

that Richard Mansfield, the great actor was born in Boston, and that he was an American through and through. Now comes Paul Wilstach, whose first

name is spelled "Pavi" on the book cover with the statement that Mr. Mansfield was born in Berlin, Germany, May 28, 1877, while his mother, who was a prosinger, was temporarily residing fessional singer, was temporarily residing there. His father was Maurice Mansfield, a London wine merchant, who was a shert, portly little man with a raddy com-plexion, and who sometimes played the violin to the distress of his family and the neighbors. Maurice Mansfield's wife was Erminia Rudersdorff, who was born in the Ulkraine, Southern Russia. When she was quite young she married Dr. Kuchenmelster, a professor of mathematies, astronomy and philosophy in the University of Frankford. Dr. Kuchen-melster's pedantic habits suited little his

wife's more flery temperament, and, our historian adds, "they soon agreed to a

What happened to the unfortunate

Kuchenmeister is not related, but it ap-pears that she who had been his wife was most fortunate in her marriage to Maurice Mansfield. "She and the life-Maurice Manufield. loving little Mansfield were the happiest comrades. He loved her, petted her, and humored her in the slaborate fashion she demanded, and she maintained a spicuous position which flattered and de-lighted him." In oratorio, Madame Ru-dersdorff Mansfield achieved a permanent triumph; her soprano voice was of con alderable range, and this, coupled with the remarkable certainty of execution and thorough musicianship, enabled her to take the position she held for 30 years Europe. On the opera stage, when or one occasion she appeared as Lucretia Borgia, she purposely worked herself into a ruge behind the scenes, so that when she appeared before the audience "she was indeed terrible to behold." In answer to her burst of wild passion, the tenor she addressed really believed himself to be in bodily peril, and became so scared that he could not remember either music or words! In vain the orchestra gave him his cue. Not a sound came from that terror-stricken tenor, and it required all the resources of the conductor to save the performance from being a finsco. So uch for Richard Mansfield's ancestry, have written about it at such length cause Mr. Wilstach's statement is the mest authoritative I have so far seen. Mansfield in his heart was English, so far as nationality is concerned, and loved pomp of royalty, nt of "Richle" or Rich-

ard Mansfield's first appearance on any Richie's public life began in his fourth

Richie's public life began in his fourth year. His mother was dressing for a consect in which she was to sing at the Crystal Paince. He wanted to go along, and neither refusal nor threats dried his tear for determination. The mother may have been just a wee bit moud of her willful boy. Answey, she consented. He was hurriedly dressed in his best black refree skirt and coat, with a wide embroidered collar feiling over his shoulders, and ratiled away with her behind the horses for the long ride to the South. He was taken into her dressing from. The experience was entirely new to the youngster. He was much awed by the vastness of things, the lights, the strange noises, the apparent confusion, and he clurg class to his mother.

When the stage manager came to the door to say that readame's two bad arrived and that he occuser was waiting she strode majestically forth, as was her custom, from her own room straight to the center of the stage. Her appearance was greeted by a rour of applause, which she acknowledged with quently hows. She did not observe a subdued ripple of laughter, however, and signalled free conductor to begin. The music quieted the applause has it did not hush the increasing titrer of which she soon became painfully conscious. Glancing about to see what could be the occasion, she discovered Bichle beside but samewhat behind her, frightened to stone, but firmly clutching the hem of her long train, which his little hands had seized as she away away from him into the presence of the andience. This was Richiered and her on the stage.

Manafield's first intentional appearance on the stage.

Manafield's first intentional appearance

Bichard Mansfield: The Man and the Actor.

By Paul Wistach Hustrated. Charles Seribner's Sons. New York City, and the J. K. Gill Company, Portland.

Southess press agents, in their haste to assure us that everything good in the cheatrical line wasn't good whiless it came from what we Westerners call the East, nearly succeeded in persuading methat Richard Mansfield the great actor. lam, and was sometimes a correspondence clerk in Jordan, Marsh & Co's office, a teacher, a painter, and funny man at pri-vate theatricals. Then London called him vate theatricals. Then London called him back, and where the silent voice came from he didn't know. He and his mother quarreled and she cut off his allowance. In his "painting" period, he discovered when he sold his pictures to his friends, he afterward had no friends.

"They tell me you once lived by your paintings," a woman remarked to Mansfield.

was the reply

Even in early days, Mansfield had his ideals mapped out. Contented he was not; he could not be is ambition was always reaching out

Contented he was not; he could not be. His ambition was always reaching out. Years afterwards he said to the writer, during a luli in a dress rehearsal: "This responsibility and fatigue is overwhelming. See that bright, care-free, contented young fiddler there. He only plays a second vielle, yet he is happy. I can't understand it. If I played second fiddle I should want to play first. Then I should want to to play first. Then I should want to lead, But I should next want a bigger ordnessra, and yet a bigger. One who conducts musts must be able to composer, I should want to write magnificent music. If I attained success as a composer, I should not be satisfied if I were not able to take first place." "And then?"

