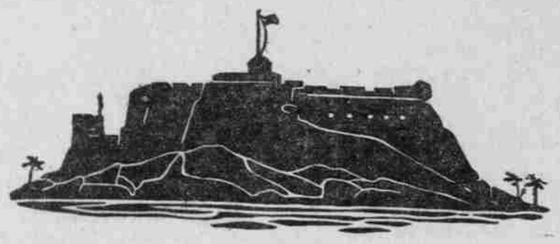
BOOKS

THE WHITE MICE



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

"THE WHITE MICE"

The White Mice, by Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

A fitting accompaniment to the Summer vacation, throbbing with revolution in Venezuela and pulsing with a romantic love story, is this Van Bibber romance, "The White Mice," the best story Mr. Davis has written since "Soldiers Three." It is a sugar plum in current fiction, and is warranted to keep awake the most drowsy.

What of the "White Mice"? you ask. Four American young men, Rodman, or "Roddy" Forrester; Peter de Peyster, orchid hunter, and Lieutenant Perry, of the battleship Louisiana, were rolling cigarettes and drinking more than was good for them in the glare of Yokohama Bay, on the mats of the teahouse of the One Hundred-and-One Steps. The young men were of the adventure-seeking, idle-rich description, the kind owned by stern fathers worth millions. The lieutenant tells the trio the story of a mouse: "The most important member of the ship's company on a submarine doesn't draw any pay at all, and he has no rating. He is a white mouse with pink eyes. He bunks in the engine-room, and when he smells sulphuric gas escaping anywhere he squeals; and the chief finds the leak and the ship isn't blown up. Sometimes one little white mouse will save the lives of a dozen bluejackets."

"I will now," said the Orchid Hunter, "organize the Society of the Order of the White Mice. The object of the society is to save everybody's life. You mus' all be white mice. You mus' all save somebody's life. An' then—then we give ourself a dinner."

"And medals," suggested Peter de Peyster.

So the memorable society was formed. This is a near view of Roddy Forrester and his father:

Rodman Forrester's father, besides being pointed out as the parent of "Roddy" Forrester, the one-time celebrated Yale pitcher, was himself not unfavorably known to many governments as a constructor of sky-scrapers, breakwaters, bridges, wharves and lighthouses, which latter he planted on slippery rocks along inaccessible coastlines. Among his fellow captains of industry he was known as the Forrester Construction Company, or, for short, the "F. C. C." Under that alias Mr. Forrester was now trying to sell to the Japanese three lighthouses to illuminate the inner Sea between Kobe and Shimoneseki. To hasten the sale he had shipped "Roddy" straight from the machine-shops to Yokohama.

Three years before, when Roddy left Yale, his father ordered him abroad to improve his mind by travel, and to inspect certain lighthouses and breakwaters on both shores of the English Channel. While crossing from Dover to Calais, on his way to Paris, Roddy made a very superficial survey of the lighthouses and reported that, so far as he could see by daylight, they still were on the job. His father, who had his own breezy sense of humor, cancelled Roddy's letter of credit, cables him home and put him to work in the machine-ship.

In Siberia, in British East Africa, in Upper Burma, engineers of the Forrester Construction Company had tamed, shackled and bridged great rivers. In the Soudan they had thrown up ramparts against the Nile. Along the coasts of South America they had cast the rays of the Forrester revolving lights upon the face of the waters of both the South Atlantic and the Pacific.

They were of all ages, from the boys who had never before looked through a transit, except across the college campus, to sun-tanned, fever-haunted veterans who, for many years, had fought nature where she was most stubborn, petulant and cruel. They had seen a tidal wave crumple up a breakwater which had cost them a half year of labor, and slide it into the ocean. They had seen swollen rivers, drunk with the rains, trip bridges by the ankles and toss them on the banks, twisted and sprawling; they had seen a tropical hurricane overturn a half-finished lighthouse as gayly as a Summer breeze upsets a rocking-chair; they had fought with wild beasts, they had fought with wild men, with sandstorms of the desert, with Federated Sons of Labor, with Yaqui Indians, and they had seen cholera, sleeping sickness and the white man's gin turn their compounds into pest-camps and crematories.

