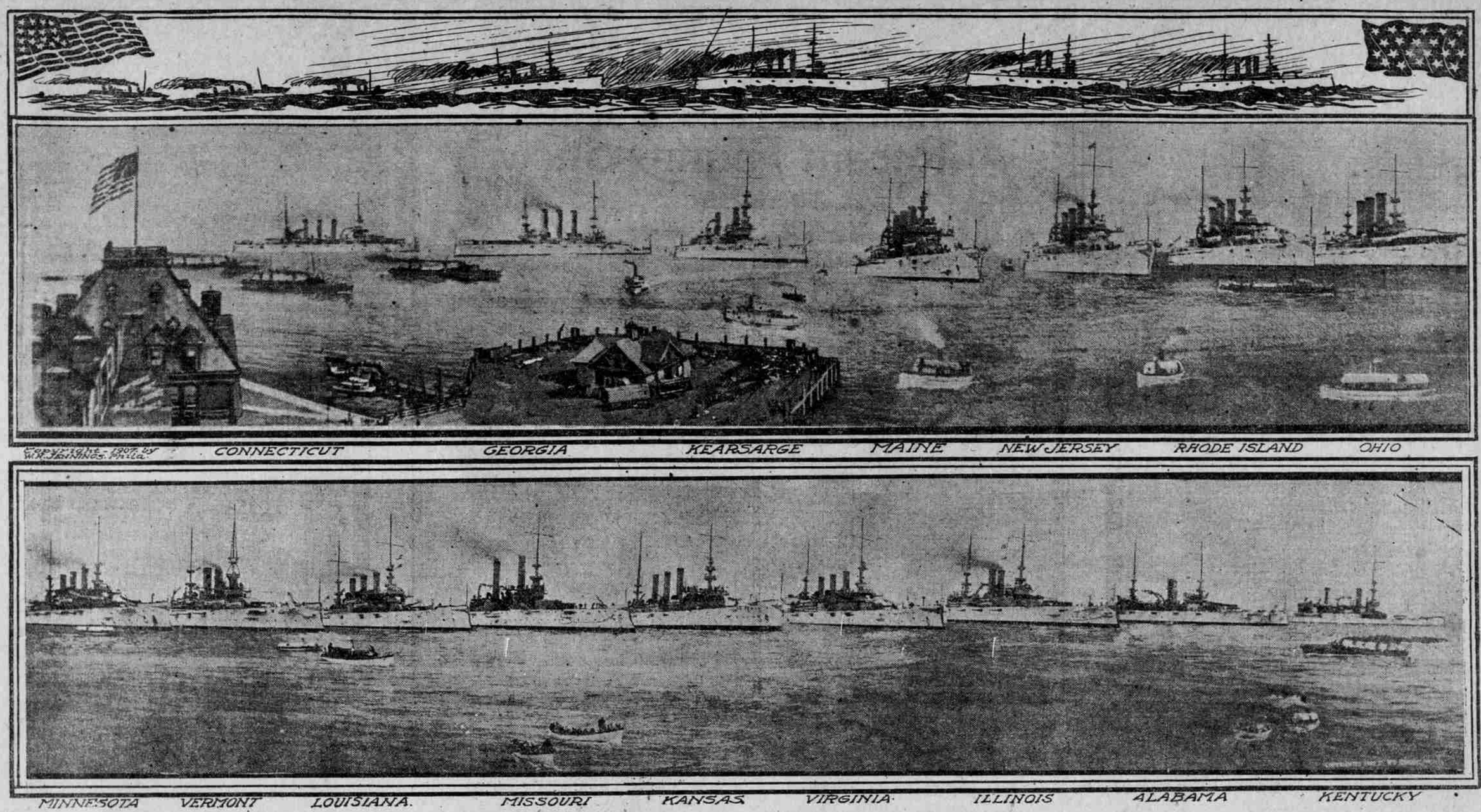
VIEW OF UNCLE SAM'S SIXTEEN GREAT BATTLESHIPS IN LINE



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CONNECTICUT GEORGIA KEARSARGE MAINE NEW JERSEY RHODE ISLAND OHIO

MINNESOTA VERMONT LOUISIANA MISSOURI KANSAS VIRGINIA ILLINOIS ALABAMA KENTUCKY

"Fortune will call at the smiling gate."
—A Japanese Proverb.

