

NEW BOOKS

and their Publishers...

"The Testing of Diana Mallory," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The literary connoisseur always approaches a new book of Mrs. Humphrey Ward as an epicure does a dinner prepared by a well known chef—he knows beforehand that it will be well done. And as the culinary artist has to add flavoring condiment and spices to appeal to the blase jaded palates, so has the English writer to work in a murder nearly two decades old to bring about the testing of Diana Mallory.

Diana's character is sweet, simple, winning and vital of much force and strength; one feels that the hero, Oliver Marsham, is a weakling beside her. And this is enough to set one thinking; can a woman writer sustain a man's character as she can-often of her own sex? Add to her this out record Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre" and the great moral weakness displayed by Rochester, and George Eliot's "Middlemarch," what a poor figure Will Ladislaw appeared beside Dorothea. And as these heroines did, so Diana Mallory forgives, forgets and clasps her overruled idol to her bosom, glad, apparently of the blessed chance to spend the rest of her days ministering unto him.

When Diana was under 5 years of age her mother was convicted of murder, but died shortly after. The father, shamed and broken down, left England and took up his abode on the continent—changing his family name and keeping her mother's story from the child as he promised his dying wife. So Diana grew up in utter ignorance of her mother's history. At the age of 22 she was bereft of her father and returned to England where she leased a fine old manor and becomes acquainted with all the country gentility. Oliver Marsham she met abroad in her father's time, so she receives an invitation to make a visit at his home, from his mother, Lady Lucy. She goes, makes a favorable impression on all the guests, and the mother, seeing her son's leaning, tells him Diana will make him a fitting wife.

Here at this week-end visit Mrs. Ward gives us that insight into upper class English circles which George Eliot gave into rural England, with this difference, George Eliot had a splendid sense of humor; Mrs. Ward has very little and perhaps that is why one is bound to smile at old Lady Niton as it is the only chance in the book to do so. They are having an afternoon tea, and gossip, some one refers to a certain young man who has lately appeared in England. "His father, you know, did some-



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thing scandalous in a financial way many years ago," remarked one of the men. "but if the youth is a decent fellow I don't imagine any one will boycott him on account of his father's misdoings."

Lady Lucy stiffened her lips, which was her reply to such radical action. Old Lady Niton vigorously knitting and observing everything with a malicious eye said shrilly: "Oh, you can always get a man like that to a garden party," and to Lady Lucy, "Let us be radicals, my dear, but not hypocrites. Garden parties are in-

and prostitute Diana. Lady Lucy, Marsham's mother, withdraws her consent and Marsham weakly allows himself to break off all relations with Diana.

Lady Lucy is a typical old English grand dame, daughter of a landed baron, whose pride of birth and station outweigh her milk of human kindness—but when Marsham is politically disappointed and wounded, she is a stout friend to him, as well as a soul through the downfall of all his earthly hopes—when in pain and anguish, almost at death's door, then Diana appears like a ministering angel, and brings him back to life and hope, while Lady Lucy's pride is broken and her heart regains more beneficent impulses.

We believe the story would be more interesting if it were beginning where it leaves off, for there is much still to be worked out in Marsham's character.

It is easy to see that Ward's attitude on woman's suffrage by Mrs. Kotheringham whose character is indeed a contemptuous one. Harper & Brothers, Price \$1.50.

"Holy Orders," by Marie Corelli.—The author calls her story "The Trinity of a Quiet Life" but, indeed, if the reader is bent upon hearing a story, he is sure to be disappointed. The real story of the narrative could easily be told in one column:—A village parson whose wife had been murdered by a drunken neighbor, is driven to drink, and he and his wife are crushed out the evil of drink. But the book was written with a distinct purpose and mission to put in, the settling of certain questions. It is a strong, well studied plea for the rural inhabitants of England, and their protection against the poisons of the ale shops.

