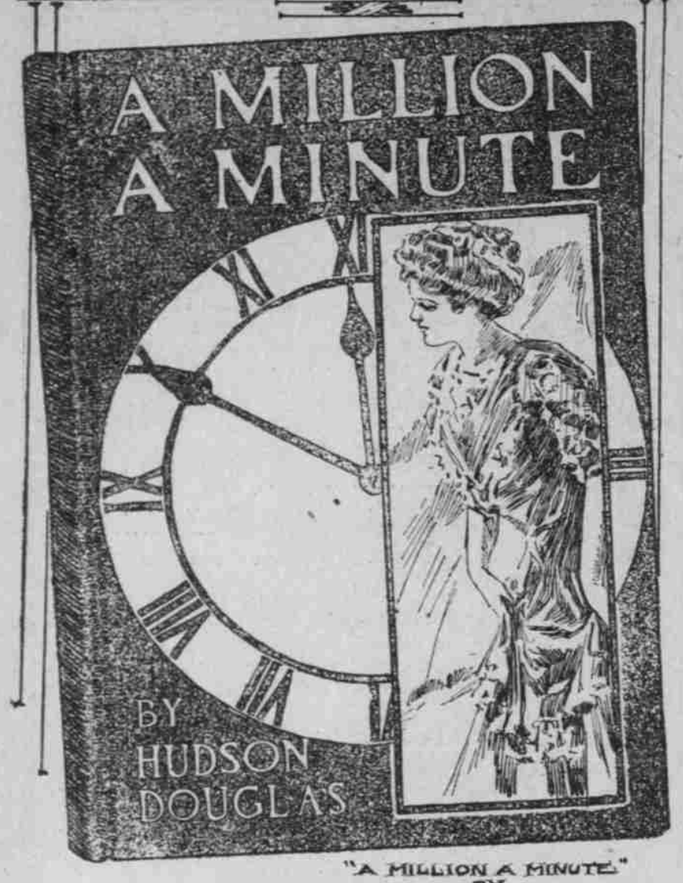
"Without a love for books, the richest man is poor; but endowed with this treasure, the poorest man is rich. If you don't own books, go to the nearest public library."
---Selected.



"A MILLION A MINUTE" BY HUDSON DOUGLAS

The Virgin in Judgment. By Eden Phillpotts. Price $1.50. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York City.

In a foreign city, and in real life, there exists a young woman school teacher to whom poor men are hateful, and marriage unclean unless accompanied with plenty of money. She has also a vague objection to all marriage, and in her general defense says: "I know in my heart that I ought not to marry because I am not made of the stuff that makes a good wife. When younger, I tried all fair means to attract men with money to me, hoping that one of them would make me his happy wife. But they would not. Now that I am 35 years old and getting yellow and wrinkled, I am settling down to be an unloved old maid—what I was born to be. I couldn't be a poor man's wife; I can't wash or mend clothes, or cook or bake—because I don't wish to do so. I'd rather marry a man who could provide me with a swell house and hire help to do all the work, or we could live in an hotel. I hate children. But I do love dogs!"

Strange as it may seem, I hoped never to meet again a woman like this in real life or fiction, but for the first time in eight years the very man-hater looks out at me from the pages of this novel of English rural life in Devon, "The Virgin in Judgment." The heroine's name is Rhoda Bowden, strange daughter of a professional rabbitcatcher. Good-looking? Of course, else she would not be chosen as the principal character of a novel. The story itself is strong, original, masterful, somewhat after the fashion o' Thomas Hardy, but Hardy would never have made the blemishes so readily noticed in "The Virgin in Judgment."

Speaking critically, I think that the story is eminently one for married people, especially the silly ones who think that married life is one uninterrupted dream of love, sugar, and kisses. But the story is not one to be placed in young girls' or boys' hands. Forbidden subjects are too freely discussed. Yet, the picture of living, pulsing humanity as drawn by Mr. Phillpotts is not without its commanding charm. His story lives so that the reader, even if only moved by curiosity, willingly goes to the last page. Anæmic and other ill-balanced persons will say that "The Virgin in Judgment" has a mission.

