

The Gods are long suffering. But the law from the beginning was: "He that will not work shall perish from the earth." And the patience of the Gods has limits. Thomas Carlyle

Empire Builders, by Francis Lynde. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Side by side with a mass of technical details, including the creation of a new railroad from Chicago to the Pacific Coast, and the inevitable love story, which naturally follows the hard-working and resolute hero, a young man constructed a fairly readable, rapid-action novel in the "Empire Builders."

Engine 205, narrow gauge, begins the story, and it is the vehicle by which Division Superintendent Stuart Ford of the Plug Mountain branch of the Pacific Southwestern, makes his bow as the principal actor in the drama. Indeed, it would not require any great stretch of imagination to dub the young engineer "Napoleon" Ford. As the autocrat of an obscure mountain division of a badly-paying railroad, Ford becomes an empire builder after the manner of a Louisiana planter, in welding several small railroads into one and building new roads by which an almost trans-continental property is primarily constructed.

In this laudable endeavor "Napoleon" Ford has to fight his employer, President Colburn, of the Pacific Southwestern Railroad, who objects to a middle-aged engineer forcing him to spend \$35,000,000 on what he believes to be a visionary road leading from nowhere and landing in the mountains of the moon. Among Ford's enemies are General Manager North and Mac-Morrough Brothers, contractors.

Mr. Lynde exhibits an enviable knowledge of railroad detail, and a multitude of stock-jobbing, frenzied, finance phrases slip easily from his pen, or is it his typewriter? For instance: "Speed was the end to which all of the young engineer's inventive powers had been directed; and the pace was furious. On the leveled grade ahead of the track-laying train, an army of waiting laborers marched and counter-marched like trained soldiers, placing the cross-ties in position. On a train of specially selected flatcars another army was bolting together a long section of tracks, clamping the double line of rails in place on the grade and holding the balked swiftly, dragging the prepared section over the rollers of the flatcars and into place on the rails of the main line."

It may also be added that Miss Adair was an important factor in enabling her lover to win his railroad fight. It is noted that Miss Adair also possessed "the serene wit that belongs to a well-bred, cultured woman." The book mentions this city, in stating that one George Z. Merriam is appointed "general agent of the Pacific Southwestern at Portland, Oregon."

Some of the best writing in the book is the description of the gold-fund at Cophah. The illustrations, by Jay Hambridge, are effective.

The Lone Star, by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City.

Mr. Lyle's previous success with "The Lone Star," an equally romantic and adventurous story, prominently featured in a future book he might write. His chance has come in the romance, "The Lone Star," telling about the men who won Texas from Mexico—Sam Houston, Stephen Austin, Davy Crockett, Bowie and others.

EVGENE P. LYLE, JR. AUTHOR OF "THE LONE STAR"

thrust his toe under the man's body and held him over on his back. "We stood amazed. The man's skin was as white as our own. The bloodless eyes opening on us under stern brows slowly gathered fury, and when he rose, deliberately and majestically, for one in his condition, and straightened to his usual height, and fastened that gaze upon the man who would touch a foot to him for the life of me I could see none less than a deeply angered Southern gentleman. The gaunt figure slipped to the ground, and with it that vile title of 'Big Drunk' seemed to fall from him, and he stood before me the paleface of Chicago's higher development are becoming centralized. His name is not to be opened early in October, and the firm will also engage in a general publishing business. In proportion to its situation it is said that Chicago has very few high-class bookstores.

Elizabeth Luther Cary is the author of an altogether unique contribution to the Blake series, entitled "The Art of William Blake." It takes up several unexplored phases of his work, holding the reader's attention closely to his "Manuscript Sketch Book," to which the author has had free access, and from which she has published several of the illustrations. Many of these have never been published before. The volume will be handsomely done, and will quite unlike it in form, will be a worthy companion to the author's recent work on Whistler.

Charles F. Warwick's important work on "Mirabeau and the French Revolution," by Randall Parrish, which has been taken over by George W. Jacobs & Co. They have also in preparation a complete volume to the "Danton and the French Revolution," which will be issued some time next year, to be followed by "Robespierre and the French Revolution." While each volume will be complete in itself, they are so planned that the three together will form a complete history of that turbulent period in the history of France that preceded, accompanied and followed the French Revolution.

An interesting pictorial feature of the current Century will consist of a series of pages reproduced from pictures by G. W. Peters of excavations for railroad terminals in New York City, showing the progress of the excavation for the new Pennsylvania railway station, a section of the same in the third street, and the Hudson River tunnel at Fulton and Church streets. The colored frontispiece of the number will be a reproduction of the portrait of Miss Ethel Barrymore as Mme. Trenton in "Captain Jinks."

