



BY JOSEPH MACQUEEN.

Just Then Something Happened, by Edmund Vance Cooke. Illustrated, 75 cents. Dodge Publishing Co., New York City. Talk of the Arabian Nights, Sinbad be Sailor, the Cadi and the Geni of

the Sailor, the Cadi and the Geni of the Magic Ring,

Mr. Cooke in this novel has written a modern Arabian Nights entertain-ment, with an Ohio color to it, filled with astonishing adventures, told with the skill of an easy, practiced story-teller. If your children—or any other children—especially if they are boys, ask for a story—tell them what hap-pened in "Just Then Something Hap-pened."

Here is the start: "Mr. Packlepoose was hurrying home to see Bumpy-bambooney, and it happened. Of course. Mr. Packlepoose wasn't his real name. That was just Bumpyham-booney's pet name for her paps. And of course. Bumpybambooney wasn't course. Bumpybambooney wasn't real name. That was just Mr. klepoose's pet name for his little

The Packlepoose family lived in a town fronting on Lake Erle, and on the eventful day when the wild ani-mais were to be moved from the old Zoo in the park Mr. P. took a short Zoo in the park Mr. P. took a short cut home, past the animal cages. A gudden storm came up, the wagon-cages were overturned, the unimals escaped and chased Mr. P., who ran for his life. Now, while his little girl waited for him at the window, she saw him pass down the manholo of a new sewer, while coyotes, lions and a big bear chased him. The sewer led to Lake Erie, and Mr. P. swam in the lake, pursued by lions. "Just then something happened." That is the keynote to the story and is the cue something happened." That is the keynote to the story and is the cue for liberty, whenever Mr. P. is in peril. On this occasion fishermen threw him a rope, and he reached home. When Mr. P.'s little girl was awakened next morning to go to school, she was half asleep, and said to her papa: "Go away." Now, unknown to the little girl, Mr.

was going away on a business trip. On the railroad train he met a freckle-faced boy who said his name was Sonnybud. When Mr. P. and Sonnybud arrived in New York a suspicious policeman arrested Mr. P. on a picious policeman arrested Mr. P. on a pictous policeman arrested and P. on a charge of kidnaping Sonnybud, but Mr. P. escaped from the policeman's clutches and reached an ocean steamer. He is cast adrift on an iceberg in mid-ocean, with three live bears reaches the Philippines, Italy, San Francisco and other places of note.

"It does not matter how many

books you have. What does matter is What those books are".



Edmund Vance Cooke, the Author of Just Then Something Happened," Reading to His Children.

Mr. P. enaged from the politionary of the six cost addition an incherg in precision the Pullipoler. Itself, San Pranatezo and other pieces of note and the precision of the Pullipoler. Itself, San Pranatezo and other pieces of note and the precision of the Pullipoler. Itself, San Pranatezo and other pieces of note and the precision of the Pullipoler. Itself, San Pranatezo and other pieces of note and the precision of the Pullipoler. Itself, San Pranatezo and other pieces of note and the precision of the precisio

Grand Duke's daughter— The novel advises the United States and Great Britain to arm.

The Turbulent Duchess, by Percy J. Brebner, \$1.30. Little, Brown & Co., Beston.

The Duchess of the little country in spite of the plots of French King and German Prince—aided by her jester, Bergolet, who is clever, handsome and young. The time is when empires were in the making in Europe—and out of this delightly dream of oid romance Mr. Brebner has evolved a historical story of unusual importance and entertaining value.

Little Sir Galabad, by Phoebe Gray, Illustrated. Small, Maynard & Ce., Boston.

All folks who love children—and that phrase ought to include all people everywhere—will admire this charmingly-told story of child-life in America. Frances Willett is a boy who founds the Knighthood of Sir Galahad to protect and help the weak, especially girls. He finds plenty of helpful work to do, and does it. A story of tremendously good influence.

The Lone-Star Ranger, by Zane Grey. \$1.35. Harper & Brothers, New York City.

Let nobody say that chivalry and knighthood are dead in America. Here is a stirring novel of wild border days.

All this leads to what? Has not Mrs. O'me suffered enough, that she should undergo this idle chatter? It is sufficient that she knows this—this man is here. It is a time for action, not for words.

"All this leads to what? Has not Mrs. O'me suffered enough, that she should undergo this idle chatter? It is sufficient that she knows this—this man is here. It is a time for action, not for words."

