"In repaying kindness, we ought to imitate fertile lands, which give back much more than they receive."

-CICERO SCENE FROM MEREDITH NICHOLSONS THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE

Kanged higher up on a dais approaching the throne was mere color, more gold, jewels, hipe blood. . But all this magnificence paied before the splendour of

The Devil. By Ferenc Moinar, and adapted by Oliver Herford. Mitchell Kenneriey, New York City. As most of the dramatic world admits, a big, sensational play of the current sea-son in stageland is "The Devil," as fash-

oned by that talented Hungarian, Herr

Unforunately, there being no copyright regulations between this country and Hungary, Moinar has not profited to an

appreciable degree financially from his

appreciable degree financially from his cleverness as a dramatist, in this instance. Consequently, it has been a great opportunity for New York pirates, an opportunity of which they have been swift to avail themselves, to rake in a golden shower. Portland has had the distinction of witnessing the arrival and residence in its midst of His Satanic Majesty—as conceived by Molnar—and thoughtful people stamped the production as being a rare, literary treat. But I am told by those in a position to know that the play

those in a position to know that the play was not witnessed by the crowds confi-dently predicted for this sardonic child of

genius, principally because the popular mind cannot disassociate the devil with

mind cannot disassociate the devi and flaming-fire when he talks, a brimstone atmosphere, a yawning pit for departure and cloven hoofs.

Molnar draws the devil as a sneering, well-dressed, experienced man of the world, who principally carries out his foul manner and the materials.

designs as an evil tempter, materially aided by suggestion. The play, as a literary production—for I do not pretend to be a dramatic critic—is bold, sensuous, without being nauseous, witty, and clever.

have been, one can only conjecture.

The devil calls himself Dr. Miller, saying: "Call me anything you like. We only call names when the party is absent; but call me Miller, or Brown, or Black.

* Forgive me, medam, for opening my eyes when for propriety's sake I should at least have kept one eye shut."

He was supposed to have been found asleep in Karl's studio, when Karl and Frau Hofmann were discreetly making.

Frau Hofmann were discreetly making

love. It is not my intention to present here the entire plot of the play, but only to give you an idea of its literary value. These extracts will help:

Devil—Under, ordinary circumstances I should now take my hat and leave; but my infinite tact compels me to force my presence upon you in this disagreeable situation.

presence upon you in this disagreeable situnition.

Olga—How dare you! (Te Kari) This man
has the insolence to—
Devil (very quickly)—Tour husband has
been dead some time?

Olga—Pm not a widow.
Devil (very quickly)—Oh, divorced?

Olga—No.
Devil—Well, if you think that I have insuited you, I should say the proper person
to refer me to would be your husband.
Fall of temperament, fall of temperament—
and pretty, too. (Kari lights cigarette at
table.) Too had she doesn't love her husband. (Karl, dropping cigarette, sits and
looks at the devil without speaking.) How
so I know? The way she turned to you
just now when she familed herself insulted.
It didn't escape me. No, she doesn't love
her husband. He must be sither a genius

ave been, one can only conjecture.

The Palace of Dunger, by Mabel Wagnalis Illustrated. \$1.50. Funk & Wagnalis Co-New York City.

Breathes again the spirit of Dumas or Edward Bulwer Lytton in this stirring historical novel of old France, the France of the 18th century, when Louis XV was

An immense canvas is spread, and An immense canvas is spread, and sometimes the figures are warlille and at others are creatures of statecraft, idieness and love. But, above all, towers the gigantic intellect of Madams de Pompadour. Indeed, "The Palace of Danger" seems to be the only high-class historical novel in which this fumous woman is the central moid, the story is so well teld and dramatically strong that it will held its own in the many literary stars of a busy book season.

of a busy book season.

Next to Madame de Pompadour, one likes Destine, the convent-bred naid, and her lover, the Count de Vrie, an aristocrat who held the court position of "Introducteur des Ambassadeurs." Wit and action are much in evidence, also beauty of descriptive power. For in-

stance:
Today Madame Pompadour was gowned in green velvet. Her jaunty three-cornered riding hat, edged with white marabut reathers, surmounted a wonderful, powdered coffure. Her face and figure were of a heauty more spirituelle than sensuous, and her bise eros, although not large, were notecably expressive. She conveyed an impression of crist vitality, every movement and glance radiating animation.

The Pompadour spoke with effective serlougness. She was sincere in a certain sense, but above all, she was dramatic; any thrilling speech that came to her lips soon prompted in her heart the requisite emotion.

in the superb dining-hall a surprise was in waiting. The four walls were covered with a solid mass of rosss-myriads of them, in every shade—and the air was heavy with a soft perfume. Such a ross-hower in Winter was a source of the great-

The King reached out his hand to pluck one of the flowers, and as he touched it

one of the flowers, and as he touched it Madams Pompadour exclaimed. "Behold his Majeary alightest touch has made the flower imperishable."
And this was apparently true, for that flower and every other was of flowers porcelain; each one a work of art.

As the stupendous prodigality of the display was comprehended—the enormity of the achievement, for it was a new accomplishment in ceramice—comments of excited wonder and admiration arese from at adds. The customary reserve of court functions broke away. Astonishment plawed through the frozen crust of eliquette. Animation supercessed smitt.

mation superceeded shillst.

