BOOKS

Mummers in Mufti, by Philip Curtiss. The Century company, New York City.

While the energetic autumn is scarcely the time for light reading and readers are impelled to deeper stuff, it is a safe bet that "Mummers in Mufti" will go very well and will be talked about; not as the solution of any of the great problems of the age, but in an entertaining vein in keeping with the mood of the book. It is a most delightful story, easily read, thoroughly entertaining and full of a merry kind of humor that is implied but not written.

Arnold Belsmith is the heir and sole survivor of an old family in Leicester and lives alone in the family mansion, now surrounded by office buildings and a veritable landmark. He is afflicted with such utter boredom that nothing on earth interests him, until his nerve specialist tells him his cure is impossible and he meets a young lady on the threshold of the doctor's office. The lady is Miss Tilly Marshall, soubrette in a visiting musical comedy. The doctor provides seats for the show and a letter of introduction to Tully, and the consequence is that Belsmith lands in a party one member of the troupe is giving.

At the party Bellsmith takes as a joke a telephone message that his house is burning down and replies: "Let her burn." The report came from a newspaper office and Bellsmith is written up for all he is worth; the son of an old family is styled young Nero, and out of the turmoil Belsmith emerges the owner of a musical comedy company and a play headed for the rocks.

He knows nothing about the business and finds himself confronted with all kinds of situations, but somehow he pulls that show out of trouble and reaches Boston triumphant. Back of all his trials runs the story of Bellsmith and Tilly Marshall, and Tilly is a most interesting character; unusual even in these days when the unusual has become the usual.

Philip Curtiss has a style all his own. He handles his simple plot, the hardest kind to handle, superbly, and his realism is so strong that one can smell the unforgettable odor of "back-stage," the talcum powder of the chorus, and veritably see the reconstructed operetta on its triumphant night.

Philip Curtiss, whose "Mummers in Mufti" is one of the good lightly humorous books of the season.

A World Worth While, by W. A. Rogers. Harper & Brothers, New York city.

Something about a year ago James L. Ford gave lovers of autobiography a treat with his memoirs, "Forty Odd Years in the Literary Shop," and, while W. A. Rogers' record of "Auld Acquaintance" may not receive the widespread attention Mr. Ford's book did, for merely "some reason or other," the comparison is very good, and those who like the former will likewise like this.

When a man during his lifetime enjoys associations which include such figures as Theodore Roosevelt, Mark Twain, Thomas B. Reed, George William Curtis, Alexander Graham Bell, Edwin A. Abbey and many others of equal prominence, he may well have something to write about; then, if he writes with any charm at all, the fascination of his book is assured.

The Rogers cartoons are well remembered; the latest have not been so many years ago. One of his first assignments as a cartoonist was to the laboratory of William Graham Bell and, during the 50 years which have ensued, loosely speaking, W. A. Rogers has sketched for publications satires or commendations in pictures many of the important historical events, whether they took place in New York or at the Leadville strike or any place in between.

Naturally, in such a career the rolling along of such a celebrity would gather a rich moss of acquaintanceship, and Rogers did. Now he writes about it, writing history illuminated by the personal touch and further enhanced by scenes in such place as Mouquin's and newspaper offices when politics seemed the primary purpose of publication and even a more strenuous game than at present.

The whole book is rich in memories, full of choice tidbits that probably have never seen the light of a reading lamp before. It might have been named "Fame, Backstage," but "A World Worth While" it is because in that span which encompasses Rogers' actitities most of the old machinery has passed away and been supplanted by the modern stuff.

Rita Coventry, by Julian Street. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

An easy way to classify novels is to draw a dividing line between those which concern people and those which concern some particular phase or phases of life. The latter is, of course, preferable from the intellectual standpoint, while the former is more lightly entertaining. Julian Street's new book, "Rita Coventry," just misses the first classification, and for the sole reason that he does, as usual, concern himself more with his characters than with their problems. All of which may or may not be in accordance with the accepted teachings.

Rita Coventry is a prima donna, imported. Richard Parrish is a comfortable sort if idle gentleman, and Alice Meldrum is the girl he is in love with. When Parrish and Rita Coventry meet the very firm foundation on which he and Alice Meldrum stand is shaken badly. It is the eternal triangle on a little different basis and in a story far more vital than these triangle stories usually are.

Some books are full of sympathy, some of passion, some of other kinds of trouble; this is largely emotional. Julian Street is in the upper class of light fiction writers and very near to the top of that. "Rita Coventry" is a tremendously good book, one of Street's best. The story is frought with climaxes and important situations. The characters are very much alive. Perhaps it is better that the story is written about three strong individuals than about the triangle they represent, for the individuals are distinct and novel; while it would require an enormous amount of originality to write a new story on the triangle, and even then it would be futile and probably boresome. As it stands the book possesses neither of these qualities.

Spellbinders, by Margaret Culkin Banning. The George H. Doran company, New York City.