Mr. Phillpotts should never have made Rhoda Bowden act as second to her brother, David, when the latter in the prize-ring fought to a finish Bartley Crocker, who had kissed Rhoda, against her will. And Mrs. Margaret Stanbury-Bowden, David's wife, should not have been driven to drown herself. These blots mar an otherwise artistic picture of rough realism. But, out of the gloom shines marked ability in character-drawing, an ability that creates new types and makes them live to the reader's awe and profound thankfulness that they are not members of his immediate family. It is this ability in character-drawing that forms the lure of the book, the lure that draws you in spite of yourself.

Each of the principal characters is presented in statistical form—name, weight and age being given. Rhoda was "21 years old. Her features were large but very regular; her contours round without promise of future fatness; her nose and chin, especially beautiful; but her chin a trifle heavy. Rhoda's hair was pale brown and in tone not specially attractive, but she possessed a great wealth of it; her feet and hands were large, but finely modeled; her eyes had more than enough of virginal chill in their cool and pale gray depths. David Bowden somewhat resembled her. He was a clean-cut and sturdy man, standing his sister's height of five feet nine inches, and having a slow-featured face, handsome after a conventional type, yet lacking much expression or charm for the physiognomist. He shared his thoughts with Rhoda, with no one else." Rhoda was fond of walking over the desolate moorland alone, and at the dead of the darkest night. Her one specialty was understanding and breeding dogs, and the sound of their barking filled her with the deepest joy. She was rarely heard to laugh. Yet two men loved her, Bartley Crocker and Simon Snell.

Rhoda was a pure icicle. She must have been like the frigid Boston girl whose lover found out when he visited her Sunday nights, that he invariably suffered from chills Monday mornings. He tried wearing warmer clothing, and saw to it when courting his beloved and when they discussed Bernard Shaw and Ibsen, that no drafts existed in the parlor and that all doors and windows were closed. In vain! His chilliness increased. Suddenly, he discovered that the chilly feeling from which he suffered came from the girl he was courting. A change of girl, this time from the West, cured the puzzled youth. Rhoda Bowden was such another girl.

It is related that David's father, Elias Bowden, 50 years ago reigned at Ditsworthy, "and with his wife, nine children and ten dogs, lived an arduous, prosperous existence on the product of the warrens and other moorland industries. Rabbits were more valuable then than now, and Mr. Bowden received 61 cents a couple, where his successors today can make but 20 cents."

Margaret Stanbury, 24 years old, of good height and dark complexion, "had something restless and birdlike about her, and something unutterably sweet; for this girl's temper was woven of pure altruism. Welfare of others, by a sort of fine instinct, had long since become her welfare. She possessed a temperament of fire. Her capacity both for grief and joy were unusual in her class."

Once, Rhoda by chance, met Crocker on the moor, and to escape a coming thunder storm they both ran for temporary shelter to a crevice in a nearby hill, Sheep's Tor. Rhoda, in the darkness, accidentally pressed his face with her cheek.

"I must have one if I swing for it," cried Crocker. Then he put his arms round her and kissed her. He expected an explosion and found himself not disappointed. She started back as though he had stamped a red-hot iron on her face.

"You loathsome, Godless wretch!" she shrieked out, and her voice broke the rocky bounds of earth, and she leaped into the storm. Thence frantically she followed it and trampled heavily on the amorous sportsman as she did so.

"I could tear the skin off my face," she cried; and her words came deep and fierce and shuddering. "You coward. I'd sooner be struck by the lightning than to have suffered it." It is also on record that Rhoda "felt unclean and every instinct of her nature rebelled against this touch of male lips."

Forgetting that in secret she loved Bartley Crocker, Margaret married the more prosperous David Bowden principally because the latter asked her first, and thereby she began her life tragedy. Still, she was faithful to her David and was only indiscreet when she frequently met Crocker, who persuaded Rhoda to become his wife. Rhoda refused to marry him, and on the eve of his departure for a trip across the Atlantic, he indiscreetly kissed David's wife good-by. This little byplay is seen by Rhoda, the detective in hiding. Rhoda afterward reproaches Margaret with having suffered Crocker to kiss her, and fearful of a scene with her husband and that he would believe her to be a guilty woman, Margaret runs away. She also suffered mental anguish because she and David had had no children. Now, it does not require a tragedy to make this incident emphatic, but this is the vehicle Mr. Phillpotts mistakenly creates.