The next morning before his Majesty was out of bed he received the astounding news that the majority of the members in the sight chambers of Parliament had sent in letters of resignation.

Louis the Fitteenth sat up in bed and said. "Le Diable" As the first gentleman of the royal bedchamber handed to his Majesty his royal shirt, he swore again in more elaborate terms. As the master of the wardrobe handed to the gentleman in waiting who in turn, handed to the chief valet in attendance the royal books, Louis towed by all the saints that swery ingrate feel of the Parliament should be exided. When the boots were on, he stamped them into place with another oath.

"The royal palacel you don't mean to without being nauseous, witty, and clever. I think it is mainly a satire on marriage. There is no ruined Marquerite, no duel to the death between Faust and Valentine, but there is an artist whom various women love and who has the bad taste to love a married woman. Olga Hofmann, wife of a banker. The latter has commissioned the artist. Karl Mahler, to paint Frau Hofmann's picture, the same being laid in Vienna. Olga destines Elsa, an unmarried heiress, to be Karl's wife, but he is perverse, and there is a slight affair of the heart between him and Mimi, his former model. What their relations may have been, one can only conjecture.

'The royal palace! yeu don't mean to ay you were there?" Destine nedded lightly, enjoying the ef-The tell us about it! Is it all gold and trible, and crystal mirrors and polished Diore" she replied, as one unimpressed with the grandeur. "But do you know, is was wonderfully cold! Most of the windows rearied." "Cold!" they exclaimed; "think of a balace being cold!"

I suppose that is why kings and queens always wear ceining!" put in Fanchon

Tid you see the King?" they inquired. Yes" And the Queen?"

"I don't know, when I saw her she was in teams."
""Trying! I never supposed queem cried!"
Fanchon was quite thoughtful for a myment but the others pressed their queries.
Du you see are more of the royal famit; as the Dauphin of a Prince?".
The Dauphin! men Disu, think of that!
whe saw the Dauphin too! Was he the least
by like a rairy prince?" Destine answered this
with entinglam. Test, he was exactly
risk as fairs thereof. I contid almost helieve
the fairles had seat him?"
Tell us made about him," they persist.
"He must be magnificent. Is he tail
and stately!"
"No, not tail; he is about the size of our

'A fat prince!" Fanchon grouned. The Litt-de-justice was all that pomp and gold could make it. Hank, station, lineage, estate, were measured and marked with the accuracy of notices on a yard stick—every title in its place, every shade of distinction manifest from the highest to the lowest.

**Other functionaries in voluminous or a very common man. Merriage with them is always unlucky. Believe me, common men love so low that the wives are afraid somehody will steal in through the window which they forgot to lock. And genius—well! That lives on the top floor, so many stairs, no elevator! Her ideal is—the second floor. (Karl looks impatiently at his watch and goes toward the door of the studio. The devil leans back blowing the smoke from his cigarette indifferently.) This is the second time I have seen her aboulders.

neuders.

Karl-What do you mean?

Devil-The first time I saw them was

Paris (Start from Karl) At the
ourse Only they were on the Aphrodite.

shoulders

Rarl—What do you mean?

Devil—The first time I saw them was in Paris—

Gist from Earl.) At the Louve Only they were on the Aphrodite. Am I right?

Devil (lifting himself upright cymically)—Which shoulders have you not seen?

Karl (angry)—I've seen the Aphrodite. Devil—Well, you may take my word. I have seen them both And, believe me, since Alcamenes I have known only one seulptor who could model such shoulders.

Karl—Who's that?

Devil—Good living. Such tender, soft lines are only possible for a weman who lives exquisitely well.

Oigs (re-entering)—What's the time?

Devil—You'r husband.

Devil—You'r husband.

Devil—You'r husband scieep after all.

Devil—You'r husband coming by ten minutes.

Oiga (angry)—Who?

Devil—Oh, so you weren't asisep after all.

Devil—Oh, so you weren't asisep after all.

Devil—Oh, so you weren't asisep after all.

Devil—Oh, see I was. But "what's the time" always means the husband's coming by ten minutes. If it wasn't for that ten minutes there would be more divorced women. (He goes and unlocks the door of the hall.) And less locked doors.

Oiga—Will this never stop?

Devil—Come, now, Let'e be logical. Let us look the situation in the face. Enter your hisshand. Well, here I am; where is the picture? The picture? (Shrugs his shoulders.) There is no picture. Karl hann't even touched a brush. Your husband is astonished, he tries to speak; the words stick in his throat; he gasps. "Well, if you didn't paint, why is she dressing?" Imagine the situation. You look at one another horribly embarrassed: Karl stammers something, but hat only makes it worse. Nothing has happened, and yet the mischief is done. What mischief? Appearances, appearances. They're like fly-paper, there's no getting away from the company of the sake of a little warmth and light into your wretched lives; but joy has its price. And you must pay it, you misers. The drunkard dies of drink, but while he is drunk angels in heaven sing to him. The poet dies in the word is but you has the price. And you must flame and bl

The end of the last act is an ingenious The end of the last act is an ingenious bit of pleasantry. The devil weaves a spell over Olga and makes her write a love-crazy letter to Karl. Written against her will, this letter is afterward presumably handed by the devil to Karl, in the woman's presence. Karl throws the letter into a blazing fireplace, and the devil departs, he says, to catch a train.

