"Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much."-Emerson.

Sir Aymer de Lacy, knight and king's favorite. It is like reading Sir Walter Scott over again to hear of brave knights storming castles to save distressed damsels, and the use of the good old bow and arrow faithfully enjoined.

The povel abounds in exactitude.

For instance, the Countess is spoken of

The clash of steel is often heard to

up in Joseph Chamberlain's proposed scheme of a thinly disguised protective

tariff, because such a course would but encourage further class privilege. It is instead shown that the real trouble today is that the land of Great Britain

is owned by a handful of persons, about .008 of the inhabitants.

Great cities have come into existence

during the past century upon the estates of the nobility. For instance, the Duke of Norfolk recently sold the town

of Sheffield the right to maintain a market, the purchase price for this privilege being \$3,500,000. Docks and

markets are largely owned by the land-ed gentry, the great part of London be-ing in the hands of a monopoly.

Dr. Howe believes that Britain's salvation will come from the growth of democracy in her cities, governing rights being guaranteed through a charter convention, or by a council subject to a referendum vote of the people similar to that enjoyed in Oracon

ple similar to that enjoyed in Oregon. The English village would come to life again, it is predicted, by a wise tax-

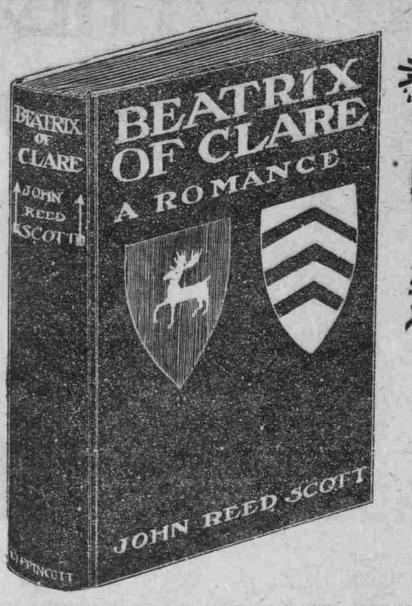
ation of land values or landlord's rent.

Trustworthy in detail, sumptuous in illustration and design and attractive in general style of writing, the third volume of Dr. Avery's history of our country is most netable smid the book arrivals of

this busy season. The reader's chief de-sire is to take this book away to the

of its kind ever printed in the English

rectness and hope.



The Story of a Cannoneer Under Stonewall

Jackson, by E. A. Moore. Illustrated.

12. The Neals Publishing Co., New York

City.

13. The New York of the New Yo

Scholars of military history are generally agreed that from the viewpoint of tactics and strategy the greatest literary picture ever published of "Stonewall" Jackson is that of the late Colonel Henderson, the celebrated English military writer. But for a story of "Stonewall" Jackson's artillery, told with real human interest by a man from the ranks. Mr. Moore's modest book is to be commended. It's a farery, of course, from the bloody days of the early 60s, and careless ones are apt to exclaim: "Hasn't the story of that Civil War been told yet?" Not until the last of the doughty warriers sleep the sleep that knows no waking. Human like, they wish to fight their battles over again—in type.

When war broke out between North and South, Mr. Moore was a junior at Washington College, Lexington, Va., the president of which was Rev. Dr. George Junkin, one of whose daughters was the first wife of "Stonewall" Jackson. From the summit of the college Colonel Henderson, the celebrated Eng-

son. From the summit of the college building some students had suspended a palmetto flag, and when the crisis came. Dr. Junkin, who was a Northern sympathizer, on being reminded that the "robol" flag still flew overhead, said: "The class is dismissed. I will never hear a recitation under a trai-tor's flag." And Dr. Junkin went

in earnest to begin the war with military spirit as far as they were concerned. Mr. Moore says on page 22: concerned. Mr. Moore says on page 22:
The youths of the community, imbued with the idea that 'cold steel' would play an important part in the conflict, provided themselves with huge bowle knives, fashloned by our home blacksmith, and with those fierce weapons swinging from their belts, were much in evidence. The cadets received marching orders, and one morning, for the first time since his residence in Lexington, Majer Jackson was seen in his element. As a professor at the Virhis element. As a professor at the Virhis element. As a professor at the Virhis element. his element. As a professor at the Virginia Military Institute, he was remarkable only for strict punctuality and discipline. I, with one of my brothers, had been assigned to his class in Sunday school, where his regular attendance and earnest manner were compiler striking. It was on were equally striking. It was on ner were equally striking. It was on a beautiful Sunday morning in May that the cadets received orders to move, and I remember how we were all as-tonished to see the Christian Major galloping to and fro on a spirited horse preparing for their departure."

