"Here's to the books of the olden year,
Those that are tried and true;
Here's to the books of the year to come—
Imperishable few!"—P. M. M.

"A NORTHERN MADONNA."
A PICTURE FROM ELLA HIGGINSON'S NEW BOOK "ALASKA."

Arminel of the West. By John Trevena. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York City.

Cow-ponies, a ranch, a young woman in khaki, and a wide, sombrero hat, alkali dust and the red sun sinking over a Western prairie? Is that the atmosphere surrounding this novel? Not a bit like it.

A new literary star has arisen, a great realist in the person of Mr. Trevena, with a sweep of pathos and power reminding me strongly of Thomas Hardy. "Arminel of the West" nearly grips you as does "Tess," but without any of the bitter tragedy of that story. "Arminel" is also an English novel, in which sterling character play abounds and the Tess in it is Miss Nona Wistman, daughter of a clergyman. Here is the opening scene:

The lanes of mid-Devon are very muddy in Winter time. None more so that those which descend into the old coach-road between Okehampton and the village of Sticklepath. They are like muddy tributaries feeding a river. There is plenty of traffic along this road, especially on Saturday, which is market day in Okehampton; but the lanes are always lonely. They are dark, too, and the lop-sided oaks which stretch their crooked branches from one stone-hedge to the other creak as the wind frees Dartmoor strikes them. It is that wind which makes them lop-sided. When strangers meet in one of these lanes they can hardly pass without a word of greeting. When one stranger is a young man and the other a young maid, there is often a certain amount of awkwardness; with blushes on one side and bold glances on the other. Sometimes the bold glances are reciprocated, which results naughtily enough, if foolish and dangerous—especially so, when the primroses are in bud and there is warm sunshine falling between the oak branches. The lanes which descend into the Okehampton road are very lonely, and there are no prying Pauls behind the primroses and young ferns.

One of the "characters" of these Devon lanes is John Zaple, but better known as Dartmoor Jack, who went about the country selling oil from a tank hauled by Sarah Jane, a knowing mare. Dartmoor Jack, it is stated, was under 50 years old, wore big spectacles, and his red face was childlike with innocence. He knew no blasphemy, did not drink, and did not run after strange women, although more than one had made advances to him. "daffy old dear" as they called him. He had no professed religion although he admitted to have tried them all, to find Methodism "too rorty," the established or Episcopal Church "too old fashioned," and the other sects "all money grab," and ministers in general "too much heaven for me and hell for you."

Dartmoor Jack's one supreme flower, his jewel of great price, was his daughter Arminel, a schoolteacher and a sunbeam selected by the master from the sky and placed on this dull, old earth to brighten it. It is interesting to read how Dartmoor Jack, originally a Cornish man, became an English commoner. He married, but not before his daughter Maria or Arminel had been born to him. His wife promptly eloped with a sergeant of artillery, and Jack then installed a near-by widow as "mistress" of his house, principally to care for his daughter.

It does not take long to discover that many of the people Mr. Trevena creates are those of easy virtue, to whom marriage is a bit of a joke. But the moral lapses of these people make up the Trevena realism. Do you see? If the book-folk were all spotless and had wings growing over their shoulders, their address wouldn't be Devon, England—but heaven. The statement is made on page 18 that up to quite recently before a railroad was constructed through mid-Devon that the people were little better than savages. "There were villages in which a stranger was certain to be pelted with sticks and stones; the children were as rough and unruly as the ponies of the moor; the men were so dull as to be unable to learn which was their right hand and which their left (they wore straw tied to one leg and hay to the other, and their employers would guide them by calling 'hay' or 'straw'); the women did not know what constituted vice or virtue. These people lived in half-ruined cottages of cob. Every village had its witch and every small town its witch-doctor. The clergy made hardly an effort to reclaim them."

Rev. Stephen Wistman was rector of the living of Tordown, and lived in the Middle Ages but didn't know it. He was his own Christianity. He was narrow-minded, but a great scholar; didn't believed in music or dances, and wondered why people kept away from his church. His wife was the mother of 11 children, each more of a weakling than the preceding one. All the children born to him died, except two, one being Miss Nona. Her father determined that Nona should not know "what human passion was." So he reared her in dense ignorance, like a hothouse flower, and his wife's reason left her. As a religious experiment, Rev. Mr. Wistman forced Nona to become a novice in the Convent of the Sisters of the Cross, but Nona was a weed and didn't blossom.

