

BOOKS

and their Publishers



"A T LARGE" by Arthur Christopher Benson.—That the essay is again being recognized and demanded is the most hopeful sign in the literary firmament of today. Once the vehicle of the most advanced and mature thought, the essay took the highest rank in literary excellence, but the demand for a more modern and fervid mode of expression has for some years relegated the essayist to the shades of the past. The essay itself, perhaps, had something to do with it, for as a rule it is not a new thought and a newer dispensation.

Mr. Benson, however, has seemed to recognize this defect and in the collection before us has brought his matter in close touch with the modern and exacting demands of an age pulsating with life and activity, and whose attention can only be attracted by the most striking things that are present and practical. He has furthermore made the 15 essays contained in it far larger, readable and understandable. He takes every experience and emotion, such as contentment, travel, optimism, joy, etc., and writes of them in a direct, unadorned manner, and with an engaging literary style, avoiding entirely the obtuse or unaccountable minutiae that have been the literary death knell of so many essayists. Mr. Benson possesses two qualifications absolutely necessary to the author of a successful essay, viz., courage and humor; he has strength to say what he thinks and tones it down with the saving touch of humor. He thinks too along the most advanced lines of psychological research is evident in many of our essays. In "Joy," here, for instance, he says: "In humanity we have merely certain portions of this large life, which may spread, for all we know, beyond the visible universe, and be bounded, like the spray of a fountain, into little separate individualities. Some of the urgent, inexplicable emotions which visit us from time to time, whence they come, and why, are, I believe, with all my heart, the pulsations of this vast life outside us, stirring for an instant the silence of our sleeping spirit. It is possible, I cannot help feeling, that those people who live the best of lives, and who devote themselves to receiving these pulsations. Why, then, I say, they may be asked, do they experience so little joy, so secretly, so seldom; if it is the true life that beats so urgently into our souls, why are we so utterly ignorant of it, why do we feel so far from such long passages without the heavenly vision, why do we see, or seem to see, so many of our fellow-men who such things come rarely or not at all? I cannot answer that; yet I feel that there are those who, in their hearts, upon the gentle words of the old saint who wrote: 'I know not how it is, but the more I see of the world, the more I am clothed with obscurity, the more they delight and attract; and nothing so much heightens longing as such tender refusal.'

Most of Mr. Benson's subjects, however, are more earthy than this, and deal with the material more than with the spiritual side of life. Indeed, the entire book appears so strongly to be a collection of essays, in short, that must command a large circle of thoughtful readers, and it is a volume well worth adding to any one's library. George W. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.25.

"The Quest of Quennay" by Booth Tarkington.—A highly interesting and decidedly unique story of modern life with a touch of the past. A tale of a wealthy young American whose pace is of the fastest. Who gains the love of a beautiful girl, who is in love with him against the wishes of all her people; and after two years of vainly trying to reclaim him, is forced to leave him and marry a divorcee.

The story opens with the picture of young Harman seated in the tenuous of a large white touring car, threading its way through the traffic on the boulevard. The countenance of the man grows extreme, his eyes grow wide, his eyes living had bloated, coarsened and distorted all lines of beauty in his face and figure; the latter being fat, loose and sprawling. Beside him sat a well known dancer, enameled lips a startling carmine, eyelids painted blue, a purple veil dotted with gold beads, green-dyed ostrich plumes on her hat in place.

Later at the rate of seventy miles an hour on a country road this great machine comes to grief, breaking the leg of the dancer, who never can get away from the inn as a chateau which has been rented by some Americans—a brother and sister, by name of Wren. With them visiting is their cousin, Louise Harman, the beautiful wife of the dissipated American. The French scene is described with a grace and delicacy of touch which is almost one of Henry Harland's "Cardinal's Snuff Box" scenes. One grows attached to the youth, Oliver Saffron, whom some people pronounce mad, but those who know him think him sane enough, only lacking at times, in worldly wisdom, the power to what he says himself—"You can't understand. When you want to know what to do, you look back into your life and find it all blind. I haven't had one life. It's gone." So the youth meets the beautiful Mde. d'Armand, as he hears her called, and falls desperately in love with her—alid and abed by the professor of science. Then appears at the inn a notary, a detective and the dancer grown enormously fat since the advent of the meeting.

fat youth is coming back from a broken leg in the woodland glade with Mde. d'Armand and is crossing the courtyard of the inn when a fat, double chin, coarse, greasy, rouged female fantastically garbed in green and gold, bounded out of a passage and throwing her arms about his neck cried out, "Embrace me, Larabre Harman—my husband."

