

NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Seventh Page. up to Annapolis and back. Arrived Sorrento at 5 P. M. There they drove about the country, had dinner, listened to Neapolitan songs and mandolins, saw the tarantella danced and slept. July 31 left Sorrento by carriage for Castellare and Pompeii. At 8 A. M. Arrived Pompeii 11 A. M. Left Pompeii 2 P. M. Arrived Naples by carriage 3:30 P. M. Two days in Rome, three days in Switzerland, three in Paris, three in London. At Venice Mr. Higginbotham weakened; he put in all of two days and three nights there. He rushed through so fast that he retained the impression that Italian trains may be on time, and in his itinerary he gives the time tables to the minute. At Calais we find an instructive note that Chicago men should heed: "Left Calais via English Channel at 11 P. M. I will have to sleep all the trip, and so did his wife. It has been a glorious success. Its expense was less than we expected. Its repose is indescribable. It is rest, recuperation and rejuvenation, with every association of bustle and business blotted out as completely as if you were on Mars." These lines are really pathetic. What must life in Chicago be, if such a wild scurry through Europe can seem to a Chicagoan "rest" and "indescribable repose!" We hope Mr. Higginbotham will have a little more time on his hands when he takes his next trip abroad. At any rate he has learned that twenty days of Europe are worth a cycle of Chicago.

Jewel's Story Book. Among the popular books of last season Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham's "Jewel" had an important place in spite of its "Christian Science" trend and interpolated sermons. It has gone through many editions and has been translated into many languages. The friends of the little girl for whom the book is named will rejoice in the sequel which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish under the title of "Jewel's Story Book."

The new book is intended for rather a younger class of readers than its antecedent, and tells the story of Jewel's visit to her grandfather, of the reconciliation of the child brought about between the hard-hearted old broker and his estranged children, and of his remarkable conversion, to the true faith, together with a series of little Christian Science tales written for Jewel by her mother. If all little girls could be blessed with a grandfather of the "Mr. Irvingham" type, so amenable to discipline, so active in anticipating their wishes, so rich and generous in this world, would be the "Castle of True Delight" so far as they were concerned. It would seem, however, that a child who has but to wish and receive such play toys as a pony, a sailboat and a trick setter, not to mention "Anna Belle" and all the nesselrode pudding she can eat, hasn't much need of Christian Science to make her happy.

Considered as literature, this book belongs to the purely imaginative type of fiction. Rupert of Hentzau isn't any further from the real thing than Jewel is from the actual child. The book is suggestive of the old-time Sunday school library stories in which all the wax dolls and fishing rods were lavished upon the good little girls and boys who never forgot to say their prayers, with this important difference, that the idea of eternal punishment is now eliminated and the good children no longer die in the last chapter, but are allowed to live on to enjoy their rewards of merit. Such stories would seem to be as harmless and wholesome for children as bananas, but children themselves say it is very discouraging to read them, because nothing happens that way to them no matter how hard they try to be good.

The Little Colonel. "The Little Colonel" has been on a visit to Arizona, and Annie Fellows Johnston, who may be regarded as her most intimate acquaintance, has written a new book about it, which L. C. Page & Co. have published. "The Little Colonel" is a favorite, and whatever she does or wherever she goes the chronicle of her adventures is sure to be entertaining, pure and wholesome in spirit, free from mawkish sentimentality and not too highly seasoned with condiments that are good only for grown ups.

Arizona is usually regarded as rather an arid country, but this "Princess Winona," who never forgets to live up to her title, finds it very fertile in experiences of an unusual and interesting character. One of the things you like best about her is that while she is the real heroine of this and several other books which young people whose taste has not been vitiated by too many literary cocktails enjoy reading, she doesn't always insist on being the central figure in the middle of the ring.