IN OLD FEUNTARRABIA
Illustration from "CASTLES AND CHATEAUX of OLD NAVARRE" BY Francis Miltoun

Castles and Chateaux of Old Navarre. By Francis Miltoun. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston, and the J. K. Gill Company, Portland.

With a beautifully designed book cover in gray, white, blue and gold, and inside pictures in color by Blanche McManus, and reproduced from paintings made on the spot—Mr. Miltoun has succeeded in writing a useful book that is not only ornamental but is a lamp illustrating the comparatively little known region sometimes described as the Pyrenees, of which the old French provinces—and before them the independent kingdoms, countships and dukedoms—of Bearn, Navarre, Foix and Roussillon are the chief. No dry record appears of trade or industrial progress—pages are rather given from the historical book of the glorious past. Feudal days live again, and poets are prophets as of yore. The book is what may be described as daintily written, and from the beauty of its pictures an artistic treat.

Mr. Miltoun well says that Henri de Navarre is the chief romantic and historical figure in all that part of France bounded on the south by the Pyrenean frontier of Spain. To an American, chief interest must be felt in the description given of the old Basque country—for do not the old stories tell us that long before Columbus was heard of, Basque fishermen discovered North America? It is thought that the Basques of today were originally Phoenicians, and in speaking of this people our historian writes:

Amidst the succession of diverse dominations, one race alone came through the mill whole, unscathed and independent. These were the Basques. Well sheltered in the gorges of the Pyrenees, where the Gauls, Franks and Saracens had never attacked their liberties, the Basques have escaped any profound judgments of that race of historians and philosophers which has dissected most of the other peoples of Europe. Rome even dared not attempt to throttle the Basques and merge them into her absorbing civilization. A Basque will always tell you if you ask him as to whether he is French or Spanish: "Je ne suis pas Francais, je suis Basque; je ne suis Espagnol, je suis Basque; ou—tout simplement, je suis homme." In olden times the Golfe de Gascogne was frequented by great shoals of whales, and the Basques, harpooning and killing them in the waters of their harbors, came to control the traffic.

When the whale industry fell off, and the whales themselves receded to the south seas, the Basques went after them, and for long they held the supremacy as before, finally chasing them again to the Newfoundland banks, which indeed it is claimed the Basques discovered. At any rate, the whaling industry proved a successful and profitable commerce for the Basques, and perhaps led the way for their migration in large numbers to South America and other parts of the New World.

Among the Basques themselves, and perhaps among others who have given study to the subject, the claim is made that they were the real discoverers of the New World, long before Columbus sighted the Western isles. Thus is the Columbus legend, and that of Leif, son of Eric, shattered by the traditions of a people whom most European travelers from overseas hardly know of as existing. It seems that a Spanish Basque, when on a voyage from Bayonne to Madeira, was thrown out of his course at the mercy of the winds and waves, and finally, after many weeks, landed on the coast of Hayti. Columbus is thus proved a plagiarist.

Several pages are devoted to descriptions of the districts from whence come the famous French wines of Bordeaux, the Sauternes, Barsac, Entre-Deux-Mers, St. Emilion Toulouse, Armagnec, Bearn, Roussillon, Languedoc, etc. The very reading of the names and their mellifluous sound make one thirsty! Throughout the pages are many representations of feudal castles or romantic crags—places of abode not usually blessed by deeds of civic righteousness—places where murderous deeds were done at the pleasure of lordly tyrants and where democracy was unknown. Yet Mr. Miltoun does not believe that all was oppression in feudal France. He says that the peasant landowner, as distinct from the "villain" and "serf" was a real person and not a supposition, even before the Revolution "although Thomas Carlyle on his furzy Scotch moor didn't know it."

Feudal France consists of 70,000 fiefs or rere-fiefs of which 2000 gave their names to their seigneurs. All seigneurs who possessed three chatellenies and a walled hamlet (ville close) had the right of administering justice without reference to a higher court.

