"Happy is the man who finds in himself and his books his best society. Books are always at one's beck and call. Friends are not."—Selected.

Princess Maritza, by Percy Brebner. Illustrated by Harrison Fisher. T. J. McBride & Son, New York City.

A girl's first beau, or the advent of the premier baby in a family, arouse the tenderest feelings—and so ought the coming of a publisher's first novel. This is true of "The Princess Maritza" just issued by T. J. McBride & Son. Attractively bound, with a cover in green, red and white, printed in a type marked by its clearness, and a story pulsing with love and war of the Zenda quality, but filled with real men and women whom it is a pleasure to know,—the book is eminently readable and will be hailed as one of the successes of the season.

The action starts like the crack of a whip and is followed by intrigue after intrigue and with a plot of weblike quality until the only resource left to the reader is to pursue this entertaining and interest compelling story to the close.

Like Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda," Mr. Brebner's novel tells of self sacrifice, patriotism and renunciation of selfish motive. In "Zenda" Rassendyl ultimately parts from the Princess Flavia after the Englishman has succeeded in bringing the king of Zenda to his own again. But Captain Desmond Ellerey and his Princess Maritza safely escape to western Europe—after their opera bouffe revolution fails—where they live happily ever after. The mythical country named in the romance is Wallaria, the pretender to the throne of which is the Princess Maritza. Although the geographical location is not mentioned since the kingdom is a petty one in central Europe and more or less under the thumb of Russia, it is presumed that Wallaria is meant to be a place somewhere in the Balkan peninsula.

Chapter one begins in England where Captain Desmond—soldier of fortune—makes the acquaintance of a breezy school girl, the latter of course being the princess in disguise. Here is her picture and she must have been altogether lovely to look upon:

Her loose hair streaming in the wind was the color of burnished copper, rich as a golden Autumn tint in the glow of an evening sun. Her eyes were dark, yet of a changeful color, as full of secrets as a deep pool in the hollow of a wood, quiet, silent secrets which presently when the time came a lover might seek to understand, yet promising angry and tempestuous moods should storms happen. Her lips, parted often as though she were waiting for some one with eager expectation, revealed an even row of pearly teeth, and the pink flush of health and beauty was in her cheeks.

Up to this time Desmond had had little to do with women, but it is not surprising to find him hasten to his destiny—otherwise Wallaria—where he accepted an appointment as captain of horse under the king of that country. Desmond finds plot and counter plot in the process of solution between rival partisans of the King of Wallaria and the Princess Maritza. One of the daring conspirators is a beautiful woman, the Countess Mavrodin. Other revolutionists are Baron Petrescu and Monsieur De Frollette. The Princess Maritza secretly arrives in Sturatzberg, the capital of Wallaria where Desmond and she meet. Together they ride to hilly country where Vasilici, a brigand chief, seems to be holding an army of cheerful bravos open to the highest bidder. Fast and furious fighting follows but in the revolution the troops of the king are stronger, and the Desmond—Maritza faction is worsted. The two chief actors in the romance retire from it by finding a home in Italy.

Mr. Brebner has the merit of being graphic without being dull. Instead of telling the story himself he wisely makes his characters tell it for him. His novel has the tramp of armed men and the clash of sword against sword.

The Airship Dragon, by William J. Hopkins. Illustrated by Ruth M. Halleck. $1.25. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Quite a leap in a new direction. Airships are spoken of here with as much familiarity as rowboats are referred to in other books, and the result is that we have what is really a clean, homelike, entertaining story for young people. Three youngsters living in the old New England town of Durston take an involuntary trip in an airship owned by one of their fathers, and their adventures are told in delightful fashion. Additional humor is supplied by Timothy, a dog, Pat Mulley, an Irish hostler, two knowing horses, and a whale.

The Face of Clay, by Horace A. Vachell. $1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Starting with a fine word picture of stirring realism concerning the hardy men who make up the sardine fleet off Concarneau, France, this novel is written with considerable emphasis and power and will have attraction for women readers, especially those acquainted with the French language. There is just enough French in the book to make a plain American wonder what it is all about.

The Lion and the Mouse, by Charles Klein. Illustrated by Stuart Travis. $1.50. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York City and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

A terrific arraignment of the money power represented by plutocracy, combining to make a novel as exciting and fascinating as any in recent years. This story of New York's financial life is novelized from the play of that name, which has been performed in England and in this country, earning enormous receipts. This Fall, four theatrical companies will present "The Lion and the Mouse" in different portions of America.