Now the time-honored question of how much a woman gains and loses upon her entry into politics is put into novel form and discussed with some fluency and some wisdom, with the outcome a solution of sorts, but for all that a very narrow passage in the breakers for the ship of matrimony to sail out of the rough and stormy sea into the quiet waters behind the reef.

Helen Flandon is one woman in the case. Her husband allows politics, but objects to her entry into public office. She merely says that she has done nothing besides being president and secretary to a few clubs, kept house and taken care of her babies and that she will not consider herself complete until she has taken an active part in the affairs of the nation. She is successful, but it ruins her husband's business and his fortune.

She has an able manager, Miss Margaret Duffield, to urge her on, and Miss Duffield's own love affairs drive a very fine man to suicide, because she will not marry him for the reason that her feminist admirers will say that she is just like the rest. There is a coterie of women politicians in the story, of different types and various vigor, each having her own problem according to her deserts, and each influencing the central characters.

It is Freda Thorstad, the daughter of an utter feminist, who has the right ideas. She believes in making women stronger and giving them a better place and is as much in the political mind as any of the more radical spellbinders, but she declares that love and marriage must always remain an adventure, no matter how thoroughly they are analyzed and subordinated. She advises patience and adjustment as the remedy, with mutual co-operation in the effort to keep the home and enjoy freedom at the same time. To prove it she adventures into marriage that is so purely romance that it seems wrong for such a girl as Freda; the flimsiest sort of a marriage, but she wins in the end because of her clear vision and comprehension of the problem which most of the other characters make a failure of.

There is a definite story running through the book, which is never subordinated to the motive, and it holds the interest. Freda is the central figure and around her revolve all the others. While "Spellbinders" cannot be said to surpass or even equal other important novels of the season, it ranks with them and, because of its theme, it will be widely read.

The Captive Herd, by G. Murray Atkin. The Thomas Y. Crowell company, New York city.

There is no denying the cleverness, the directness and the beauty of Miss Atkin's new book, but she cannot help but give the impression of being a deep thinker of the silent kind, too profound for easy utterance of her thoughts. There is a certain halting quality in both her sentences and her chapters, an abruptness which would indicate profundity of thought rather than facility of pen.

Her chapters stand out as individual things, like telephone poles in a line, connected by the wires, which are the foremost characters and twisted around little glass knobs, which play the part of circumstances. And the plot, the whole book, is as simple and direct as the telephone line. Its idea is strong and fundamental.

Vacla Melfort is a youth consumed with one ambition, the accumulation of wealth; an ambition that is distorted into a passion with which he tries to smother out all other passions and desires. While he is striving to amass wealth he even tries to shut out his growing love for Natalie, a love that budded naturally at first sight of her. When fails the idea that wealth is all there is to lie for, love fills the the void and makes the life of discontent complete.

There is woven into the substance of the book, unfortunately, a subtle hint of propaganda against the Jews and the Japanese. It strengthens the plot, but to the unprejudiced it may impart a bitter taste.

Love and Friendship, by Jane Austen. (An unpublished collection of manuscripts written at the age of 17 years, with a preface by G. K. Chesterton.) The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York city.

It would be interesting but not essential to examine into the viewpoint which Jane Austen possessed at the tender age of 17 years. Such an examination is not needed for enjoyment of the book or to make us love Jane more, and Mr. Chesterton has provided sufficient analysis in his splendid preface. Whether she wrote the fresh humor into her letters unconscious of it in the natural naivete of a child of 17 years, or whether from a remarkable precocity, is something for psychologists to worry about. The latter case is probably correct, for no matter how naive and natural her observations for a child of 17 years, it would scarcely encompass such a perfect sense of burlesque, and that is what at least the first part of the book is. It is besides a novel told in a series of letters. In addition there are "Lesley Castle," an unfinished novel in letters; "The History of England," from the reign of Henry the 4th to the death of Charles 1st, by a partial, prejudiced and ignorant historian; a collection of letters and a number of delicious scraps.

The necessary brevity of this review precludes the possibility of doing the book justice. A new volume of Jane Austen's writings is an event in literary history, regardless of its content, but this one would be famous written by any author. The review will be confined to remarks on "Love and Friendship," since that part is most representative of the whole and contains nearly every phase of observation and thought that the others do.

Poor comparisons are both Daisy Ashworth's book and George Chappell's recent "Rollo in Society," but that is the kind of stuff "Love and Friendship" is made of; only imagine a child who would in the present day be in a high school, voicing rebellion and writing satire on the scheme of things as it was in 1790. Naive or precocious, when Jane Austen was first getting the writing itch, she saw the fallacies in things as they were, and it may be that this collection was hidden away because she lacked the courage to show it. Had she known it, it probably would have been burned by some hard and fast conventionalist.

For instance this scene, a straight burlesque on 18th century lovers:

"Never did I see such an affecting scene as was the meeting of Edward and Augustus.