There were something more than 7000 of these villes closes within which or on the lands belonging to the seigneurs thereof were 1,872,000 monuments, churches, monasteries, abbeys, chateaux, castles and royal or Episcopal palaces. Historians of 300 years back estimated the total population of France in the fifteenth century as being very nearly the same as at the Revolution, perhaps 30,000,000. Today 8,000,000 or perhaps 10,000,000 more may be counted. The French noblesse of today, the proud old French aristocracy, is not on the whole as bad as it has frequently been painted. The feudal lords were a gallant race on the whole. They didn't spend all their time making war—they played boules and the jeu-de-paume and held court at their chateaux, where minstrels sang and knights made verses for their lady loves, and men and women amused themselves much as country-house folk do today.

A halo of romance seems to be universally cast over Lourdes, possibly the most celebrated pilgrim shrine in all the world, but Mr. Miltoun's opinion is this: "Lourdes is a beastly unclean and uncomfortable place in which to linger, in spite of its magnificent situation and its great and small hotels with all manner of 20th century conveniences. It's a plague spot on fair France, looking at it from one point of view; and a living superstition of Christendom from another. The medical men of France want to close it up; the churchmen and hotelkeepers want to keep it open."

Accous is described as offering no curiosities to visitors, except as being the place where Victor Hugo gives the last glimpse of Jean Valjean when the police were close upon his trail, "at the place called the Grange de Doumec, near the hamlet of Chanvilles," runs the romance.

Stirring references are made to past historical days of Orthez, the old religious capital of the Huguenots.

Spanish gypsies are stated to be numerous in the Basque country, and their marriage customs are curious. "An old pot serves as a cure and notary. The marriageable couple, parents and friends assemble in a wood without priest or lawyer, or any ceremony which resembles an official or religious act. An earthenware pot is thrown into the air and the broken pieces as they tumble to the ground, are counted. The number of pieces indicate the duration of the partnership in years, each fragment counting for a year. Simple, isn't it?"

The illustration on this book page represents a street scene in the old town of Feuntarrabia, "itself a cluster of brown-red houses piled high along the narrow streets, with deep eaves overhanging grated windows and carved doorways leading to shady courts. There is a certain squalid, gone-to-ruin air about everything which in this case is but a charm. But one can picture from the blazoned stone, coat-of-arms seen here and there, that the dwellers of olden time were proud and reverend seigneurs."

So passes a brilliant picture of a romantic, debatable land, fought over by Romans, Saracens, French, Spanish and British armies. Mr. Miltoun has done his task well. But he has been guilty of one error of judgment: It is not possible that all the people attracted to his book can translate from French into English. He gives many extracts in French without adequate translation being appended.

The Settler. By Herman Whitaker. Price, $1.50. Harper Brothers, New York City.

It's worth reading through 100 novels of guaranteed excellence and parentage to meet this one of pure gold and drink deeply from its cool spring.

What is the mysterious something that lifts a story like this out of the common rut? Surely its natural originality, ruggedness, bold character drawing, and pictures of mingled love, temptation and sacrifice—leavened by a close study of primal passion. "The Settler" is a leader and really one of the big prairie stories of the year, pulsing with human interest. Its men are strong and masterful, while too many of the women belong to the "smart" set and are dissipated—a la Kipling. The author, Mr. Whitaker, is a resident of Piedmont, Cal.

Never has such a severe attack in recent years at least been directed against English "remittance-men" in Canada, or worthless English idlers sent away for their country's good and supported by money from the folks at home. An occasional "rap" is also directed against the Scotch, until the reader begins to wonder at the bitterness displayed against two such sterling nationalities. Surely an Englishman or Scot has not come out ahead at any time in a business deal with the author, leaving the latter disconsolate? If so, let this thought be his solace—"it taks a lang spune tae sup wi' the deil!" But in spite of all this, Mr. Whitaker's undoubted literary ability shines forth and his readers are bound to admire his message.

Two principal characters in the novel are Carter, strong-man and empire-builder in the Canadian Northwest, and Miss Helen Morrill, afterward Mrs. Carter. Carter is usually spoken of in the book as "Carter," and he is like a locomotive in leash. Both he and his wife are Americans. Action proper begins when Miss Morrill comes to her brother's ranch in Manitoba to find him in the last stages of tuberculosis, and she is escorted to her new home by the ubiquitous Carter, who at that time was not a very prosperous settler. The district is thus described:

"Each had its log house, its huge tent of firewood upreared against next Winter's drift, and the same yellow straw stacks dotted their defenseless fields. One other thing they had in common—a universal mortgage, legacy of the recent boom, covered all."