With engaging frankness, Mr. Moore says when he first went into battle, "we began to feel that we were 'going in' and a most weakening effect it had on the stomach." With the careless aban-don of young warriors, the men of the "Stonewall" brigade soon became hardened veterans and they applauded the irit of one of their company cooks whom this tory is told: "We had as or whom this tory is told: We had as cook a very black negro boy named Pete, who through all this marching had carried, on a baggage wagon, a small game rooster which he told me had whipped every chicken from Har-risonburg to Winchester and back again. At last the rooster met defeat, and Pete consigned him to the pot, saying. No chicken dat kin be whipped shall go long with Jackson's head-quarters."

quarters."
It is a busy, stern, militant Jackson that Mr. Moore presents. The story is realed off with biograph speed, scarcely stopping at Jackson's death, but treating of battle after battle—especially Gettysburg—until in natural sequence Appomattox is reached. Then the battle-scarred soldler writes as he saw General Les after his meeting with General Grant: "The favorable and entartly unexpected terms of surrender

Beatrix of Clare, by John Reed Scott. Ill lustrated. \$1.50. J. B. Lippincott Co.

In the very nick of time there come for the vacation season a dashing ro-mance of mailed knights and ladies fair, of the stirring days when Rich-ard III was King of England. The charmer is called "Beatrix of Clara," and has peculiar attraction for a lazy Summer afternoon spent near some Pacific Coast pleasure nook. It tells of an age different from the automo-

of its kind ever printed in the English language.

Twenty years of faithful and conscientious literary labor, searching, reading, noting, selecting and then writing. Think of it! That is Dr. Avery's record in the preparation of this word-monument. Twenty years ago he first became interested in the preparation of the literary plan which now sees the light, and contracts were drawn with his publishers. From that day to this, his entire time has been devoted to the authorship of this set of 15 historical volumes.

Taking as his text the period embracing of an age different from the automobile, money-at-any-price present—centuries age when if you were a mailed knight and had an enemy, you could conveniently make an end of him without any officious police interference.

Mr. Scott shows bolder grasp of fiction than in his carlier success, "The Colonel of the Red Huzzara," which reached its eleventh edition. "Beatrix is an oasis among current romances, and the fate of that wilful beauty reached its eleventh edition. Beatrix is an oasis among current remances, and the fate of that wilful beauty known as the Countess of Claré is told with such compelling interest that the reader cheerfully follows her until the 255th page to learn that all ends well.



MIRS ALICE HARRIMAN BROWNE CHAPERONING ADRIENNE"

called "the neglected period of Amer ican history," lacks the dramatic charac-teristics of the years that went before and those that come after. But so well has he performed his part in historical interpretation that the fault he complains of is not noticed by the exacting reader. He shows the working of the law of He shows the working of the law of sharp contrasts, particularly the dispo-sition of the American colonists to stand for rights that they felt were theirs by inheritance, contract and environment. Carolina gets attention in the first chap-ter, and then the historian passes on to

ter, and then the historian passes on to discuss Virginia, Maryland, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the King Philip war, the dominion of New Eng-land, Prench exploration of the West, British colonial pellcy, Canada and Lou-isiana, the middle colonies, etc. As for pictures and copies of public documents, critics have long complained that Frouda was notoriously careless as

that Froude was notoriously careless as to the accuracy of his pictures. Not so Dr. Avery. Readers may have wondered why his volumes have been so long in reaching them, but he wisely worked to insure a reputation for exactness and accuracy, to obtain a true philosophic his-torical perspective. He wanted his work to endure. Large sums of money have undoubtedly been spent to insure this end, and the wealth of maps, beauty of copper etchings, fine paper and composition and presswork furnish a striking object les-

And then-the book is made in the West. Its general excellence will make haughty publishers of the Atlantic Coast region alt up and take notice.

Chaperoning Adrienne, by Alice Harriman-Browne. Illustrated. \$1.25. The J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

For instance, the Countess is spoken of as a "slender figure in green velvet, with sweet bow-shaped mouth; highbord sensitive nose, rounded chin, tiny ear, soft deep gray eyes and crowning all great rolls of the auburn hair that sunbeams spin to gold." De Lacy's horse, Selim, is spoken of as a friend and companion and is described as possessing a "small head with bright, full kind eyes, broad forchead, tapered muxule, thin, sensitive nostrils and ears; arched neck, deep chest, rather short barrel, narrow walst, powerful finnks and sinewy, springy, slender legs." Gay with the spirit of vacation and love-making at Yellowstone Park. love-making at Yellowstone Park.

