

U. S. MARINES READY TO FIRE.

NICARAGUAN OFFICER OPPOSED THEIR LANDING.

U. S. Consul Prevented Clash—Story Brought by Steamer to Mobile—Peace Envoys at Amapala Said to Have Submitted Agreement to Presidents.

MOBILE, April 19.—News of a collision between an American officer of the United States gunboat Marietta and the commander of a body of Nicaraguan troops was brought here this afternoon on the steamer John Wilson from Ceiba, Honduras, one of the captured ports. The trouble occurred at a small port called Tola.

An officer from the Marietta, so the story goes, landed on the beach with a force of fifteen marines. He was met as soon as he landed by the Nicaraguan officer and his men, who refused to let him go any further. The Nicaraguan, who was half-breed, drew his revolver, and his men were ordered to be ready to fire. The American officer drew his pistol, too, and gave his men the order to march. At this time, the American Consul arrived and stepped in between the two forces and begged them to lower their arms. He explained the situation to the Nicaraguan and the American marines were landed.

When the Wilson left Ceiba, the people at that port had not heard that the war was over and were frightened badly, many thinking that the Nicaraguans were going to kill all the Americans they left in the place. When the Wilson left Ceiba two Red Cross vessels (schooners) of the Nicaraguan navy, one of their war vessels, a converted tugboat and the American gunboat Paducah were in that port.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—The envoys of Nicaragua and Salvador, who are in session at Amapala to arrange terms of peace between these two countries and for a settlement of the difficulties arising out of the Honduras revolution, have reached a tentative agreement upon the principal matters which have been in dispute. They have communicated to their respective governments the terms of the agreement, awaiting the approval of President Zelaya of Nicaragua and President Figueroa of Salvador before formally signing the articles.

This is the information which Minister Corea of Nicaragua has received from his government and communicated this morning to the State Department. It is expected that the endorsement of what has been done by the envoys will be speedily given.

Minister Corea also told the State Department that his advice was to the effect that Nicaragua was rapidly withdrawing all her troops from Honduran territory, leaving the provisions of the agreement to be ratified by the revolutionists and sanctioned by President Zelaya in full charge. One of the terms of the peace agreement between Nicaragua and Salvador is that Salvador shall recognize the new Government of Honduras.

LEAPED TO DEATH FROM WINDOW

Slater of Famous Christian Scientist Community Suicide in Boston.

BOSTON, April 19.—Miss Mary K. Tomlinson, sister of the Rev. Irving C. Tomlinson, first reader of the Christian Science Church of Concord, N. H., threw herself from a window of her rooms on the fourth floor of the Parker House about 4 o'clock this morning and died two hours later.

Mr. Tomlinson is one of the defendants in the suit brought by relatives of Mrs. Mary B. G. Edgerly. The dead woman was about 35 years old and was an active worker in the Concord church. For several days she had been acting queerly.

Miss Tomlinson left her home in Concord early yesterday morning and came to Boston. On the train the railroad men noticed that she was acting peculiarly. She arrived in Boston at about 10 o'clock and at noon appeared at the home of Mrs. Ida Berkman on the third floor of 35 Barton street.

When Mrs. Berkman asked what she wanted she said that she was ill and asked for a drink of water. She acted so strangely that Mrs. Berkman was alarmed when Miss Tomlinson said she was possessed by evil spirits, and telephoned to the police, who called the ambulance of the Relief Hospital. At the hospital Miss Tomlinson became semi-conscious and later acted as though she were deaf and dumb. Then, pressed to reveal her identity, she took pencil and paper and wrote that her name was Tomlinson.

Later she appeared to grow much better, and a woman, who did not give her name, but who said she was a friend of Miss Tomlinson, took her away in a carriage to the Parker House.

There the sick woman was made as comfortable as possible and a trained nurse was summoned to attend her. This morning about 4 o'clock the nurse found the room for a moment empty. Tomlinson appeared to be resting quietly. When the nurse reentered the room the patient was not to be seen, but through a window overlooking School street alarmed her and she hastened downstairs to the office.