Young Morrill died, and, left to earn her own living, his sister became schoolma'am at Silver Creek. "I never taught school," she objects. "You'll never begin younger," is the comforting advice she gets. All this time, Carfer hovers near her as a sort of shy, guardian angel, but, alas! an angel who is careless in his manner of speech and dress, although he is eminently a man. Two rivals appear for her affections—Carter and Captain Calvert Molyneux, an Englishman who was a British army officer, but who is in Canada as a gentleman-rancher, and is mostly supported by wealthy relatives in England. Molyneux is a moral leper, and all the time stands in need of a chloride-of-lime bath. He and his idle but "aristocratic" companions are mercilessly flayed. A few extracts:

Two-thirds of the settlers in Silver Creek were of Scotch descent; were deeply dyed with the granite hardness, harsh malignancy, fervid bigotry which have caused the history of their race to be written in characters of blood. Fiercely moral, dogmatically religious. . . . Of Scotch descent, dogmatic, wedded to convention, intense clannishness reinforced in the settlers' bitter morality, racial hatred, the condemnation of sin.

The English remittance men were indeed over-refined. Five centuries ago the welding of Celt, Saxon, Roman, Norman into one homogeneous whole was full and complete. Since then that potent mixture of blood had undergone slow stagnation. Noble privileges and laws of entail had checked in the motherland those selective processes which sweep the foolish, the wicked and vicious from the face of the earth. Protected by the aristocratic system, the fool, idler and roue had handed their undesirable characteristics to generations, as heavy mortgage on prosperity. Ripe fruit of a vicious system, decay had touched them at the core. Last links of a chain once strong, they had lacked the hot hammering from grim circumstance that alone could make them fit to hold and bind. . . . Their insufferable national conceit and blind caste-feeling.

"Frankly, my dear we (English in Manitoba) are a rotten lot. A sweet girl with conscience and morality has no business among us. We couldn't scrape up enough of either article to outfit a respectable cat."

Revolting from the rough settler life, she had turned to the English set only to find that their polished ease was but the veneer of their degeneracy, analagous to the phosphorescence given in the dark by a poisoned fish, and equally indicative of decay. . . . Their moral and intellectual leprosy.

Miss Morrill and Carter, thinking they love each other, are married, to find shortly afterward that they are unsuited. The young wife is filled with vain imaginings after style, polished English, and fine clothes, and is so cold to her settler-husband that he imagines she doesn't care for him. He ultimately says: "It is a shame to live together, when love has fled," and leaves her to start a lumber camp elsewhere. He sends her money for support. Then the young wife is persecuted by the salacious attentions of Captain Molyneux and other evil remittance-men.

Punishment meets Molyneux when in a fight with an avenger he falls from a bridge and is drowned. The married women of his "set" make love to other women's husbands, and the bereaved husbands industriously hunt for other affinities.

Carter forges ahead in his lumber camp, and ultimately emreges as a railroad king. His domestic difficulties with his wife are adjusted in sane fashion, and the closing scene is that of a reunited home.

Oregonians will naturally prefer the admirable word pictures of lumber camp life—what a pity the scene wasn't laid in Oregon! Oregon's woods are briefly mentioned on pages 221-222. In mood, a grim humor is apparent over all, linked with critical sense.

The book cover represents a plowed farm and cabin, while the frontispiece is a dashing picture in color of a woodsman with his ax, cleverly painted by Mrs. Mac. M. Pease, wife of the editor of the Pacific Monthly of this city, in which magazine the story recently appeared in serial form.

The Man of Galilee: A New Inquiry. By George R. Wendling. $3. Olcott Publishing Company, Washington, D. C.

To decide doubts which high criticism had insinuated and to widen somewhat the foundation on which his convictions rested, Mr. Wendling undertook this inquiry, and the result is a fervent appreciation of Jesus Christ, to the extent of 270 unusually well-printed pages.

Mr. Wendling says that he has profound respect for the intellectual doubt represented by Professor Huxley, Herbert Spencer and Goldwin Smith; believes in the sincerity of Strauss, Bauer, Schenkel and Renan; has entered fully into the spirit of Amiel; recognizes the force of much that the brilliant and profound Martineau has said as to the seat of authority; has shared Robert Elsmere's perplexities as to the value of testimony; and that no one holds in higher esteem the scholarship, industry and honesty of the later school of historical critics. But his one cry is: "Show us the master."