Printed on fine paper and beautified by illustrations from Charles M. Russell, the story is supposed to have been principally told by Mrs. Annabella Ellis, who is chaperoning her niece, Adrienne, through the Yellowstone. Adrienne is beloved by Randolph Cecil Sears, who believes in the occult and writes poetry; but Adrienne's mother wishes her daughter to marry Senator Rowley, who has already burled three wives. Mrs. Ellis is a giddy widow, who is never happy unless she basks in love's light for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Quite accidentally the tourists meet General Tennicl, who had loved Mrs. Ellis when she was a blushing miss. The clash of steel is often heard to help the martini picture and the air of royalty experienced is impressive. The book cover is attractively designed, two of the decorations consisting of chields representing red chevrons quartered with a silver stag, emblems of De Lacy and Clare.

The British City, by Dr. Frederic C. Howa. \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York "Everywhere in Great Britain there are symptoms of decay. In agriculture, industry and every department of life erary skill of Mrs. Harriman-Browne. who carries a continuous love story through extracts from the diaries of mem-bers of the party. It is an unaffected it is manifest-but most of all in the pleasure to read a story which flows in such natural sequence, embodying true holiday spirit. Nearly every page, is em-bellished with pleasing illustrations, and the general atmosphere is so gental that the book will make an acceptable gift to So writes Dr. Howe in his thought-ful study of political economy. "The British City, The Beginnings of De-mocracy." At the same time, Dr. Howe does not write as an iconoclast, for he points the way out. He does not think that Britain's future salvation is bound

a woman or girl.

Mrs. Harriman-Browne has read her Ernest Thompson-Seton to advantage, for on page S she has a feeling reference to Johnny Bear and his mother, Grumpy. Read one of the author's paragraphs, couched in her gentle style:

couched in her gentle style:

A buck, with horns still in the veivet, with gentle doe close beside, just crossed the grass in front of the hotel not ten feet from us. Advicume took a picture of them as they stopped to grase, unafraid. Yesterday a soft-eved mother watched us unriously as we took her picture in the woods, her fawns nuzzling for dinner. I never noticed things like this before and I'm afraid I have not seen as much of the park as the others. But my dear one has made me see all these things through the eyes of love.

Mrs. Harriman-Browne, the authoress, is well known in this city, principally for

is well known in this city, principally for the kind words in which she spoke of Portland in 1898 and 1899 in the Northwest Magazine of St. Paul, Minn. Port-land people have also an interest in the picture of "Mrs. Ellis," on page 21 of the little book, for it is really that of Miss Marion Cooke, 671 Schuyler street, this city. Miss Cooke kindly sat for the picture, and two or three of the pen sketches owe their inspiration to her clever touch. The "Mrs. Bills" picture is like the gay widow in the book it is delike the gay widow in the book—it is de-mure, yet with a lingering shyness that is fetching. Miss Cooke is a writer of

It is considered that owners would thus be forced to compete for tenants in order to meet the demands of the state. Holdings would be developed, not devastated for the pleasure of the Particularly adapted to the instruction of young people interested in the study of the Reformation. John Huss, the great Bohemian reformer, born July 6, 1869, is often spoken of as "the morning star of the Reformation," and the story of his eventful life as a theologian and The message so skillfully presented is a valuable contribution to civics and will be cordially welcomed for its cor-History of the United States and Its People, by Dr. Elory McKendree Avery. Volums 3. Illustrated. The Burrows Brothers Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Toot-toot. This is the autobiography of an automobile christened by Hugh Cameron. Sensational, and proturing thieves, swindlers and different brands of love, the novel is entertaining and will lend soluce to an idle hour. It possesses galloping interest. sire is to take this book away to the quiet of a home library and there to find leisure to become acquainted with its many literary and historical treasures. Away from the noise of the crowd with Dr. Avery as a mental guide, dry history takes on a new meaning, and forgotten men and women live again. The work is rich in a popular sense and is without doubt one of the most interesting works of the kind ever printed in the Foreign

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

Robert McCray, a young farmer, near Pithlan, Ill., is insane from reading 5-cent

.....

David Homer Bates' memories of "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office" (Mr. Bates was manager of the War Department telegraph office and cipher-operator 1861-1800) will be issued in book form this Fall.

