### Mr. Madd's Experiment

How a Portland man wrestled with a slabwood proposition, and the result

LFRED, I am becoming uneasy A shout you, for I am sure you are getting too stout. Don't ou think, dear, that you should do flesh?" and his wife bestowed such a ook of affectionate concern upon him that Mr. Mudd murmured, "breakers ahead," and waited for the symptoms to develop into trouble, as he knew they

"Yes." she continued, tenderly, "you require more outdoor exercise. The office is close and stuffy, and you sit cramped up all day-why, actually," and voice trembled with emotion, "you seldom see the sun, poor man."

Mr. Mudd's thoughts strayed back to the numerous afternoons' during which he had belied and broiled upon the bleachers at Twenty-fourth and Vaughn under the torrid rays of the luminary men-tioned, but wisely maintained a discreet silence and waited, nervously.

"My love"-he was feeling his way, cautiously-"I might walk home each even ing or help you pick the roses, or-"
"I have it." The uninitiated would

have thought this a brilliant inspiration of the moment, but Mr. Mudd was well aware that it had been in preparation all day. "I have it," she repeated,

"Let's have it," he replied, also tensely "The slabwood." Her voice sank to a thrilling whisper. So did his as he ex-slaimed, "darn the slabwood."

"Alfred," Mrs. Mudd sat up very straight in her chair and her eyes plerced his inmost soul; "your language is hard-As the price of slabwood," he feebly

as highly refined as might be ex-"— as highly refined as might be expected of one in your station in life."

"My angel," he asked, soothingly,
"what are the relative positions of our wood pile and my obesity?"

"I want you to put the wood in the basement, yourself, this year."

"Hobo work," he pretested.

Mrs. Mudd ignored the remark and continued: "Get a pair of rough gloves and hearn tomorrow evening."

and begin tomorrow evening."
"I know I ain't henpecked," mut-tered Mr. Mudd the following day at 7 P. M., as he trundled the wheelbarrow to the 10 loads of waste that were strewn for a hundred feet along the curb, "but somehow she always has

He filled and lit his corncob-a cornceb pipe and a woodpile invariably go together—and surveyed the task before

Wonder why Maria ordered oak this year. Guess I'll put it in first, anyway." and, ere he quit for the night, the one lone load of oak at the far end of his had found its way into his base

Mr. Mudd sighed contentedly as he drew off his gloves and entered the house, being rather pleased at the un-expected exhibitation the heavy work had produced, removed his sweater, washed his face and hands and appeared before his wife wearing a tri-umphant smile.

What was that awful crash I heard,

"Why, I thought it was ours.
"My love, in my enthusiasm I broke
a pane in the sash." Mr. Mudd falled
to add that part of the sash had foiflowed the glass. He also neglected to
mention the wreck of the hanging
shelf when a wild throw of a heavy

"Why, I thought it was ours.
threw it in flast."
"Well, I thought it was ours.
threw it in flast."
"Can't get any more for two weeks."
"Nope. Got to have it myself."
"All right." sighed Mr. Mudd. "I
it out from under the pile tomorrow

John L. Given's "Making a Newspaper," an accurate account of newspaper organization and methods, has been adopted as a text-book for the courses in journalism at Bucknell University and the University of Illinois.

Curious readers who like to penetrate pen names will be interested to learn that the real name of Ellia Calvert Hall, the author of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky" is Litta Calvert Obsenchain, and that she is the wife of Professor A. M. Obsenchain, the president of Orden College, Rowling Green, Ky.

The Harpers will soon publish a novel by Mrs. James H. Canneld, wire of the librarian of Columbia University and mother of Dorothy Canneld, whose name is familiar to the readers of magnifice as the author of striking short stories. This is Mrs. Canfeld's first venture in the library field.

New novels from the Century Company: By Anne Douglas Sedgwick and Helen R. Martin; "The Guest of the Colonia" by Robert and Elliasbeth Shackleton; "A Tuscan Childhoed; by List Cipriana; and "The Red Reign." Kellogg Durland's record of a year's wanderings, adventure and observations in Russia.