Temperance is the theme of the book and it is a severe and fearless arraignment of the state and church through the mouths of the book characters, who argue the questions pro and con. A little French Catholic priest, and the hero of the story, Richard Everton, in a friendly way discuss the demon drink, as it affects the work of their parishes, and the reader cannot fail to see the many sides of this serious evil—that is, from the author's standpoint.

Almost as severely as the author condemns the policy of the church and state, she criticizes the press and national papers, and the mounted interests which control, what should be the free speaking periodicals. She feels so strongly upon this point, that in her foreword she begs her readers to remember that her critics seldom, if ever, read her books, and will not understand them when they do. In her story she allows her zeal against reporters to run to the extreme of, upon one occasion, throwing the camera and outfit down a deep well, just as he is about to photograph the coffin and chief mourners at a funeral.

The following bits of conversation will give one a pretty good insight into the strength, and character and viewpoint which dominates the work.

Richard Everton says to Downy, "We clergy can do nothing because there has been so much cant and humbug talked about temperance by certain of our cloth who, while preaching against drink actually invest their savings in brewery and distillery shares, that very naturally the drunkards themselves despise such hypocrisy and double-dealing. I say, and I will always maintain, that there would be few drunkards if honest liquor were sold to the people instead of noxious drugs."

"No! The creed of the churches is not the creed of Christ! It is man's work, formulated to suit the craving of man's egotism—and from it spring a thousand weed-like sprouts of mysticism and so-called scientific catechism which merely confuse the poor human soul and lead it deeper and ever deeper into the mire. We have deserted the plain and simple teaching of our Lord for a tangle of perplexing and opposing doctrines."

Strong, stimulating opinions, possibly at times a little extreme, but always giving the reader a wholesome grain of rare truth to cogitate upon. Characterize the book from beginning to end.

In subject matter, and in other respects, this is a far fall from several of Corelli's best known works, but this does not imply that it will not be equally as popular—or unpopular, for it has forces in it that will reach a class of readers many of her other books

have never touched. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Price, \$1.50.

"The Silver Butterfly," by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.—One can hardly conceive of the author's new adventures, being the author of "The Silver Butterfly," the character, style and plot are so wholly unlike with the former "To the Good" when it comes to a matter of comparison.

"The Silver Butterfly" is a faintly pretty little story, tragic, glittering and entertaining; with the glamor of society and a familiarity with the new-est shades in modish fashions, that is truly surprising in one who was so completely master of the situation, as she poured coffee for the Ladies Aid society of London.

Mystery seems the motif of the present story, which has its basis in a South American mine—the famed Mariposa—which, for many years, lay hidden away, with the owners at the bottom of the sea, until Bobby Hayden, an engineer, discovers it and goes to New York to try to find a supposed heir, and to float the bonds to develop it.

Here he finds all society running after butterfly adornments. The air is full of butterflies, figuratively; but of the butterfly in modish fashions, that is silver butterfly fixen his admiring attention and the romance centers itself about her.

That butterflies should reign supreme just at the time he comes to New York to hunt up the heirs to this wonderful mine, seemed almost uncanny to Hayden, and this feeling was intensified by the fact that the mysterious woman who had society by the ear was called "The Veiled Mariposa." Of course the owner of the mine went to her with perfect freedom, she read through the crystal the story of his life and traced the path straight to the mine, and by writing along the old-fashioned lines of "an eye for an eye," and by ignoring the "new thought" idea that has captured so many novels of recent date. To "get even" was the doctrine of George Mannister, and he held tenaciously to his creed until properly revenged himself upon eight rascals who had, previously, wrecked his home and fortune. The cool, cunningly devised way with which he went about it shows the author's subtle imagination and skillful construction to wonderful advantage. He does not draw them into a wholesale conspiracy, or trap them at one fell blow, like most authors would do, believing in the dramatic effect of such climaxes. Mr. Oppenheim is much too artistic for that; he simply conceives eight well laid plots, each independent of itself, yet by their interdependence linking them in a continuous story, while he proceeds to carry them out, one at a time, and so each one is "done up"—just simply tricked into their own undoing.

