"LIFE IS THE CHILDHOOD OF OUR IMMORTALITY"—GOETHE.

WILLIAM WINTER,
WHOSE NEW BIOGRAPHY IS JUST OUT ENTITLED "OTHER DAYS"

Other Days. By William Winter. Illustrated. Price, $3. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York City.

For more than 50 years Mr. Winter has been associated with men and women of the theatrical profession in America, and he has at once been their critic, friend and associate. When one remembers that Mr. Winter possesses an unusual power of recording impressions of the moment, and a good memory, and has carefully preserved a great many letters received from the celebrated ones of the footlights, it is readily understood that this volume of 389 pages of the veteran critic's reminiscences, is of conspicuous importance and gives a stage picture found nowhere else in English. Indeed, it takes an honored place among the big biographical books of 1908. It is illustrated with numerous photographs.

An idea of the scope of what Mr. Winter has written may be gathered from the headings of his 12 chapters:

Introduction, a royal line, Joseph Jefferson, Dion Boucicault, John Brougham, E. A. Sothern, Mary Anderson, John McCullough, Charlotte Cushman, Lawrence Barrett, Adelaide Neilson, and notes and addenda.

Of course, that list does not include all the persons named in these appreciative yet critical pages—only a hint of the good things in store is given. Mr. Winter, the sturdy friend, just critic, good hater, passionate lover, and yet caustic judge—appears in all these moods. This review does not pretend to estimate Mr. Winter's artistic worth to the American stage. It only strives to give to The Oregonian readers an idea of Mr. Winter's chronicles and memories of the stage—reminiscences which nearly all appeared in serial form not very long ago in a Philadelphia magazine of immense circulation.

The first chapter, "A Royal Line," deals principally with Mr. Winter's impressions of Edwin Forrest, Joseph Jefferson and Henry Irving. Of Forrest, Mr. Winter writes: "In the manifestation of terror, he lolled out his tongue, contorted his visage, made his frame quiver and used the trick-sword with the rattling hilt. In scenes of fury he panted, snorted and snarled like a wild beast. In death scenes, his gasps and gurgles were protracted and painfully literal. The bellow that he emitted, when as "Richelieu" he threatened to launch the ecclesiastical curse, almost made the theater walls tremble."

We younger people are accustomed to hear doleful experiences concerning John McCullough, who passed away in a lunatic asylum, and it is therefore a relief to read one ludicrous joke McCullough once played on Forrest at sea:

Forrest was wretchedly sick, but McCullough was a good sailor. "You great hulking brute, you haven't got brains enough to be sick," exclaimed Forrest.

By and by the sea grew calm and the invalid found himself in a better condition. It was a Sunday morning and the usual preparations had been made for public worship.

"There will be divine service in the saloon at 11 o'clock, sir," said McCullough, "and I have asked the purser to reserve a seat for you near the desk. I thought that perhaps you would like to attend."

"You've done well," answered Forrest. "Blank-blank-blank! I'd give $50 to hear a good sermon. What sort of a man will preach? Is he a good preacher?"

McCullough had seen the clergyman who was to officiate, and had found him to be a long, lank, red-haired vision of elderly misery, depressing to behold and provided with a rasping, nasal voice, intolerable to sensitive ears.

"The minister is a handsome young man," he replied, "and they tell me he is a fine reader and very eloquent. I think you will be surprised."

"Well, by blank-blank! Let's go in."

"I took special care," said McCullough to me, in telling the story, "to place Forrest in front, where, of course, he was a conspicuous figure, and I knew that he could not escape, and when the parson got under way the look that he gave me was a rich reward. He made the best of his dilemma and submitted to the infliction."

Soon after the service had ended and Forrest had retired to his cabin, the wind came on to blow, the sea grew rough, and he was again taken ill. McCullough went to the clergyman, and, complimenting him on his excellent discourse," assured him that the great actor had been especially pleased and impressed by it, and was wishful to see him. The delighted preacher promptly obeyed the "summons" and repaired to Forrest's room. The language that ensued can perhaps be surmised; it certainly cannot be fully written.

"Blank-blank-blank!" snorted the seasick lion. "Before you uttered your infernal drivel the sea was calm, the sun was bright and we were all comfortable. Blank-blank-blank! Now look at the storm. You've offended the Almighty, and we're all likely enough to go to h—l together."

"I am sorry, sir," replied the astonished clergyman, "to hear you speak thus of my Lord and Master."

"Your Lord and Master!" roared the nauseated, disgusted, furious actor. "He never went to sea but once, and then he got out and walked ashore, and I wish to heaven that I could.

"Get 'em to tie this infernal ship to a rock, McArdle," he shouted, addressing his agent. "Tie her up, and let me get out of her!" The parson fled, and so that episode of travel was ended.

Here is one exquisite episode related of Mary Anderson—a scene worthy of a Murillo:

One of the cherished memories of my life is of an Autumn afternoon many years ago, in old Paddington churchyard (which churchward is meant?) in London. It was a Sunday, and the neighboring streets were deserted and still. The sky, overcast with mistlike clouds, was gray and dim. The leaves were falling. The twilight was coming slowly, and a faint breeze was idly stirring the thin, withering grass. No sound was heard save rustling foliage and sighing wind. I was standing at the grave of Sarah Siddons, illustrious actress of the past; and beside me, pensive and mute, looking down upon the mound, stood Mary Anderson, auspicious actress of the present. There, on the one side, a few words cut in marble to record the end of a glorious life: the garlands dead; the music hushed; the pageant vanished. Here, on the other side, beauty in its radiance; youth in its triumph; genius in its power; fame in its glory. The contrast and the monition were too deep for words. We laid a few flowers on that grave and turned away in silence.

