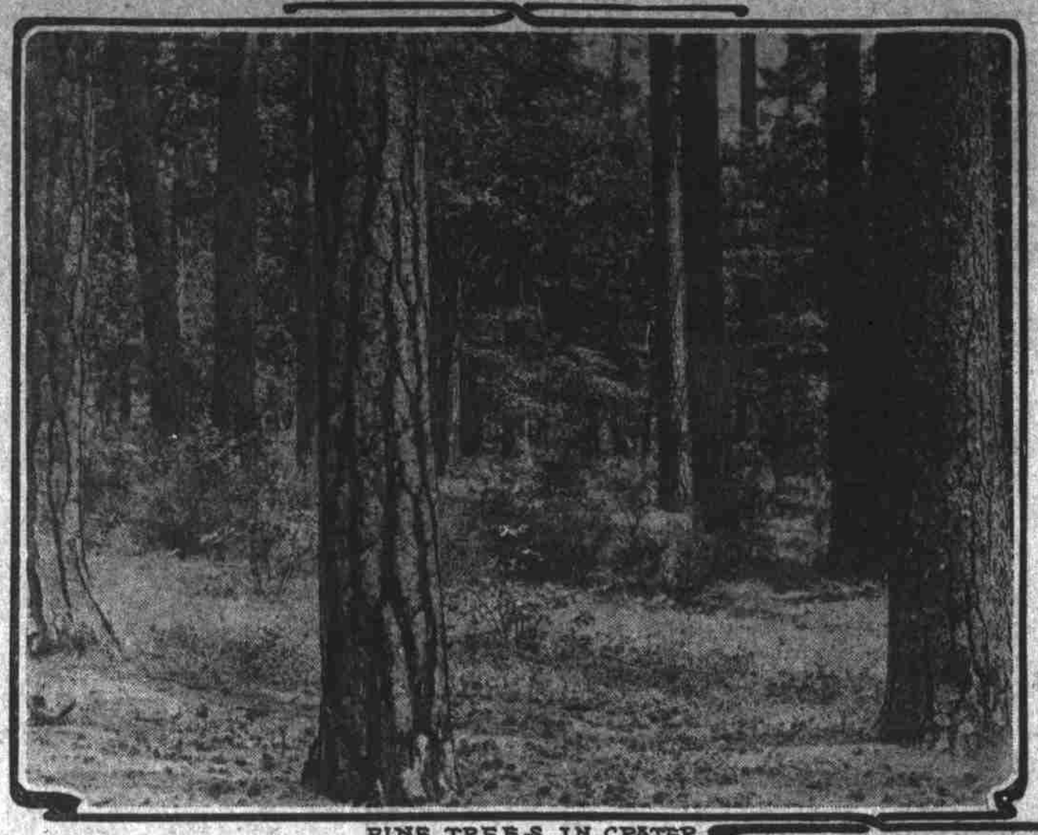
CRATER LAKE TIMBER BELT

Great Trees That Make the Finest *of* Lumber--Largest Firs in the World



THE largest sugar pine timber belt in the world remaining untouched by the lumbermen is that on the tributaries of the upper Rogue river in southern Oregon called the Crater lake timber belt. This immense forest containing billions of feet of saw timber begins at Butte falls and stretches up into the mountains surrounding Crater lake and upon the snowy sides of Mount Pitt.

There are at the present time two railroads projected to tap this timber belt. The Pacific & Eastern, owned by the Crater Lake Lumber company, and an electric line to be operated by power generated at Butte Falls. Both lines have completed surveys far into the timber and the Pacific & Eastern has 12 miles constructed and in operation between Medford and Eagle Point.

The sugar pine is considered of greatest commercial importance. It has the outward appearance of white pine, but the timber is lighter and stronger and takes a higher polish. For finishing door and sash and box material sugar pine is unsurpassed.

PINE TREES IN CRATER LAKE TIMBER BELT.

The fir or Douglas spruce is the most widely distributed tree in the Rogue river forest. Firs from seven to nine feet trunk in diameter and 300 feet high are common. The wood of the fir is noted for its qualities of strength, elesticity and toughness. It is especially useful and is employed where structures of great strength are desired. Of the two kinds, the red and yellow fir, the latter is the most abundant. In outward appearance it is much like the eastern hemlock, but it is higher grade.

The yellow pine is also a valuable tree. In outward appearance it is much like the Norway pine, but its wood is lighter and stronger.