Suddenly, Brian Challacombe, a young aristocrat, leaps into the story and starts action. Nona knows him but not wisely, and her life is ruined. Brian loves Arminel, whom he marries under an assumed name, but when she discovers his guilt toward Nona she leaves him. All this is described with refreshing, original candor. Of course, young Mrs. Challacombe does not institute proceedings for divorce—remember, the story is written about England. So she calls him "monkey," talks poetic, delicious prose and ultimately forgives him.

Miss Challacombe, Brian's rich aunt, dislikes Arminel because the latter is "a common person," and no "lady." But Arminel wins her in the last chapter: Miss Challacombe had to stop; had to return; had to bend over the lounge and confront those eyes. "What is it, child?" she said.

"I have something to tell you. Bend over, please, close to my mouth."

Miss Challacombe struggled; decided to refuse, and obeyed.

"I am going to have a baby," whispered Arminel, now. Miss Challacombe. It's going to be such a pretty one, and I want you to be fairy godmother. You'll love it?"

"Yes, darling!" Miss Challacombe was sniffing in a ridiculous fashion.

Then Arminel put up her arms and fastened them round the stubborn old lady's neck.

"Won't you love the little mother, too?" she whispered.

Reservoirs. By James Dix Schuyler. Illustrated. Price, $6. John Wiley & Sons, New York City.

A second edition, revised, enlarged and otherwise improved of a deservedly esteemed book on "Reservoirs for Irrigation, Water Power and Domestic Water Supply." An account is given of various types of dams and the methods, plans and cost of their construction, and also miscellaneous data upon the available water supply for irrigation in various sections of arid America; distribution, application and use of water; rainfall and runoff from various watersheds; evaporation from reservoirs; effect of silt upon the useful life of reservoirs; average cost of reservoirs per unit of capacity, etc.

Mr. Schuyler is a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers; member Institution of Civil Engineers, London; member Franklin Institute, and correspondent Pacific Coast; member Engineers and Architects' Association of Southern California; member Technical Society of the Pacific Coast; corresponding member National Geographic Society. It is stated that over 60 per cent of all the illustrations in the book are new, and that nearly as great a proportion of the reading matter is rewritten or new. The pages amount to 573, and the whole will prove of especial value to the engineering profession.

The Book of Georgian Verse. Chosen and edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Brentano's, New York City.

Within the limits of 1312 pages appear selections from the best work of those British poets born under the four George Kings, verse which marks the rise and development of a distinct political epoch, and the book should be a welcome addition to any library. The four books which form the series aim to cover the entire range of British poetry, from the publication of "Tottel's Miscellany," 1557, to the end of the Victorian epoch, just past. The present volume is the third of that series, the others being, first, "The Book of Elizabethan Verse"; second, "Book of Restoration Verse," and fourth, "Book of Victorian Verse." It is worth noting that Mr. Braithwaite uses wisely the term "British" verse, instead of writing "English," for he gives selections of English, Scotch and Irish poetry. He has avoided all formality and has succeeded in giving coherency and representation. Many dear old poems, which have hitherto been consigned to the forgotten dust of generations, emerge in a new dress and take honored place in the galaxy of stars.

To Americans the book must possess more than a mere sentimental interest, since it is from the gold mine of verse, with its home in the British Isles, that we get the foundation of our education in the English language. Thomas Moore, Sir Walter Scott, Lady Naoine, Walter Savage Landor, William Cooper, Robert Burns, Lord Byron, William Blake, Thomas Campbell, Thomas Chatterton, Samuel Taylor, Coleridge, David Garrick, Oliver Goldsmith, James Hogg, John Keats, Charles Lamb, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Robert Tarnahill, William Wordsworth and others—the list is a brilliant one. There are a glossary, index of authors and index to titles and first line of poems.

The Other Americans. by Arthur Ruhl. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City.

Curious pictures of life come to us from this record of South American people, and the impression deepens that we need to read or travel much to endeavor to know what these near neighbors of ours really are.

Here is an amusing letter written to the sporting editor of a South American newspaper about a football game:

"'Senor Sporting Boy, Mlestimade amigo,' the letter began. 'That which is past is past. We have suffered, in truth, a shameful defeat; yet what we are to blame for we ought perhaps to accept silently. There are, however, undoubtedly certain things which might well be brought to the attention of the honorable directorate of the Association de Football de Santiago.' What should have been, it seems, a great inter-city match became merely a mere chance for the portenos (or "people of the gate," as the Valparaisons are called) to give us on our own grounds a proof of their superior discipline and organization.' The Santiago team had been well trained. The selection of players made by its captain, Don Guillermo del Canto, was magnificent. The public were confident. The great day dawned propitiously. But at the last moment it appeared that one player was missing! The public protested, the captain searched. The portenos—embarrassing thought!—observed this lack of discipline. They had preferred to leave behind such good players as Morrison and Mackenzie merely because they had missed one day's practice at Vina del Mar! The game began, but what had happened? Why were Volles, Rogers, Hamel, etc., who, two days before had spoken gaily of the intercity as of a coming victory, not now the same? The cause seemed inexplicable. It was this. The substituted goal-keeper did not guarantee security. There was weakness in that most responsible position, in that point de transcendental importancia en la defensia de un team. The result—but why heap up humiliation? To all the world now it is told, only too eloquently, in the score.'"