Many are the sidelights thrown on Joseph Jefferson:

I asked him whether, if he were suddenly called on to act an old comedy part that he had ever previously played, it would be possible for him to act it without reviewal and preparation. "Yes," Jefferson said, "if I were waked from a midnight sleep and told that I must act Pangloss, or Ollapod, or any of those old parts in which I was trained, I could go on and do it at a moment's notice."

* * *

He once said to a member of his theatrical company: "I never did anything on the stage that I did not know I was doing—never anything without the intention of doing it."

* * *

Many years ago in Boston, when Lawrence Barrett was wooing the beautiful and excellent lady whom he afterward married, Jefferson suddenly said to him "Barrett, you're in love." "What makes you think that?" asked Lawrence—astonished at the discovery of his secret. "You've changed your waistcoat three times today," Jefferson said.

* * *

I went fishing with him once in Paradise Valley, and had occasion to observe, not only his skill, but his conscientious principle as a sportsman. He struck a trout through the tail and landed it; then, somewhat ruefully, he said: "You know that's not fair." And he threw the fish back into the stream. Of a lady whom he loved and honored, he said: "She's very nervous when she's fishing. First she's afraid she won't get a bite—and then she's afraid she will."

* * *

Many years ago Jefferson bought an island about 10 miles from New Iberia, among the bayous of Louisiana. Walking with him one day in the woods of that estate, we were conversing about the antiquity of trees, when suddenly he paused and fixed his earnest gaze on one stately, splendid old tree, a few yards from our path. Then approaching it, and caressing its trunk, he said, in earnest, affectionate tones: "I never noticed this old chap before." There was in his face, in his voice, in his gesture, in his spirit, the genuine, deep, unaffected love of nature—the intuitive sympathy with natural things that we feel in some of the poems of Wordsworth, when that great poet becomes self-forgetful and is inspired. That feeling was in his performance of Rip. No other actor has expressed in art, as he did, the spirit of humanity in intimate relation with the spirit of physical nature.

Several anecdotes of the great Macready, told by John Brougham, the Irish actor, appear in Winter's pages. Read this one, concerning Macready's mingled bad temper and kindly heart:

The night was stormy. Macready was in his dressing-room, attended by a serving-man, whom he had brought from England as a dresser. "Look about you," the stern actor fiercely exclaimed, addressing his attendant. "Where is it? Can I have nothing done as it should be?" The terrified servant looked about, but remained bewildered and helpless. "My book of beards," growled Macready—"where is it?"

"I must have forgotten it, sir," said the frightened dresser. "I'll run to the hotel and fetch it." The attendant departed.

"I had to come to the room," said Brougham, "to make sure that everything had been done for Macready's comfort. When the servant had gone he produced a bottle of sherry, and, without ever offering me a single taste of it, he sat there, sipping the wine, and, with many oaths (for, although pious, and sincerely so, he was, when excited, profusely profane), cursing the negligence of everybody. Soon the servant came back, bringing the book of beards. Macready received him with anger and fearful imprecation, consigning his soul to the nethermost pit. "When I took you from London," he exclaimed, "I promised your friends that I would look over you, and take care of you, and now, on such a night as this, you go into the wet streets with nothing on your feet but slippers." Then there was another burst of profane indignation. It was a case of filling the air with brimstone.

There is no doubt that Boucicault liked Winter—yet this is Winter's curt estimate of the Irish actor and dramatist:

Dion Boucicault as a man was vain, self-indulgent, shallow, fickle and weak. Also, like some other Irishmen of renown, he was unfortunate in a propensity to strife. He had success in his public career, alike as actor and dramatist; but, valuing himself very highly, he was seldom if ever satisfied with the recognition he received, and he lived in almost continual antagonism toward either institutions or individuals. His character was neither great, noble nor lovely. The more his life is examined the more does it reveal vanity of motive and selfishness of conduct. . . . He was one to whom neither love nor friendship could long adhere. . . . The retrospection of his life affords a melancholy spectacle; for, what does it signify that a man has written a clever book, or made a brilliant speech, or pleased an audience with a fine dramatic performance, if, when the sod has closed over his ashes, nobody thinks of him with a sigh or cares to place a flower on his grave?

Of the elder Sothern's conception of the character of Lord Dundreary, Winter writes: "Its vesture of vacuity was irresistibly comic, while, within that vesture, its shrewd, waggish mind, continuously operative, was intensely interesting. Its attributes were bland, nonsensical self-assurance; portentous gravity, tortuous mental tangle, unexpectedness of speech and motion, inconsequence of reasoning, abundant vitality, brilliant vigor of expression, pervasive refinement and a charming vein of alert playfulness." The present Mr. Sothern gets short shrift, Winter referring to him, in passing, as "a prosperous actor"!

Winter thinks that McCullough "would have set the heel of amused contempt on all such sickly humbugs as Maeterlinck, Sudermann and Shaw." Winter also says that the present theatrical audience is "largely composed of vulgarians;" the leather is suffering from a "department store" administration; "jacks in office" are the most distressing affliction of the actor; the usual producer is a "fungus of modern growth—a prig who crams himself by consulting a cyclopedia"; "among persons who chiefly control our theater today there is scarcely one who is competent to judge of the merits of a play by reading it, or one who can rehearse a company, or can help actors in the development of their art."

