THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, NOVEMBER, 4, 1906.

HE NEEDS NO OTHER ROSARY WHOSE THREAD IS STRUNG WITH THE BEADS OF LOVE AND THOUGHT".



Sir Nigel, by Sir A. Conan Doyle," Illus- , another view-from the pen of Bilss trated. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York City.

Among all who read English-and their number is many-whose veins have not thrilled to the martial music called into being by Conau Doyle's "The White Company' Readers were disconsolate when the last

page came, and knew at that time there was no more for them of Sir Nigel Loring-he of the red roses on a sliver shield. Sir Nigel was then an elderly, hattered warfor. But Conan Doyle was resourceful and knew his public. Why not write a war novel picturing this young knight's earlier days?

Nigel" is the answer, and it is positively, for glowing military pictures and enthusinstic appreciation of a fighting age, when England first humbled haughty Perry. Prance, the best war novel Conan Doyle has yet written. Its charm draws like a magnet, and when once the first chapter magnet. is read there is no peace until one finds is read there is no peace mut one mus contentment in the last. Love and war have rarely had so strong a portrayal. Patriotism runs riot. No purer, healthler book for the young has been published this season. "Sir Nigel" is the great military novel of the day.

A sword! A sword! Ab, give me a sword! For the world is all to win. Though the way be hard and the door be barred.

barred, The strong man enters in. If Chance and Fifte still hold the gate, Give me the iron key. And turret high my plume shall fly, Or, you may weep for me!

Organized Democracy, by Albert Stickney. \$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and he J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

of the most exciting events in old English history. Needless to say, Mr, Kipling shines as a writer of fairy stories and This argumentative study is not an appeal to resurrect that political party again demonstrates his marvelous versa-

Perry, editor of the Atlantic Monthly. Not only does he present new blo-graphical material, but his principal aim is to portray the man and poet with sympathy but yet without parti-sanship. Mr. Perry even goes further —he is, not afraid to speak out and the picture he presents is a very hu-

John Burroughs has aided Mr. Per ry in the preparation of the book. Mr Perry's language is always beautifully polished and his work elegant and coolarly, these attributes being specially noticeable in the present volume. "Whitman will survive by the ampli-tude of his imagination, his magical though intermittent power of praise and the majesty with which he con-fronts the eternal realities," says Mr. Perry. "No American poet now seems more sure to be read, by the fit per-sons, after 100 or 500 years."

Puck, of Pook's Hill, by Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated in color by Arthur Rackham. \$1.50 Doubleday, Page & Co. New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland. A sword! A sword! A by give me a sword! For the world is all to win. A sword! A sword! A sword! A sword! So the s stories and poems-most of which have already appeared lately in magazines, where they aroused tremendous interest. In these ten short stories in which two children named Dan and Una and the fair Puck play principal parts. Mr. Kip-ling fills modern England with old-time fairies. At his command a vivid pano-rama of knights, robbers and pirates flit cross the canvas and take part in som

first being devoted to Maria and the next Countess of Montalto. The Rome ich we are introduced is the modern city, and, although there are several plots and counter-plots and plotures of military life in the ranks of the Pledmont Lancers, there is no jurid war. Rome strikes the central note. As Maria's son says: "If Rome has no other enemies, there are always the French and the priests. No priests are soldiers. They wouldn't defend italy. So they are Italy's enemies."

Roman life is handled with consummate akill, strong and yet sensitive plctures being given of militarism and clericism. The study of emotion awakens sus-tained, sympathetic interest, and it is another pleasurable experience to know Mr. Crawford's Italy. "A Lady of Rome" is the best Crawford has yet built in a literary monument of the Eternal City.

Jewel Weed, by Alice Ames Winter. Illus-trated. The Bobhs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

In the midst of fiction 'we are in life. in the midst of fiction, we are in fite, and characters met with in modern aov-els will here and there appear in the maelstrom of American every-day exis-tence. This prompts the query: Does the Almighty send forth helpless souls into space totally unaccountable for their impulses and tructing is a summe way impulses and trusting in a vague way for divine guidance to work out their des-tiny? Or do souls find themselves in this world masters of their fate to work out their existence according to the human impulses within them for weal or woe? These two suppositions are suggested by two characters in this remarkable novel-Miss Lena Quincy and her mother, shrewish, creating discord with as much delight as the witches in "Macbeth," and prone

to malice and envy. So able is the character drawing of Miss Quincy and her mother that these two are as dominant in the novel as other people in it of more healthy influence, such as Ellery Norris and his sweetheart, Madeline Elton. At first acquaintance the novel seems about to de plet civic reformers attacking political corruption of the day in the town of St. Etienne, Minn. But this is only a minor phase of the picture which really principaily concerns the growth of Lena Quincy and her baleful influence over Richard Percival. The Percivals and their kind are ladies and gentlemen, not because of their dollars and fine worldly position, but because of their high character and influence for good in all that counts the best in life. Lena is described by one woman who knew her as "a vulgar little image overlaid with tinsel." Here is another view of the fair Lena, for, from a physical standpoint, she was beautiful to ak upon:

Lena has been a hald revelation to me of Lena has been a hald revelation to me of things I only half understood in better-bred women. She's like a weed transplanted from her lean ground to a garden and grown more luxuriant in her weedness. Do you know what I toink? I believe that when the last judgment shall strip her of her sweet pink flesh there will be nothing found inside but a little dry kernel, too hard to bite, and labeled, "Self."