Here are concluding extracts showing the author's graphic style:

This Africanism has tinged religion and language, and contributed, undoubtedly, with the climate and environment, to produce that mingling of melancholy, superstition, and sensibility, now gloomily savage, now acutely sentimental to the point of being morbid, which is common in Brazilian literature and poetry. Even without it people could not live under the brooding influence of such a land without getting something of its sombre mystery and creepy beauty into their blood. There is a passage in Senhor Garcs Aranha's novel, "Chanaan," so full of this Brazilian feeling that it is worth quoting, even in a shambling translation, and aside from the fact that it illustrates the sort of thing that makes a writer famous in Brazil. Everybody was talking about "Chanaan"—which is the Portuguese for "Canaan"—when I was in Rio, and it was still so new that the distinguished Academician, its author, could be induced to read selections to appreciative listeners after dinner without the slightest difficulty. The most famous of these was the one about the "vagalumes" of fireflies. The poor, young girl, Maria, deserted by her faithless lover at the moment she needed him most, had wandered for several days, fleeced at and turned away from one door after another, until, overpowered with bodily fatigue and morbid imagining, she came at nightfall to a forest. Its gloomy depths attracted her, hunted animal that she felt herself to be, even while she shivered at the look of it:

Within the shadowy interior came and went enormous butterflies, saure and dark gray, in incessant glistening flight. Exhausted, Maria sank down, without the courage to enter, without the strength to flee, fascinated by that sombre and melancholy world. Her hands, limp and trembling, let fall the little bundle of clothes. Faint, friendless, frightened, wrapped in the darkness of night, she shrank between the great roots of a tree, and with dilated eyes, ears alert, listened to the murmur and whisper of things.

The darkness deepened, issuing forth from the tangled verdure like the impalpable, vaporous breath of the earth itself. To her perturbed imagination it seemed as though all nature were trying to overpower her and crush out her breath. The shadows grew darker. Great swollen clouds rolled down the sky toward the abyss of the horizon. In the open, in the vague glimmer of twilight, all things took the form of monsters. The mountains, rising menacingly, assumed terrifying shapes. The paths, spreading into infinite distance, animated themselves into infinite serpents. The solitary trees moaned in the wind like fantastic mourners about the corpse of nature. The night-birds began to sing their mournful songs. Maria tried to run away, but her worn-out limbs would not respond to the impulse of fear, and she sank down, hopeless.

Our Wasteful Nation. By Rudolf Cronan Illustrated. Price, $1. Mitchell Kennerley, New York City.

Thoughtful Americans are already stirred with the meaning of that great congress which met at Washington, D. C., last May, when President Roosevelt and the Governors of states considered the waste of our National resources in forest, water, soil and minerals. This is also the subject Mr. Cronan takes up, but in addition he also discusses our game, fur and great marine animals, our birds, fishes, public lands and privileges, and the waste of human lives in railroad and mining accidents. He calculates that during last year, 616,295 persons were either killed, maimed or injured in "accidents" in this country—nearly twice as many as were killed and wounded in the Russo-Japanese War. He also shows that the one great American malady is that mad, unreasonable haste that involves carelessness, recklessness, selfishness, stupidity and brutality.

Such facts as are here so skillfully presented differ materially from the assertions of our self-satisfied spread eagle orators who only speak to please the gallery.

How to Appreciate Prints. By Frank Weitenkampf. Illustrated. Price, $1.50. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York City.

Mr. Weitenkampf is curator of the print department of the New York Public Library, and in this artistically written book of 200 pages he gives a personal talk on etchings, engravings and other prints, and also provides a finger-post pointing to a wide range of innocent, interesting pleasures.

The list of contents: "Taste for Prints," "Etching," "Line Engraving on Metal," "Stipple and Other Dot Methods," "Mezzotint," "Aquatint and Other Tint Methods," "Wood Engraving," "Lithographs," "Photo-Mechanical Processes," "Color Prints," "Collecting," "The Making of Prints," "Care of Prints," "The Subject Interest" and "Some Specialties."

