:NEW:BOOKS:

and their Publishers....

Winston Churchill, Author of "Mr. Crewe's Career."

"MR. CREWE'S CAREER," by Winston Churchill—If Mr. Churchill had not written "Coniston" we should say, "In many stories he has done well, but this exceedeth them all." Unlike most of our popular novelists, Winston Churchill has not rushed his books onto the market while he was on the crest of the wave, but he has crept, like the edge of an incoming tide, nearer and nearer into the hearts of the American reader.

No matter in what period of history he has cast his story, whether it be in the buccaneering days of Paul Jones, the history-making periods of the early pioneers or the perils of civil war, or in tracing political manipulation he is equally at home, and at all times is master of the situation. He has studied his time and knows his people and carries them through his stories from first to last as human and not self-constructed beings. Not one single element that has made Mr. Churchill eminent and his books notable is lacking in "Mr. Crewe's Career," and as we said before, if "Coniston" had not appeared first, this would have reached the high-water mark. But Jethro Bass came as a new and unique character to fiction readers, though every one recognized him at once as a personal acquaintance, and to have a story so nearly along the lines of "Conston" with Jethro Bass left out and only the influence of his strong personality and political methods working through the next generation is, to say the least, hardly satisfying. The scenes, amidst which the story is laid, are almost identical with "Coniston," even to "Number Seven, Pelican Hotel," and the issues, too, are almost the same, namely, legislation as related to railroad control of the state. Jethro Bass is replaced by Hilary Vane, lawyer for the Northwestern road and private adviser to its president, Augustus P. Flint. Legislatures were as putty in the hands of these two skillful manipulators, and men were made and destroyed like wooden soldiers at the will of these men or in the interest of their railroad. Secure in their holdings they did not realize that a long suffering public was arousing from its sleep of indifference and control and was beginning to shake itself for freer and purer life until they felt the jar given them by Mr. Crewe's entrance into the political arena. Mr. Crewe was a bumptious young millionaire, with practical ideas but without practical sense to carry them out, with a largely over estimated opinion of Mr. Crewe and an exalted opinion of the power of money. Reform was the keystone upon which Mr. Crewe thought he could build a political career and he succeeded in sending it sky-ward at a tremendous pace, and with such force that it shook the foundation of the machine from center to circumference, and the rest of the story remains to be told.

To New England people, and those familiar with the methods of the Boston and Maine railroad, Mr. Churchill's story is but a thinly disguised history of that corporation while his characters, often times, are disguised by the variation of but a single letter in the spelling of a name, and the author has written much of his own political experience into the character of Mr. Crewe it is said. While literally impossible for practical purposes, the country has use for the Mr. Crewes; they are the firecrackers that set the alarm for the oncoming train and the big-headed boy with inherited wealth should be encouraged to go into politics, for, like Mr. Crewe, they have nothing to lose and when the smoke clears away a great light may appear to show the way to others. This, to us, is the moral of the story.

The romance grows out of the love of the son of Hilary Vane and the daughter of Augustus Flint. Both young people are types of the twentieth century American youth; they think, and what is better still, act for themselves, and consequently are not always in highest favor with their respective parents. The romance is strong and clean, but is secondary to the greater story of the book. The MacMillan company. Price $1.50.

"Diana of Dobson's"—By Cecily Hamilton. A girl with her back to the wall and the world to fight for bread and butter was Diana of Dobson's hosiery department. Well born, the daughter of an improvident Irish doctor, Diana found herself at her father's death deposed from a home of thoughtless expenditure, over which she had presided and facing the world penniless and alone. Drifting from one thing to another she is introduced to the reader tired and rebellious at the close of a hard and fatiguing day's work in Dobson's hosiery department. Her resentment at life and its burdens finds vent in some reckless comments on the rules and rulers of Dobson's. These remarks of Diana's would do credit to the student of social economics, in fact the whole way through the story Diana, even in her most foolish moments, is the social philosopher. As Diana is about to retire for the night under the strict regulations of the dormitory connected with the establishment, an overlooked letter was handed to her. Upon opening it she discovers herself the heir to £300—a fabulous sum in her eyes. Then some more of Diana's philosophy as she announces to her roommates that she intends "to live" for one month—every penny will go in buying the memory of how the other half lives—and then more philosophy administered to Dobson and his forelady. Diana begins by going to Paris for clothes, and after being built up like a lady, which in very truth she is, her father steps are determined by a conversation she overhears at a depot where she has come to buy a ticket to—somewhere, and she goes to one of the picturesque resorts in the Alps.