Richard Percival starts out with his fel-Yale graduate, Ellery Norris, and

both young men make a good friend and comrade in Miss Elton. Of the latter there was "a certain screnity even in the broad curve with which her hair clung to her temples, and in the over-crowded room her smile was as refreshing as a draught from a cool spring. She was marked by a repose of manner which dis-tinguished her from the eager crowd." Had Percival known the direful fate in store for him, he would have married Madeline, but instead he married Lena. How he wasn't driven to drink or worse s a mystery

baleful influence scattered Another Another balletin influence scattered through the book is a Hindu named Swami Ram Juna, an aposite of theoso-phy. In mecret, however, he is a danger-ous criminal and a maker of counterfeit coin. Both Norris and Percival strive to exert a better civic influence in the com-munity in which they live, but while Norris forges ahead as a newspaper edi tor, Percival disappoints by his inability to finish any one given task except when aided by other people. It is delightful to read about the courtship of Miss Elton and Norris, because it is out of the beater path and do-you-love-me order. Miss Elton is not only a talented musician, but a composer, and here is one of her verses reathing the spirit of the West:

Oh, young blood of the Nation; Oh, hope in a world of need; The traditions of the fathers Shall be our vital seed. Thy newer daughters of the West.

Columbia, mother mine, Still hold to th' simple virtues Of field and stream and pine!

if we are to believe society novels pub-lished in its honor-is a mixture of "strata" society, diplomacy, and autos. "The Impersonator" is another Washmixture of ington, D. C. novel, but it is far above the ordinary because every scene in it is a delight, its composition shows great talent, and its people are witty and amusing. May Hading, shrew and art student in Paris, is invited to visit a rich aunt whom she has never seen and who is a leader in Washington society. and induces her chum, Mary Lang, a

beautiful girl, to impersonate her. The complications that follow-when Mary is ultimately unmasked and finds that she is the long-lost daughter of Count Port Count Portucarreo, a foreign ambassador, -is true literary art.

The Dragon Painter, by Mary McNeil Fen-oliosa. Illustrated by Getrude McDaniel. \$1.50. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Instinct with the spirit of old Japan and its art, and just such a novel of the Far East as one might expect the creator of "The Breath of the Gods" to write. "The Dragon Painter" is Mrs. Fenollosa's ripest work, and in it she has caught the true spirit of painting for art's sake. The principal characters are Kano Indara, last of a mighty race of artists, his daughter. Ume-ko and a dragon-painter named Tat-su, a wild mountain artist. The love story unfolded is an absorbing one J. M. Q.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Breeny, by J. George Frederick, illustrat-ed, 50 cents: A Good Samaritan, by Mary R. S. Andrews, illustrated, 50 cents; The Pets, by Henry Wallace Philips, illustrated, 50 cents; The Shadow, of the House, by Ivan Strannik, a translation from the French; Caybigan, by James Hopper; Tin-ker Two, by Edgar Jepson; The Pettlaon Twinn, by Marion Hill (McClure-Philips.) Further Fortunes of Pinkey Blustrated Twins, by Marion Hill, (McClure-Phillips.) Further Fortunes of Pinkey, illustrated, by Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A., il-lustrated, \$1.50, and Don-A-Dreams, by Har-vey J. Higgins, \$1.50, (Century Co.) The Slave of Slience, by Fred M. White, Hiustrated, \$1.50, (Little-Brown.)

Set in Authority, by Mrs. Everard Cotes, (Doubleday-Page.)

Books, Culture and Character, by J. N. Larned, \$1; Nelson, the Adventurer, by Nora Archibald Smith, \$1. (Houghton-Miffiln.) Lady Hollyhock and Her Friends, by Margaret Coulson Walker, illustrated. (Baker-Taylor.)

The Avenging Hour, by H. F. Prevost Bat-tersby, \$1.50. (Appleton.)

\$1.50.

The Country Road, by Alice Brown, \$1.50. (H. Houghton & Co.) The Wild Flower Book for Young People, by Alice Loundberry, with 77 illustrations, \$1.50; Favorite Nursery Rhymes, by Ethel Franklin Betts, illustrated, \$1.50; (Stokes.) Ethel

The above books were received through the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

The Minute Boys of the Wyoming Val ley, by James Ofis, illustrated. (Dana-Estes.) Are You a Bromide? by Gelett Burgess. (Huebach.)

Trusia, A Princess of Kroviten, by Davis rinton, illustrated, \$1.50, and Queen of the

Rushes, a Romance of the Welsh country, by Allen Raines, \$1.59. (Jacobs.)

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

That humorous classic of calldhood, Mrs. Rankin's "Dandellon Cottage" has already gone into a fourth printing.

