"I care not how humble your bookshelf may be, or how lowly the room which it adorns. Close the door. Shut off with it the cares of the outer world. Plunge back into the soothing company of the great dead. There stand your noble, silent comrades, waiting in their ranks. Pass your eye down their files. Choose your man. And then you have but to hold up your hand to him and away you go together into dreamland."—ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

BOOK COVER OF "THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE"

FRONTISPIECE TO "THE CHILD AND THE DREAM" BY MISS MARION COOK

**Alaska, the Great Country,** by Ella Higginson. Illustrated. $2.50. The Macmillan Co., New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

From her earlier books, "Mariella, of Out West," "When the Birds Go North Again," "From the Land of the Snow Pearls," Mrs. Higginson has many appreciative readers in the Pacific Northwest, especially in the Puget Sound country. She was born in Council Grove, Kan., was educated at Oregon City Seminary and at a private school, and is a well-known writer of stories and verse. Up to quite recently she was, and for all that I know, today, is, connected with the literary department of a Seattle newspaper. Her newest book, "Alaska," will not only retain the appreciation of what may be called her usual readers, but will gain new ones as well.

To be sure, the number of books on the Far Northwest is legion, and it would almost seem that at this late day it would be difficult to throw fresh light on the picture. Mrs. Higginson's "Alaska," however, appeals from among the cloud of witnesses by its sparkling wit, wealth of description, a lively interest that never flags, and bright historical pictures. Then the book is suitably illustrated. In all, it's the Pacific Northwest book of the year.

Mrs. Higginson thinks that two great American statesmen, Seward and Sumner, must have been inspired when they saved for us in the face of the bitterest opposition, scorn and ridicule, Alaska, the country that Behring discovered and which is now coming to be recognized as the most glorious possession of any people; but, first of all "were the gentle, dark-eyed Alents inspired, when they bestowed upon this same country—with the simplicity and dignified repression for which their character is noted—the beautiful and poetic name which means 'the great country.'"

No writer has ever succeeded in describing Alaska, Mrs. Higginson says, and no one ever will; but each must do his share according to the spell that the country casts upon him. "The spell of Alaska falls upon every lover of beauty who has voyaged along those far Northern snow-pearled shores, with the violet waves of the North Pacific Ocean breaking splendidly upon them; or who has drifted down the mighty rivers of the interior which flow, bell-toned and lonely, to the sea."

In describing Unimak Island, the statement is made that one of its most active volcanoes, Shishaldin, is the most perfect and symmetrical cone on the Pacific Coast, not even excepting Hood. Not having seen Shishaldin, I cannot challenge the comparison, but all the same am not "going back" on our own Mount Hood, because it is the best, greatest and most glorious—adjectives fail me. Fill up the blank to suit.

It is worth while to note that our author has wisely availed herself of the researches of earlier historians in summing up her estimate of Alaska. She has borrowed from Bancroft's "History," Dall's "Alaska and Its Resources," Elliott's "Arctic Province," etc. The point is made clear that in a tourist's ten-day trip from Seattle, and seated on the deck and often in the cabin of a luxuriously appointed steamer, one cannot really know Alaska, and that to do this and fall under the spell of the real Alaska, one will sail on to Westward, on to Unalaska, or go northward and drift down the Yukon, "that splendid, lonely river that has its birth within a few miles of the sea, yet flows 2300 miles to find it."

Mrs. Higginson makes it not only comprehensive that she actually participated in the Alaskan trip she so well describes, but that she has absorbed the spirit of that land. One rover she met on her trip said to her:

> If you love the sea you've got to follow it, and that's all there is to it. A man can get along without the woman he loves best on earth, if he has to, but he can't get along without the sea if he once gets to loving it. It gets so it seems like a thing [illegible] to him and it makes up for everything else that he doesn't have. And it's just like that with Alaska. When a man has made two or three trips to Alaska, you can't get him off on a Southern run, as long as he can help himself. . . . No, I don't know what it is but I do know how it it is; and so does every other poor devil that ever heard that something calling him that's just Alaska. It wakes you up in the middle of the night just as plain as if somebody had said your name out loud, and you just lay there the rest of the night aching to go. I tell you what, if ever a country had a spirit it's Alaska; and when it once gets hold of you and gets to calling you to come, you might just as well get up and start, for it calls you and follows you, and haunts you till you do.