Money and corruption are here represented in the person of John Burkett Ryder, the reputed owner of 1000 millions of dollars. Ryder, who is probably a thin veneer for one Rockefeller, ruins Judge Rossmore and in turn is brought to bay by the judge's daughter. Under the nom de plume of Shirley Greene, she writes a novel of exposure entitled "The American Octopus." The finish is highly dramatic and it would have been more so had it included a picture of Ryder in jail.

Mars and Its Mystery, by Edward S. Morse. Illustrated. $2. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Most treatises on astronomical phenomena confuse the general reader by the superfluity of scientific terms only understood by scientific men. Can we wonder then that there is not more interest shown in a study of the heavens? Mr. Morse's book is written with such clearness of vision and simplicity of language that his meaning can be clearly understood by persons of ordinary education. At no time in recent years has anyone written a book which strikes a more popular note on this highly debatable subject. In support of his theories Mr. Morse presents an array of facts culled from a multitude of authors and it is reassuring to read what he has written.

Persuaded that there are other worlds than our own, peopled by living beings, Mr. Morse gives it as his deliberate opinion that Mars is inhabited by intelligent activity, and that the white markings on the planet probably represent canals, by which melting snow caps are utilized to furnish water for potable and irrigating purposes. He argues that Mars, being a much older world than ours, its waters must have vanished by chemical combination with the rocks and otherwise. With Tyndall, Mr. Morse expresses the belief that, with regard to distant suns, there is in space something besides our system on which they shine.

If we are puzzled at the physical appearance of Mars through our telescopes, what must the Martians think in examining our earth? They will find on our planet large yellow and reddish areas, extensive greenish areas, and larger regions of various shades of blue, possibly occupying three-fourths of the earth's surface. Unquestionably, the Martians, being unfamiliar with oceans, could hardly believe that such vast tracts of blue could really be water. Mr. Morse writes reverently on God's work of creation.

The Reconstruction of Europe, by Professor Theodor Flathe, being the 19th volume of "History of All Nations," edited by Dr. John Henry Wright. Illustrated. Lea Brothers & Co., Philadelphia.

Briefly speaking, this volume is divided into two great parts—the period of the second empire in France and the creation of United Germany. Of extraordinary interest, the book is the last of four lately contributed to the series by Theodore Flathe, the well-known German historian, and the reading is again marked by high dramatic style. It is like a series of glowing stage pictures, by a master hand.

Two wars are specially described—the Crimean War, in which the splendid bravery of both British and French are shown, together with wretched mismanagement as regards sanitary precautions and commissariat; and the Franco-German War of 70, when proud France bit the dust to one Bismarck, he of blood and iron. The sensible condensation of historical fact is one of the charms of the literary arrangement, and exceedingly creditable to Professor Flathe. His study of Bismarck is close and discriminating, and much less space is bestowed on events themselves than on causes which led to those events and the results which followed from them. The whole history picture can be commended as a safe study and finely suited to the needs of those who wish to give young students correct ideas as to the process of European nation-making.

The present volume serves as a gentle reminder that the series of "A History of All Nations" is rapidly drawing to a close. It is positively a stupendous undertaking, and without a parallel in the publishing business of this country during the past decade. The books stand on so high a literary plane that they will be recognized historical authorities by those who come after us.

Harding of St. Timothy's, by Arthur Stanwood Pier. Illustrated. $1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Just as "Tom Brown's Schooldays" has set up a manly ideal for English boys, so should "Harding of St. Timothy's" perform the same office for American young hopefuls. Clean, invigorating and pulsing with life and healthy animal spirits, the story is sure to have a large following. Athletic sports, especially intercollegiate football, are attractively featured.

Snowbound, A Winter Idyl, by John Greenleaf Whittier. Illustrated. $2.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

With 20 full-page illustrations, drawings by Howard Pyle, John J. Enneking and Edmund H. Garrett; decorations by Adrian J. Iorio, handsomely bound and printed on thick cream paper, this edition de luxe of Whittier's great poem of nature—probably the greatest nature poem in the language—will commend itself to the cultured taste of those wishing to find a typical book-gift for a birthday anniversary or the approaching Christmas season. Every storied page and picture of color form a never-failing literary delight, while the artists have surpassed themselves. It is pleasing to know that the demand for this good old poem is so steady that the publishers have been encouraged to prepare this illustrated edition. The book easily leads among the finer presentations of the seasons. Then the familiar lines. Do you remember the opening?