He was silent, for he did not prafer always to admit practical conclusions. In a moment he sighed and confessed.

ways to admit practical conclusion moment he sighed and confessed "Then I should not be content."

The fact notably stands out that in his experience as a young actor in London, Mansfield first learned the lessons of Mansfield first learned the lessons of poverty and actual starvation, lessons which afterward gave him moral fiber. "When night came," Mansfield once said, "I wandered about the streets of London, and if I had a penny I invested it in a baked potato, from the baked-potato man on the corner. I would put these hot potatoes into my pockets, and after I had warmed my hands I would swallow the potato. That is the truth."

potato. That is the truth."

The Oregonian doesn't have space now to enumerate Mansfield's various theatrical triumphs, triumphs which have been the most notable of our generation. Suf-fice it to say that he made himself famous in a night as a member of the New York Union Square Theater Company, in 1883, playing the role of Baron Chevrial, a sin-soaked reprobate, in "A Parisian Romance." What took place on that eventful night is well-known history.

Mansfield, although revered as an actor, was disliked for his frequent outbursts of had temper, and he indulged himself in the latter so often that not only actors and actresses, but stagehands, especially some of the latter who live in this city, were in open mutiny. "Mansfield is fitted to bose Chinamen, but not white men," was one criticism against him. Mr. Wilstach tries to make his here as pleasantly-appearing as possible:

While in San Francisco the company was one day summoned to a photographer's studio. No one guessed the reason. After waiting an hour Mansfeld finally arrived. Arranging all in a group, he seated himself in the center reading a manuscript. "Will in the center reading a manuscript." he every one look as pleasant as possible? he asted, as the photographer exposed the negative. The instruction for the next exposure was: "Now let everyone be vexed and bored and close his eyes as if sound and bored and close his eyes as if sound asieep." He continued to read, but, whereas in the first pose he had shown no interest, in this one his face was beaming. Of course, his instructions wore to be obeyed, but no one understood, and gradually the members of the company drifted out of the sindio quite confirmed in their belief in his madness. His old friend, Dan Harkins, however, unable to curb his curiosity, remained behind and begged an explanation. "Simply two pictures of my company listening to me reading plays," remarked Mansdeld, "The first was a popular author's; the second was one of my own." These pictorial jokes on his attempts as a dramatist amused him, and they hung in his home the remainder of his life.

To one luckless individual who loitered on the singe during a Mansfield rehearsal,

he would not dream of the first to resent coming from another."

When the later productions expanded his company, often beyond the 100 mark, the moressity for discipline sent the family spirit into eclipse, and his nervous impatience touched the marks to that Iralia of goasip about his autocratic bearing in the theater. He was born with as delicate a set of nerves as was ever put under human skin, and when, after every effort and expense on his own part, carelexness or stupidity marred and often ruined his undertaking, he met the situation in no soft mood. His passions fairly rode the gale and the tempest was mamorable while it lasted.

Insteld.

These tempters were an illness and left him quite dispirited. One night, the last time he ever acted in Pittsburg, he broke down after the long monologue which constitutes the last act of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' because he fancied everything had been spoiled by careless stage management, but after his temper he crept to his dressing-room and sat in silent distress until 2 o'clock in the morning, before he summoned his dresser. Anger came from sore nerves, not from the heart. It was from the lips out He cherished no animality.

During his visit to Cincinnati, O., Mansfield lived on his car at Fernbank, and often acted as umpire in a boys' game of baseball played in a near-by meadow. A

often acted as umpire in a coys sake. A baseball played in a near-by meadow. A Fernbank story:

This year (1903) of "Julius Caesar" he invited the Fernbank boys into the city to see him set. An order for a bex was scribbled on a card, and he thought no more of it. A few nights afterward the boys, much scrubbed and much dressed, presented themselves at the door of the theater. The tickets were nearly all taken and only one box remained unsold. The boys were told there was no box to be had.

Retiring to the sidewalk, they decided to press their claims with their friend. By some miracite—nothing less, for by no chance was a stranger allowed on Mansfeld's stage without an invitation, and that was rare—they got past the stage door-keeper and rapped at the door of lee star's dressing-room. "Come in," called Mansfeld, and they revealed themselves and explained their grievance. When he understood he took the card and wrote on the back: "No box, no performance. R. M."

Need it be said that there was a performance? Next day, under the big tree near the car, he talked his character over with the boys, and from such talks he declared he tearned much.

The happlest time of Mansfield's life

The happlest time of Mansfield's life indoubtedly came when he married his leading lady. Beatrice Cameron, and this love was intensified when his little boy came—George Gibbs Mansfield.

anne-George Gibbs Mansfield.

The companionship between Mansfield and his boy was unusual and wonderful. The bild's imagination developed from the time is could talk. It was elfsh and fantastic, and it astonished those not quite in according the father understood it, and it was brough this faculty that he reached the ov.