"My Life! my Soul!" (exclaimed the former) "My adorable angel!" plied the latter) as they flew into each other's arms. It was too pathetic for the feelings of Sophia and myself—we fainted alternately on a sofa."

And a few pages further on, when two tender young wives are nursing their wounded sensibilities in a grove:

"From this Dilemma I was most fortunately relieved by an accident truly apropos; it was the lucky overturning of a Gentleman's Phaeton, on the road which ran murmuring behind us. It was a most fortunate accident as it diverted the attention of Sophia from melancholy reflections which she had been before indulging."

Philosophizing to each other as they dashed to the rescue they saw "Two gentlemen most elegantly attired but weltering in their blood. . . . We approached—they were Edward and Augustus—. Yes dearest Marianne they were our Husbands. Sophia shrieked and fainted on the ground—I screamed and instantly ran mad—. We remained thus mutually deprived of our senses, some minutes, and on regaining them were deprived of them again. For an hour and a quarter did we continue in this unfortunate situation—Sophia fainting every moment and I running mad as often."

These skits are fairly illustrative of the whole delicious thing; perhaps Jane Austen was driving at one thing, a thing still prevalent today and common ever since Jane Austen's time and even before, i. e., possession of the finest sensibilities declared by word and then immediately denied by action.

Stubble, by George Looms. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. J.

It is as interesting to peruse the first book of a new author as it is to watch any kind of raw material made into finished product, and the first attempt is always carefully watched and scrupulously criticised. In this book George Looms has not come off unscathed, but his colors are still flying and he is to be reckoned with.

Mr. Looms has a mind full of originality and is clever at two kinds of writing, character depiction and description. However, having made his characters and perfected them and put them in the right place, he doesn't know any too well just what to do with them.

The story is of the south, Louisville to be exact, and there are two persons of primary importance—Joe Harper, a country boy, left uncertain and up in the air after the war, and Mary Louise McCallum, who, without the war experience, is obsessed in the same way with the futility of things. Joe Harper doesn't see how his job gets him anywhere, and Mary Louise tries to be useful and not an economic loss and gets about as far as Joe, to a place where she can see the light but not quite really there. Mr. Looms even leaves some doubt as to whether she and Joe will actually make the grade, but this impression and the whole book is very impressionistic, is largely because both have been living with such a lack of definite purpose.

"Stubble" can be called a mediocre novel of the better sort, meaning that it discusses real things but solves no problems.

On Tiptoe, by Stewart Edward White. The George H. Doran Company, New York city.

It might as well be said right at the start that most faithful readers of Stewart Edward White's books will be disappointed with "On Tiptoe." It is not up to his usual standards and, compared with "The Gray Dawn," it scarcely seems possible that both can be by the same author. Mr. White has evidently fallen prey to a common error of master plotters of light fiction. His proven ability to construct an enchanting story around a simple plot has caused him to adopt a plot so simple that it is not water-tight, and the story around it approaches close to the fantastical.

The story concerns a very rich man, his daughter and a couple of under dogs, who in a high-powered motor car attempt a trip into the backwoods of California, where they are caught in a terrific storm because of a breakdown and are saved by the timely arrival of a young man in a homemade flivver.

The flivver is an electrically-driven contraption with a battery invented by its owner that has run 1100 miles on one charging. The very rich man attempts to get the invention and there is some strife in the attempt. Fortunately, the magic automobile is driven off a bridge in an attempt to secure it and completely disappears. The inventor and the rich man's daughter, of course, get married.

Mr. White does know the country of which he writes, and his descriptions are accurate and wonderful, which saves the book to some extent. Altogether there is left an impression of "On Tiptoe" having been written in a hurry.

One World at a Time, by Margaret Fuller. The Century Company, New York City.

This is the third of three books reviewed on this page recently which have no relation to each other whatsoever, but which have much the same quality of gentle and whimsical beauty running through them. They are "Abbe Pierre," "A Vagrant Tune" and "One World at a Time." The three sources of this beauty are unique when compared. The first is the reflections of Abbe Pierre, a retired priest living in a Gascon village, the second concerns rather intimately a spinster of 58 years, and in the one reviewed here a child furnishes the vision of the story. One would not dare suggest that the three thought along the same line, but certainly they pick out the beauty of things in something akin to similarity.

Margaret Fuller's book has perhaps a more poignant beauty with a closer approach to the realistic than the other two, but then a child's impressions are more poignant and real than those mellowed by years.

It is a story of the south just after the civil war, when conjurers and medicine men provided the chief brand of entertainment for small sea coast villages, when people were very poor and interesting and society was just regaining some momentum. It concerns nothing very definite, but just what an intelligent girl would see and comment on, although she does see a love story of exquisite flavor. Two sentences indicate its quality: "I had never seen any sight so fairylike. Flowerbells for earrings hung from her ears. A weath of smilax fringed her face with shadow. . . . And she was gazing down on him with a frown so lovely, so feigned—tremulous in insecurity."