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
A chill, no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of lifeblood in the sharpened face—
The coming of the snow-storm told.

The Saint, by Antonio Fogazzario and translated from the Italian by M. Agnetti Pritchard. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

It has been a matter of regret to all lovers of the best that is in modern Italy that such harsh critics should measure Italy's splendid literary achievements by the degenerate books of Gabriele d'Annunzio. People have looked for "good" Italian novels, only to be told that these were locked up in the heart of the Italian language, without translation into English.

But here at last is done into English one of the greatest novels of religion in Italy ever written. It has been condemned by the Congregation of the Index, and able literary critics have pronounced it as having excited as bitter a controversy as did "John Inglesant" or Robert Elsmere." Jesuits would have none of it, yet Christian democrats have accepted it as their gospel.

The novel tells about one Pietro Maironi, a man of the world, who "gets religion" and is fired with a strange zeal to sincerely worship God and help his fellow men. As Benedetto, the lay brother, he is recognized as a holy man, a saint. He preaches the supremacy of conduct over ritual, and hence the storm in religious waters.

From Dream to Vision of Life, by Lilian Whiting. $1. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

For a great many years the friends of Miss Lilian Whiting have accepted her as a cultured literary woman and apostle of a spiritual significance relating to the life to come. The present volume finds its keynote in the question asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury: "The life beyond—what is it? What is its bearing on these present working years?"

Miss Whiting answers with peculiar spiritual clairvoyance and says that the change we call death is simply the process by which the spiritual—or ethereal—body disengages itself from the temporary physical covering and becomes thereby an inhabitant of the ethereal world, which is as natural an environment as is the physical world. She believes that the signs of the times are for a vast and potent increase of spiritual manifestation, and that the time is not far distant when conversational intercourse with those in the ethereal world will be as universally a matter of belief as is now the fact of communication by means of telephone, cable and wireless telegraphy. A book that makes you think.

The Second Violin, by Grace S. Richmond. Illustrated. $1.50. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

At first blush—when you look at the title—the memory of a famous story, "The First Violin," is recalled. But this novel is quite different. It is a wholesome, altogether delightful story of family life—with a home atmosphere that reminds one of Miss Alcott's perennial tales. Who is "The Second Violin?" Miss Charlotte Birch, who plays that instrument in her own family orchestra. The troubles of a young housekeeper whose father and mother are suddenly called away to New Mexico, are told in a satisfying way that will please all women and girls. Dr. Andrew Churchill fits in well with the other characters. In speaking to his girl-wife he makes loving use of Stevenson's memorable quotation:

Steel true and blade straight,
The great artificer
Made my mate.

American Hero Stories, by Eva March Tappan, Ph. D. Illustrated. $1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

To introduce in informal and friendly fashion some of the makers of American history and to provide boys and girls with a simple, broad foundation for the future study of history and biography, Dr. Tappan sends out this admirable historical story-book of 264 pages. In it are given five accounts of voyagers and explorers, ranging from Columbus to our own Lewis and Clark; stories of five colonies of marked dissimilarity—Virginia, Quebec, Plymouth, New York and Philadelphia; brief lives of four pioneers of the 18th and 19th centuries; and 15 short stories of war times. One of the pictures noticed is that of Sacajawea. The book should attract parents, teachers and scholars. Miss Tappan has charm as a historian for young folks.

The Man in the Case, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Illustrated by Henry J. Peck. $1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

"Livin' is like cat's cradle," said Mary Caroline. "It's quite interestin' long's there ain't a man's hand a-holdin' of the string. They're a passel of spiled boys—men folks." Thus begins a charming story of quiet life in the town of Mapleleaf, and with a typical New England tinge to it. The tale may be described as one of mystery, human devotion, and simple romance, affecting a finely natured woman, who fought gossips and incidentally the world, coming out victor. The character drawing is strong and holds the reader's attention. One of the best books written out of a long list by this distinguished authoress.