Horrified, outraged, his eyes blazing, flung her off with leaping suspense. The professor appears, grasps the youth away and sweeps him to his room where he tells him of his previous life previous to the automobile accident which injured the memory. "I think you can make me believe this," cried Harman to the professor. "That I made life unbearable for Louise, that dearest angel Louise, whom I love now to distraction—that hideous painted old woman in her place, it's a lie. You can't make me believe such a monstrous lie as that. You can't, you can't."

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"My poor boy, it's true," sighed the professor. "It is what a thousand men are doing every day. Wherever life has become artificial and poor, foolish young men have too much money and nothing to do. Then you were blind, you hid away inside you, with its hands over its face. But in your present suffering you must recognize the triumph of the conqueror that old life as greatly as your soul hates it. For a man who shakes off his sin is clean; he stands as pure as if he had never sinned—but there is a law that he cannot escape from—the results of all the things he has done. But that is little thing—that suffering—compared to what you have gained. For you have gained your own soul."

"It must be redeemed," says Harman to the professor, who has labored with him as a psychological case for two years. "I must be redeemed."

And eventually he was, and quite to the satisfaction of the reader. The style and character of the story is a far cry from the "Conquest of Canaan," and some of Mr. Tarkington's other stories, but it involves some scientific theories that have even been introduced in his other books. It will not perhaps touch the large majority of readers with the same chord of sympathy that the much more popular "The House of the Seven Gables" has done, but it is none the less interesting for this. The McClure Company. Price \$1.50.

"Instinct and Health" by Dr. Woods Hutchinson.—It would take no reviewer's pen to insure a wide welcome to a book to anything bearing the name of "Instinct and Health," for Dr. Hutchinson is a name that strikes straight from the shoulder and leaves the faddist, the fanatic or the "strong" man of the day, or the best they can, and they are pretty nearly sure to wake up realizing the truth of his teaching.

"Instinct and Health" is made up of 16 essays, or articles dealing with subjects of every day importance; the things that affect the largest number of health and happiness of the individual yet are so common they receive little, if any attention from the ordinary person. While these articles were originally written to be published in book form, they have appeared in the most important magazines and periodicals, and few of the many people that have read, and profited by them, but it is a pleasure to have them in permanent form.

Dr. Hutchinson is a man who has contributed much to science, through his pen, and is a student of deep research, yet the theory upon which he invariably bases his may, in every case, be summed up in the statement with which he opens a comparatively unimportant chapter of the present book when he says: "The instinct is the power to play tricks upon instinct, to teach its grandmother how to suck eggs, as it were, and to make it do what she is doing, as the hills, reason was hatched only yesterday, and has the boundless self confidence of youth. Its favorite game is to improve upon nature, sometimes successfully, sometimes not."

Dr. Hutchinson is a great exponent of the theory of the value of the cure. His strong and abiding faith in nature, gives him renewed strength and courage, and he has sometimes been called an extremist, and perhaps with some justice, yet every reformer knows that he is as much interested as the girl, to those who are shocked by the extremist in sensibility, and Dr. Hutchinson's extremes never carried him over the borderland of common sense. Doda Mead & Co. Price \$1.20.

"Judith of the Cumberland" by Alice MacGowan.—The story is evidently written with a purpose—the purpose of living a just, honest, and faithful picture of the mountain people, their environments, dialect and standards of morality, as well as their viewpoint in regard to the moonshiner, the outlaw, and the key still. And excellently well has Miss MacGowan carried out her purpose in regard to the moonshiner, the outlaw, and the key still. The hero of the story is a young idealist, a lawyer, who returns to his native land—"The Blue Ridge"—to teach his people the value of the cure. Naturally his first attempt creates strife and contention, and he finds himself opposed by the moonshiner, a man of incident, which will illustrate his difficulties, is found upon one occasion when he settled a late suit, giving judgment against a poor widow, and reimbursing the widow to the amount of the fine, which contrary to his expectations, she divides both claimant and widow, and brings troubles thicker and faster about him.