He and Gibbs were boon companions. So youthful was the father in his disclosure of himself to the boy, and so profound were the assumptions of the youngate, that Mausfield asmetimes seemed to present the younger heart of the two. So happily did their imaginations complement each other that they indulged in extravagant vagaries by the hour without need to explain. "Gibbs," said his father out walking one day "why are you sliding your feet." "Glbbs," said his father out walking one day, "why are you sliding your feet."
"I'm a steam engine," replied the little

fellow. "Then you need coal," and his father showled imaginary coal into the hop's pockets with an imaginary showel until they were make-believe full.

The ouglue went full steam ahead, but soon Mansfield came upon him at a dead stardaili. "What's this? Something broken?"

broken?"
With perfect seriousness: "Yes, sir."
After a careful examination of fingers, neck, elbows: "Of course, this engine needs oilling." Forthwith his cane became a long-spouted oil can, and poked all over the engine, which directly flew off at lightning speed, as, of course, any well-lightleated engine would.

Few letters were written by Mansfield to anybody, but at last several of these have been presented written to his wife and son, and reveal an unsuspected tenderness in the man's nature. An extract from one letter to Globs when the boy was 4 years old:

boy was 4 years old:

And now Dada kines his boy just one hundred and one times, and fifty and a haif are for minder. Jefferson is bringing Dada's supper, and Dada is going to eat it and thank the Lord he has such a good boy and such a dear mudder.

A poem which Mansfield wrote "To Benirice." his wife, and which she now gives to the world:

I wore it when I woosd her first:

I wore it when I woosd her first:

Her mittened hand was on that sleave and stayed me when I feigned to read Her silence a command to leave.

Some fragrance still may linger there

Some fragrance still may linger there Where once her perfumed tresses lay, When she had sink her golden head Upon my breast, thats ballowed day: Or yet, perchance, some sliken thread Of her dear locks may still remain. There where they ficated o'er my her O search ye well—and march again

No? Then perhaps may linger now The fragrance of the purple flower That with her own dear hand she pin Upon my cost, that happy hour?

Bring me that coat!
Is there a mark upon the breast
Of tears, that were not surrow shed?
Of tears, that her dear eyes had wepl.
And they were tears of joy, she said? Search well the pockets, you will find A tiny useless bit of lace? I stole it from the kand that hid The smile that dawned upon her face. Seek, is the glove no longer there. That she unclasped to smooth my hair, as I had knelt and bowed my head. Upon her knee, in mute despair?

Bring me that coat!

Be there no vestige of these now,
Of amber-scented lock no trace?
There is a silent witness still
More precious far than glove or lare. Tis here where you may scarcely see The little rent a blackthern tore;

HAILED AS THE SUCCESSOR OF JULES VERNE.



H. G. Wells, the London Nov-

elist. NEW YORK, Dec. 19. — (Special.)—H. G. Wells, the London novelist, is the natural successor of Jules Verne in the field of imaginative literature. To American readers he is more finished than Verne—though possi-bly this difference can be traced to the translator. Mr. Wells is no less convincing than Verne, and to a public just becoming familiar with the terminology of neronautics, his "War in the Air" is a perfect picture of actuality instead of a prophecy of a poten-tial future. Mr. Wells is a fin-To one juckless individual who loitered that the prophecy of a potential meaning the hem of her long ain, which his little hands had seized as a well as a manifeld's first appearance on the stage.

Manafield's first appearance on the stage.

Manafield's first intentional appearance in the bearing the same took place at the Derby hool in England, where he was a pull. His amateur acting was considered by remarkable, and the Bishop of chiffield said: "Heaven forbid that I Ished essayist as well as a graphic descriptive writer, and he handles the social side of the current problems he discusses. His conclusion-the lapse of man thto barbarism from his rise to the highest form of earthly de-velopment—he makes very con-

That's where her loving fingers delved. That's where her loving glances bore!

Look at the stitches close and neat. Tou'll barely find the rent I tore; She mended all my life like that! Bring me that coat, that coat once n For two years before his death Mansfield was advised by physicians to give up stage work, but he replied that he had decided "to retire for good in 1900."

up stage work, but he replied that he had decided "to retire for good in 1902." The end came for him one August night in 1907.

Though weakness made his body a prisceer, his mind was restless every waking moment. Manafield could not bear to be alone, but seen for one neighbor after another and chatted with an unfailing cheerfulness.

Thursday night—this was August 29—it was manifest that the end was near. His wife, his brother Feitz, who had accompanied him from Englend. Gibbr governess and Brown gathered at his bedside shortly after midnight.

His wife held both his hands in hers firmly and repeated in a clear, not loud tone, over and over again. "God is life." At one time he wors and recognized her, and when she repeated, "God is life," he pressed her hand and answered, "God is life," had not be repeated, "God be life," but his only answer was to raise his hand with the familiar gesture he made when his mind was fixed, and he drew her to him and hissed her. As he released her he lay smilling neas-fully, his eyes open for a moment with a look of boy and delight, and the smile remained as he fall asiesp. "It was as though he knew thed was love." said Mrs. Mansfield, "and there was not for him the life I wanted, for I meant here."