Miss Tomlinson was found lying directly under the open window of her room. Dr. A. K. Paine, house physician, was summoned and did not think possible for the injured woman, but she died in about two hours.

SUES AUTO OWNERS DAUGHTER.

Chauffeur's Wife Alleges Alienation of Husband's Affections.

BOSTON, April 19.—Mrs. Grace Jacobs of Revere, wife of Volney J. Jacobs, formerly a chauffeur and now an automobile dealer, has brought suit for \$25,000 damages against Miss Florence Howland for alleged alienation of her husband's affections.

Miss Howland is the adopted daughter of J. Frank Howland of Commonwealth avenue and her name was originally Delano, her birthplace being Plymouth.

Mr. Howland was formerly private secretary for the late Henry L. Pierce and was a large beneficiary under the latter's will. The adopted daughter has for years moved in high social circles.

Jacobs in 1904 was chauffeur for Mr. Howland and when the family went to a stock farm at South Paris, Me., they journeyed with their auto and chauffeur.

NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Ninth Page.

as we have said, to achieve another direction.

Mr. Corbin's story is full of the color of the place and the day. Men nurtured and made ready at Harvard are here doing business in New York. They do it in Napoleonic fashion. They effect revolutions in South America and they go up King Leopold's Congo with full hands in order to corner rubber. With the world's rubber cornered, who shall make the price for tires for automobiles? Then, too, the Minot gear patent. With this patent and all the rubber, who shall gather in the comprehensive profits of the devil wagon industry? Whose pockets shall be made henceforth on the scale of the Rockefeller pockets and the United States Treasury? The tale has no end of lively and ingenious incidents to set off these large questions. It makes interesting reading. We must consider that the word "bravest" (page 208) was the offspring of a thoughtless moment.

Charles Francis Adams. It would be unlike an Adams of the fourth generation to be other than pugnaciously critical and bright. Of late years the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, the most distinguished of the brothers, has shown an increasing inclination to attack with extreme frankness what he regards as the misdeeds of the general public. There is little that is academic, therefore, except the admirable English and the scholarship in "Three Phi Beta Kappa Addresses" (Houghton, Mifflin and Company).

The first of these is an old friend, "A College Felich," delivered twenty-four years ago, to which, as much as any single influence in the elimination of the classics from a liberal education and the resultant confusion in the meaning of college degrees. The last, delivered last year, "Some Modern College Tendencies," with the supplementary notes, is in part a laudation of the days that are no more, but chiefly an arraignment, just and timely enough though it is presented in a somewhat system as it is at present mismanaged. Three other short articles deal with Harvard matters.

The second address is of broader interest and is delightful. With the text, "Shall Cromwell Have a Statue?" Mr. Adams delivers a brilliant eulogy of Robert Edward Lee and recommitment of the history of the civil war in the form in which future ages will regard it, according to his forecast. All that he says of Lee will be readily admitted, even by those who are not yet ready to see his statue set up as that of a national hero, but Mr. Adams' impatience of opposing views adds vivacity to his speech.

All three addresses are important and interesting. Whether the reader agrees with him or not, there can be no doubt as to what Mr. Adams' views are.

Albany.

There is a flavor of olden times about the handsomely printed volume of "Albany Chronicles," edited by Charles F. Johnson, B. Lyon Company, Albany. He has recorded the events that happened in his beloved town, year by year and day by day, in the spirit of the old monkish chronicles or of the German burghers who compiled their town histories in the Hanse days. It must have been a labor of great pains and much trouble to compile the history of the capital of the State the chronicler often extends beyond the city, sometimes to matters of national importance.