Mannister in a characteristic manner, draws a paper from his pocket, whereon is written the eight names and coolly draws a heavy black line through the latest victim of his long arm of vengeance. And then does the author draw his conventional moral and cover Mannister with remorse for this un-Christian conduct? Not at all! He again denies the traditions of superstition and lets him walk off happy with the woman he loves.

It is perhaps not a wholly pleasant story, and would perhaps be turned down as pernicious teaching by many who insist upon calling human nature "error," or by those who have lived long enough to know how little worth while revenge is, nevertheless it is a strong book, and one cannot but admire the courage which the author displays in stripping human passion of much of the mawkish sentiment with which it has been the fashion to clothe it, in recent years.

Mr. Oppenheim is a prolific writer and

has done some excellent work with which it would hardly be just to make a comparison with his latest novel, for this is so wholly different from anything he has previously written and individual facts would have much to do with grading the merit of his work. The book is illustrated by Frank Shapp, Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.

"Poet Lore, a Quarterly Magazine of Letters"—As is the custom of this magazine, the leading article is a drama. This quarter it is "Phantasm" by Robert Bracco, and translated by Dices B. Cyr. It is in four acts.

An sketch, biographical and literary, of Francis Thompson by Edward J. H. O'Brien, gives one much light upon a rare character that should be better known, which means better appreciated. The writer says:

"To have felt and to have loved Francis Thompson's poetry is one of those spiritual gains in our lives which come what may, can never be lost entirely. Many other like points he brings out in the article, to confirm the opinion that it is Swedish rather than Acadian life Longfellow depicts in his poetry, as there a farmstead so comfortable as that which the poet bestows on Evangelina's father."

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"The Cult of Pierrot"—by Milton Bromer is another noteworthy article. There is a charming little article by O. H. Ryland, "Where Romanticism is Still in Flower." Several other articles quite as well worth mentioning complete the volume.

This is certainly one of the high class magazines, and one that will make an especial appeal to the student or lover of good literature.

"Poet Lore" is edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, with an

able corps of assistant editors and is published at Boston. Single copy \$1.50, \$4.00 yearly.

"Deliah of The Snows"—by Harold Binloss. This is one of Mr. Binloss' characteristic stories, full of action, love and adventure. It opens in England with a tennis match, with the champion for a hero. Later he leaves England and comes to the Pacific coast—some place way up in British Columbia. With him comes a chess and his sister who figure extensively in the story. Then comes the girl he thought himself in love with when in England, and her father who live way up in the mountain mining country. The young man gets himself implicated in some uprising against the government, and the girl he had been infatuated with betrays him by leading the mounted police through a secret passage over the mountains.

The second love affair becomes a tangle of love like all love affairs, shows a remarkable talent for untangling himself and in the process of tangle and untangling the reader finds his entertainment in this case it is of a good stirring kind. Frederick A. Stokes Co. Price \$1.50.