As to the characterization, and it and the descriptions are gems, this is one example: "He must have been a trial to my aunt, too. She was birdlike—she was so neat and pretty, and she came and went like a bird into a birdhouse, bringing flowers instead of straws." The uncle that was such a trial was so absent-minded that he would keep running a pen through his hair until it was wet with ink and "knock over the ink bottle in his abstraction, and with absent-minded nicety sop up the ink with his handkerchief, thrust the handkerchief into his pocket, and, still talking to his friends, dry off his hands on his pantaloons." This description is an unfair quotation, as the uncle was quite a wonderful man and wonderfully kind and understanding where his niece entered into it.

The book will be widely read by the discriminative.

Viola Gwyn, by George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York city.

After several brilliant novels in the characteristic vein of George Barr McCutcheon, it is both a surprize and a relief to find that this latest one is different, at least in place and time, and that, although Mr. McCutcheon has not deserted entirely his accepted scheme of writing, he has woven something new into "Viola Gwyn."

The story starts in the year 1812 and, instead of a metropolitan romance, either domestic or foreign, the scene is laid first in Kentucky and then around the fast-growing town of Lafayette, Ind., and the author deserves a great deal of credit for the skill with which he has drawn a picture of life in that age and of the middlewest in its formulative era.

So far as the characters are concerned they are George Barr McCutcheon characters pure and simple, especially the hero and the lady fair. The sheriff, "Judge" Billings, is rather unique in his enforcement of laws according to good, sound justice rather than according to statments, which he knows nothing about. The trial following the murder of the horse thief's daughter is one of the brightest spots of the book. The picture of the typical Mississippi valley gambler as he flourished in his day is very real, and some of the other persons which figure in this story of almost frontier life are decidedly unique.

While the plot is not especially strong or probable, the story is interesting, as all of George Barr McCutcheon's stories are, and he has drawn a very fine picture of the early life in the middle west.

Geting Your Name in Print, by H. S. McCauley. Funk & Wagnalls, New York City.

A ray of hope that Mr. McCauley had filled an exact need in providing an explanation for the public as to how newspapers are run and why names get into print and why they do not, was short-lived. There is a great need for just such a book, but this one will fill it only partially.

Mr. McCauley attempts and to some extent does outline the rules which govern the value of news. He takes the angle of the publicity agent and goes carefully into details regarding the best methods of obtaining publicity. He outlines what newspapers want; writes a good chapter on ethics of journalism, a poor one on how to treat reporters and gives directions on avoiding misquotations. This last is valuable information for any person much in public print.

But newspapers are more or less personal, in the sense that no two are ever alike and require a different sort of approach by publicity seekers in every case. While the technique Mr. McCauley recommends is geneal it will not always fit the case. The book, however, is valuable in an elementary way, and the biggest difficulty will be experienced in comprehending it and following its directions intelligently.

Letters to a Djinn, by Grace Zaring Stone. The Century Company, New York city.

There are several flavors that add to any book in this collection of intimate letters, and the greatest of these is adventure. A young American girl, visiting in Australia sets forth for Singapore on a venture that is almost a fool's errand, to bring back to Australia a sick woman. Upon her arrival in Singapore she finds the woman dead and herself at the mercy of rather a scamp of a husband.

From there her adventures touch at Malaya, Ceylon, New Zealand and Tahiti, and the descriptions of life at each place are excellently done. Through the whole story, which is told in letter form, a very decent little love story crops out and ends, of course, triumphantly.

The recipient of the letters is a woman in New York, who is made a kind of djinn and appears magically before the writer whenever the latter is in any kind of trouble. The intimacy gained by the letter style of story is there in its fullest form, and Mrs. Stone writes with an exceedingly sprightly pen. There are some few flaws, such as certain effusiveness in spots, not quite compatible with novel form, but which do not stand out so plainly in letters, and can be attributed to the effect gained in letters.

The Second Flowering, by Samuel Gordon. The Macaulay company, New York City.

Although the Enoch Arden idea has been used a great deal in fiction, it cannot be denied that Mr. Gorden has woven it into a book of much charm and considerable force. Of course, the idea is not the prime one in the story, but it does furnish the situation out which the second flowering comes.

Briefly, the story concerns the discovery that Hillary Balcombe's wife has married him to spite another man of none too fine character. He goes away, leaving his wife to indulge her renewed passion for this man, and also his daughter to grow up as she pleases. The outcome concerns mostly the daughter, although Balcombe finishes a real romance of his own with his wife's very worth-while sister.

The characters are most ably depicted, especially Grandcourt, the man who causes all the trouble. He is a villain if there ever was one. The theme is handled to a nicety, and Mr. Gordon's style is fairly interesting. For anyone who wants good, straight reading, with excitement and suspense and sympathy and no particular motive for thought, the book can be conscientiously recommended.