"Action's comin' later, Doc," drawled Blackie, looking impish. "Moroelogulin' let the

Let nobody say that chivalry and knighthood are dead in America. Here is a stirring novel of whid border days of Texas in the early '79s, depicting principally a conflict between outlaws and Texas Rangers—a novel in which the two qualities named are vividly portrayed. portrayed.

A Morphine Tablet, by George Wesley Davis. \$1. W. F. Brainard, 200 Fifth avenue, New York City.

This American novel, sometimes fea-turing Santa Barbara, Cal., is "realism" in no mistake, of the kind that Zola and Ouida created, with modern dress. Morphine, suicide, married unhappiness

Books Added to Library

BIOGRAPHY.

Powell—Gentlemen rovers, 1913, Steiner—From allen to citizen, 1914, BOOKS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES. Watson—Hvad vilde Mesteren; oversat af nna Lassen, DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

Begbie—Happy Irish. n. d.
Clemens—Travels at home, by Mark
Twain, psend; selected and arranged by
Percival Chubb. 1910.

Hannay—From Dublin to Chicago, by G.
A. Hirmingham, pseud. 1914.
Jarintzoff—Russia; the country of extremes. 1914.
Newlin—The meccas of the world, by Anne
Warwick, pseud. 1913.
Paimer—Mountaincering and exploration
in the Selkirks. 1914.

Begbie—Everychild, a Christmas morality.

Burnham—The right track, Coulevain, pseud,—The wonderful mance.
Forter-Henry of Navarre, Ohio, by Hol-worthy Hall, pseud.
Rive-The Honorable Percival.
FINE ARTS.

Baidry—Millais. 1908.

Baidry—Millais. 1908.

Beetham—Photography for bird-lovers.

Beetham—Photography for bird-lovers.

Bentley—Play songs from the song series, with passe accompaniments by H. W. Loemis. 1912.

Caine—An augler at large. 1911.

Columbia University, Teachers College—Arts and crafts cith. Art industry in education. 1912-13.

COOKE—Bassballogy, 1912.

Crowe & Cavaicaseile—New history of painting in Italy. 3v. 1908-09.

Dimock—Outdeer photography, 1912.

"Dorothy Bradford" series No. 13 on crocheted bars, cords and tassels. 1914.

"Pelitin-Elliand, ein sam your Chiemsee yon Karl Steler; ten sougs for medium voice. English translations by Th. Baker. 1902.

Hall—Norwerian and other fish tales. 1909.

"Some Textual Difficulties in Shakespeare," by Charles D. Stewart, is the name of a new book just reled army, on account of the small value of the volunteers, is needed for the protection of London fortifications, so as not one leave the metropolis insufficiently descended. Powerful public opinion would damand this for fear that London would fall not the lands of the invaders. But if London is taken by the invaders. But if London is taken by the invaders. But if London is taken by the invading army this would still be only one of the many war would still be only one of the many war law of Charles D. Stewart.

"Some Textual Difficulties in Shakespeare," by Charles D. Stewart, is the name of a new book just reviewed by the Boston Transcript. Mr. Stewart lives in Milwaukee, Wis., and the transcript in the protection of London fortifications, so as not on leave the metropolis insufficiently described by the Boston Transcript. Mr. Stewart lives in Milwaukee, Wis., and the transcript in the shelter of Norah's arms! I stood up, resolve lending me new strength and courage.

"I am going. I know it isn't brave, but I can't be brave any longer. I'm has relatives at Centralia, Wash. Donmand this for fear that London would fall not be proved by the Boston Transcript. Mr. Stewart lives in Milwaukee, Wis., and has relatives at Centralia, Wash. Donmand this for fear that London would fall not be proved by the Boston Transcript. Mr. Stewart lives in Milwaukee, Wis., and has relatives at Centralia, wash. Donmand this for fear that London would fall not be proved by the Boston Transcript. Mr. Stewart lives in Milwaukee, Wis., and has relatives at Centralia, wash. Donmand this for fear that London would fall not be proved by the Boston Transcript. Mr. I can't be brave any longer. I'm lot of the shelter of Norah's arms! I stood up, resolve lending me new strength and courage.

"I am going. I know it isn't brave, but I can't be brave any longer. I'm lot of the shelter of Norah's arms! I stood up, resolve lending me new strength and

London is taken by the invading army this would still be only one of the many war ports which must be seized, to secure a base of supplies and for the further operations which have every view to concluding the overthrow of England.