Raiph Connect is now working on a blographical volume that will be published early in the Fall, "The Life of James Robertson, D. D." Dr. Robertson was the majorer, director and backer of all the missionaries who went out in the Canadian Northwest.

charm of conception—which will be reproduced in color in the magazine.

Mrs. Edith Wharion bas peturned from shroad and is spending the Summer at her home in Lenox, Mans.

Robert Underwood Johnson, on a recent visit to Philadelphia remarked that he knew Rome better than the Pennsylvania city. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, after his usual early Summer holidays in Canada, has taken up his residence at his villa, "Far Niente," at Bar Harbor. His new novel, which Arthur I. Keller is illustrating, will begin to appear in the Century Magazine in the Auturn.

Eleanor Gates is home from an extended tour through Italy, where she has written "Cupid, the Cowponeher," a humorous novel, dealing with the Western life of the United States. Miss Gates recently became the wife of Richard Watson Tully, the co-author with David Belsaco of "The Rose of the Ranche."

Williams College has conferred an LL.D. on Henry M. Aldan, the veteran editor of Harper's Magasine. The fittleth anniversary of Dr. Alden's graduation at the college was also thus celebrated. Not long ago Mr. Alden recalled, in Harper's Weekly, his early days as an editor at Franklin Square.

Richard Harding Davis has just returned to this country from his long European automobile trip, supplemented by a solourn on the west coast of Africa. He is now spending the Summer at Mount Kisco. Westchaster County, New York, where has a farm and a famous dog kennel, in which the original of "The Bar Sinister" is still domiciled.

A work in a hitherto almost untilled field is coming from the Chicago University Press. It is "The Dramatic Traditions of the Dark Ages," and has been prepared by Joseph S. Tunison. The usual notion of emitting the Dark Ages from the history of the drama is here refuted, for Professor Tunison has succeeded in supplying the data to fill in this blank.

The second volume of the collected edition of the poetle warks of W. B. Yeats will be ready for publication shortly. This volume will be devoted to his dramatic work in verse and will contain, in addition to the plays which are already known to his readers, the new poetle drams smittled "Defree," which was produced in Dublin last Winter at the Abbey Theater.

Winter at the Abbey Theater.

There are few writers who shun publicity more than the Countess Von Arnheim, author of "Blissbeth and Her Germin Garden." The Countess has lately withdrawn her name from all announcements and publications of her books, and has refused her photograph to newspapers and magazines. She is an English woman, marted to a German count, and lives on the enormous patronymic estates of the latter. She has a family of three children.

The chief literary event of the Summer, according to the London Times, is the return to literature of M. Jules Lemattre, a return signalized by the publication of a course of lectures on Rousseau. This book, under the title of "Jean Jasques Rosseau." by Jules Lemattre de l'Academie Francaise, will be published in America in a translation made by Mme. Vigot. The English reviewer of the new volume describes Lemattre as the "rare impressionist critic who at his best is one of the first of living critics."

Miss M. P. Willcocks, author of 'The Wingless Victory,' just published, is an Englishwoman, born in South Devon, near the southern slope of Dartmoor, in an old farmhouse. In the neighborhood is Fardel Barton, once a manor-house of Raislight and Come in' in the author's previous novel. 'Widdicombe.' All the localities in her novels are taken from originals. For instance, 'Uppacott' in "The Wingless Victory' is the well-known fishing place Brixham, near Dartmouth.

Novelists spend a deal of time over their titles. Dickens worked through it before he found the 14th "Hard Times." W. D. Howells has employed "The Undiscovered Country"; Robert Barr, "From Whose Bourne," while David Christian Murray and Henry Herman twist the tail of the quotation by employing "One Traveler Returns." But is the title of such importance? asks the London Chronicle. It is delightful to know that novelists search the Scriptures and read their Shakespeare in the quest for titles. But one recurs to a hismathod of Lytton when he wanted to discover whether his name or his nature were the attraction. Why should not all six-ahilling volumes be entitled—simply—"My Novel"?

only a story of rival women, not only a story of two rival doctors, but the story of a strong man's fight against a temptation, and of how in the end he conquers.