He did not speak again. The vigil was long. No one knew how long until the fishing sem broke across the foot of his bed and disappeared. The sudden burst of light caugh every eve. When they turned to him again he was no longer thare.

No attempt is here mide to measure Mansfield as an actor: that would be

No attempt is here made to measure No attempt is here mute to measure Mansfield as an actor; that would be out of place. My duty has rather been to present you to Mansfield as his biographer sees him. The narrative is based principally on the confidences of Mrs. Mausfield; on the biographer's inti-mate acquaintance extending over the last 10 years of Mansfield's life; and free access to all of Mansfield's papers and letters. Mr. Wilstack has done his work spien-

didly, and his book is a fine study of many moods, in which delicate humor is noticeable. In American biography the book will rank high.

Interplay, by Beatrice Harraden, \$1.50, Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York City. erick A. Stokes Co., New York City.
Women and marriage, especially women who talk about their past and "experiences." That is this clever English novel in a nutshell. Miss Harraden, the author of the celebrated "Ships That Pass in the Night," makes one of her women characters say:

"There is no sum large enough to buy me, Aunt Caroline," Margaret said gravely. My freedom, my self-respect, the play of my own individuality, my emotions, my views of life, my good spirits—I

or my own individuality, my enotions, my views of life, my good spirits—I value these. They are priceless. Believe me, people don't want to be hedged around. They have to be as lonely as around. They have to be as lonely as you've been to recognize the benefit of sheltering kindness. If human nature has at any moment the impulse to be grateful, it would not go far wrong in showing appreciation to those people who can from time to time make us feel that we are able to cope with our impossibilities."

Can a woman marry for the simple reason that she has found a man who will take care of her? Margaret again speaks as follows, according to our author's

as follows, according to our author's words:

Now shout this man, this good and fine man, who had shown that he loved her. What were her true feelings with regard to him? She could offer friendship, comradeship, admiration and respect. She could not give him love; but she might do as thousands of women had done before her, and pretend to give love, for the sake of a home, a husband and a fine position. And why not follow their example? Only one more actress to the long list. After all, what were her prospects? She had none. She was tired—the very thought tired her. And women could even deceive themselves about it it they chose. Hame the women through these long generations? No. The duty of "getting settled in like" had passed for a tenet as perfectly legitimate and respectable as the duty of saving one's soul. Ah, but that was in the dark ages of a few years ago. Now there was a new order of things. There were new openings, new possibilities. And with the new order of things, no excuse for the old habits of deceit, dependence. No-out into the arena she must and would so, and take her chahea once more in the rough and tumble of life—far better that—far more honest.

Miss Harraden gives this crumb of comwords:

Miss Harraden gives this crumb of comfort to the suffragette: "The masculine-looking woman with the red tie and the looking woman with the central severe hat, she unhesitatingly classified as a militant suffragist. She had no means of knowing that this person was the quiet, domesticated mother of five sons, for whose welfare she would willingly

let the whole world of women "go hang." The Light of Four Candles, by C. F. King.

A battle-axe blow at the piracy of money, at frenzied finance and especially at Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston. The latter magnate tried to "down" Mr. King in various financial deals and the reading public has not yet forgotten the echoes of the money conflict agitating the street when Mr. King started to fight Mr. Lawren Mr. King started to the street when Mr. King started to fight Mr. Lawson. Mr. King's book describes the financial fight referred to, and he certainly handles the subject without gloves. Names of the accused are given, along with the offences of which they stand charged in the court of public opinion. Hoy much of the book is ilbelous must be left to the judgment of a lawyer-say a Philadelphia one.

Body blows are dealt at several moneythings of the stock exchange business, and Mr. King gives what he says is a correct

Mr. King gives what he says is a correct account of the tragic death of ex-Gover-nor Franklin J. Moses, of South Carolina. who was found dead in his room at Win-throp, Mass., two years ago, the details of which have so far been difficult of of which have access. Mr. King also says that he is "the one man who has fought Lawson to a standstill and caused him to send missaries asking that the battle ccase."
the telling of it all is bitter, able
and livid. Not a novel, but a regiment and livid. of facts and every gun a repeater send-ing out cold lead.

ing out cold lead.

There are some people so unkind as to say that Thomas W. Lawson is a rich man and that he loves printer's ink well but himself more.