The reader does not from the first get the idea of Diana as an adventuress, nor could it be attached to her in any way, and one of the most wholesome things of an unusually clean story is the sweet simplicity of the girl who just wants to know how it feels to do as you please and is willing to fight the bread and butter battle again after she has had the experience.

She has her experiences and temptations to become an adventuress, but she remains the philosopher and fights her battle to victory in a most unconventional manner. The story contains no complicated plot, but has a background of strength and human interest. It is as well written, bright and readable, with a hero and heroine whose weak as well as strong qualities appeal to the love and admiration of the reader. The Century Co. Price $1.50.

"The Lure of the Mask"—By Harold MacGrath. Like all the author's other stories he has written his hero the highest type of an American gentleman, who is rich, pleasure loving, a clubman, a good friend and an ardent lover. The heroine is an Italian countess of great beauty, versatility and in possession of a magnificent voice. An unfortunate will placed the young woman in an unbearable position and she fled to America, where chance drew to her the attention of Mr. Hillard, the hero. This chance was the fact that Hillard, lingering late, overheard the sweet, entrancing voice of the young woman and tried without success to follow it. A later meeting, where the young woman wore a mask but mystified the young man the more and sent him with renewed energy on his search. The scenes of the story shift, with increasing interest from America to Italy, Venice, Monte Carlo and Florence, where the story reaches its happy finale.

Mr. MacGrath weaves into this tale more description than is his usual habit in writing a story, but the admiration and whimsical criticisms of Hillard and his loyal friend and traveling companion gives the reader the rarest glimpses and perhaps best idea of the grandeur and beauty of the country through which he carries his people.

One of the strongest and most entertaining features of the book is the financial straits in which a New York comic opera company finds itself in Italy.

The entire story is full of droll character sketching and amusing and interesting situations. There are few writers of today who know better how to tell in clear cut, sparkling language, a good story than Mr. MacGrath, and fewer still who have as good a story to tell.

The present story can receive no warmer praise than to say it is fully up if not surpassing his previous work. The book has some fine illustrations by Harrison Fisher and Karl Anderson. Bobbs, Merrill & Co. Price $1.50.

"R. J.'s Mother," by Margaret Deland—A new book by Mrs. Deland always finds a host of eager readers awaiting it, and "R. J.'s Mother" will more than justify their enthusiasm. The story contains elements of tenderness, gentleness bravery and a delicate measure of unspoken sentiment.

A simple-hearted man who has lost his first wife and then his baby son, and mourned them for 15 years, comes upon a fatherless lad exactly the age his child would have been, a brilliant little chap who calls himself R. J., and has a shy and pretty mother. When R. J.'s sturdy life is suddenly broken, the man and woman long past the first flush of youth, come together through the natural loss that often balances joy. There is one spot in the woman's experience where Mrs. Deland has laid her finger in singularly fine and reverent pity.

"Many Waters," included in this volume, is the story of a woman's victory in winning to his highest self the husband in whom she has discovered a former dishonesty, whose stubborn self-justification, after her arguments of right and wrong have failed to move him, her own hurt love changes into a willingness to confess and to bear public disgrace.

As with all of Mrs. Deland's work, the present book holds a bit of quiet tragedy, more than a hint of comedy, an insight into silent grief and an outlook upon final joy. The reader will find himself face to face here with the big things of life that find their way into commonest experiences. Harper & Brother. Price $1.50.

"The Stage Door," by Charles Belmont Davis—If you have never been behind the scenes of a theatre or in the "make-up" tent of a circus you will learn much that will interest you by reading Mr. Davis' book which the Scribners have just published. In these stories the comedies and tragedies of theatrical life are admirably portrayed. They are purely fiction, yet the characters stand out so vividly that one gain's a more intimate acquaintance with the life of the green room than could be acquired by months of actual experience. The position of impressario of the New York Metropolitan Opera company has proven too much for the constitution of three men, and the work of managing theatrical and managing stars has never been regarded as easy. But Mr. Davis survived several seasons as the manager of Weber & Fields' All-Star Burlesque company and has lived to tell the tale. Or at least he tells much that he knows of theatrical life in "The Stage Door" and mighty interesting reading he makes of it.