Autumn books of travel will include one by A. Henry Savage Lander, "Across Wildstat Africa." It he writes as picturesquely as he did in his book on Tibet he ought to be amusing. His latest expedition extended from Dilbuil on the East Coast to Cape Verde, a distance of Solo miles. Another new travel book will be Douglas Sladen's "Queer Things About Persla," written with the assistance of Eustache de Lorey.

Among the many amusing anecdotes told by John Burroughs in his new book "Campfing and Tramping with Rooseveit," is the following: "The rough riders, wherever they are, always look to President Rooseveit when in trouble. One had come to grief in Arisona. He was in jail. So he wrots the President, and his letter ran something like this: "Dear Colonel, I am in trouble. I shot a lady in the eye, but I did not intend to hit the lady. I was shooting at my wite."

. . . . .

This week will see the publication of "Stories and Sketches" by Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi. The book naturally appears under the Putnam imprint. At the time of their first publication, these papers received favocable attention from the critics as well for literary quality as for originality of conception and imaginative power. So experienced an editor as Richard Watson Gilder described the paper printed in Scribner's in 1871 as "one of the hest American megaline articles of which he had knowledge."

In rewriting and revising his "Recollections of Reseatti," Hall Caine is reverting to the book wherewith he made his literary debut a quarter of a century ago. The new edition will be issued in London very soon, and will include "new letters, new biographics! material, and a great deal of matter which it was thought undesirable to publish immediately after the poet's death." It will be of more than ordinary interest to read Hall Caine's weartieth century verdict upon his nineleenth century friend.

An interesting note on the reading pub-



slab, containing ten pounds of river water, destroyed eight jars of fruit thereon, but wisely removed all evidences of the crime ere she returned from her visit to a neighbor the next property of the crime ere she returned from her visit to a neighbor the next property of the crime ere she returned the seement and the boy howled: "Pa, you've smasshed my velocipede all to pieces!"

evening.

"Well, Alfred," she remarked at dinner, a week later, "you have gotten in over half the wood and, my, how your appetite has improved. It is really doing you a world of good, besides sawing at least \$7. That's what a man wanted for the job."

"I do feel better from the exercise,"
"I do feel better from the exercise,"
"Well, it's down here, for I borrowed is from Mrs. Jumble a couple of weeks."

he answered, heartily, "except that I'm just breaking out all over with the hives," and he clawed frantically at himself in a dozen places at once.
"That's from overheated blood. I'll get you a bottle of something to cool it tomorrow."

it, tomorrow. "That'll be another dollar." he thought. "Wonder what it'll cost to patch up that hole in the furnace where

"Well, you'll have to throw it out again.

Can't get any more for two weeks."
"Can't I buy it?"
"Nope. Got to have it myself."
"All right." sighed Mr. Mudd. "Pil get

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP

giving more encouragement to their own authors. All the publishers now issue cheap reprints of Swedish classics, and some recent and living writers have attained high circulations? Soima Lagerior has just been given the honorary degree of LL. D. by the University of Upsala—the first Swedish woman so honored.

Another of the Coleridges has passed away in the person of Mary Elizabeth Coleridge, a grandulece of the post. In her modest and unpretentious literary carser, she gained an envisible reputation among the best literary judges by her novels, "The King With Two Faces," "The Fiery Dawn," "The Shadow on the Wall," and "The Lady on the Drawing-room Pioor." She was a writer of verses in sympathy with the Pre-Raphaelite school, and she was active as a reviewer.

. . .

The woman who publishes her books over the name of Christopher Hare has shown in her Italian studies that she has a flair for a good audject, and she shows this again in her forthcoming volume. Under the title of "Louis XI, of France" she treats of personalities and affairs in fifteenth century Europe. Around the career of the grim French King she weaves a story involving such events as the appearance of Joan of Aro, the capture of Constantinople by the Turks and the death of Edward IV of England.

. . .

Leroy Scott has had many requests from actors and playwrights for the dramatination rights of his new book "To Him That Hath" and nogocilations are now in progress with one of our best known American actors. "To Him That Hath" will probably be produced within a year. The chapiain of one of the prisons recently wrote Mr. Scott, author of the book mentioned: "Do not let any one tell you that David is not a real character. I could tell you of dozens of innocent people who are taking upon themselves the sins of the guilty and suffering imprisonment. The prisons are full of real Davids."