Naturally, such a book is finely illustrated.

Pictures of Old Chinatown. By Arnold Genthe, and text by Will Irwin. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York City, and the J. K. Gill Company, Portland.

Mr. Genthe toiled for eight years taking snap shots with his camera in the Chinatown of the San Francisco that was before the upheaval or tremblor of April 23, 1906. Then, crash! the general picture went into the oblivion of ruin.

A sort of public request came, when San Franciscans found their breath, that Mr. Genthe's pictures be published in a book, and here they are, with a descriptive and reminiscent text furnished by Will Irwin. Chinese, men, women and children, are pictured in various attitudes, all graceful and interesting. Mr. Irwin's story is graphic and filled to the brim with human interest. The little book, printed on thick cream paper and extending only to 57 pages, is an unusually high-class, worthy souvenir of old San Francisco's Chinatown.

Woodsmen of the West. By M. Allerdale Grainger. Illustrated. Edward Arnold, London, and Longmans, Green & Co., New York City.

It would have been more appropriate to have chosen as a title for this story, "Logging in the Woods," instead of the one on the book cover. Mr. Grainger has written a stirring, every-day but rudely drawn word picture of logging life in British Columbia, and it is easy to concede the accuracy of the statements made. They are written by a man who evidently knows the business, who has "been there." It is a record of personal experience, often amusing and largely interesting. Here is the odd conclusion: "Farewell to loggers and my youth. Farewell to it all—marriage is better. And now, I must go and search the kitchen floor of the cottage next to Mrs. Potts, in which will be Lyall avenue, outside the city limits of Victoria, B. C."

The Heart of a Geisha. By Mrs. Hugh Frazer. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City, and the J. K. Gill Company, Portland.

With frontispiece by Ludwig Holberg and each page—there are 165 of them—elaborately decorated by R. Weir Crouch, this tragically but eloquently told love story of a Japanese geisha's life makes a suitable gift book. The geisha is Shinaye San and her patriot-lover Tatsu Marinaga. The historical period described is when the Shogun is the real ruler of Japan, before the Emperor came into his own. Shinaye San helps her lover to escape from Kyoto to Europe, where he learns legislation, and a well-told, romantic story follows.

The Girl and the Motor. By Hilda Ward. Illustrated. Price, $1. The Gas Engine Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A gift edition of a modest little book, suitable for girl friends who think they can operate a motorboat or automobile. It is the experience of one bright girl who bought a small motorboat and later a 20-horsepower auto—and managed them herself! She relates her novel adventures, the most interesting of which is where she actually worked at repairs when the engines broke down. There's some romance, too, the principal assistant being a master mechanic who conveniently happens to be around. The book is dear at $1.

Songs Every One Should Know. Edited by Clifton Johnson. Price, 50 cents. American Book Company, New York City.

Two hundred favorite songs, calculated to stimulate among children a love of good music. Nearly every variety of song is included except hymns, so that no ecclesiastical taste need be offended. The music, of course, is written in the staff notation, and many of the tunes provide the four vocal parts, so that the book can be used both at the school and home. It is a pleasure to see in the collection so many National and folk songs.

William the Conqueror. By Frank Merry Stenton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

Mr. Stanton, who is a late scholar of Keble College, Oxford, and a recognized historian, writes in an original, comforting way to prove that if William, the illegitimate son of Robert of Hiesmois and Artelle, the tanner's daughter, had not conquered at Hastings in the year 1066, and that some other invader would have swept away the weak, quarreling Saxons. So it happened to be the Norman. An admirable presentation is made of William's character and of the constitutional and social changes which followed his advent on English soil.

Camp-Fires on Desert and Lava. By William T. Hornaday. Illustrated. Price, $3. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City.

Not only an important book from its scientific value, but because it sheds first light on nearly inaccessible deserts in Southern Arizona and Northwestern Mexico and preaches the joy of an outdoor life far away from hot-house civilization. Dr. Hornaday, in brief, tells of an exploration party he led through the Arizona deserts from Tucson to the then unknown region surrounding Pinacute. The book is interestingly written and elaborately illustrated. Plenty of adventure is also described.

The Lincoln Story-Calendar, 1809-1909. Illustrated. Price, $1. The Biddle Press, Philadelphia.

Mainly written by Wayne Whipple from his 700-page "Story Life of Lincoln," and is a calendar designed to be suspended from the wall, showing in convenient form the remarkable career of the greatest of our American Presidents. There is a sheet for each week, with a Lincoln sketch, in which fun, pathos, patriotism and eloquence are skillfully mingled. The calendar ought to give inspiration in every place of business. It's American.