Meanwhile, General Rojas, patriot, called the "Lion of Valencia," was languishing in an underground prison at Porto Cabello, Venezuela, by orders of President Alvarez, who reigned in the country in place of the said Rojas, recently deposed. Young Forrester is ordered to the scene to help the construction of a Forrester lighthouse, and also to try to collect $2,000,000 owing by Venezuela to the Forrester Construction Company. One particular sight which interested him was three women in white muslin, Madame Rojas and the Misses Rojas, who stood daily at sunset to look from the cliff in Willemstadt across the 60 miles of Carribean Sea to the lonely rock where the husband and father was a state prisoner.

Forrester becomes interested in Miss Inez Rojas, whose mother was an American—the girl had been educated in New England. She hails the young man as the hero who is going to set free her father, and of course the friendship between maid and youth ripens to love. Forrester discovers a disused tunnel leading to ex-President Rojas' cell, and uses dynamite in blowing up the obstructing masonry. The Alvarez troops attack the Rojas prison-house as Forrester presses forward to rescue the patriot;

With a shout of amazement, joy and consternation, Roddy swung the boat back toward the shore, and by the breadth of an ore-blade cleared the wharf. There was a cry of relief, of delight, a flutter of skirts, and Inez sprang into it. In an agony of fear for her safety, Roddy pushed her to the bottom of the launch.

"Get down!" he commanded. "They can see your dress. They'll fire on you."

From the shore an excited voice cried in Spanish: "Do I shoot, sergeant?"

"No!" answered another. Remember your orders!"

"But he escapes!" returned the first voice, and on the word there was a flash, a report, and a bullet whined above them. Another and others followed, but the busy chug-chug of the engine continued undismayed, and, as the noise of its progress died away, the firing ceased. Roddy left the wheel and, stooping, took Inez in his arms. Behind them the city was a blaze of light, and the sky above it was painted crimson. From the fortress, rockets, hissing and roaring, signalled to the barracks; from the gunboat, the quick-firing guns were stabbing the darkness with swift, vindictive flashes. In different parts of the city incendiary fires had started and were burning sullenly, sending up into the still night air great, twisting columns of sparks. The rattle of musketry was incessant.

Of course the Rojas troops win over those of Alvarez, and "the king comes into his own again." The story has a pleasant termination, and on the last page is a significant conversation between Forrester and his beloved: "I will tell you," said Roddy, "the name of a girl who is going to be kissed in one second.

Red Horse Hill. By Sidney McCall (Mrs. Mary McNeil Fenollosa). Price, $1.50. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

Surely, there are few American girls who have not yet read "Truth Dexter." As a sensible story for girls, it made the name of Sidney McCall stand out as an author, and there are even some enthusiastic ones who declare that "Truth Dexter" is for this generation what "Little Women" was for the one just past.

In consequence, there is more than ordinary interest in Sidney McCall's new novel, "Red Horse Hill," which pictures the evils of child labor in a Southern cotton mill and tries to illustrate the ostracism which, in an old-fashioned community, follows a divorced woman not mentally strong enough to defy the gossipy world to its face. The story is sweet, wholesome and emotional, bearing the impress of a woman fond of sentiment. In short, it is a story that will cause discussion.

The heroine of "Red Horse Hill" is a neurotic, half-invalid young woman, Mrs. Maris Alden, who apparently did not have all her wits about her all the time. She ought to have been spanked, now and then, in childhood, to teach her self-control, but as she wasn't—hence the story. It is evident that Mrs. Maris Alden is a very human young woman. We are introduced to her in the first chapter as the young wife of Dwight Alden, capitalist, of New York City. Instinctively, we suspect trouble. Maris had been stenographer to the man she afterward married, and he knew very little about her previous life.

Alden had his capital invested in a Southern cotton mill, the Regina, and when he was called there to manage the business his wife protested. It seems that her maiden name was Maris Brue, and that as a willful girl she had, in spite of affectionate advice to the contrary, married James Martin, a good-looking but worthless wretch of a man, at Orbury, N. C. Martin afterward eloped to parts unknown with a domestic servant named Jane Rumbought, and took with him Fellcia, his and his wife's baby girl. A few years afterward Maris received a lawyer's letter from the West containing evidence that James Martin was dead and had been buried at Kansas City, Mo. Believing herself legally free, Maris married Dwight Alden.