The cedar and oak timber of the Rogue river forest is of fine quality. The loral of Madrona is much like the iron wood of the eastern states in outward appearance, but the lumber is more like the Myrtle. When green the wood is nearly as soft as pine, but when seasoned it is as hard as maple, taking a polish equal to rosewood.

PINE TREES IN CRATER LAKE TIMBER BELT. PHOTOS BY MACKEY

A SUBWAY COURTSHIP

(By Alice Maud Meadows.)

GUARD—Next station, Grand Central.

He—How glad I am to see you! I'd no idea you traveled in the Subway.

She—I have for the last week; I (she colors slightly) go to the city every day now—I dare say you heard my father——?

He—Yes. I was so sorry—I tried to find you when I heard of the—trouble. You believe that, don't you? Before, when our positions were so different, it seemed to me I—I ought not to try and see you, though I never forgot those days at Brighton—never!

She (with a certain amount of restraint)—They were very pleasant.

He—The happiest days of my life! Can you bear to tell me anything about it? I saw your father had failed. Are you——?

She—Quite poor; everything had to go. My father has started again; he hopes in time things will mend.

He—And in the meantime you have to turn out. That is hard for you.

She—I don't think so.

He—I am young; and then so many women work now.

He—There is one who should not if I could help it. And I have been fortunate lately; I could keep a wife.

She (looking up shyly)—I always knew you would do well. You know, do you not, how heartily I congratulate you?

Guard—Grand Central.

He—Thank you. Shall we go to one of those seats facing the engineer? I think they are more comfortable. (Inward comment). Anyway, there will be no beast of an arm between us.

Guard — Next station, Fourteenth street.

She (rising)—So many people prefer to face the engineer.

He (after they are seated)—I wonder whether you'd care to hear anything about my good fortune—if you'd take any interest in it?

She (looking reproachful)—Of course, I should. We—we were always such good friends.

He (moving a little nearer her)—You know I never wanted to be friends; but about my fortune. Less than four months ago I had quite a respectable fortune left me—at least, I call it respectable—it brings me in $4,000 a year, and I've the prettiest little flat in Brooklyn—we (laughing) call it West Kensington; it sounds more aristocratic. I wonder how far you travel? I wonder, if it's not too far, if you and your mother would come some day and see my little place? I should be so proud to show it to you, and I think you would like it.

She (looking very rosy and shy)—I'm sure I would—I travel to Brooklyn, too, so it won't be any distance for us.

He (evidently delighted)—Then we can travel up together every day—that is (hastily), if you won't object.

She (more shyly)—I shall be glad of your company, but I have to leave early—at 9 o'clock.

He—My time, exactly. And you return home about this time?

She—Yes.

He—I can't tell you how pleased I am we met today. I wish the trains didn't travel so quickly; I've much to say to you. I wonder if I might ask you something?

She—Why, of course!

He—Are you very unhappy now, things have changed so much for you?

She (smiling)—Not at all unhappy; it's only our money we have lost—we still have one another.

He (sighing)—It must be beautiful to have somebody say that of one, but you used to be so rich. I suppose (bashfully) $4,000 a year—it's really $5,000, because I earn $1,000, seems very little you?

She—It seems a great deal now.

He—It isn't quite $100 a week. Do you think a man and—his wife could keep house on that?

She—Why, of course.

He—Do you think women would, as a rule, object to a flat?

She—As a residence?

He—Yes.

She—I think, as a rule, they'd love it.

Guard—Fourteenth street.

He—Would you?

Guard—Next station, Brooklyn bridge.

She (slightly agitated)—I don't know—I think I should.

He—Last year, when we were at Brighton together, we got along very well, didn't we?

She—Very well.

He—Do you remember how I felt leaving Brighton—going back to town?

She—I remember you said you were sorry to go.

He—Do you remember one walk we had in the moonlight to Dreamland park, and what I said then?

She—You said so many things.

He—I said I'd give anything to be as rich as your father, because then I could ask the girl I loved to be my wife.

She (looking out of the window)—You're richer than father now.

He (eagerly)—Do you mean—do you think—I might ask her?

She—I think, irrespective of wealth, a man may always ask the woman he loves to marry him.

He (after a pause)—I wonder if you ever thought of me, at all after I left Brighton? (Waits for an answer and does not get one; she looks out of window; the one cheek he can see is very pink.)

Guard—Brooklyn bridge.

He (leaning nearer to her)—Won't you tell me? Did you ever give me a thought?