The Oregon treaty between this country and Great Britain is criticized by our author as "by it we lost the splendid country now known as British Columbia, which, after our purchase of Alaska from Russia, would have given us unbroken frontage on the Pacific Ocean from Southern California to Behring Strait, and almost to the mouth of the Mackenzie River on the Frozen Ocean." But have we lost British Columbia for good? Not a bit of it. Within the next 100 years or so, by peaceful international agreement British Columbia, if not the other portions of Canada, will belong to the United States. But you won't see it.

There are no snakes in Alaska, it is asserted, and that is the reason why the serpent has no place in Alaskan basketry, for the very good reason that the Indians and Innuit, who never leave their homes, do not know what snakes are. It is stated that the worst feature of Alaskan social life is the "coming out" of many of the women in Winter, leaving their husbands to spend the long, dreary Winter months as they may. "To this selfishness on the part of the women is due much of the intoxication and immorality of Alaska—few men being of sufficiently strong character to withstand the distilled temptations of the country.

We are told that there are 50 different species of birds in Southeastern Alaska, and that the greatest glacier in the world is the Malaspina, located on the western shore of Yakutat Bay, with a sea frontage of more than 60 miles, extending from the bay to the westward. It is estimated that the length of the splendid sweep of this glacier from its head to the sea at the foot of Mount Elias, is 90 miles.

The most fascinating historical period described is the reign of the Russian Governor, Alexander Baranoff, who at one time was in supreme command of all the Russian territory in America. Baranoff's rule in Alaska seems to have been one of splendid but rude magnificence. He had the expansion spirit, but particularly the governing genius of our own McLaughlin, in the settlement of the old Oregon country. Baranoff believed in high revels and getting drunk "like a gentleman." During his administration, naval officers and other travelers were enthusiastically received by him in the period just previous to our War of 1812, and it is related that "the only thing asked in return from the guests was the capacity to eat like gluttons, revel like roisterers, and drink until they rolled helplessly under the table." Yet, Baranoff had his grander moments.

Mrs. Higginson also visited the Yukon Territory, and makes comparisons, which are not all the time flattering. She complains that when she visited White Horse that a swarm of mosquitoes attacked her so severely that her hands were swollen to twice their original size and that her skin became discolored. Ungallant Canadian mosquitoes!

Eskimos and Indians met with were invariably fond of music and it is related that at a recent festival held at Fairbanks, Alaska, when some visiting Indians were invited to sing "O Come, All Ye Faithful," they sang one verse in their own tongue, as follows:

> Onu, tsenuan whudugudawhuta yiih;
> Oni, yuwhun dutlish, oni nokhlhan,
> Oni, dodutalokhiho,
> Oni, dodutalokhiho,
> Oni, dodutalokhiho,
> Lod.

It is not the mining, businesslike, lucky strike Alaska that is presented to us in this volume of observation. It's picturesque Alaska.

**Kincaid's Battery.** By George W. Cable. Illustrated. Price, $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City.

A battle epic, straight from the heart of the South, and so much of the latter spirit is present that one again unconsciously drinks in much of the quiet charm of "Old Creole Days." "Kincaid's Battery" will be a leader in its class, for it fairly pulses between love and war, and moves in and around New Orleans before and during the armed strife between North and South from '61 to '65.