The third good-sized edition of "Powe ot." Mfs. Greene's new book, will be pub ished simultaneously with the opening of her play, "Cape Cod Folks," in New York

. . . . Paradoxical as It may appear, the main borlion of "A Romance of Old Wars," by Valentina Hawtrey, is the peaceful ldyl of a honeymoon in camp in France in the Mid-

die Ages

Henry Holt & Co. were obliged to send he second printing of Mrs. Fraser's 'In the Shadow of the Lord,' a romanice of the Washingtons, to press on the day that they sued the first.

Booker T. Washington's new book, "Put-ing the Most Into Life," has gone into a second edition the first month of publica-tion. It is devoted to addresses delivered before Tuskegee Institute.

who can slude obviously certain capture by backing into a cage of trained lions will whom he had previously made friends for tha purpose, and then retresting, without possible pursuit, through a secret passage. *
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The study of history and biography of statement is an effective way by which to statement is an effective of present men source of the statement in Association. The contents of the book ington, "Channey on "Franklin." Wash ington," "Channey of Emerson, which, others and intellectual trend of the republic ation and intellectual trend of the republic and by their lives and writings in framing on the statement."

Miss Mary Mears, woose novel. "The Breath of the Runners," is shortly to ap-pear, is a young writer of unusual promise. She discloses to readers of fotion a pluse of American IIfe little known outside its own limits. The art world of Americas has never before been made the environment of a thoughtful and significant movel. Miss Mears is herself an American artist, and has secured great facility as well as repu-tation as a writer by frequent contributions to some of our leading magazines. One need read a few pages only of this strong book to realize that Miss Mears' apprentice ship both as artist and writer has peculiarly ship both as artist and writer has pe fitted her to depict graphically her

"Daughters of the Puritans" sold

Daugneers of the Furthans sold as well last sear and seemed to give such general satisfaction to its wide circle of readers that a pertrait edition for the holidays is an nounced for early issue by its publishers, the American Unitarian Association. The orig-inals from which the portraits are reproduced are the very best obtainable of the seven women whose sketches make up the contents of the yourse-Catharine Maria Sedgwick, little red schoolhouse out and in at the doors of which I had passed times withwomen whose saveles make up the Contin-of the volume-Catharine Maria Sedgwick Mary Lovell Ware, Lydle Maria Child, Doro thea Lynde Dix, Sarah Margaret Fuller Os soll, Harriet Reecher Stowe and Louisa Ma Alcott. The brief lives of these descendant of the Purtians are treated by the author Seth Curits Beach, in a delightful style that makes their perusal a source of pleasure n less than of information.

Carls and and

"Cap'n Chadwick: Marbiehead Skipper and Shoemaker" is the third volume of the series of "True American Types" (of which the first was "John Gilley," by President Ellot, and the second, "Augustus Consart," by Robert Collyer) and maintains the bigh standard set for this little group of homely biographics. It presents the humble but ennobling life-sitory of a Marbiehead skipper and shoemaker, revealing the method and spirit of one who, by turning his hand to more than one vocation in the course of Summer and Winter, secured, with severe courage, a comfortable mainter-ance for himself and family. The book is written by his son, the well-known authou-and preacher, John White Chadwick, and is school on more than one early Spring and early Fall morning when I would have preferred to go elsewhere. It would astonish you to know how much noise that bell can make and from what a ter-rible distance you can hear it, especially if your conscience happens to be out of gear and you happen to have made up your mind in advance to play truant. "I stopped to refresh myself with a cup of water from the pump that had quenched my thirst times innumerable of yore. Then I climbed the few steps and passed thhrough the door, Children's written by his and preacher, J is son, the well-known author John White Chadwick, and is yore. 7 passed to be published immediately olces in recitation greeted me and the

A recent number of The World's Work minins a remarkable story of a negro who, ke Booker T. Washington, rose from the umblest beginnings to the headship of a ing her spectacled eyes from her book in humblest beginnings to the headship of a helpful and important institution. He was put to work when 4 years old, and at 9 was a regular plowhand. Yet he managed to learn to read and write, at odd momentis, and hater worked his way through Tuskegee Institute. After a series of hardships, he says: "I felt that I was born to bad luck and gave up all hope of future work. Just at that time sume one sent me a core of and gave up all hope of future work. Just at that time some one sent me a copy of Orison Swett Marden's book, "Pushing to the Front." I read every chapter. Every line in it seemed to say to me: You are a coward to give up." The book, which proved the turning point in his career, is now translated into nearly every civilized tongue, including the Japanese. undergo with time a change.