Under the title of "Bud," a story is published of a quaint and altogether lovable little Chicago girl who is set down in an old-fashioned Scotch village. There is the constantly delightful contrast between the clever breeziness of the American girl and the slowness and conservatism of the Scottish town and the delectable contrast between Scottish town and the delectable contrast between Scottishes how and breezy American collequialisms. In fact, the whole idea of the book is something new—this use of Scottish material combined with American. The nation's a Scotchman, Neil Munre, a Giasgow editor, and author, and he presents delightful people as those among whom the lot of the clever little American heroine is cast. There is Daniel Dyce, "Cheery Dan," the lawyer, loved by all, charitable, yet hiding his charity. There is his charming sister Rell. There is the droily humorous conception of the servant Kats. There is the queer cow-herd, with its bell-mouth trousers. It is a book of quaint and unexpected humor, and one which at the same time deplots loving family He, honesty and faithfulness.

One of the most interesting of present-day novel writers is Florence Morse Kingaldy. She is the wife of a minister, Rev. Charles R. Kingsley, who presides over a union church at a charming little town on Staten Island. A colony of literary and artistic folk have gathered there, and, atthough of creeds various, they united in asking Mr. Kingsley to act as pastor for them. The Kingsleys have two some at a university, and a daughter at Welfeeley, where Mrs. Kingsleys herself was educated. But, although the mother of a family, Mrs. Kingsley writes with all the buoyant light-somenose of youth, and her friends like to say that it is because she looks young and feels young and keeps young. Her lites book is "The Princess and the Ploughmin." She is an ardent assistant to her hasband in his church work, and teaches a class in the Sunday school connected with ft. She is a thorough optimist, and holds to the cheerful creed that one is pretty sure to get what he ardently hopes for. "Girls, he careful what you wish for," she likes to tell her class, warningly, and, far more in earness than in playfulness, "he careful what you wish for, because you are going to get it."

Ralph Conver is now working on a blographical volume that will be published
early in the Fail, "The Lafe of James Robertson, D.D." Dr. Robertson was the inspirer, director and backer of all the missionaries who went out in the Canadian
Northwest.

The Midsummer holiday number of Tac
Contary will contain an unusual magazine
by Clive Tilford Dargan, author of "Lords
and Lovers," etc. To illustrate this ununual form of writing, Sigismond de Ivanewski, has painted three pictures—said to

It has been noted that King Edward of
England is at present actively ongaged in
editing the letters of his mother, queen
'These tomatoes," she said, "are just
twice as dear as those across the street.
Why is it?"

"And the grover smilled in pity of her igmorance.

"—these are hand-picked."

She blushed. "Of course." she added
hastily, "I might have known. Give me a
bushel, please."

Goethe have made that poet familiar to his countrymen. In the schools of France his history of "Charles XII" is familiar, and one of the most popular poems in Sweden is "The Battle of the Baltic," written by King Oscar. The royal author is now engaged on his "Memoirs," which are not to be published until after his death, and it is said that he has expressed himself very frankly not only about the affairs of his own country, but about other mations in Europe. The latter part of his "Memoirs" will deal, it is eaid, with what he catts "the most bitter stab of my life," the Norwegian secession, for which King Oscar holds himself responsible in no way. Oscar holds himself responsible in no way

the Norwegian secession, for which Kins Occar holds himself responsible in no way.

In the current number of Harper's Banar Henry James continues his desperate tack of reforming the women of America. It is their manners that somern him now, and he writes of them sadly but frankly: 'Let me thus, then, making my image comprehensive, invite it to cover the case of the whole social opportunity of women in our rough American world—that world, indeed, whose apparently admirable capacity for still feeding innumerable millions makes us even yet resent the application to its liberality of any inviduous spithet. We have to breathe low that it is rough, and that the free hand we have given on all sides to our women has done much less than we might have drawned to amouth it, we otherwise invite ourselves to taste overmuch of certain forms of the roughness. This, however, is a trifle if we only succeed in insisting with incidity: than which there is no better way, doubtless, than to appeal with directness. Directness is achieved, accordingly, when this petition to the American women is made, absolutely, against her much-missinged self, and when it is asked of her to recognize, not that her path is more lighted than that of her downtrodden sisters in other worlds, but that she literally stands in need of three times their sufficiency of admonttion. It is, in other words, not three times carier for her to please and southe and happily to exemplify, but three times more difficult—by reason of the false lights that have multiplied about her and that an atmosphere absolutely uncritical has done nothing to extinguish.

Someone, who is inetrested in statistics

Reading
Louisville

Allegheny Hartford Detroit Cambridge . Minneapolis Worcester . Los Angeles Chicago
St. Louis
Grand Rapids
New York
San Francisco

Since the publication of the story of the present poverty in Italy of Louise de la Rames ("Ouida"), to whom the British government has granted a pension of \$750 a year, the novelist who was for many years extremely popular, has telegraphed the London Daily Mail from Valparaiso, saving: "I absolutely forbid any mention of me."