Two new books of importance from the McClure's are "The Great Plains, 1527-1870," by Randall Parrish, which is called a topical history of the great movements that opened and settled the vast country between the Mississippi and the Rocky mountains, and "The Campaign of Santiago de Cuba," by Colonel H. H. Sargent, United States Army, which is a history of the military operations of that important war that appeal to the interest of the general reader, and which has been written by the author with the British publishers, namely, "Thomas Galusha," by William D. Howland, which is a biography of the great painter, with forty illustrations of notable and characteristic subjects; "How to Write," by George B. Peck, which is a book of instruction in the art of writing, and "The History of the English Language," by George B. Peck, which is a book of instruction in the art of writing.

The demand for "As the Hagard Ordains: The Journal of a Russian Prisoner's Wife in the North," by George B. Peck, which is a book of instruction in the art of writing, and "The History of the English Language," by George B. Peck, which is a book of instruction in the art of writing.

An interesting fact has just come to light in connection with the publication of Alexander Macdonald's "In Search of El Dorado." It appears that Mr. Macdonald, who is a certain and indisputable one of the first to go to the Klondike, and among the men in charge of his dog sledges was Jack London, author of "The Call of the Wild." In a sense, the origin of that author's work is to be traced to his experiences under Mr. Macdonald.

While Thomas Dixon, Jr., has become identified in literature with the great question of the South, this subject is by no means the only one which interests him, and he is planning his next book which will deal with an entirely different theme, that of Socialism. Dixon's work on the Negro Problem and Socialism the two greatest questions in the United States. If he can do for the latter what he has done for the former, he will prove a valuable contributor to the constructive literature of the future.

ASTRONOMERS

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The fact that many astronomers dissent entirely from Lowell's theories does not make his investigations less valuable or interesting. Lowell has never urged the possibility of communication with Mars; this suggestion has come from various romancers and critics, discovered by Schiaparelli, of Milan, Italy, in 1877, and by him called "canals," are not visible to all observers, and were shown in drawings of Lowell's in 1895. Last year, however, Lowell succeeded in getting photographs of the markings, so that their existence can no longer be disputed. The colored frontispiece of the number will be a reproduction of the portrait of Miss Ethel Barrymore as Mme. Trenton in "Captain Jinks."

Professor Todd is a picturesque chap who was born at Lake Ridge, N. Y., 56 years ago, was graduated from Amherst in 1883, and has since that time been in the back yard, a regular thing for amateur stargazers to do.

After leaving Amherst he went on to Government Observatory, where he was in charge of Venus, and met Miss Mabel Loomis, daughter of Professor E. J. Loomis, then of the Naval Observatory. They became as much attached to each other as they were to the stars, and were married four years later. They have made many long tours together since then as members of astronomical expeditions; one to the island of Hawaii, another to the Coronet, which won the race with the Dauntless on Sandy Hook to Queens-town in 1883.

Ballad of a Beginning.

There's a new star in the heavens, The smartest ever known, One day he stole a trolley car, And did it with a grin.

Books which can honestly be complained of are those of the "dime novel" type. They exploit crime and set forth in glittering colors the joys of the gangster, the more speakable delights of the unconventional existence, and the heroism of evildoers. They are just inside the pale of the law as regards textual morality, but they are undeniably vicious in their tendency, and their consumption by young readers is known to be fraught with serious consequences. It is impossible to reckon the number of youths who have gone astray in consequence of reading this sort of so-called literature, remarks the Washington Post. Their minds are infamously by the narratives of daring deeds and half-bred escapades, they have wandered from home, or sought vicious companions, or dwelt in the realms of sick imagination until they have lost all their moral stamina and have become at once victims of crime and of crime.

ACHILLES' HEEL by LOUISE LEXINGTON



BY LOUISE LEXINGTON.

field, I've got to shave, and you'll just have to wait. Nancy—Well, hurry up, then. I'll telephone Bethel we're coming directly. Nancy—Don't go away, dear. You are to take me to the opening of the Progress Club tonight. Don't you remember? And you'd better fix up a little, Will. Everybody's to be there. Will—Aw, chuck it! I tell you I can't go. I promised to see a fellow tonight. Nancy—Will, you know I've got to be there. I'm to read a paper on "Environment." Will—And come home with that saved-off, carrot-headed president of yours, I reckon. Why don't you own up that that's the reason you're going? Oh, Lord, sis, while I was about it, I'd get dippy over some one that came up to my chin, if not to my ideal.

Outing Magazine.