Inasimuch as the German army has determined upon larger divisions of troops, the problems of operations on the distant the problems of operations will rest with the General Staff. It will be necessary to contain the general Staff. It will be necessary to contain the preparations described for the carrying out of operations against such countries as Asia, Africa and South America.

Association, and he is a brother-in-law would be absociation, and he is a brother-in-law of the secure a brother in Stewart in Shake-speared in my unhappiness my sobs changed to hysterical laughter, in which the two men joined, after one moment's bewilled the training of sary the sound-starying out of operations will rest with many years. One after another Mr. Stewart enlightens the reader as to the true meaning of a Shakespearean difficulty. He is not prone to amend the text until all other resources are in was the first to see him. And at the text until all other resources are they countries as Asia, Africa and South America in the countries as Asia, Africa and South America in the held ica.

The army of invasion can also take an important site in the hostile country and nullize it as a base of operations. Continuous communication with the hostic country in the country is therefore not absolutely necessary round in a densely populated and rich country it is easy to secure provisions and supplies, and the text until all other resources are important site in the hostile country and the text until all other resources are an important site in the hostile country and the text until all other resources are an important site in the hostile country and the text until all other resources are an important site in the hostile country and they have the secure provisions and supplies, and they have the what it requires extending of many a passage is due not to a printer's error, but to the inability of the reader to follow Shake-spear's thought. His elucidation of Runaway Eyes' in Romeo and Juliet' makes absolutely clear, as read in the Civil War has shown the practicability of the context, a passage in the clear of the context tanding of man,
o a printer's error, but
oblity of the reader to follow Sna.
Speare's thought. His elucidation of
'Runaway Eyes' in 'Romeo and Juliet' makes absolutely clear, as read
in the light of the context, a passage
that has many times been pronounced
'hopelessly corrupt.' He leaves not a
'ragment of doubt in the reader's mind
fragment o Aguecheek's meaning in his remark to Malvolle, 'Her C's, her U's and her T's; why that?' he convinces us that a knowledge of the Elizabethan customs and the Elizabethan way of thought will clear our pathway to the easy overcoming of many an obstacle. "May we confess that we sat down to read this book with a mind prepared to

Mr. Grex, of Monte Carlo, by E. Phillips Oppenheim, \$1.25. Illustrated, Little, Scorn and that within a few minutes of opening its press and thereafter till the end we remained to admire and, to he limelight at the right moment. He as a natural taient for it.

Here is another story of international diplomacy and gambling, which is all the Corn and gambling, which is all the Corn and gambling, which is all the Corn and gambling which is all the corn and that within a few minutes of opening its press and thereafter till the end we remained to admire and to gambling which is all the corn and that within a few minutes of opening its press and thereafter till at Von Gerhard stifled an exclamation, and Orme turned quickly in his direction. "Who are you?" he asked. "Still another admirer? Jolly time you were having when I interrupted." He stared at Von Gerhard stifled an exclamation, and Orme turned quickly in his direction. "Who are you?" he asked. "Still another admirer? Jolly time you were having when I interrupted." He stared at Von Gerhard stifled an exclamation, and Orme turned quickly in his direction. "Who are you?" he asked. "Still another admirer? Jolly time you were having when I interrupted." He stared at Von Gerhard stifled an exclamation, and Orme turned quickly in his direction. "Who are you?" he asked. "Still another admirer? Jolly time you were having the corn and the present the corn and the corn

Jawn Offara Edna Ferber

paper. I don't promise to stick. As soon as I get on my feet again I'm going back to New York. But not just yet. Meanwhile, I'm going to the highest bidder."

"Well, you know since Merkle left well, you know since active we wasn't scooped on some political guff.
'I guess we can use you—some place.'
I says, tryin' not t' look too anxious.
'If your ideas on salary can take a slump between New York and Milwau-

slump between New York and Milwaukee. Our salarier around here is more
what is elegantly known as a stipend.
What's your name, Bo?

"Name? says he, smiling again,
Maybe it'll be familiar t' you. That
is, it will if my wife is usin' it. Orme's
my name—Peter Orme. Know a lady
of that name? Good.

"I hadn't said I did, but those eyes
of his had seen the look on my face.

"Friends in New York told me she
was here, he says, "Where is she now?
Got 'ber address?' he says.