Some slight faults may be found in Mr. Reynolds' book. The desire for completeness had led to the inclusion of material that seems trivial, though it may have importance to some. The history of the city is full of mythical or controversial history preceding the arrival of Henry Hudson could have been strengthened by the quotation of the authority or reference to it, with little increase of space. The most serious error is an occasional departure from chronological order. For some reason Mr. Reynolds seems to have mixed up the dates of the office of Mayor. He observes the numerical sequence of the several incumbents, grouping the events of different terms, even when there are intervals between the tenures of office, under the first term. The Romanesque there are, but they do not mix up the names of the several incumbents. The Romanesque there are, but they do not mix up the names of the several incumbents.

Mr. Reynolds' careful work will be found very useful far beyond the limits of Albany. We hope it may spur some one on to the heroic task of compiling the annals of New York city, with a record of every citizen, every famous citizen, every important citizen, such as this book contains.

Travel and Art.

Only confirmed travellers among Americans take time to visit the beautiful lakes of northern Italy. The crowds that rush down from the Alps to the cities beyond with their art treasures, do get a glimpse from the train window of Lugano and Maggiora and Como and Garda, and some of the less hurried, who take the cars, get a glimpse of the lakes. But the number is small that can afford a summer or a month spent in an ideal pleasure land to which Italians and Germans and some English turn for rest and recreation. We are glad to see a book of description given up entirely to "The Italian Lakes," by J. W. M. Crockett, published by L. C. Page and Company. The author dwells a little too much, it may be, on historical and literary associations; he makes the most of what little art there is around the lakes, for no part of Italy is without art, but he points out too all the beauties of nature that the lakes present, and in these his style is elastic enough to include the watercolor art of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance. The authors begin with the catacombs and then lead the reader to the Lateran museums and through the Vatican collections. They next take up the churches on each hill and those outside the walls, winding up to the picture galleries. An additional chapter describes Subiaco. The work is done intelligently and the method is helpful; it should guide the reader through all that Rome has to show, except the classical antiquities. The form of the book is particularly convenient for the pocket.

Another edition of S. Reinach's remarkable little handbook "The Story of Art Through the Ages" is published by Charles Scribner's Sons under the title "Apollo." The change of name seems to be a mistake, as the earlier title was at least descriptive. It is a sort of illustrated "Who's Who" of art, too short to serve for any-

thing but quick reference, and derives its chief merit from the number of pictures which, though almost exclusively illustrations, are extraordinarily clear and are thus recognizable. The new edition has been revised and some change has been made in the illustrations. Those for the art of the nineteenth century still show a curious disproportion in value, which may be due to individual taste. Mr. John S. Sargent, if we are not mistaken, is the only living painter represented.

Educational.

For some reasons the compilation of textbooks by experts in the field who may control their introduction into the schools is to be regretted. Not the least of the objections is the unavoidable adaptation of scientific matter to rather arbitrary requirements of examining boards. To this may be due, perhaps, the retention of much grammatical and antiquated material in the "Scribner's Grammar" (Scribner's). When the younger college professors of English have done so much to simplify and make intelligible grammar and composition it seems a pity that those who instruct children should insist on needless technical terms, or definitions that do not always define.

With a language that admits such ingenious and elaborate composite words as German does the use of a "scientific" reader is obvious. The skill acquired in disentangling the technical terms of one art may be employed in unravelling those of another. The "Scientific Reader" (Scribner's) is a good example of this. It is a different; the language of science is far simpler than that of literature and the difficulties are those pertaining to the subject matter. If there are students of general science they will find that the selections in "A Scientific Reader," by Francis Harold Pike (Silver, Burdett and Ginn), will be of great value. The book is a collection of various vocabularies. Astronomy, photography, hygiene, mechanics, pure mathematics, electricity, many phases of engineering, architecture, natural history, all contribute their extracts. The pieces chosen are generally interesting and the editor's work has been well done. The sacrifice to utility, which the compilation of the book implies, is necessary to-day.