In the new book the author goes on a visit to Joyce Ware, the little friend, who, as everybody knows, met with the remarkable adventures in France at the house with the gate of "The Giant Scissors," but she doesn't arrive at all until the 17th page, and the story is largely occupied with the migration of the Ware family from their old home in Kansas and the establishment of their new domicile in the desert. A great many thrilling things happen after she does arrive—all of which may be read about in the book—but it is a relief that she remembers Hildegarde's promise "not to out the golden warp from out the loom as long as thou thyself shalt say is worthy of a Prince's wearing." "A woman grows!" and she is not yet fourteen, which signifies more stories, it is devoutly to be hoped—for the Little Colonel is a thoroughbred. It would be a pity to have her grow up too fast and marry her off out of the realm of youthful romance.

Cheerful and Amusing. Mr. Charles Pattell Loomis's book of stories, "More Cheerful Americans" (Henry Holt & Co.), has amused us, and we do not consider ourselves so unusual as not to believe that it will amuse others. If we were a professional reader engaged to read a number of charming selections at an afternoon entertainment in somebody's flat, we can conceive that we should think it awkward to have the elevator with us in it stuck fast between floors and to be called upon to recite from that coign of obvious disadvantage so mystic a poem as Poe's "Raven" to a company assembled in view of the exigency, on the hall stairs. Harland, in Mr. Loomis's leading story here, was full of the opinion that the poem could be delivered more happily in other circumstances, but, as he strongly says, there was \$75 coming to him for the job, and the entertainment was in behalf of no less a charity than the Sunshine Day Nursery, and the audience could not wait for him to be liberated because it was almost entirely suburban and had to catch trains.

the money. As for Van Twiller Carhart, who "never put his hand in his pocket to relieve the necessities of the poor," he was contemptible, of course, and there were particular reasons why he should be hated by his washerwoman, but Mr. Loomis has very successfully seen to it that he shall be no occasion for grief to the reader. The same is true of O'Shaughnessy, the walking delegate who endeavored to limit private enterprises in the way of house painting; and of all the eighteen tales in the book we may say that they are good to the reader, and that he will suffer no pain by reason of their "dreadful examples."

A book of humor in good taste and neatly done. We have been pleased by it.

Thackeray as a Worthy Edition. With the last twelve volumes, now before us, the Kenanston edition of the "Complete Works of William Makepeace Thackeray" in 32 volumes, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is now complete in good time for the holiday season, and no finer Christmas present for young or old can be imagined. The mechanical execution is as perfect as modern book makers could make it. The De Vinne Press attended to the typography with unusual care and success, producing a page that is a comfort to the eye and an enticement to read, and the handsome print is shown well on excellent paper. The cloth binding is in perfect taste.

The special merit of the edition is that it contains all of Thackeray's work and nothing that is not Thackeray's. This is particularly true of the illustrations. These are carefully reproductions of Thackeray's own pictures made from selected first editions, those by Richard Doyle, Du Maurier and Frederick Walker were drawn for Thackeray's books during the author's lifetime and with his authority. The additional illustrations are limited to pictures connected with Thackeray and to portraits, and in these last volumes there are no less than eight new representations of the novelist.

Discretion is carried to an extreme in the introductory notes. These are limited to a brief explanation in a couple of pages of the circumstances attending the writing and publication of each book. There has been a thorough gleaning for every bit of Thackeray's printed and drawn work that was worth preserving, and the last volume contains the Brookfield letters. The whole correspondence, and it is not likely to be for years to come, New letters crop out from time to time as the people who knew him decide to let the public share their treasures, and it is possible that some day a supplementary volume of letters may be needed. As matters stand, however, this beautiful edition is a definitive one for the present and for some time to come.

Taken by themselves the last twelve volumes contain the mass of minor work for which most lovers of Thackeray are even more than for the novels, the delightful Christmas books and shorter tales, the poems, the sketches and essays of all sorts from the "Book of Enob" and the "Four Georges" to the "Roundabout Papers" and the "Gleanings from Parnassus." The last volume "added a comprehensive index of all the authors that appear in Thackeray's books." It is a thoroughly satisfactory presentation of an author who can never grow old.

A New Novel by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts.