Arrived at Red Horse Hill, Maris finds that she has a horror of the conditions attending factory life. This is what she feels to be repulsive:

The roar of the mill now dominated space. Earth shivered to it, and the hollow cottages caught and echoed it. The hum and buzz, at first indistinguishable in the general roar, now yielded component vibrations, the sound of a mighty wheel, the rhythm of the engine, the hiss of a great band, and the rattle of countless looms. A most unusual odor, something, Maris thought, like the odor of caged beasts, issued from it, befouling the clear Spring air. It was a mingled smell of

SIDNEY McCALL, AUTHOR OF "RED HORSE HILL"

grease and heat; the sickening taint of starch through which the warm cloth was always passing, and overheated rooms, unclean humanity and a touch of disease.

An accident occurs at the Regina mill. A little girl employe was severely injured by being caught in machinery wheels which latter ought to have been provided with wooden guards, as ordered by law, and Mrs. Maris Alden goes to the little girl's home to inquire about the sufferer. She is informed that the girl's parents are James and Jane Winch, but is horrified to find that Winch is James Martin, her first husband, very much alive, and as persistent a drunkard as ever. Also that the little girl injured by the mill machinery is her own lost daughter, Felicia.

Mrs. Alden keeps the double secret from her husband, and is asked for hush money by Martin, who threatens to tell all to Dwight Alden. At this juncture Mrs. Alden gains a friend and adviser in need in Miss Ruth Alden, sister of Dwight Alden, and recently an instructor in sociology at Wellesley College, Massachusetts. Unknown to Maris, James Martin had already secured "out West" a divorce from her on the plea of desertion.

Right here, I made a guess that Bad Man Martin wouldn't live long, in the book. In life, such walking snakes only expire of old age. Would the author have the courage to weave the story of this divorced woman—who at last is informed that she is divorced—living happily with her second husband? The Dwights love each other dearly. But no—our author dodges the issue as cleverly as Robert W. Chambers does in "The Firing Line."

Maris adopts the little girl, who calls her new friend "lady," and Dwight Alden buys the silence of Martin and his second wife for $5000. Maris and Felicia leave Mr. Dwight and live at Orbury, where a really beautiful picture is drawn of Maris as a mother. Maris refuses to live with Mr. Dwight as his wife as long as Martin exists. On the second last page of the novel Martin dies, and the reader can guess what afterward occurs.

The conviction deepens that as a hysterical, weeping heroine Mrs. Maris Dwight is a howling success, but that as a wife and creator of "home, sweet home," she would be next to impossible to live with.

The People at Play, by Rollin Lynde Hartt. The Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass.

It is the unusual that attracts. Probably if this book described a particular game or were a learned treatise on the same, it would not win so much attention. But, care is absent from its pages. It tells about the democracy at play, and skilfully does the author fulfil the task assigned to him. His observations are at all times marked by shrewd but kindly humor. They lack, however, the tang of the Western air and rather reflect the noisy joy of holiday crowds in teeming Eastern cities.

Boston seems particularly to be thrown on the screen, with profit to the reader. It is not Boston of the double eye-glass and thick, black cord a la Richard Mansfield, but the democratic Boston that perspires, jostles, sees the sights and makes merry in a holiday crowd. Slang is used judiciously.

Listen to Professor Bumpus describing one of the freaks in the Dime Museum:

"Behold," cries the professor, thumping heavily with his cane, "behold, ladies and gentlemen, the lovely Cherrie Burnham, the fair, the beautiful! Marvellous! Marvellous! Stand up, Cherrie! There (thump, thump), look at her! A mighty girl, fat, magnificent! Five chins; Cheeks like the sun-kissed melon! Arms like vats of luscious Falernian wine! Watch her, now! Watch her!—No wonder you're proud, Cherrie! Few women of modern times have equalled you. Six hundred and ten pounds! Twice the weight of Queen Victoria, three times the weight of Boadicea (thump, thump) four times the weight of Delilah!"

And do you think that on our part there exists a superiority over the "peepul" who worship and find entertainment in such vaudeville features? This is Mr. Hartt's preference:

Then you bethink you that monstrosities have played perhaps as large a part in your own education as in theirs. In classic and medieval and renaissance art and literature, lo, what "Gorgons, Hydras and Chimaeras dire," what cupids, centaurs, furies, satyrs and griffins! Give me polyphemus, the doughty giant; Trimurti, the original three-headed wonder, and Anubis, the precursor of dog-faced boys; give me Sphinx and a handful more, among them Michael Angelo's horned Moses, a Hermes with winged feet, and a bogy or so from the Inferno, and I will furnish forth a Curio Hall of such sort that it will be packed with gaping visitors, till the sole way to make room for more spectators would be to do as Barnum did: set up an alluring finger-board inscribed, "To the Egress."