What is Kincaid's battery? A Confederate field battery armed with six frowning brass guns presented to the cause by two devoted daughters of the South, who believed in their hearts that what Lee fought for was right. The leading character in the novel is one Miss Anna Callender, aristocrat, just the blue-blooded girl that the youth who now cheers when they sing "Dixie" would rave over. She has two lovers—Fred Greenleaf, a Northerner, and Hilary Kincaid, for whom the battery is named, a Southerner—and her heart inclines toward Kincaid. Here is a fancy picture of Anna drawn of her while Greenleaf and Kincaid were yet chums and before the Civil War dawned:

> In the midst of the gay skirmish and while she yielded Greenleaf her chief attention, Hilary observed her anew. What he thought he saw was a golden brown profusion of hair with a richness in its plaited coils, an unconsciously faultless poise of head and, equally unconscious, a dreamy softness of sweeping lashes. As she laughed with the general, her student noted further what seemed to him a rare silkiness in the tresses, a vapory lightness in the short strands that played over the outlines of temple and forehead and the unstudied daintiness with which they gathered into the merest mist of a short curve before her exquisite ear. "A child's mouth and a woman's eyes," he mused.

Flora Valcour, a Creole girl, adds considerably to the action by quaint conversation. Another Creole girl is Victorine Lafontaine, who sings out as Captain Kincaid and his battery ride off to war: "Louisiana foot-rifles, ah, but their true name is the Chasseurs-a-Pied. 'Twas to them my papa billong biffo, he join' hisself on the batt'rie of Captain Kincaid, and there he's now a corporeal." However, if Captain Kincaid presents a warlike appearance on page 56, as he rides at the head of his battery, he is equaled in every military respect by Colonel Greenleaf, Federal, later on.

Some of the war pictures given, for intensity of description, nearly equal the realism shown of the famous "Red Badge of Courage."

But shot, shell and battle-smoke pass. Then enters peace and true love reigns:

> Out forward yonder on the upper deck, beside tall Hilary Kincaid, stood Anna. Greenleaf eyed them from the pilot house, where he had retired to withhold the awkward reminder inseparable from the blue livery. In Hilary's fingers was a writing which he and Anna had just read together. In reference to it he was saying that while the South had fallen to the bottom depths of poverty the North had been growing rich, and that New Orleans, for instance, was chock full of Yankees—oh, yes, I'm afraid that's what he called them—Yankees, with greenbacks in every pocket, eager to set up any gray soldier who knew how to make, be or do anything mutually profitable. Moved by Fred Greenleaf, who could furnish funds, but preferred himself never to be anything but a soldier, the enterprising husband of the once deported but now ever so happily married schoolmistress who——
>
> "Yes, I know," said Anna.
>
> Well, for a trifle, at its confiscation sale, this man had bought Kincaid's foundry, which stood waiting for Hilary to manage, control and in the end recover to his exclusive ownership on the way to larger things. What gave the subject an intense tenderness of unsordid interest was that it meant for the pair—what so many thousands of paroled heroes and the women they loved and who loved them were hourly finding out—that they were not such beggars, after all, but they might even there and then name their wedding day, which then and there they named.

**By the Christmas Fire,** by Samuel M. Crothers. $1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

These delightful essays are lightened by captivating humor mingled with a certain playfulness that nowadays stamps nearly every page Dr. Crothers writes. Read, for instance, of his hint about women's clubs: "A good lady who goes to the art class is able to talk of Botticelli, but she has no right to look down upon her husband as an inferior creature because he supposes that Botticelli is one of Mr. Blank's 57 kinds of pickles. He may know some things which she does not, and they may be fully as important."

A doctrinaire, affirms our essayist, is a person who defines truth in this nutshell: A truth is that which has got itself believed by me. And also, in this one regard:

> His thoughts form an exclusive club, and when a new idea applies for admission it is placed on the waiting list. A blackball from an old member is sufficient permanently to exclude it. When an idea is once in it has a very pleasant time of it. All the opinions it meets are clubable and on good terms with one another. Whether any of them are related to any reality outside of their own circle would be a question that it would be impolite to ask. To the doctrinaire there seems something sordid and vulgar in the anxiety to make the two ends—theory and practice—meet. It seems to indicate that one is not intellectually in comfortable circumstances.
>
> I should not object to his unpreparedness for the actual state of things if the doctrinaire did not assume the airs of a superior person. He lays all the blame for the discrepancy between himself and the universe on the universe. He has the right key, only the miserable locks won't fit it. . . . His praise is always for the dead, or for the yet unborn; when he looks on his contemporaries he takes a gloomy view. That any great man should now be alive he considers a preposterous assumption. He treats greatness as if it were a disease, to be determined only by post-mortem examination.