General Morris Schaff, whose interesting

General Morria Schaff, whose interesting reminiscences of 'The Spirit of Old West Polint' will be published this month in book form, with illustrations, additions, and revisions, has received many letters of commendation from srmy men all over the country. One of them reads as follows: 'Your work will have a beneficial effect on a large number of readers who know little of the true apirit of West Polint, which is best known by those who have been associated with its graduates in active service and have come to know of its efficiency in teaching patriotism, loyalty, devotion to duty, courage, and manty fortitude. West Polint is the Nation's most beneficent institution.

of the stairs.

"No, my dear."

"Well, it's down here, for I borrowed it from Mrs. Jumble a couple of weeks ago to open a box of peaches with and forgot all about it. She has just sent Johnny after it. I placed it in the box so it would not get lost."

"Why, I did see a fruit box when I commerced but."

"But what?"
"It's buried under seven feet of wood

patch up that hole in the furnace where I hit it tonight?"

Mr. Mudd toiled manfully to the last and, while large quantities of his enthusiasm had cozed out and vanished, still, as he wheeled the last load of fuel up to the window he felt that he had accomplished something worth while. He sat down upon the wheelbarrow, tired but happy.

"Hullo, Mudd! Puttin' in your wood?"

"Hullo, Jumbie! Yes; that's what I'm doing. Might have been glving the tree toads a music lesson or hoeing our nutmeg patch, but I'm only putting in the wood."

"Uh-uh! Funny thing where my load of cak went to. Was left below your slab, but it's gone, every slick of it."

"Wh-what!" gasped Mr. Mudd. "Waswas that your oak?"

"Sure, and I need it bad."

"Why, I thought it was ours, so I threw it in first."

"Well, you'll have to throw it out again."

"Oh!" avgelanced under seven feet of wood now."

"How careless of you. You must get it: they need it. Johnny," she called, "I'll send it over in the morning."

By 12 o'clock that night Mr. Mudd had succeeded in burrowing to and hauling out the hatchel. He was tired and cross, and as he picked the slivers out of his fingers—the gloves now had holes at the end of every finger—he muttered:

"Window sash, two-fifty; elgores, one-fifty; repairing furnace, two dollars; total, fourteen dollars and ten cents—just seven-ten more than a man would have charged to do the job. Anyhow, I'll bet a roll of butter I've reduced my weight a whole lot."

"Mr. Mudd was perched upon the grocer's scales. Mrs. Mudd stood beside him. The grocer adjusted the weights, and all eyes examined the recording bar."

"Oh!" avgelanced wit. Johnny." She called, "I'll send it. Johnny." She called, "I'll send it over in the morning.

"Hullo, Mudd had succeeded in burrowing to anh hauling out the hatchel. He was tired and cross, and as he picked the slivers out of his fingers—the gloves now had holes at the end of every finger—he muttered:

"Window sash, two-fifty; eight jurger—total, fourteen dollars and ten cents—just seven-ten more

Mr. Mudd was perched upon the grocer's scales. Mrs. Mudd stood beside him. The grocer adjusted the weights, and all eyes examined the recording bar.
"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Mudd, disgust-

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Mudd. dublously.
"Ha, ha!" exclaimed the grocer, joy Mr. Mudd had gained just eight pounds!

Churchill she lived a busy and interesting life. She entered fully into the spirit of her husband's political ambitions and was of great assistance to him in the making of his career. Some time ago she attempted editorship on an over-ambitious scale, but the effort was not a pecuniary success, though the contributions to the magazine and its gorgeous cover attracted wide attention. It is more than likely that her son, Winston Churchill, inherited his writing talent from his mother, while from his father he inherited a taste for public life. And yet, the popular impression provails that in this world we are all equal and that it is more money that has raised false barriers between classes.

"Nursery Bhymes From Mother Goose"

eince reconciled himself to remaining a closed book for all who seek in the poppied leaves of fletion lullaby seatlment as an opiate for tired brains. But the difficulties of Mr. Meredith's style have been much exaggerated, its pungent force and rich expressiveness not sufficiently appreciated. If we accept as read a few baffling chapters and clirkinate some impossible amart conversations at Diana's dinter table and elsewhere, all the rest save for a few mannerisms, is clear gain. In four of his novels, in "Evan Harrington." "Rhoda Fleming," 'Harry Richmond,' and 'Vittoria' there is scarcely a verbal difficulty. In the remaining 4000 pages, granted that we have grasped the writer's point of view, we need dismiss no more than 20 pages as unintelligible. I may even boast of having made conquests of meaning within this 20, but whether the meaning is my own or the author's I shall never know."

