

"FEW THINGS ARE HARDER TO PUT UP WITH THAN THE ANNOYANCE OF A GOOD EXAMPLE." —MARK TWAIN.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN LTD. AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS"

Recollections, by Rev. Washington Gladden, L. D. D., Boston, Mass., and The J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

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Madame, Mother of the Regent, by Arved Barine, Illustrated, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

This author in private life was Madame Charles Vicoens, who died November 14, 1908, but not before she had written all the chapters, except the last, of this book, which is translated from the French by Jeanne Malraux.

Young Gladden dreamed of being a lawyer, but instead he became an apprentice printer with the editor and publisher of the Oregonian, and in 1887 he drifted into politics and mingled with the Abolitionists.

Dr. Gladden has not only a fine literary style, but he is also a fine character. He was a man of high character, and his life was a noble one.

What Dr. Gladden has to say about the relations of capital and labor, swollen fortunes, and the Roosevelt, tells us that he admires Mr. Roosevelt but "not his present pastimes in Africa."

The last two chapters, which tell of a long life, well spent, in service and usefulness, breathe a peaceful serenity that is significant of the man as a thinker and teacher.

Home Letters of General Sherman, edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City and The J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Historians alive to the history-making of our country prize the "Memoirs" of General William Tecumseh Sherman, issued in 1875, the revised version of that book, which appeared about ten years later, and the correspondence between the General and his equally celebrated brother, Hon. John Sherman, published in 1894.

Now we have a more intimate picture of General Sherman, a picture shown by the presentation of letters written by the General to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Boyle Sherman. These letters begin at West Point, N. Y., August 20, 1857, where Sherman was a cadet, and continue through California during the gold rush of 1849, and continue throughout the Civil War.

The Red Book of Heroes, by Mrs. Andrew Lang, Illustrated, \$1.50, Longmans, Green & Co., New York City.

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Eight Calendars, Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, Cal.

Here are eight artistic-looking calendars for 1910: "Just One Friend," "Time to Rise," "The Other Fellow," "Seal of Love," "Friends," "A Calendar of Shadows," and "Mend Your Scales."

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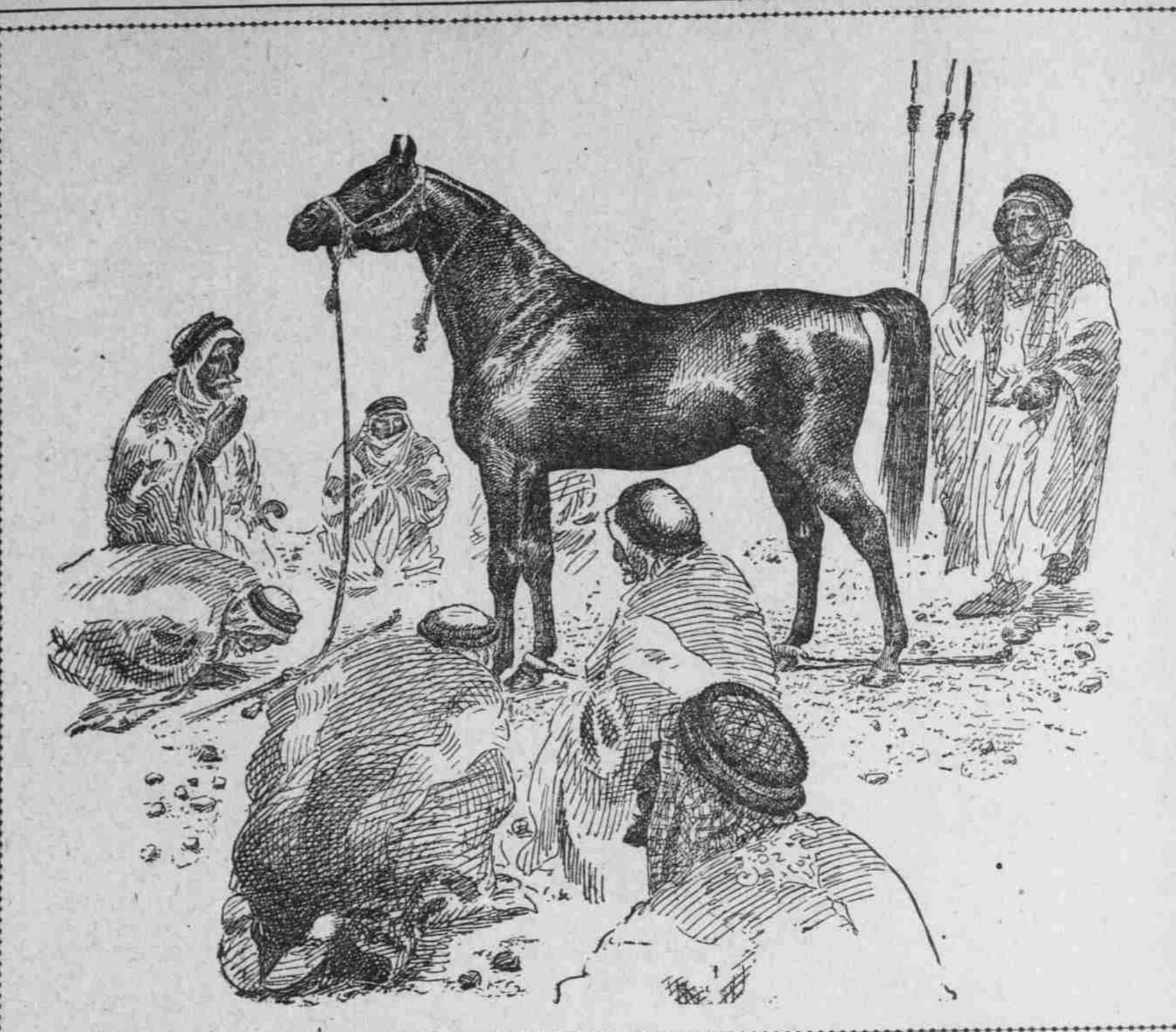
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DEATH OF AN ARABIAN HORSE OF NOBLE LINEAGE