"She expectin' you? I asked.

"N-not exactly,' he says, with that
crooked grin.

"Thought not,' I answered, before
I knew what I was sayin'. 'She's up
north with her folks on a vacation.'

"The devil she is!' he says. "Well,
in that case, can you let me have ten

Association, and he is a brother-inlaw of Charles D. Stewart.

"Some Textual Difficulties in Shakespeare" is published, price \$1.35, by
the Yale University Press, New Haven,
Conn. "Mr. Stewart's book," says the
Boston Transcript, "contains the soundest, most sensible, most forcible Shakespearean wisdom that has appeared in
many years. One after the sound of footsteps in the best of thanks that I had on my lips ended in dry, helpless sobs. And because
Blackle and Von Gerhard looked so pathetically concerned and so unhappy in my unhappiness my sobs changed to hysterical laughter, in which the two men joined, after one moment's bewildered staring.

So it was that we did not hear the front door slam, or the sound of footsteps in the best

I was the first to see him. And at

I was the lifst to see this and at the sight of the emaciated figure, with its hollow cheeks and its sunken eyes all terror and harred left me, and I felt only a great pity for this wreck of manhood. Slowly I went up to him of manhood. Slowly I went up to him there in the doorway. "Well, Peter?" I said, "Well, Dawn old girl," said he, "you're looking wonderfully fit. Grass

will not be destroyed. Farwedli' is the rophy of the Spirit. She lifts a pisto from the lable and puts it in his
binders.

The Builds Army From Wilds, by R.
Company, New York (Cort.)

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CHAPTER XVIII—(Continued)

"Don't care if I do, says he, and swung his long legs off the plano stood and we made for the billiard-room, with the whole gang after us Sa.a-ay, girl, I'm a mouest violet, I am, but I don't had such a keen sense of humor. That saved you." He turned his mocking eyes to Von Gerhard don't mind meutionin' that the general opinion up at the club is that I'm a little winard with the cue, Well, we he got through with me I looked like little sister when big brother is tryin't teach her how to hold the cue in her fingers. He just sent them bails wherever he thought they'd look pretty. I bet if he'd held up his thumb and finger an' said. Jump through this' them bails would of jumped."

Von Gerhard took a couple of quick steps in Blackie's direction. His eyes were blue steel.

"Is this then necessary" he asked. "All this leads to what? Has not Mrs. Orme suffered enough, that she should undergo this kile chatter? It is sufficient that she knows this—this man is here. It is a time for action, not for words."

"Action's cemin' later, Doc," drawled Blackie looking impish. "Monologuin" to looked up into bis face, and it had been used to don't had been used to don't had not a complet of the later that will the me so."

There was a dreadful silence. For the fingers. He just sent them bails would of jumped."

Von Gerhard took a couple of quick steps in Blackie's direction. His eyes had, a menace in their depths. Then, very quietly von Gerhard took a couple of quick steps in Blackie's direction. His eyes had, any the said, very softly and bury ago, if you will give me another, as soun as I would undergo this kile chatter? It is sufficient that she knows this—this man is here. It is a time for action, not for words."

"Action's cemin' later, Doc," drawled blackie looking impish. "Monologuin' between the first man is here. It is a time for action, not for with the case of the turned his mesting my stery. I beamed to which had sent my stery. I beamed that he with the cure is first later in the first later

clent that she knows this—this man is been. Clearly the words.

It is a time for action, not for words.

And I say you shall not suffer the words.

Bakite, looking impish. "Monologuin' ain't my specialty. I generiy let the other gink tagk. You never can learn nethin' by talkin. But I got somethin' to say 't Dawn here. Now, in case you're bored the learb bit, wy, don't hesitate one minnit !"—"Nay you are quite rich, and I was you're bored the learb bit, wy, don't hesitate one minnit !"—"Nay you are quite rich, and I was you're bored the learb bit, wy, don't hesitate one minnit !"—"Nay you are quite rich, and I was a saying now. My puce by wind and word to be of assistance to this unhappy lady. Well, we shall see. You talked with this man at the Press Club?"

"He talked. I listened."

"He talked. I listened."

"He talked. I listened."

"That would be Peter's way." I said, bitterly, "How he used to love to hold forth and how—for fewer works and more of that reserve which means strength?"