At sounds like exaggeration to say that volume of 340 pages is the finest collectio of ethical scriptures that has ever bee primted. Such a book, however, is an nounced as one of the early Fall publics tions of the American Unitarian Association "The Margare American Unitarian Association" The Message of Man," which has been gathered from many sources and edited by Stanton Coit, is, in scope, quality and ar rangement, as near a perfect expression o the concentrated thought of the world's greatest thinkers as it is castly possible imagine can be compressed into a little pocket companion. Arranged in chapters by porter companion. Arranged in chap topics, with an index of authors ar tions, and with footnotes giving the source, even to the follo number, of quotation, the book becomes not merely a inspiration in itself, but a key or guide the finest things in all literature, ancient

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Anne Warner's latest book. "Seeing France with Lincle John," a burlesque on the Ameri-can tourist abroad, will be published in book form this week. The book will bare a num-ber of Illustrations, in sympathy with the humorous character of the narrative, by May Wilson Preston. Recent archaeological discoveries have interrupted in one or two Instances the progress of the text of the earlier part of Mr. Sturgis" "History of Arubitecture," so

Back to the Little Red Schoolhouse Not a Single Change Was Apparent After an Absence of Two Score Years.

I. K. Friedman in the Chlcugo News. ceiling. The movable blackboard, paint-66 AST week," said the high school ed anew, I suppose, occupied its corner. The wash basin, a clean crash towel, and the principal, "it occurred to me that I should like to renew my acquaintance with the little red schoolhouse to which I used to go when I was a boy. So I started out bright and early along the the front wall over the recitation bench, was the only attempt at decoration. friendly old country road that saunters unhill and across the fields like a lazy man with his hands in his mockets. Here same flaxen haired, freekled and rosy friendly old country road that saunters man with his hands in his pockets. Here

man with his hands in his pockets. Here and there where the hills are steep and it comes down at breakneck speed, head over heels, it is not so indolent nor so hiftless in its manuer. At the river the road pauses for a swim. It dips, as it road pauses for a swim. It dips, as it were, into the sparkling waters and comes out bright and refreshed on the other side.

use the singular purposely-was twist-ed behind their backs and across their shoulders. It takes a country boy to "Every foot of the way was as familiar o me as the face of a friend. Seeing the orchards I had robbed, the farmhouses catch the trick of that! I had visited and the fields I used to

I had visited and the fields I used to scurry across when I was a boy, it wasn't long before my boyhood came left their seats at the word of command back to me. Soon a little youngster, book from the teacher and took their places in the front of the room in the recitation and slate in hand, trudged along at my side. We two had much to say to each other of times gone by, and so, before I knew it, I found myself a good two miles

"A teacher handling in that fashion a whole roomful of children is kept pretty busy, as you can well imagine. discipline was marred only by the nat-ural reatlessness of the pupils, due to the warmth of the drowsy September

day. An intruding bee droned away in one corner of the room, some insect or other chirped lustily in another corner There it stood, the one story, square red brick building, with the white window sashes and doors and the fantastic little bell tower on top, just about the size of the bell inside of it that called me to and through the open windows the flies

"It was an atmosphere that inspired drowsiness, if not dreaminess, and I fain would have laid my head down on the desk as did some of those sleepy boys and given myself over to dreams of tho-days gone by days gone by,

"The initials I found carved on the desk were conducive to dreams-my own initials intertwined with those of a girl who had passed out of my life as com-pletely as he had left that room. They putting

tempt me to grow sentimental, putting me in that 'old apple tree' sort of moodbut I forbear. "Yet, looking across the road to the grape vines, burdened with their purple chool teacher bowed me welcome, liftclusters, to the golden tassels of the corn shimmering in the sun, my thoughtst passed beyond the confines of the room

quaint flutter of surprise at the intru-"I tiptoed my way to the back of the into the greater world reflecting that there, after all, in the illiteracy it com-bated in the characters it helped to up-build, in the lives of the men and women small room over the rough pine flooring and took my seat in the last double bench of the row. A glance or two convinced me that nothing had changed in all the it influenced were to be found and rears I had been away, unless you would all the mellowing that things and people indergo with time a change. Way its doors,' thought I as I passed out of years I had been away, unless you would "There was the same old-fashioned them, 'never be shut and its last lesson wood stove with the fat round pipe that never be taught." -I. K. Friedman, in ran parallel with and just below the The Chicago News.

New and Old Dramatic Favorites

from the village and face to face with the

out number-always, if memory serves me right, a little bit gladder to get out than

o go ir

at the New Amsterdam Theater. There is no one whom I can recall who has done as good work as this son of the play in which this fine pair of English actors first appeared, and thave continued for two weeks, is Stephen Phillips' "Paola and Francesca," an uplifting and inspired classic that breathes the most beautiful poetry in every line, and which is interproted by the Irving players with infinite

sell Company on their Chicago trip.

agers' Association that was recently organized. ganized. There is no brainler man in the business than this same Mr. Price, and you will hear from him in the next few years around the purlicus of the borough

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It sounds like exaggeration to say that

good taste and rare discrimination.