"Vera the Medium," by Richard Harding Davis—This is Mr. Davis' first novel in six years and was published by the Scribners this month. It is an unusual story and Vera is a most charming and fascinating heroine and one entirely new to fiction. To get material for his story Mr. Davis visited all the seances and spiritualists he could find or hear of in New York and Brooklyn. During one of these seances the medium decided to make it uncomfortable for Mr. Davis, suspecting that he was there "to show the place up," in the newspapers, and much to the delight of the "true believers" present, proceeded to deliver messages from the other world little likely to arouse his enthusiasm either for the future or his own personal appearance. Just as the spirit was about to journey back, Mr. Davis was permitted to ask one question. "Well," said Mr. Davis, "I want to ask your advice. Had I better take that position in Mr. Jerome's office or had I better go with General Bingham after all?" There was a gasp from both spirit and audience and a hurried exit on the part of the latter.

"Work and Habits," by Albert J. Beveridge.—"Work and Habits" is a book aimed at a broad target, of which the young America is the bull's eye. It is the sort of book that makes one think; that makes one say unconsciously: "This means me." Were Senator Beveridge an easy-chair philosopher, writing in the quiet of a cloistered study, his sentences would lack the quality that carries conviction; he could not speak as one having authority. In these pages no mere theorist confronts us, but a man who began as a plowboy, toiled as a lumberman, tramped the countryside as a book agent, hewed out a career as a lawyer and now sits in the senate of the United States—a life that puts force and snap and conviction into his every sentence.

Senator Beveridge never preaches. He writes much as he would talk to a nephew or younger brother in some quiet club corner. And that, perhaps, is the secret of his style.

The chapter on "Work and Habits" is a general talk about getting on in the world decently, successfully, manfully.

The pages on "money" take up another theme important to every man who has his own way to make. Patriotism and manly adherence to right, just because it is right, are the keynotes of another chapter. Equally absorbing is the senator's study of the life of Washington as an epitome of all that is fine and lofty in American character.

The whole volume is written with that same force and charm of expression that brought the author's earlier work, "The Bible as Literature," into instant favor. Hentry Altemus Co. Price 50 cents.

Miss Cecily Hamilton, the author of "Diana of Dobson's," is a Londoner by birth; but her mother was an Irish woman, and her father an Englishman of Lowland Scotch descent, who commanded a Highland regiment. Some of her earlier years were spent in Irish barracks; but since her father's death, which came just as she finished school, Miss Hamilton has been in London, both acting and writing.

Ada Woodruff Anderson, whose book, "The Heart of the Red Firs," has gone into a second edition, has heretofore written only short stories dealing principally with life in the Puget sound country, where the scenes of her first novel are laid. Mrs. Anderson, whose home is in Seattle, attempts to write but two short stories a year and those are invariably accepted by some of the leading magazines. "The Heart of the Red Firs" is one of the six best selling books in Seattle and Portland—an evidence that the fiction readers of the northwest are loyal to their own authors.

With the July issue of Photo-Era begins its 21st volume. It appears in a new dress consisting of two tones of gray, the effect being harmonious and in very good taste. The principal feature of the current number is the work of the Buffalo Camera club, one of the foremost photographic organizations in the east. There is a wealth of beautiful illustrations showing what these camerists are doing and a critique of the pictures by Phil M. Riley. Other articles of interest to the practical worker are "Making Enlarged Paper Negatives," by George S. Elmberger. "The Card Index Applied to Photography," by W. A. Boughton; "Photo-Micrography with Simple Apparatus," by William S. Davis; "Adapting Printing Processes to Negatives, by Phil M Riley, and "Enlarging on Gaslight Papers for Reproduction," by E. F. Keller.

The usual departments are bright and timely, and with this issue a new one appears to be known as "Our Illustrations." This is intended to be instructive in both the artistic and technical phases of photography. The pictures reproduced each month will be commented upon and used to illustrate various principles in composition and pictorial treatment generally. Complete data will also be published telling the exact conditions under which each picture was made. This department will be of inestimable value to beginners.