A medical text book whose importance has been recognized for fifteen years past, Dr. Christian A. Herter's "Diagnosis of Organic Nervous Diseases," is issued in a new edition, revised and enlarged by Dr. L. Pierce (Putnam). The book is a masterpiece of the additions to scientific knowledge since the book first appeared have been utilized, seven chapters have been reworked or rewritten, but the plan and method of the book remain unchanged. It is written with admirable conciseness and clearness. The absence in the text of various terms that have become popular of late is noticeable. This, however, is a scientific work.

In "A Bird's Eye View of American History" (Charles Scribner's Sons) Mr. Leon C. Price undertakes in 350 small pages of large print to tell the whole story from the discovery to the passage of the railroad act. His process of condensation is more rational for the earlier period than in more modern times. We imagine his book will be found more interesting by readers well acquainted with American history, who will be able to fill in the gaps and expand the meaning of condensed statements, than by persons to whom the story is new.

Other Books.

Seldom has so much sense about a controversial matter been compressed into a small book as in Prof. Frederick Starr's "The Truth About the Congo" (Forbes and Company, Chicago). The author took plenty of time to examine the statistics of things for himself. He does not mince matters in his descriptions. He distinguishes clearly between several things that must be borne in mind by any one who wishes to form a sane judgment in the matter: the natural conditions of the native and the interference of the white man; the natural conditions in the best of the Congo, and the cruel and otherwise, attributed to the Congo State officials. It is no defence of wrongdoing by the Belgians, but it treats them fairly and carries far more weight than the pamphlets inspired by Liverpool to encourage another British grab in Africa.

Many Americans who can prove their descent from ancestors in the old country are honestly entitled to coats of arms. These will be found in "Matthews' American Armory and Blue Book" edited by John Matthews (The Gorham Company, New York), now published in a third edition. It is a book not only of the arms, but a short account of the individual to whom they belong, his family, clubs and so forth. The second part of "armorial address" gives the arms of many early settlers. It seems a pity that when so much pains was taken with the engraving of the proper heraldic colors were not indicated; the conventional marks could have been put in easily.

Again Mr. Frederick A. Ober tackles the Spanish discoverers. In "Ferdinand Magellan" (Harpers), he has a comparatively easy task. He might have saved himself trouble and added interest to it if he had stuck to the facts of his narrative. As it is having practically only one great exploit to recount, his annoying trick of narrating hypothetical events plays comparatively little part in his book. It is interesting to note that Guam was the first land discovered by Magellan after crossing the Pacific, and that the content with the distinction that the Charleston surprised her some centuries later.

Various interesting episodes are narrated by many hands in "Strange Stories of the Revolution" (Harpers). Some, and they are the best, stick simply to the facts; the others introduce the element of fiction under the mistaken impression that it makes the true facts more interesting.

Secretary Root's speech before the Pennsylvania Society last December is printed in pamphlet form by Brentano's with the title "How to Preserve the Local Self-Government of the States."

An authoritative statement of the Catholic side will be found in Abbot Gasquet's "The Question of Anglican Orders" (The Aquinas Press, Notre Dame, Ind.). It was one of the questions that put an end to the Anglican movement to rejoin the Church of Rome a few years ago, and Abbot Gasquet's article was one of the most important contributions to the discussion.

A series of sermons by the Rev. Dr. George Hodges, dean of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, covering half the ecclesiastical year and delivered before the students of the Leland Stanford Junior University, is published under the title "The Year of Grace," by Thomas Whittaker.

The Doings of a Man of Muscle.

The charming thing about Arthur Patterson's new story, "John Glynn," is that you know exactly how it will end before you have read half a dozen pages. When John Glynn comes back from his travels with his pocket full of gold, his muscles hardened by training with a prizefighter, and goes down into the London slums to protect the girl his best friend loves, you know it is all up with the friend so far as that girl is concerned. Things happen with

the rapidity one enjoys in a performance as the circus. The first day out John overheard a conversation through an open window, just as they do on the stage, which gives him the key to the situation in a bad London slum called "The Nile."