**The Orphant Annie Book,** by James Whitcomb Riley. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Of course, you've both seen and heard of the "Orphant Annie" verses by James Whitcomb Riley, and if you have not—you're a Goth, an unread person. But it is surely safe to conclude that you have never met with such a daintily artistic copy of the joys and sorrows of the said Annie as is here presented. The illustrations are by Ethel Franklin Betts, and are creditable specimens of high-class art and engraving. The book-cover is a graceful representation of the famous Annie, she of the "if-you-don't-watch-out" temperament, as she sits in the midst of white flowers, which nod on tall stems. It seems to us that the artist makes Annie wear a half-roguish grin, or rather the suspicion of an about-to-dawn smile.

There is the characteristic dedication: "Inscribed, with all faith and affection, to all the little children: The happy ones, and sad ones, the sober and the silent ones, the boisterous and glad ones, the good ones—yes, the good ones, too; and all the lovely bad ones."

Each page is a striking art picture, and the typographical appearance of the book is excellent. In addition to the "Orphant Annie" verses, the book includes such equally old favorites as "Billy Miller's Circus Show," "Some Scattering Remarks of Bub's," "Lizabeth Ann on Bakin' Day," "The Boy Lives On Our Farm," "The Squirt-Gun Uncle Maked Me," and "The Old Hay-Mow."

For whom is this beautifully appearing book meant? Some lucky boy or girl. And to be tied with strong string to a Christmas stocking.

**The Caveman's Letters and Hers in Reply,** by Lance Swift and Carol Steele. Gillam Sons & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Remember that these clever letters are written by a busy lawyer to a young artist woman he had never seen, and vice versa. His opinions are unusual—some people would say extraordinary. And he croaks, sometimes. For a caveman he writes good English and displays an intimate knowledge of readable literature. Some of his opinions:

> I care more for Hamlin Garland than for Guy de Maupassant. I like James Whitcomb Riley better than Robert Browning. I like Mr. Dooley better than Mr. James. I believe that Miss Alcott and Margaret Sidney have done more to mellow hearts and brighten the lives of both old and young than all the Balzacs and Zolas who ever delved into muck and mire. I like Burns, the peasant, better than Byron, the lord. I can get more useful ideas from Kipling than from Milton. I like the sermon on the mount better than any of the creeds I've ever examined. I'd rather you would paint for me—for everyone—a picture of some lowly cigarette girl at work in a Cairo loft than to reveal on your canvas the lines of your appealing Egyptian dancer. By visualizing the human tragedy of a child whose natural heritage is sunshine and laughter you can, with art, true, lofty art, for your vehicle, reproach the world for its cruelty, and, perhaps — who knows — ameliorate "man's inhumanity to man."

**The Girl Question.** By Jonn W. Harding. Price, $1. G. W. Dillingham Company, New York City.

Reflects Chicago life and principally the funny sayings of one Cornelius or "Con" Ryan, manager of slang, and also of a food-swiftly-swallowed restaurant. Con is also in love with his girl-cashier, and he is pictured as a shrewd observer, fond of giving his opinions. Here are several of them:

> I think any guy ought to cop out a Love, Honor and Obey as soon as he raises the price.
>
> I notice that every guy that's wise to what J. Pierp. Morgan is goin' to do next is rollin' his own cigarettes.
>
> Make a guy think he's the mustard and agree with everything he says, no matter how phony it is, and you got him nailed to the mast.
>
> Anybody that marries a chorus girl is takin' chances if he don't have his flat fitted up with footlights and an orchestra.
>
> Any time you see a fresh young rabbit who has a high batting average with the Geraldine, you can gamble he's never much of a ten-strike with the poker players.
>
> I ain't the president of a National bank, but when the pipe is drawing right I can figure out where I can get the coin to pay for the installments on enough red plush furniture to do for two people. Would you be willin' to hold down the other end of the breakfast table from me for life?