I went there expecting to be bored. had the most delicious surprise. They will come out to the Coast, and don't anyone miss them. Mr. Irving has not the one last spark that we call genius, but he is better looking than his father was, effectively sincere and impressive, intelli-gent to the highest degree, and the per-

how anything could be more welcome more productive of good results for the

rical art than the tour of these excellent

English players. Mr. Irving will remind you all of his illustrious father, but he

has none of that eminent man's man

fiedly pleased with a young actor in my

Their repertoire includes: "Paola and

Following the Irving Company at the

the Tobasco succe from a French farce and still keep it interesting. He has tried to replace the Tobasco with humor, but he has falled to accomplish a wildly ex-citing finish. The finish will come soon,

for the play is not drawing, notwithstanding the magnificent cast, the high-priced

players, the beautiful scenery, Miss Rus-

Miss Russell's name and fame are some-

believe that the present play will be with,

in Lillian Russell's company, which may

Catherine Countiss.

nerisms

ence here.

every technical point.

life

I have never been so unquali-

King

" in which

N EW YORK, Oct. 24.-Henry B. Irv-ing and Dorothea Baird are contrib-uting the dramatic treat of the day

dash and charm and technical finish has caused so much comment that even now her career is assured from a Broad way standpoint. I was astonished to no d from a Broadgreat Irving since Edwin Booth. The tice how beautiful she has grown. She was featured in Chicago as the beauty of the cast-and Lillian Russell, the world. famous beauty right there at the same time as the star.

E. D. Price, who was a long time connected with the San Francisco theatrical firm of Belasco & Mayer, and who is now suing them for his share in the division of their profits, is now in the employ prominently of the Klaw & Erlanger people, and acted as manager for the Lillian Rus-

He is also general manager of the

the pitcher of water were in another corner as of old, and near the door stood

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vaguely known as the Democracy which one man supposes to be under the domination of Bryan, another of Cleveland, and a third of Hearst—or take your choice. tility.

Democracy in the general sense is meant, and Mr. Stickney accordingly proceeds to find fault with nearly every principle in our political system. He says that Abraham Lincoin's nomination to the Presidency of the United States was procured by a political bar-ter; that our Civil War might have been brought to a successful conclusion in two years instead of four and at half the cost in men and money; that our recent war with Spain was man-aged by party politicians for party purposes; that the Panama canal is a waste of money and that we should instead build a ship railway and that money expended upon our battleships is thrown away. Why? Mr. Stlekney thinks that "A modern whaleback ship, with an overdeck of steel, with low revolving turrets on Ericsson's methods, carrying two or three rifled guns of the longest range and the highest power, would sink our entire fleet of battleships. All of which goes to show that Mr. Stickney is out of har-mony with the great majority of thoughtful people in this enlightened ountry.

In matters of governing the people Mr. Stickney favors the selection of lawmakers through the medium of the old-fashioned New England town meeting-with certain specifications, the most important of these being the creis, the ation of an electoral college. His main conclusion is: "Democracy must governed by the people's brain. that is an impossibility under the su-premacy of the election machine. We t now make a thorough reorgani-on of our political system." nust now

Teachers' Guide to the International Sunday School Lessons for 1907, by Martha Tar-bell, Ph. D. \$1.25. The Bobbs Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Wherever the English tongue is spoken there will be the Bible in English, and there ought also to be side by side with that Bible the Tarbell teachers' guide, which is designed both for teachers and pupils, and is helpful enthrall all music-lovers, not only to advanced students, but to the lower grades of classes. The Tar-bell guide for 1906 was hailed with marked favor and immense numbers of copies were sold, but the new volume will receive equally as cordial a reception. It naturally contains more material than its predecessor, and is lighter and more easily handled. 500 pages contain nearly everything Its and that practically is everything-that the Bible student and teacher want to know. And the price is reasonable. The special features of this year's Tarbell are 16 full-page illusrations, many of them made from the famous paintings of J. J. Tissot, for the use of which exclusive permission has been obtained. There are also a large number of reproductions of celebrated pictures of the life of the peo ple of Bible lands and times, ancient inscriptions, coins, Egyptian and Assyrian wall paintings and other original

Walt Whliman, by Bliss Perry. Illustrated, \$1.50, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Among American authors no one has been praised in the one breath and condemned in the other as has Walt m, poet. And in speaking of books on the general subject irresistibly reminded of the Whitman. worth of Horace Traubel's "With Walt Whitman in Camden." Now here is

Fourteen poems adorn the volume They have the genuine Kipling ring and can be easily recognized by the liberal use of italics. The greatest of them is that gem entitled "The Children's Song, reminding one of the martial tread in-stinctively felt in the "Recessional." The The first and closing verses are: Land of our birth, we pledge to thes Our love and toil in the years to be, When we are grown and take our place, As men and women with our race.

Land of our birth, our faith, our pride, For whose dear sake our fathers died; O motherland, we pledge to ther, Head, heart and hand through the years to heat

This poem is written on lines so broad that it will live when the others in the collection are forgotten. Among the stories, the best one is "A Centurion of the Thirtleth."