Mr. Wendling's great conviction is that, after resolving to accept the teachings of the Galilean, and to live by them, and to confess allegiance to him—you have the singular consciousness that you are not exactly the same person you were before.

The Chaldeans yearned for some wonderful man to come; Egypt dimly foresaw him; Confucius prophesied his coming; India longed for him in her Vedas; and the hope of Greek philosophy found expression in Plato's famous prediction that such a messenger would some day visit the human race. What we wish to impress upon the reader is this marvelous fact: After the year of our Lord 33, all that longing and aspiration found no further expression.

This latter statement will be disputed today by Judaism.

It is interesting to note Mr. Wendling's belief that Christ's native tongue was Aramaic; that he read Hebrew and probably spoke Greek and Latin; that he was not a reformer, but a revolutionist; that his appearances did not reveal that he was a mystic or a fanatic; that his eyes were blue and his long hair and beard brown. "And in his face we see inexhaustible patience, immovable firmness, wonderful majesty, illimitable sagacity, and fathomless, boundless love."

One feels better spiritually and intellectually, after reading such a sane, finely constructed presentation.

The Sexual Instinct. By James Foster Scott, M. D. $2. E. B. Treat & Co., New York City.

It seems to me that no apology need be offered for the appearance of this book of wholesome advice intended for non-medical rather than professional people. It appeals with eagerness to those whose business it is to rear children, whether the reader be parent, teacher, big brother, or humanitarian—all bound together in the holy mission of moulding a clean, healthy race.

The author has presented an array of terrible facts, drawn from an extensive hospital practice, facts calculated to make people think. His book fills a gap that has been too long empty, and all the plain truths are explained in every-day language that leaves no room for doubt as to meaning. It's not a pretty subject—this medical aspect of oneself. But all men should read it, and then pass to neighbors. Never in a book of "know thyself," has woman been written about in that spirit of lofty chivalry stamped with the name of Dr. Scott of Yale and Edinburgh Universities and home and foreign hospitals.

The Sorceress of Rome. by Nathan Gallizier. Illustrated. $1.50. L. C. Page & Co., Boston, and the J. K. Gill Company, Portland.

Rome in the Tenth Century, torn between revolting Italians and the soldiers of fortune whom they had called to preserve order, forms the subject matter of this interesting novel. The special period illustrated is that in which Crescentius, the Senator of Rome, raised the standard of revolt, expelled Gregory V as Pope and nominated as pontiff John XVI. King Otto III, of Germany, summoned his Saxons to the rescue of the rightful pontiff, the Army of Germans being led by the Margrave Eckhardt, of Meissen.

Otto is a weakling who loves Stephania, wife of Crescentius, and in the end the woman poisons the King. Barbaric splendor, statecraft, war and love hold the stage by turns, and the result is pleasing. There are four illustrations in color by the Kinneys, the decorations being by P. Verburg.

These suggestive lines by Thomas Bailey Aldrich are used as a foreword:

Somewhere, in desolate wind-swept space,
In twilight-land, in no-man's land,
Two hurrying shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.
"And who are you?" cried one agape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I know not," said the second shape,
"I only died last night."

A Course in Isaac Pitman Shorthand. Price, $1.50. Isaac Pitman & Sons, New York City.

Recent returns from Washington, D. C., show that of the 1568 stenographic clerks employed in nine executive departments of the United States Government, 1360, or over 86 per cent, are writers of the phonography invented by Isaac Pitman. At the first and second international contests for speed and accuracy in shorthand writing—under the auspices of the Eastern Commercial Teachers' Association—the first prizes were respectively won by two Pitman writers, Sidney H. Godfrey and Miss Nellie M. Wood. This little book of instruction is a new edition and will tell you all about phonography. It is a clearly expressed exposition of the author's system and designed not only for use in business colleges and high schools, but for self-instruction. I personally know Pitman's phonography, having written that system for years. It's all right and the "daddy" of them all.

J. M. QUENTIN.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP

The recently published "Letters of Dean Hole" probably cover a longer span than any similar collection issued in many years. The first entry is dated 1834 and the last 1904. The "Letters" show the genial Dean of Rochester in his more intimate aspects rather than in his official capacity as a churchman.