Many are the amateurs who have had films ruined by incompetent workmen in establishments doing developing and printing. An editorial on the subject in this issue should be read and carefully considered by both photo-finishers and their patrons. Price 15 cents at newstands and photo-supply stores.

WOMEN'S CLUBS AND WORK

Edited by Mrs. Sarah A. Evans

WE HAVE SEEN Boston and still live! What is more, we have seen Boston in the beauty and fullness of her hospitality, with her hands extended to greet the women of the United States, with her historic treasures arrayed for the pleasure of her guests and her ancient traditions of exclusiveness entirely submerged in the overwhelming abundance of good will and hospitality. For two days before the convention hundreds of women poured into the city from every quarter of the country, and the day before the convention opened it was evident that Boston was destined to register the largest membership of any bi-ennial convention ever held by the General Federation of Womens' clubs.

SUNDAY previous to the opening was for the local committee one of the busiest days of the entire session, as it was the great arrival day. Each section of the country sent its "solid" delegations, and it is doubtful if the enthusiasm that the women encountered with the Republican national convention at one end of their journey and the Democratic convention at the other was any more spontaneous and hearty than that of the delegates to Boston—and about the relative value of issues'—that remains to be seen.

One of the great delegations coming in on that memorable Sunday was the special from Illinois, which the Oregon delegation joined at Chicago. It was composed of eight Pullman sleepers, two diners, a library, observation, and baggage car. It had aboard about 175 delegates and was personally conducted by Mr. Purdy of the Wabash road. It was a gala occasion from start to finish. Special orders had been given for dining-room service, and the meals that were served en route lacked nothing in the way of luxury or service, while many, indeed every small service was rendered to make the trip comfortable and enjoyable. newspapers were procured every day and distributed free—even Canadian stamps were furnished for the shower of postcards that were sent from every Canadian stopping place, while from the superintendent to the porters every man on the train went scurrying to the nearest mail box to get them off at shortest time. The only return for all this kindness, which really no money could pay for, was to hold up Mr. Purdy within the city limits of Boston, bestow upon him the thanks of the women and present him with the badges of the various delegations, which of course he was too gallant to refuse, and he emerged from the thanks decorated like a Bismarck upon state occasions.

NEVER, perhaps, in the history of the general federation has so much interest been taken in the election of a president. Usually one woman, by common consent, has been decided upon as "the coming woman" months and months before, and everybody just went and voted and that was all there was to it, but this time there were two "a-coming," and running a neck and neck race for the honor of being president of the General Federation of Womens' clubs, and the privilege of spending all their time for two years and paying their own expenses in return for the honor.

Both women stood high in the organization, being its first and second vice-presidents. In dignity and mental attainments they measured up equally, though having strong individuality and being totally different in personality. In the stress of what might be called club politics one little woman remarked: "If they would only tell us something bad about one or the other we would know who to vote for." And that was exactly the situation.

In the nominating committee Mrs. Ward of Massachusetts received the majority of votes, but Mrs. Moore of Missouri being nominated from the floor received a majority of the popular vote and was elected president.

Mrs. ... was undoubtedly defeated owing ... unwritten law against electin... sident from the entertaining sta...

The other officers elected were first vice-president, Mrs. Cowles of California; second vice-president, Mrs. Sherman of Illinois; recording secretary, Mrs. Dawson of New Jersey; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Shiek of Wyoming; treasurer, Mrs. Welch of Minnesota; auditor, Mrs. Blankenberg of Pennsylvania; directors, Mrs. Allen of West Virginia, Mrs. Carpenter of New York, Mrs. Evans of Oregon, Mrs. Kinsey of Indiana, Mrs. Hancock of Utah, Miss Poppenheim of South Carolina, Mrs. Johnston of Kansas, Mrs. Keefe of Nebraska.

RHODE ISLAND DAY was a rare day, one to be writ long and large in the memory of every one who participated in it. Two great trains left the Boston depot 15 minutes apart, the first leaving at 8 a. m., and each carrying 800 club women. An hour's ride through the most beautiful and historic country landed the party at Newport, where they were met by automobiles, carriages and vehicles of every conceivable kind, which were loaded in a remarkably short time and every one of the 1,600 women driven over the little city of magnificent summer palaces. Many were driven to the homes of those who had loaned their carriages or automobiles where the hostess had light refreshments and a lovely welcome awaiting her guests.