The book, on the whole, is less caustic than the world-wise reader would expect—knowing the source. It is also difficult to look at the placid features of venerable Mr. Winter as he now appears in his picture and find there any hint of the cutting sarcasm and lance-like criticism for which his name stands. A humble note creeps in on the second last page: "In dismissing this book to the dubious chances of publicity, I am conscious of a sense of mingled relief and solicitude; relief, because a delicate and difficult work has been done, and solicitude because of its imperfection."

A hint is dropped that one of the sketches on Richard Mansfield, a sketch which should properly appear in this volume, has been reserved for incorporation in Mr. Winter's forthcoming book on "Life and Art of Richard Mansfield."

So reminiscent is this book of the world's great ones that it is difficult to decide just what extracts should be given from it, and where to stop.

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. By John Fox, Jr. Illustrated. Price, $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, and the J. K. Gill Company, Portland.

Whenever educated American book-lovers meet people whose expert knowledge of good stories is worth having, there arise, a wail of sorrow over what they call the degeneracy of present-day fiction.

"Where is the Nathaniel Hawthorne, Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, George Eliot—of 1908?" is the caustic critic's query. "In place of these whom have we got? The later mediocrity and often vulgarity of, say, Jack London? Booth Tarkington? Robert W. Chambers?"

Wait a bit. Hope dawns for the impatient patriot, the believer who insists that something big will evolve before very long in American fiction.

I miss my guess very much if this "something big" is not Mr. Fox's "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," the first imprint of which was 100,000 copies. "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" was a great novel, but "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is a better one. The former novel told of the Kentucky of about 40 years ago, a savage, primitive time. And the present novel tells about the Kentucky of today, just beginning to break loose from the tradition of feud, shotgun and whisky, feeling the first throb of the industrial life that will before long tear great fortunes in coal and iron from her rugged hills.

Then, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is not abnormal. It does not depict the gasp of the newly-rich anxious to become richer; the desire of the proletariat to destroy, in order that he may get the wealth of the plutocrat; trial marriage; divorce, or the dizzy joys of high finance. Nothing so cheap. "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is poetic, imaginative, pure as a wild bird's call to his mate, and essentially a love poem. It is a typical story for modern men and women, and those who do not feel better after reading it and catching its breath of inspiration, had better look to their mental or physical health. They had better try the efficacy of a mind cure, or a dose of swiftly acting medicine.

The scene of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is laid in the Cumberland Mountains, and lots of picturesque mountaineers, who speak a queer dialect, light up the pages with their ceaseless activity. The hero is John Hale, civil engineer, who helps to found a new industrial town in the region, and hopes to make his fortune in the coal fields. He is civilized, educated, strong-armed, and one who fights for law and order as opposed to that of mountain feuds.

The Tolliver-Falin feud principally furnishes the plot. John Hale rides into that mountain region one fateful morning, and by chance meets one June Tolliver, who is described as "a little girl." Hale had wandered to inspect a giant tree of pine that defiantly reared its head above its fellows—little dreaming that the big pine would, before very long, become a trysting place for him and June.

It is related that June belonged to "mountain people who have had no navigable rivers, no lakes, no wagon roads, except often the beds of streams. They are a perfect example of an arrested civilization, and they are the closest link we have with the Old World. They were Unionists because of the Revolution, as they were Americans in the beginning because of the spirit of the Covenanter. This feud business is a matter of clan-loyalty that goes back to Scotland. They argue this way: You are my friend or my kinsman, your quarrel is my quarrel, and whoever hits you, hits me."

In these early days of their acquaintance Hale caught a fish and gave it to June, and she replied in this speech:

"I'm much obleeged. I'd 'a' cooked hit fer ye, if I'd 'a' knowed you wasn't goin' to take hit home. Air you ever comin' back again?"

"Yes, June," he said soberly. "Not for some time, maybe—but I'm coming back again sure." She smiled then with both lips and eyes—radiantly.

"I'll be lookin' fer ye," she said, simply.

To keep law and order in his new town, Hale organized a volunteer police force, armed with Winchesters, and frequent collisions with both Tollivers and Falins result. "Devil" Judd Tolliver comes to hate Hale, especially when Hale insists on arresting Bad Rufe Tolliver, a feud leader and professional man killer, because of a new murder. Bad Rufe doesn't plead any unwritten law or temporary "Americana dementia"—so he is promptly convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Both clans say that the hanging shall not take place. Hale says it will.

The supreme moment of the story is this hanging scene, for it is depicted with tremendous force. Art is used, with everything gruesome left out. As Bad Rufe stands near the scaffold, a Tolliver rifleman 300 yards away aims a bullet for his kinsman's heart—so that the world could not say that a Tolliver suffered the disgrace of being hanged—but the bullet struck Bad Rufe in one shoulder. And the hanging scene is told in these significant words:

In five minutes from within the tall wooden box came the sharp click of a hatchet and then—dully:

"T-h-o-o-m-p!" The dangling rope had tightened with a snap and the wind swayed it no more.

June's rage grows against Hale—the man who had educated her—and the Tollivers move away—a broken people. Hale's wealth vanishes and his boom town collapses.

