JUNEAU STREET

"Because in the extent of their fame they stand apart from all other literary workers, Tolstoy, Kipling and Mark Twain can be grouped. The one other living writer who comes nearest these three in renown is Maurice Maeterlinck." J.B.G. in Putnam's.



Langford of the Three Bars, by Kate and Virgil D. Boyles Illustrated. A. C. Mecling & Co., Chicago Churg & Children de Churg & Children Churg Churg & Children Churg Churc Churg Churc Churg Churg Churg rustlers, cowboy dead-shots, thieves and

The novel chiefly concerns one Paul Langford, who began a crusade to end cattle lifting in his particular section of South Dakota and was the ally of a fighting district attorney of the Heney type. Jesse Black is the chief villain and Tampas bad-man of the book, and wherever he happens to be gun play and trouble follow. The character of George Williston, rancher and owner of a straggy yony named Battleaxe, is strongly drawn from the very first. Williston represents the type of a small and independent ranchman who had a precarious struggle ranchman who had a precarious struggle to find a living against the encroachment of more wealthy cattle owners, and he is painted in this fashion:

Williston was being hounded by two pro-line sources of trouble, these sources having a power and insolent strength contemptu-ously indifferent to any claim set up in their paths by one weaker than them-selves. On the one hand was the wealthy attleowner, whose ever-increasing wealth his ability to buy and sell to advantage.

with bigger interests slowly urely gaining control of the markets, who night foretell the future? None beheld hight forstell the future? None beheld the ominous signs more apprehensively than did Williston, who for more than two years, atriving desperately to make good mistakes and misfortupes made back in lows, had felt the winching grow more and more acute. On the other hand was the victous combination of the boldness, curning and greed of the cattle rustiers who harrassed all the range country of the Daharrassed all the range country of the Da-kotas and Nebraska. Annihilation was the sword of Damocles held over the head of the small ranchman, A hand lifted to avert impending doom would have set the air in vibration and the sword would have fallen. Nemesia was as sure to follow at the hands of the fellowship of rustlers, as ever it was at the hands of the Secret Tribunal of oid.

Jim Munson, a cowboy who boasted hat "he was afraid of nothing," carries on a good deal of action, and the story of his duel to the death with Jesse Black has the real dramatic thrill. Two girls, Louise Dale, the court reporter, and Mary Williston, dead-shot and ranch favorite, add brightness and domesticity to the cowboy atmosphere. There's a breath of the "Virginian" in "Langford." The excellent illustrations in full color

are by N. C. Wyeth and are marked by bold touch, and a dash that holds atten-tion. Although only conspicuous for a year or so, Mr. Wyeth's artistic work is now in demand and is sought when a vivid presentation of men of the plain and mountains is desired. A splendid draughtsman, he believes in the effective

Somehow, it is from such surroundings that the great American novel will as suredly be written before long-because no land under the sun except America possesses the peculiar boys of the sombrero, schaps, gun and cow-pony. You know the picture, with the added beauty of arid prairie and the distant cliffs yellow with the setting sun.

The Lovers' Club, by Philetus Brown. The Old Greek Press, Boston, Mass. After tasting and deliberation, this nowing little volume must be labeled a belonging to the new literature of assion. It savors of Oscar Wildenstured with the safety valve of Ethelbert Hubbard.

Ethelbert Hubbard.

The book's environment comes from the teaching of a band of enthusiasts who 15 years ago in New York City called themselves "the Greeks," and dreamed of pictured passions painted with warm, Oriental colors—not in vulgar daubs—but with strong, esthetic aweeps having the divine glow of inspiration. Of course, the publishing barons would have none strong, esthetic sweeps having the di-vine glow of inspiration. Of course, the publishing barons would have none of the new work, because they saw no money in it—in those days. Chief among "the Greeks" were Richard Hovey, the poet and dramatist, the present managar of the old Greek Press, and Philetus Brown, Hovey died in 1888 and Brown three years later. The creed they left said: Paint the passions of the human heart. Paint The creed they left said: Paint the passions of the human heart. Paint them—boldly, truly and with beauty. So, it is a voice from the dead that speaks to us in the book now under review. What is "The Lovers' Club?" The intimate records of Wednesday afternoon meetings of men and women of culture and assuredly of elegant leigure—for surely people who had to worry about the pursuit of their daily worry about the pursuit of their daily bread and butter, would not have wasted so much valuable time in the busiest portion of the day telling their own idle life experiences to one an-