Sentinels Along Our Coast, by Francis A. Collins. The Century Company, New York city.

Those who believe that the United States lighthouse service is prosaic and those who have never considered it because it does not sound particularly interesting on the surface of things will be surprised most mightily at the thrilling account that Mr. Collins has provided. It is not a story, but a very full review of this branch of government work, which is the biggest of its kind in the world.

The book is very complete. It devotes space to the adventures of the keepers encountered in their regular work; to the types of lighthouses; to the various styles of lights, and also to elaborate systems employed by the government in safeguarding ships along the 48,000 miles of coast which have to be provided with signals, lights and buoys.

The volume is replete with photographic illustrations of all kinds and the account is written in a very readable style.

The Van Roon, by J. C. Snaith. By D Appleton & Co., New York City.

Novels woven around lost paintings by masters always make good reading, providing, of course, they are up to style in writing and put together with some degree of skill. J. C. Snaith has fulfilled these qualifications and the result, therefore, is an entertaining book with some better than average characters. It all centers around the Van Roon picture which William, the clerk in the antique shop, happens to buy for five shillings.

William and June play the heroic parts and hold the sympathy, while S. Gedge, antiques, who is William's employer, June's uncle and a miser of unbelievable miserliness, is the keynote of the counterpart. William buys the old picture in the faint belief that it amounts to something. After it is cleaned and is discovered to be the lost Van Roon, for which search has been conducted for 25 years, the picture is stolen and recovered and is the object of red-hot pursuits and escapes extending all through the book. The last touches are particularly lively and prove that Smith can handle a plot and a fist full of details with remarkable skill. It is not his best book, but it is one which holds the attention and provides its value in entertainment.

The Mountain School Teacher, by Melville Davisson Post. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

This is one of the most vivid and most beautiful books of the year. It cannot be compared with other books except in beauty, because its inspiration is so widely different. The mountain school teacher enters a Kentucky village, made up of various kinds of people, and he reacts upon them in different ways. By some of these he is respected and loved, and others despise and hate him.

The publishers claim that he is a Christ-like figure, which is rather stretching a point, but he is undoubtedly a great and true disciple; and the book is almost an allegory, in its simplicity and appeal.

Life in those Kentucky mountains is made very real, in keeping as it is with the simple writing and directness. The school teacher is a shepherd in the truest sense and his disastrous end makes complete the story. He is tried on faked charges, trumped up by his enemies and expelled from the village.

The Whelps of the Wolf, by George Marsh. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

It is evident that George Marsh has lived in and knows intimately the country in which his story takes place, the land of the Cree Indians along Hudson bay and north to the farthest trading post to where the Esquimox come south for their supplies. He has wirtten a stirring tale, full of keen adventure, hardship and the spirit of the north, and with a plot that is firm and gripping.

The story concerns a trip north to this farthest trading post with exciting experiences in the hands of Indians. Wolves are not the least of the troubles encountered and the far north is both friend and enemy. There is sufficient romance and a good love story wound up in the plot, which is well-handled. The whole book is very realistic, and classified as light fiction, its merit cannot be questioned.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Non-Fiction.

Lincoln's Last Day, by John W. Starr Jr. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York city. Some very common stories are contradicted and a good bit of new detail is presented. In form the book is a brief essay.

Education in a Democracy, by Dallas Lore Sharp. The Hougton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. Upholding the public schools as a national institution.

The Development of the Federal Reserve Policy, by Harold L. Reed. The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. An explanation, analysis and criticism, together with the history of the federal reserve system.

The Up-to-Date Waitress, by Janet M. Hill. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. A complete instruction book for domestic and commercial waitresses, with recipes, forms of service and kitchen and pantry care.

The Family Physician, edited by Albert Warren Ferris, A. M., M. D., and by 19 different physicians on different subjects. George Sully & Co., New York city. The treatment of all illnesses and injuries; a series of 19 papers.

The Reign of Rubber, by William C. Geer. The Century Company, New York city. A history of rubber from the time of its discovery to the present, with explanations of its uses and the processes by which it is prepared.

New Fiction.

The Last Mile, by Frank A. McAllister. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York. Another novel on the readjustments and problems of the returned soldier; better than the average and the author's first attempt.

Assorted Chocolates, by Octavus Roy Cohen. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York city. A compilation of Mr. Cohen's humorous magazine stories about negroes.

The Green Goddess, by Louise Jordan Miln. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York city. An adventure story concerning three English travelers amongst pagans in the Himalayas.

Short Stories by Present Day Authors, edited by Raymond Woodbury Pence. The MacMillan Company, New York city. A compilation for the purpose of pointing out the different types of short stories.

The Amazing Inheritance, by Frances R. Sterrett. D. Appleton & Co., New York city. Tessie, a department store clerk, is willed a South Sea kingdom by an uncle and has a jolly little time with it.