The description of the prize-fight between David Bowker and Bartley Crocker is a crude bit of work, as if it had been written by Marie Corelli. Another incident, describing the means by which William Scratch is forced to marry Dorcas Bowden, should, in all fairness be expurgated.

Comedy is supplied by really interesting talk between thirsty customers of "The Corner House," an English inn with what we would call a saloon attachment.

Above all, looms up the skillfully-drawn picture of Dartmoor people, several of whom, so far as intellect and a sense of right and wrong are concerned, are little better than the beasts that perish.

Helen Ayr, by F. Sidney Hayward. Cochrane Publishing Co., New York City.

The title page says: "A story of the square deal." At first sight it would seem to be a romance of the time Sir Walter Scott loved to write about, of brave knights who for the sake of a ladye fair broke a lance or two at tournaments, and if they even lost their lives, were well content that they had died as knights should.

But not so this story. It is a clever allegory of the present or rather near future when the proletariat will rise in its might and smash the greed of corporate wealth represented in plutocracy. The Senate of the United States, John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil, President Roosevelt and others are represented under assumed names. At least that is my reading of the parable. The heroine is Helen Ayr, who is saved from rebellious barons by Paganus, Knight of the Golden Sheaf.

As a story it must be regarded with curiosity, because it has an academic flavor and the marks of being written by one not accustomed to the weaving of fiction. That is probably why the finest passages have a dry taste. But the venture is so boldly drawn, so original, that it will attract notice from among a handful of the season's books.

Peerless Alaska: Our Cache Near the North Pole, by Charles Hallock. Illustrated. $1.25. Broadway Publishing Co., New York City.

Mr. Hallock, who founded "Forest and Stream," and is popularly known as the dean of American sportsmen, wrote this book on Alaska in his 75th year, and has opened up a mine of information, well written and instructive. Shower books on Alaska are published and with more pretentious illustrations, but Mr. Hallock's book will hold its own for sticking to its text and wealth of information.

Curiously enough, Mr. Hallock does not introduce the reader at the start to Alaska. Not he. Starting from St. Paul, Minn., he tells you of his train journey along the Columbia River, in this fashion:

The tourist no sooner strikes the Columbia River than he seems to have gotten into a new kingdom of creation. The sudden transition from an interminable sage plain of more than one hundred miles in breadth to vertical cliffs and palisades which rise to 1500 feet sheer out of the river—this unexpected step from the unlimited horizontal horizon to the unattainable perpendicular—is of itself phenomenal. Then the architecture of the rocks and hills is different from anything East. The rivers flow in mighty volume, green as emerald, and plunge into black rifts and chasms, churning their sides with foam. Shifting sands in their exposed beds below into fantastic dunes and bury the underbrush along the shores until only their leafy tops protrude. Waterfalls leap from dizzy heights, emulating the Yosemite. The vegetation is luxuriant, and all the field of flora is new. Everything is gigantic. The common alder bush grows to merchantable wood, and the principal forest trees into giant columns six feet thick. The orchards break down with redundant fruitage, and whenever there is a neglected garden patch the sweet briars and wild vines overrun the inclosing fences and bury them out of sight. Mosses cling to the limbs of trees in solid masses and festoons, and cover prostrate trunks ten inches deep.

Mr. Hallock is ungallant enough to intimate:

"The brief additional run to Portland was made without apprehension, although the approaching city could not be distinguished through the murk." He also hints that it is only at certain occasions Portlanders can see Mount Hood, owing to clouds of fogs, mists and smoke. All right, Mr. Hallock! The next time you come this way, you will not get our roses and crawfish.

In writing of Alaska, Mr. Hallock follows this programme: As excursionists see it; economically considered; courses of the Russian fur trade; an interior view; home of the Siwash; good Indians; the mission field; medicine and mythology; Alaska's mineral wealth; commercial fisheries; fur, fish and game; the glacier fields; Sitka somnolent; the seals of Pribilof; seasonal phrases; the samovor; Alaska of today. The book takes a bright, optimistic view of Alaska.

