

Victor Hugo's Intellectual Biography, trans-lated by George O'Rourke \$1.20, Funk & Wagnalis Co. New York City. So far as known, this is the only work

of proze written by Victor Hugo, the greatest of French novelists and poets, which has not previously been published in English. Sometime ago, it first made its appearance in French as the chief "Here's to our wives and sweethearts --may they never meet." Part of the Corey divorce case is also borrowed from, but it is to be hoped that Mr. Corey's end will be different from that assigned to his prolotype. Roy Matits appearance in French as the chief memorial of the Victor Hugo centenary, and was received with surprise, but with every mark of respectful commendation. Written in exile and in the solitude of his leand home, Hugo ordered that the manuscript be not published until some years after his doath, his purpose ap-parently being that he might with greater freedom than in life give his private conclusions on literature, philosophy, art and relision. shall.

freedom than in life give his private conclusions on literature, philosophy, art and religion.
Nome of Hugo's opinions as now translated by Mr. O'Rourke are shocking. Our moment sympathetic and the other ruled by sarcasm that really cuts, Hugo throws new light upon his literary processes, and emerses a greater teacher than before. The world has already set its emphatic seal of approval on Victor Hugo his works have been translated probably into every civilized language. Popularly, he is loved as a novelist, but cut twated readers know that in his poetry his gonius has achieved its most subline the world began." Balzac calls hum 'a whole universe." and Mr. O'Rourke says that Hugo is to be ranked 'n' not at supreme constitutively with the subject at issue, and then follows lis like an intellectual ocean.
To start with, Mr. O'Rourke gives an introduction of 70 pages. In which he subject at issue, and then follows Higo's busy men and women after he was dead. What follows is like an intellectual ocean.

usy men and women after he was dead. What follows is like an intellectual ocean beginning as a mountain stream and end-ing in a mighty river, sweeping all before

Writing for the Press, by Robert Luce. 60 cents. Cloth. The Clipping Bureau Press, Boston. An old friend with a new face. This book was first thought of when Here and there the message is tinged with melancholy, showing that the writer was human in his sympathies and had drunk of serrow's cup. Here is a burbed dart from Hugo's Mr. Luce was a desk editor on the staff of the Boston Globe newspaper 'way back in 1886, and when his soul was tried and he said things because of the wretched "copy" handed to him by Here is a barbed dart from huges quiver: One day you shall awaken in another bed. You shall live that great life that they call death. You shall look and see darkness. And, suddenly, the sun arising out of the infinite will appear in splendor above the horizon and a ray of light, of the true light, will traverse and lose itself in the performed. Then you will be struck with wender and will see in that band of light millions of unknown beings that you now deny. And you shall feel wings unfolding at your shallder, and you yourself shall be cone of those beings: Iterative and art, and other pages give Hugo's convictions as to the zoul, man's destiny and God. Then there is a sheaf of detached thoughts, some of these bethe wrotched "copy handed to him by correspondents, reporters, "Old Sub-scriber," "X. Y. Z." and other writers for the press, the thought struck him to write an instructive manual show-ing the erring the straight path to glory in type. The little book was a success, and since then so insistent has been the demand that successive issues have some the lither successive issues have seen the light, each one improved, up-to-date and consequently better than its predecessor. The present edition can be profitably placed in the hands of newspaper men and repre-pentatives of business houses who concoct advartisements for newspapers.

strike, where the Pinkertons had a shooting affray with the strikers and were forced to surrender to them. Rich, dissolute Pittsburgers are pic-tured and the novelist's imagination runs riot in describing a Bacchanalian orgy misnamed a banquet given by these Pittsburgers in New York City, where one of the drunken toasts was: "Here's to our wives and sweethearts" "Here's to our wives and sweethearts" "Conflict."-By Constance Smedley. \$1.50. (Meffait-Yard Co.) "Along the Labrador Coast."-By C. W. Townsend, M. D. \$1.50. (Dans-Estes.) "Text-Book in General Zoology."-By Profes-sor Glenn W. Herrick. \$1.20, and "Foods, or How the World is Fed." by Frank G. Carpenter, 60 cents. (American Book Co.)