Guard—Next station, Fulton street.

She (still not looking round)—Yes—sometimes.

He—I'm so glad! I seem to have done nothing but think of you. I knew I should meet you again some day. You don't care about going up to town every day, do you? Being independent? Earning your own living? Some girls do, and it makes it very hard for us fellows, when—when we want to take care of one of them. If you cared for a fellow, you wouldn't mind giving up your independence, would you?

She (very low)—No.

He—You don't know how glad I am! I wonder what you do with yourself in the evening? Do you dine late?

She—Not now; sometimes I have a walk.

He—It would be lovely if you would now and then let me come with you.

She—Sometimes I go to Coney Island or Rockaway on the trains.

He—If I only might—

She—It won't take long to Brooklyn now.

He—No, we shall be there all too soon. Have your father and mother forgotten me?

She (smiling)—No, indeed! We talk of you sometimes.

He—Do you really?

She—Really. I'm sure they'll be pleased if you'll come to see them.

He (very eagerly)—Tonight? May I come tonight?

She—If—if you like.

He—Like! You don't guess; I wish I dare say to you all I want to say! If only we were somewhere else! I wish I'd the pluck to speak at Brighton; you were so good to me there. As we climbed the hill that moonlight night—you let me take your hand—once I kissed it, and you scolded me—so sweetly—you are not angry with me for reminding you?

She—No.

Guard—Fulton street.

He (under his breath)—Darling.

Guard—Next station, Wall street.

He—I wonder if you'd be angry if—not a soul can see us (takes her hand). Oh, please don't take it away—just a minute—dear little hand! I wish—I wish it belonged to me!

(Long silence.)

He—I've not settled my holidays yet. What time of the year do you think is nicest for a holiday? It was September last year. Do you like September?

She—Very much; but I shan't get a holiday this year; I've only just begun to work.

He—Perhaps you'll give up working soon. It's horrible that you should have to work. If I had my way no woman should—you, least of all. Wouldn't you—like a holiday this year?

She (very hurriedly)—We don't get what we like in this world.

He—Sometimes we do. If you could, would you like a holiday?

She—I—I suppose so.

He—You can have one if you like. Don't you understand it rests with you? You know (very softly) I love you better than anyone in the world. Won't you look at me? You're sweeter and prettier than ever—or else I had forgotten.

Guard—Wall street.

(Silence.)

Guard—next station, Bowling Green.

He—Shall we go for a walk tonight? Or a ride on the trains? Just tell me how often you've thought of me. Never mind, then, I won't bother you. (After a minute's silence)—You can't think how sweet I thought it of you not to mind the loss of the money, so long as you had each other—a lonely man like me feels a thing like that.

She (very shyly)—Have you no one to care for you?

He—no relatives to speak of—but there might be someone. Is there? You'd know if there was—tell me, sweetheart! Do I bother you? Poor little girl—it's a shame!

Guard—Bowling Green.

He—There won't be a soul left soon but us and the guards. If you'd answer my question—won't you? (She looks away. Silence.)

Guard—Next station Borough Hall.

He—I've always thought of you. I've always been in love with you. I want you to be my wife, darling. Will you?

She—Oh, not here; I can't answer here!

He (excitedly)—Why not? Do you think I should kiss you if you said yes? Answer the other question then. Have I anyone who cares for me? Don't be cruel. * * * Have I, sweetheart?

She—There must be many.

He—Is there one?

(Silence.)

Guard—Borough Hall; all change.

(In the lift.)

He (pulling her hand through his arm)—Is there?

She—Oh, don't you know? Didn't you guess at Brighton?

Lift attendant—Mind the step!

HIS LAST WAGER

By John Barr.

LESLIE BROWN had become addicted to horse racing just as a fly acquires the sticky paper habit. It got its grip gently on him at first, and he thought he could easily throw off its entanglements, but with every move he became more hopelessly emeshed, until, at the end of the first two weeks of the meeting he was smeared from head to foot and, to all appearances, utterly lost.