One readily discerns the critical canons whereby these backstreet Taines and Ruskins establish judgment. Art should treat a great theme, and should treat it with convincing fidelity. And what theme more interesting, more captivating, more important and altogether worthy, than that of murder? Is it not the endearing motif of yellow journalism, the all-engrossing topic of proletarian conversation. The central magnet of attention? Meanwhile one approaches it with a mind prepared, whereas myth and legend and ancient story, having never entered the people's ken, leave Fragonard and Puvis de Chavannes mere shadows of dismal and deterrent incomprehensibilities.

Besides, our painters and sculptors have passed realities through the alembic of fancy. They ask you to see with their imaginations, and to color imagination with sentiment, whereas East Glissing street sees only with its eyes. And such eyes! They can't penetrate the detective's most lucid disguises. Their wonders dye their hair, reasoning from within out and confident that nobody will know. Connie Morley, beholding a colored photograph of the Doge's Palace, said to Alonzo Graves, "Gee! What's that?" "The Union Station," replied Alonzo, and Connie agreed. So, given life-size dummies, with real clothes, even to cuffbuttons and shirtstuds, these slack-eyed critics will exclaim, "Ain't them figgers natchral? Just like they was alive!" So be it; that is the way you and I look—to them.

Are the Dead Alive? By Fremont Rider. Price, $1.75. B. W. Dodge & Co., New York City.

Mr. Rider has done his work as author with remarkable ability. He has propounded no theories of his own, but has wisely contented himself with a careful, interesting review of the rapidly-growing literature of psychical research bearing on the subject he has chosen. He admits that people have been hoodwinked by fraud in mediums, but says that if we immediately dismiss in disgust the whole subject, we are gravely in danger of the opposite error.

Quotations are given from such accepted authorities as Thomas Jay Hudson and Alfred Russell Wallace. "There are now," says our author, "in all the world but one or two scientists of the first rank who deny the actual probability of the future life; while a large proportion claim that this life has been actually proved by the occurring phenomena of spiritualism."

Much of the material in Mr. Rider's book has already appeared in the Delineator magazine.

Little Prince Charming, by Elizabeth von Zicklen. Illustrated. Reid Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

A Christian Science story, with a pure, home atmosphere and teaching a wholesome lesson. Prince Charming is Charles Robert Strong, 10 years old, of Detroit, Mich., and he is so good that he is not of earth, but heaven. His mother is "Precious," and his father deserts them, but the little boy's faith is steadfast, even when he lives with his stern-minded aunt, Miss Jane Strong, of Puckerville. He talks about "love divine" and "error," and generally makes love to all the people he knows. Two verses of page 232 are worth quoting here:

"Are you almost disgusted with life little man?
I'll tell you a wonderful trick,
That will bring you contentment if anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick.
Are you awfully tired with play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick."

Pictorial Log of the Battle Fleet Cruise Around the World. By Roman J. Miller. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

In the years that are to come, there will be lots of inquiries concerning the voyage of American battleships around the world, battleships commanded by Admiral Evans and other officers. Here is one of the best mementoes of that eventful cruise, both from a literary and pictorial standpoint, written by Roman J. Miller, chief turret captain of the battleship Vermont, the illustrations being from photographs taken by H. R. Jackson. The book measures 12 inches by nine inches, the cover is stout cloth, and the illustrations in color are excellent. The story of the cruise is told in eight printed pages, and is dated from Boston Navy Yard, April 20 of this year.

How to Tell Children the Origin of Life. By Sylvanus Stall, D. D. Vir Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

This pamphlet of 33 pages is not for sale and therefore cannot be purchased, but can be obtained, free of cost, by parents writing to the publishers and inclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. The wise message it tells, about the wisest in English, is taken from a famous book which has been translated already into 30 of the world's leading languages. Dr. Stall tells the truth about human reproduction, in a delicate but easily understood style, and argues that it is better that children should in this manner be taught what is physical law than to trust to the impurities of street and school.

The Harvest Within. By Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. Navy. Price, $1.50. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

Captain Mahan is famous as the author of epoch-making books, such as "The Influence of Sea Power Upon History, 1660-1783." Now he appears in the most serious mood of all, as the writer of thoughts on the Christian life. His book extends to 280 pages, and his message can be read with a great deal of profit and comfort. His Biblical references are many and he is never controversial. Comparatively little heed, sys Captain Mahan, is given to Christ's saying: "If a man love me he will keep my commandments." "The riches of Christ are unsearchable; but chief among them is the gift of love for himself. It is a gift, not an acquisition."