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

"The End of the Game," "Beside Still Waters," and "Conflict," were received through the kindness of the J. K. Gill Co., this Bird Notes Afield, by Charles Keeler. Ilus-trated. \$2. Paul Elder & Co., New York City. city. . . .

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, "Carmen Sylva," has contributed a number of hand-some volumes to the Queen's fetc in Lon-don, in aid of crippled children.

The next issue in the Macmillan series of plays by Clyde Fitch will be "The Truth," in which Mrs. Clara Bloedgood appeared with much success during the past season. Lofty purpose marks the lines of Sara King Wiley's dramatic poem, "The Coming of Philhert." Her art instinct and gift of combining forces and figures become more evident.

combining forces and figures become more evident. No book of the season is anticipated with greater interest than "The Loves of Pelless and Ettarre," by Zona Gale. It is expected that this delightful story will be published in a few days. Arthur Heming's "Spirit Lake" is to be published this month. This human story of the Indians in the Canadian Northwest will be an especially attractive book, be-cause of the remarkable illustrations which Mr. Heming has prepared to accompany his text. . . .

Figures received from booksellers and cab-ulated in the June Bookman show that "The Port of Missing Men" has been without interruption since its publication the best-selling book in America. In recent years at least. And to the contrary-no man know-

Three new volumes in the Macmillan series of color books are "Canada," text by Dr. Wilfred Campbell, illustrations by T. Mow-er Martin, "Cambridge," text by Miss M. A. R. Tuker, illustrations by Mathison, and "Canterbury," text by Teignmouth Shore, lu-lustrations by Discombe Gardner.

Well, sir, I don't go much on looks, | Till her tongue it fairly ran!

But it doesn't seem jes' right Fer the Lord to load a feller With a face that's jes' a fright. Away back in the forties, When I firs' came to the West, I lived down on the river, Where I made a little nest Fer me an' Sue; she liked it well; An' it wasn't long till nabors Settled near us in the dell. One feller, Thompson was his name, Was the homeliest cuss I ever saw-Yet he had the purtiest wife

That ever a feller looked at: An' her beauty made her famus All over the settlement-The which stirred up some strife.

Jes' then, up the valley, On the river bottom trail Leadin' to the ol' ford, Came ridin' man an' woman With their faces drawn an' pale, An' both was lookin' toward The Thompson cabin. Jes' then here came young Thompson Ridin' like a gale. They seen him, an' they started Down the river's slippery bank, Urged their hoss into the water, An' then he slowly sank.

The river was a-ragin' An' a steamboat could have run Its nose clean up to Hilltown, Sure as I'm a son-of-a-gun. Well, the hoss sunk in the water,

C. D. S. S. S. Saw the feller hikin', swimmin', To save his life at any chance An' leave the woman strugglin' With the waters swirlin' 'round, Au' if it hadn't been fer Thompsan, Misses Thompson would have drowned.

"Come back, you thief, an' save her, Thompson shouted to the cuss, But the rascal kept on swimmin'-Seems he didn't want no fuss. Then the husban' stripped his jacket, An' took a great big jump-We could see his arms a-workin' Like an awtomatick pump. He reached the stranglin' woman, Fought the torrent runnin' wild, Reached the bank a-fairly steamin', An' then, by Gosh, he smiled, An' said, "Mary, I'll fergive you, If you'll only come back now, An' remember that I love you, An' allus did; an' how Hard I've tried to please you In our unlucky match-Won't you? Won't you, Mary? Won't you help me lift the latch An' go an' see the baby As he lays there, fas' asleep, A-waitin' fer his mammy To hear his wakin' peep?" The woman's eyes oped widely, An' then, by Gosh, she wept, An' to the feet of Thompson She piteously crept, An

Then Thompson smiled agen, An' raised her to his level An' then-an' then-an' then He kissed her; 'twas a mighty pritty sight,