Arthur C. Benson, the author of a book of essays entitled "From a College Widow," is an English novelist who is an apostic of the meditative life. He admits having so far written 16 books. The son of an archbishop, like Charlotte Bronte, his is one of a literary tric. His brother, E. F. Benson, is the author of "Dodo," and another brother, Father Robert Hugh Benson was for some years a unsater at Eton and at the present time he is a fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, One reviewer thinks that Benson suggests Charles Lamb. Miss Hildegrade Hawthorne, the granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, confesses that she reads Bensan's books with ever-increasing admiration. They do not, it may be, tell you anything you do not, it may be, tell you anything you do not, it may be, tell you anything you do not already know, but they remind you of many things which you are alled of knowing and which you need to remember. Mr. Benson's philosophy is carried along on a quiet flow of humor much as the silver current of a river bears a hoat insensibly but sucely. He paints his characters with keen insight into human nature, with a wise toleran

popularity in England and are beginning to invade this country.

The rumor that the Nobel prize for literature is to be awarded to Rudyard Kipling, causes doubt as to the justice of the decision, says the Manchester Guardian. One cannot help thinking that the money so munificently spent by Afred Nobel en the encouragement of literary work "of an idealizing tendency" might be turned to better account But for its proper use a trustee of superhuman insight and critical faculty would be necessary. Writers who attain so great a popularity as Mr. Kipling are in little need of big financial rewards; their literary agents see to that, and the lot of the popular author today is cast in very easy places. But what a number of instances one can derive from a casual acquaintance with literary history where such a lump sum as the Nobel trustees allot each year would have proved the turning point in a career. One thinks of Mr. Meredith, toiling in poverty and neglect to endow our literature with one of its finest portrait galleries; it is an open secret that at one time he was reduced to quitivating his muse on literal eatmeal in consequence of his stern determination to educate the public up to his level rather than descend to theirs for mere boiling purposes. One thinks of Carlyle recording in his journal as a document for the future historian of literature that for 23 months head not succeeded in carning a single penny by his pen, and that at the time when he had not succeeded in carning a single penny hy his pen, and that at the time when he had a server provided in the great epic of the "French Revolution". Also, what of Browning. Thackeray and Chapellan?

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Lord Caumurleigh's Secret, by Roy Horni-man; and The Next Door Murelands; by Emily Westwood Lewiz, each \$1.50; and Dorcaster Days, by A. G. Plympton, \$1.25, (Little, Brown Ca.) High Living, compiled by L. L. McLaren, 76 cents (Paul Elder Co., S. F.)

The American Book of Golden Deeds, by James Baldwin, 50 cents (Am. Book Co.)

Quips and Quiddits, by John B. Tabb, (Small-Maynard.)

Detroit Free Press.

Wu Ting-fans.
Is coming back.
With his questions
By the stack.
Are you married?
What's your age?
What's your fraie?
And what's your wage?

Wu Ting-fang,
Will soon return;
Many things
He'll want to learn.
Do you love
Your wife? and do
You believe that.
She loves you?

Wu Ting-fang
Will soon be here,
Spreading questions
Far and near.
Trusts and railroad
Magnates fiee;
Standard Oil
Acts nervously.

Have you skeletons None sees? Lock the doors, And lose the keys, Run and hide From his attack; Curious Wu Is coming back,

Men of the Trail. Denver Republican.

Eyes that are narrowed and keen,
Gleaming 'neath hat brims wide:
Cheeks that are browned by the sun,
Vigor in pose and in stride;
Scant of their laughter and speech,
Swept by no impotent gale,
Yet quick unto honor's defense—
These be the men of the trail.