"The Prisoner of Mademoiselle" (L. C. Page & Co.) is a pleasant little romance of the days when the French ruled in Acadia, in which the usual quartet of lovers are put through their paces by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts. The story varies from the prevailing type of romantic fiction now so much in vogue, in that the old situation is completely reversed. Instead of the brilliant and célestinne French courtier, so daring and fearless in war, so invincible and lucky in love, with which we are familiar in the hero rôle, we have a devil-may-care Englishman making the invasion into the French territory, and incidentally, into the fair province of young Mademoiselle's heart. In place of the discreet heroine who rewards her lover for risking his life for her sake, and in her service with a "red, red rose," or some other inadequate and perfectly uncomplimentary trifle, we have the merry and winsome French girl, all fire and feeling, piquant and ardent. She does most of the falling in love and all the plotting, saves the situation and the hero by her ready wit and cleverness, and keeps the course of the stage all to herself. The hero plays about the same part as the bridegroom at a wedding, and is kept locked up most of the time like the groom in the vestry, until the procession begins and they can't go on without him any longer. He is allowed to use his deadly sword play that never could be made into a scene, even by Hackett. Still he is a very sturdy lover when he gets his in fits and the heroine is a winning and lovable lady when she isn't too busy managing the plot to put on her woman's wits and wiles.

The scene is laid in French Canada, the field of Mr. Roberts' early successes, and the story is based on the famous and long-lost "The Prisoner of Mademoiselle," which is a plot is not unduly weighted with historical details and moves briskly along in the region of pure romance with certain vibrant nature notes that recall "Barbara Ladd," and a swift and happy dénouement. The women do most of the manoeuvring and arrange everything to suit themselves, consequently, as might be expected, they persuade the accommodating old priest to marry one pair of lovers in the "The Prisoner of Mademoiselle" on the shores of an inaccessible and secret forest lake. Women like that sort of thing so much better than just driving up to the Mayor's office comfortably in a cab in broad daylight.

It isn't quite clear whether the second brace of lovers is wedded or not at that midnight ceremony, but one married chaperone is always enough to satisfy the consciences and everybody seems happy.

Lenore Elizabeth Mulets' Nature Books. "Tree Stories," by Lenore Elizabeth Mulets (L. C. Page), is one of a series of nature books known by the general name of "Phyllis's Field Friends," whose purpose is to make little people wise in the lore of forest and field by means of entertaining tales, classical myths reduced to their simplest terms, legends, songs and poems. The volume of "Tree Stories" tells the secret of the pussy willow, the Indian story of maple sugar, why the branches of the poplars turn upward, why the aspen leaves quiver, why the oaks and the lindens grow side by side, all about the larches and the junipers, why the spruce and the pines are always green and a great many other things that children like to know. It begins with the first little furry oakling in the spring, time and goes on through all the year until the Christmas tree blossoms with dolls, and blazes with candles. Phyllis is a very bright eyed and observing little girl who sees what she is looking at better than most grown people know how, because, alas! Nature books were not in vogue when

PUBLICATIONS.

CONCERNING The Ragged Messenger By W. B. MAXWELL. 12mo, net \$1.20 (By mail \$1.35) THE LONDON DAILY NEWS says: "One of the most remarkable novels of the year. The story is original and arresting. . . . Of many novels by authors hitherto almost unknown, few have made so deep an impression as this for sincerity, insight and dramatic handling of situations." THE ATHENÆUM says: "A powerful and dramatic story. It has fire, enthusiasm, and high strung emotionalism. It is a strong story well told. . . . It has all the elements of drama in it and should be popular." LONDON VANITY FAIR says: "The literary event of the year, so far at least as fiction is concerned, has arrived. In the months still to come, it is unlikely that any novel of such quality as marks 'The Ragged Messenger' will make an appearance. This most enthralling and powerful story, the most serious and notable attempt at a novel reaching to the heart of modern life that has been offered to the public for many a day." THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS says: "Mr. Maxwell has earned the right to rank among the foremost writers of the day—a commonplace compliment seldom so well deserved." NEW YORK G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS LONDON Send for Illustrated Fall Catalogue

the grown-ups of to-day had time to play under the trees and listen to their secrets.