ILLUSTRATION from LANGFORD of the THREE BARS poetical and finely sympathetic. The most amusing story in its close study of crude, puppy-love is "The Infection of Mary Ann," giving the experiences of a young servant girl who admits the guests Wednesday afternoons and imagines herself inoculated with a spurious passion for a big man "at the theayter." But when she makes his

theayter." But when she makes his acquaintance her romance receives a shake-up and she slaps his face.

In the ten chapters there is much to admire for original style, and sometimes a shock comes like a spark of electricity. The last sketch, "Real Tragedy," is very much of the Wilde

the hearts and tickled the understandings of a large and growing constituency.

Here is a new hook of the McCutcheon drawings showing the great McCutcheon in a very funny vein. Some of the sketches are familiar through their having already been seen in the Chicago
Tribune, but enough new work has been
since added to give added worth to the
presentation. The satire is delicious—it is

one long chuckle.

one long chuckle.

Congressman Pumphrey is "the people's friend" from Minerva Junction, and he begins his first term at Washington, D. C., with the conviction that he is a patriot and also a muck-raker destined to or-r-rush the corporations. He makes new friends in Colonel Harrison K, Bunk-er, railroad attorney, and United States Senator James B. Octopus, who hint how they wish him to vote, and they explain proposed railroad legislation-as they see proposed railroad legislation—as they see it. To make their meaning clearer they allow him to win from them over \$5000 in poker games and give him tips how to play the stock market. Pumphrey about this time develops a sudden taste for high society, champagne and long black, fat clgars. He also gives utterance to this wisdom: "We treat those we fear better then those we love. It's the gun to this wisdom: "We treat those we fear better than those we love. It's the gun that's turned against you that needs to be spiked, and not the one that's with you." His wife and daughter learn to

play bridge and to lose money. The book closes with Pumphrey in a reflective mood wondering what he should do with his acquired Washington, D. C., tastes on the basis of a Minerva Junction

Among the World's Peace-Makers, edited by Hayne Davis. Illustrated. Paper by Hayne Davis. Illustrated. Paper covers. \$1. The Progressive Publishing Company. New York City.

Of significant interest at the present time, in the light of the meetings in New York City of the National Peace onference.
Mr. Davis is known as the secretary of

the American delegates to the 13th and 14th conferences of the Interparliamen-tary Union. In this interesting book of 400 well-printed pages he gives an epitome of the Interparliamentary Union, and sketches of eminent members of this international house of representatives of the plain people, and of progressive the plain people, and of progressive workers who are promoting the plan for lasting peace, which this union of lawmakers has espoused. A preface is contributed by Andrew Carnegie, in which he gives his well-known views on peace, and in one sentence he says: "I would fain see established upon earth the reign of peace." Many of the chapters given have already appeared in well-known magazines, but the message they bring comes with such a clear call that it is a gain to this special branch of literature to enjoy reading these addresses in collected form and within the dimensions of a book.

Spots: Two Hundred and Two Cleansers Compiled by Clarice T. Courvolsier. Paul Elder & Co., New York City.

Elder & Co., New York City.

Calculated to bring delight to the soul of the earnest housekeeper, and under the skillful directions given lightning changes are accomplished—mostly in the The classification: Fabrics, ousehold, laundry, personal and miscellaneous.

Family Secrets, by Marion Foster Wash-burne; \$1.25. The Macmillan Company, New York City.