The Charlatans, by Bert Leston Taylor. Il-lustrations by George Bream. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Imagine a músical conservatory where young Bachs and Beethovens are turned out as if by machinery at so many dollars per quarter! Add to this lots of human in-

at and the loves of several maidens-you have this new musical novel the Charlatans." The heroine is Mis-Hope Winston, a farmer's daughter, who, because she could play on the plano fairly well "Autumn Leaves," "Forest Reveries" and other brave times of an elder day, had visions of a greater musical career. So, Hope hied to a neighboring town to so, flope hied to a neighboring town to the Colossus Conservatory of Music, which from its advertisements was supposed tobe the largest conservatory of its kind in this or any other land. "Graduated walle you walt!" micht have here its protected to the largest of the largest its protected to the largest its protected to the largest of the largest its protected to the largest its protected to the largest of the might have been its motto. Ho found that one of the piano students' drills was to rise on their toes with hands high was to rise on their focs with hands tight and fingers arched and at a signal to pitch forward on a bench. This was said to develop volume of tone. To produce a perfect crescendo, singers warbled under book is finely bound and richly decora Japanese parasol. The girl extracted much amusement from the method of this "fake" conservatory, and the whole ated.

tale has a delicious humor that will surely Portland

Geronimo's Story of His Life, edited by S M. Barrett. Illustrated. \$1.50. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York City. This remarkable autobiography taken from the life of the great Apache war chief by S. M. Barrett, Superintendent of Education Lawtern Of chief by S. M. Barrett, Superintendent of Education, Lawton, Oklahoma, is worth reading because of its plain, unvarnished style and because it discusses historical events in a free manner not met with in the usual history books. Geronimo begins his story with the origin of the world, one of the first heroes being a boy named Apache, meaning "energy." Then he un-folds a blood-curdling tale of war and rapine principally against Mexico, and

rapine principally against Mexico, and latterly against this country. In the 17th chapter, Geronimo criticizes many of the acts of General Crook and says that the General's death was sent oy the Almighty for the many evil deeds he committed. According to his own account, Geronimo was a very badly used person.

A Lady of Rome, by F. Marlon Crawford. \$1.50. The Macmillan Co., New York City, Kipling found his India and Crawford his Italy, and they have both given us men and women whose fame is of the lasting order. Mr. Crawford is one of the most voluminous novelisits of our gen-eration. We recall more than 30 good

novels he has written, and they have uniformly good qualities that it is a difficult matter to say which one exceta. "A Lady of Rome" is of two parts, the

Most novels are of the lovey-dovey order and only picture lovers who marry and live happily ever afterward. "Jewel Weed" is different. It tells of lovers after they are married and who live a human existence, in which both sunshine and rain happen. The novel has caught the true spirit of the Northwest, and has wit, fine sentiment and common-sense philosophy to commend It.

No Friend Like a Sister, by Rosa Nouchest Carey. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphis and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Worthy in every respect of the dis-inguished authoress of "The Household of Peter," In writing "No Friend Like a of Peter.' Sister," Miss Carey has given us a typi-cal English novel portraying the every-day emotions of middle-class, educated

people-in short a tale that speaks with nsistent emphasis to young women who iesire caim, restful reading without any freworks. The story is built around St. Monica's Nursing Home, two sisters named Frances and Augusta, extreme 'High Church' believers, and the uplift the submerged in the parish of St.

Mathias, London. The book will also be remembered by its pure simplicity and ealthful influence. The Happy-Go-Lucky, translated from the German by Mrs. A. L. Wister. Illus-trated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila-

delphia. Leaves from the life of a natural bohemian young man who left the pleasant country stream where his father kept a prosperous mill and drove with two aristocratic young wo-men to Vienna to seek his fortune. He found it, in romantic fashion and married a porter's nices with whom he lived happily ever after. Just the kind of new fairy tale to the transla-folks. Its tone is good, the transla-tion being from the works of Joseph Weigher von Eichendorff. The little of new fairy tale to enthrall young

The Flock, by Mary Austin. Illustrated by E. Boyd Smith. \$2. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 'Boston, and the J. K. Gill Co.,

Beautiful in filustration and design, this book is instinct with open air life on the sheep ranges of California. Its long note is: "Be-a-a!" Mrs. Austin begins with the early Spanlards who drove their flocks from Velicia, in the year when Daniel Boone moved into the then unknown

A Modern Madonna, by Caroline Abbot Stan-ley. \$1.50. The Century Co., New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

The germ thought in this novel with scenes laid in the District of Columbia is the law which was in force until ten years ago-permitting a man to will the custody of his own child, even of an un-born child, to any one he might choose. The father's violent death and the forcible separation of a young mother from her baby are told with fine dramatic

power. It is a relief to find at the end of the story a period of tragedy succeeded by clouds breaking into calm. The Impersonator, by Mary Imlay Taylor, Hilastrated by Ch. Grunwald \$1.50, Lit-tie, Brown & Co., Boston, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Gill Co., Portland. To those of us out West who have never seen Washington, D. C., that city-

Mr. Sturgie" "History of Architecture," so that Volume I has again been postponed and will protably now not be issued until the middle of November. . . .

The opponents of that exotic novel, 'Folly," will not down. One reviewer ex-nausted her vocabulary in the Spring in ne magazine, and in two columns heaped abuse upon Miss Rickert. At the same time it is only fair to add that the book itself will not down, and that the sixth editio is now imminent.