Just as Hale is waiting in the forest to "git" Dave Tolliver—for had not Dave vowed to "git" him?—a figure emerges, and Hale grips his pistol closer. But it is June who has returned from the West, a woman, at last. Her father was dead, and Dave killed in a cowboy fight.

A horn-call summons Uncle Billy, June's relative, a Justice of the Peace. Surely another Garden of Eden. Love again is all in all, as Hale and June clasp hands to be married—he clad in his rough suit, blue flannel shirt, and miry boots; and she in her simple but coarse gown, the garment in which she cooked food and washed dishes.

The moon had risen. The big Pine stood guard on high against the outer world. Nature was their church and stars were their candles. And as if to give them a better light the moon had sent even a luminous sheer down the dark mountain side to the very garden in which the flowers whispered like waiting, happy friends. Uncle Billy lifted his hand, and a hush of expectancy seemed to come even from the farthest star.

Shamrock Land, by Plummer F. Jones. $2. Illustrated. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York City.

A graceful and well-apportioned Christmas present to give to some friend of Irish birth or ancestry. It is the frank, enthusiastic account of an American's Summer ramble through a large portion of Ireland, and he has wisely contented himself with genially describing the country and its people, without entering into ecclesiastical or political disputes. Therefore, the book can appeal both to the people of the North and South of Ireland, without giving offense.

There is such a brightness, genuine humor and poetry in what Mr. Jones has written, that the reader might be privileged to inquire if the author is of at least immediate Irish descent? "I am an American citizen," affirms Mr. Jones, "and my ancestors came to Virginia so long ago that I do not hold the slightest allegiance to the several lands from which they came; least of all have I any personal interest in Ireland's troubles with England." The book is really an informing one, and finely written and illustrated. Of course, Mr. Jones admits his having kissed the blarney-stone. He traveled through 16 of the 32 counties of Ireland, visiting each of the four divisions of the island.

Mr. Jones emphasizes the Irish appreciation for this country, and relates a story of a veteran boatman with whom he talked. The boatman said that "he would have gone to America long, long ago, only he could never get enough money together to take him and his little family." He asked the author many questions about this country, where so many of his friends had gone.

"Indeed," said this Irishman, "was it not the money which they sent back that paid all the rents of Killarney? Yes, and old people would starve if it were not for the help they got from the boys and girls in America."

Ouch! how he would like to go to a country where there was a plenty of money! He had heard that even the farm hands in America get good wages. But what did they eat? I told him they got meat three times a day.

"Glory be to God!" he said in amazement. "And do they get tay to dhrink, and now and then some ale and porther?"

I told him they usually had all the tea and coffee they wished to drink, and they could generally get beer and porter when they wanted it.

"Glory be to God on high!" he exclaimed, rising from his seat. But he turned sadly away and sighed. "I've waited too long," he said. "I'm too old."

The Ulster opposition to home rule is thus stated:

"We have come," they said in effect, "into Ireland, and not the richest portion of the island, and have gradually built up an industry and commerce with which we are able to hold our own in competition with the most progressive nations in the world. Our success has been achieved under a system and a polity in which we believe. Its non-interference with the business of the people gave play to that self-reliance with which we strove to emulate the industrial qualities of the people of Great Britain. It is now proposed to place the manufactures and commerce of the country at the mercy of a majority which will have no real concern in the interests vitally affected, and who have no knowledge of the science of government. The mere shadow of these changes has so depressed the stocks which represent the accumulations of our past enterprise and labor that we are already commercially poorer than we were."

It is incorrect to think of other portions than the North of Ireland being peopled with Celts,—there's a Spanish strain, especially in Galway. Says Mr. Jones:

A stranger cannot help seeing the vast difference which exists between North and South Ireland. It may be observed even in the appearance of the people. Throughout the South one meets with a preponderance of the Gaelic or Celtic characteristics—black hair, broad faces, and grayish-blue eyes. In Antrim, Down, and Londonderry one sees men and women of light or reddish hair, blue eyes, and very ruddy complexions. The speech of the North is quick, vigorous, and strong, decidedly Scotch in its accent. The Irish brogue of the South, soft and in some respects pleasing, disappears almost entirely when one crosses the boundry of County Down into Ulster.

The revival of the Gaelic language, and the new life infused into industries and co-operative effort, are all fittingly noticed. The best poetic writing in the book is that describing "Sunset at the Giant's Causeway." It is so delightfully descriptive that any extract, however crisp, could not do it justice.

The Red City, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York City.

When patriotic fire of the American Revolution glowed in Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's novel, "Hugh Wynne," delighted readers said: "Give us more!"

The answer to that invitation is "The Red City," in which Hugh Wynne again appears, the historical period being Washington's second administration. Washington does not appear in the ideal light so loved by the average romancer—a human Washington occupies a large portion of the canvas, and his imperfections of temperament are noted. Other historical personages who figure throughout the pages are Jefferson, Hamilton and Randolph.