Paths that they follow lead far
To the heart of the hills or the plain—
To the snews that gleam white on the crest,
To the horizon lost in the rain;
No flowery byways they seek;
And duty alone is their grail;
"Our work in the storm or the sun,"
Murmur the men of the trail. "Nursery Rhymes From Mother Goose" which Grace G. Wiederseim has Just illustrated in a fascinating manner, has always been popular with children. The title appears to have come from France, where Queen Goosefoot or Bertha au pied the mother of Charlemagne was regarded as the special patron of children and her festival January second is still celebrated. The most definite source is Charles Perrault's "Contes de ma mee l'Ove (1697) containing ten stories, seven of which are from the Pentamerone. "Mother Goose Melodies" was printed in London by John Newbery in 1700. Though the title is probably of French origin the songs are English, some belonging to the time of Shakespeare and earlier.

True Books Are Not Than True Men." FREDERICK HARRISON

Arthur C. Benson The English Novelist who is an Apostle of the Meditative Life

Familiar Letters of James Howell. In two volumes. \$5. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland. Among dusty treasures of an antiquarian's store, or reposing on the shelves of a well-selected private library are certain literary treasures that have lived for centuries a life of calm seclusion, far from the whirl and din of what we moderns call the six best sellers. sion, far from the whirl and din of what we moderns call the six hest sellers. The monthly magazine knows them not and their binding is generally of the best. In this collection of old friends, the mind unconsciously harks back to one Pepys and his diary, and possibly next comes one James Howell, the brilliant and witty Weishman, who, in a series of letters, wrote of life under Charles I, Cromwell, Charles II and other historical worthles of that era.

Easier to Find

Charles I, Cromwell, Charles II and other historical worthles of that era.

The present volumes consist of a series of letters written by Howell to his patrons and other friends, and such is the esteem in which these amusing messages are held that they have been looked upon for fully 300 years as familiar friends. It is educative to read history in books usually devoted to that study—and if the truth must be told, history-telling in that fashion now and then becomes monotonous and dry. But then becomes monotonous and dry. But in these letters of the olden time history takes on a new meaning and kings, queens, lords and bishops seem to be-But come more human and understandable. It is related that Howell was poor in estate, as betitted one of a country clergyman's 15 children, and that at Oxford University he acquired what he called "the patrimony of a liberal education."
For a number of years he traveled over
Europe, acting for three years as the
agent of a London glass factory, seeking
to obtain workmen, materials and in-

spiration from foreign art centers.
Italy seems to have impressed Howell the most-for he writes: "Venice the rich, Padua the learned, Bologna the fat. rich, Padua the learned, Bologna the fat. Rome the holy, Naples the gentle, Genoa the proud. Florence the fair and Milan the great." The first beautiful woman, Howell quaintly tells us, was made of Venice glass, lovely and brittle withal; and "Eve spoke Italian when Adam was seduced, for in what other tongue could she have been so irresistible?"

Howell betrayed a justifiable pride in the ability of an English nobleman to cope with the mighty drinkers of the North, and he draws this picture:

The King feasted my Lord once, and it

North, and he draws this picture:

The King feasted my Lord once and it lasted from eleven of the clock till towards the evening, during which time the King hegan 35 healths,—the first to the Emperor, the second to his nephew of England and so went over all the Kings and Queens of Christendom; but he never remembered the Prince of Paisgrave's health, nor his niceo's all the while. The King was taken away at last in his chair, but my Lord of Leigester bore up stoutly all the while; so that when there came two of the King's guard to take him by the arms, as he was going down the stairs my Lord shook them off and went alone. The next morning the King was gone a-hunting at break of day; but going to some other of his officers, their servants told me without any appearance of shame that their masters were drunk over night, and so it would be late before they would rise.

Howell was a voluminous writer and

Howell was a voluminous writer and his carear must have been a checkered one. He was sent for debt to the Fleet Street prison, but even there he wrote his beloved letters Seemingly kindly disposed to most nationalties, Howell had an unfavorable opinion of the Scotch-He must have been a judge of good living, for one of his longest letters is that dated October 17, 1634, addressed to Lord Cliff, in which Howell gives an eloquent description of the liquors of the world.

Anaemic folks are warned away. Ilkewise those who are wanted away, newwise those who are wholly engrossed with their own troubles. This stirring novel appeals to all who have bounding, red blood to boast of, and has special, patriotic meaning for healthy young Americans. It covers the period between

has elements to make it readable.