Step by Step, by Mrs. George Sheldon Downs. Illustrated. $1.50. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

How much better is a well told story in a book cover which has the quality of artistic beauty such as "Step by Step." This cover is in blue and gold, the design being original and marked by fine taste. For years Mrs. Downs has written stories under her nom de plume of Mrs. Georgie Sheldon, and now she makes public her own name. "Step by Step" is a story of ideals, principally affecting the destiny of a $150,000 legacy belonging to Louis Arnold, an almshouse waif, who has a most romantic history. The character shading is superb.

The Master Spirit, by Sir William Magnay. Illustrated. $1.50. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Quite a dramatic, powerful story, concerning a dual personality in London society life. Its complicated plot, replete with mystery, has two principal actors—Paul Gastineau and Goeffrey Herrierd. Gastineau, who is supposed to have been killed in a railroad accident, is a lawyer and statesman of great renown, and, for reasons of his own, prefers to remain in obscurity, a helpless cripple, and make Herriera his mouthpiece. What follows is a spider-web plot of striking interest, with a surprising and exciting denouement. A vein of love runs through the romance.

Mr. Pickwick's Christmas, by Charles Dickens, with pictures by George Alfred Williams. $2. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York City.

Assertion is sometimes made that Dickens' best story of humor, the "Pickwick Papers," as a book, is bulky. But here is a pleasingly illustrated presentation of selections from those very papers of chapters dealing with the Pickwickian Christmas at the Manor farm. The tales of the goblin who stole a sexton and the famous sports on the ice are featured. The quaint illustrations are remarkably well done. Mr. Williams' introduction in which he shows that Dickens did not care altogether for the element of caricature is written with authority and critical sense. The book appeals as a holiday gift.

Richard, the Brazen, by Cyrus Townsend Brady and Edward Peple. Illustrated. $1.50. Moffatt, Yard & Co., New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Texas steers and New York finance bottled and shaken up well before presentation. Mr. Brady and Mr. Peple say they have dedicated this little comedy to each other. It is mirthful, and pulses with interest and grip. Two financiers, Jacob Rerwyck, of New York, and "Bill" Williams, of Texas, are parties in a finish feud—with their daughter and son respectively as prominent actors, the latter being unaware of each other's identity. Richard the Brazen, otherwise Richard Williams, is worth knowing both as a Texas cowboy and a New York society man. The book sparkles with typical American life, with catchy humor.

The Story of Scraggles, by George Wharton James. Illustrated. $1. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Scraggles was the name of a crippled song-sparrow, and the story of finding and living with her is told with touching, soulful human interest—because she made better the lives of the humans around her. Mr. James found the bird in the street, and she perched on his foot and nestled around his hands when he recently wrote his well-known book, "In and Out of the Old Missions of California." Up to the 75th page, Scraggles tells her story in her own simple language and then Mr. James finishes the tale. Her death is described with poetic beauty, and all who love animals—and their number is legion—will do well to drink of the inspiration this little book gives.

Foibles of the Bar. By Henry S. Wilcox; $1. The Legal Literature Company, Chicago.

No, gentle reader, this isn't a record of a thirst emporium, but a volume consisting of 17 chapters devoted to word pictures describing lawyers and scenes in courts of law. Mistakes that have seriously interfered with the administration of justice and qualifications essential to the highest success at the bar are illustrated by means of parables told of Billie Goodfellow, Peter Protest, Thomas Doubt, Grabhem & Fleecem, etc. The book will interest the general reader as well as the practicing lawyer by its shrewdness and penetrating comment. Mr. Wilcox is a Chicago lawyer.

Brothers and Sisters, by Abbie Farwell Brown. Illustrated. $1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Two littlec hildren, Kenneth and Rose, are taken through some fifteen episodes, the first being the finding of a stray cat on Christmas Eve, and the subsequent adventures of kitty. Three chapters connected with April Fool's Day afford no end of fun for young readers. The Christmas story is an excellent one for the holidays and will help to make "Brothers and Sisters" a desirable gift.

Montlivet, by Alice Prescott Smith. $1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Hurons, Chippewas and other Indian tribes with French adventurers keeping them company, and with the year 1695 as a period for illustration—this novel tells when France was mighty in the Louisiana Valley and in Canada. There are stirring Indian fights depicted, somewhat after the Fenimore Cooper style. The reading is strong and color bold.