* * *

"Manifesto of the Communist Party," by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels (Kerr & Co., Chicago), was first published as the platform of the "Communist League," an organization well known in Europe just before the French revolution of 1848. The first English translation appeared two years later. Interesting as a study in social economics.

* * *

It is expected that in the near future American readers will have the pleasure of welcoming new volumes by the two most prominent of the younger English poets, Stephen Phillips and Alfred Noyes. Mr. Phillips promises "Faust: A Drama," and Mr. Noyes a miscellaneous volume, containing some of his work that has not as yet appeared in print.

* * *

"The Exaltation of the Flag," edited by Robert B. Westcott, and published by John R. Edgar & Co., Manila, Philippine Islands, has been received. During the Summer of 1907, sedition was active among a portion of the natives and demonstrations were directed against Americans in the islands and particularly against the American flag. To correct this, a patriotic mass meeting of Americans was held in Manila, August 23, 1907, and this little book contains the literature incident to that interesting occasion. It forms a notable memento of our expansion policy.

* * *

In course of the various comment attending his latest novel, "The Secret Agent," Joseph Conrad has been called the disciple of Henry James. Such a comparison is especially curious in view of the fact that Mr. James uses English as a natural heritage, while Mr. Conrad's native medium is not English at all, but Polish. In this connection, too, it is significant that during the years when Joseph Conrad was acquiring the tongue his only model was the speech of the crew of a sailing-vessel, and that his occasional reading was chiefly French. Mr. Conrad is at present living in Bedfordshire, England.

* * *

Professor A. Lawrence Lowell's long awaited and important work on "England" is now in the hands of the printers and will be on sale this month.

HOTEL CLERK ON FINANCE

(Continued from Page 5.)

war. As he crosses our main street he is astonished to note that many of our bright lights are still burning, with an utter disregard of cost, although it is nearly 8:45. Curiosity prompts him to stop off and investigate.

"The next time the Self-Help boys convene a familiar form is missing from the front pew. There's a gap in the circle where Donald sits. Dear me! Can he be ailing? Not so as to be apparent to the eye. At that moment Donald, better known as the New Boy, is seated at Sherry's gazing into the soulful, violet eyes of a winsome little keepsake from the chorus with a barber-pole complexion and hair the color of the yolk of a four-minute egg, and he is buying for her a few of those edible knick-knacks that cost $2.15 a throw.

"About the same time he finds a large working capital is needed. Dainty Blanche St. Claire, the coryphee pet, is ofttimes hungry. The boy financier knows the bank doesn't care anything about money, because it is willing to pay him as much as $9 a week with a promise of a raise to $10 after the third year. So he draws a few clandestine dividends without mentioning the matter to anyone.

"Some fine afternoon he starts up Broadway on a car and gets off in Canada. And then, Larry, they spring that Sunday school discovery, just as they sprung it on the old guy that's now en route back from the subtropics."

"I wonder what they'll do with him," said the House Detective.

"The jury will probably spend seven minutes convicting him and seven months petitioning the President to pardon him," said the Hotel Clerk. "That's the usual way of it."

AFTER MOTHER WAS BURIED

(Continued from Page 2)

geons. Lady Burton, wife of Captain Sir Richard Burton, ordered that her body should be pierced with a needle in the region of the heart." Edmund Yates, Miss Ada Cavendish, Hans Anderson and other well-known writers left instructions that they should not be interred until everything possible had been done to make sure that they were lifeless. In some cases it was the severance of a vein, in others even decapitation, that was resolved upon.

Others, with a similar end in view, have adopted, or attempted to adopt, different means. Think of Edgar Allen Poe, who wrote this subject up in his characteristically weird fashion, trying to invent a signaling apparatus so that those buried alive could call for help. A Russian inventor's idea was an instrument to be placed in the throat of the corpse, so that if consciousness returned and an effort was made to breathe, the effort set in motion certain wires, which resulted in a bell ringing in the cemetery keeper's lodge. In "Jezebel's Daughter" the idea is very similar, save that instead of a throat apparatus, wires were fastened to the hands of the corpse. Sir Henry Littleton told his students at Edinburgh of a fancy coffin, fitted with patent springs so constructed that on the slightest indication of returning life they would immediately open the coffin and thus save the victim.

The largest quill toothpick factory is in Paris. It was originally started as a manufactory of quill pens.