The Living Word, by Elwood Worcester, D.D., Ph.D. $1.50. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York City, and the J. K. Gill Company, Portland.

Eighteen chapters on the spiritual life, much of the writing owing its substance to the great German thinker, Gustav Theodor Fechner, with whom Dr. Worcester was personally acquainted. At the same time it is proper to state that this volume would probably never reach the prominence it has won had its author not been the Dr. Elwood Worcester, of "Emmanuel" fame and also the man responsible for "Religion and Medicine." Still, the book is a well reasoned one and has a comforting message although the latter is of couse largely speculative.

"For the past generation," says Dr. Worcester, "men have been groping for a theology which shall approach the old mysteries of God, evil, the soul and immortality from the point of view of modern scientific and philosophic thought. The old transcendent conception of God has yielded to the immanent. The thought of God as a mere ruler and judge is no longer sufficient for men's needs. Science has discovered God at work, and religion also craves a spiritual and an active deity who works through laws and through us. Although this simple volume makes absolutely no claim to be a compendium of theology, it does attempt to grapple with some of the greatest problems of that great science, the nature of God and God's relation to the soul."

The contents: "The Three Motives of Faith in God," "The Traditional Motive," "The Practical Motive," "The Rational Motive," "The Spiritual Nature of God," "Man's Life in God," "The Goodness of God and the Evil of the World," "On Good and Evil," "On the Angels," "On Death and the Life After Death," "What Is Death?" "On the Spiritual Body," "Immortality and the Brain," "The Soul and Death," "Eternal Life" and "The Word of God."

To appreciate fully such a learned book one ought to be able to translate its German quotations. Dr. Worcester: If you intend your book for your Fellow-Americans, why did you not write, all throughout, in English?

Lyrics of Fir and Foam, by Alice Rollit Coe. Illustrated. $2, boxed and $2.10 by mail. The Alice Harriman Company, Seattle, Wash.

Quite an artistic collection of dainty poems, the quality of the verse being lyric and melodiously beautiful. The book is from the press of the Alice Harriman Company, of Seattle, and from a publishers' standpoint the work is very creditable. Mrs. Harriman is a writer-publisher herself and knows just what ought to be done to give deserving poetry like this, the right dress. She has succeeded in turning out a finished article in bookcraft, one so well done that the reader will unconsciously take it to the parlor table, where the selected bric-a-brac is placed, for a fit resting place. The book is too woman-like to be grouped side by side with ordinary publications.

Mrs. Coe's poems selected here have originally appeared in newspapers and magazines, and cover a wide variety of moods. They have a well rounded, thoughtful quality that at once catches the reader's attention, and their appeal is to the cultured. Sympathetic, patriotic, and nature-loving, they are attuned to many strings. We of Oregon will naturally admire "The Cruise of the Oregon," which throbs with passionate nationalism, and will also feel our pulse beats attuned to "The Man Behind the Gun."

This is from Mrs. Coe's "The Blue Cascades":

All the witchery of Springtime, all the
  Summer's glory fades
Yet for me the light is breaking on the
  blue Cascades.
Dawn! The rugged line of mountains black
  against a copper sky;
Black, the gaunt firs in the foreground;
  then the level clouds that lie
Stretched above them flush to crimson all
  the reaches of the sky.
Twilight comes; across the mountains and
  the lake soft colors steal—
Ash of rose and liquid baryl-moving mists
  that slowly feel
Their dim way among the foothills, here
  obscure them, there reveal.
Dreams, ambitions, loves, allusions—one by
  one their beauty fades;
But for me the sunset lingers on the blue
  Cascades.

The pretty etchings are by L. Ross Carpenter, and the book is charmingly illustrated by pictures of Pacific Coast scenery. The whole forms an elegant gift book to send to Eastern friends.

JOSEPH M. QUENTIN.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

Edward Porritt, author of "Sixty Years of Protection in Canada," has been appointed by President Eliot to give a course of lectures at Harvard University in the second semester of the year.