Eight chapters of gossipy, optimistic talk relating to home life-just the sort of a book that pleasantly appeals to women. The writing has a piquant touch especially that part of it deal-ing with new neighbors in the first sketch, "On the Edge of the Town:" The men had one recreation-regu-

JOHN T ME CUTCHEON



the blows. Many of the children died in early childhood. All the women lost hair and teeth at an early age. It was a mark of distinction and prosperity to have a full set of false teeth. I knew one woman whose whole mouth was a yellow dazzle with gold, and she smiled constantly in company—in order to show her neculiar pany—in order to show her peculiar wealth. . These neighbors of ours were mostly Americans of several generations on this soil. Some of them were Holland Dutch, others Pennsylvania Dutch.

congressman Pumphrey, by John T. Mc-Cutcheon Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. McCutcheon is admittedly one of the really great cartoonists of this country, and his work in the pages of the Chicago Tribune newspaper has reached the hearts and tickled the understandings.

Vania Dutch.

Dimbie and I—and Amelia, by Mabei Barnes-Grundy. Hustrated; \$1.50. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York City.

At first sight, you say—here's a novel with an odd tille. And then you plunge into such a perfectly delicious, satisfying picture of English country life, in which love and married happiness are idealized, that you experience the low of being under the spell of a real novel, without worrying about its name.

So beautifully finished is the stort, in

which a delicate humor pertiously ap-proaches to a teardrop, that one is reproaches to a teardrop, that one is re-minded of the spell of a Thackeray or Dickens. In the concrete, the novel is just a story of a husband and wife. Dimble is a pet name for the husband, and the cook, and the scene of the story is Surrey, England. Marguerite is a cripple, and arising above physical pain, she makes her life one of uniform sunshine.

makes her life one of uniform sunshine. Once, she says:

Will Dimble ever realize how much I love him? I don't seem to be able to let Dimble know what he is to me. Human hanguage is not sufficient—speech is so bald. Sometimes in the night when he is asleep, I press my lips to his kinky hair. But I'm always afraid he will awake and find mout, and I whisper: "God, I thank thee for Dimble! What a beautiful thing is a lane in which the grass runs swiftly riotous. I want in my heaven cool, grassy lanes, soothing and comforting to tired feet."

"Dimble and I—and Amelia," is one of the principal novels of the year. Its

the principal novels of the year. Its music always sings of a happy home. It grips the heart.

Bules of Order, by Charles M. Scanian, Reid Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

This is the second and improved edi-This is the second and improved edi-tion of a popular and meritorious little volume of 110 pages giving rules for the government of societies, conventions, pub-lic meetings, legislative bodies, etc. It is also valuable to the man or woman who wishes to know how to behave on the floor of debate. Mr. Scanlan has taken note of changes of rules made in Congress, late law decisions, and has spared no pains to make his presenta-tion reliable and up-to-date, He deals with special occasions, general occaspecial occasions, general occa-motions, questions, procedure, de-motions alphabetically arranged, with The whole is creditable to the com-

Ackreyd of the Faculty, by Anna Chapin Ray; \$1.50. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. A curious study in novel form of social maladjustment affecting the life of Andrew Ackroyd, a member of the fac-ulty of one of our larger American uni-versities. At the same time the type is surprising-for should not education and environment give a college instructor the case of manner and the dominant intellectuality requisite for any grade of so-called seclety? Ackroyd however, is under the handleap of heredity. The studies of Viennietta Hall and Connie Evergett was consulted and a thrilling de-Everest-two opposites-and a thrilling deeription of a railroad accident lend freshand charm to a well-told

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP

treatise on "The Training of the Human Plant" are announced for Wednesday.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, the writer, receives a legacy of \$20,000 and a share in the Boston Athenaeum through the will of Mrz. Sugan B. Cabot, of Salem, Mans, who died recently, leaving a large estate.

That interest in "Everyman" does not slacken is shown by the announcement by Duffield & Company of a new edition of the old morality play. This makes an edition for every year since the ancient drama was first reprinted by this bouse four years ago.

Miss Mary Cholmondeley, who has lately suffered from poor health, is now much better, but her physician advises her sgainet any inclination on the part of his distinguished patient to write a new novel, although he has permitted her to write a few short stories. Another full-sized novel from Miss Cholmondeley can hardly be expected for two or three years yet. Her latest novel, "Prisoners," has been, or in some cares is about in be, pub-

dished in translated form in France, Italy, Germany, Sweden and even Holland, where, although there is no copyright, a conscientious publishing house firm has paid her for the privilege of translating the book into Dutch.