The author of "In the Days of the Comet," "The War of the Worlds," "The Time Ma-chine" and a long list of other works, lives and writes in Kent, England, his native place. Mr. Wells was educated mainly at private schools, and carried off first-class hon-ors at the Royal Academy of Schene---a fact of interest since the super-natural enters so largely into all his books. Roy Rolfe Glison, whose "Katrina" has just been issued, has leased a house in Con-ord, Mass, which he will occupy shortly, Mr. Glison has always loved the traditions of Hoston and of the Transcendental period, and it is the tuilfilment of an oft-dreamed

ind it is the fulfillment of an off-dreamed iream to settle in Concord. . . .

Says "A Cheerful Year Book": "And the automobile may be identified as fine sub-stance of things owed and the odor of things unseen. Dreams are the spiritumi savors from our supper tables. Some men are never so solitary as when alone with their thoughts "

thoughts." Henry M. Hyde's "The Unstarts," which the Century Company will issue soon, is the nuthor's first book, although magazine readers are familiar with his short stories. The narra-ive deals with the life and common people of the Middle West, as life which has always and strong interest for the author. Mr. Hyde s now editor of the Technical Magazine, after everal years' editorial service on the Chicago Fribune.

. . .

A complete illustrated account of J. Pier-pont Morgan's collection of pictures ap-pears in the October issue of the Compoisseur Magazine. As the collection of works of art owned by Mr. Morgan is the most repre-sentative of any American collection, this article will prove of the greatest interest to all compoisseur readers in the United

all connoisseur readers in the United . . .

A child's book of more than ordinary in A child's book of more than ordinary in-terest is "Indian Boys and Girls." This book is Illustrated by Alice Mar and Ed-win Willard Deming, while the accompany-ing verses and stories were written by Alice Calhoun Haines. Children are proverbially more interested in our American Indians than in any other race. This book is cal-culated not only to arouse this interest, but to give them accurate knowledge of the mannets and customs of Indian children.

States

Love seems to be the strain of the song of the modern poet no less than that of the ancient bard, and no form of verse is, per-haps, a more perfect embodiment for rhymed expression of this sentiment than the sonnet. This fact has led the publishing house of Small, Maynard & Company to prepare, under the editorship of Laurens Maynard, an anth-ology entitled, "Latter-Day Love Sonnets," made up of a notable group of poems of near-iy 100 writters of the present day, both Brit-tsh and American.

A stirring new novel to be issued early this

A stirring new novel to be issued early this Fail by Small, Maynard & Company is "Father Prink," by A. Wilson Barreit, the author of "The Silver Pin." It is a lively narrative of the wilsy machinations of a seemingly good-natured and harmless priest, who has schemes of his own for the benefit of a favorite nices. Large property rights are involved, together with a hoarded pile of diamonds, which have been singularly concealed for mack-keeping. The hand of the woman whose property is thus at stake is sought by two casper rivals, whose fortunes are involved in the plot. The custody of the diamonds, when at last found, gives rise to exciting compilcations, with the privet.

is his sister's most intimate friend and is in all other respects a most eligible wife for him. But his aristocratic old mother, who had found the Jewess perfectly suitable as a companion of her daughter, will not hear of her as her son's wife, even though she abjures her religion and becomes a Catholic. And not less inflexible in her opposition to the match is the girl's aunt, Deborah, who is an admirably drawn ex-ample of the old-fashioned daughters of Is-rael. raul.

1.2. 2. 2. A curious mingling of fact and fiction, somewhat in the manner of Mrs. Gerirude Atherton's romantic treatment of Alexander Hamilton's life in "The Conqueror." is "La Chuis de l'Algie" ("The Eagle's Fall"), in which Camille Vergnioi presents in the

in which Camille Vergiloi presents in the form of dialogues the important scenes in the last days of Nanoleon's iffe. They range in point of lime from the ascent of Louis XVIII to the throne of France to a final scene in November, 1817, at Longwood, on the Island of St. Helena, where "the eagles" captivity ended four years later in his geath. M. Vergiloi takes an undoubted liberty in thus putting words and senti-ments in the mouths of historic person-ages, but the thorough knowledge of facts and characters with which he has equipped himself and the cleverness with which he has performed his task, have not only been his excuse, but have word for him high Francesca," "The Lyons Mail," "King Rene's Daughters," "Charles I," "Maura-cette," "Hamlet" and "Othello." New Amsterdam will come Forbes Robert, son and Gertrude Elliott (sister of Maxine), who will open in George Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra production and performance there is a big amount of interest. his excuse, but have won for him hig praise. The work is curious, but interest ing and of distinct value. high

-A Portrait.

Caroline Duer. A man more kindly, in his careless way. Than many who profess a higher creed Whose fickle love might change from day to Lillian Russell's Great Exploitation. Lillian Russell has at last come to town with Paul Polter's play, "Barbara's Millions." and it has met the inevitable day And yet be faithful to a friend in need;

Whose manners covered, through life's out fate-it has fallen flat. It is the result of having Paul Potter try and take out and ins. Like charity, a multitude of sins.