Bourne," while David Christian Murray and Henry Herman twist the tail of the quotation by employing "One Traveler Reliable That it of the growth of the content of the Herman twist the tail of the quotation by employing "One Traveler Reliable That it of the wind that novellatis search the Scriptures and read their Shakespeare in the queet for titles. But one recurs to the heathed of Lytton when he wanted to discover whether his name or his nature were the attraction. Why should not all lighther volumes be smittled—dimply—"My Nover".

Alexander Teinseira de Mattes, the translator of "The Measure of the Hours," the new Maeterlinek volume recently published it of Dutch parentage and birth, but has resided for the last 30 years in England He was educated in London, under Right Reverend Monlignor Capel, who has since solided in America, and near Windoor, indeer an Securious College, once the home of that famous processal, Warren Hastings. Before taking up the translation of Maeter's linck's essays, Teizeria had achieved some distinction as the author of the English version of "The Memoirs of Chateaubrand," is denit Kruger," and as the translator of several novels by Emil Zola, Louis Couperus and other continental writers.

A brilliant story of the rivalry of two women, "A Woman's War," is the work of that popular author, warvied people, and other continental writers.

A brilliant story of the rivalry of two women, "A Woman's War," is the work of that popular author, warvied policy and the visual of the containty up the containty of the Daily as songle and the story of the rivalry of two women, "A woman's Warvier Louis Couperus and other continents were the still of the proposed to the value of money. It is state that on several occasions at admit the proposed to the containty for mind the proposed to the value of money. It is a strong the proposed to the containty for his containty and the work of the two women, "A woman's war," is the work of the rival physicism of the several days to the rival physicism of the seve

Lady Tipplers in London. Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly

London tearooms are interesting to a degree, and in many ways they are revelation to one accustomed to the tearooms in other countries. One of the nost popular, which is situated in the fashionable shopping district on Regent street, not far from Oxford street, dispenses, besides the cup that cheers, champagne, cordials, brandy and soda, champagne, cordials, brandy and soda, and numerous other liquids which seem to be much in demand by the dainty shoppers. The latter order quits unabashed and drink their tipple openly. The wine list of this tearoom, which opens wido on the street and in no way suggests the nature of the refreshments within, contains all the well-known brands of wines and whisky. Tea also is served tains all the well-known brance of wines and whisky. Tea also is served here, and sandwiches and cakes. The surprising feature about this place— which has duplicates in other parts of

which has duplicates in other parts of London—is not that champagne is bought and drunk by women, but that it is sold on draught and is to be had for ninepence a glass (18 cents).

Some of the tearooms have accompanying smoking-rooms, but one will see much less smoking in London than is seen in the fashionable tearooms and hotels on the continent. It must not be considered that these tea, tipple and smoking-rooms of London are questionable. They are no better and no worse, as far as general paironage goes, than those at which tea patronage goes, than those at which tea only is served, and it is quite respectable to stray into one which opens wide on the street, sans acreen doors or anything to suggest the wine list within.

Entertaining Royalty in England

FOR SOME FOLK, IT IS A DREAM: FOR OTHERS IT IS A BUGBEAR

In olden times the entertainment of royalty taxed to their uttermost the resources of the richest noblemen, who/seemed like monarchs themselves in their power and prodigality. Queen Elizabeth's progresses rulned her hosts, though they vied with each other in effering her the gorgeous masques, the fantastic pageants and splendid feastings which her soul delighted. But in this democratic age, writes Lady Violet Greville in the London Chronicle, royalty shows itself less exacting and entertaining is conducted on far simpler

visits to the castles of the great peers and has left on record in her diary the unaffected pleasure she derived from her stay in Highland homes like Tay mouth and Blair Atholl, where th simple feudal life and the splendid scenery of mountain and loch appealed to her unsophisticated taste. These solourns, indeed, decided her to pur chase the Balmoral estates, where the

much as possible with unnecessary eti-quette and to join in field sports and country pastimes. Even the foreigners who land on our hospitable shores enter keenly into our games—our polo our cricket and our hunting. I vividly remember the intense delight evinced by the Comte de Paris on the occasion of his landing his first salmon on the banks of a wild Highland river. pride and joy were those of a school-boy and the fish, carefully wrapped in heather was promptly dispatched as a welcome gift to the Comtesse de Paris.