The Woman Herself. Price, $1.50. The Stuyvesant Press, New York City.

No name of the author is given, and this is wise—for the novel is bad, hopelessly bad in influence. It describes Mrs. Junia Trent, 29 years old, who is happily married and yet is fool enough not to know it. Then she loves and sins with a French Count of no account, leaves her husband and becomes a professional singer. Her life needs a chloride of lime bath and her "temperament" a conscience. What a pity the clever author is satisfied to write such irresponsible rot.

A Little Bird Told Me. By Walt Kuhn. Illustrated. Life Publishing Company, New York City.

Sparkling with fun, this series of picture jokes in which fluffy feathered animals do the talking, is dedicated "to a lot of people who take themselves too seriouely." The little book is a sunbeam piercing the gloom of chestnuts.

The Quirt and the Spur. By Edgar Rye. W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago, Ill.

One dozen chapters of cowboy life in Texas, in the old days. The writing is of the honest, ready-made kind, and the tales are fairly interesting.

JOSEPH M. QUENTIN.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Biography of a New York Hotel Scrub, by Ada Blom, 25 cents (Blom, New York).

The Diary of a District Messenger, by James S. Metcalfe, 25 cents (Life Publishing Company, New York).

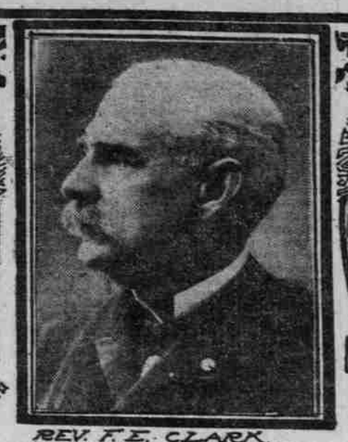
Champion Spelling Book, by Warren E. Hicks, 25 cents (American Book Company).

Another Good Magazine Number.

The cover of the Pacific Monthly for July represents in colors a striking out-of-doors scene, an eagle with outstretched wings about to descend on a craggy height, while the distant mountains show bits of snow with a blue sky overhead. The artist is Maynard Dixon, and he has done clever work. "California Scenes in Color," by William S. Rice, skilfully reflect romance, light and shadow, and an article by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, of New York City, and formerly of this city, on "Justice and the Law," will be read with more than ordinary attention. Welford Beaton writes attractively on the A-Y-P Exposition, and Harry Murphy contributes verse well worth reading on "The River." The fiction department is of diversified interest and represents finely-selected stories. Jack London's "Martin Eden" is busy at the Socialistic stage, and one of the scenes represents the "spanking" of a "cub" newspaper reporter. The literary bill of fare generally speaks well for the continued success of this home magazine.

PORTRAITS OF A FEW MEN WHO ARE PROMINENT FIGURES IN NEWS OF WEEK

HIRAM N. LATHROP TREASURER CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY



REV. F. E. CLARK PRESIDENT CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY

FRED LACROIX

ROBERT G. VALENTINE

LEO SLEZAK

A. G. VANDERBILT

NEW YORK, June 26.—(Special.)—The 24th International Christian Endeavor convention meets in St. Paul, Minn., from July 7 to 12, in the various churches of St. Paul, the Auditorium and the Armory. Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D., is the president; William Shaw, general secretary, and Hiram N. Lathrop the treasurer of the United Society of Christian Endeavor with headquarters at Boston. The Rev. Francis E. Clark is the founder of this movement and was born at Aylmer, P. Q., in 1851. He has traveled around the world four times in the interests of the society and has written a large number of religious books.

* * *

The scandal which has involved Alfred G. Vanderbilt, through the efforts to suppress the news of the suicide of Mrs. Ruiz, threatens to complete the ostracising of that young millionaire in the British capital. Vanderbilt has had little social position since his divorce from his wife and news dspatches from the British capital say that it is likely he will find England too warm for him in the future. Mrs. Ruiz is the American woman whose name was mentioned in the divorce proceedings brought by Mrs. Vanderbilt. It is reported that she committed suicide because another woman had taken her place in the Vanderbilt menage. The horse show has been dragged into the matter because Vanderbilt is the most conspicuous American exhibitor there and Mrs. Ruiz used to drive his horses in the ring.