Olga Karl, I would have given one year f my life if you had not burned that letter, Karl Why, you told me why, what did

Karl—Why, you told me—why, what did it contain?

Olga—You know it all. What I told you a few moments ago. And now—sgoes to fire!—burned to ashes. My first love letter; the trembling confession of my infatuation with you which I would love to hate read over and over again with you. I want back that letter to drink in its passion. I don't want to think! I want to be happy! Only happy! If I had that letter back! Karl! (They start to embrace. Devil entera, carrying a traveling bag.)

Karl—I thought you'd gone.

Dovl!—I ask ten thousand pardons. So careless of me. By some mistake I gave you my coal bill instead of your letter.

Karl and Olga go out arm in arm, and

jewels, the blood. But all this magnificence paled before the splendour of royalty.

Louis, announced by his trumpaters, escorted by his heililant body-guard, his trainbearers, his ministers, entered by the special portal of the King.

"Vive le Ruit" shouted the populace without and the multitude within.

Amid cries of "Long live the King!" hisring bugies and waving oritammes. Louis mounted his canopled throbs. He carried himself with high head, an ignoring eye a commant ding step. There, above all others, his ermine robe draped about him, Louis stood before his Parliament, exaited, solitary, unapproachable.

And this was all as it should be when a king holds a Lit-de-justice; asserts his divine right to make a proclamation that none of his hearers approve of, but everyone must obey. No dissenting voice may be raised when the sovereign of France, from his throne in a Lit-de-justice reads forth his ultimatum and closes with the august words:

"Buch are my orders. I, the King, have spoken." Karl and Olga go out arm in arm, and

read the passion -letter. "There you are!" remarks the devil, sneering.

The Biotting Book. By E. F. Benson Price, \$1. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City, and the J. K. Gill Company, Port-land

What does the name of Benson recall? A remarkable trio of clever brothers, each one of whom has made an envied reputation not only in England, but out of it. The name of E. F. Benson : one of the much-talked-of novel he "Dodo," and also a lot of fanciful, airy

fiction.

In the present story, Mr. Benson's style bears a decided resemblance to that of Anthony Hope, but in plot the building up of curious evidence freeing a young man falsely charged with murder, rather suggests Anna Katharine Green. "The Biotting Book" is bold, bibulous and sensational, and utterly different from what I imagined Mr. Benson would write. It is an essentially English story. There are the usual number of formal phrases, details of dining, and references to brandy and sods. Thus, about a lawyer:

tails of dining, and references to brandy and soda. Thus, about a lawyer:
Mills splashed himself out a liberal allowance of brandy into his glass and mired a with a somewhat more carefully measured ration of soda. He was essentially a soher man, but that was partially due to the fact that his head was impervious to alcohol as teak is to water, and it was his habit to induige in two, and these rather stiff, brandices and sodas of an evening. He found that they assisted and clarified thought!

One finds so many similar references to

One finds so many similar references to drinking habits in current, "smart" Eng-lish novels. This story opens with a din-ner party in which port wine is men-tioned so seductively that thirst gets

The hero of the tale is Morris Assheton The here of the tale is Morris Assheton, aristocrat, who has an inherited fortune tied up in trust funds of \$250,000, invested for him by Taynton & Mills, lawyers. The latter have privately thrown away most of the money in wildcat investments, but outwardly have pretended that the money was tied up in irreproachable securities.

You settle snugly in your chair and prepare to enjoy what at first sight appears

pare to enjoy what at first sight appears to be a placid story of placid, aristocratic life in England, when suddenly a blow is struck. Lawyer Mills is found murdered by the side of a lonely road. He had been threatened by Assheton, and on the ground near where the dead man lay was a stick or bludgeon bearing Assheton's stick or bludgeon bearing Assheton's ame. Assheton is tried for his life, but out of the gloom comes a remarkable en-try on a blotter which changes every-thing, and points the hand of guilt to

A typical, latter-day Benson novel. Very little love making or humor-just smart story-telling.

Professor Burton, head of the depart-ment of English literature at the Uni-versity of Minnesota, is pleasantly re-membered in this city for the literary freat he recently gave here in a book talk, and reading of Booth Tarkington's novel,

"Monsieur Beaucaire."
"Three of a Kind" is an unusual story for a college professor to write, because it is neither dignified nor learned. It possesses in a marked quality, a heart interest in which laughter and tears are artistically mingled, and is sure to add to

artistically mingled, and is sure to add to our suthor's already achieved literary celebrity.

The "three" are: Ludovic Heffner, a kind-hearted German violinist; Phil, a waif of a newshoy picked from the gutter, and Dun, a cocker-spaniel. Long ago Ludovic had reached these abores from his native Germany, intending to send for and marry his Hilda when he got enough money saved. But he wasn't successful. and marry saved. But he wasn't successful as a financier, and he lost track of his sweetheart. Then he rescues Phil. who was fighting with a builty, gives the boy a home, and is overjoyed simple soul-to find out that Phil is Hilda's son. Dun,

the dog, just drifts into the little family.

the dog, just drifts into the little family, and becomes a hero by saving a little girl from drowning.