The rest is easy and works out just as you expect. Any one interested in prize-fighting and sordid details of crime and misery picturesquely depicted by the imagination of the fiction writer may follow John's heroic progress, which begins by knocking a burglar down the first day out and converting him later into a champion of law and order. The book is published by Henry Holt & Company.

The Morning Glories, a Silly Lot.

The most extraordinary thing about "The Morning Glories," by George A. Kyle (L. C. Page & Co.), is that the story found a publisher willing to offer its cheap title and sacrolegally necessary to explain that the organization which gives the book its title is a woman's club. No body of men would be willing to stand for the congenial idiosyncrasy demonstrated by the choice of such a name.

The Morning Glories were organized into a social club for self-improvement—they needed it. The plot of the story turns upon the costume worn by one of the young women taking a man's part in a play proposed by the Glories. Discharged by the committee from the stage, she is taken to school, denounced from the pulpit and driven forth from her boarding place, the girl wins back the respect of the community by nursing the preacher, who had disgraced her, through a bad attack of smallpox and weds his son—a silly, purposeless and tasteless, with neither wit to brighten nor interest to commend it.

The Adventures of Some Theological Students.

The essential quality lacking in Graham Traver's novel "Growth" is compactness. The writer has been prodigal of material, conscientious in writing, but apparently unconscious in editing. The results of the story, but it is so loosely and carelessly put together as to be ineffective and confusing. In a maze of theological discussion as thick as a London fog one wanders about aimlessly, running against all sorts of people, following up a great many roads but never feeling sure which one will lead to the destination intended by the author. There is a university student in Edinburgh who falls from grace through love for a play-acting woman, appropriates funds belonging to his sister to follow his lady-love to a forest in Portugal, where they hold hands for one hour, then he returns to marry the pretty actress in the chapel and she is left to settle down to a sober going nonconformist preacher.

There is another university student, a leader in the discussions of advanced thought, who goes over to the Church of Rome. There is the noble young woman, so common just now in fiction, who is called upon to lead first aid to the injured in the case of emergencies, contrasted with the alluring actress before mentioned. The noble young woman weds a great surgeon with precarious health. The play-acting lady marries a nobleman, as many of her profession have done in the past and all of them hope to do in the future.

A great many other people are introduced into the story apparently for no other reason than to add to the general confusion. The scene shifts from Edinburgh to Florence and Rome with a journey in Spain which is of course the *denier* *crie*. There are endless discussions by the university student and his some sessions of the chapel library. Evidently Graham Traver, whose other name is Margaret Todd, M. D., has acquired her incidents by personal experience. The book is published by Henry Holt and Company.

The New England Schoolman in the South.

J. F. J. Caldwell has named his story of the New England schoolman in the South "The Stranger," but his leading personage is a familiar figure to us. How many times we have followed her fortunes as she leaves her widowed mother's home to go down among the soldiers to suffer bravely, win her way steadily and to be wedded in the last chapter to the best of the South.

The new story is 320 pages long and its author puts the old girl through some lively paces and new tricks. We don't remember that the New England schoolman wept out supplied with a riding habit and the skill to ride through the swamp country and take her fence with the best of them. There are a great many other curious little variants in the long tale, which contains many well known facts concerning the customs and manners of the reconstruction period written from a Southerner's point of view. The details are elaborate and minute, especially in the food.

It is not a book to be recommended to those obliged to live on a diet, with its banquets of waffles, hot biscuits and fried chicken. To readers with abundant leisure and a liking for the obvious, the familiar, the traditional, told in commonplace fashion, "The Stranger" will be a source of delight. It is published by the Neale Publishing Company.

An Old Fashioned Story.

Edwin Barrett Hay's story of "The Vivians" is an old school romance written according to the conventions which governed the novel of a century ago. The plot involves the discovery of a legitimate father for the beautiful heroine and turns upon the skill of a handwriting expert in identifying the letters of a mischievous and jealous stepmother and in demonstrating that the signature to an important will was not genuine. The story would have been a good deal more interesting if the columns of the old *Leader*. It is published by the Neale Publishing Company.