Witch Doctors, by Charles Beadle. The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. A story of the superstitions, dark deeds and savagery of the jungle, of the adventure type.

The Cat's Paw, by Natalie Sumner Lincoln. D. Appleton & Co., New York city. A mystery story.

Tales of Chinatown, by Sax Rohmer. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. Scarcely fiction since the stories are drawn from actual happenings, but with a master pen that puts them in the adventure class. Very good.

A Knight Among Ladies, by J. E. Buckrose. The George H. Doran Company, New York city. Sir Francis is an eligible bachelor and is besieged in the new village he moves into. He finally succumbs to a romance developed over a garden fence.

Richard, by Margaret Bryant. Duffield & Co., New York city. A splendid piece of characterization in an ingenious story, the whole revolving about one particular incident in an interesting manner.

Hirondelle, by Henry C. Rowland. Harper & Brothers, New York city. A tale of picturesque America in the 1800's, as good and probably better than any of Mr. Rowland's several fine books.

In Jeopardy, by Van Tassel Sutphen. Harper & Brothers, New York city. A good story concerning a sinister evil which lurks over a haunted and inherited house.

Cryder of the Big Woods, by George C. Shedd. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. A story of a great lumber corporation and its struggle with mountaineers who refuse to sell their land for a song; the scene is in the northwest.

Polly the Pagan, by Isabel L. Anderson. The Page Company, Boston, Mass. A vivacious series of letters between a rather frivolous American girl doing the capitals of Europe and a young American man at home; a good and lively picture of the gayer life in the European centers.

Books for Juveniles.

Rosemary, by Josephine Lawrence. The Cupples & Leon Company, New York city. For older girls; a veritable "Little Women" modernized, interesting in story form and highly useful in the lessons it provides in sugar-coated pill fashion.

Nobody's Girl (En Famille), by Hector Malot, translated from the French by Florence Crewe-Jones. The Cupples & Leon Company, New York city. One of the best stories for children ever written; about a little girl who shows her splendid ideals through many distressful difficulties.

Love Me, Love My Dog, by Carolyn Verhoeff. The Page Company, Boston, Mass. A story of the south for children from 10 to 14 years of age.

Our Little Feudal Cousin of Long Ago, by Laura E. Richards. The Page Company, Boston, Mass. Being the story of the little master, Alan of Morven, a boy of Scotland in the time of Robert the second.

Little Glad Heart, by Linda Stevens Almond. The Page Company, Boston, Mass. A story showing the advantages of a sunny disposition in children by comparison between one so disposed and one who has been spoiled by associations.

Judy of York Hill, by Ethel Hume. The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. A story about boarding school girls in their middle teens.

Peggy Raymond's Way, by Harriet Lummis Smith. The Page Company, Boston, Mass. Another addition to the Peggy Raymond series.

The Mystery at Number Six, by Augusta Huiell Seaman. The Century Company, New York city. A combination of adventure and mystery taking place in the phosphate mining regions of Florida.

The Pussycat Princess, by Edward Anthony; illustrated by Harry Whittier Frees. A delightful fairy tale of a fascinating kitten on an adventurous lark; to be read to little children.

Kid Kartoons, by Gene Carr. The Century Company, New York city. One hundred of the Metropolitan movie pictures by Gene Carr; will bring strife in the family because the old folks will probably want to see it first.

THE LITERARY PERISCOPE

BY JENNETTE KENNEDY.
Assistant in the Circulation Department Public Library.

JUST the name of John Drew in connection with a book of the theater appeals to the imagination of the playgoers of several generations and a book of his life on the stage is fore-ordained to contain much rich material. From his versatility in interpretation of stage roles one also expects that he could not write a dull book. Therefore, when his autobiography, "My Years on the Stage," appears, his wide audience will look for a book of uncommon flavor from the man associated in his time with Edwin Booth, Maude Adams, and Fanny Davenport in leading parts, as well as being Daly's leading man for years.

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The author of "Invincible Minnie" and "Rosaleen Among the Artists" has produced a new novel, "The Unlit Lamp," which has absorbing qualities if the advance notices are an indication, for Elizabeth Sanxay Holding's latest volume.

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When Elsa Barker's "Letter From a Living Dead Man," appeared more than half a dozen years ago, both the title and content of the book aroused a sort of breathless interest in readers attracted by psychic revelations; how the author of that work is writing a novel "Fielding Sargent," which presents the gist of psycho-analysis in story form.

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It has been estimated that the number of combinations in a "pack" of 52 cards is half a million million. This statement in the Saturday Review is made by a card expert who also is in sympathy with the whims or superstitions which many players hold about cards, namely, that they are subject to "tempers" like people, thus accounting for the freak hands sometimes encountered; that only certain color combinations are very lucky (blue and pink being considered the classic shades); others maintaining a prejudice for "winning seats," "good card-holders," or "bad card-holders," or "lucky partners."