Psychoma. By Helen Rhodes. Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

Mrs. Rhodes has also discovered what Dr. Maurice Burke calls "cosmic consciousness," and defines psychoma as the diagnosis of the soul. She writes beautifully of soul-sleep, the spiritual life, transmutation, subconscious mind, control of the breath with liberating exercises, law of suggestion, and generally matters relating to our brethren of the new thought. But, it is a pity that Mrs. Rhodes spells "through" as "thru."

The Gentle Grafter. By O. Henry. The McClure Company, New York City.

A reprint of 14—not 13—of O. Henry's inimitable tales, the most of which have already appeared in magazines, where they have been joyously welcomed as being up to the standard work of the Guy de Maupassant of America. All the tales are bright, and reflect an unusual knowledge of swift city life and human nature, generally.

Justice and Liberty. By G. Lowes Dickinson. The McClure Company, New York City.

A political dialogue between Henry Martin, a professor, Charles Stuart, a banker, and Sir John Harington, "a gentleman of leisure." Has all the wit and wide information which distinguished the same author's previous success, "Letters From a Chinese Official."

The Wonder Book of Magnetism. By Dr. Edwin J. Houston. Price, $1.50. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York City.

Brings skillfully home to young readers, especially boys, the marvels of nature and laws governing them. Magnetic batteries and currents, lodestones, the compass, auroral lights, the telephonograph or talking newspaper and other wonders are all reviewed.

On the Open Road. By Ralph Waldo Trine. Price, 50 cents. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York City.

Comforting thoughts on the gospel of wholesome living, and which should be the good angels of all young people whose character is just forming.

JOSEPH M. QUENTIN.

MINISTER OF THE UNITED STATES TO HAYTI.

H. W. Furniss.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 26.—(Special.)—H. W. Furniss is the Minister of the United States to Hayti, who handled the diplomatic interests of this country with credit during the recent revolution in Hayti.

SUCCESSOR TO JUDGE WILFLEY AT SHANGHAI, CHINA.

Judge Rufus H. Thayer.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 26.—(Special.)—Judge Rufus H. Thayer has been chosen by the President to take the place at Shanghai just resigned by L. H. Wilfley, of Missouri. Judge Wilfley was the first American sent to preside over the new court in China, and he promptly made himself unpopular by his rigid enforcement of the rules of practice. Charges were made against him, but were disproved. After meeting them successfully, he resigned.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

An important new volume from the pen of Paul Sabatier, entitled "Modernism," is announced by the Scribners.

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It is announced that the subject selected by the English department for the John Hubbard Curtis prize at Yale this year is "A Critical Essay on the Novels of William DeMorgan," the award for which will be $100 in cash.

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John La Farge's "The Higher Life in Art" will be the first of the McClure Company's volumes to be published by Doubleday, Page & Co. under the arrangement whereby the latter firm assumed the McClure book list.

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One of our Consuls in England suggests the opening in London of an agency in which might be found, consulted and bought American books on American subjects. He says that he is very often applied to for information which can be found only in American books of reference.

* * *

Madonnas of our ordinary story books suggest blue skies, sunshine and Italy or Palestine. But why not a Northern Madonna? She is pictured on this book page, the portrait being taken from Mrs. Ella Higginson's book on "Alaska," reviewed in The Oregonian of December 13.

* * *

So Donald Grant Mitchell, better known by his nom de plue of Ik Marvel, has passed away in his 84th year. He will be remembered best for his "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life." His literary associations had been with Washington Irving, Hawthorne and other stars of a marvelous New England galaxy.

* * *

During a sojourn in Italy Dickens wrote "The Chimes," at which time he wrote to his friend Maclise, of the Mediterranean's blue and of the hedges covered with pink roses. One morning he was startled by a tremendous clashing of chimes, a veritable sea of sound, and two days later wrote: "We have heard the chimes at midnight!"

* * *

"Vegetarian Cookery," by Florence A. George, author of "King Edward's Cookery Book," is out. From her new vegetarian book Miss George does not exclude all animal food, since eggs, butter, milk and cheese form a large part of her dishes. The various chapters deal with soups, sauces, pastes, pies, curries, stews, salads, etc., the author furnishing under each head recipes for vegetarian dishes.

* * *

The Hetchy-Hetchy Valley in the Yosemite National Park—to which wider attention has been attracted recently through the grant by the present Administration to the city of San Francisco of extensive portions of the great Yosemite National Park for use at a water-supply—will be the subject of description and discussion by John Muir in the January Century. It is a valley of rare beauty, and the California naturalist declares, ought to be preserved.

