S. S. Humboldt, S. S. City of Seattle, S. S. Cottage City, October 10, 13, 17, 21, 23, 27.
For San Francisco direct, Queen, City of Puebla, Umatilla, 9 A. M. October 10, 15, 20, 25.
Portland Office, 249 Washington st. Main 223.
C. D. DUNANN, G. P. A., San Francisco.

WILLAMETTE RIVER ROUTE
Steamers Altona and Oregona
For Oregon City, Butteville, Champoeg, Newberg, Salem and way landings. Leave Taylor street, 6:45 A. M. daily, except Sunday. Oregon City Transportation Co., Phone Main 40.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

CASCADE LOCKS
on the Columbia
You cannot go home without taking the trip, Portland to the locks and return, on the splendid
Steamer Balley Gatzert
Leave week days 8:30 A. M., Sundays 9 A. M. Returning, arrive 6:00 P. M.
Regular service Portland to The Dalles, daily except Sunday, leaving at 7 A. M. Connecting at Lyle with C. R. & N. Ry. for Goldendale and Klickitat Valley points. Dock foot Alder street; phone Main 914.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
TIME TABLE
THE COMFORTABLE WAY.
City Ticket Office, 122 Third St., Phone 680.
2 OVERLAND TRAINS DAILY 2
The Flyer and the Fast Mail.
SPLENDID SERVICE—
UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT—
COURTEOUS EMPLOYES—

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.
8:30 A. M. 11:45 P. M.	Portland Via Seattle	7:00 A. M. 6:30 P. M.
8:15 P. M.	Via Spokane (O. R. & N. Co.)	8:00 A. M.

GREAT NORTHERN STEAMSHIP CO.
Sailings from Seattle.
S. S. Minnesota, Nov. 5; S. S. Dakota, Dec. 16 For Japan and China Ports and Manila.
NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA
(Japan Mail Steamship Co.)
S. S. KANAGAWA MARU
Sails From Seattle for Japan, China and All Asiatic Ports About October 24.
For tickets, rates, berth reservations, etc., call on or address
H. DICKSON, C. P. & T. A., Portland, Or.

COLUMBIA SCENERY
FAST NEW
Steamer TELEPHONE
Leaves Oak-St. Dock, 2 blocks north of Washington St., daily. Cascade Locks and return, round trip $1. 8:30 A. M. Sundays, 9 A. M.

S. F. & Portland Steamship Co.
Operating the Only Passenger Steamers for San Francisco Direct.
Sailing Dates: From Portland—October 18, 23, 28; November 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27.
From Ainsworth Dock at 8 P. M.
REDUCED ROUND-TRIP RATE, $25.00.
Berth and Meals Included.
JAS. H. DEWSON, Agt.