Some Masher Books.

Whatever may be the ethics of the dispute between Mr. Thomas B. Mosher of Port-a-d, Me., and the English publishers who call him a pirate, American readers are under obligations to him for providing them, in a beautiful form and most artistically printed, with a selection of his temporary literature of much interest, some of which it might be difficult for them to obtain otherwise, as they are published in limited editions or are out of print. Other more common books have their attraction enhanced by the beautiful dress in which they appear. There may be a few school boys in these, but the purchaser can always select what he wants.

A number of the Mosher publications for the current season have come to us in various shapes, distinguished by fanciful names. First, three volumes of "The Lyric Garland": "Ballads from François Villon," an original compilation of the runeforge by D. G. Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, and John Payne, that offer, as well as it can be done in English translation, the best of the work of the French troubadour; "A Song from Italy," and a poem of which we fear we are getting a surfeit, Oscar Wilde's "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." These are charming books in a paper binding.

Next we have three volumes of the "Old World Series," in the white parchment covers: Mr. H. Belloc's translation of J. Eclair's rendering of "The Romance of Tristan and Isolde"; Mr. Wilfred Swann's Blount's "Love Sonnets of Proteus," both reprints of very limited English editions, and William Blake's "Songs of Innocence." Pretty books in every way.

With the "Brocade Series" we seem to wander from the region of books into the world of caramels. A pretty brocade covered little box contains four brocade covered little papers and sealed, is a tiny book, beautifully printed on vellum with parchment covers. Two contain short stories by Fiona Macleod, "The Four White Swans" and "Ulad of the Dreams," the other two are by Oscar Wilde, "The Happy Prince and Other Tales" and "The Young King; The Star Child." The tiny volumes are exquisite in their make-up, but the accessories point to the set being designed for the boudoir rather than the library.

Finally we have in a handsome small quarto form an important book, Oscar Wilde's "Intentions." In America, at least, there has been no effort to suppress this author's name, as there has been in England, and, saves the situation and the hero by her ready wit and cleverness, and keeps the course of the stage all to herself. The hero plays about the same part as the bridegroom at a wedding, and is kept locked up most of the time like the groom in the vestry, until the procession begins and they can't go on without him any longer. He is allowed to use his deadly sword play that never could be made into a scene, even by Hackett. Still he is a very sturdy lover when he gets his in fits and the heroine is a winning and lovable lady when she isn't too busy managing the plot to put on her woman's wits and wiles.

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should dilute his much adorned mendacities with an elaboration of the story of the Sleeping Beauty, for his lies are ingenious and unblushing enough to stand by themselves. It is not humor of the high class, but it is put lightly and gibbly enough to make entertaining reading.

In "Business" (J. B. Lippincott Company) Mr. L. de V. Matthewman shows that he understands what an epigram is. Many of the sayings he has printed have point as well as the epigrammatic form. Why they should be adorned with pictures of animals we fall to see. Mr. T. Fleming's illustrations seem better suited to Zeno's Fables.

There probably is a public which calls for "Gibberishisms" by Lord Gilbooley, who is Mr. Frederick H. Seymour (Frederick A. Stokes Company). Smartness is more evident than brightness and vulgarity is not absent. Here is a specimen: "The colic that raises a ruction in the interior of a Duke has many points of resemblance to the cramp of a newboy who has been trifling with green apples."

A Batch of Novels.

There is a freshness and a delight in the telling of the story in Mr. John Williams Streeter's "Doctor Tom" (Macmillan), which will help the reader over many improbabilities and keep him interested to the very end. The tale is a romance of the reform of a Tennessee or Kentucky feud country through the one good man's efforts, and the vendetta and the parties to it and their life are all painted in rosy tints. It may be a sense of moral justice, demanding an eye for an eye, that requires the tragedy at the end, or it may be the desire for an unexpected termination. The many characters introduced are lively and entertaining, and no more improbable, perhaps, than romance demands.