Paris, the Beautiful, by Lillian Whiting, Il-lustrated, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Miss Whiting has become known as an elegant writer of elegant books of leisurely travel. This, her newest book, is beautifully illustrated and mirrors the fascinating Paris, the Paris that pleases the eye, with all mud left out. It is skilfully constructed, and leads in the holiday gift books.
"The very atmosphere of Paris is fas-

cination that inspires perpetual record in pictorial or literary expression," says Miss Whiting. "To stand again in Sainte Miss Whiting. "To stand again in Sainte Chapelle, in the incomparable light of the great rose window, with a new realization of the strange and superstitious mysticism of Louis XI; to linger in the mysticism of Louis Xi; to linger in the Pantheon and recall the wonderful story of Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, whose marvelous history is depicted on the walls by the master hand of Puvis de Chavannes in his series of decorative paintings; to loiter in the gardens of the Tuileries when statues gleam whitely amidst the glow of scarlet geraniums in the great vases, and the vists down the broad avenue of the Champs Elysees is framed in the stately Arc de Triomphe de l'Etolie; to renew acquaintance with contemporary French art through the two salons in the splendid galleries of the Grand Paris, in all these experiences one invites the joy of beauty." Her chapter titles are: Paris, the Beau-

tiful; The Champs Elysees Region; The Louvre and the Laxembourg: The Annual Spring Salons: The Story of Sainte Gene-vieve: Scientific Progress in Paris: The Imaginative Intensity of Parisian Life: The Parisian Panorama; The Spirit of

The Teacher, by George Herbert Palmer and Alice Freeman Palmer, \$1.50. The Hough-ton, Mifflin Co., Beston, and the J. K. Gill Co., Fortland.

The name of the late Alice Freeman Palmer, of Wellesley College, Mass., stands as a shining light in the records of American educators, and doubly welcome is this valuable volume giving Mrs.

Palmer's impressions on educational sub Palmer's impressions on educational subjects and also those of her husband
who is a lecturer and educator of note.
Four essays by Mrs. Palmer are entitled: "Why Go to Colleges," "Three
Types of Women's Colleges," "Women's
Education in the 19th Century," and
"Women's Education at the World's
Fair." The whole book is a remarkably
strong pica for the value of a college education, and specially concerns young cation, and specially concerns young people. They should heed its wise coun-

The Conquest of the Great Northwest, by The Outing Publishing Company, New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Port land.

are Canada and the famous Hudson Bay Company; and the task before the author has been apparently to tell the true story of the company referred to as ad-venturer, pathfinder and empire-builder working through Canada from Rupert's Land to California, until democracy forced the feudal system established to

forced the feudal system established to retire. The books just touch the arrival of the colonizer and planeer.

Immense research has no doubt taken place in fashioning this record from documents of Hudson's Bay House, London, and a mass of hitherto unpublished, unexploited material bearing on the subject at issue, found in the Public Becords Office, London, But no gristy skeleton is unfolded for the first time, and the revelations, while tinged with romance, the true spirit of adventure and general interest, are just about ture and general interest, are just about what the reader would naturally expect. The literary style is breezy, hurried, and often lacks dignity, but all this is elim-inated when one contemplates the ex-cellence of the historical picture and the

cellence of the historical picture and the industry of the historian.

It would not be possible within the limits of a \$24-page book to present a complete history of the operations of the Hudson Bay Company, which had a fur empire larger by actual measurement than Europe. Think of the sweep of territory ruled by the company's factors—Rupert's Land to California. Where San Francisco now stands the adventurers once owned a 1000-acre farm. venturers once owned a 1000-acre farm, and imagination is fired as to what changes might have taken place on our map, today had these same restless em pire-builders succeeded in their daring plan of buying up Mexico's had debts and trading those debts for proprietary rights in California. Our author care-

fully goes over this ground.

The first chapter begins in the year 1607 with a description of the attempt of Henry Hudson to discover the passage across the North Pole, as the book has it, the memorable occasion when he reached \$2 degrees. Hudson's succeeding voyages are recorded, and the sixth chapter describes Radisson, the pathfinder, who discovers Hudson's Bay and founds the "company of gentlemen ad-venturers." The existence of the new company is shown to be an epoch of rude force, whisky and murder, although the ultimate result was concrete authority over lawless Indian tribes and worse half-breeds. One halls with satisfaction the arrival of fighters worthy of the Hudson Bay Company's steel, "the pediars"—the new Northwest Company. Local interest deepens at the 25th chapter, when the historian describes Da-vid Thompson, the Nor-wester, making his dash for the Columbia River and sailing on to what is now Astoria, reaching there July 15, 1811, only to find that Astor's men had arrived before him. The fascinating part of the second volume begins at page 239, where John Mc

ume begins at page 233, where John Mc-Loughillin steps on the scene of action, and the story told of his empire-building reads like a beautiful romance, so able is the descriptive work. Opposite page 312 is a picture of McLoughlin, described as "King of Oregon." His entire story is told to the period when Oregon be-came part of the United States and the came part of the United States and the recital is marked by sympathy and a desire to do him justice. The opinion is expressed that the Christlike quality in McLoughlin's character "places him second to none among the heroes of American history."

The volumes are suitably illustrated, one notable illustration being a portrait of Lord Strathcons and Mount Royal, at present Governor of Hudson's Bay Company.