Strong character drawing, owning two sweethearts at the same time, an exemplification of a peculiar "Scotch" marriage, buffalo hunting, Indian fighting and concluding about the end of the book with incidents relating to the opening of the Civil War—these are a few of Mr. Hough's word pictures. His strongest situation is where he portrays a young man and a young woman for a time at least stripped of the conventionalities of civilized life, and almost experiencing the joys of the Garden of Eden.

Eden.

Sentiment largely marks the tale—for the first words on page one read: "I admit I kissed her," and the same five words mark the conclusion of the 25th and last page. The story is told by John Cowles, who first woos Miss Grace Sheraton and latterly Miss Ellen Meriwether. In the course of his travels Cowles goes West as far as St. Louis, where he meets Ellen. With a large traveling party they cross the great plains and one day straying from the trail they are lost in the desert, where they are forced to live by their wits as the first primitive folk did, placing their cunning against that of animals upon

the first primitive folk did, placing their cunning against that of animals upon which they prey.

The two lost ones fall in love with each other, and Cowles with the ald of a charred stick writes upon the surface of a hide this covenant: "I. John Cowles, take thee, Ellen Meriwether, to be my lawful, wedded wife, in sickness and in health, for better or for worse, till death do us part." This covenant Cowles signed, the girl affixing only her Christian name. At this juncture they are providentially rescued by United States soldiers and Indians.

The villain in the drama is one Gordon The villain in the drama is one Gordon Orme, Marquis of Bute and Rayne, black sheep, renegade, spy, desperado and an expert in uncanny tricks of the Orient. He boasted that he was a Raja Yogi, had taken the eight mystic steps; for years had kept up the sacred exercises of breath, posture and thought; had learned super-conscious reasoning—how to cast his own mind to a distance and bring other minds close to him. In bring other minds close to him. In sketching Orme's character Mr. Hough has done remarkably clever work. The war scenes are good but few. Satan, a black horse, is made to have a distinct personality...
"The Way of a Man" is also distinctive by its inherent American spirit

Morning, by James Whitcomb Riley. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. It's a genuine treat again to look over

It's a genuine treat again to look over a number of new poems by James Whitcomb Riley, and the pub-shing of them in this neatly printed, red-covered little book is one of the practipal happenings this year in American letters.

A fine picture of the Hoosler poet adorns the volume, taken from the well-known portrait by John S. Sargent, in the John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis. The dedication is to Meredith Nicholson. Dialect, love of home, theology, war, children's verses and other fine sentiment filt across the Riley canvas, sentiment filt across the Riley canvas, and after reading them it is a pleasure to record that his muse gains new strength and is just as pleasing as ever. Drink in the tenderness warped around every line of "A Golden Wedding."

Your Golden Wedding: -50 years Of comradeship, through smiles and tears! --Through Summer sun, and Winter sleet, You walked the ways with willing feet; You walked the ways with willing For, journeying together thus, Each nath held something glorious. No Winter wind could blow zo chill, But found you even warmer still in fervor of affection—blest in knowing all was for the best; And so, content, you faced the storm and fared on, smiling, arm-in-arm.

There is real humor in "The Country Editor," that person of the "thoughtful brow and face of sallow hue." A man he is deserving well of thee,— So he compassionate—yea, pay thy dues, Nor pamper him with thy Spring-poetry But haul him wood, or something he can

use; And promptly act, nor tarry long when he Gnaweth his pen and glareth rebidly. The most enjoyable of the new dialect poems are "Ef Uncle Remus Please Ter Scusen Me," and My Little Sadie Sue." One that is sure to make a popular hit is "The Raggedy Man on Children."

Mr. Macgrath earned fame and ducats his great novel, "The Man on the Box," and now he issues three stories—
"The Best Man," "Two Candidates" and
"The Advant of Mr. Shifty Sullivan,"
which will probably be largely read
because they bear the Macgrath stamp. Candor compels the reviewer to say, however, that these three tales are ordinary and not above similar offerings in current magazines. "The Best Man" is not about the chief functionary at a marriage, sithough the finale suggests the ring of wedding bells. Yet the tale has a mischlevous tendency, because it relates to a three-cornered fight to a finish which is participated in by a corporation lawyer, a plutocrat father who had swindled his business associates and a wicked grandfather. associates, and a wicked grandfather, who was a retired burglar, and hadn't been caught. The plutocrat ought to have been sent to jall, but he purchases immunity or secrecy by paying his father \$50,000 hush money. That is where the story does not ring true.