* * *

Paul Lacroix is a young inventor whose safety device has just been introduced on the Erie Railroad. It is a third-rail system by which communication is kept up constantly between trains on all parts of the road. The engineer in his cab can telephone to the engineer in the cab of an approaching train or to the train dispatcher or to the next station. And the approach of a train on the same track is signalled to him automatically. Mr. Lacroix believes that this device will reduce the accidents by collision on railroads to a negligible number.

* * *

Robert G. Valentine, formerly Deputy Commissioner of Indian Affairs, under Francis E. Leupp, has succeeded Mr. Leupp, who resigned recently, as Commissioner. The President has already announced his appointment to the position.

* * *

Leo Slezak, the noted tenor of the Vienna opera, has signed a contract to appear at the Metropolitan Opera-House, New York, next season. Gatti-Casazza and Andreas Dipple are very enthusiastic over the acquisition of the great tenor. They call him a second Zamagno and say he has acquired a very high reputation at Vienna and Budapest where he has been singing for the last nine years. He has been the pride of the Vienna opera for some years and has sung all the leading Wagner roles. It is expected that he will only sing the German tenor parts in New York.

Books Added to Library

The following books may be examined at the Public Library during this week and will be ready for circulation Monday, July 5:

BIOGRAPHY.

Johnston.—Famous cavalry leaders. 1908.
La Vallière.—Louise de la Vallière and the early life of Louis XIV; by J. A. Lair. 1908.
Mayo.—One woman's work for farm women; the story of Mary A. Mayo's part in rural social movements; by Jennie Buell. 1908.
Mansfield.—Richard Mansfield, the man and the actor; by Paul Wilstach. 1908.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

Martinango.—Cesaresco. Lombard studies. 1902.
Starr.—In Indian Mexico. 1908.

FICTION.

Bailey.—The god of clay.
Bain.—An incarnation of the snow.
Bazin.—This, my son.
Bosch.—Bridget.
Daskum.—An idyll of All Fools' day.
Fuller.—Waldo Trench and others.
Hale.—The actress.
Harris.—The bishop and the boogerman.
Hawkins.—Helena's path.
Herrick.—The master of the inn.
Jerome.—The passing of the third floor back.
Knapp.—The well in the desert.
Lee.—Simeon Tetlow's shadow.
McCarthy.—The duke's motto.
Megargel & Mason.—The car and the lady.
Merrick.—Lynch's daughter.
Neuman.—Dominy's dollars.
Thompson.—The calico cat.
Thurston.—Mirage.
Wells.—Tono-Bungay.
Wynne.—Henry of Navarre; a romance of August, 1572.

FINE ARTS.

Bach.—The passion of our Lord, according to St. John; English translation and adaptation by J. Troutbeck. n. d.
Coerne.—The evolution of modern orchestration. 1908.
Elwell.—Practical bridge; a complete and thorough course of instruction in the game. 1908.
General federation of women's clubs.—Handbook of art in our own country; ed. by Mrs. E. W. Pattison. 1908.
Kemp.—Wilderness homes; a book of the log cabin. 1908.
Vaile.—Lawn tennis guide. 1906.
Ware.—The American vignola. v. 2. 1906.

HISTORY.

Thwaites.—Wisconsin. 1908.
Visscher.—A thrilling and truthful history of the pony express. 1908.

LITERATURE.

Everts.—The speaking voice; principles of training. 1908.

PHILOSOPHY.

Adam.—The religious teachers of Greece. 1908.
Carrington.—The coming science. 1908.
Wallas.—Human nature in politics. 1908.

RELIGION.

Abbott.—Israel in Europe. 1907.
Barton.—Daybreak in Turkey. 1908.
Hutchinson.—Christian science in the light of Holy Scripture. 1909.

SCIENCE.

Bailey & Coleman.—First course in biology. 1909.
Wolf.—Goldfish breeds and other aquarium fishes. 1908.

SOCIOLOGY.

Devine.—People's co-operative banks. 1908.
Hyndman.—Commercial crises of the 19th century. Ed. 3. 1908.
Pierce.—Federal usurpation. 1908.
Tardieu.—France and the alliances; the struggle for the balance of power. 1908.
Wendell.—The privileged classes. 1908.

USEFUL ARTS.

Farrington & Woll.—Testing milk and its products. 1908.
Greenwell & Elsden.—Roads; their construction and maintenance. 1907.
King.—Ventilation for dwellings, rural schools and stables. 1908.
Schuyler.—Reservoirs for irrigation, water-power and domestic water supply. Ed. 2, rev. 1908.