At first he saw a fortune before him, but as the game proceeded it degenerated into a wild, hopeless scramble to get back what he had lost by backing sure things. The business was unnatural to him and he soon could take no comfort in the betting ring or out of it. Racing terms never fell glibly from his lips. He could never say with ease and swagger, "She'll win a block," "There ain't nothing to it," "It's a pipe," and such expressions. He formed no acquaintances with jockeys or owners; the people of the paddock were distasteful to him, and he had no means of getting on the inside. Nevertheless, in two short weeks he had become so infatuated with the game that it was impossible for him to tear himself away. Day by day he saw his vacation slip away, little by little, for he now could make only small bets, the $200 saved for a vacation trip that also. He had long since ceased to enjoy the excitement of seeing horses run, and recently there had been something monotonous in the finishes; he appeared to have seen them all before and wondered much at his failure to pick the winner, everything appeared so plain and natural to him after the horses had passed under the wire. He had not patience to dope, and too little money to follow a system. Thus he had none of the qualities that go to make a successful race-goer. Most of the day was spent in regretting that he had ever seen a race track, and as soon as his head touched the pillow at night the horses would begin an endless gallop through his weary brain. On, on they would rush, sometimes going backwards and now and then leaping a hurdle, now and then taking the water jump, but never in the whole dreary night passing under the wire. The stretch seemed to slide under their feet like a great treadmill and, although the jockeys spurred and whipped and the horses struggled hard, he always awoke with an unfinished race on his hands.

He was sitting in the grandstand on the last day of the meet, despair in his heart and his last silver dollar in his pocket, when two men came and took seats at one side of him. They were successful gamblers, one talkative and the other quiet; one with an expressive, quickly changing countenance and the other with apparently no muscles in his face. Brown had watched the two, more or less, for a week. The active one would hustle among the jockeys, talk familiarly with horse owners, joke with the bookmakers and then return to the immovable one. The two would then figure, talk a little and the active one would go and make a bet, which was usually successful.

As they sat beside him in the grandstand Brown determined to take the first opportunity of speaking to them, in the hope of gleaning some information that would help him retrieve his shattered fortune, for even with only one dollar, and with the day's racing half over, a few successful bets will make a fine total of winnings.

The horses were coming out for a mile race, and their actions seemed strangely familiar to Brown. He felt certain that the same bunch had lined up for a mile race a few days before, and they were acting now very much as they had done then. The talkative man said to his friend:

"I don't believe Sizzler stands a ghost of a chance. He won't be one, two, six."

The other fellow said:

"We can't break our system."

Brown thought this a good opportunity to scrape the acquaintance of the men, so he ventured:

"He won his last race handsomely."

The talkative man turned to him sharply and asked:

"Where?"

"Right here."

"You're off your nut, my friend. He hasn't started on this track."

"I beg your pardon, but I can show you where he won a mile race in the same company within a few days."

Brown turned to the back of his program where a list of the meeting's winners was given, hoping to show where Sizzler had won, but was surprised and confused to find that the name did not appear. How could he have made such a mistake?

"Was I right when I said you were off your nut?" asked the talkative man, and the other man appeared to smile, although not a line of his face moved.

Just then Sizzler, who had been acting very badly, made a dash at the barrier, reared, whirled in a manner quite alarming, and the next instant he was riderless. The little boy with the bright scarlet blouse landed heavily on the hard track. A trainer sprang nimbly over the fence and secured Sizzler just as that excited animal was starting for a race on his own account, in the wrong direction.

The little patch of scarlet among the feet of the other horses lay quite motionless. With a recklessness that brought wild applause from the grandstand the assistant starter dashed in and picked up poor little Jack.

The talkative man leaned back in his seat and said:

"Well, I suppose that settles it."

"Yes," said the other. "Nobody but Jack can win our money on Sizzler."

"Jack will ride Sizzler," remarked Brown, although at the moment several anxious attendants were pending over the little form which, as far as could be seen, was lifeless. Both men turned savagely toward the speaker and the talkative one started with:

"You're a d——," but the other interrupted him saying quietly: "I'll lay you ten to one Jack doesn't ride Sizzler in this race."

Brown's last silver dollar was out promptly and the other man, with equal promptness, placed a ten-dollar bill with it and handed the stake to the talkative man.

This act had scarcely been completed when Jack began to show signs of life. He got up, rubbed himself a little, ran over to the now quiet Sizzler and in another instant made himself the hero of the grandstand by again appearing on the back of the horse.

The man with the immovable face nodded and the talkative man handed eleven dollars to Brown.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said Brown, clutching the money, "I am going down to make a bet."

"Better hurry up," said the talkative man. "They'll get away now."

"They will get away at the third break," Brown said with a show of positiveness as he started for the stair leading to the betting ring.

Turning before making the descent he glanced back. Both men were looking hard at him, the talkative one talking, and the silent one silent.