A pleasant, restful word-picture is drawn when the old German plays his violin after the day's duties are over. Phil and Dun both listen, and Dun howls or whines in sympathy with the music The book ought to interest all young people. It is safe without being duli and is deadly meant for the family circle. ple. It is safe without being dull and is clearly meant for the family circle. Professor Burton's other books include: "Dumb in June." "Message in Melody." "Literary Leaders of America." also a life of Walt Whitman and "Rahab," a

Williams of West Point. By Hugh S. John-son. Illustrated. Price, \$1.50. D. Apple-ton & Co., New York City.

The old code of the calet corps in the 30s is the central idea of this brilliantly told story of life at West Point, Amertold story of life at West Point, America's military academy on the Hudson River. The author is Lieutenant Hugh S Johnson, of the United States Army, and he presents a novel that pulses with health and temperament worth reading to the end, and just the book to put into the hands of an impressionable boy beginning to learn the great ideals of living. The hero is Cadet First Capitain Robert Williams, a great football general. living. The hero is Cadet First Capiain Robert Williams, a great football general, a bey who wouldn't fight even when he was called a coward. The reason? Well, it's a strange but perfectly salisfactory one under the circumstances. Read and find out about it. One of the charac-ters is an Oregon cadet. The best writ-ing in the book is a stirring description of the Army versus Navy football game, in which the hero, of course, helps the $i_{\rm H}$ which the hero, of course, helps the Army to win by a great run down the field with most of his opponents tagging after him. And no silly calf-love mars the tale.

Forward Pass. By Ralph Henry Barbour. Illustrated. Price, \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

Co. New York City
College football is in the air just now, and appropriately enough comes along this football story of boarding school life, pulsing with clean, wholesome fun, work and character formation. The hero is Daniel Moore Vinton, of Graystone, O., who goes to Yardley Hall School, Wissining, Conn. He is 15 years old, weighs 150 pounds, and just the sensible young. 138 pounds, and just the sensible young-ster it does one's heart good to read about. He makes his mistakes just like the average boy, and isn't a "Willie," by

any means.

Football looks at you all over the novel.

and there's plenty of diagram to illustrate the play. Vinton invents a double forward pass which enables his team to win. If the book reaches the dignity of win. If the book reaches the dignity of reprinting, please alter this sentence on page 118: "The quarter dove for the ball and William dove for the quarter." It should be expressed in better English. Otherwise, the story is all right, and is sure to be popular because it strikes a popular chord.

The Immortal Mement, by May Sinclair, illustrated, \$1.50. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City. Sam Weller, that experienced married man, said as a warning:

"Bevare of vidders;"

May Sinclair has written a daring novel of psychological interest and plot. Her heroine is a Mrs. Kitty Tall-leur, who at first passes off as a widleur, who at first passes off as a widow. However, she never was married,
but ought to have been. She is that
sardonic figure—a woman with a past,
a Zaza, a Sappho. She says: "I don't
believe in spiritual love. When you're
gone on a man, all you want is to get
him and keep him to yourself."

The scenes described are English, and
too many of the people in the novel
are people of leisure, who are idle loaf.

are people of leisure, who are idle loafare people of leisure, who are idie loarers, and ought to serve a long sentence
on the rockpile. Then they ought to
be treated to a chloride of lime bath.
"The Immortal Moment" is a shocker. It will have a large sale. Such
books invariably do. Fortunately, its
teaching is moral, with a terrible end-

The Riverman. By Stewart Edward White Illustrated. The McClure Company, New York City.

In a timber country like Oregon, this In a timber country like Oregon, this well-told story of log-jams, river booms and timber and then more timber is certain to be a favorite. The novel, opening in the early 70s, has the right hearty ring to it, and its wholesome, rugged people are worth reading about. Just the healthy story that working Americans like. The hero, Orde, the Riverman, and his wife, Carroll, have the country to the country of the control of the country of the one quaint expression:

Orde crept to Carrell, unheard. Gently he clasped her from behind. Unsurprised, she relinquished the harp-strings and sank

"Kind of fun being married, isn't it, sweetheart?" he said, repeating their quaint

A great story which from the stand-point of an athlete will live to be a classic, and read again and again. The telling of it is so marked with fire and excitement that the reader with good, red blood in his veins feels the same

were running a race.
"An Olympic Victor" is a story showing how one Loues, a Greek youth,
won the Marathon race from Marathon
to Athens, and in return to Athens, and in return received a bundle of laurel from the hands of the Queen of Greece, and refused a present of 50,000 francs payable in gold, because

of 80,000 frames payable in good, because he had just run for Greece.

The love-romance of Loues and Maria is delicious, and the picture where, before he starts on his famous run, they take the holy sacrament together is a fine bit of literary work.

ed in colors and the pages are decorated. The Toy Shop, by Margarita Spalding Gering. Harper & Brothers, New York City

ing. Harper & Brothera, New York City.

A pathetic little story in which President Abraham Lincoln is the central figure, a story breathing such mingled tenderness and patriotism that it ought to be in every American home where there are children It describes the anxious period in Lincoln's life before he found General Grant, "his" general, to end the war and bring peace.