A Story of Washington Life.

There is a certain freshness and sincerity in the opening chapters of Daisy Fitzhugh Ayres's story of "The Conquest" which desecrate even the jaded and wary fiction reader with the promise of something new and original in story writing. The scheme is novel and ingenious and well worked out, but the story trails off into the commonplace and finishes in a frenzied portrayal of the social whirl at the national capital which suggests the society columns of the *Washington Post*.

A big blundering Senator comes out of the West to Washington without the devoted wife, who has helped him win in the election and who refuses to accompany him to his post for fear she would "queer the game" socially. It isn't the usual method. Naturally the husband falls a victim to the first adventures he encounters, lured into the toils by the beguilements of her crippled child. The wife determines to buy from the enchantress the secret of her charm of scented kisses and manicured hands and comes on to Washington under an assumed name to learn the tricks of the trade from correct note paper to blowing smoke rings from her cigarette. She is a nice, plucky, little woman and we admire her devotion to her big, clumsy husband. Her scheme is a clever one and arouses interest, but the situation is not managed skilfully

and the denouement is sordid and vulgar and commonplace. The book is written in a bright and pleasant manner. The dialogue is picturesque, with homely sayings and Western slang. The psychology is in the beginning dramatic and tautly treated. The conclusion is fantastic and feverish and stagey. "The Conquest" is published by the Neale Publishing Company.

Leslie Stephen's Last Lectures.

One delightful peculiarity of French literary criticism, when the critic is a first class man, is the thorough knowledge he seems to have not only of the subject he is discussing but of everything that can possibly relate to it. There is no display of erudition such as the Germans affect, the man seems simply steeped in his author and his time and the information comes unconsciously as a matter of course. A brilliant example is Taine's great essay on Lafontaine's "Fables"; the same quality is shown to a less degree in Ferdinand Brunetiere's "Belzance."

In English the lightness of touch combined with deep learning is rare. It will be found in the volume of lectures on "English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century," by Sir Leslie Stephen, M. P. But another name is Margaret Todd, M. D., who acquired her incidents by personal experience. The book is published by Henry Holt and Company.

Some New Fiction.

The name of Norman Duncan attached to "The Cruise of the Shining Light" (Harpers) will lead the reader to expect adventures of the sea and the northern coast, and he will not be disappointed. The plot is not very intricate and the mystery might have been solved more naturally at the beginning than at the end. When it is explained the reader may feel that the story would have been just as good without it. Its merit consists in the careful elaboration of the homely incidents of daily life on the coast, in the spirited pictures of the sea and in the attractive presentation of various picturesque characters. The love tale is satisfactory and the language is permeated by that tone of piety that seems to stamp all genuine Canadian fiction. The story may be found rather slow to read, but it will repay the reader amply.

Slapdash adventures following in rapid succession, often rather incoherently, give excitement to "The Avengers," by Headon Hill (B. W. Dodge and Company, New York). The conduct of the heroine throughout is decidedly eccentric and the troubles she brings down on herself are not understood. The predicament of the hero is ingenious and should have been made more of. The story, however, is written for the unreflecting, and they will follow the lightning changes with interest.

In his story of a humorous vagabond, "The Scalwags" (B. W. Dodge and Company), Mr. James Ball Naylor awakens literary memories of various sorts. He tells his own tale prettily, however. It is very attractive so long as he keeps to the open country, but when he reaches town his memories of melodrama overcome his idyllic mood. Some of the incidents spoil it for a boy's book, but it will be found interesting. At times it gives promise of being better than that, but the author cannot spare the time.

There are crudities, there are barren spots in "Langford of the Three Bars," by Kate and Regal D. Boyles (A. C. McClurg and Company), but the work is sincere and the story is told attractively. It turns on the not wholly novel theme of the struggle between the cattle ranchers and the rustlers, but the outdoor life is invigorating, the District Attorney's trials are described vividly, there is one real and charming girl, a couple of men who fit in well, and other people who fit in well. We are thankful for the veracity that makes dead shots miss once in a while.