Van Dyke and his companions wandered far from the beaten paths of ordinary travelers, and the result is this volume of surpassing literary excellence in which houghtful reverence for sacred things is he dominating note.

The list of contents: Travelers' Joy Going Up to Jerusalem, At the Gate of Zion, Mizpah and the Mount of Olives, A Journey to Jerash, The Mountains of Samaria, The Springs of Jordan, From the Springs of Jordan to Damascus, An Excursion to Bethlehem and Hebron, The Temple and the Sepulchre, Jericko and the Jordan.

The point is made clear that "Christlanity is an out-of-doors religion." In speaking of the Mount of Olives, in the garden of Gethsemane, our author says. "It is here, in this quaint and carefully tended garden, this precious place which has been saved allke from the oblivious trampling of the crowd and from the needless imprisonment of four walls and roof, it is here in the open mir, in the calm glow of the afternoon, under the

LEADER OF THE EMMANUEL MOVEMENT.



Dr. Elwood Worcester. NEW YORK, Dec. 19 .- (Spe-

cial.)-Dr. Elwood Worcester, the leader of the Emmanuel Movement, has been holding meetings in New York City recently. Interest in the movement is spreading throughout the country. Dr. Worcester Is native of Massillon, O., and was educated at Columbia College. He also studied at the University of Leipsic. He was ordnined a deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1890 and a priest in 1891. He was chaplain of Lehigh University for six years and afterward acting rector of St. John's Church in Dreaden. He is now rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston, which has given its name to this "thought-healing" movement.

shadow of Mount Zion, that we find for the first time that which we have come far to seek—the soul of the Holy Land. the inward sense of the real presence of The quiet Hiustrations are in harmony

with the peace of the text.

The Stroke Oar, by Halph D. Pains, Illustrated, \$1.59. The Outing Publishing Co., New York City.

Search where you will, there's not another writer of stories in America who can invest college years describing foot-

ball or boat rowing with the real ability of Raiph D. Paine, lately of Yale.

This story, "The Stroke Oar," is a case in point and I see no reason why it should not do for this country what the more famous "Tom Brown at Oxford" has done for the country that the more famous "Tom Brown at Oxford" has done for England. It concerns the doings of one strenuous young man James Montgomery Stearns, who is stroke our of the Yale crew, but finds his rowing activities interrupted by the fact that owing to a queer train of circumstances had be addeded and finds himself stances he is abducted and finds himself headed for Hamburg. Of course there's a girl in the case, Suzette Alken, who is loved by Steams and several other young

How Stearns breaks away and lands in America just in time to take part in the Yale-Harvard boat race and help his

NEW YORK CLERGYMAN PRESENTED WITH PURSE



Huntington, of Grace

Church. NEW YORK, Dec. 19 .- (Spectal.)-Dr. Huntington is one of the best-beloved ministers in New York. He is the pustor of Grace Church and he has a wealthy congregation. Recently his people presented to him a purse of \$40,000. Dr. Huntington promptly turned it over to his church.

crew to victory, is a fine bit of story telling. And the loke is that Stearns doesn't get his Suzette. The closing verse is worth quoting:
The seasons come, the seasons go,
The earth is green or white with snow,
But time and change shall not avail
To break the friendships formed at Yale!
Who is Mr. Palne. Let this clipping
tall. "Rathb D Paine ruwed on the Yale. who is Mr. Paine. Let this caping tell: "Ralph D. Paine rowed on the Yale crews of 'il, 'il and 'il. He made the crew in his freshman year, and had the added distinction of being the only crew man who lind ever been chairman of the Yale Literary Magazine, a fact which shows that athletics do not interfere with American history."

The volumes are suitably illustrated, one notable illustration being a portrait of Lord Strathcom and Mount Royal, at present Governor of Hudson's Bay Company.

Out of Deers in the Holy Land, by Dr. Henry Van Dyke. Illustrated, \$1.50 Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City.

The Holy Land pictured absolutely from a new point of view. This in itself is an achievement to be proud of. In his journeys here and there in Palestine, Dr. Van Dyke and his companions wandered the callivation of a man's literary powers. Mr. Paine rowed No. 4 on the '92 crew, which was one of the fastest eights that ever churned the waters of the Thames at New London, Conn. After his graduation he was sent to Heuley. England, with the Yale crew as correspondent, and with three other 'grads,' improvised a four-oared crew and rowed a scratch race with the Henly Boat Chub four, beating by two feet. This race, which, however, being something of a joke, cannot be considered seriously, was the only instance of an American college. the only instance of an American college crew ever finishing first at Henley."

The Letters of Jennie Allen to Her Friend Miss Musgrove, by Grace Donworth. It lustrated, \$1.50. Small, Maynard & Co.

Warranted to chase away the blues, is it is no more possible to read this book without a smile than It is to gaze on snow-peaked Mount Hood without wonder. The book is a nugget of homely wisdom and shrewd observa-tion, and as for its spelling. No wonder Mark Twaln has already said There's no spelling that can begin with it on this planet, outside of the White House.