* * *

Seumus Maemanus is one of the distinguished visitors to America at present. He is known in Donegal, Ireland, as "the fairy-man," as he has at his command an inexhaustible supply of fairy and folklore legend and tradition, which he tells with a fascinating brogue and most contagious enthusiasm. He dresses in the ancient Gaelic dress—a green kilt and jacket with silver buttons—and wears the costume well.

* * *

Eastern correspondents seem to agree that since Hawthorne, no novel, except Miss Johnston's "Lewis Rand," has shown such creative imagination coupled with such finished literary art. At present it is said to stand at the head of the best-selling books in this country. Vivian Carter pronounces it "a book to be put next to Thackeray," of whose "Virginians" it is often reminiscent. This book will do much to add to Miss Johnston's reputation as one of the foremost novelists, not only of America, but of the English-speaking race.

* * *

Frederick R. Burton has received letters criticising the ending of his novel, "Strongheart," and now his publishers, G. W. Dillingham & Co., offer $50 for the best 200-word criticism on the matter, decision to be made by a committee of distinguished literary men. The successful criticism will be published with the author's name and address. Contest to close December 24, payment January 1, 1909. I should say that this is shrewd advertising on Mr. Burton's part, at comparatively little expense. Note: From now on, sales of "Strongheart" will increase.

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W. J. Locke, the author of "Simple Septimus," is a tall, fair Englishman who thinks Washington, D. C., a beautiful city and "the strenuous man in the White House," a striking personality. Mr. Locke was first an architect, and has enjoyed examining the public buildings of Washington in company with an American architect. One of his chance remarks, which remind the listener of the characters in the author's books, is: "I don't play golf or bridge—therefore I have time to enjoy myself."

* * *

Professor George McLean Harper, of Princeton University, after a year abroad, during which he has been working upon his life and critical study of Stains-Beuve, the great French critic, for Lippincott's French Men of Letters series, has now collected all his material for the work and is now returning to this country. He is revising and rewriting the book at Princeton during the Winter and it will probably be issued during the early part of January. It is based in great part upon original research and will no doubt be one of the most important books of its season.

* * *

"The Winterfeast," a new Icelandic drama by Charles Rann Kennedy, whose fame "The Servant in the House" so suddenly established, will be published by the Harpers in a few days, immediately following its production on the stage. The two plays will provide a sufficiently interesting contrast. While "The Servant in the House" is a modern drama set in present-day England, "The Winterfeast" is a story of the 11th century, with Vikings for heroes, governed by the stern passions of the North. The personal symbolism in the "Servant," in which Christ is visibly presented as a perfect brother of man, turns impersonal in "The Winterfeast." The new drama will seek to show the devastating influence of a lie.

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Miss Jessie Hodge Millard, head of the children's department of the Portland Public Library, has an instructive article in the current number of "The School and Home" on the subject, "Christmas Books." Parents and guardians are often puzzled what sort of holiday gifts as books will really interest children, because style in such changes from year to year. Miss Millard shows that she has an admirable knowledge of her subject, and she goes over in detail a list of favorites that appeals to all tastes, books new and what one might call old. Her style of writing is illuminative and easily understood.

* * *

Here is one thoughtful criticism on Herrick's story-attack on the complacent view of marriage, found in "Together": "What is the moral of 'Together'? Is it not to marry, for if you do (particularly if you are a woman), in 99 cases out of 100 you will select the wrong person; for it is impossible to know, until it is too late, whether you have chosen wisely or not? While one cannot but admit the cleverness of the book, isn't it unpleasant to have one uncongenial couple after another trotted out and their unmoral natures dilated upon? And it would almost seem that in order not to appear too extreme, in the end the author tries to leave the impression that Isabelle Lane has undergone a change of feeling toward her husband and that they will live happy ever after. But isn't it too late to create such an illusion? One feels that such a thing cannot be; that Isabelle is only in the grip of a mood. There are only three really fine people in the story (the delightful Colonel, Alice and Steve Johnston), and two of them die. If this is a true picture of life today, what a commentary on life!"

* * *

In his new book, "France in the Twentieth Century," just published, the author paints a picture of the life of the French people of today, taking for his subjects "The French Woman," "Church and State," "The Drama," "Marriage," "Socialism," "Morality" and "The Revolutionary Spirit." Another book, published at the same time, has to do with Louis Napoleon, the author, P. H. Cheetham, narrating the career of the latter up to the time of his election to the presidency of the French Republic and detailing the story of his adventures until 1848.