What may be the point of "The Demetrian," by Ellison Harding (Brentano's), we have been unable to make out. At the start it promises to be an idyl of colonial society ages hence. Soon we think that we are led aside to see what the world may be when probational marriage has become a recognized institution. The author, however, soon casts aside

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these novelties to pursue a commonplace intrigue and love affair which belong strictly to the present day. He writes agreeably, but his machinery is clumsily in the way as soon as he gets tired of exercising his imagination and only repeats what is happening all around us.

To the number of books by which the Jewish Publication Society of America in Philadelphia is spreading the knowledge of Jewish life and character, and is popularizing the writings of Jewish authors, is now added a volume containing two stories by Ulrich Frank "Simon Eichelkatz and The Patriarch." Both turn on one of the great tragedies of modern Judaism, the apostasy from the orthodox faith of the younger people, ambitious to make their way in the world.

Though he assures us that all his facts are true, and they have that appearance, Mr. Richard Barry in "The Events Man" (Moffat, Yard and Company) has chosen to put them in the form of a story. This relates the maddening experiences of a newspaper correspondent and the perils undergone in the effort to get news of what was going on and to transmit it home during the siege of Port Arthur. It treats war from a novel point of view, which will be found exciting enough, and is, fortunately, free from the language which the correspondents found necessary to express their feelings when they told their personal stories on their return.

Under the head of fiction, we fear, must be classed "Before Port Arthur in a Destroyer" (E. P. Dutton and Company), though Capt. R. Grant, who translated it from the Spanish and never saw the Japanese original, seems inclined to believe in it. A glance at a navy register would have shown that there was no Japanese torpedo boat named "Owiva" and the name of the commander, Heislo Tikovara, seems a hybrid. Above all, the tone of the narrative is distinctly Western. The book has an interest, however, as a description of life on a destroyer by some one who knows what it is and as an account, which must be taken with due caution, of the naval operations before Port Arthur.

Books Received.

- "The Conquest of Brazil." P. Kropotkin. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
"Signs and Portents in the Far East." Everett Coles. (Methuen and Company.) G. P. Putnam's Sons.
"Railway Problems." Edited by William Z. Ripley. Ph. D. (Ginn and Company, Boston.)
"The Incarnation and Recent Criticism." R. J. Cooke, Ph. D. (Eaton and Mains, New York.)
"Beligion and Experience." J. J. Friesley. (Thomas Whittaker.)
"Successful Authorship." Frederic Reddick. (J. C. Ogilvie Publishing Company.)
"History of the Reformation, Vol. II." Thomas M. Lindsay, D. D., LL. D. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
"The Happy Princess." Arthur Davidson Pike. (Scribner's Sons.)
"Three Men and a Maid." Robert Farver, (Edward J. Clode, New York.)
"Outdoors." Ernest MacGaffey. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
"How to Get a Position and How to Hold It." Roland Hall. (Roland Hall, Scranton, Pa.)
"Life of Lord Chesterfield." W. H. Craig. (John Lane Company.)
"The Nemesis of Nations." W. Romaine Patterson. (E. P. Dutton and Company.)
"New Zealanders." Charles Egbert Crockford. (E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.)
"The Discipline of a Saint." Vida D. Scudder. (E. P. Dutton and Company.)
"College and the Man." Charles Ross Jackson. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)
"The End of the Game." Arthur Hornblow. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)
"Jingles and Rhymes for Nursery and Playroom." Caroline Starr Morgan. (Broadway Publishing Company, New York.)
"Judith McNeil." Arthur Marion Ramage. (Broadway Publishing Company.)
"The Conflict." Viola Burhans. (Broadway Publishing Company.)
"The Clevelanders." Archie Bell. (Broadway Publishing Company.)
"Gratiana." Nathan Kossy. (Broadway Publishing Company.)
"Anatana." Joseph M. Brown. (Broadway Publishing Company.)
"Letters From the Far East." Sir Charles Elliot. (Edward Arnold, Longmans, Green and Company.)
"Garibaldi's Defense of the Roman Republic." George Macaulay Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green and Company.)
"Contrasts in Social Progress." Edward Payson Tenney. (Longmans, Green and Company.)
"India and Imperial Preference." Sir Roger Lathbridge. (Longmans, Green and Company.)
"Rectal Infections of the Digestive Tract." G. A. Herter, M. D. (Macmillans.)
"Practical Guide for Authors." William Stock South. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)