At the conclusion of the ride the guests were driven to Easton's Beach, where a huge clam bake was opened and served, and later a sail on Narragansett bay was taken. The officers were taken to Providence in automobiles to visit Churchill house, the home of the Providence club women, and were there the guest, at supper, of Mrs. Fowler, president of the Rhode Island federation.

MONDAY morning a board meeting was held in Mrs. Decker's parlors, when every member of the board was present, the principal business being the consideration of the report of the committee on resolutions, and the approval of the two names submitted for honorary membership.

These two names were Mrs. Charlotte Wilber of New York and Miss Margret Evans of Minnesota. Later during the convention these ladies were formally presented to the assembly and voted in as honorary vice-presidents. Mrs. Denison, an ex-president of the General Federation, introduced Mrs. Wilber, who is honorary president of New York Sorosis, one of its founders, and several times its president. Mrs. Washburn of Minnesota introduced Miss Evans, who had served as an officer of the General Federation and is one of the best known educators in the land.

IT was a special mark of respect when the women of Massachusetts tendered to the visiting clubwomen the magnificent concert in Symphony hall, by members of the Symphony orchestra. The music needs no comment and the vast audience showed its appreciation by time and again almost rising to its feet in its enthusiastic applause. Half through the program, and just before the last piece of the first part was started, the great Gustav Strube steps, baton, suspended in the air and the light of welcome in his face, while in the breathless pause the audience turns to behold, entering at the main door Julia Ward Howe, escorted by her daughter, Mrs. Hall, and surrounded, like a queen, with a retinue of admirers. By one impulse the vast audience arose and a sea of handkerchiefs waved in the air, until "the noblest Roman of them all" was well and comfortably seated, and then the great Strube had still to wait till the privileged few wrung the hand and gave the personal greeting to the author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Once more Mrs. Howe appeared in public, and that was at the formal opening of the convention Tuesday evening, when she read an address of welcome—which by the way will be published in full in the report of the convention, which will be ready for distribution in the early fall.

It might be well just here to say that this report will contain all the addresses that were made at the convention and at the various council meetings, the reports of all the committees, reports of state federations and the entire proceedings of the convention.

THE EXPERIENCE of the Illinois special was related by each and every other delegation as it arrived, so it was little wonder the women came into the convention fresh and alert and ready for business rather than fagged and travel weary. Sunday evening was spent in greeting new arrivals, renewing acquaintances and introducing strangers.

The location of Symphony, Chickering, Whitney and Peter's halls, where the convention and councils were held, and the various hotels, all grouped near and about Copley square, was most happy as it was but a few minutes' walk to encircle the entire group, consequently the five or six large hotels that were chosen for various headquarters were scenes of great activity and life, though things centered about the Vendome, which was official headquarters.

AFTER chronicling the beauties and the pleasures of the play day, it is hard to write the tragedy that was a part of it, though fortunately known to but a few of the pleasure seekers at the time.

A large tally-ho, containing 15 women, was overturned by the wheel becoming caught in a car track, and all went down and were pinned to the ground by the vehicle. Several were seriously hurt and one died two days later. Among those who were painfully, but not seriously hurt, was one of our Oregon delegates, Mrs. J. D. Hayes, corresponding secretary of our state federation. Mrs. Hayes was still in the hospital when the Oregon delegates returned, but they were assured that she would be able to travel in a few days.

MANY of the more trivial social features of other biennials gave way this time to sight-seeing excursions. Each day trips had been arranged to Boston's historic places in and about the city. The management of the local committee in not overcrowding and in handling great crowds was admirable. With one single exception not an accident occurred, and every one was loud in their praise of the hospitality extended by the club women in the various places to which the excursionists journied. The reception given by Governor and Mrs. Guild at the state house was perhaps the most brilliant social event of the session, though close seconds were run at the various elegant homes that were opened on the same day.

Sunday evening before the closing, the officers and directors received informally at the Vendome. What was lacking in festivity in the way of orchestra and other things barred out by the sacredness of the day was more than made up in a display of elegant gowns; it was the dress parade of the session, and with the artistic setting of the broad aisles and lofty arches of the rotunda of the hotel Vendome made a rare picture and one never to be forgotten.