Again we have a journalist, as the hero of a tale in "Guthrie of the Times" by Joseph A. Altsheler (Doubleday, Page & Co.). The author has written some pretty love stories before this. Here we have a pure romance in which the adventures are of the legislative lobby and the political meeting, and as far removed from newspaper facts as may be. We are led into a mountain feud in one part and into a melodramatic exposure of capitalistic fraud, where business men, newspaper managers and legislators are made to act like lunatics in order to make the hero triumph. There are love affairs, of course, with young women who dabble in politics, and who are the most wooden that Mr. Altsheler has drawn yet. Still, there is plenty of action in the story, which is readable enough, though absurdly mistaken as to what newspaper life is.

A curious picture of religious mania and forms of insanity that are left at large more in England, perhaps, than in the United States, is presented in Mr. W. B. Maxwell's "The Ragged Messenger" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The book is well written, with much power which at times becomes brutal. We fear that occasionally the author is disposed to sacrifice truth to effectiveness. Some of his people are well drawn, others are mere stock puppets. His disordered enthusiast is a composite of various eccentricities in religion and social improvement that have been seen in London of late years; the society doctor, in a way the counter foil, is interesting, but a trifle too materialistic, perhaps, and is not wholly novel. Perhaps "strength" would have been sacrificed if the "wholly bad" wife and the fallen woman had been left out, but the suggestion of "The Mad Messiah" that runs throughout the story seems to be in very bad taste. The moral of the book, if there is one, the reader must find out for himself; we cannot believe that it is intended for a satire on slum work.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts seems to be striving to take Mr. Blackmore's place as a chronicler of life in the west of England. In "The Farm of the Laager" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), though the love tale turns out satisfactorily, we have a tragedy of Dartmoor, with much

Continued on Ninth Page.

PUBLICATIONS.

Just when "Memoirs" are being most read, we are fortunate in having the most entertaining book of reminiscences in years: A Belle of the Fifties Memoirs of Mrs. Clay of Alabama, put into narrative form by Ada Sterling. The New York Sun says of it: "Not even a Southern cookery book could be more richly delicious. In short, for an American Mrs. Trollope and a jolly rebel Mrs. Stowe, we take off our hat to 'A Belle of the Fifties.'" Second printing; illustrated; Net. \$2.75 (Postage 28 cents.) COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA DOUBLEDAY PAGE & CO. 135 EAST 17th STREET, NEW YORK THE WORLD'S WORK

PUBLICATIONS.

Read a TIMELY BOOK Cuentos Ticos (SHORT STORIES OF COSTA RICA) BY RICARDO FERNANDEZ GUARDIA. Translated from Spanish by Gray Casement, with an introduction of unusual interest, telling more of the place and people than can readily be found elsewhere. The tales abound in human interest, which is intensified by many illustrations taken from real life. 12mo. \$2.00 From your bookseller or THE BURROWS BROTHERS COMPANY, CLEVELAND, Ohio. MENTAL MEDICINE, In the opinion of wise judges of literary excellence is furnished monthly by THE POPYRUS, A MAGAZINE OF INDIVIDUALITY. FULL OF HEARTY, FREE OF FAKE AND PROSE. YOU MUST SUBSCRIBE FOR IT. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. (It is NOT to be had from newsdealers and department stores.) SEND TEN CENTS FOR SAMPLE COPY. Address MICHAEL MONAHAN, Somerville, N. J.

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description of nature and study of rustic character. It is always a pleasure to read Mr. Phillpotts's English, and his story holds the attention close.