Scarlett of the Mounted, by Marguerite Morington. Illustrated. $1.25. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

With plenty of dashing action and here and there a brimstone word to add emphasis, this romance of the Canadian Northwest in which Sergeant Scarlett, of the Northwest mounted police is the central figure is marked by its racy dialogue and succession of humorous character studies.

The Queen's Hostage, by Harriet T. Comstock. Illustrated. $1.50. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

A hark-back to the time of Queen Elizabeth, of England, and Shakespeare, the plot of the romance being centered on young Lord Ronald Rathven, who is held as a hostage for his father's loyalty. The story has plenty of grip, action and historical sentiment, and is worth reading. The fine illustrations are by Clyde O. De Land.

The Diverting History of John Gilpin, engraved by Robert Seaver. Illustrated. 75 cents. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Printed and bound in the fashion of the old primers and illustrated on each page with an original wood cut making a unique copy of a famous poem. It is worth a note that the original John Gilpin was Mr. Beyer, a London linendraper who died 1791, aged nearly 100 years.

A Sheaf of Stories, by Susan Coolidge. Illustrated. $1.25. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Eleven stories of home interest concerning little boys and girls who do things worth writing about. The two best-told tales are "A Thanksgiving Pie" and "General Trot and His Thanksgiving Dinner." A cheerful, healthy moral note is sounded.

Ready, the Reliable, by Lily F. Wesselhoeft. Illustrated. $1.50. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Ready was a stray bulldog that unexpectedly found a home with the Stetsons and then fell in love with the Stetson children. Just the kind of a sound, healthy story for young readers who need to be taught to love dumb animals.

The Pursuit of Happiness, by George Hodges. 75 cents. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Six helpful, practical talks couched in plain language on happiness considered from the viewpoints of determination, regulation, proportion, vision, ministration, and religion.

Miserere, by Mabel Wagnalls. Illustrated. 40 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, New York City.

The fascinating story of a beautiful singer and a fleeting romance connected with her life. The God-like possibilities of the human voice in song are exemplified by one Giovanni Canova, who dedicates his talents as a voice collector.

A Borrowed Sister, by Eliza Orne White. Illustrated by Katharine Pyle. $1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Mothers can have no fear in allowing this wholesome story of a little girl's life to be freely read in the family. Well told and interesting.

Boy Blue and His Friends. By Etta Austin Blaisdell and Mary Frances Blaisdell. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Little people from 6 to 8 years old will delight in these stories of child life in which the familiar characters of Mother Goose reappear in new roles.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

"Davenport and His Farm," by Robert Hobart Davis, is the star article in the Woman's Home Companion for November. It tells the life-story of Homer Davenport, Oregon's cartoonist, and features his fondness for Arab steeds.

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C. J. Bellamy's fairy book, "The Wonder Children," will prove a delight to all children, and especially to those fortunate enough to be read to. "The Wonder Children" are quite of the 20th century kind, but their experiences teach them to see the fairies, giants, goblins, etc., among which most children move.

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The Technical World magazine for October is dedicated to women in technical work and has quite a number of illustrated articles on that subject.

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"A Book of Music" will be the title of the new volume of Richard Watson Gilder's verse to be issued this Fall. It is to contain those of Mr. Gilder's poems, published and unpublished, which relate to music either directly or symbolically.

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Ainslee's for November has a table of contents which exceeds the exceptionally high standard of this magazine. The contributors include Baroness Orczy, Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd, H. B. Marriott-Watson, Kate Jordan, Margaret Sutton Briscoe, Constance Smedley, Francis Metcalfe, Lady Broome, Sarah Guernsey Bradley, Madeline Bridges, Curtis Hidden Page, and others.

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McClure's for October naturally arouses special interest this month because the same number of the American magazine contains considerable literary attractions, the work of men and women who used to be shining lights in McClure's. Lincoln Steffens writes an appreciation of Judge Lindsey, of Denver, Colo., and George K. Turner discusses "Galveston; A Business Corporation."

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Another magazine to enter the 15-cent class is The Popular, which, as a 10-center, has been a pronounced success. Beginning with the December issue, The Popular will be enlarged to 224 pages, the paper will be of a better quality than before, and there are many other improvements announced. In consequence, the price will go up to 15 cents. It is a healthy kind of fiction that you always get in The Popular—yarns of adventure with "something doing" from the start.