As may be guessed, "The Two Candidates" is a political story, and relates to a Mayoralty contest, while the other tale pictures a prizefight. The illus-trations are by Will Grefe and the dec-orations by Franklin Booth. Mr. Macgrath—you can do better

Life of Japan, by Masuji Miyakawa. The
Baker & Taylor Co., New York City.

A really well-written, readable account of life in Japan, written by a
Japanese, who discusses social, political, commercial and military questions.

The Judge—For two years you men
have fished together, peaceable, and yet
you fought over this fish.
The Sportsman—You see, your honor,
this is the first one we ever caught!

than this.

Attention is directed to both ancient and modern history in Japan, and it is a pleasure to read such attractively-

and modern history in Japan, and it is a pleasure to read such attractively-decorated pages.

Mr. Miyakawa says that it is only after Japan, in her war with Russia, proved that she could kill more men in one land battle than in all the land battles of the Crimean War of the English and French, and that Japan could send to the bottom more ships and seamen in one naval battle than in all the battles in Nelson's Trafalgar and Dewey's Manila Bay—that the civilized world received Japan as a first-class civilized power and her people as a civilized power and her people as a civilized power and her people as a civilized power and her people as it will be because she has to carry out the mandate of the civilized world. Yet Mr. Miyikawa presents many reasons why Japan and America should not go to war, and suggests that the two countries form a congress to deal with "the questions of commerce, of war and of peace between us and the rest of the world."

Beligion and Historie Faiths, by Otto Pfielf-

Religion and Historic Faiths, by Otto Pfieldserer, D. D., \$1.50. B. W. Huebach, New York City.

Dr. Pfleidgrer, Protestant theologian, has an international reputation as the leading representative of the liberal theological movement, principally bacause he writes with authoriay, and has none of the dogmatic bitterness which at one time marked the German school of research. The important book now under review was translated from the German by Daniel A. Huebsch, Ph. D., and principally consists of lectures recently delivered at the University of Berlin before an audience composed of students of all the faculties and older noncollegiates, other portions of the lectures being given as a public course in a high school period. The messages so delivered made a profound impression among educated people interested in things Dr. Pfleiderer, Protestant theologian,

religious.

It is a rare pleasure to read in English such a comprehensive book. Most of the religious faiths of the world are critically considered, and with such tact and ripe judgment that no one's convictions or beliefs can possibly be wounded, unless these dwell in glass houses. There are 15 chapters, the most important of these being papers on Christianity, the Chinese, Egyptian, and Babylonian religions, the faith of Zarathustra and the Mithra cult, Brahmanism and Gautama Buddha, the religion of Israel, etc.

educated people interested in things

Light-Fingered Gentry, by David Graham Phillips \$1.50, D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

York City.

Not so very long ago, this nevel exposing insurance graft and the money madness that is plain theft, would have created an explosion wherever

have created an explosion wherever read. But, so many plutocrats, financial magnates, and worried lawbreakers generally, have lately been placed on the rack, that the public makes signs that it wants a rest.

Withal Mr. Phillips' new novel dealing with the O. A. D. insurance corporation and the grafters harding to its vine like leeches, must be considered. For, it is a powerfully drawn story where high finance holds you in its grip and fighting money kings turn out to be warriors worth watching. Horace Armstrong, a suitable name for such a strong character, is alluring enough to be compelling, and alluring enough to be compelling, and you find yourself becoming interested in him and his money talks. The book is piquant and full of the spice of life.

Grandmother, by Laura E. Richards, 73 cents. Dans, Estes & Co., Boston.

Grandmother, by Laura E. Richards, to cents. Dans, Estes & Co. Boston.