* * *

Captain A. T. Mahan's "Naval Administration and Warfare" has been added to the ships' libraries of the United States Navy. This honor has also been accorded to Captain Mahan's previous works.

* * *

It is announced that Eden Phillpotts will return in his next novel to the field with which his name is most closely associated—the Dartmoor country. The new book, which is to be published in a few days, is said to be a big, serious story in the style of "Children of the Mist."

* * *

The excellence of Professor W. W. Folwell's history of the State of Minnesota, has found prompt local acknowledgment in the fact that a copy of the book has been placed in each of the 65 public schools in Minneapolis, Minn., on the recommendation of the Superintendent of Schools.

* * *

John Burroughs, the dean of American naturalists, has been reading "The Lay of the Land," the new book by Dallas Lore Sharp, and says of the author: "He is making excellent literature out of his nature-lore. His chapters are as full of wit and humor as they are full of keen observation. The nature-fakers will not love him, but all true nature-lovers will."

* * *

The 100,000 mark is now reached by Mary Johnston's "Lewis Rand." This achievement is all the more notable in view of the fact that the present season has produced several novels which were quick to secure popular favor.

* * *

Reprints have been demanded of the following Huebsch books: Franklin Matthews' "With the Battle Fleet," Edward H. Griggs' "The Use of the Margin" and Gelett Burgess' "Are You a Bromide?" It is reported also that Gorky's new novel, "The Spy," is selling widely.

* * *

Charles Frederick Carter is at work on an interesting volume on American railroads, the title chosen being "When Railroads Were New," and the author will tell a complete story of the first railroads in this country, with much detail. A feature of the work will be the numerous illustrations.

* * *

The Italian rights in Burton E. Stevenson's well-liked detective story, "The Marathon Mystery," have just been sold. It may be remembered that this book has also appeared in German, been republished in England, run as a serial in numerous American newspapers and is now in its sixth American edition.

* * *

Two books by Professor Rollin D. Salisbury, of the University of Chicago, are to be reprinted in the near future. They are both in the American Science Series and are the fourth printing of the first volume of his and Professor Chamberlin's monumental three-volume "Geology," and a second printing of his recently-issued "Physiography."

* * *

With its 28 illustrations in full color by such leading artists as Howard Chandler Christy, Harrison Fisher, Will Grefe, Lester Ralph and others, "A Book of Sweethearts," published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, should secure a wide market as a gift book. The volume is quarto in shape, has an artistically decorated page and the text is admirably in keeping with the sweetheart flavor of the pictures.

* * *

One of the many tribulations of being a popular author is hinted at in a personal letter from Maximilian Foster to his publishers. In acknowledging a blank page volume of his novel of mystery just published Mr. Foster wrote: "I received the dummy copy of 'Corrie Who?' It has already proved seasonable because I have lent it twice to persons who thought to compliment me by borrowing a copy of my book."

* * *

"Tono-Bungay," H. G. Wells' new novel, is set down for publication the middle of this month. Mr. Wells has been at work on it since the publication of "Kipps" in 1905. The principal character is Ponderevo, the inventor of Tono-Bungay, a patent medicine. It is his nephew who tells the story of his uncle's rise from a village chemist to a promoter of industrial companies. There are a large number of other characters in the book.

* * *

A girl and the hands of a clock pointing toward a fateful hour. That is the idea pictured on today's book page, taken from the book cover of Hudson Douglas' new novel, "A Million a Minute," which was recently reviewed in these columns. The tale is sensational and racy and is worked out to a surprising finale, in which there is a contest for a large fortune. Yet money is not the central idea of the story, which has a strong love undertow.