A man of honor, too, as such things go; Discreet and secret qualities of use, Selfish, but not self-conscious, generou:

alow To anger, but most ready in excuse. Is wit and eleverness consisted not o much in what he said, as what he got.

His principles one might not quite com-And they were much too simple to mis-

take; Never to turn his back upon a friend, Never to ile, but, for a woman's sake; To take the sweets that came within his Russell exploitation that is of special in, terest. There are all kinds of money be-May, And pay the price if there was price to hind it. The players have been selected

Idle good looking, negatively wise

Lazy in action, plausible in speech; avor he found in many women's ey And valued most that which was

hard to reach. Few are both true and tender, and he grew

In time, a little tenderer than true

frawn soon, and something else substi-tuted. Ferdinand Gottschalk, the clever Knowing much evil. half regretting good, As we regret a childish impulse-lost. Wearied with knowledge best not undertuted. little fellow who translated "The Love Letter" now played at the Lyric Theater by Virginia Harned, is one of the cast

Bored with the disenchantment that it

cost; But, in conclusion, with no failings hid; gentleman, no matter what he did.

"God's With the Country Still."

Frank Stanton in the Atlanta Constitution. It's the same old sun as it heaves in sight-The same blue sky o'er fae hill. And the song by day, and the song by will be the fact that Miss Catherine Coun-

It's' the same sweet moon with the same soft light. And the stars their splendor spil, And the song that thrifis through the starry "God's with the country still?"

It's the same old world with its rosy round. And the same sweet song birds trill; And the storm winds blow-but the roses

formances can be relied upon to be cor-rect and satisfying in every way. Miss of Manhattan. Baird is charmingly naive, and the quint essence of English culture. She adds the same air of lovely womanliness to the VALUE OF LOST FINGERS picture that was contributed to the elder Irving's theatrical presentations by Ellen Terry, in the days of old. I cannot think

Appraisement Fixed by the Various Countries of Europe.

Philadelphia Record The different fingers are far from having the same value in the eyes of the law with reference to their functional utilization. Much the most important is the thumb, for without it prehension would be very imperfect. The hand is no longer pincers, but merely a claw, when deprived of the thumb. It may be estimated that the thumb represents fully at third of the total value of the hand. The French courts allow 15 to 35 per cent value for the right hand and 10 to 15 for the left: the Austrian schedule gives from 15 per cent for the left to 25 per cent for the right; in Germany 20 and 28 per cent,

Forbes Robertson is the man whom the critics dub great. His painstaking labor in the field of the legitimate are landed to the skies, and he wields a large influand even as high as 33.3 per cent has been awarded. The percentage is based on 100 as the total industrial value of the hand previously to the accident, a loss of As a matter of fact, young Mr. Irving is his professional superior in 50 per cent representing half of the value, etc

The total loss of the index finger causes . an incapacity estimated at 10 to 15 per cent in Austria, 36 to 20 per cent in Ger-many, 15 per cent for the left and 30 per cent for the right by Italian courts; the

French allow 15 per cent. The middle finger is of much more portance than the index, states Dr. guan, whom we are cliing, and who is no small authority, for a great loss of force is observed in the hand when the finger is amputated. Yet almost all the authorities ascribe less importance to it than the in-dex. The Italian law allows 5 per cent,

the Austrian 5 to 10 per cent. The ring finger is the least important. sell's abundant personal popularity, and Its total loss often does not cause incathe general good will of everybody alive concerning the enterprise. There is something back of this Lillian pacity. The Austrian tariff assimilates this finger to the middle one. The Italian law is liberal, with 8 per cent. The French and German tribunals often refuse indemnity, considering the incapacity resulting from the loss as very slight.

solely with an eye to getting the best and fittest that can be gotten together. The little finger may be compared to the ring finger, except in the professions in which it serves as a point of support for thing to conjure with all over the coun-try, and her backers will at last succeed the hand. It may be remarked, here that the artist has not been taken into con-sideration in these cases. in obtaining a suitable vehicle for her and her company that will at length sweep the land with signal success. I

A Sleepy Song. As soon as the fire burns red and low, And the house upstairs is still, She sings me a queer little sleepy song Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft, Their colors are gray and white; They follow their leader mose to tall, For they must be home by night.

suggest the caliber of the dramatic per-

And one slips over, and one comes next, And one runs after behind, The gray one's nose at the white one's tall, The top of the hill they find. Another item of interest to Portlanders

And when facy get to the top of the hills. They quictly slip away. But one runs over and one comes next-Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go and over they go, And over the top of the hill The good little sheep run quick and soft, And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next, keep the organization of this company in-tact and supply a play, from somewhere or other, that will fill the negutrements. And she says that I fall asleap.

tiss has the leading part in the play next to the star. Miss Countiss grows younger every day, and never looked so well as she does now when she appears nightly at the Savoy Theater in this play. Her gowns are dreams, and (she'll kill me if she ever sees this) she has let her beautiful hair go back to its pristine, lovely, light brown hue. This makes her look

ten years younger. I understand that the intention is to

sonae.

"God's with the country still?"

"God's with the country still!"