All this time Brown had been wondering where he had seen that accident before, but that he had seen it there could be no doubt.

"Sizzler, two hundred to ten," said the bookmaker, as he handed Brown a card with blue pencil marks on it.

"Just back in time to see them start," said the talkative man as Brown took his seat. "They've been called back twice. According to your say-so they'll be off next time."

A dozen spirited horses with a dozen riders and a dozen different styles of action, backing, jumping sideways, spinning round, will ultimately find a common multiple of their movements which will bring them into a true line all heading in one direction at one moment, and this moment came just as the talkative man ceased talking.

In an instant the barrier flew up, the red flag cut the air and the shimmering line of scarlet, blue, green, polka dot and other colors, blending with the dust of the track, swept down towards the first turn.

As they rounded into the back stretch Sizzler was a bad last, and the talkative man was in despair.

"Jack's lost his nerve," he remarked. "That fall has scared him."

"Jack will begin to make his run," Brown remarked, "a little before the half-mile post."

"Probably we had better not run the race at all," said the talkative man with some impatience. "You might name the winners and save us the trouble."

"Look!" said the other man.

The bunch had nearly reached the half-mile post when the scarlet form of little Jack, which had hitherto been erect, bent slowly over Sizzler's neck and the horse responded to a few prods from the little fellow's heels. Taking the outside of the track Sizzler began slowly cutting down his field. From momentary eclipse the scarlet spot flashed out in front first of one horse, then of another, until turning out of the back stretch only Kaliyuga was in front of him. On the turn the leader went to bat, but Jack's scarlet arms remained motionless save for the slight forward and back movement, called hand-riding.

"Sizzler a head, Kaliyuga a neck, Countess a neck," called the announcer as the horses entered the stretch, and then, as they neared the wire, Brown saw the picture that had been in his mind when he said to the two men:

"He won his last race handsomely."

Down the middle of the stretch came the scarlet spot, bending low over the outstretched neck of the straining Sizzler while, as regularly as the ticking of the clock, the little heels prodded the merciless steel points into his bleeding flanks. The yellow of Kaliyuga was at his left, and the blue of the Countess at his right, the three forms a flying wedge that did not change its shade until the wire had been passed.

Then Brown noticed something white in his hand which he found to be a card marked in blue pencil:

"SIZZ, 200—10."

It was his ticket, the existence of which he had forgotten in the excitement of the race, and as he looked at it the mystery became clear. The tireless horses, which for two weeks had been circling in his muddled brain all night, had at last finished the race and his dream of the night before had been realized.

APOSTROPHE

From the Somerville Journal.

O, fly,
Unwelcome fly,
Pray tell me why
Thou canst not lie
In peaceful slumber till July,
But spry,
And sly,
Must now come nigh,
(Not shy),
To pry,
And spy,
And try
My patience and my nerves, while I
Make faces wry,
And sigh!

O, fly,
All thy
Reputed merits I deny!
Thy works belie
The words of those who praise thee, My!
If I
Were thou, O, fly,
I'd try
To soar into the sky,
On high,
Where I
Could all my enemies defy!

Now I
Have got my eye
On thee, O, fly!
And now my hand! Aye, aye!
Now tell me, fly,
Just why
Thou shouldst not die?

Thou dust not deign to make reply,
O, fly?
Goodby!

Sedan Chairs Still in Use.

From the London Globe.

There has just died at Bayeux, at the age of 84, the last proprietor of sedan chairs in France. It may surprise many people to know that this form of transport was practiced as late as 1865 at Bayeux, where up to that time there were no hackney coaches.

A few years ago sedan chairs might have been seen in use at Orleans, and in some of the more remote country villages of France people still make use of this antiquated means of locomotion to get to church on Sundays.

Life Job for Mr. Fairbanks.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Perhaps Mr. Fairbanks will agree to become the professional vice-president of the United States.

NEW BOOKS *and* THEIR PUBLISHERS

"BRITISH Highways and Byways from a Motor Car," by Thomas D. Murphy.

Until one happens upon a book of this kind they are not able to imagine the immense importance and the influence the automobile is destined to have upon education and literature. Railroads have bound together the nations of the earth, and the steamer is drawing the continents closer every year, but the motor will take up the mission of enlightened and intelligent travel where these two forces have had, from necessity, to stop. They have had their limitations while the motor car seems to have none. It goes, as this most conclusively proves, into the highway and byways; it seeks out the beauty and can tarry over the interesting; it is a law unto its master's will and demands no hurrying according to schedule; no missing connections, or crowding by uncomfortable traveling companions. It is little wonder that, thus equipped, a writer of Mr. Murphy's fascinating pen could create a book or so entertaining and instructive a character.