Lincoln happens to visit the toy-shop of Joseph Schotz, a veteran who had served under Napoleon the Great, and whose trust in that great soldier as a conqueror had never faltered. From Scholtz's faith in Napoleon, Lincoln found his faith grow in Grant.

grow in Grant.

a gem of its kind.

The Washington Year Book, and Catchwords of Pairfetism, compiled by Wallace Rise, and Catchwords of Friendship. A. C. McClarg & Ce., Chicago, III.

These are three gift books, suitable for Christmas boxes in the approaching holiday season. "The Washington Year Book" has an entry for each day of the year filled with one of George Washington's quaint sayings.

"Catchwords of Patriotism" also has an entry for each day in the year accompanied by a quotation on patriotism selected from the writings of the world's most famous thinkers.

"Catchwords of Friendship" is the title of a modest little book containing 20 sentiments in verse and prose, wisely selected.

William Pierson Judson, Illustrated. \$1.50. The Engineering News Publishing Co., New York City.

Co., New York City.

Mr. Judson is recognized as a consulting engineer of authority, and halls from New York City. In this book of 145 pages is presented a vast amount of observation, technical and otherwise, concerning the preservation of surface and prevention of dust on macadamized roads, the latter evil being caused principally by the ever-extending use of the automobile.

These subjects are discussed from the vicewpoint of an expert. Road-dust, its control and prevention; moisture, oil-

emulsions, oils, coal-tar preparations, tar spraying machines, tar-macadism, rock-asphalt macadam, and bitulithic pave-ment.

Mass
Miss Repplier is recognized as a leading American essayist, and naturally this little volume of her gentle literary criticism and reminiscences will arouse widespread interest. Her critical sense is never obtrusive, and her recital of the fads and fancies of our recognizations as delightful flayer and recital of the face and fancies of our grandparents has delightful flavor and quite romantic interest. Some of her chapters are headed: "When Lalia Rookh Was Young," "The Literary Lady," "On the Slopes of Parnassus" and "Our Accomplished Great-Grand-mother."

The Circular Staircase, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Illustrated, The Bobbs-Mer-rill Co. Indianapolis, Ind.

A real detective story, possessing all the elements of mystery skillfully worked to a sensational finale, and written by a woman. The clews are carefully hidden until the right mo-ment, and how that old maid—I mean lady of single blessedness—didn't lose her senses—but that's telling. Mrs. Rinehart is almost up to Conan Doyle. She halls from Pittsburg. Pa., and in private life is a surgeon's wife and the nother of three children. The Call of the City, by Charles Mulford Robinson, \$1.25. Paul Elder Co., Sar

Francisco.

Francisco.

Written in essay form and in smooth, polished style, somewhat after the fashion of Anthony Hope, but without the latter's smart sarcasms. The country has plenty of defenders. It is encouraging for a city dweller to find such an eloquent defense of life in the city. The little book, beautifully printed, tells of the city's human interest, feliowship comforts, opportunities, holidays, entertainments—and lots of other rosy-hued, wholesome attractions. A onic.

The New Boy, By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Hustrated Price, \$1.50. Houghton, Mif-flin & Co., Boston, and the J. K. Gill Company, Portland.

Undisputably the cleanest and mo undisputably the cleanest and most wholesome story of the schoolboy life in America, that has been issued for a long time. Louis Collingswood is such a natural boy Long life to him! I like "The New Boy" nearly as much as I do "Tom Brown." Besides, the story is American.

Roy and Ray in Canada. By Mary Wright Plummer Illustrated. Pirce, \$1.75. Henry Holt & Co., New York City.

This author, who is director of the Pratt Institute Library School, is now accepted as a favorito writer for children, because her books can be depended on for correctness of information, in-struction, and entertainment. The pres-ent book is an excellent one, and not only is it a record of journeys through Canada with a party of children, but it is bound to be useful as a travel guide.

Sidney at College. By Anna Chapin Ray Illustrated. Price. \$1.50. Little, Brown &

Co., Beston.

Miss Sidney Stayre's life as a freshman at Smith College, Massachusetts, is pictured with brightness and plenty of action. She and her college friends are worth bringing to the attention of young

City.

Ci

LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

The picture on this book page is taken from the novel. "The Little Brown Jug at Kildare," recently reviewed in these col-umns.

Robert Herrick's "Together" has been barred from the shelves of the public library in a New England town. The sama library authority has banished the works of George Meredith.

Angelo Neumann's "Reminiscences of Richard Wagner," in a translation by Edith Livermore, is to be an early issue from the press of the Holts who have contracted for the American rights of the book from the

Mrs. Wesselhoeft, already widely knows for her various books for young people which inculcate so strongly the principle of kindness and consideration towards animals, has another book of the same trend in "Rover, the Farm Dog." The book will be published in a few days.

Some extraordinary stangas are noticed the Oxford Treasury of English literature

These books were received through the courtesy of the J. K. Gill Co.: "Weeping Uross." "Waldo French and Others." "Catch Words of Patrictism." "The Washington Year Book, "Catchwords of Friendship." "The Riverman." "Peter" and an hip," "Ine "Olymple Victor."