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G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press for early publication (the authorized American edition of the first story in the Fogazzaro Trilogy, which is referred to in the note on page 5. This book, issued in Italy under the title of "Piccolo Mondo Antico," will be published in the English and American editions under the title of "The Patriot." It will be followed shortly by the authorized edition of the second story in the Trilogy, "Piccolo Mondo Moderno," which will probably bear the title of "The Man of the World." "The Saint" completes the literary scheme of the author.

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Marion Crawford's new novel, "A Lady of Rome," is announced for publication by the Macmillan Company. It is a story of modern Roman society, and is said to be the most dramatic and powerful work Mr. Crawford has done since he wrote "The Heart of Rome."

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The Century Company has secured the American rights to Richard Whiteing's "Ring in the New," which has been warmly commended by the English critics. It is another story of how the other half lives, or tries to live, in London, and resembles "The Long Day" in that it pictures the struggles of an unskilled girl to earn her living in a large city.

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Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new novel will begin in the November Century and run through the entire year. The story has the piquant title of "The Shuttle"—"No Man knew," says the author, "when the Shuttle began its slow and heavy weaving from shore to shore that it was held and guided by the great hand of fate"—and deals with different phases of international marriage, the heroines being girls of the finest American type whose fortunes carry them to England. The illustrations are being made by Greiffenhagen.

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Winston Churchill's newest novel, "Coniston," was published June 20. With two-thirds of the month gone it stood second on The Bookman's list of best selling books for June, with only four points separating it from "The Jungle," which headed the list. In July it lead all its competitors by a large margin, the number of points credited to the three leading books by The Bookman being respectively as follows: "Coniston," 305; "Lady Baltimore," 167; "The Jungle," 162. Two months after its publication "Coniston" was in its fifth large edition, and selling at a rate which if continued for a few weeks longer will place it in advance of all Mr. Churchill's other books in point of sales.

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Bram Stoker's "Personal Reminiscenses of Henry Irving," just published, seems likely to take its place as not only the most important book of the year in theatrical literature, but as one of the most important books ever written about an actor. Bram Stoker's qualifications for the task he set himself are beyond question, for he is a trained and skillful writer, as well as the man who was closer to Irving, both in business and in friendship, than anyone else. How seriously Mr. Stoker has taken his task may be judged by these words from his preface: "For nearly 30 years I was an intimate friend of Irving; in certain ways the most intimate friend of his life. I knew him as well as it is given to any man to know another. And this knowledge is fully in my mind, when I say that, so far as I know, there is not in this book a word of his inner life or his outer circumstances that he would wish unsaid; no omission that he would have liked filled."

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The publishers of "The Cheerful Cricket and Others," by Jeanette Marks, professor of English literature at Mt. Holyoke College, believe that in this bright and beautiful volume they have the leading juvenile of the year. To the child loving pictures, the bright colors of nature, and brief stories of small creatures of everyday experience, like the toad, the butterfly, the caterpillar, the book will be a source of constant delight.

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So the first number of Putnam's Monthly and The Critic is out—a reissue of the magazine the publication of which was begun by the late George P. Putnam in 1853. The new number is remarkably interesting, and it has that quiet, cultured, literary style that will surely appeal to all thinking people, even in these latter days of yellow magazines. The new Putnam's can easily hold its own with similar magazines published in this country and Great Britain. Its change of dress is most welcome and will bring a larger circle of friends.

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The initial number of Dress, a monthly epitome of the world's best fashions, and published in New York City, has been received. In exquisite color engravings, reproductions of photographs and drawings, fine paper, up-to-date printing and what is best, after all, literary qualifications, no other similar publication in this country devoted to dress can hope to surpass this artistic venture. Will H. Low has designed a beautiful cover page, and one picture of a young woman, otherwise fully attired, but wearing a hood and with a veil over her face, is a charming specimen of printers' art that really is art. The beauty of this work is so excellent that it is unusual.

Leoncavallo Makes His Debut

Composer of "I Pagliacci" Fails to Dazzle Critical New York. Virginia Harned Appears in Sardou Drama.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—(Special correspondence.)—After long heraldings Leoncavallo at last made his debut in America at Carnegie Hall. This is a most interesting fact, and around it is a most interesting condition. Now, as a matter of fact, Leoncavallo has not been taken aright in New York, because New York is New York, and because he is a very great man. To explain what must by this time seem paradoxical, it it be understood that not all great man are benefitted by being exploited as attractions on the concert stage, when really they shine in the grandeur of their composition and in the very modesty of a great artist. Leoncavallo wrote "I Pagliacci." That stands for enough. Had he never done anything else he still is master of a great art. He has proven himself a true musician and a capable one.