Has freshness, delicacy and charm recalling some of the best work of Louisa A. Alcott and Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman. The tale reveals the gentle personality of a girl named Miss Pity, who was married to Grandfather Merion, because her folks were dead, and she hadn't anyone left to look after her. She was, in derision, called grandmother. She suffered much persecution from the relatives she made through her hasty marriage, especially the brimstone vocal abuse of Miss Rachel, who was known as a woman who would not learn'to govern herself and more particularly her tongue. tongue.
This little book has a mission. May

Boys of the Border, by Mary P. Wells Smith. Illustrated, \$1.25. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The third volume of the well-known "Old Deerfield Series," this, the "Boys of the Border," narrates thrilling fights between white settlers and Indians in the Deerfield Valley during French and Indian wars, from 1746 to 1755, especially those connected with the line of forts along the northwest border of Massachusetts, and north up to the Massachusetts, and north up to the Connecticut River. Just the kind of a healthy story for American boys anxious to read about doughty pioneers, who helped to mould this country's destinies at a time when Oregon was yet a primitive wilderness.

When Kings Go Forth to Battle, by William Wallace Whiteleck, Illustrated, \$1.50. J. B. Lippincott do., Philadelphia. Another brave echo of a Zenda story. This time the scene is laid in the Kingdom of Westrum, a mythical European country where at the opening of the story revolutionists were trying to unseat the reigning monarch, King Ludwig, in favor of his cousin, Prince Ludwight his cousin, Prince Ludwight his cousin, Prince Ludwight his cousin, Prince Ludwight his cousin seat the reigning monarch, King Lucwig, in favor of his cousin, Prince Ludolf, a popular favorite. Wyfteffoth, a
young man from New York, supports Ludolf—and then there's something doing.
The American girl in the case is Eunice
Earle. In this dashing romance interests
is never permitted to flag, and the clash
of swords and bang of pistol shots come
at regular intervals.

A Child's Book of Abridged Wisdom, by Child's Harold. 75 cents. Paul Elder & Co., New York City.

A beautifully and quaintly illustrated little book for children, recalling the style of Kate Greenaway, the pictures being in colors and accompanied by amusing verse. One bit of advice given to small boys and girls is:

to small boys and girls is:

Speak kindly to the wild flowers.

And call them as they're named:

For everything that's wild, my child,

Is anxious to be tamed.

And if you do as I suggest.

I haven't any doubt

But that they will become so tame,—

They'll follow you about!

Beau Brocade, by Baroness Orczy, Illus-trated. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadel-phis.

With the scene laid in England about

the year 1745, this romance is of the ratthe year ires, this manner is of the de-ting, exciting sort, telling about the do-ings of one Captain Jack Bathurst, of the White Dragoons, who, because of the treachery of a superior officer, was dis-missed from the army of the Duke ef Cumberland, and afterward carned re-nown as Beau Brocade, highwayman. There is action a-pienty, and the illus-trations in color by Clarence F. Underwood are unusually good.

A Man of Sark, by John Oxenham, Hustrated, \$1.50. Baker & Taylor Co., New York

City.

There's the tang of the salt breeze as the advancing tide buries itself in spray against the Jagged rocks of Sark, one of the Channel Islands. The time of the tale is about 107 years ago, when England was busily engaged in fighting France and Spain, and most of the people portrayed are hearty fishermen. Mr. Oxenham has written a strong story marked by vigor and softened by poetlo feeling.

J. M. Q.

Fishermen's Luck.

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The fading leaves then looked with wonder, Upon the bounteous sight And sighed they mid the lofty branches! "Does Jack Frost pass tonight?"

Through country lane and town No home has he nor titled kingdom, Yet wears a jeweled crown.

JUNE MCMILLEN ORDWAY

General Morris Schaff, whose interesting reminiscences of The Spirit of

Prince Autumn passed with courtly train; His plume was red and gold. An old brown chestnut cracked with laughter They must have thought him bold

"King Jack" will come, the heartless fellow,

# A teacher of English in the Boston Normal School writes: "I find it one of my most interesting and at the same time most difficult duties to introduce my students to books which they in their turn may read or recommend to children. There are plenty of good collections of fairy tales and myths and English verse, but stories about children suitable for children are few and far between Miss Sarah Orne Jewetts Playbays' and Johanna Syyri's Haldi' have been my stand-bys. With these I am delighted to place Miss Eliza Orne White's children's stories—'An Only Child' and all the others. So are my pupils, and what is much more to the point, so are the children whom they teach. The stories are so genuine. So wholesome in their influence, and so interesting always. How does she remember so well how a little girl feels?" Booth Tarkington's new book, 'His Own People' inst wobleked contents.