It is a record of a tour of 5,000 miles in England, Scotland and Wales. In a few generalities, before the record properly begins, the writer says: "Those who have traveled for long distances on American roads can have no conception whatever of the delights of motor traveling on British highways. * * * The maps are perfect to the smallest detail and drawn to a large scale, showing the relative importance of all roads; and upon them are plainly marked the hills that are styled dangerous. These maps were prepared for cyclists, and many of the hills seem insignificant to a powerful motor. However, the warning is none the less valuable, for often other conditions requiring caution prevail. * * * Then there is a set of books, four in number, published by an Edinburgh house and illustrated by profile maps, covering about thirty thousand miles of road in England and Scotland. They show the exact gradients and supply information in regard to the surface of the roads and their general characteristics. Besides this, the objects of interest scattered along any particular piece of road are given in brief—information at once so desirable and complete as to be a revelation to an American. * * * * The average tourist, with the exercise of ordinary intelligence and a little patience, can get about any part of the country without difficulty."

The author found the inns and roadhouses along these roads of travel as a rule good and sufficient; and what, to many would be the greatest advantage of the motor over other methods of travel than anything else, is its economy. To travel by rail and visit the places of interest requires the hiring of conveyances and many other expenses not incident to motoring. Mr. Murphy begins his trip in and about London and says: "If one purposes to make a tour by rail, London is preeminently the center from which to start, and to which one will return at various times in his travels. All principal railways lead to the metropolis. The number of trains arriving and departing each day greatly exceeds that of any other city in the world, the longest through journey in the island may be compassed between sunrise and sunset. The motorist, however, finds a different problem confronting him in making London his center." He gives the reasons and then goes on to recount the pleasant trips contiguous to London.

The next chapter tells of a pilgrimage to Canterbury, and each succeeding one relates, not only the experiences of the motorist as he travels from place to place, but also gives a vivid description of the country, its history and its legendary. The whole thing is written in a clear, good literary style, free from unimportant detail, but full enough to give the reader an excellent conception of the countries through which Mr. Murphy motored.

A very notable feature of the book is the unusually large number of elegant illustrations. There are 16 beautifully colored pictures, most of them copies of famous landscape paintings, and 32 duogravures from photographs, which are so exquisite in touch and finish they have the soft warm atmosphere of a steel engraving; there are also two descriptive maps; add to this a substantial and artistic binding and the whole book makes one that would be an acquisition to the most select library. L. C. Page & Co. J. K. Gill, Portland. Price $2.50.

"Kedar Kross," by J. Van Derveer Shurts.—If one delights in strange, weird adventure, hair-breadth escapes and marvelous coincidents they have it all in this book, which is named for the home of the early hero of the story, which was supposed to be in the Adirondack country and "which had been for long the home of good, brave and intelligent men and women and the seat of generous hospitality, which no few distinguished men had enjoyed."

The story opens with a brilliant dash of bravery that would do credit to Sir Walter Scott in some of his stories of border warfare, and one is rather disappointed to find the story settling beyond 1837, when this section of New York was becoming very prosy.

The story proper really opens with the kidnaping of the 5-year-old son of Marion Elwood and his handsome wife Flora. A plot had been laid and, as subsequent events proved, was better carried out than was anticipated, to get possession of a valuable piece of land belonging to Elwood. The plan was to take and sequester the child until Elwood had spent his fortune in the search for him; to loan money on the coveted ground and when it was irredeemably mortgaged to foreclose, take the land and quietly return the child. A miscarriage in the plan left Elwood in possession of his land, but lost to him not only his son but his wife as well. In the fullness of time the restoration of all came to him as the most obtuse reader could discern from the first, but the devious ways in which it was brought about, the complications and the startling denouements, makes a story brilliant, indeed, for its flights of imagination, its flexibility of plot, and convenient accidents. In point of time it stretches beyond the civil war, and a very good feature is the vivid description of the battle of Gettysburg that is given. Kate, the later heroine of the story—for it is a story in two generations—shows herself an up-to-date young woman with ideas 50 years beyond her time, as to "what the future woman will be."

One of the most attractive characters in the story is Hall Morehouse, the Scotchman, who in his blunt way says many good things and proves himself the good Samaritan to every one.