HE STILL LIVED IN TOYLAND.

And Didn't Bother to Meet His Bride-to-be After Sending for Her—And She Says—

There are some disadvantages in growing up in a German toy village in which all the people, from the grandfather to the children make dolls and toys from morning to night, and so from their very companionship with the beloved things of childhood are children all their lives long. At least Gretchen Dresden, the heroine of the book, "The Doll Maker," who is just like a grown-up doll herself, with flaxen hair and red cheeks and blue eyes that flutter whenever you speak, thinks so. And perhaps Herr Franz Thormann, now the wretched board head steward of the Ward Line steamship Havana, but once upon a time only a humble sticker on the doll factory back in the Fatherland, may think so, too, when he gets back from the trip which prevented him from meeting her when she arrived here as his affianced wife. Not that Gretchen cares, but—

It was in the toy shop in his little village outside Nuremberg, the great toy metropolis of Germany, that her romance began. Gretchen was in charge of the whole department, consisting of two peasant lads and another girl, where the dolls' heads were finished. Franz fell in love with her the first time he saw her. But as he was only the humble sticker on of the dolls' eyebrows, obviously he never could aspire to the hand of the girl who was his fiancee. And as he was somewhat of a miser, he could never hope to rise high enough in the doll maker's art to get on the same social level with her.

There was only one thing to do, go to America, where you picked fiddles off the trees and were apt to find a fortune in every street. Gretchen, who had been proud to be adored like that by a man who was really going to a strange land to win her, but who actually kissed him at the railroad station when everybody was looking.

That was only two years ago. Franz sent long letters to Gretchen telling her how things were going. He was getting along and saying always: "Only wait a little longer." A few weeks ago Franz sent her his money to come to this country and become his wife.

Yet Franz is the lad of the toy shop. For what did he do when Gretchen wrote him three weeks ago that she would arrive last Sunday? Did he tell the captain of his ship that he couldn't go on the next trip because he had to keep the most important engagement of his life? No, he would buy her lovely things with the extra money from this trip. So he delegated his friend Edward Herrmann, who had never worked in a toy shop, to meet his bride to be and explain that it wasn't possible for him to see her until next Tuesday.

Herrmann met the girl with a note, not until yesterday would the authorities release her and allow her to be taken to the Lutheran Mission in State street. Herrmann has been there to see her every day. She says that she won't marry Franz now, whatever happens. Just because he is no longer a sticker on of dolls' eyebrows, can he tell her to do anything he wants her to. Whatever happens, she says twice every minute, with a stamp of her foot, she will not marry him. Meanwhile Herrmann reads "The Courtship of Miles Standish" between visits.

BANKER GETS A FAKE BOMB.

He Wouldn't Give Up \$2,000—Thinks It Is Warning of What Senders May Do

Salvatore Genovese, an Italian banker and steamship agent, got a box by mail yesterday containing eight 32 calibre cartridges, a few electric blasting caps, fulminating caps and a quantity of insulated wire, pieces of lead, etc. The sending of the box followed the banker's failure to turn over \$2,000 on the receipt of threatening letters.

When the box was sent to the Bureau of Combustibles Chief Inspector Wolf said that while the contents of the box were harmless, they might have done some damage if they had been properly concealed. The banker said he believed the box was only a warning of what the senders might do.