Several selected thoughts:

I think about 5 per cent of foolishness is about right for Christmas gifts. You leave that out and it seems too much like busi-We are going to live close to my folks so I can help them when they need me, and his magner is going to live with us. My cup runneth over.

He is a Maine man, but a perfeck gentle-

He is a Maine man, but a perfeck gentle-man. So is his mother.

It seems as if that was the way of the world. A few folks enjoy the fruit and others slip down on the pealings.

How many sins of emission we commit trying to keep our hands clean?

I told him how getting hurt was a pun-ishment for fighting on the Sabbath day, and I knew he never would dair to do such a thing again. "Huth?" says Bub; "when a feller comes up and pulls your hair, low can you stop to think what day of the week it is?"

The Way of the Indian, by Alfred B. Gilbert, Hustrated, Frances E. Gotshall

The author of this booklet is a Portland man, and illustrated as it is with original drawings by Carrie M. Gilbert, the offering will make a suitable gift to all interested in the Indians of the Orcgon country. Brief stories are given of Sacsjawes, Wallulah, Sitting Bull, Multnomah, Chief Joseph, Scattle Angeline and Geronino. These stories pulse with a humanity toward the red man, and in some instances beautiful idealism and poetic thought creep in. Mr. Gilber knows what he is writing about, for he Mr. Gilbert has lived with Indians of different tribes and studied them at close range

Good Night Stories, by Mrs. Frank Sittig. Hinstrated. \$1.50. Robert J. Crombis & Co., New York City.

Mrs. Sittly is noted as the foundress of the well-known Brooklyn, N. V., Christ-mas Tree Society, and also as a writer of high-class, Juvenile literature. The stories within the covers of this book were never intended for the public ear, were never intented for the public ear, but were told by Mrs. Sittig to her little son, when bed-time came. The stories referred to are mostly about insect and animal life, and it would appear that all children hearing what is told by this author would surely afterward not abuse any living thing. Yet, the book isn' 'preachy.' It has nearly a persona Yet, the book isn't charm.

The Other Americans, by Arthur Ruhl, Riustrated, Charles Scribner's Sons, New

People persist in attaching only a comic-opera importance to the other America and the South Americans, This cok will cure all such wrong-vision

hopeful finger of our benevolent Dr. Munyon, Through windows barred as in the old days of Spanish viceroys, comes the busy chat-ter of the American sewing machine; in mining camps, buried away in the Cordil-ieras, the Hama drivers listen to the phono-graph.

But there is this saving clause;
They have had a difficult childhood and youth, those other Americans. Since of the fathers, climate, often the dragging weight of, an inferior race, even some of their cobler qualities, have worked against them. Yet they, too, fought for their independence, they are pioneers. The task before them is essentially so much like ours that at least a decently fair and neighbority spirit can give its encouragement and help. Halt of the Western continent is theirs to tame and to train; theirs in which to build a future home for the Latin races, to work our slowly and laboriously their experiment in Democracy. But there is this saving clause;

The Life and Strange, Surprising Adventures of Robinsen Crusse, by Daviet Detoe, Unistrated, Two volumes, 55 net. The Houghton Mirita Co., Boston, Mass., and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Two dignified volumes of a library edi-tion, printed from Caslon type on fine paper and handsomely bound in boards, with leather back and libel. One feature will learner back and inder. One rather off this edition de luxe is the inclusion of 15 illustrations in photogravure by Stothard, a series composed when his fame was at its best. The story part also includes "The Further Adventures of Robinson Crusce." As for the story itself to comment is because it. self, no comment is necessary.

The Live Dolls' Play Days. By Josephine Scribner Gates, Illustrated by Virginia Keep, The Bohbs-Merville Co., Indianapo-Cloverdale is the live dolls' town, and this holiday book for children tells you all about it in amusing fashion. It extends to 108 pages, and both filustrations and story are excellent, not one jot of stily matter being visible.

An English Honeymoon, by Anne Hollings-worth Wharton Blustrated J. B. Lippin-cott Co., Philadelphia. A pleasure to eye and cultivated mind is this story told in her letters by a newly-made bride as she travels from one pleasant, restful English town to another She describes charming, historical Eng-land—with the working folks and indus-trial turmell left out. Suitable as a girl's

holiday gift. The Augel, by Guy Thoma. \$1.50. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York City.
An English story picturing a former atheist who is converted and becomes a prescher of Christ-like appearance. Ac-companied by Welsh disciples, he visits London and becomes its moral scourge.

A novel of tremendous appeal. Tales of Laughter, edited by Kate Douglas
Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. The
McClure Co., New York City.
This is a third fairy book, a lance
collection of mnusing stories selected
from nearly all languages. Shows tasts

in choosing what is good and interesting.