The story is too machine-made to be very human or touch the tenderest chords of sympathy, though it has the elements for this very kind of tale, and the author shows the ability to do more finished work. Richard G. Badger & Co. Price $1.50.

"Prisoners of Chance," by Randall Parrish.—Good as his other stories are, Mr. Parrish has eclipsed himself in this last. With the appearance of "When Wilderness Was King," readers woke up to the fact that a new writer had "come out of the west," and one who was destined to take an exalted place in the world of fiction. In two instances Mr. Parrish has made his books pure history, but as a historian he lacks the cohesiveness and spirited style of narrative that he has to a wonderful extent in his fiction, for which, in every story almost, he has chosen a historic background.

In the present story the author has chosen his scenes of action in old New Orleans, and the date when the province of Louisiana was being used as a pawn by France and Spain for revenue and political intrigue. At any and all times, even unto today, New Orleans has an atmosphere of fascinating romance and a picturesqueness scarcely commanded by any other locality in the United States. Its history, which Mr. Parrish says in his foreword "is so complicated by rapid changes in government as to confuse the student, rendering it extremely difficult to comprehend correctly the varied and conflicting interests—aristocratic, official and commercial—actuating her pioneer colonists," may largely account for this, for mystery or uncertainty is always a goad to imagination and romance. This may be illustrated in the case of the Pilgrims and Puritans. From the day they landed until the present their history of every kind is clear and well kept, and even the few romances that have sprung from them have been cold and stately. Climatic conditions and the Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins, of course, largely contribute to this; but out of New England never could have come such a romance as Mr. Parrish has given in "The Prisoners of Chance," by the very nature of its history, which the author claims he has based upon facts and manuscripts in his possession. The story is written autobiographically by Geoffrey Benteen, who was called upon to save the husband of Eloise de Noyan, his one-time sweetheart, which he does. How he does it, the many adventures and the final outcome makes one of the most thrilling tales that has ever been told.

Into the story is woven much of historic and legendary interest, particularly regarding certain tribes of Indians and the famed Naladi, queen of the Children of the Sun.

There are also some interesting glimpses of the moundbuilders, with some basis for believing that Geoffrey Benteen, whom records show really did reside at La Petite Rocher, had known the last of them. Research has seemingly proven that in the extinct Natchez tribe was to be found the last remnant of that mysterious and unfortunate race.

Taking it all through, Mr. Parrish has created, aided by history, a remarkable work of historic fiction—one that is quite worth while, too, for it not only delightfully entertains, but it is highly instructive, in that it gives a comprehensive picture of the times and people of the days when Louisiana was in this transitory period. The book is beautifully bound and elegantly illustrated in colors by the Kinneys. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price $1.50.

"Her Ladyship," by Katherine Tynan.—Naturalness and true-hearted democracy are the keynotes of Mrs. Tynan's new book, which was brought out this spring. The portrayal of the little countess in whom constant companionship with her father has fostered an independent, almost manly spirit, is limned upon a background of tranquil life on an Irish countryside, and in the end when the heroine sends Lord Dunlaverlock back to the girl of his choice and gives her own heart and hand to young Hugh Randal, the manager of her estate, her decision does not surprise the reader, but leaves him satisfied in the feeling that he has witnessed a bit of real life, refreshing in its general optimistic tone. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price $1.50.

As a summer issue the June number of Photo-Era is unique, for it contains no less than six "feature articles." Perhaps the most interesting is "Glimpses of Cowboy Life in Texas," by George Pattullo, accompanied by 32 illustrations by Erwin E. Smith, a former cowpuncher now studying art in the school of the Boston Art museum. As cowboy life is fast becoming extinct, these superb photographs, so full of the atmosphere of the ranches, are of exceptional interest. The lover of pictorial photography in its highest sense will find pleasure in six full-page reproductions of the work of Charles vanderveide, former president of the Grand Rapids Camera club, one of the best organizations of its kind in America. An appreciation of this work has been provided by Eleanor W. Willard, a close friend and fellow-camerist, whose work and personality are highly esteemed in photographic circles.

"A History of the Philippines," by David P. Barrows, director of public instruction in the Philippines.—In his book Dr. Barrows says: The basis of public instruction in the Philippines is the English language. This was early decided upon in view of the great number of Filipino dialects, the absence of a common native language or literature and the very moderate acquaintance with Spanish by any except the educated class.