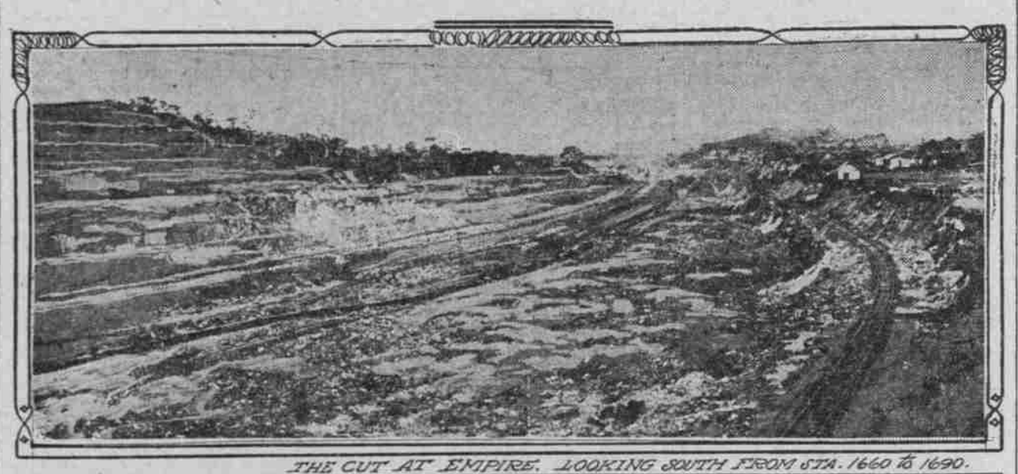
* * *

Robert Ross' biographical memoir of Aubrey Beardsley contains full-page reproductions of drawings by Beardsley, including as frontispiece the portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the original of which is in the Berlin National Gallery. The same publishing house is bringing out "The Well of St. Claire" in the complete limited edition of Anatole France's works, together with "The Kiss of Helen," a novel by Charles Marriott, dealing with the influence of a woman's love upon the professional career of a young man.

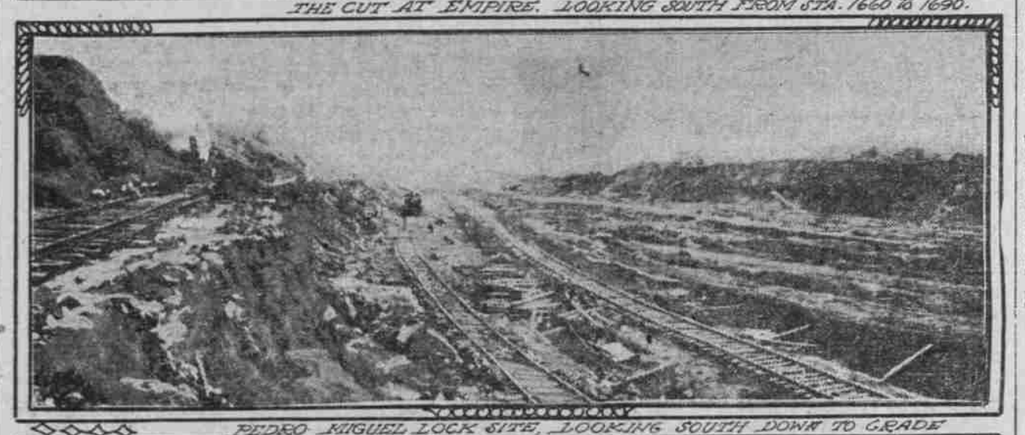
* * *

The borrowing of novels is declining all over Great Britain, being not more than 15 per cent of the work done by public library officials. In the public libraries of the United Kingdom there are 4,000,000 reference and 8,000,000 lending books; 11,000,000 reference books are consulted every year, according to the records, and at least an equal number are taken from the shelves and consulted without being recorded, says Progress.

WHAT PRESIDENT-ELECT TAFT WILL SEE ON HIS APPROACHING VISIT TO PANAMA



THE CUT AT EMPIRE. LOOKING SOUTH FROM STA. 1660 TO 1690.



PEDRO MIGUEL LOCK SITE, LOOKING SOUTH DOWN TO GRADE

EXCAVATION FOR SPILLWAY, GATUN.