Little Polly Primrose and Her Friends, by Carro Frances Warren, illustrated in celor. The C. M. Clark Publishing Co., A good story for little girls wishing a ook as a holiday gift. The thick, black book as a joy, type is a joy, JOSEPH M. QUENTIN.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP,

A new and revised edition of Colonel John S. Moshy's "Stuart's Cavairy in the Gettysburg Campaign" is in preparation. Mand Howe's charming "Eun and Shadow in Spain," which has won high opinions for its sprightly text and fine illustrations, has

by H. Addington Bruce, which has made so marked a success in the Outlook this year, will be published in book form early in 1909.

The illustration on this book page is taken from a picture in Plumine: F. Jones book "Shamreck Land," and represents the scene "The Top of the Morning to Ye. Sir, and Welcome." The book referred to was recently reviewed in these columns.

J. C. Snaith's new novel, "Araminta," will be published early next month. It is stated that this is the story his admirirs anticipated when he published, a year ago, "William Jordan, Jr.". In "Araminta" he returns to the field of the legitimate novel of character and manners. Upton Sinclair, the novellst, is looking for a home somewhere on the Pavido Coast-He is not looking, he says, for material for a new book and "has done his share in muckraking." Do you know why? Because "muckraking" doesn't pay as before.

"Give us a rest. Tell us something healthy." In a few days there will be published "Litthe Masterpleces of Autobiography," edited
by George Res. The work is in six volumes and is to be published in the same
series with the "Little Masterpleces of
Prose," "Piction," etc. Some of the men
from whose papers, letters, etc., the autobiographical matter is taken are Richard
Wagner, George Washington, Nathanie;
Hawthorne, Thomas Jefferson, Joseph Jefferson, etc.

Those books were received for review through the kindness of the J. K. Gill Company, of this city: "Good Night Stories." Interplay, "An English Honeymoon," "Out of Doors in the Holy Land," "The Angel," "Tales of Laughter," and "The Stroke Car. The Illustrations in "Toodies of Treasure Town" and "Her Snow Man," a children's gift book, reviewed in these columns last week, are by Merle Johnson, a Portland artist, who is the sun of Mr. and Mrs. W. Carey Johnson, of this city. Merle Johnson has been East for some time and his artistic illustrations show unusual falest. . . .

George B. Shaw has repented. In a re-ent address he said: "There has been an immerse amount of talk about a very much insunderstood and little-known writer laned Shakespears. Unless you understand named Shakespeare. Unless you understant that Shakespeare was a man who was writing music with words, you will never understand anything about Shakespeare at all." Mr. Shaw also stated that he had spent quite a part of his life going about England searching for books. It was, he said extremely difficult to find any, yet there were a number of places where he could buy a drink.

Monal, Yard & Co. announce the publication, next Spring, of a book entitled "The Emmanies Movement, its Principles, Methods and Results." The authors are Etwood Worcesier, D.D. Ph.D., and Samnel McComb. D.D., some of whose lectures recently given in New York City will form a part of the work. The book will in no sense supplant "Religion and Medicine." It will, on the contrary, supplies and supplement that egoch making book on the historical and practical side, as Ir. Worcester's recent "The Living Word," supplements it on the philosophical side.

"The Art of Newspaper Reading" is the

"The Art of Newspaper Reading" is the title of a protucely illustrated book describing the modus operandl of a prescripping bureau. It explains how this comparatively new industry gives employment to about 1600 people, with offices in every capitol of the civilized world. It is estimated that the gross amount paid for clippings castregates \$1,000,000 per annum. Mr. Burrelle in his book relates every detail, of the work from the receipt of the papers to the final mailing of the items to the clicut. It tells how also bureau receives 1500 newspapers daily, and how onch reader has to bear in mind 10,000 proper names and topics. The output of this bureau is stated to be 2,000,000 items each year. Miss Blien Terry tells us that Airred

Miss Ellen Terry tells us that Airred Tennyson taught her to say "uncheon" instead of 'inneh." The former is, in fact, praferred by Ensilah writers not only as a noun, but even as a cerb. Thus Disraelt speaks of tailes "innehening on Perigord ple." In America, however, though luncheon is considered more "elegant" than hunch in describing the meal, it is less rarely used, while the verb "to luncheon" would sound like intolerable affectation to most of us, says the New York Heraid. There is a story that the question once came up in the household of Walliam Dean Howells. He himself stood up for lunch, as noun and verb. Mrs. Höwells declared for luncheon. An appeal to the Century dictionary was made.

"Lunch is unfarred." oried Mr. Howells.

America and the South America. This book will cure all such wrong-vision and shows that these far-Southerners possessed their Washington in such men as Simon Bollvar, the liberator of Bolivia. Old and new conditions are strikingly pictured:

Under the wilting sunshine of Braxil the pink pills of our New Eligiand lamineaps reappear in lary Portuguese as the Pilulas Resease para Pessoas Pallidas; down the water coast, on walls against which Pinterners men have been leaned, is lifted the