At the baton he is simple, unassuming and devoid of tricks, but dignified always, most winning, indeed, through his great seriousness and through a lack of all that is theatrical. But Leoncavallo is badly hampered with an orchestra which may or may not be all right at La Scala, but which is certainly anything but satisfactory in Carnegie Hall. All modern music needs beyond everything else an absolutely flawless intonation in the medium of expression, because intonation is put to the severest test since there is much that is discordant, and in this it would be better to know what is the composer's intention and what the fault of intonation on the part of the orchestra. Here was perhaps the most serious drawback, for no one can deny a very great ability on the part of the composer, and there is no fault to find with Leoncavallo as conductor, but he was absolutely unable to show results, because he had no medium of expression.

In the company are some very capable singers and others less so. Mme. Ferrabini is really charming and most attractive. The same may be said of Mesdames Rizzini and Calve, although their talents lie in somewhat different directions. Those things which affect us unpleasantly are in a large measure foreign mannerisms, and would it be kind to criticise them harshly because they are not accustomed to our methods, nor we to theirs? The eternal compliments which passed between the singers and the Maestro grew tiresome and ridiculous, may we not say. Everybody appreciated the fact that all the credit, every particle of it, was due Leoncavallo in his role of composer. We also knew just how much was due the singers who interpreted well or less satisfactorily his music. Long ago we have been able to dispense with the mock deference and courtesy which is customary between conductor and soloist, not only here, but at all concerts where conductor and soloists shake hands and pass compliments to impress the public. It always savors of something unpleasant, but it remained for the company accompanying Leoncavallo to make us realize that it is all a sham.

The program is not what we are accustomed to and outside of the direct interest in the Leoncavallo music there was little to attract a New York audience. However, it is a first-class road attraction and should be received as such. The programmes were devoted to excerpts of Leoncavallo's operas, "Zaza," "Rolondo di Berlino," "Pagliacci" and "La Boheme"—which, by the way, must not be confounded with Puccini's opera of the same name and upon the same subject. Leoncavallo's opera has never been given in this country, while the Puccini work has become part of the season's repertory. Roland of Berlin will be remembered as the opera written by Leoncavallo in collaboration with Emperor William of Germany, and it must be said that the struggle to Germanize the modern Italian was rather thankless at best. Leoncavallo has an interesting personality, but in appearance he is hardly attractive, being very short and exceedingly heavy.

It is a singular coincidence that Leoncavallo should be a guest within our gates upon the occasion which should be dear to the heart of every Italian musician. There was a great celebration Friday which served to honor the memory not only of Verdi, the great Italian composer, but also of the 414th anniversary of the discovery of America. This was done by the unveiling of a statue of Verdi, which is the third great work of art erected by the Italians of New York. The one most prominently set is the great column at Columbus Circle, which is so familiar a landmark as to be overlooked entirely, but if one stops to consider or to examine it will be found of rare beauty. The second is a statue of Garibaldi on Washington Square, and on their march to unveil the Verdi statue they stopped to place garlands on the base of the other two equally dear to them.

The Verdi monument stands at Sherman Square, at the intersection of Broadway and Seventy-second street, and in the presence of 10,000 people this piece of white Carrara marble was unveiled. An orchestra and 150 voices under direction of Arturo Vigna, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, gave selections from Verdi's works, and the unveiling in itself was unique in history. Miss Gahrmann, granddaughter of Chevalier Charles Barsotti, through whose efforts the statue was made possible, pulled a string which released a balloon, which as it shot up into the air carried with it the veiling of red, white and green which concealed the statue. As the balloon soared upwards 12 doves were released and flew high over the heads of the spectators. A shower of roses and other flowers in the Italian colors also dropped from the balloon as it arose. There were addresses by many prominent men, especially in the presentation by Chevalier Charles Barsotti, and following the unveiling President McGowan accepted the gift on behalf of the city.

The monument represents the composer standing and carrying a cloak on his left arm. The figure faces the south.