What is it? Just a book for the giggles.

**The Country Band.** By Henry A. Shute. Illustrated. Richard G. Badger, Boston.

Have you ever played a horn or a flute in any country band? If not, you've missed one of life's greatest treats to the young.

The author of this laughable book of experiences must have "been there" himself as one of the band, for the revelations he gives while a member of a band in a country town in Eastern Massachusetts have the real ring and are not overdrawn. They were funny old quicksteps in which the E-flat cornets did all the eexcution, carried the air and did all the ornamental work," he says, "while the tenor and alto horns went um-pah, um-pah, and the big brass horn hoarsely vociferated oomp-oomp."

How the author began with a wheezy flute and tin whistle; how, at a musicale he tried to play through an alto horn but ultimately found that some wag had placed a wooden plug in the tubing; how, when he first joined the town band, he walked so fast that he ran into the drum-major—are all told with natural humor. The little book is sure to awaken many pleasant memories of the past in the remembrances of its readers.

**The Four-Flusher.** By John Edward Hazzard. G. W. Dillingham Company, New York City, and the J. K. Gill Company, Portland.

A pretty face in a rapidly passing auto! And there you have the plot of this up-to-date, slangy story.

The latter consists of a series of letters written by a "sporty" New Yorker named John Dangerfield Smith to his female cousin, telling her of the progress of his wooing with Miss Vance Glendon, patrician, but also a sensible girl. Smith consumes a vast amount of liquor in living up to his description of a four-flusher: "A man who is trying to make people believe that he is something that he is trying to look like."

If you wish to be "up" in all sorts of slang for 1908, and live some distance from New York, by all means read this novel. It will teach you. Yet Smith is a bit of a hero in his way, and the reader is bound to express admiration for Smith's luck in becoming one of the newly rich and in being able to win his heart's desire.

**The Wolf Hunters.** By James Oliver Curwood. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

James Oliver Curwood knows, from personal experience, what he is writing about when he seeks to portray the wild Indians of Northern Canada, for it is only recently that he escaped from that region chased by the redskins and just saved himself from being scalped.

In "The Wolf Hunters," Mr. Curwood rivals Jack London as a born story-teller. This time his white hero is young Roderick Drew, and two Indians, Wabi and Mukoki. The three hunters tour through the Woonza country, principally hunting wolves and to earn the Canadian government's bounty of $15 for every scalp taken. The hunters are also attacked by the Woonza Indians, and the descriptions of various skirmishes in which the fighters use repeating rifles are tinged with primal instinct, while the word-pictures of wild nature are admirable. Any healthy boy will hardly resist the combination.

**Home Again With Me,** by James Whitcomb Riley. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Beautifully artistic drawings in colors by Howard Chandler Christy and decorations by Franklin Booth made this holiday copy of this favorite poem unusually attractive. Just the gem of a book to appreciate at Christmastide. Do you remember the lines?

> 'Stid o' bad I ort to be
> Feelin' good, pertickerly—
> Yes, and extra thankful, too,
> 'Cause my nearest kith and kin,
> My Evelyn's schoolin's through,
> And I' got her home ag'in—
> Home ag'in with me.

It's the old story of the Indiana farmer who welcomes his only daughter home from school, and everything is father-and-daughter until Jonas, the hired man, breaks into the picture. Mr. Christy gives a true Christy figure and pompadour hair effect to Miss Elviry.

**A Little Maid in Toyland.** By Adah Louise Sutton. Illustrated. Price, $1. Saalfield Publishing Company, Akron, Ohio.

Belongs to the Billy Whiskers series of children's books and tells how captivating Sally, while furnishing a doll's house, ate a piece of magic cake and was herself transformed into a doll. Then come funny adventures with the wizard, the weather prophet, the handkerchief man, the doughnut man and others of that ilk. The illustrations are by A. Russell, who gives six pages done in colors and lots of black and white drawings. The story is well planned and sure to interest its audience.

**Toodles of Treasure Town and Her Snow Man.** By Frederic Chapin. Illustrated. Price, $1.50. Saalfield Publishing Company, Akron, Ohio.