Judith, the nice woman, has a striking character sketch, and illustrates most forcibly the facts and fancies the author wishes to bring out in her appreciative description of the people of the Cumberland. She is a brave, passionate and jealous creature, with the nature of a tigress, and she is one who constantly dwell amid the mysteries of nature, but who, like the trees and rocks of her native land, stands

the test when the stress comes. Judith's "play party" has a dramatic climax when the hero, all unintentionally, discovers the moonshiner still and narrowly escapes death.

The book is full of beautifully painted word pictures of those picturesque mountains, with the mountaineers as faithfully told as though caught with brush or camera; among them, and one of the best being Jepthah Terrelline who is as true a representative of that "purest American strain left to us of sympathy and vanishing type."

The book is well bound and is illustrated in handsome rich coloring. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.50.

"Carrie Who?" by Maximilian Foster.—In reading the book one is almost forced to believe a Dickens has risen up among us, so Dickensian—if we may coin the only word that seems suitable—are the exaggerated descriptions, the intricate and complicated plot, the grotesque but, wital, expressive names such as Mrs. Pinchin, Mr. Gekke, Mr. Folliet, etc., and the characters all so extremely bad or good they seem blocked out after the pattern of the great novelist, except for a decided stamp of originality that Mr. Foster has given them; and then it is New York and not London, and the heroine is an American, instead of an English girl.

Corrie is introduced to the reader when she is a young woman of 19, living with Mrs. Pinchin, ostensibly as Mrs. Pinchin's companion, but Corrie is always asking, "Corrie who?" or "Corrie what?" for she has no idea who she is or who Mrs. Pinchin is, or who any of the people are that frequent Mrs. Pinchin's "Sunday evening social function." Her recollections of a big brick house, a garden, a boy peeping through a broken fence, fill Corrie's mind until she is impelled to find this house, and, if possible, learn who and what she is. At this point the plot begins to develop, and a young architect, falling in love with Corrie, takes a hand in unravelling the mystery.

The book is full of intense human action and cannot fail to touch a chord of sympathy for its fine, appealing qualities, while the plot and romance so compelling and full of interest the reader finds himself racing through it, quite as much interested as the girl, to those who are shocked by the extremist in sensibility, and Dr. Hutchinson's extremes never carried him over the borderland of common sense. Doda Mead & Co. Price \$1.20.

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trations by George Brehm, and has a striking and unusually handsome and original cover design. Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$1.50.

"The Man Who Ended War" by Hollis Godfrey.—As one reads this most thrilling story he is almost forced to believe Jules Verne has again returned to earth, for no story, since the time of that novelist-scientist, has appeared which carries such improbabilities and yet contains such possibilities in the unknown world of science. It is a wild tale of a man who alone and single handed undertakes to destroy the navies of the world, and succeeds to a certain extent.

Two good, wholesome, well educated American men, and an up to date American girl, start out to solve the mystery and find the man who would end war. The scenes shift from New York to London and from one place to another, with an ever and ever increasing interest. Much of it assumes the character of a detective story, and yet it is far removed from this rather questionable class of literature. It is a story full of wholesome and exciting interest and one of unusual strength and stability.

It would be a very superficial reader, indeed, who would not detect under the attractive title and pretty romance a deeper purpose than mere narrative for entertainment or who would not recognize in the author a writer of more intense conviction than the ordinary novelist. It was, therefore, no surprise to learn that Mr. Godfrey was a careful follower of the operations of the press for several years has made a collection of war clippings. It is said the mass of material he has collected is appalling, and that he reasons how hard it is for peaceful folk to appreciate that hardly a month goes by without some war cloud threatening the world. This we are told was one of the reasons which led him to deviate from his usual line of work—the scientific article—to write a novel dealing with war.

The book is well illustrated by Charles Grunwald. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.

"Wulnoth, the Wanderer" by H. Escoffier.—A strong dramatic story of the northland, in the Viking days before Thor was supplanted by the "White Christ," and when "fair words were few and hard glances were many." Wulnoth, of royal lineage but wearing the thralls collar, is caretaker to the little Princess Edgiva. These two, with the brother of the princess, form as interesting a group and as pretty a picture of child life as the imagination could well conceive.