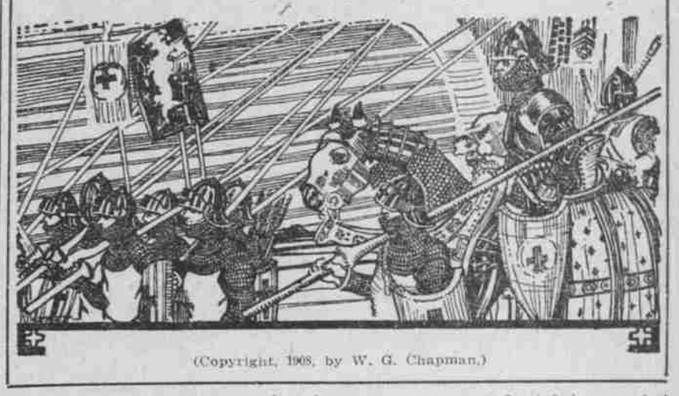
NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—(Special.)—These are the latest photographs of work at Panama just received from Panama. They show the conditions Mr. Taft will find when he arrives at Colon. It is likely he will have to determine whether or not the work on the canal shall continue under Government direction, whether it shall continue under contract, or whether what has been done shall be abandoned and the whole plan changed to that which was advocated originally by many of the friends of the canal in Congress—the sea-level canal. The abandonment of the plans at this time would mean an enormous increase of expense and a postponement for many years of the completion of the canal. The contract system is one which had many earnest advocates. It has been impossible to determine whether or not the work in its progress so far has cost less than it would have cost under contract. Contracting is an uncertain business, and it is quite possible the contractors who bid for the canal work would have lost money. Contractor Oliver, of Tennessee offered to do the work for about 7 per cent profit, and a powerful New York syndicate wanted 15 to 20 per cent, and it was stated at the time the Oliver bid was rejected that the rejection was due to the influence of the other bidder for the work. Mr. Taft will take with him to Panama Army engineers and experts in civil life.

When the Book of the Wars of Men is done
  And the story is truly penned
From the yellowing page of the tale begun
  To the chapter that holds The End—
When the trumpets of peace the world around
  Have blent in a chorus grand,
And the battle flag shall no more be found
  As a shadow above the land;

Will we keep the Book of the Wars of Men
  In a high and an honored place,
That our children's sons may be thrilled again
  With the stories their eyes may trace?
Will we cherish the book in faithful pride
  That men of a future age
May acquaint themselves with the ones who died
  That the volume might have a page?

Will the Book of the Wars of Men tell truth?
  Will it mingle the songs and cheers
With the sacrifice of the beardless youth
  And the dew of a mother's tears?
Will it blazon in gold the noble deed
  That won a forgotten fame?
Will it tell of the gripe of a ceaseless greed?
  That has wrought for a nation's shame?

O, the Book of the Wars of Men! It waits
  Till the wakening of the world,
Till the banners that tell of scorns and hates
  In the glory of peace are furled—
Will we keep it to tell of the rolling drum
  And the peals that the fifers know,
Or to speak to the men of the days to come
  Of the way that they must not go?



(Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.)

Every year 60,000,000 books are lent for home reading. Giving further detail the investigator states that "the taste for history, biography and travel is one the wane; readers are all for science and sociology, and new books on socialism are always in demand."

* * *

These books were received for review through the courtesy of the J. K. Gill Co., of this city: "Arminel of the West," "How to Appreciate Prints," "Justice and Liberty," "Reservoirs," "The Wonder Book of Magnetism," "On the Open Road," "Camp Lines on Desert and Lava," "William the Conqueror."

* * *

On two occasions recently special reasons induced Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin to suspend her rule against reading in public. At the old school in Andover, Mass., which she attended as a girl, she read from her Christmas romance, "The Old Peabody Pew," and at the Peabody House Fair in Boston she read from "The Birds' Christmas Carol." Mrs. Wiggin is so deeply interested in kindergarten work that she has offered to present a copy of "New Chronicles of Rebecca," inscribed with her autograph, to all new members of the kindergarten association connected with the Elizabeth Peabody House.

* * *

"A History of English Journalism to the Foundation of the Gazette" has been written by J. B. Williams, and Longmans, Green & Co. is bringing out the volume. The story is given of all the English newspapers up to their culmination in the existing official Gazette, with descriptions of the careers of the writers, who are mostly entirely unknown. Besides the periodicals, there appear in the volume state papers, the journals of the Lords and Commons and other contemporary material of historical interest. The book closes with an exhaustive catalogue of all periodicals up to the year 1667.