A handsome Christmas volume for children. The illustrations are by Merle Johnson and he has contributed 43 pages in colors and upwards of 150 excellent black-and-white drawings. Toodles 's a little girl from Florida who, with the help of one Pedro, fashions a snowman, and the latter comes to life and brightens up the tale with his humor. A journey into fairyland follows.

**Songs of Summer.** By James Whitcomb Riley. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

With pictures by Will Vawter, this holiday edition of some of the most famous of Riley's poems, will surely find a ready sale. Many favorites are in the collection: "The Circus Parade," "Me and Mary," "The Old Swimmin' Hole," "A Summer's Day," "McFeeter's Fourth" and others. The book is a handsome one, and the paper is thick and glossy. A hint for Christmas.

**Captain Margaret.** By John Masefield. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

A romance of the sea in the good old days when English and Spanish adventurers fought to found empires in the new world. Told with plenty of commanding sweep and action, flavored with the tang of the salt breeze.

JOSEPH M. QUENTIN.

## IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

These books were received for review through the J. K. Gill Company, of this city: "Bill, a Cheerful Dog"; "Henry of Navarre"; "Pete, Cow Puncher"; "The Wolf"; "The Four Flusher," and "The Girl Question."

* * *

The demand for Miss Eliza R. Scidmore's "As the Hague Ordains" continues so remarkably good that its publishers are having to print that book for the eighth time. The only change in the new edition, it is said, is in its dedication, the Emily E. of previous editions turning out to be Emily Eames McVeagh.

* * *

The key to the pictures on this back page: The double-column hand-drawing is a representation of a poster illustrating the meaning of Meredith Nicholson's new novel of the South, "The Little Brown Jug at Kildare," which is unique in its class because it's a joke and a laugh from start to finish. Who would have thought that so much comedy could have been generated by the gift of two brown jugs, one containing moonshine whisky and the other humble buttermilk? The get-up of the book is highly creditable to the Bobbs-Merrill Co. . . . The single-column halftone is the frontispiece of Miss Marion Cook's Christmas story, "The Child and the Dream," a book which is now on sale at the J. K. Gill Co.'s. The pretty face in the picture is taken from life, I am informed. It is that of a little East Side girl, but I do not have permission to disclose her identity.

* * *

The circulating department of the New York Public Library gives the following as the most popular books of a recent week: Adult fiction, Ward's "Testing of Diana Mallory," Chambers' "Firing Line," Fox's "Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Juvenile fiction, Pyle's "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood," Burnett's "Little Princess," Deland's "Friendship of Anne." Nonfiction, Ibsen's "Plays," Kennedy's "Servant in the House" and Monroe's "History of Education."

* * *

Dr. J. K. Mitchell, a son of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, has just completed a book that is likely to prove of great utility and value. It bears the title, "Self Help for the Nervous," and is an expansion of a series of letters written some time ago for a woman's magazine. In them Dr. Mitchell not only gives clear directions for the sufferer from nervous disorders by which they can save themselves suffering and collapse, but elaborates the hardly less necessary advice for the friends and families of nervous patients.

* * *

The author of "Anne of Green Gables," who, living in quiet Prince Edward's Island, is unaware of the ways of the advertiser, sent her book to Mark Twain in the innocent hope of amusing him and was rather overwhelmed by receiving in reply his secretary's statement that in writing to Francis Wilson of the book, the master of his craft had named Anne "the dearest and most moving and delightful child since the immortal Alice." It is unnecessary to say that the author in question was as much delighted as surprised.

### New Books Received.

"Bill, a Cheerful Dog," by Frederick White. Illustrated (Moffatt-Yard).

"The Wolf," by Eugene Walter and founded on the play of that name by Charles Somerville. Illustrated. (Dillingham Company).

"The Auto Boys," by James A. Braden. $1 (Saalfield Publishing Company). How four boys buy an auto. Well told.

"Pete, Cow Puncher," by Joseph B. Ames. $1.50 (Holt & Co.). A rattling, lively story of life on the Texas plains, for boys.