Homer Davenport Mourns the Loss of a Superb Animal Presented to Him by Nazim Pasha.



HOMER DAVENPORT IN NEW YORK

Where are those noble steeds whom men never knew any but a noble steed? The stirrup is their life; inaction is death to them. O father of cavaliers! The ignorant find them everywhere, but they are as rare as true friends, and when they die the very saddle sheds tears.

What is it about some horses that makes us get so closely attached to them? We love them like near relatives when they are alive, and when they die we mourn for them without pretense. And the horse I am writing about was one that, once you knew him, held your love always.

He was a horse born to be great, and he was great to the end, for now he is dead. He was robbed of the wild life on an American box stall, but the fire of the desert ever burned in him. And now he is dead. Around him were skilled veterinarians and groomers and other friends he had made, and closer still was a black boy weeping with grief beyond our comprehension. This black boy was once a slave in a wild tribe of warriors, the most powerful of Arabian Arabs.

The God of Love, by Justin Huntley McCarthy, \$1.50, Harper & Brothers, New York City.

Mr. McCarthy is a novelist whose work means something higher than ordinary fiction, since the presentation of his really great story, "If I Were King," "The God of Love" is a stirring novel which has for its scene the old Florence of the historic feuds, with Dante as its hero. A story of dramatic passion, and finely written.

Higgins, A Man's Christmas, by Norman Duncan, 50 cents, Harper & Brothers, New York City.

Higgins is a spy-plot or traveling evangelist, who is engaged in religious work among the handy men of the Minnesota woods, and this little book, which relates his wonderful experiences, is a gem in its way, appealing to thoughtful men and women.

What Does Christmas Really Mean? by John T. McCutcheon and Jenkin Lloyd Lyons, 30 cents, Forbes & Co., Chicago.

This is a story told by a young mother to her little boy as to the relation Jesus Christ bears to Christmas, and will make an appropriate gift to a member of a religious family.

Why American Marriages Fail, by Anna A. Wickersham, \$1.50, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Six well-written, sometimes caustic essays on current social topics, the principal one being marriage. Husbands, wives, their parents and our public school system are blamed, all around.

Voices of the City, by Marion Cook Stow, Illustrated, \$1. The J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

One of the illustrations on this book page is taken from "Voices of the City," a review of which appeared in last Sunday's paper. JOSEPH M. QUENTIN.

where grass was not a luxury, and so Homer Davenport mourns the loss of a superb animal presented to him by Nazim Pasha.