The story mostly concerns one Rene de Courval, a French refugee, who, with his aristocratic mother, reaches these shores in 1792 and enters the employment of Hugh Wynne, then a well-to-do shipping merchant. Monsieur de Courval ultimately lands in the Department of State. Hardly needless to relate, the location of the story is in Philadelphia, where the author was born, February 15, 1830. In this city, De Courval meets a man—then in the train of Genet, the French Minister—who was responsible for the elder De Courval being condemned to the guillotine. A bitter contest furnishing tragic features begin between young De Courval and this powerful enemy, and it is more refreshing to turn to the love story of a Quaker girl who is the affinity of the dashing young Frenchman. She is held in social restraint by the environments of the Society of Friends, but fights her battle for freedom so well that she marries De Courval, who returns to fight in the wars of Napoleon.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell succeeds in writing an historical novel of positive charm, one that will live chiefly by its ability to picture a momentous time in the early history of the Republic, a period illumined by few American novelists. The wonder is that Dr. Mitchell is a winner in so many fields of endeavor. He is not only a favorite author, but he is a wise physiologist and neurologist—and apparently is a success in each line. "The Red City" will materially add to his literary celebrity.

New Thought Common Sense. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Price, $1.25. W. B. Conkey Company, Hammond, Ind.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's name is too well known to American readers to require more than the mention of her name in presenting one of her new books so that an idea may be given of its contents.

One may assume that the greater portion of the message contained in this book has already appeared in various newspapers and magazines, and then, again, it may not. Be this as it may, the various essays within the cover of "New Thought Common Sense" are helpful and will surely lead us to saner, better living if we would only believe in and live the life recommended. The lessons advised are optimistic to a degree. Especially interesting is the chapter which states that "the new thought" doctrine is not new, but is taken from an Oriental philosophy which was thousands of years old when Christ as man appeared on earth.

One of the gem lessons: "Every reaction in the form of hatred or evil thought is so much loss to the mind and every evil thought, or deed, of hatred, controlled or overcome will be laid to our favor. Each time we suppress the unworthy impulse, so much good energy is stored in our favor to be converted to higher uses."

The views on how to try to make happy marriages by practicing real unselfishness and self-control, are admirably expressed. Also this couplet:

I care not who were vicious back of me,
No shadow of their sins on me is shed;
My will is greater than heredity—
I am no worm to feed upon the dead.

American Playgrounds. Edited by Everett B. Mero. Illustrated. Price, $1.50. American Gymnasia Company, Boston, Mass.

All interested in the health of children, and that practically means the sensible world, are referred to this book for answers to these questions: How, where and when to play, and need for play. The pages number 270, and the book's message generally concerns the playground movement throughout the country, tells what it means, and gives practical directions for carrying out necessary plans for systematically supervised recreation centers both in our cities and towns. Social workers, educators, state and county authorities, instructors in charge of playgrounds, gymnasiums, swimming pools, athletic fields, etc., will find here well-reasoned ideas worth noting. There are special contributions, and extracts made from the writings of Dr. Luther H. Gulick, Joseph Lee, E. B. DeGroot, William A. Stecher, George Wittich, Henry S. Curtis, Myron T. Scudder, Robert J. Roberts, William L. Coop, Arthur Leland, E. H. Arnold, Dudley A. Sargent, and others.

The illustrations are taken from over 100 photographs, drawings and plans.

The Courage of Captain Plum, by James Oliver Curwood. Illustrated. The Bobbs Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Few Americans know that about 50 years ago there was a Mormon settlement on Beaver Island, in Lake Michigan, not far from the entrance to Green Bay, and that certain Mormon elders who lived there had so many wives that male neighbors on the mainland or neighboring islands grew agitated.

It's so, and "The Courage of Captain Plum" tells you all about it. Captain Plum is the fighting captain of a schooner who visits the Mormon island on a queer mission, and suddenly finds that he has a call to rescue one pretty girl from an eager Mormon's clutches. Of course, she is "the" girl for him, and a story fairly pulsing with fight, leaper excitement and love follows.

The novel lights up a new field and is recommended to all jaded appetites.

The Great Fight. By William Henry Drummond, M. D. Illustrated. Price, $1.25. J. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

Poems and sketches gathered by the loving hands of Mrs. Drummond—literary gems which had remained unpublished at the time of her gifted husband's death. Dr. Drummond was, and still is—for his memory yet lives—the French-Canadian poet of Canada, and his fame has leaped over international lines in winning the affections of the plain people. The poems in this book alrgely breathe a love for a life in the open, and are against needless slaughter of animals that are almost domestic, animals killed in the name of "sport." What a pity that the title chosen, "The Great Fight," is so misleading. It doesn't give a hint of the peace and beauty within the storied leaves.

The Story-Life of Lincoln. By Wayne Whipple. Illustrated. Price, $1.75. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia.

Differs from the 1200 odd books published on the life of President Lincoln, in the fact that this one is a vitascope collection of about 500 "living picture" stories portraying strange and exciting scenes in which he was the moving figure. The stories are unusually well selected and bring out all that is best in the character of—to me—the greatest President this country has had, so far. Many illustrations of famous Americans, battle scenes, public buildings, etc., brighten the text.

The God of Clay, by H. C. Bailey. Illustrated. $1.50. Brentano's, New York City.

Napoleon Bonaparte is the hero of this novel, and is pictured without mercy as a cruel and remorseless machine, who rises to ambiton's height by his ability to crush and sometimes manipulate his fellow beings, just as he would act with cards in a card game. The story is strong and yet strikingly sympathetic as a close study of trusting, helpless human nature. So realistic is it, that one feels a joy to know that Napoleon, the tyrant, must fall at last.

A Letter of Hope, with a preface by Rev. Elwood Worcester, D. D. Price, 50 cents. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York City.