"The Plays of Our Forefathern," by Protensor Charles M. Gayley, after several post-sonements, is amounced for issue in the coming autumn. The author, who is professor of English literature in the University of California at Berkeley, is a spacial authority on the early drams.

Clarence F. Birdsave's forthcoming book

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor's forthcoming book about Jamestown. "The Birth of the Nation." might by a slight stretch of the term be called a historical novel. It is of course a story of actual events, and of fetien in a strict sense there is none. But Mrs. Pryor's wide knowledge, her pleasant style and above all her gift for narrative writing have enabled her to relate the story of the first five years of the Jamestown colony with a fluency and abundance of detail that make the book read like fiction.

A vivid. and yet artistic story is that called "As a Man Soweth," written by G. B. Lancaster. It appears in the May Popular Magazine. Mr. Lancaster's tale is written round the building of a hig bridge in New Zealand, and has the same realism that characterized Kipling's hest-known stories. The plot is an ingenious one and centers around a man of strong personality—a man gifted with wonderful ability to control others, and yet signally unable to control himself.

Herent accounts of the exercises at Harvard commemorating Longfellow's one hundredth anniversary name as "literary men from whom letters were read," James Whitcomb Riley, Charles Egbert Craddock, Andrew D, White and Bdmund Ciarence Stedman. As Charles Egbert Craddock is, of course, no other than Miss Mary Murfree, long famous for her tales of the Tennessee mountain folk, this only goes to show that a woman with a masculine pen name has always a chance of being taken for a man. Miss Murfree's new book, to be called "The Windfall," will be issued during the current month.

Essued during the current month.

Famuel Gordon, whose novel, "The Ferry of Fate," has just been issued, is a close friend of Israel Zangwill, from whom he got his first encouragement and recognition. Mr. Gordon was born in the little Prussian town of Buk, near the Russian border, in 1851, but has lived in London since his thirteenth year, with the exception of his university days at Cambridge. His new book is said to have no cigaretic-smoking princesses nor Siberian excles, nor any characters with names impossible to pronounce. It is just the wort of a story one's own friend might write if he lived in Russias and possessed the novel-making talent. making talent.

Sarah Bernhardt's eligibility to the Legion if Henor of France, long since a mooted question, is now virtually settled. As a step reliminary to her election, she has been ap-

question, is now virtually settled. As a step preliminary to her election, she has been appointed to a professorship at the Conservatory of Music and Declamation, in order to satisfy the requirements of the chancelleny of the Legion that actors can be decorated only in the quality of professors. This change of attitude toward the divine Sarah is perhaps indicative of an awakening on the part of the watch-dong of that august body to the importance of the stage in general, a tendency already evinced by the recent award of the Cross to an American, H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, in recognition of his contribution to the annals of the French stage in his lately published "Life of Mollere."

"The late Thomas Bailey Aldrich, like many another well-known writer," says the New York Tribune, "had numerous stories to tell of his experiemes with autograph Thends." The writer continues: "He was always ready to grant a request for his sign manual when he believed that it came from an honest admirer who desired it as a personal token or for his or her—preferably her—private collection. It was the professional autograph-hunter who sought a specimen of his handwriting for commercial purposes, setting pittalls for the unwary author, whom he tried, not always successfully, to avoid. On one occasion, Mr. Aldrich related not long ago, he received a pathetic letter in a woman's hand telling of the death of a little daughter and asking the poet if he would send in his own handwriting a verse or two from Bable Bell' to help assuage the grief of the afflicted household. His sympathies were touched and he wrote out the whole poem and sent it on its comforting mission. A few weeks later he saw in an autograph dealers shop the identical manuscript, displayed for sale at a good round price."

In speaking of the practice of brimstone

In speaking of the practice of brimatone remarks in fletion, the New York Times prints this story of Sydney Smith, the great English will Emith was traveling in a stage-coach in which two army officers were also pascengers. As they journeyed they told stories to while away the time, Each officer interfarded his narrative with many oaths suggestive of "the army in Flanders." As was the custom in those days of less delicacy of thought and expression than present times. Sydney Smith drew from his ample stock one of his best and told it in his best style, interjecting in the middle of the liveliest entenance the words "shovel, fire-tongs, and andirons." One of the officers at the close expressed his appreciation of the story, but remarked that he did not see the appositeness of the expression "shovel, fire-tongs and andirons." so frequently used.