From Mr. Allan Melvor's "The Overlord" (William Ritchie, New York) we infer that the author is displeas'd with conditions in Canada. He describes the inhabitants of that land as "peons" who live and die in the British Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. We are inclined to think that his object would have been carried out more effectively if he had been more moderate in his abuse. His Governor General and Colonial Secretary have no place off the Bowersy stage, while his picture of British brutality and cowardice in war is as hard to swallow, even by persons of the greatest willingness, as the marvelous omnipotence of his hero. The deletion of military operations would add greatly to the attraction of the tale; they seem to be compounded of the amateur strategy about the war in the East with recollections of Julia Verne. The conduct of the President of the United States in this tale not only violates all principles of public law, but should subject him to impeachment. The story suffers from being a sequel to another tale that the reader is supposed to have read. As we understand it, the outcome of these remarkable doings is that Canada joins the United States. We imagine that result may be achieved some day with less expenditure of life and force than Mr. Melvor employs in his story. The author's Canadian bias is a strange manifestation of detestation of the mother country.

Though "The Quincunx Case" by Mr. William Dent Pitman (Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston), professes to be a detective story, the sleuth part of the tale is by far the least well done. There are some love scenes that are pretty, there are some rather thrilling adventures, which the hero's foolish self-sufficiency brings upon him, but the steps in the unravelling of the mystery are left to the reader's imagination.

Continued on Ninth Page.

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PUBLICATIONS.

FATA MORGANA A Novel of Student Art Life in Paris BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE Great curiosity and interest will be excited by the announcement of this novel by the accomplished Parisian painter and illustrator, André Castaigne, widely known in America and Europe. Mr. Castaigne is thoroughly familiar with life in Paris, and in "Fata Morgana" he has written a highly romantic and picturesque story, dealing with the Parisian private and class atelier, the boulevard, the student restaurant, and the circus. The scene of the closing chapters is one of the little countries bordering on the Adriatic. Richly Illustrated by the Author 486 pages; handsome binding, \$1.50. THE CENTURY CO.

BACCARAT A NOVEL By FRANK DANBY Author of Pigs in Clover THE BURROWS BROTHERS COMPANY, CLEVELAND, Ohio. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. SEND TEN CENTS FOR SAMPLE COPY. Address MICHAEL MONAHAN, Somerville, N. J.

To You Yourself

It is possible to bring three or four hours of pure enjoyment, no matter what your troubles are. This enjoyment is in a Closed Book, but you can open it. "THE CLOSED BOOK" is the latest and best romance by the Chevalier William Le Queux. A modern Englishman finds an old manuscript written four hundred years ago by a follower of Lucrezia Borgia, in which is revealed the hiding place of the lost jewels and famous poison of the Borgias. Others learn the secret, and the quest for the treasure becomes a thrilling contest of adventure, romance, mystery, sudden death and love. It is gracefully, beautifully and strongly told. \$1.50.

A Romance of Servia

The romantic story behind the real facts concerning the ill-fated Queen Draga of Servia and the late royal tragedy. Though just published, "The Bindweed," by Nellie K. Blissett, has already taken its place in the front rank of the season's fiction. The book is the enthralling story of a young girl of the people who rose to be Queen of her country. The human interest is intense, the facts disclosed are startling, and the whole is masterfully and beautifully presented. \$1.50.

One Plus One Is One

A very bright and charming story plus a vivid and sparkling description of the metropolis is "THE REAL NEW YORK" by Rupert Hughes. You will read it three times—once for the facts and once again for sheer enjoyment of its cleverness and humor. For New Yorkers; for those who visit New York; for those who can never see New York. From the Battery to Harlem no phase of the city's inner life is left untouched—good and bad, fashionable and Bohemian. And a very pretty love-story. The one hundred illustrations (24 full page), by Hy. Mayer, double the value of the book. Net \$1.50 Postpaid.

"NO one but a genius in criminality would have risked such a dramatic move as the personation of—." But this is only one of the many startling incidents in that Detective Masterpiece: ... The... Albert Gate Mystery By LOUIS TRACY. Author of "THE STOW/MARKET MYSTERY," ETC., ETC., ETC. 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated, \$1.50 R. F. FENNO & COMPANY, 11 East 16th, N. Y.