No one can fathom a dog's reasoning. From Addison in the Spectator, through the flight of years to Sir Walter Scott and on down to present-day writers, one hears of properly authenticated cases of the remarkable reasoning of dogs. There are records of talking dogs, but these are somewhat open to doubt; tales of thinking dogs are therefore more accurately mentioned in the old Spectator did so many wonderful things that there can be little doubt that the writers of some of these racy essays drew the long bow. So voracious a man as Sir Walter Scott, however, had a "wise" dog, a bull terrier. Said the novelist once: "I taught him to understand a great many words, inasmuch that I am positive that the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp once bit the baker, who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offense, after which, to the last moments of his life, he never uttered a word of the story, in whatever tone of voice it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring to the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress. Then if you said, 'The baker was well paid,' or 'the baker was not hurt after all,' Camp came forth from his hiding place, capered and barked and rejoiced."

In England we recently had afforded us an excellent example of a black retriever's heroism. During the height of a gale a bark was seen at Fraserburgh to be helplessly driven before the wind, and the greatly excited crew, who were watching the anxious watchers on the headland when it was seen that the vessel was making for the rocks at Rosehearty. The Fraserburgh life-saving brigade was summoned by telephone, but before they could arrive the vessel was among the breakers, with great seas sweeping over her. There was no possibility of launching a boat, owing to the rocks and the violence of the waves. The crew were seen clinging to the trail board, expecting every moment to be engulfed. So great was their danger that they tied a rope to a piece of wood, in the hope that it would drift ashore.

Then it was that Mr. Shirran, a Rosehearty banker, relieved their anxiety. He had a fine black retriever, which he ordered off for the stick. The noble animal at once obeyed. Plunging among the breakers he made for the ship. The waves were too much for him, however, and he returned. Again he was sent off, and many times he was completely lost to view. Once more he returned without accomplishing his object. It was pitiable to see the anxious sailors watching their present hope of rescue. The dog was again set off, but without avail. Yet a fourth time the animal breasted the billows, and, after a heroic struggle, he reached the weary and almost faint crew, capped with the weight of a heavy rope, was a great task. Several times the dog was overwhelmed, and hope was abandoned, but at last the victory was obtained. The weary and almost faint crew, upon the shore, dropping the stick at the noble animal's feet. Communication was thus established between the vessel and the shore. Immediately after the brigade arrived, and with the life-saving apparatus saved the crew.

There is a strong trait of jealousy in a dog's nature. A story is told of a Birmingham dog that had been a great pet in the family until the baby came. There was suspicion that he was jealous, but he could not be detected in any direct respect to the newcomer. It always happened, however, that when the dog was left alone with the baby the baby began to cry. No signs of trouble were ever to be seen upon entering the room, and the dog was always found sleeping peacefully before the fire. Finally one day a peep through the keyhole disclosed the

Will—Darn it! Nancy—What is it, Will? Will—Would you mind tying this tie for me, sis? Oh, I say, what'll you take for a drop or two of the dope you have for your hanky? Nancy—Help yourself, Will. And hurry up! Will (a few minutes later, outside)—Ginger, but it's a damn sight! Wonder how it would be for the four of us to take a trolley ride to the Heights after the doin's. Say, sis, wait a minute, will you? I'd like to run back and get my other hat. Nancy (to herself)—Thank gracious, I stumbled onto the heel of Achilles!

Why Thirteen Is Unlucky.

An explanation of unlucky 13 is given in the Housekeeper for August. It is actually stated that the superstitious objection to sitting 13 at a table in Christian countries was based on the fact of the Last Supper, when Christ and his 12 disciples sat down to eat together, immediately before the Savior was seized by his enemies. But in the Norse mythology, 13 is never named; with the Aztecs, the number 13 is never named; with the Aztecs, the number 13 is never named; with the Aztecs, the number 13 is never named.

A Modern Frankenstein.

An absent-minded man was Bet— He never could recall his debts— He being something of a "thick-skull." He built an "Automatic Thinker."

The thing was wonderful indeed. And seemed a very friend in need; And Betz, to have it always near; Adjusted it inside his ear. Now every morning when he awakes, A voice beside his ear drum quakes, And says, "You've got to raise."

You hearken to ambition's voice And work by day and night To lift yourself above the thrall And sit with those of might. And when in time you reach success, There isn't any doubt, The world will say: "He made his mark," And then will rub it out. Suppose, upon the other hand, You slide through the days, Nor seek above the common lot Your energies to raise. Then, when they note your race is run And see you did not win, The world will say: "He made no mark," And then will rub it in. —L. S. Waterhouse.