* * *

W. C. Brownell, the critic, has been gradually producing a remarkable series of essays on great American writers. His Cooper and Hawthorne will be recalled, and, in the current number of Scribner's Magazine, appears a point-of-view which has not heretofore been taken by critics of importance. Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, who is 77 years of age, has lost none of her ability to write a good short story. In the same magazine, she presents "The Coming of Night," a story of singular beauty and pathos. Thomas Nelson Page says of his serial, "John Marvel, Assistant," which begins in this month's Scribner, that it is primarily a love story, interwoven with some of the serious questions that arise from "the protest of the great educated classes against the encroachments and tyrannies of the two forces, between which they stand—capital and labor." The early chapters open in Virginia, but the action moves to a typical American city of the Middle West.

* * *

The Putnams expect to bring out soon volume III of the "Literary History of the English People," by J. J. Jusserand, the French ambassador at Washington, D. C. It is the second part and will take up the story from the renaissance to the civil war in England. The book opens with the conditions of English drama at the dawn of the renaissance and with the work of Marlowe and other predecessors of Shakespeare. An elaborate study of the Avon bard's work is then made; there are several chapters on Shakespeare's contemporaries and successors, and the book closes with the reigns of James I and Charles I.

* * *

There has just been brought out a new one-volume edition of the poems and sonnets of the late Louise Chandler Moulton, formerly comprised in the three books entitled "Swallow Flights," "In the Garden of Dreams," and "At the Wind's Will." Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford has contributed the introduction to the new volume. She refers with sympathy and feeling to the rare qualities of Mrs. Moulton's personality and to the greatness of her character. She mentions Mrs. Moulton's position in the world of letters and quotes the opinions of the highest critics on her poems and sonnets. An attractive portrait of Mrs. Moulton is used as a frontispiece.

* * *

The Dial gives these facts regarding Angelo Neumann, the famous Wagner impresario, who died within two weeks of the appearance of his "Personal Recollections of Wagner" in this country: "Neumann was born in Vienna in 1838. He was an accomplished singer, who began his career in the opera at Cracow, and afterward became a leading tenor in his native city at the Imperial Theater. He was called in 1876 to Leipsic by Dr. August Forster, manager of the Leipsic Theater, and was made director of the opera there. He established a company noteworthy throughout Germany, played remarkable engagements in Berlin and London and founded in 1882 the Richard Wagner Theater—a traveling association of artists who gave performances of the music dramas of the master in the leading cities of Germany, Belgium, Italy and Russia, and later he was director in Bremen and Prague. The Wagner opera owes Neumann an immense debt of reconciliation and gratitude."

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 11:

BIOGRAPHY.

Bancroft—The life and letters of George Bancroft; by M. A. D. Howe. 2 v. 1908.
Church—Memories of men and books. 1908.
Mary Stuart, queen of Scots—The history of Mary, queen of Scots; by F. A. Mignet. Ed. 7. 1899.

BOOKS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Baudrillart—Histoire du luxe. 4 v.
Brandi—Die renaissance in Florenz und Rom.
Drummond—Nyt lys over gamle sandhader.
Ewald—Valdemarstoget.
Maeterlinck—L'intelligence des fleurs.
Riehl—Die naturgeschichte des volkes als grundlageiner Deutschen sozialpolitik. v. 1.
Svendsen—Samarichjalp
Werner—Fruhlingsboten.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

Enock—The Andes and the Amazon; life and travel in Peru. Ed. 2. 1908.
Gordon—Round about the North Pole. 1907.
Harper—Rural nooks round London, Middlesex and Surrey. 1907.
Johnson—Highways and byways of the Pacific Coast. 1908.

FICTION.

Bjornson—Heritage of the Kurts.
De La Pasture—The gray knight.
Harker—His first leave.
Hood—Tales of old Sicily.
Roberts—The young Acadian; or, The raid from Beausejour.
Rosenkrantz—The magistrate's own case.
Snaith—William Jordan, junior.

HISTORY.

Eaton—Grant, Lincoln and the freedmen; reminiscences of the Civil War. 1907.
Jenks—When America was new. 1907.
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