The rumor, which was never confirmed, that the late Paul L. Ford based the character of his Peter Stirling on that of Grover Cleveland, probably is helping keep up interest in that remarkable American political novel. "The Honorable Peter Stirling," which is being reprinted for the fifty-second time, and for which the demand is constant and steady 14 years after publication.

A new work of fiction by an anonymous writer. "Travels of a Lady's Maid," by A. B. The story is that of a lady's maid who accompanied a Countess and her daughter, who came to New York with the Earl for the marriage of the son of the family. They cross the Continent, returning home by way of Japan, India, across to Egypt. Greece and Italy.

What herepased to an American young

What happened to an American young man traveling on the Continent, who responded to an advertisement. An Original Gentleman Wanted, is the theme of a captivating romance, entitled "An Original Gentleman," from the pan of Anns Warner, the creator of "Susan Clogg," "Aunt Mary," etc. It so happens that Anne Warner is at present visiting. Hildeshelm, Germany, where the scenes of her new story are laid.

etc. It so happens that Anne we have deep present visiting Hildeshelm. Germany, where the scenes of her new story are laid where the scenes of her new story are laid.

In response to a cable message from the Robert Appleton Company, publishers of the Catholic Encyclopedia, making inquiry in Rome as to the truth of the recent reports in several newspapers that an article or articles in the Encyclopedia had been condemned by the Roman authorities. Most Reverend John M. Farley, Archbishop of New York under a recent date sent a cable message from Rome stating that the story referred to is incorrect.

Justus Milles Forman is among the authors returning from abroad who have come home in good time to begin the New York literary season. Mr. Forman, who was a passenger on the Cedric, has been abroad since May, chiefly in England and in France, in regions where he is an accustomed visitor and guest. One of the first duties Mr. Forman did upon arrival was to consult his publishers, the Harpers, upon the manuscript of a new book.

Maybe there's something in this trial marriage business, says a writer in Young's Magazine. For pursatory is better than-the lower place. Look at the Blanks, for instance. At the height of their usual quarried the other day Mrs. Blank choked back a sob and said, reproachfully.

"Well, I got my wish," Blank growled.

Hamilin Garland was recently a visitor in New York, having come all the way from wiston this publishers, the Harpers, on the matter of his new book. It is announced that this book to appear this month, will probe a hit into the ethereal world of apririts, where, if Mr. Garland cannor exactly he said to be at home, he is at least a distinguished excursionist. The investigations made by him as president and mem-

ber of the Psychical Research Society are not forgotten, though observed by his favor as a novelist, and the public is likely to give attention when he presents the case. Incredible as it may seem, disquieting as it undoubtedly is, the whole matter of spiritism is become a problem which this century seems constrained at last to face.

seems constrained at last to face.

Answering an inquiry as to the truth of the report that Macterlinck's draws. "Maria Magdalena," had been suppressed in Russia by the imperial authorities. Ferederick von Oppeln the Belgian author's translator, says in an open letter: "The drama in question is not even finished and the manuscript has been seen by no-body except the writer. The only point in connection with the new drama worthy of notice is that Macterlinck is hard at work on the cleaning scenes of 'Maria Magdalena.'"

dalena."

Alfred O. Croxier, lawyer, of Wilmington, Del, and author of that novel of the finance market. "The Magnet," is another clever advertiser. He is a neighbor of General Dupont, of powder-trust fame, and it is related that a few days before General Dupont resigned as head of the speaker's bureau of the Republican executive committee, that Mr. Crosler wrote President Roosevett hinting that General Dupont was too much of a political heavyweight to carry. Then came General Dupont's resignation. Morai: Renewed Interest in Mr. Crosler and his novel.

*The Age of Shakespeare." Mr. Swin-

eThe age of Shakespeare," Mr. Swinburne's forthcounting work of Elizabethan
eriticism. Is to be concerned with those
dramazinis who in the light of Shakespeare
are lesser known; of, as the author's verse
phrases it. 'those whose glory shons round
Shakespeare's." These are Mariow, Webster, Dekker, Marston, Middleton, Rowley,
Heywood, Chapman and Cyril Tourneur, it
thus becomes evident that Mr. Swinburne
has not dupilicated in this new volume the
criticism in his previous book on Shakespears, or in that on Ben Jonson. 'The Age
of Shakespeare' is to be published simultancously in England and in this country.

This 'real oute' press agent's notice re-

This 'real cute' press agent's notice re-lating to John Kendrick Bangs is just out: A clergyman was calling recently on the author of "Potted Fiction," the only vest-pocket Carnegie library on the market, and while looking around Mr. Bangs' beautiful library expired the typewriting machine upon which his host performs his professional duties.

duties.
"Ah!" said the clergyman, "is this the machine that John Kendrick hangs?"
Popular account has it that his host's innate reverence for the cloth was all that prevented him from tearing it into shreds.

A sympathetic appreciation of "Lombrose. Prophet and Criminologist." by Professor Guglieimo Ferrero, is a blographical
feature of the current number of the Century. The writer is professor of Roman history in the University of Turin, and is to
lecture at the Lowell Institute in Boston
in November and December on the fundamental problems of Roman history. He
says he would call Lombroso neither a naturalist nor an anthropologist, nor a sociologist: "I should call him a Jewish prophet
in the garb of a modern philosopher. This
is the mest accurate and comprehensive
definition of his personality."