"Yes, yes," said Smith, "neither could I see the appropriateness of your many oaths." It is said that the officers "saw" the fitness of the robuke, and that for the residue of the journey swearing was under the interdict of good manners.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Under the Harrow," by Ellis Meredith, \$1.50. (Little-Brown).
"France and the Pope," by General William Birney; "The Right to Ba Lazy," by Paul Lafargue, 10 cents; and "The Eignteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparts," by Karl Mark, 25 cents. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicaso).

Chicago).
"The First Trus Gentleman," a study in the human nature of Jesus, with a foreword by Edward Everett Hale. (Luce & Co. by Edward Everett Hale. (Luce & Co. Boston).

"The Ego and His Own," by Max Stirner, a translation from the German. (Ben R. Tucker, New York).

"The Sowing of Alderson (ree," by Margaret P. Montague, \$1.50. (Baker & Taylor).

"Ale Martin" by Kin Hobbard, Illus-

lor).

"Abe Martin," by Kin Hubbard, illustrated. (Bobbs-Merrill).

"Art and Citizenship," by Kats Upson Clark, 75 cents; and "The Marks of a Man." by Robert Elliott Speer, being the Merrick lectures for 1908-07 at the Ohlo Weeleyan University, (Jennings-Graham, Cincinnati).

Seeing Things With the Googan Girls

MR. CRANKSNIFF AND THE FAIR MOTORIST BY HELENA SMITH DAYTON

English literature in the University of California, at Berkeler, is a spacial authority on the early drama.

Clarence F. Birdseye's forthcoming book on "Individual Training in Our Colleges" of the educator's point of view may be gauged by the fact that it is introduced by Dr. Elmer E. Brown, United States Commissioner of Education.

Dr. Emin Reich, whose latest book. "Success in life," has just been lessed, has recently been giving lectures on Plato that have been all the rage in London. It is related that the Duckess of Portland, unable on one occasion to find a seat, sat down on the floor and so listened to the entire discourse.

It is announced that Mr. Steels MacKayes acting version of Jane Austern's famous novel. "Pride and Prejudice," will be presented this goring at the University of Michigan. It has been the practice of the students hitherto to produce nothing but thakespeace, and in this connection one of them remarked egoductably and perhaps to know about it."

Bobert Mores Lovett, whose new novel, "A Winged Victory," is out, is professor of Eag-lish literature in the University of Chicago. Some of the scenes in the new book depict, may be expected to contribute an unharkness house on the telephone and the formation of the scenes in the new book depict, may be expected to contribute an unharkness house of the strength of the term be called a historical novel. It is of course a story of actual events, and of fletion in a strict sense there is none. The Birth of the National and the strength of the term be called a historical novel. It is of course a story of actual events, and of fletion in a strict sense there is none. The Birth of the National and the professor of the stemporary at Harvard of William Vaught Moody, author of the stemporary at Harvard of William Vaught Moody, author of the stemporary at Harvard of William Vaught Moody, author of the stemporary at Harvard of William Vaught Moody, author of the stemporary at Harvard of William Vaught Moody, author of the stemporary at Harvard of William

the Googan girls dashed up to the re-lief of Mrs. Pufflington, they found her reduced to a weeping Nlobe. "Sho'd make a nice fountain design." commented Tilly, as she surveyed their

commented Tilly, as she surveyed their patient.

"She's a pretty big limousine body to naul out of the puddle," said Lilly. "Who is going to row out and attach the towing rope?"

"You'd make a regular pond Lilly," suggested Tilly. "Til start up our car when it's time for the tug of war."

The Googan girls were clever at getting people out of predicaments of this sort, so in short order Mrs. Puffington was dividing her thanks between Heaven and the Googans for restoring her to dry land. But it was not done without a few April showers, for Mrs. Puffington's other troubles increased as her danger lessened.