When later they prophesies for the kingdom come true, when trouble overtakes them and the fierce Dane conquers the land, Wulnoth becomes the defender and was ever of the prince and princess. It is one of those legendary stories full of poetic fancy, growing did Gwyn the Gleeman sing by command of Edward the king, the son of Alfred, that the name and the deeds of Wulnoth might not perish, but be remembered by all men.

Like the many works of this character from the same press, the book itself is a thing of beauty, with its rich colored frontispiece, substantial binding and attractive illuminations. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.50.

"Santa Claus and All About Him" by Boyd Smith.—One would never imagine



A. Conan Doyle.

there was anything original left to say about Santa Claus, but they find the mistake after looking through this new history and record of events in the life of that fascinating gentleman from the north that comes out of his ice palace once a year to make glad the hearts of the children of every land.

It has become quite the fad with present day reformers? to decry the popularity of this ancient legend, giving as their basis of objection that it teaches what is untrue to children and something they will have to unlearn later in life.

And what if it does? It does not involve any principle of morality, religion or civic righteousness. It merely excites their poetic imagination, and gives them a few years of unalloyed pleasure with which to anticipate the great Christmas holiday, and helps them to associate love and kindness with

the holiday they are all too prone to forget when the cares and trials of later life are upon them. No, let us give the little ones all the joy of Christmas time, even if we have to draw upon an utterly foundationless legend—but withal a beautiful—and the longer the delusion the better for the child.

In giving the children this pleasure there has not come this year a greater contribution to it than Mr. Smith's present story of Santa Claus, with its irresistible pictures—16 full page illustrations in colors and many others in black and white, all of which are an interesting study and never ending source of entertainment for the child of tender years. Frederick A. Stokes Co. J. K. Gill, Portland. Price \$1.00.

"The Way of the Indian" by Alfred B. Gilbert, M. D.—This is a little Christmas book that Portland may well feel proud of, as it is an entirely "Made in Oregon" product. Dr. Gilbert, the author, has lived in Portland for some years, but previous to his coming here resided in Dakota, where he became intimately acquainted with the Indian in his truest and most natural condition. He did not observe him from afar, as most of our authors do upon the Indian, but he studied him at close range, and found the Indian, as well as the Indian, in him. With the sympathetic appreciation and devoid of a sentimentality that belongs to still another class of writers upon the Indian, Dr. Gilbert has made a book fitted for the task he set himself and so well accomplished in this little brochure the story of Santa Claus, with its irresistible pictures—16 full page illustrations in colors and many others in black and white, all of which are an interesting study and never ending source of entertainment for the child of tender years. Frederick A. Stokes Co. J. K. Gill, Portland. Price \$1.00.

In most cordial sympathy with her husband's literary work, Mrs. Carrie Gilbert, the well known artist, has most effectively illustrated the book. Mrs. Gilbert makes a specialty of Indians, and some of her work has found its way into the collections of the most artistic connoisseurs. Each page of the book contains an illustrative sketch from her pen, which so effectively enhances the beauty and value of the work.

The last, but by no means a small attraction is the manner in which the book is printed and gotten up. Scidom is a fine piece of work. Miss Frances Gotschall, the only woman publisher on the coast, is responsible for this part of the book, and taking its tasteful cover with embossed design, the good paper and fine coloring in connection with the valuable literary matter and original drawings, it is in every particular a work of unusual merit. Its moderate price (50 cents) must make it one of the very desirable holiday attractions.

The cornerstone of the \$150,000 Y. M. C. building for Portlanope was recently laid by the donor, William W. Smith. In his remarks the mayor said, "No city is better than its citizens, hence this institution will be useful for the public good." Rev. W. P. Swartz gave a picture of strikingly interesting history. He said 41 years ago a well grown boy came to the city to sell candy, and to the parish house to see the pastor about his soul's salvation. That was the cornerstone laying of the Christian service of Mr. Smith. Forty years ago he was proposed for membership in the association. The minutes of that meeting and only those in the whole book, are written in red ink, truly a red letter day for the association.