Notwithstanding this laudable desire for simplicity, the entertaining of rev-aity will remain a ticklish thing. Kings and princes are often as exact-ing and capricious as spoilt beauties -the Shah when tired frequently refused to budge or to fulfill the en-gagements he had contracted—and if things do not go quite smoothly they are apt to visit the annoyance on the unoffending host. It is said that Louis XVIII., after he was restored to the throne by the allied forces, mortally offended Czer Alexander by allowing his family to annex all the state rooms in the chateau where he was entertain-ing and compelling the Czar to content himself with more humble apart-The king also suffered himself to

be served first at dinner, an unpar-donable breach of etiquette. The Czar, in high dudgeon, ordered his carriage and left next day, feeling himself from that day on more drawn to the Bonspartists, who had shown him courtesy and regard. It is on such lapses from etiquette and good breeding that hosts are apt to make ship-

try house it is usual to submit before-hand a list of the visitors that are apt to be received, which the great personage approves, deletes or adds to

as he prefers.
On the occasion of the king's visit his apartments are redecorated and refurnished in the style he is supposed to prefer, the daily menu is passed by him, and his principal attendant points out the dishes preferred and the hour at which he wishes his meals served. Usually the monarch breakfasts in his own apartments. Queen Victoria made her midday meal the principal one of the day, and her dinner, taken late, served the purpose of supper. No mutton was ever eaten at her table, but chicken always figured

dishes as beans and bacon. The late Duke of Cambridge showed great par-tiality for ham, which, cold or hot, The late

O entertain royalty is the dream of hostess themselves generally receive some people, the bugbear of othor eigarette case with the royal initials

diamonds—as a souvenir.

The King is exceedingly careful to select gifts appropriate to the friend on whom he confers them, and chooses and bestows them himself, knowing the im-portance of tact and the personal touch

in all such matters. Two kinds of royal visits take place, state visits, when everything is ceremoni-ous and a certain amount of etiquette is exacted, and the informal week-end visits to friends in which the King delights. On these occasions he brings only a small retinue with him, two motors and five chauffeurs, including a mecanicien, and he treats everything with the charming galety and benhomle which has done so

much to increase our popularity abroad.

It is generally expected that every one should be ready and assembled before the King appears for dinner, and at formal receptions ladies must always wear gloves, even in the house. There is usually some sport or event for which the King visits his host, such as races, shooting or the opening of a public building, but when he is quietly staying with intimate friends, golf, bridge or a motor drive smply suffices for his suppose.

The King is very proud of his beauti-ful gardens at Frogmore, where more than a hundred gardeners are em-ployed, and of the grapes and peaches, which take prizes at the principal flower shows: but even these magnificent gardens, with their long vistas of glass houses, do not suffice for the royal needs, and many thousands of pounds are expended annually in fruits and vegetables. Hostesses must provide fruit of the very best and most delect-

fruit of the very best and most delectable quality, "primeurs" of all kinds, and the finest asparagus, green peas, or whatever delicacy is in season.

The arrangements of the royal apartments, the color of the hangings, the choice of flowers, books and bricabrac, demand forethought and knowledge on the part of the hostess. Queen Alexandra likes pale and pretty colors, and she expects fresh sheets, edged with lace, laid on her bed each night. Queen Victoria disliked highly scented flowers, a prejudice shared by all the flowers, a prejudice shared by all the ladies of that period, who considered them unwholesome. The late Duke of Albany, on the contrary, loved them in great variety, and preferred his table strewn with books of poetry and the walls covered with good prints. Pets, dogs and parrakeets are frequently carried about by royalty. The King him-self never stirs without his favorite dog, Caesar, and the Queen likes her Japanese dogs and her singing birds around her, and even takes them on her oreign trips.

foreign trips.

Foreign royaltles rise uncomfortably early, to our idea, and others go to bed very late, but as a rule they retire at a reasonable hour. Entertaining Orientais is a more difficult affair. The Snair's suite carried on culinary operations in their bedrooms, threw the chicken bones on the floor and left a terrible mess of litter behind them. Carpets were rulned and curtains destroyed. Russian visitors in the last century refused to sleep in beds, and lay on the floor. Prince Fushimi, who spoke no English, liked European fashious and preferred to dine late. His suite were remarkably pleasant, stately and courteus in their manners.

eus in their manners. Often, however, it is the dependents and servants who give the most trou-ble; their rooms do not please them or ble; their rooms do not please them or the food is not to their liking or they are quick to resent imaginary slights or forgetfulness. Queen Victoria's In-dian attendants expected the finest of hothouse fruits to be provided for them. Catholic Kings and their servants re-quire all kinds of delicate maigre dishes to be served on fast days, and Fridays, while Hindoos eat nothing a Christian

there.