The base of the statue is surrounded by figures in white marble, representing four of Verdi's grand operas. These are "Falstaff," "Forza del Destino," "Aida" and "Othello." At the base of the statue is this inscription:

"Erected by the Italian community through the efforts of Chevalier Charles Barsotti, editor of the Italian daily newspaper, Il Progreso Italo-Americano."

Representing King Victor Emmanuel of Italy was Rear-Admiral Cali, who arrived here recently on the cruiser Fieremosca for the occasion. Other prominent officials who participated in the ceremonies were Chevalier Montagna, Charge d'Affaires of the Italian Embassy in Washington; Commander Mazzinghi, of the cruiser Fieremosca; President McGowan, of the Board of Aldermen, who accepted the statue on behalf of the city; Chevalier Charles Barsotti, president of the Verdi monument committee; the Italian Consul-General, Count A. Raybaudy Massaglia; Frank P. Cambria, vice-president of the Verdi Monument Association, and representatives of Spain, France, Russia, Germany and the Argentine Republic.

Under the head of musical attractions we have just had the visit of Yvette Guilbert, in conjunction with Albert Chevalier, well known as the music hall singer of Coster songs. This combination is remarkable for character drawing in the language of song, because of actual musical joys there are few, neither being a singer of great parts, but each delineating character with startling effects. It is true that no one living has surpassed Mme. Guilbert in real art. There are details of the most subtle nature where she could give points to a Bernhardt or a Duse. The only appearances in New York occurred Saturday and Saturday night at Carnegie Hall.

VIRGINIA HARNED, WHO IS PLAYING IN "THE LOVE LETTER."

Virginia Harned, very far from the frail, ethereal-looking creature she was a few years ago, returned to New York audiences on Monday night in a translation of a play by Sardou under the title of "The Love Letter." Miss Harned is full of life and spirit, and she wears her stunning gowns to perfection. The translation was made by Ferdinand Gottschalk, and it is not easy to say whether the frivolity and the flippancy of the play are due to his translation or to the frothiness of the play itself. The play hinges on a love letter found by the husband of Florence Revillon which she had received during a former matrimonial alliance. Knowing her husband to be very jealous and loving him sincerely, her first impulse is to disclaim all knowledge of the letter, which fell between the shelves of a desk "that was bought at a sale." This seems to satisfy him well enough until her sister refers to the same desk as an heirloom in the family. It is then the husband's faith is shaken, and all sorts of complications arise, during which the whole party tries to convince him of the fact that whatever may have occurred happened while she was the first husband's wife, and the audience is carried with lightning speed through three acts, during which a missing date is the object of pursuit. As it is given up for hopeless, the wife of the man who is supposed to have written the letter tells the distracted woman in a sweetly insinuating manner that a package of her old letters to her husband has been found, and they are at her disposal should she want them. She does want them very much, for they bear the date of the flirtation, and the date is all that is necessary for a reconciliation. In a word, it is closer to farce than to comedy, but it is worth while.

The cast is as follows:

Florence Revillon	Miss Harned
Casimir Revillon	William Courtenay
Theodore Potard	Albert Gran
Phillippe Jobelin	W. J. Ferguson
Oliver Loysel	Percy Lyndal
Oscar Mirival	Sydney Stirling
Monsieur Gaston	Charles Quinn
Fabien	Charles Colvens
Concierge	Raymond Gager
Julien	Maxfield Moree
Waiter	William Goodwin
Gilberte Loysel	Eleanor Moretti
Louise Mirival	Mary Stockwell
Mme. Bourgoin	Lillian Paige
Adeline	Mary Cecil

For many moons the question has been on many lips whether Lillian Russell could remain queen of the arena with music expunged from comedy. This seems to have been answered in the minds of those who have seen the old-time favorite in "Barbara's Millions." It is more likely, however, that Miss Russell cannot be judged, as the play is not conducive to anyone's success. It is said that it is to be called off the boards very shortly. The cast is as follows.

Barbara	Lillian Russell
George	H. Reeves Smith
Rene de Folleville	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Ernest	G. Harrison Hunter
Fernande	Catherine Countiss
Mrs. Chivery Tucker	Mattie Ferguson
Blanche de Ferieux	Irene Perry
Lesage	Walter Craven
Jean	Ernest Elton
Arline	Rosaline de Vaux

EMELIE F. BAUER.