But Sue an' I didn't likt it-We thought it wan't quite right. An' then the man an' woman Started past our cabin door-We asked 'em in to dry their clothes; "Oh, no; we started o'er," The woman said, an' then she looked at him;

Looked in his face; right in his eyes; An' then her own grew dim With tears; an' then the woman said: 'My man ain't much fer handsome. But he's got a noble head An' heart; an' I know my lesson now, An' never agen'll grieve him;

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

An important contribution to the history of social theories is Dr. William B. Guthrie's "Socialism Before the French Ravolution." Dr. Guthrie has made a thorough survey of the field indicated in his title, dwelling especially on such outstanding figures as Sir Thomas More, Bacon and Campanella. The publication of William Sage's new romance of love and politics, entitled, "By Right Divine." Is announced. The book derives its name from the fact that the central character. Sanator Perdyce, has controlled the polities of his State for so has the has a divine right to be lite ruler. The second volume of the collected edi-

Like most purty wimmen, she was vain An' we could see, like all the rest, She gave her husband pain Every now an' then By her gosh-hanged flirty acshuns When she met good-lookin' men.

One Winter, 'long in fifty, When the land was locked in mist, An' we set aroun' the fire till my wrist Get tired a-whittlin', Sue said: 'Si, the Thompsons are in trouble; The husban's sick a-bed;

Misses Thompson's flirted 'roun' Till she's jes' turned his head; Seems like she's found a feller Better lookin' than her man."

Throwin' man an' woman in, Jes' as they was crossin' The threshold of their sin. The man fergot the woman, Watchin' Thompson comin' on With his rifle on his shoulder, Lookin' like a ghost-so wan. He struck across the river, Swimmin' like a mallard duck, Leavin' Misses Thompson To depend on stren'th an' luck. Misses Thompson, she went under, 'Cause she couldn't swim a stroke-An' when Thompson reached the river You'd a-thought his heart was broke. But he didn't waste a minnit; Took it all in at a glance;

Right here you hear my vow." An', strange as it may appear, The man, he took her back,

An' they're livin yet, together, An' they will, until the crack Of doom separates 'em; mighty queer What hearts these homely people have To cling to what is dear To 'em; but they allus pulled together, An' she settled down right these, An' fergot about his homely face. They made a lovin' pair-An' Misses Thompson allus says As she takes Thompson's part: piteously crept, moaned, an' moaned, an' cried; "Never mind your handsome men-

Aristides Homos comes from his ideal homo observe the manera customs and govern which he finds to be and faily and frank-ty terms a platocracy. In the present box to experiences of Homos in New in laters to his friend in his native land. The second volume in the New American for a society are continued, related by him in laters to his friend in his native land. The second volume in the New American for a society of the the second of the societ is one and the units of the second to be and the suffer of the second of the present lime, and the suffort is especially represents, on the one hand, the scholarly presidency of a great university and on the societ, the independence and freedom of hough the independence and freedom of the second which are characteristic of the set type of the medern university man. sait. Mr. Lonmis describes it-the long, sad Chopinesque mask, and the introspective saze: these, with all the minor accessories of mouth, ears and nose, Mr. Gauley has painted with his usual skill and verisimi-tude. The portrait will be on exhibition later. Mrs. Loomis thinks it is flattering and Mr. Loomis thinks that Mrs. Loomis is a humorist."

"The Penalty," is a son of Rev. Mrs Ham-ilton Begble, a clergyman of the Charles Kingsley school. He comes of a distin-guished military family; hoth of his grand-fathers were Generals in the English army, ude. The portrait will be on exhibition fainers were Generals in the English arms, and though Mr. Begble has rejected ine sword in favor of the mightler weapon, what's bred in the bone has to come out in the ink Like the majority of authors who begin early, Mr. Begble began as a poet.

Advertising Means of Oregon's Development Continued From Page 2.

and investors who are seeking investments in the West. Astoria offers the best in-ducements to capital that are now to be had anywhere in the world. This great port at the mouth of the mighty Columbia River on the Pacific Coast is destined to be as John Jacob Astor, its founder, thought and intended it should be, a second New

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>