* * *

It is interesting to learn that Honore Willsie who writes so many novels of "the west," of the mines, deserts, mountains and forests, has lived in intimate contact with the types and scenes she presents in such stories as "Heart of the Desert," "Enchanted Canyon," "Lydia of the Pines," "Still Jim" and others. Soon after her college days she married a consulting engineer whose work led him into the desert region of Arizona for a couple of years. Since then their time has been divided between New York and the outlying districts of the great west.

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That Rostand's play "The Woman of Samaria," has occupied the French stage every Holy Thursday for the past 20 years, is noteworthy in view of the fact that the play has never been translated into English until Mrs. Norman's recent translation in poetic form.

* * *

A 14-year-old girl who wrote some amusing articles for the Manchester Guardian on "How Parents and Children Can Improve," gives some illuminating suggestions on behavior: "Be clean and decent at meals, say 'please' and 'thank you' often, and never stretch unless your father is absent-minded. Don't lean out of windows in the train, someone might give you a shove . . . . If you want to make your parents in a good temper buy them some sweets. If these do not succeed, admire the fine stitches of your mother's needlework, or exclaim on how excellently your father manages his money accounts. . . . . At meals away, eat as fast as you decently can, for visitors always get left behind, which annoys their hostesses. If you have a cold while staying away, retire to bed at once, for it is trying for your hostess to have to introduce a person who sniffs a great deal. . . . Never sleep or live in a dirty room. Complain to the housemaid, if your mother is incompetent."

The combination of wordly wisdom and childishness in these precepts suggests cousinship with Daisy Ashford. The author, Catharine W. Alexander, approached the subject from a reasonable viewpoint, namely, as she herself states: "People who are most likely to know how to bring up children are girls of about 13 to 15. They are just old enough to see reason and understand why it is good to sometimes make children do what they do not wish to and are yet young enough to know what it is to be a child and to know which things a child likes and understand which things it doesn't."

* * *

In a recent production of John Masefield's "Esther" in the gardens of Wadham college, Mr. Masefield himself played the role of the ghost "in most uncanny fashion," it is reported.

* * *

An Australian idyll "Kanga Creek," has been written by Havelock Ellis, well known as a psychologist and scientist, but in this story he is introduced for the first time as a novelist.

* * *

"The Dead—Do They Live?" is one of the latest contributions to psychic science, and is a translation from the French in the form of interviews by the author, Professor Hense, with such students of psychic phenomena as M. Camille Flammarion, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mme. Curie, Maurice Maeterlinck, Professor Charles Richet and others.

* * *

Another South Sea story—in which the white man is interpreted through native eyes—is Ralph Stock's "South of the Line."

* * *

It is stated by the English publishers of "Kimono" that the Japanese government has confiscated all copies of the book which has reached Japan—owing to its bitter criticism on the status of Japanese women. Later dispatches failed to verify this statement, for Tokio bookstores still have the book on sale, and the supposition is offered that what was interpreted as a suppression of the book may simply have been a shortage in the supply.

* * *

It is reported that the composer, Richard Strauss, is working on a book about Mozart, for whom he has long had a confessed admiration.

* * *

"To look at clouds is a superb pastime," says Edmund Lester Pearson, apropos of M. Luckeish's new volume, "The Book of the Sky." "To be among them," he goes on," is something I envy nobody. They are too much like the laundry on Monday morning, with a chill added." However, he concedes the possibility of interest in what is above them.

TROUBLE WITH CALENDAR STARTED BY JULIUS CAESAR

Effort Being Made for Adoption by All Nations of 13 Months Year With International Holiday Added.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 14.—Julius Caesar, by his unscientific juggling of the calendar, has caused unnecessary confusion for centuries, say members of the International Fixed Calendar league, who advocate the adoption of a 13-month year with each month containing 28 days and an international holiday added each year to make up the 365 days of the solar calendar.

There is really no reason why the calendar should be so broken up, league members say. In the days of the ancient Egyptians, who originated the calendar, working with the shadows of the pyramids and obelisks, the calendar was arranged with 13 months of equal length, with a five days' festival at the end of the year to square things up with the sun. The reason for the pyramids and obelisks was their use in astronomy and calendar making, it is said.

Julius Caesar Makes Change.

In 46 B. C. Julius Caesar, dissatisfied with the moon-chasing calendar of his day, adopted the Egyptian system—with modifications. The Romans were superstitious about odd numbers, so Julius started to do with the calendar as he had done with the world, and when he was through the equal-length months were all broken up, the five-day festival was eliminated and the months were arranged alternately, with 30 and 31 days.

So pleased was the Roman senate with Caesar's work it immediately named the seventh month in his calendar in his honor, and the system is known as the Julian calendar.