"Look at me!" she sobbed. "And it

as her danger lessened.

"Look at me!" she sobbed. "And it took me all the morning to get fixed up swell!"

"We brought our repair kit," whispered Tilly, "and we'll have you lovely

pered Tilly, "and we'll have you lovely in ten minutes. That's part of the Googan system—to cover up all trace of mishaps."
"Well, that's a blessing," sighed Mrs. Puffilngten with relief. "I wouldn't have Henrictta Keeney see me like this—and know the truth—for all the world. And as for Exra Cranksnin—"she broke into a dismal nowl.
"Do tell us about it," urged Tilly, lighting the little burner to heat the curling tongs.

making talent.

Elinor Glyn, who wen friends as the author of "The Visits of Elizabeth," has written a novel that is to be called 'Three Weeks." It deals with a tremendous episode in the life of a runaway Queen. It has been maintained that "Elinor Glyn" is a pseudonym, and that there is no such person—which is not so at all. The author is known in social life as Mrs. Clayton Glyn. Although she spends much of her time on the continent, her home is his Essex. She is as attractive and piquant as her heroine, slender and graceful, and always exquisitely gowned and blessed with wonderful manners of red-brown hair. She hopes to visit America this Fall.

The title of Miss Emma Brooke's novel, "The Dower Woods," has been changed to "Sir Elyot of the Woods." It will be published in England by Heinemann. The new novel is described by the author herself as follows: "The story concerns the life of a man in whose heart two strains of thought and feeling were so closely interwoven that they seemed to him a single thing and indivisible—until the psychological moment arrived." The American edition will contain a frontispiece by Allan Gilbert of the famous woods which play a part in the story. The bride of The Dower Woods chose them as her portion rather than aliver and gold.

Sarah Bernhardt's eligibility to the Legion

interrupted Lilly critically.
"Well-I'm not a landscape gardener by profession," retorted Tilly, making another dab at Mrs. Puffington's expansive

"If I do say it." resumed Mrs. Puffing ton, "I got on much better than Henriette and Mr. Cranksniff was very complimenand air. Grandshift was very complimen-tary. He said if he ever loved a woman it would be one who could handle a car well. Dear me suz, how times have changed! Why when John Puffington was calling on me it was considered enough if a girl was ladylike and a good housekeeper. Nowadays, if you want to attract a man you've got to be able to run a locomotive if the gentleman happens to

have a fancy for rallroading.

"Well, Henrietta saw the hit I was making with Em-Mr. Cranksniff, and she goes off on the quiet and takes lessons of an expert-maybe it was you girls Well, anyway, of someone. Ever since it's been Mrs. Keeney this and Mrs. Keeney that Mrs. Keeney this and Mrs. Keeney tha with Ezra. "There is a sort of crisis in the air to

day. I heard he was going to be at the Brightwood Club and I knew that Henrietta knew it. I decided to get ahead of her for once-ride out there-the first time I've ventured out alone-surprise Ezra and take him for a nice spin. I got the start of Henrietta everything was go-ing so nice and then I met a pair of hor-rid horses hitched to a dreadful rattling wagon, and I just lost my nerve and went right off the road into the pond. I al-ways was an excitable woman. John used to say—""It's up to us, Tilly, to get Mrs. Puf-

fington out to the club," said Lilly briskly.

Mrs. Henrietts Keeney sat in her electric victoria by the side of the road, a most dejected and unhappy woman. She was miles from anywhere—suspended as it were between town and the Brightwood instead of a heart!" sniffed Mrs. Puffing-



Country club, because she had overlooked ton.
the important item of having her car charged and the current had been coaxed to the utmost limit. From a brisk pace that would land Mrs. Keeney at the club that would land Mrs. Reeney at the club before her friend and rival, Mrs. Puffing-ton, the car had settled down to a dis-couraged jog, then to spassmodio jerks that almost refused to surmount a "thank-you-ma'am," and finally the car stopped altogether. Mrs. Keeney had been sitting there over an hour, trying to devise some way out of her dilemms, when she heard the honk, honk of a motor car.