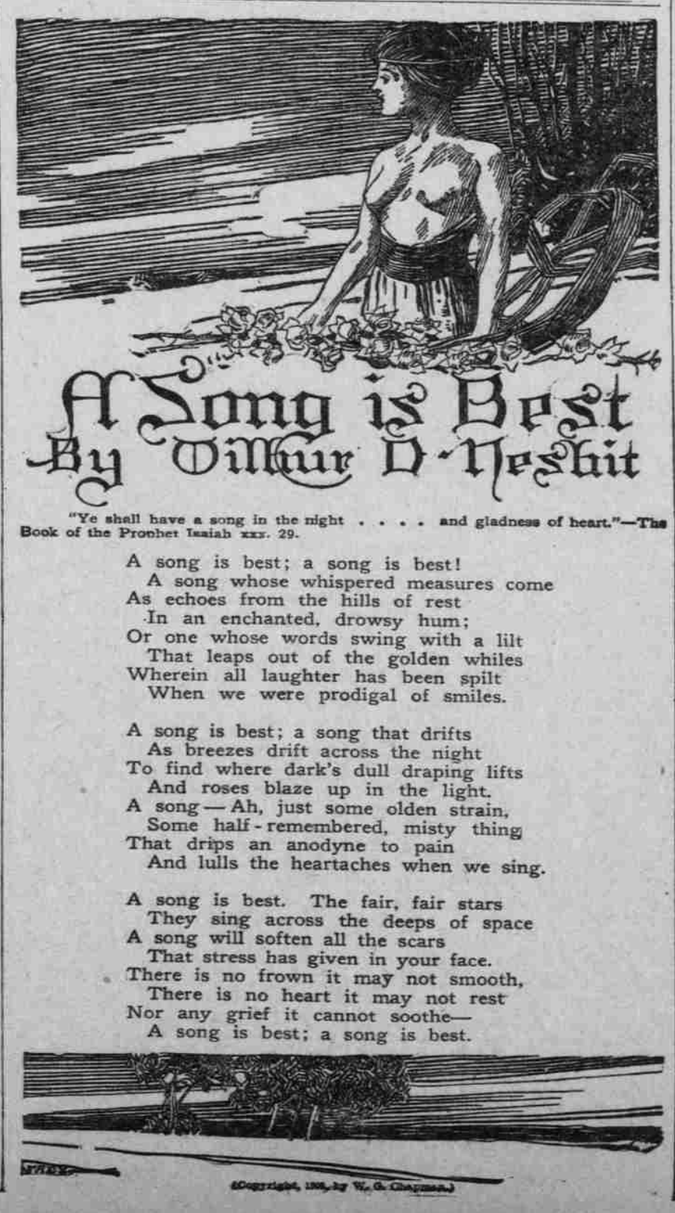
BOOKS ADDED TO THE JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Alden.—Why the chimes ring.
Baisch.—Die kleine feuerwehr.
Burkett & Hill.—Agriculture for beginners.
Carpenter.—Long ago in Greece.
Gilliat.—The king's reeve.
Holder.—Half hours with fishes, reptiles and birds.
Mable.—Legends that every child should know.
Parsons.—Wild flowers of California.
Shart.—Beef and meadow.
Velvin.—Wild-animal celebrities.

Just After the Scolding

Atchison Globe.

Every woman believes that if she should die right after her husband has scolded her, the Coroner would find her heart covered with black and blue spots.



"Ye shall have a song in the night . . . . and gladness of heart."—The Book of the Prophet Isaiah xxx. 29.

A song is best; a song is best!
A song whose whispered measures come
As echoes from the hills of rest
In an enchanted, drowsy hum;
Or one whose words swing with a lilt
That leaps out of the golden whiles
Wherein all laughter has been spilt
When we were prodigal of smiles.

A song is best; a song that drifts
As breezes drift across the night
To find where dark's dull draping lifts
And roses blaze up in the light.
A song—Ah, just some olden strain,
Some half-remembered, misty thing
That drips an anodyne to pain
And lulls the heartaches when we sing.

A song is best. The fair, fair stars
They sing across the deeps of space
A song will soften all the scars
That stress has given in your face.
There is no frown it may not smooth,
There is no heart it may not rest
Nor any grief it cannot soothe—
A song is best; a song is best.

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