Henry James in his crusade for a "less

Henry James in his crusade for a "less dreadful" American voice attracted many disciples and believers. One of these, evidently, is Miss Katherine Jawell Everts, whose vigorous discussion and helpful hints on the matter the Harpers have just included in a little volume called "The American Voice." Being a well-known teacher of voice-culture, Miss Everts is able to give plain directions for overcoming common defects of speech, especially that hardness and shriliness of intonation to which Americans are admitted to be peculiarly prone. The exercises recommended are so simple and natural that anyone can follow them without frouble.

It was predicted when Mr. Howells made his journey to Rome last January that the fruit of the Winter and Spring months which he spent there would be a book on Rome. Announcement has just been made that such a book, to be entitled "Roman Holldays," is now forthcoming. It is to be not a novel, but a group of sketches in the informal essays style which many of Mr. Howell's readers proclaim shows his art at its best. Blended with the mellower reflection of the late sojourn are certain to be the youthful impressions of that first visit to Rome some 40 years ago, hence it is not too much to expect to find Mr. Howells in the new book in real hollday mood.

One of the richest of Autumn promises in the book world is a critical volume by Henry Mills Alden for 40 years editor of Harper's Magazine, on the subject of "Magazine Writing and the New Literature." The nuthority and pleasure which a work of this sort seems destined to contribute to modern commentary are genuinely rare.

to the consideration of general magazine influence during the last two centuries, and will be concerned also with the significant development in the sensibility of the public during that time. Mr. Alden has always written with a rure personal touch, and has here a field of such rich interest that the reader's anticipation becomes very keen.

E. Phillips Oppenheim's Anturen novel, "The Long Arm of Mannister," which will see the light next week, is unlike any of Mr. Oppenheim's other popular stories. The licro Mannister, a powerfully-drawn character, is the victim of a cruel plot of a band of complicators. Undaunted by the great odds against him, he proceeds to revenge himself. Circumstances are such that he is obliged to man out an entirely different plan of procedure against each of the conspirators. One by one, Marnister seeks out his enamles, and single-handed administers to them the punishment they deserve. His quest takes him to many parts of the world and the ingenuity of device and boldness of execution of his assounding adventures keep the reader guessing.

Among all the magazines the most notable progress during recent months has been made by the Broadway Magazine, which appears for October under the name of Hampton's Broadway Magazine, the addition of the personal name heing that of Heijamin B. Hampton, the editor and publisher. There are four other exceptionally interesting articles—one by Linday Denison on newspapers, press agents, tained news, and made-to-order trouble; one by James H. Collins on "The Business Woman:" a humorous one by Portor Emerson Browne on "Tin Pan Alley," where all the popular songs are "manufactured; and one on the dancing crise, illustrated by very beautiful photographs of the leading dancers. The fiction is decidedly good.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Wes Winkles at the Mountains," by Gabrielle E. Jackson, \$1.25. (Harpers.)
"Cupid's Almanac and Guide to Hearticulture," compiled by D. Cupid, by John Cecil Clay and Oliver Herford, D. Cecil.
(Houghton-Mifflin Co.).
"The Wide Awake Girls," by Katiarins Ruth Ellis, \$1.50. (Little Brown & Co.).
"Long Odds," by Harold Bindioss, \$1.50. (Small-Maynard.).
"Porfirle Dias," by Rafael de Zayas Enriquez, Illustrated \$1.50 (Appleton's.).
"Weeping Cross," by Henry L. Stuart.
\$1.40. (Doubleday-Page.).
"The One and L. by Elizabeth Presmantic G. W. Jacobs & Co.).
"My Auto Book," by Waiter Pulitzer, Hustrated \$1. (Outing Publishing Company.).
"Walde French and Others," by Henry B.

pany.)
"Waldo French and Others." by Heury B.
Puller. (Scribner's.)
"The Mathods of Mr. Ames." by Frederic
Carrel. \$1.50 (Mitchell Kennerley.)
"Quatrains of Christ." by George Creel. 75
cents. (Faul Elder & Co.) Giving Cuyler "The Squeeze"

Continued From Page 9. lookin' him all over from head to foot, was a caution. Sneer! You could al-

most hear it. Cuyler tries to laugh it off at first; but the longer them eyes of Hassan's travels over him the uneasier he gets. for wantin' to have folks think him the top of the cream bottle is Cuyler's weak point. And here was a dead broke foreigner showin' plain that he put him in the plugged nickel class. Cuyler gets red around the neck and shifts in his chair. At last he has enough

"Oh, I say, Florrie," says he, "let up, will you! I was only joking, you know. I-I'd be delighted to send this fellow back home. Really, I would." "Money talks," says Florrie.

Cuyler greaus, but he digs up a couple of twentles. "Two more," says Florrie, "Thanks. I'll explain to Hassan what a wholesouled, generous chap you are. Going. are you? Well, so long, Cuyler," And

as he sneaks out Florrie gives me the wink. "Gee, Florrie!" says I, "but you're an elegant lenion squeezer! And Hassan

sure deserves it, don't he?" "Deserves nothing," says Florrie,
"He's the laziest, most dishonest scoun-drel that ever swindled a Cairo tour-I that ever swindled a Cairo tour-But we needn't tell Cuyler that."