"Henry of Navarre (Putnam's). A romance of August, 1572 and relates in thrilling style the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in France.

# Marvelous Blind Girl Has Written a Book

—Copyright 1907 by Whitman Studio.

HELEN KELLER, "LISTENING" TO THE TREES.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—(Special.)—Helen Keller, that marvelous blind deaf girl has written a book. That is, she has written a series of essays which have been brought together in book form under the title "The World I Live In." It is one of the most remarkable of human documents. That it is unique should go without saying, for Helen Keller is the first of the human race afflicted as she is who has received the higher education. It is one of the most interesting of human documents because it gives a clear idea of the terms in which a person with three senses grasps the things which we comprehend with the aid of five senses and the way in which she is able to interpret them in the language of the five senses understandingly. For Helen Keller speaks of "seeing" and "hearing" things as do we. And actually through her sense of feeling she does detect sound vibrations in an intelligent and discriminating way; so that she knows the rustle of the trees and feels the approaching storm. This picture shows her "listening" to the trees.

# AMELIE RIVES BLOSSOMS OUT AS ARTIST, HER HUSBAND AS NOVELIST

PRINCE TROUBETSKOI AND WIFE.

PAINTING BY PRINCESS TROUBETSKOI (FORMERLY AMELIE RIVES)

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—(Special.)—When Amelie Rives was a young girl in Virginia, she showed a wonderful variety of talent. She had ambitions then to be an artist and she went to Paris and for a time studied under an American instructor. Then she returned to this country and wrote "The Quick or the Dead," which suddenly brought her fame in unexpected measure. Then she married John Armstrong Chanler, who was one of a small army of men in her train. Chanler and she did not get along together, so they were divorced and after a time she married Prince Troubetskoi. She has been less in the public's eye since that time, but her husband has had great vogue in society as a painter of portraits. Now their positions are suddenly reversed. The Prince-painter has become an author. He has written what he styles "an episode" called "The Passer-By;" while his wife, Amelie, has painted as a frontispiece for it a very beautiful picture of a woman—the heroine of the story. The dedication is interesting as well as quaint: "To you Amelie who wrote 'Augustine the Man,' I dedicate this book because it is due to you as the light is due to the flame."

# 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, December 14:

BIOGRAPHY.

Hawkins—A sea-dog of Devon; the life of Sir John Hawkins; by R. A. J. Walling. 1907.

BOOKS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Astrup—Blandt Nordpolens naboer.
Carlen—Rosen pa tistelon.
Tegner—Fritiofs saga.
Chateaubriand—Les martyrs.
Cooper—Stifinder.
Ibsen—Peer Gynt.
Kullberg—Ludwig Rosenberg and sohn.
Liman—Hohenzollern.
Maeterlinck—Le tresor des humbles.
Rosny—Les deux femmes.
Sperling—Eine weltreise unter Deutscher flagge.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

Calvert—Toledo; an historical and descriptive account. 1907.
Craig—Recollections of an ill-fated expedition to the head-waters of the Madeira river in Brazil. 1907.
Lane—Cairo 50 years ago. 1896.
Smith—China and America today. 1908.

FICTION.

Day—The story of two boys; retold by Clifton Johnson.
Oppenheim—The great secret.
Smedley—The daughter.
Williams—The girl and the game, and other college stories.

LITERATURE.

Trevelyan—The poetry and philosophy of George Meredith. 1906.
Warren, comp.—Under the holly bough; a collection of Christmas poems. 1907.

SCIENCE.

Hepworth—Notes on maritime meteorology. 1907.
Houston—Wonder book of volcanoes and earthquakes. 1907.

LANGUAGE.

Monsanto and Languellier—A practical course in Spanish. 1903.
gWessely and Girones—Handy dictionary of the English and Spanish languages. n. d.

FINE ARTS.

Abraham—The complete mountaineer. 1907.
Sullivan—The Olympic games at Athens, 1906. 1907.
Van Dyck—Sir Anthony Van Dyck; by Hugh Stokes. 1905.
Wright—The art of caricature. 1904.

RELIGION.

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