While we were with the Fedon, the largest tribe of the Aneseh, I learned what the real worship of the Arab is, and that writers and poets have never overdrawn the love that exists between the Arab and his steed. I was more than thankful that I was so constructed that I could fully realize their sorrow at the loss of their favorite horse.

So they called him the "Pride of the Desert." When I called on Nazim Pasha in Aleppo on the 8th day of August, 1906, he presented the horse to me. This was largely because he had been given to me by Abdul Hamid, then Sultan of Turkey (a rare distinction), and the fact that I carried with me letters from President Roosevelt, his gift was possibly the keenest disappointment. They were sent in a moment, and said it was when later I took the horse back to the tribes that had bred him they showed their great disappointment.

But with me was a man, an old Bedouin, who was their diplomat. He told them the story of the horse, and many of them, and that the horse would be appreciated and cared for in a land

where the sheikhs it appeared to great a gift, as after all Nazim Pasha was a Turk. The sheikhs of the Aneseh explained that the horse was not lost to them, that as they went north each year and camped near the Euphrates River, near the salt lake of Jaboul, the Wall would let the steed be brought to them.

This brown horse had been bred by the Gommusa tribe of the Soaba Aneseh. His mother was the last of the distinguished Maneghi Sheyel mares, tracing back more than 500 years, and his sire was a stallion of the family of Suiyeman Soaba, of the southern desert. Seventy years ago there had been a brown horse without white markings in the same distinguished line of ancestry that had brought them successful war horses. Thus they took this horse as another present from Allah that would bring their fortune in war.

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near in the shade of my tent. One of them spoke and told me that I would find him as perfect as Allah ever made a horse, that his top lines would be found in the shortest and his bottom lines the longest, and that if he ever tired under the saddle when he got to his distant home to let them know some way.

I saw that he was more than a horse to them, as he soon was to me. Small children went over on their fingers his distinguished ancestry for many hundred years. I found when I was tired and worn out in the hot desert that a change to his back rested me. I found when that to sit in his stall and watch his eyes that he was still dreaming was inspiring.

I shall never forget how the last Aneseh man that guided us on our way to the coast said good-bye to him. The look that the old warrior gave him will all ways haunt me, and this horse has taught me many lessons and, as the Arabs believe, he brought me many dear friends. He taught me that horsemen are the same the world over. In America this horse, of all the 37 that I brought, was the one that I loved the most. I saw him in Vermont, the home of the Morgan, he won the Justin Morgan cup over the Morgans, and I will never cease being grateful for the introduction he gave me to the best people of Vermont.

And now he is dead. The end came yesterday at Hingham, Mass. He was 8 years old. I had named him "Haleb," after the city where the first saw him. I am deprived of the great pleasure of taking him home to the country and the people that inspired his big, soft, dark eyes to dream, and though the black Arab boy pleads with me to notify the far-distant Aneseh, I find it even this impossible, and after all it would only cause them to mourn.

According to his own accounts, was at least 225 miles away. Admiral Chester based this deduction, he said, on Dr. Cook's statement that on April 3 the sun sank just below the horizon, and that four days later, on April 7, the sun showed a short distance above the horizon.

According to Admiral Chester, if Dr. Cook had been travelling northward during those four days his change in location combined with the steadily increasing declination of the sun, would in four days have caused a far greater change in the sun's position relative to the horizon than that reported by Dr. Cook.

"If it really took, as Dr. Cook said, four days for the sun to change its midnight position from just below the horizon to just above it," Admiral Chester continued, "the only explanation possible is that Dr. Cook's movements were taking him away from the midnight sun; in other words, to the south. The point I wish to make is that the sun during these four days was getting above the horizon at an appreciable rate each day. If Dr. Cook were going to the north this rate would have increased still further. But such an increase would require far less than four days for the change mentioned.

"I therefore state," Admiral Chester said in conclusion, "that Dr. Cook never got beyond 82 degrees, just beyond Cape Thomsen, Hubbard, and that he then started back south. My conclusion is that Dr. Cook never got closer than 564 miles to the North Pole."

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—John Savinsky, a cooper of 37 years, and William Hubbard, climbed out of a front-third-story window while walking in his sleep. He wore pajamas of stout material, and when he fell he was caught by a projection and remained suspended in midair for some time while he continued to slumber.