Dispassionate critics says that we are a nervous, highly strung people, impatient of self-control. But why go on? Its an old story. Here is a modest little book that is filled with medicine—advice of the mind. It is the confession of an irritable, nerve-racked woman who largely found sane health because she learned how to rule her own spirit. She signs her name as Hope Lawrence, and her message appeals to all women and girls.

The Emotionalist. By Stanley Olmstead. Price, $1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

With a German-American tinge to it, and a bit of Vienna thrown in, this is a novel of a romantic awakening to temperament and illustrating the artistic life of an opera singer. The central figure is Miss Victoria Furman, a New York girl, who has a magnificent contralto voice, and her voice training and subsequent appearance in opera are told about with unusual charm. A novel that will please singers.

Christmas Every Day. By William Dean Howells. Illustrated. Price, $1.75. Harper & Brothers, New York City.

A reprint of a William Dean Howell's Christmas story for children told so well that in nurseries and other places where small folks reign, his fame will be forever undimmed. It is marked by delicacy, humor and tenderness, and is supposed to be a story told by a father to his little girl who wanted Christmas every day instead of only once a year. The idea!

The Book of Princes and Princesses. By Mrs. Lang and edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrated. Price, $1.60. Longmans, Green & Co., New York City and London, England.

Written in the simple, unaffected style that children will understand, these 14 stories selected from the real life of Europe's royalty, appeal specially to young readers. It's a dose of history, with a sugar coating. The two best stories are, "Napoleon" and "His Majesty the King of Rome."

The Story of Gold. By Edward S. Meade. Illustrated. Price, 75 cents. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

Edward Sherwood Meade is professor of finance, Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania, and in this book of 206 pages he describes, in attractive form, the development of the modern gold mining industry. His explanations are clearly expressed and non-technical.

JOSEPH M. QUENTIN.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

Hush! "Battling" Nelson, the pugilist, announces his determination to finish his autobiography before he engages in another ring fight—even if it takes him one year to write the book. Next.

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"Poems Children Love" is a useful anthology compiled by Penrhyn W. Coussens, and intended to assist parents and teachers to select suitable literature for those of tender years. The authors represented range from Charles Wesley to William Knox.

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The publishers say that no story of Stewart Edward White's has been in such large demand at the same time after publication as "The Riverman," which, though it has been out but two months, is already in its fourth edition.

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"A Letter of Hope," which is to come from Moffat, Yard & Co. shortly, is described as "an exceedingly interesting outcome of the Emmanuel Movement." Miss Lawrence, the author, has been an invalid for some years. Her book is to be introduced by Dr. Elwood Worcester.

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Three editions have been demanded of a history of the last century of the Catholic Church in Boston, Mass., prepared by Rev. M. J. Scanlon, of the cathedral, for the benefit of the children of the diocese. The book, which is attractively illustrated, tells its story in an interesting, yet simple, manner.

* * *

These books were received for review through the courtesy of the J. K. Gill Company, of this city: Judith of the Cumberlands; The Trail of the Lonesome Pine; The Spring Cleaning; Amabel Channice; The Happychaps; Chateau and Country Life in France The House of Rimmon; The Great Fight; and At Large.

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Complaint is made that the "Doonsland" edition of R. D. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" and from the Harper press, is too literal and leaves out much of the Doone legends originally gathered by Mr. Blackmore. A correspondent states that Mrs. Ward has contributed numerous photographs and her husband an introduction and notes which are as emphatically literal as the pictures.

* * *

Collier's November Fiction number, is in line with the admirable issues which have distinguished this weekly for some time past. The cover design is exceedingly dainty, fit prelude to three remarkable short stories by O. Henry, Rex Beach and Rowland Thomas. The contribution of the last named is the $1000 prize story which aroused so much interest and keen competition.

* * *

Current happenings in the East make timely two volumes, just announced. One of these, "The Turk and His Lost Provinces," is from the lively pen of William Eleroy Curtis, and the other, "Twenty Years in Persia," will present the varied experiences of Dr. John G. Wishard, who has been director of the American Presbyterian Hospital at Teheran through the reigns of three Shahs.

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"The Gentleman," a romance of the sea, by Alfred Ollivant, is announced by Macmillan's. In "The Gentleman," an Irish patriot, attempts to capture or kill Lord Nelson. The plot is thwarted and England and Nelson saved by the valor and resourcefulness of Kit, a newly joined midshipman, and of other devoted sailors and desperate fighters. The sea battle of the "Tremendous" especially is a heroic picture.

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Intimation comes that "A Little Brother of the Rich" was not barred from the Chicago Public Library as has been reported. The story was considered by the committee, and thought to be entirely suitable for adult readers, but it was deemed advisable to exclude it from the circulation department, as there was no way to discriminate between old and young if the book was demanded in the usual way. So Mr. Patterson's novel remains on the shelves to be read, "on call."

* * *

T. M. Moore writes to the book department of this paper: "Please tell me the meaning of de lux and 12 mo. in book lore, and the name of the book to buy that will give me the definitions of the book language." Webster's international dictionary says: "De lux. A sumptuous edition as regards paper, illustrations, binding etc." 12 mo. relates to the standard size of paper used to make a book, this size being used for most novels and school books because it is a handy size. In other words, the sheet is folded in 12 leaves. Get "Book Making," published by the Grafton Press, 70 Fifth avenue, New York City.