"All this time," continued Blackie, I didn't know his name. When we'd finished our game of billiards he hum up his cue and then be turned around like lightning and faced the boys that were stunding around wild a odd little in the learning and the learning at the down to well and the learning and faced the boys that were stunding around wild a odd little in the learning and faced the boys that were stunding around wild a odd little in the learning and faced the boys that were stunding around wild a odd little in the learning and faced the boys that were stunding around wild a odd little in the learning and faced the boys the were stunding around wild a odd little in the learning and faced the boys the were stunding around wild a odd little in the learning and faced the boys the were stunding around wild a odd little in the learning and faced the boys the were stunding around wild a odd little in the learning and faced the boys the were stunding around wild a odd little in the learning and faced the boys the were stunding around wi hard, take him down to his hotel. I'm dying for my kimono and bed. And this child is trembling like a race-horse. Now run along, all of you. Things that look greenery-yallery at night always turn pink in the merning. Great Heavens: There's somebody calling down from the second-floor landing. It sounds like a landiady. Run, Dawn, and tell her your perfectly respectable sister has come. Peter! Von Gerhard! Mr. Blackie! Shoo!"

Mr. Blackie! Shoo!"

Adapted by the following and you can talk about yourself till you're tired. You'll have to take it out on somebody, an' it might as well be me."

Five minutes later, with my hat in my hand, I turned to find Peter at my elbow.

"Want to talk to you," he said, frowning.

"Sorry, Peter, but I can't stop. Won't it do later?"

"No. Got an assignment? I'll go with you."

man.
You who had always the money to lend a minn pown on his luck and hard up for a V, Sinc you'll be playing a harp in beautitude (And a quare sight you will be in that attitude)
Some day, where gratitude seems but a platitude.
You'll find your latitude."
You'll find your latitude."
From my desk 1 could see Peter that I had not noticed before seemed to burn itself across his forcebes. "And

bottomy Brautord series No. 13 on crethe chetch bass, cords and tassels. 1914

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Pleiting-Elliand, ein same your fleedings of the says, "Where is she now?

Records and tassels. 1914

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Pricing sin number of cold in the mean again." "She's up north with ther folks on a vaccition.

"Thought not, I answered, before a was there, a slender, galender, gale

was back in harness again and Peter was turning out brilliant political stuff at spasmodic intervals. He was not capable of any sustained effort. He never would be again; that was plain. He was growing restless and dissatisfied. He spoke of New York as though it were Valhalla. He said that he hadn't He spoke of New York as though it were Valhalia. He said that he hadn't seen a pretty girl since he left Forty-second street. He laughed at Milwaukee's quaint German atmosphere. He sneered at our journalistic methods and called the newspapers "country sheets," and was forever talking of the World and the Heraid and the Sun, until the men at the Press Club fought shy of him. Norah had found quiet and comfortable quarters for Peter in a boarding-house near the lake and just a square or two distant from my own boarding-house. He hated it cordially as only the luxury-loving can hate a boarding-house, and threatened to leave daily.

"Let's go back to the big town, Dawn, old girl," he would say, "We're buried alive in this overgrown Dutch village. I came here in the first place on your account. Now it's up to you

village. I came here in the first place on your account. Now it's up to you to get me out of it. Think of what New York means! Think of what I've been! And I can write as well as

But I always shook my head, would not last a month in New York, Peter. New York has hurried on and left us behind. We're just two pieces of discard. We'll have to be content

of discard. We'll have to be content where we are."
"Content! In this silly hole! You must be mad!" Then, with one of his unaccountable changes of tone and unaccountable changes of tone and topic. "Dawn, let me have some money. I'm strapped. If I had the time I'd get out some magazine stuff. Anything to get a little extra coin. Tell me, how does that little sport you call Blackie happen to have so much ready cash? I've never yet struck him for a loan that he hasn't obliged me. I think ne's sweet on you, perhaps, and thinks ne's doing you a sort of second-hand

At times such as these all the old spirit that I had thought dead within me would rise up in revolt against this creature who was taking from me

"You who were ever alert to befriend a man You who were ever the first to defend a man, You who had always the money to lend a Down on his luck and hard to see the first to defend a Peter turned aways the money to lend a Peter turned aways the lend a P

"Nix with the artless amateur," re-turned Blackle. "This ain't no demon-stration car. I drive my own little wagen when I go riding, and I intend to until I take my last ride, feet first." (To Be Continued)

Any Book reviewed on this page can

The J. K. GILL CO. Third and Alder.

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