WHERE the biennial convention will meet two years hence is the next burning question to be settled. Invitations are extended at the convention, but the board decides the matter, as it requires careful consideration of the available halls, hotel accommodations, etc. If invitations are any evidence of popularity the number received for the next convention shows a great increase in popularity over any preceding time, for never in its history has the General Federation received so many offers of entertainment, which, by the way, means, to the entertaining city, an expenditure of from $10,000 to $20,000; it cost Boston over $15,000.

For the council meeting which is held the alternate years from the biennial, two invitations were received, one from San Antonio, Texas, and one from Denver, Colo. For the biennial, Mrs. Dr. Smith of Chicago extended an invitation for that city. Atlantic City sent an invitation through Mrs. Dawson. Mrs. Blair invited the convention to Cincinnati. Mrs. Eldridge of Arkansas gave an invitation for Hot Springs, and last, but not least, came an invitation from San Francisco. Every invitation was backed by a strong financial guarantee, and the charms, attractions and suitability of the location set forth in glowing language by the bearer of the invitation. As one after the other was read the audience grew wild over the prospect of gathering in such a beautiful place as the fair speaker was picturing, but it was left for Mrs. Hume, president of the California federation, to give the following impressive invitation, which is an eloquent tribute and pathetic plea for the women of the west:

"I have come before you to extend to you upon behalf of the clubwomen of California a cordial invitation to hold the next biennial in San Francisco. We cannot offer the same kind of entertainment that has been provided here, but we promise you a welcome that will be cool as to weather and warm as to hearts. You will find that Californian hospitality is something more than the mere exploitation of words. There are other things which it would seem are worthy of consideration. There must be some higher purpose in a meeting like this than merely the entertainment, the diversion of the delegates. There is an empire of women west of the Rocky mountains to whom this biennial would be a source of strength and inspiration far beyond the power of any word of mine to express. They would claim the opportunity to enjoy the intellectual stimulus, the moral and spiritual uplift, that you are able to impart. The women of the west need you and possibly you may need the women of the west, and so we say: 'Come to San Francisco.' Two years ago San Francisco, prostrate and stricken, was the recipient of your splendid sympathy and generous assistance. Today she asks you to rejoice with her. She has substituted beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Come and see what she has been able to do. Come to the new, the risen San Francisco, the queen city of the west, throned on her mist-wreathed hills with her face to the Golden Gate and her hair wet with the breath of the Pacific.

"Come and hear the break of the sea of seas,
The thud of a league-long crest,
And hear the shock of the King of seas
On the wall of the mighty west.

Come and see the plumes of our forest kings,
From Sierra's snows to plains,
God's amphitheatre tier on tier,
Where pine and redwood reigns.

O, sapphire seas and purple mists!
No Italy so blest!
A vision of Hesperides,
Land of the sun-down west."

The question will be decided at the first board meeting in the fall, which will probably be held at Washington, D. C.

THIS report should be in the hands of every clubwoman in the country, for no brief outline could give anyone the faintest conception of the magnitude of the work of the General Federation with its many lines of activity, or of the masterful manner in which they were presented by experts who were there for the purpose. If a criticism could be made it would be that the feast spread at Boston for the clubwomen was too lavish to be fully enjoyed, and the hope of real benefit is in the fact that, full of the inspiration which comes from personal touch, we may later read and fully digest what we could little more than hear and admire at the convention. In this report those that were not present may read and perhaps receive as much benefit from as though they had heard the speakers.

IF anyone went to Boston with the idea that the convention was to be one huge play day they found they had to give up that idea or neglect the work for which they had gone.

The morning sessions opened at 9:30 and seldom closed before 1:30 p. m. At 2 p. m. the same meeting was duplicated in Symphony hall for the benefit of those who could not get into the hall in the morning. At this meeting delegates and alternates were excluded and only visiting clubwomen were admitted, unless it was found that there was room for residents of the city, who were admitted by card only. During the afternoon the leaders of various committees held conferences in the three other halls provided for that purpose. At 8:30 p. m. the evening meeting was called to order, which usually held till—we hesitate to tell it—11 p. m.

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15c Dotted Swiss, now..... 9¢

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Sanitary Diaper Cloth, 12½c value, 7¢
Ladies' Hose, odd line, 35c value.. 19¢
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