* * *

Anthony Partridge, author of "The Distributors," which has just been published, is 34 years of age. "The Distributors" is his first novel, although he has contributed numerous unsigned sketches and articles to English journals. He lives most of the time upon the Continent, and even when in London is seldom seen in any literary circles, and he belongs to no clubs. He is unmarried, fond of sport, and is better known in some of the smaller towns in Central Europe than in England. He has practically decided now to abandon his irregular work, and is now engaged on another novel.

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Albert Bigelow Paine, the genial author of "The Tent Dwellers," says that his favorite author is Mark Twain, for whom, both as man and writer, he entertains a most enthusiastic admiration. Although an ardent devotee of the outdoor life, the spirit of which Mr. Paine interprets so well, he cares nothing for hunting with a gun, the killing of either bird or animal being repugnant to him. He confesses, however, that he would not specially oppose the killing of some objectionable humans, and says he has already selected two or three to attend to when "the law is off on that kind of game."

* * *

Mary Roberts Rinehart, whose book, "The Circular Staircase," now ranks among the "best sellers," has just completed a new novel entitled "Seven Days," which will be published complete in the December Lippincott's. Mrs. Rinehart is barely 30 years old and is the mother of three boys. Her first short story was published four years ago; and since then she has produced several plays. Her new story is said to be brimful of humor and mystery. As the title implies, the whole plot is rounded up in a week, and it resembles "The Circular Staircase" in that there is a secret to unravel which keeps the reader on tiptoe to the end.

* * *

"That Gay Romance," a book of 172 pages and published by the Informant Publishing Company, of Cleveland, O., has been received for review. It is an amusing appreciation of the kiss in romance and history from the earliest dawn of knowledge to the present day, and to the one who cares to read stories from the same to a mixed company, delighted laughter will surely follow. Extracts are given from well-known authors of repute, and to my mind the best poetry quoted are those famous lines of Leigh Hunt:

"Jennie kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your book, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jennie kissed me!"

* * *

The McClure Company announces for early publication the third and concluding volume of "The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz," which will bring Mr. Schurz's life down to its close. General Schurz died while this volume was being written, leaving, however, behind him a mass of material intended to assist him in the completion of his task. He had carried his work down to the middle of Grant's administration, and the material left was intrusted to a well-known and thoroughly competent historian, Frederic Bancroft, who, with the assistance of William A. Dunning, has constructed out of it a concise and rounded account of the latter part of Mr. Schurz's life, which was filled with so many important political activities and public service. This third volume, therefore, which takes up the story of the Civil War with the Battle of Gettysburg, completes one of the most remarkable and most noble lives lived upon American soil, partly in his own language and partly in that of two men who stood close to Mr. Schurz, enjoyed his confidence, and are fully able to interpret for us, on the basis of the material left by the man himself, the record of the years of honor when he was recognized universally as one of the first citizens of the Republic.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Chateau and Country Life in France, by Mary King Waddington, illustrated, $2.50, and The Other Americans, by Arthur Ruhl, $2 (Scribner's).

Manners for the Metropolis, by Francis W. Crowninshield, illustrated (Appleton's).

At Large, by Arthur Christopher Benson, $1.50 (Putnam's).

The Sunny Side of the Hill, by Rosa Nouchette Carey (Lippincott's).

Barbara and the Five Little Purrs, by Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, illustrated (Caldwell & Co.).

The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World (from Marathon to Waterloo, to which are added Quebec, Yorktown, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Sedan, Manila Bay, Santiago and The Sea of Japan), by Sir Edward Creasy, with maps, $1.25; and The Cradle of the Rose, illustrated, $1.50 (Harper's).

The Letters of Jennie Allen to Her Friend Miss Musgrove, by Grace Donworth, illustrated, and The American Stage of Today, by Walter Prichard Eaton, dramatic critic of the New York Sun, each $1.50 (Small-Maynard).

Amabel Channice, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, and The Happy Chaps, verses by Carolyn Wells and pictures by Harrison Cady, $1.50 (Century Company).

Felice, by John Luther Long, $1; Sappho in Boston, illustrated, $1.50; The Good Wolf, by Frances Hodgson Burnett, illustrated, $1, and When Mother Let Us Cook, by Constance Johnson, illustrated, 75 cents (Moffat, Yard & Co.).

Books Added to Library

The following new books may be examined at the Public Library during this week and will be ready for circulation Monday, November 16.

BIOGRAPHY.

Crabbe—George Crabbe and his times, a critical and biographical study; by Rene Huchon. 1907.
Douglas—Stephen A. Douglas; by Allen Johnson. 1908.
Hudson—Henry Hudson, his times and his voyages; by E. M. Bacon. 1907.

BOOKS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Brekke—Laerebog i Engelsk for begyndere. Dansk udgave.
Carnegie—Pengenes A B C.
Daudet—Letters de mon moulin.
Daudet—Tartarin sur les Alpes.
Eschtruth—Frieden. 2 v.
Eschtruth—Die regimentstante. 2 v.
France—Le jardin d'epicure.
Guerrazzi—La battaglia di Benevento.
Kirschner—Der arme Nicki. 2 v.
New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; Swedish translation from the original Greek.
Nielsen—Langs Norges kyst mod eventyrlandet der Nord.
Treves—Piccoli aroi.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

Crane—India impressions, with some notes of Ceylon. 1907.
Edwards—Through Scandinavia to Moscow. 1906.
Mackinder—The Rhine, its valley and history. 1908.