The present king's gastronomic influence has been exerted in favor of smaller and lighter dinners, and he prefers French cookery, though he also likes such thoroughly English change the plans of go on some expedi-tion which has not been suggested be-fore, and it is then that the ingenuity of the hostess is put to the proof. With tiality for ham, which, cold or hot, always appeared at dinner.

Cooks of royal houses are much appreciated, and according to the old custom rewarded and even decorated. The present King has given the Victorian order to two ducal cooks who have afforded him satisfaction. Notwithstanding the extratrouble caused in the household the servants are delighted and flattered by the advent of the King, for they are handsomely remunerated, while the host and disappointed from the contest.

FIGHTING FAMILIES

It is in the Navy, however, where we see the most distinguished services of this family. David and his brother Samuel were both captured by the British and confined in a prison ship. Samuel died, but the indomitable David managed to escape and had a double reason for doing some good, hard fighting thereafter. David, Ir., entered the services soon after, took part in the campaign against Tripoll, and later in the War of 1812. His son. William David, reached the rank of Commodore, while his posterity was the no less than great Admiral Porter of the Civil War fame. General Fitz John Porter was a cousin of David Porter, Jr.

find in the history of nations, great and small, so much of that which official small, so much of the archives of our state and nation. The U. S. A. and the U. S. N. is one great roll of honor, and no nation on earth can point to such a heritage. True, there are in Europe families whose names run back to the Dark Ages, but some of them. Ages, but some of th

cousin of David Porter, Jr.

The "Yankee" Greenes, as they are called, gave of blood and treasure without atint. Nathantel, Christopher and other need no eulogy. This name has furnished nine in the Army and seven in the Navy, during the War of the Revolution and Civil, while during this latter campaign no less than 13 of the family were with the Army at one time-a fatal number- for the

praise at the mention of the name Craven? Commodores Tingley and Truxten did some very hard fighting during the colonial period. Captain Tingley Craven commanded a flottila at the beginning of the Civil War. Some have not forgotten his part in protecting the flagship Hartford, how at the peril of his ship and the lives of his men he came to the rescue of his commanding officer. Tunis August

his commanding officer. Tunis August his commanding officer. Tunis August Macdonough Craven went down in the monitor Tecumseh.

John and Thomas are still in the Navy, so the name is written there, and occasion may arise when their names will be as prominently mentioned as those honored before.

Another strong type of the good old fighting stock is in the blood of the Stevens family. "Holdup" is a rather euphonious cognomen, but it came honestly, so we accept it, as it were, in the same spirit as it originated. Thomas Holdup was a fighting devil who came to the front in the battle of Lake Eric, his decendants thought it a good name and have held onto it ever since. Captain Thomas Holdup Stevens is a name on the roster today, honorably borne.

Where would this list end did we attempt to carry it out to the final limit.

Selons of nobility come and go, but there has been no rippie on the sur-face of "nation building." The history of this nation is inseparably linked

with men whose names will ever be honored in the annals of our beloved

honored in the annals of our beloved free America.

Courage we have in plenty, but courage with cool judgment needs something aside from brute force. It is not necessarily inherent, but it is most apt to come that way.

What would we think had the Japanese generals and admirals gone down to defeat? The former, after repeated fearful charges, the latter no less grand in onslaughts. They won victory, and Admirel Togo, General Kuroki, togother with the battles before Gai-Piu, Tukurigi, Nan-San, Kin-Chon, Fen-Peng, Hwang-Ching, Yoalu, and the terrible battles on sea before Port-Arthur, Jin-Sin, etc., will ever live in history as examples of the "blood which tells."

The United States wants no war, but The United States wants no war, but

The United States wants no war, but in the steady preparation which goes on, on both land and sea, we have the best answer for peace. We do not want war, I say, but should it come, hall, thrice hall, to those heroes, those old families who have fought and are ready to fight again, these, nor less than the undeveloped and now unknown fighters who would rise to every occasion.

every occasion.

Peace we now have, but who shall say that another war is not brooding. In some unexpected place, over some incleant, trivial perhaps, but nevertheless important, to some nation's code of honor, and which they perforce will resemble.

Whisky by the Glassful.

What of the Bainbridges, Hoffs, Frank W Chaffee, just committed to Caneys, Biddles, Grants, Pattersons, an asylum in Chicago, had a record of Howes, Putnams? Where would you drinking 55 glassfuls of whisky in a day.