That worked for a while until one of Caesar's successors, Augustus by name, changed his forebear's work in B. C. 28, and when his heavy hand was through the calendar resulted in its present state; the odd and even-numbered months were changed around and arbitrarily fixed, February was given a little more liberty than the other months, and the half years were set on unequal bases—the first half getting only 181 days and the second 184. The Roman senate retaliated by changing the name of the eighth month to honor Augustus, as that was his birth month, as July was Julius'.

"Constantine the Great," says a league publication, "conferred the ever-welcome Sabbath rest each seventh day on Europeans, but the unequal lengths of 28 and 31-day months imposed by Julius and Augustus have since forced the Constantine weeks yearly to slice months into different weeks, and at month ends almost split weeks into parts, incessantly but needlessly confusing weeks and months."

In 1582 another change was made, when Pope Gregory XIII found Julius had been wrong in his arithmetic and made an error in computing leap years, and that as a result ten extra days had piled up from somewhere in the meanwhile. The sun and the earth, according to that time table, were not traveling on the same schedule. So Gregory did what many other people have often wished they could do—he dug out ten days from one month—October of that year—and threw them into the discard, in order to readjust the 21st of March to the equinox and the rest of the calendar to the seasons.

Since then we have been traveling under the Gregorian calendar. In consequence, the league complains, Gregory moved the Christian year's end (which ever since the establishment of the Christian era had been celebrated at Christmas) from Christmas to January 1—one week farther away from "nature's year's end," December 22. Russia and Greece alone did not comply with that edict, and continue as of old.

International Conference Called.

After several national and international conferences during 1922 of those interested in the new movement, a final international conference was planned to be held some time during the coming year. It will be held here at the president's call. Many representatives of world nations will attend to discuss a programme, which includes:

Location of the "year day," removal of "leap day" to be a midsummer's holiday, the best arrangement to fit the present 52 yearly weeks into permanent months, a name for the proposed month "Sol," the best permanent date for Easter, the best date on which to begin the "yearal" or equal-month year (tentatively set at 1928), and to "draft recommendations concerning the above into legislative form for adoption by all nations, and remit that standard bill to their respective governments to insert their national holidays therein, and together make it law for their respective nations."

Benefits in Change Outlined.

Interested in the movement, according to the league, are: International chambers of commerce, international conferences of European calendar advocates, the International Astronomic union, International Roman Catholic churches (through the vatican). The government of Canada, the Royal society of Canada and the international conference of United States and Canadian calendar associations have all unanimously indorsed the "international 'fixed-calendar' plan" as the best thus far devised to remedy the defects in existing calendars.

Practically, it is said, the revised calendar would aid in agriculture in preventing crop failures by planting at incorrect times because the calendar calls for it. It would be of value to labor and capital alike, it is claimed, and would aid industry generally. It would equalize dating systems throughout the world, and, finally, the 28-day month would free about 5 per cent of monthly money now held for 30 and 31 days.

SOME GOVERNORS GABBY

Idaho Executives Charged With Living Too Much in Pullmans.

Idaho Statesman.

Governor Haines never learned to make a speech, so he kept on the job and gave Idaho the best administration she ever had.

Along came "Mose," stung by the gab bug, going hither and yon to orate. No place was too small, no place too far for him, if its people would only listen to one of his speeches. He was a regular Wandering Gov.

Then came our present governor. He found, something to his surprise, that he, too, could make a speech—and away he went; wherefore, Alexander is now saying that the present administration has been conducted from a Pullman car.

It is wonderful how soon that man can forget!

Now Governor Davis has been on the move a lot, though he has done some things for Idaho that really did call him away from the state house. But the transportation vouchers in the auditor's office at the state house suggest that Alexander as governor passed about 200 days in Pullman cars. No wonder the democratic platform denounces the practice.

Charley Moore, the republican candidate, cannot make a speech, and he promises not to make any attempt to learn. One luxury—among others—that Idaho cannot at present afford is a gabby governor.

Fuel No Item for Little Hawaiian Community.

Alcohol Made From Molasses Supplies All Demands.

MAMAKUAPOKO, Island of Maui, T. H., Oct. 14.—Coal strikes, warnings that the forests of the world may soon disappear if conservation is not practiced, predictions that the petroleum supply of the world may soon be exhausted and the high price of gasoline have no terrors for the inhabitant of this small community, for they cook, heat their houses and run their automobiles on alcohol which is generated by a newly discovered process from molasses.

The process was evolved by J. P. Foster, head chemist of the Maui Agricultural company and has been patented in all of the sugar producing countries of the world, he said. Heretofore, molasses always had been considered a waste product in sugar milling.

Originally, the alcohol produced by Foster was used only in the company trucks and automobiles, but later, enough was manufactured to supply employes of the plantation, who lived in Hamakuapoko. A simple apparatus composed of a few thin pipes and an open burner is required to burn the alcohol to supply heat for cooking, and these have been placed in all of the homes here.

Foster said that Maui can produce only enough alcohol in this fashion to supply the needs of the island's population and that no surplus would be available for use on the other islands of Hawaii.

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