The Perkins Hotel Pharmacy — The Squibb Drug Store

WE ARE GIVING AWAY BABIES



Our Christmas Present to Our Customers

With every purchase amounting to \$1 or over, we give you

A Doll Baby Free

The dolls are nicely dressed and very pretty, in fact, such a doll as will generally retail from 35c to 50c each. From now until Christmas you get one free, every time your purchases amount to the value of \$1 or over. A Calendar for 1909 free. Ask for one.

See Our Splendid Common Sense Holiday Line

- Gillette Safety Razors in splendid leather sets, from, each. **\$.55 to \$4.55**
- Post Card Albums, and beauties, too, a fine assortment, each. **.35¢ to \$1**
- Hand-Painted Bon Bon Jars, Cold Cream Jars, Powder Boxes and Hair Receivers, price, each **\$.35 to \$1.10**
- Travelers' Toilet Rollups, in nice complete sets, or just the empty roll, and you fill in the articles wanted. Price, each, **\$.15 to \$4.55**
- Gentlemen's Shaving Outfits, with magnifying mirror, as well as an ordinary one. They make swell presents. Price, each **\$.40 to \$1.10**
- Razors, each, from **\$.15 to \$3**
- Shaving Brushes, ea. **25¢ to \$1.50**
- Shaving mugs, each **50¢ to \$1**
- Razor Strops, each **50¢ to \$2**
- Fancy Talcum Powder Jars, each **75¢ to \$1.50**
- Fancy Cold Cream Jars, each **.75¢**
- Fancy Nail Powder Jars, each **.50¢**
- Fancy Powder Jars, each **\$.15 to \$1.50**
- Fancy Hand Mirrors, each **\$1 to \$5**
- Fancy Stand Mirrors, ea. **\$1 to \$10**
- Fancy Boxes of Stationery, **25¢ to \$1.50**
- Fine Hair Brushes, ea. **50¢ to \$10**
- Good Combs, each **25¢ to \$2**

Why Is Fat

Is it because one is born with the tendency? Or is it one of life's trials, or is it due to just plain hearty appetite? The doctors say not any one of these phrases the question correctly. They say fat is because the fat person's digestive organs are defective. Such organs, it seems, don't change in nature, but are eaten by stout persons into heat and energy, as they should. Instead the food fats pass on into the system un-comsumed. Hence fat layers accumulate under the skin in quite spots, such as the chin, abdomen, shoulders, etc.

Let that digestive defect be corrected and the formerly fat person goes back to his or her original shape. You can prove this on yourself. Seventy-five cents will secure from you a single one of the large cases of Marmola Prescription Tablets recently licensed for sale by the Marmola Company of Detroit, Mich. Take one of these tablets after each meal and at bedtime, and the demonstration starts right there. Very soon you will experience a new sense of digestive comfort and a delightful feeling of increased energy which should be followed in due season by a gradual, uniform decrease of your fat.

During the demonstration period you eat and drink as formerly, remember. The tablets need no help from either dieting or exercising, nevertheless the daily loss should approximate ten to sixteen ounces a day.

Now, WHY is it you get thin? Why is it the fat just seems to slip away, leaving your flesh smooth, firm and wrinkleless? Simply because Marmola corrects that digestive defect, thereby stopping further fat accumulation and enabling the body forces to harmoniously dissolve what has already gathered.

A man is known by the candy he gives. Buy **LOWNEY'S**. There's quality right down to the last piece, and Oh! so much class to the package.

No Christmas Candies Like

Lowney's

50c to \$4 Package

All Our New Line of Ladies' Handbags and Purses

To be closed out at actual cost. We need the room for other lines, and you get the benefit. Beautiful goods at almost half the regular price.

A Splendid Line of Nez Perce Indian Curios

No such line of Cigars in Portland. All the fine brands.

Cigars by the Box — \$1 to \$10 Per Box

Swell Imported and American Perfumes and Atomizers. No such fine line can be found elsewhere; bottles **25¢ to \$5.00**

The Perkins Hotel Pharmacy

The Squibb Drug Store

Perkins Hotel Building Free Delivery

All Our New Line of Ladies' Handbags and Purses

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Perkins Hotel Building Free Delivery

Our Christmas line of Umbrellas is certainly swell. And they're cheap too. We bought them that way.

Prices \$1 to \$15 Each

Our Specialty

A first-class \$1.50 Umbrella for

\$1.10

No such value anywhere