It was the Googans transporting the subdued and grateful Mrs. Puffington.

"Why if there isn't poor Henrietta Keeney in trouble!" cried Mrs. Puffington. "Oh-is that you Sarah" asked Mrs.



The Girls Mr. Cranksniff Left Behind Him.

Keeney. "Weil-I'm glad to see anyone."
"Which isn't much of a compliment to present company," commented Sarah Purfington patronizingly. "But we'll be charmed to give you a helping hand, won't

we, giris?"
And so the Googan girls acquired Mrs.
Keeney. Mrs. Puffington was so delighted at her rival's discomfifure and her own inconspicuous escape that she made her-self very agreeable to Henrietta.

"Isn't that Mr. Cranksniff getting into Fannie Wheeler's automobile?" demanded Mrs. Puffington, clutching Mrs. Keeney's

ening lips.
"Ezra Cranksniff has got a carburettor

THE GOGAN GIRLS WASHED AND IRONED MRS. PUFFINGTON

"Oh-the two-facedness of that man."
"The three-facedness." corrected Mrs.
Keeney. "Oh!"
Indeed Mr. Cranksniff had loved and

ridden away. The girls he left behind him for a gasoline widow watched him whirl out of sight. Then they turned to the sisters Googan.
"How much do you charge to teach any-

one to run a gasoline car?" they asked in the same breath.

It was ill wind that didn't blow good for the Googan girls.

WHEN MIDAS MOVES

with a butler who knows her taste in flowers and sees that they are always in place, with a social secretary to do her correspondence, it might be supposed that the mistress of a big modern country house would have little to do but to stand

aside and let the machine run itself. But the chances are that she is worked barder than any of her score or more of servants, for she has to be the command ing general of the forces, and upon her own tact, initiative and ability her social

ambitions must stand or fall. Not every country establishment, or city establishment, either, for the matter of that, enjoys the undivided services of a the social secretary divides her time beploying the same one who serves perhaps half a dozen other rich women. Social secretaries are generally women whose families have suffered reverses, and who therefore cannot remain in the circles of wealth and society. It would be hard for a woman who has never lived in such cir-cles and who therefore does not know the likes and dislikes of the people in them, to carry on the necessary correspondence or to help at the important task of seating the right people together when a big dinner is on. To the servants in most millionaire houses the social secretaries are known as "broken down ladies, poor

things." things."

The mistress of the big country house where plenty of entertainment is the rule is worked quite as hard in the Summer vacation term as in the Winter's social season. Some of the palaces in which the millionaires dwell have 20 or 30 guest-rooms, with accommodations for servants also, if the guests choose to bring them. The guest-rooms in such houses are furnished with every imaginable convenience. Each has a telephone, each an electric bulb on a stand at the bedside for late reading, and each contains a framed card on which is printed information concerning the location of the telegraph office closing the mails and the departure of trains, the location of all the churches in the neighborhood, the time of services, etc.

Bearing in mind that the number of

guests she is entertaining must include persons with differing tastes the mistress of the house prepares various pre-grammes, any one of which any guest may choose on the next day, from an-other card conveniently left in the room may choose on the next day, from another card conveniently left in the room every morning. Automobile drives, yachting on the lake or bay if navigable water is near by canoeing, ceaching, tennis courts, golf links, squash courts, horseback riding, all these recreations are provided, the guest being requested only to indicate a preference before 10 o'clock. One big country house has a separate wing for bachelor guests, plunge, shower, and needle baths being provided, together with extra attendants who are masters of the "art of valeting." Another house has several guest suites, each consisting of bedroom, sittings room and bath, for married guests, and breakfasts are served in the guests' rooms as they would be at a hotel whenever called for. No house of that grade would be without a man servant who could act as a barber on occasion, as a matter of course, nor would it be lacking in plenty of books, billiard and pool tables, etc., to furnish ways of amusement in case of bad weather.

To be a guest at a modern country house is decidedly pleasant if you that sort of thing, and if you can afford the customary tips. To carry on such a bourse in a first-class way is as difficult.

the customary tips. To carry on such a house in a first-class way is as difficult a task as it is to conduct a good-sized hotel or other business.

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