

NEW BOOKS.

Brief Reviews of Important and Interesting New Publications.

Mr. Theodore Burt Sayre, who has written "Two Summer Girls and I" (Godfrey & Wagners, publisher), is persistently a humorist. His opening sentence declares, "I am incorrigible," and so he is. This is a love story, and it transacts itself in jokes. "Quips and sentences and paper bullets of the brain" are conspicuously in it, and amount to a downpour. The reader will find it hardly possible to help adding himself to the volatile and cheerful spirit. There is, indeed, no reason why affairs with summer girls should be treated seriously. Two in a hammock cannot be regarded as a tragedy, at least in America, which has been essentially moulded by the comic publications. Even if one catches a summer girl, and marries her, the earth does not shake and the sun does not veil itself. Long before the summer girl was called in that way, so considerable a romance as Shakespeare conducted love affairs in a frolicsome spirit. Benedick, like our present author, was incorrigible, and Beatrice had fun in her, though she did on occasion stormily proclaim her willingness, in certain circumstances, to eat the heart of somebody in the market place. The frontispiece illustration here, showing the two summer girls about being pulled into the surf by a youth who has evidently rowed in a boat, and whose hair is parted with a most indicative of strong self-assertion and great personal boldness, is realistically modern and interesting. There is no reason, why one summer girl is being pulled in, why the other should not fly; but the other does not do anything of the sort. She waits with a tragic air to be pulled in her turn, and all we can make of it, as the author himself would be quick to say, is that she does not wish to be out of the swim. Of course life is really a disturbing problem. The ultimate and many of the incidental facts of it are sufficiently serious, as Mr. George Moore and Mr. Hal Gaine have pointed out. Many feel as though there were no need of special instruction upon the point, and as though summer girls and the conversations that occur in hammocks were welcome. Here is a bit from the opening conversation in the hammock of this story. Dora speaks:

ured a magnifying glass through which he viewed the proceedings with interest. "End of first round," announced the professor. "Augustus Cesar is groggy. If he gets another such shove in the solar plexus his name will be Doria. Time! The big ant is Alexander the Great, Miss Polly. Observe his low guard. He evidently wishes Augustus Cesar to swing for the jaw!" "Gus is too heavy for that," said Reggie, assuming charge of that doughty warrior's corner. "Punch him in the slats, Altek," advised the professor. There was a rapid exchange and a clinch, then Alexander the Great was thrown heavily, and the professor, consulting his watch, declared the second round to be over. "I bet a bottle of sarsaparilla against a box of cigarettes with Willie that Augustus would administer the quietus to the gentlemen whose will desire for something else in coonage was now being indulged to the fullest extent, and the third round began. "Do you know what I think you are?" whispered Polly, as A. Cesar, Reggie, forced the fighting. "Yes," said I, "a—"

essor, coaching his gladiator, "and follow it up with a punch in the stomach." "Finally the professor was a lady's man. "That is good advice," I remarked; "I think I'll take it." Polly called time on the fourth round. This was short and decisive. Augustus Cesar secured a half Nelson and wiped up the ring with Alexander the Great, who took nine seconds before resuming, while Reggie, with a lead pencil, prevented the Emperor from fouling his antagonist, meanwhile emitting a series of fustian "Babs" swarming up with the name of his alma mater in large type. Much to the surprise of every one and the vociferous exultation of Prof. Cooper, Sandy the Immense came up from his seat, strong as a bull, and meeting Augustus Cesar with a half-arm jab, seized him around the neck and made a desperate effort to put his head off. The representative of ancient civilization managed to wriggle free and secured a knockout with a right-handed swing. Polly began to count. At five Willie determined to take no chances, and rolling up a magazine that lay beside him, blew through it vigorously, waiting both illustrious foesmen far apart in the grass, where they were immediately lost to view. "Then as Willie fled wildly along the road with Reggie in full chase, the professor sprang up to join in the pursuit, caught his foot and fell flat, while the text collapsed upon Polly, him and me. Polly says something I kissed her. If it was the professor he should have been ashamed of himself! As we have said, Dora married the professor, and we may add that the clever youth who ran Dora such a race at repartee in the hammock married Polly. Everybody was perfectly suited, and, consequently, satisfied. So will the reader be satisfied if it is his good fortune to bring to the occasion the free and buoyant spirit that is invited and addressed. Mr. Clark Russell has done so much to help readers to an understanding of what happens when a ship makes its way through the sea, that it is not necessary for the nautical writer nowadays to enter into detail. Anybody knows very well that as a rule the voyage begins with calm, that the brine flashes peacefully but potentially in a green, unbroken glory beneath the open deadlights, and so innocuously astern; that presently conditions changed, and that there was spume and another and byring drift and senselessness, to say nothing of an apprehension quite warranted in the circumstances. In "Navy Blue," a Story of Cadet Life in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, by Willis Boyd Allen (E. P. Dutton & Co.), the wealth of instruction that has been communicated by the great sea novelist,

had the inevitable experience with money which people have who go to lunch. It will be remembered that even Mark Twain could not escape his experience. Most of Mr. Allen's anecdotes are novel as well as amusing. His story contains a great deal that is instructive regarding cadet life. His descriptions of a football match, a baseball match, a match at football, and a boat wreck are good. He has a humor which is frequently and very pleasantly effective. Agriculture is undeniably a subject that in one form or another interests us all, for, though we may not live to eat, we assuredly must eat to live, and we should have no mistaken notions about the pursuit which provides for us whatever we do eat. It is therefore thoughtful as well as useful on the part of Prof. L. H. Bailey of Cornell University, in "The Principles of Agriculture: a Textbook for Schools and Rural Societies" (Macmillan), to remove possible misconceptions in unobscured minds with regard to important agricultural facts. No mistake will be made, for instance, about the function of education in farming after Prof. Bailey's explanation: "The purpose of education is often misunderstood by both teachers and farmers. Its purpose is to improve the farmer, not the farm. If the person is aroused, the farm is likely to be awakened. The happy farmer is a successful farmer than the rich one. If the educated farmer raises no more wheat or cotton than the uneducated neighbor, his education is nevertheless worth the cost, for his mind is open to a thousand influences of which the other knows nothing. One's happiness depends less on an introduction to the rich mass of literature created and distributed by the Department of Agriculture. "The greatest difficulty in the teaching of agriculture," Prof. Bailey tells us, "is to tell what agriculture is." That difficulty, however, he solves for us at once: "Agriculture, or farming, is the business of raising products from the land. These products are of two classes: crops, or plants and their products; stock, or animals and their products. The former are direct products of the land; the latter are indirect products of the land. Agriculture also

Continued on Eighth Page.

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