* * *

After all, and after all,
Since ever the world began,
Just two have lived and two have died
In lowly mein, in lordly pride,
The rogue and the honest man.

After all, and after all,
The classes are but two;
And both are rich and both are poor,
And both still know, as they knew before,
The things which they ought to do.

After all, and after all,
Escape it we never can;
Only the choice of one have we,
And you must be and I must be
A rogue or an honest man.
—John Randolph Stidman, in Appleton's.

* * *

This week heralds the arrival of a long-expected book of importance, "The Mystery of the Pinckney Draught." This is not, as its title might, at first view, seem to indicate, a novel, but, according to its subtitle, "A Study in Constitutional History." The author, the Hon. Charles C. Nott, ex-Chief Justice of the United States Court of Claims, has made a study of a mooted point in the history of the Constitution of the United States—how much of the work of Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, is embodied in that document. It is known that Pinckney presented a draught of a constitution which was referred to the committee of the whole. This draught disappeared and many years after Pinckney sent what he called a copy of it to John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State. If this document is really identical with the paper which Pinckney laid before the convention, then Pinckney made a greater contribution to the provisions of the Constitution than any other man. The book fully discusses and endeavors to arrive at a definite conclusion as to this odd point in constitutional authorship.

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The authorship of the immortal baseball poem, "Casey at the Bat," has long been in dispute, and is about to be determined, judicially, but conclusively, at any rate, says Harper's Weekly. It was written by Ernest Lawrence Thayer, a Harvard graduate of the class of 1885, and during his college period an editor of the Lampoon. Thayer was a contemporary of William Hearst, and, having a newspaper propensity, went to San Francisco and took service on a newspaper there. For that paper he wrote his celebrated lyric. For a while the lyric languished in comparative obscurity, but presently, after a lapse of time computed by historians to be two years, the last eight verses of it were copied into the New York Sun, and the poem started on its way to become a National possession. Either Thayer did not put his name to it in the first place or the name became detached, for authors for it sprang up, as it became popular, until as many poets claimed it as cities claimed Homer. One of them was so persistent that we believe Mr. Thayer has taken legal action somewhere to establish the rightfulness of his own claim.

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There are many shady paths of authorship besides that of anonymity. The saddest of them all is, of course, that which an author treads in company with his "ghost," remarks the New York Times. Every one knows that the name of ghost has been given to those unhappy individuals who write for a consideration what other and far better known authors sign and sell. That the keeping of ghosts must be a very common form of indulgence among writers is proved by the fact that in the last few years I have run across at least half a dozen struggling authors who have told me in confidence that they have been invited to turn ghost. Another of the secrets of authorship consists in an absolute reversal of the process of ghost keeping. This is the writing by one author of work published under several names. This is far less dishonorable than the other; indeed, it is perhaps not dishonorable at all. There are at present several authors to my knowledge who, really well known under one name, write also under one and sometimes several others. I have even heard of an author who by his own unaided pen provides the entire fictional output of a certain moderately flourishing publisher. It must be a curious sensation to have to pause after writing a story to scratch one's head and wonder to which of one's personalities it would most appropriately be attributed, and whether it should be signed—let us say "John Smith" or "William Robinson" or "Angelina St. Claire."

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Will H. Low's new book, "A Chronicle of Friendships," is remarkable for the light it sheds on the friendship which existed between the author and Robert Louis Stevenson. Here is one extract describing a conversation between Low and Stevenson, just before the latter's departure for the South Seas: Louis broke the silence, speaking at first as though to himself. "England is over there; well, I bear her no grudge, though she has cast me out. I cannot live there and"—turning to me almost fiercely—"Low, I wish to live! Life is better than art; to do things is better than to imagine them—yes, or to describe them. And, God knows, I have not lived all these last years. No one knows, no one can know, the tedium of it. I've supported it as I could—I don't think that I am apt to whimper—but to be, even as I am now, is not to live. Yes, that's what art is good for, for without my work I suppose I would have given up long ago, without my work and my friends and all those about me. I am forgetting them, for with all the courage I could summon I would not be here today if all their loving care had not added to my courage and made it my duty to them to fight it out. There's England over there and I've left it—perhaps I may never go back—and there on the other side of this big continent is another sea rolling in. I loved the Pacific in the days when I was at Monterey, and perhaps now it will love me a little. I am going to meet it; ever since I was a boy the South Seas have laid a spell on me, and though you have seen me all these weeks low enough in my mind, I begin to feel a dawn of hope. . . . In a better climate on the Pacific surely a better life awaits me."