FICTION.

Connolly—An Olympic victor.
Cutting—The Wayfarers.
Fox—The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.
Wood—Folks back home.

FINE ARTS.

Hall—The Wagnerian romances. 1907.
Houck—A treatise on modern drawn work. 1906.
Moody—Devon pillow lace, its history and how to make it. 1908.
Russell—The commonplaces of vocal art. 1907.
Pollak—Franz Grillparzar and the Austrian drama. 1907.

SCIENCE.

Masters—Plant life on the farm. 1884.
Weed & Emerson—Our trees, how to know them. 1908.
Brodrick—History of the University of Oxford. 1900.
Compayre—Herbert Spencer and scientific education; tr. by M. E. Findlay. 1907.
Draper—Our children, our schools and our industries. 1908.
Fisher—The rate of interest. 1907.
Loans—The next street but one. 1907.
Snedden & Allen—School reports and school efficiency. 1908.
Willoughby—The territories and dependencies of the United States, their government and administration. 1905.

USEFUL ARTS.

Housden—Practical hydraulic tables and diagrams. 1907.
Jensen—Essentials of milk hygiene. 1907.
Northrop—The science and art of grafting and budding fruit trees. 1903.
Waddell & Wait—Specifications and contracts. 1908.
Wilson & Lydall—Electrical traction. 2 v., 1907.

BOOKS ADDED TO JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Andersen—Fairy tales; told to the children by Mary Macgregor.
King—To the Front; a sequel to Cadet Days.
Morris—Historical tales; German.
Morris—Historical tales; our island empire.
Rice—Captain June.

The following new books may be examined at the Public Library during this week and will be ready for circulation Monday, November 23.

BIOGRAPHY.

Harvey—William Harvey; by D'Arcy Power. 1897.
Huss—John Huss; by L. O. Kuhns. 1907.
Victoria, queen of Great Britain. Letters of Queen Victoria; ed. by A. C. Benson. 3 v. 1907.

BOOKS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Arrhenius—Das werden der welten.
Haeckel—Die lebenswunder.
Heegaard—Astronomi.
Maistre—Les prisonniers du Caucase.
Meyer—Den forste barnepleje.
Rasmussen—Verdens udviklingen.
Wallace—Des menschen stellung im weltall.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

Calvert—The Escorial; a historical and descriptive account of the Spanish royal palace. 1907.
Paget—Genius loci; notes on places. 1908.
Ross—Old Florence and modern Tuscany. 1904.

FICTION.

Anderson—The heart of the red firs.
Hartley—My lady of Cleeve.
Martin—The betrothal of Elypholate and other tales of the Pennsylvania Dutch.
Tompkins—Dr. Ellen.

FINE ARTS.

Chaikovski—Tchaikovski; by E. M. Lee. 1906.
Chapman—Four plays for children. 1908.
Hasluck, ed.—Photographic studios and dark rooms. 1907.
Lawrence—Sir Thomas Lawrence; by R. S. Clouston. 1908.
Newberry—Egyptian antiquities; scarabs. 1906.
San Carolo and Daniel—Common-sense of voice development. 1906.
Watts—G. F. Watts; by W. K. West. 1905.

HISTORY.

Elliott—Chile, its history and development. 1907.

LITERATURE.

Evans, ed.—English masques. 1897.
Phelps—The beginnings of the English romantic movement. 1893.
Gilder—The fire divine. 1907.
Pinero—Trelawney of the "Wells"; a comedietta in four acts. 1898.

PHILOSOPHY.

Mencken—The philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche. 1908.

SCIENCE.

g-Kunz—History of the gems found in North Carolina. 1907.
Mershon—The passenger pigeon. 1907.
Simms—Butterfly and moth collecting. Ed. 2. rev. n. d.

SOCIOLOGY.

Brown—China in legend and story. 1907.
Le Rossignol—Orthodox socialism; a criticism. 1907.
More—Wage-earners' budgets. 1907.
Taft—Present day problems; a collection of addresses delivered on various occasions. 1908.

USEFUL ARTS.

Bale—Woodworking machinery. Ed. 2. 1894.
Cody—How to do business by letter. Ed. 4. 1908.
Green—One thousand simple soups. 1907.
Nichols, comp.—Automobilists' ready legal adviser. 1908.
Taylor—Practical cement testing. 1908; Resistance of ships and screw propulsion. 1907.
Terry—Pigment, paint and painting. 1893.
Tower—History of the American whale fishery. 1907.

BOOKS ADDED TO REFERENCE DEPARTMENT.

Association of American Portland cement manufacturers; Competitive designs for concrete houses of moderate cost. n. d.
Bledsoe—Business law for business men. 1907.
American gas institute. Proceedings. 1907.
Joly—Meisterwerke der baukunst und des kunstgewerbes in Spanien. 2 v.
Munich. Konigliche alte pinakothek. Katalog der gemaldesammlung.
Poore's manual of the railroads of the United States. 1908.
United States—Engineer department. Engineer field manual. Ed. 2, rev. 1907.
g—United States—Ordnance department. Gunmaking in the United States. 1907.

BOOKS ADDED TO JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Dalkeith—Little plays.
Hornaday—Taxidermy.
Johnston & Barnum—Books of plays for little actors.
Powell—Making poultry pay.
Rice—National standard squab book.

g-Gift.