Wretched Ellen Gray

PORTLAND, Oct. 4 - (To the Editor.) committed to memory nearly 60 years nembers of her family, is recalled by the ourageous attitude of The Oregonian and many of its contemporaries toward those unfortunate women who have reduced to its last analysis the problem of sex-dependency for self-support, and are compelled by man-made law to bear alone the penalties of a mutual or double sin. Verily the world is moving, and men and women are moving with it toward the goal of equal rights for both the sexes the only cure for the socia evil. ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY.

The night was dark and bitter cold: The low dun clouds all wildly rolled, Scudding before the blast. While cheeriessly the frozen sleet, Adown the melancholy street Crept onward thick and fast.

When crouched at an unfriendly door, Faint sick and miserably poor, A silent woman sat, he might be young—and had been fair, but from her eyes looked out despair All dim and desolate.

Was I to pass her coldly.

Leaving her there to pine and die.

The livelong, freezing night?

The secret answer of my heart

Told me I had done my part

In flinging her a mite.

She looked her thanks, then drooped her head "Have you up home—no friend?" I said, ... "Get up, poor creature, come You seem unhappy, faint and weak, How can I help to save you, speak, Or whither help you home?"

"Alas! kind sir, poor Ellen Gray
Has had no friend this many a day;
And but that you look kind.
She has not found the face of late
To look on her in aught but hats,
And still despairs to find.

"And for a home, would I had none! The home I haves a wicked one. She will not let me in.
Till I can fee my saller's hands With the vile tribute she demands. The wages or my sin.

"My mother died when I was born and I was cast a babe forlorn Upon the workhouse floor. My father—would I knew him not, A squalld thief, drunken sot. I dare not tell you more.

"And I was bound, an infant slave, Whom up one loved enough to save From cruel, sordid men— A friendiess, famished factory child, Morn moun and night I tolled and tolled But I was happy then.

"My heart was pure, my cheek was fair; Ah! would to God a cancer there Had eaten out its way! For soon my insker, dreaded man, With treacherous arts and wiles began To mark me for his prey.

"And months by months he vainly strove. To light the fame of lawless love in my most loathing breast.
Oh, how I feared and hated him—So hasely kind, so smoothly grim,
My terror and my pest!

But one day at the prison mill, yielded to his atronger will—
Forgot myself and fell!
The the old story, stranger, friend,
The story with the tragic end
That drags us down to hell!

"Thenceforward drooped my stricken ness."

I lived, I died a life of dread.

Lest they should guess my shame.

But weeks and months would pass away.

And all too soon the bitter day

Of wrath and ruin came.

T could not hide my changing form; Then on my head the awful storm Of gibe and insult burst! Men only mocked me for my fate. But woman's scorn and woman's hate Me their poor sister cursed!

"Oh, woman! had thy kindless face
But gentler looked on my disgrace
And healed the wounds it gave!
I was a drowning, sinking wretch.
Whom no one loved enough to stretch
A finger out to save! "They tore my baby from my heart And locked it in some hole apart Where I could hear its cry. Such was the horrid poorhouse law, Its little throse I never saw. Although I heard it die!

"Still the stone hearts that ruled the place
Let me not kise my darling's face—
My little darling, dead.
Oh! I was mad with rage and hate.
But still all sullenly I sai,
And not a word I said.

"I would not stay; I could not bear To breathe the same infected air That killed my preclous child! I watched my time and fied away, The live-long night, the live-long day In fear and angulen wild.

"Till, down a river's bank.
Twenty leagues off, I fainting sank—
And only longed to die!
I had no hope, no home, no friend,
No God! I sought but for an end
To life and nivery.

"Ah! lightly heed the rightcous few.
How little to themselves is due,
With all things given to them!
Yet, the unwise, because untaught.
The wandering sheep, because unsought.
They thoughtlessly condenn! "And little can the untempted dream.
While gilding smoothly on life's stream
They keep the better laws.
What they would be.
If tossed like me.
They knew how hunger gnaws!

"Alas why need I count by links.
The heavy lengthening chain that sinks
My life, my soul, my all?
I still was fair, though hope was dead,
And so I sold myself for bread,
And lived upon my fall;

"Now I was reckiess, hold and had.

My love was hate! I grew half mad
With thinking on my wrongs!

Disease and pain and glant sin
Rent hody and soul and raged within,
Such need to guilt belongs.

"And, what I was, such still am It Unfit to live, afraid to die; And yet, I hoped I might Most m; best friend and lover, Death In the diorce frowns and frozen bres Of this December night.

"My tale is told, my heart grows cold:
I cannot stir, yet good, kind sir,
I know that you will stay,
But God is kinder e'en than you,
Will he not look in pity too,
On wretched Ellen Gray?"

Her eyes were fixed, she said no more; But proposed against the cold street door, She leaned her fainting head. One moment she looked up and smiled, Full of new hope, as Morey's child, And the poor girl was dead.