HERE IS A SINGER WHO RECITES HIS SONGS.

Dr. Ludwig Wullner.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—(Special.)—A singer without a voice seems anomalous. Dr. Ludwig Wullner, who has come to this country to show us how to interpret German lieder, is known as "voiceless," but this means merely that Dr. Wullner recites rather than sings. Others have attempted recitals of poems with orchestral accompaniment. Bispham attempted this style of entertainment some years ago, with rather indifferent success. It remained for Dr. Wullner to show American audiences how the beautiful songs of the greatest German composers could be interpreted by a voice which did not follow the melody. Dr. Wullner's voice is rich, sonorous, essentially musical. But it is his intelligence which gives life to his interpretation of the works of the German writers. He has created unbounded enthusiasm whenever he has appeared in New York, and musicians acclaim him one of the world's greatest artists.

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, January 4.

BIOGRAPHY.

Channing—Autobiography and diary of Elizabeth Parsons Channing. 1907.
Eddy—Mary Baker G. Eddy; by Arthur Brisbane. 1908.
Lull—Raymond Lull, first missionary to the Moslems; by S. M. Zwemer. 1902.

BOOKS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Aubin—Das heutige Marokko.
Barrie—Den lille praest.
Bohlau—Raismadelgeschichten.
Bourget—Le disciple.
Defoe—Robinson Crusoe's liv og haendelser.
Elder—Klihrwedder.
Gran—Norges Daemring.
La Rochefoucauld—Maximes.
Maupassant—Les dimanches d'un bourgeois de Paris.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

Koebel—Modern Argentina, the El Dorado of today. 1907.
Sewall—The log book of the captain's clerk; adventures in the China seas. 1905.
Waddington—Chateau and country life in France. 1908.

FICTION.

Bates—The intoxicated ghost and other stories.
Bell—Tales of Greyhouse.
MacGowan—Judith of the Cumberlands.
Sanders—The forest playfellow.
White—The riverman.
Wilson—Mariam; a romance of Persia.

HISTORY.

Murray—Imperial outposts, from a strategical and commercial aspect; with special reference to the Japanese alliance. 1907.
O'Donnell—Causes of present discontent in India. 1908.

LITERATURE.

Faguet—A literary history of France. 1907.
Morley—Critical miscellanies. v. 4. 1888.

PHILOSOPHY.

Bishop—Seventy years young. 1907.
Kautsky—Ethics and the materialist conception of history; tr. by J. B. Askew. 1907.

RELIGION.

Curtis—Laos of North Siam. 1903.
Leighton—Jesus Christ and the civilization of today. 1907.
Underwood—The call of Korea. 1908.
Shedd—Islam and the oriental churches. 1908.
Van Sommer & Zwemer—Our Moslem sisters. Ed. 2. 1907.
Watson—Egypt and the Christian crusade. 1907.
Zwemer—The Moslem doctrine of God. 1905.
Zwemer and others, eds.—The Mohammedan world of today. Ed. 2. 1906.

SOCIOLOGY.

Darwin—Municipal ownership. 1907.
Fuller—Government by the people; the laws and customs regulating the election system and the formation and control of political parties in the United States. 1908.
Ross—Social psychology. 1908.
Weld—Private freight cars and American railways. 1908.

USEFUL ARTS.

Bergh—Safe building construction. 1908.
Starbuck—Mechanical drawing for plumbers. 1906.
Whipple—Typhoid fever; its causation, transmission and prevention. 1908.
Bach—Die wasserrader. 2 v.
Baker—Dictionary of engraving. 1908.
Carnegie Institution of Washington—Handbook of learned societies and institutions in America. 1908.
Lake Placid conference on home economics. Proceedings. 1899-1907.
Los Angeles—Chamber of commerce. Report of the citizens' relief committee, for the relief of sufferers from the earthquake and fire. 1908.
Mercks' index; an encyclopedia for the chemist, pharmacist and physician. 1907.
National conference on state and local taxation—State and local taxation; first National conference. 1908.
Rhead—Studies in plant form; intended to demonstrate the method of deriving ornamental suggestion from natural growths. 1903.
San Francisco—Charter of the city and county. 1908.
San Francisco—Auditor. Annual financial statement of the city and county. 1908.
T square club (Philadelphia)—American competition; comp. and ed. by A. B. Lacey. 1907.
Tennyson—Works; ed. by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. 5 v. 1908.
Zwemer—The Moslem world. 1908.

BOOKS ADDED TO JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Janvier—In the Sargasso sea.
National rhymes for the nursery.
Williams—How it works.