It is fortunate for the Filipino people that English has been introduced here and that its knowledge is rapidly spreading. Knowledge of language is power and the more widely spoken the tongue the greater the possession of the individual who acquires it. Of all the languages of the world, English is the most widely spoken and is most rapidly spreading. Moreover, English is pre-eminently the language of the far east. From Yokohama to Australia, and from Manila to the isthmus of Suez, English is the common medium of communication. It is the language alike of business and diplomacy. The Filipino people, so eager to participate in all the busy life of eastern Asia, so ambitious to make their influence felt and their counsels regarded, will be debarred from all this unless they master this mighty English tongue. Bobbs, Merrill & Co. are Dr. Barrows' publishers.

"The Sword Decides," by Marjorie Bowen—The author who, two years ago, astonished the literary world with her immensely popular novel, "The Viper of Milan," has just issued this new novel, in which she returns to the scenes of her first story.

It is, however, southern Italy that she depicts this time, and it is doubtless to the warmer climate and the more brilliant coloring of the south, that is due the marked increas in the glow and gorgeousness of her description.

Naples in the fourteenth century presents one of the most romantic and fascinating settings afforded by history in its entire range. Luxury and magnificence were at their height at the corrupt court of Queen Giovanna, over which hung a sultry cloud of feverish passion and murderous ambition. To this court first came, as affianced husband of the queen, young Andreas, brother of the king of Hungary. There death awaits him in the treachery of the queen, who can brook no division of her property. Then the king himself comes in pursuit of vengeance, and also to claim as his bride, Maria, sister of Giovanna. But he, too, yields to the sinister fascination of the queen and forgets the manly and honorable purpose so soon as his feet are entangled in the snare of lies and deceit set for him in Naples, where, had he cared to exercise his power, he was master of the destinies of all. It is impossible here to give any adequate idea of the lurid splendor of this powerful novel, in which action and description are so combined that the book appeals equally to the mind and to the imagination of the reader. Harper & Brothers. Price $1.50.

"The Vermillion Pencil," by Homer Lea—The author of this book, which the McClure company has but recently brought out is a lieutenant-general of the Chinese Reform army. He knows China and the Chinese intimately from the inside, and he was mixed up in some mysterious way in the late Boxer rebellion. He is, perhaps, better equipped for writing a real Chinese novel than any living American, and in this novel he has been able to give us a strange moving story of tragic passion that is hardly surpassed in recent fiction.

The Century company has a number of books scheduled for summer issue: In June, "Diana of Dobson's" and "The Post-Girl," both novels of English life by English writers; in July, "The Wall in the Desert," the scenes laid in Arizona, by Adeline Knapp; and, later, Harvey J. O'Higgins' novelization of "The Grand Army Man."

A Battle of Rhymes.

From the New York Times.

In the Hearst-Hughes campaign for governor of New York, a Democrat and a Republican met in the lobby of the Fifth Avenue hotel.

"We've got you licked," said the Democrat. "Hearst rhymes with worst. Hearst rhymes with first. Hearst rhymes with cursed."

"Hughes rhymes with confuse."

"Hearst will be spelled H-e-a-r-s-e-d after the election; the undertaker is taking his measure now."

"Hughes rhymes with recluse; he'll be one soon."

"Willie's address will be Lonesomehurst-by-the-Sea when the votes are counted."

"Hughes rhymes with snoose; he's asleep at the switch."

"Hearst rhymes with burst."

"Hughes rhymes with accuse and abuse and amuse and ruse."

"Hughes rhymes with choose and Hearst rhymes with nursed; he'll need to be soon."

They both paused for breath—and ideas.

"This is dry work," said the Democrat. "Let's get a drink. Hearst rhymes with thirst."

"I'll go you," replied the Republican. "Hughes rhymes with booze."

Against the King.

From Pearson's Weekly.

Many people blissfully imagine that lese majeste—that is, insulting royalty—is a crime peculiar to foreign countries and unknown in free and happy Britain. That, however, is where they make a mistake.

It is, for instance, technically a punishable offense to stick a penny stamp on a letter upside down. Doing so is to insult the king through his effigy, and a few centuries ago—supposing penny stamps to have been then invented—might easily have landed the offender in prison on a charge of seeming to bring ridicule on the sovereign or to express contempt for his authority by causing his picture to stand on its head. Also it is a punishable offense to deface a coin of the realm bearing the royal image and then deliberately put it into circulation again.

To strike the king would, according to the strict letter of the law, render the assailant liable to the death penalty, no matter how trifling the blow was in reality.