Patrolman Turall, of the Greenpoint avenue station, saw the figure was that of a man, but was unable to make out what had happened. Thinking he might be a thief, the patrolman drew his revolver and shouted. Then Savinsky woke up.

As he did so the cloth which held him suspended parted and the cooper dropped to the sidewalk. Thall tried to break the man's fall and in doing so wrenched his arms. Savinsky fractured both legs.

In the 40 years, 1868 to 1908, Japan's yearly foreign trade increased from \$12,000,000 to \$497,000,000.

Cook No Closer Than 564 Miles

Thus Declares Rear-Admiral Chester, an Astronomical Authority.

FLAT-FOOTED statement concerning Explorer Cook, following a recent press dispatch of Rear-Admiral Colby M. Chester, U. S. N., retired, is furnished in a Washington special to the New York Sun as follows:

Scientists here today were discussing an informal speech made last night by Rear-Admiral Colby M. Chester, U. S. N., retired, at the University Club, in which he characterized Dr. Frederick A. Cook as a faker and declared that Dr. Cook not only did not reach the North Pole but did not approach nearer than a distance of about 564 miles from the Pole.

The importance of Admiral Chester's accusation lies not only in the fact that he is an eminent astronomical authority and was formerly superintendent of the United States Naval Observatory, but in that he was one of the special committee of three appointed by the National Geographic Society to examine the records of Commander Peary and report on his claim to Polar discovery. The sub-committee declared that Peary had reached the Pole.

Professor Willis L. Moore, president and O. P. Austin, secretary of the society, declined to discuss Admiral Chester's speech at the University Club, in which he characterized Dr. Frederick A. Cook as a faker and declared that Dr. Cook not only did not reach the North Pole but did not approach nearer than a distance of about 564 miles from the Pole.

"My speech last night," Admiral Chester said, "was informal and extemporaneous. I had been in New York for about a week and was called up on the long-distance telephone and asked if I would speak on the Polar question before the club. I agreed and arrived in Washington from New York only a few hours before I made the speech.

"It is true that I referred to Dr. Cook as a faker. I used as the basis of my research the data used by Dr. Cook in his copyrighted stories of his Polar expedition printed in a New York newspaper and carefully studied these observations. I base my argument that Dr. Cook did not reach the North Pole on the disagreement between his observations and the known declination of the sun on the dates referred to in his narrative as shown by the Nautical Almanac.

"Where Dr. Cook states that on April 7 he first saw the midnight sun

at 86 degrees 28 minutes, a distance of 225 miles from the Pole, in reality on that date, according to the Nautical Almanac, the midnight sun would have been visible as far south as 82 degrees, a distance of 564 miles from the Pole.

In his narrative Dr. Cook, after assuming that on April 7 he was at the north as 86 degrees 28 minutes, based his claim of reaching the Pole on an average journey of 14 miles a day for 14 days. As a matter of fact he would have to travel 40 miles a day to cover the distance from his real location, according to the Nautical Almanac, to the Pole.

Following Dr. Cook's first statement concerning his journey, Professor J. M. Stockwell, of Cleveland, showed that if his supposed latitude was correct Dr. Cook ought to have seen the midnight sun above the horizon on April 1. Dr. Cook's own account fixed this date at April 7. In trying to account for this discrepancy Dr. Cook stated that he did not say that the sun was on the horizon at the time specified and that there were many days in which the sun was obscured by clouds.

"The inference drawn from the denial was that on any of the preceding seven days the midnight sun might have been seen above the horizon if the weather had been clear. But in his later and fuller narrative Dr. Cook specifically stated that on April 3 the barometer remained steady and the thermometer sank, the weather became settled and clear. At noon now there was a dazzling light, while the sun at midnight sank but for a few moments, leaving the frosted blue battled in noonday splendor.

"Of the weather between these two dates he wrote: 'There was at no time a perfectly clear horizon, but the weather was good enough to make frequent nautical observations.' If frequent nautical observations could be made between April 3 and April 7 it is pretty certain that the sun was not altogether obscured in the middle of the night, and it is certain that it was slowly rising from total obscurity on the early date to clear daylight on April 7."

Not only did Admiral Chester maintain that on April 3 Dr. Cook was at 86 degrees 28 minutes, but he also stated that on April 7 he first saw the midnight sun

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