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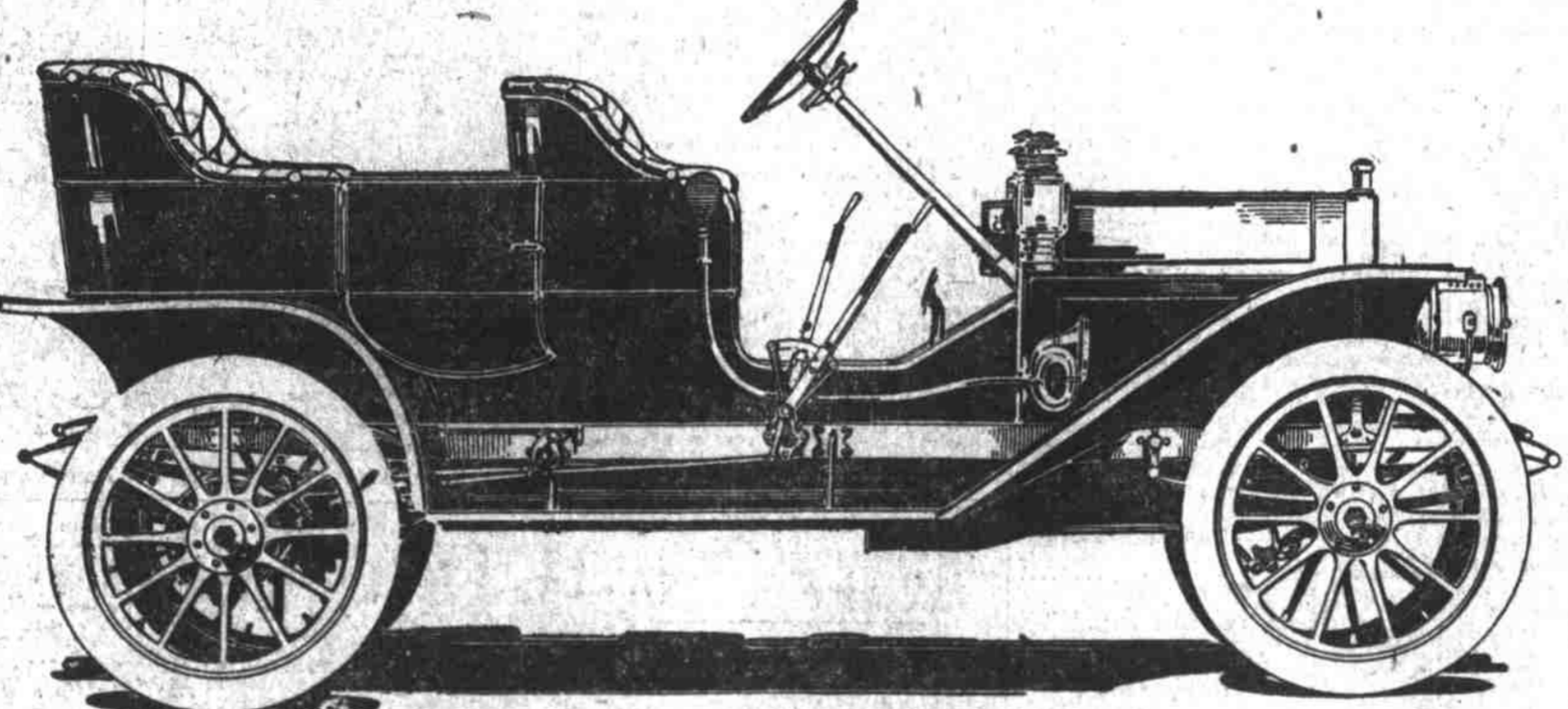
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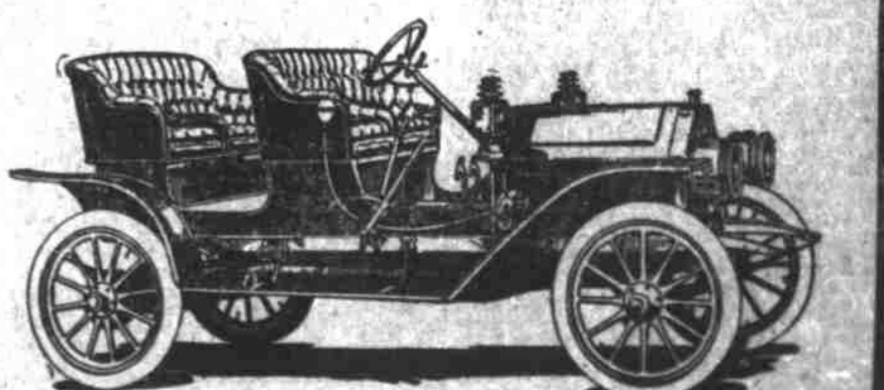


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