

NEW BOOKS.

A Beloved and Ungrateful Wolf.

Our interest was greatly excited—was, in the ingenious phrase of an orator who once delighted us, no longer free to be restrained—when, in reading Mr. John G. Morgan's book of stories entitled "The Lonesome Trail" (John Lane Company), we came to the part where Antoine, the fugitive half-breed and horse thief, grappled with a she-wolf in the depths of a sunless cave. Wicked as Antoine was, our sympathies were with him. Notwithstanding the sex of the wolf, she could not help feeling pleased with every thump he gave her. He had been fairly obliged to enter the cave. Pursuers with a convenient halter were close behind him. There was plenty of room. The she-wolf would hardly have been annoyed if she had been hospitable and accommodating. She chose to resent and repel the incursion of this desperate and powerful man.

Her eyes were points of phosphorescent light in the blackness. He remarked them with some natural trepidation as he made his way into the cave on all fours. "He crawled on carefully. The lights approached with a strange swaying motion." There was no long period of vague and awesome suspense. "Of a sudden came a white, sharp, savage yell, and Antoine felt his cheek ripped open with a stroke of gnawing teeth." Also, poor foolish wolf—though, as we have said, our sympathies were with Antoine. "He felt for an instant the hot breath of the beast, the trickle of hot blood on his cheek; and then all that was human in him passed. He growled and hurled the sinewy body of his unseen foe from him with a blow of his bearlike paw. He was a big man, and in his blood the primitive beast had grown through large long years of lonesome hiding from his kind.

Only the wolf had had the sense to be forbearing and civil. But it was too late now. She was in for it. "The dark hole echoed a muffled howl of anger, and in an instant man and beast rolled together in the darkness. It was a primitive struggle; the snapping of jaws, the rasping of hoarse throats that labored with angry breath, snarling of hate, yelps of pain, growls, whines." So on he went, as he constituted, with such measure of prejudice as we supplied. "The result is not to be doubted, but it is a pleasure to have the man do injury to the wolf. "He reached for his throat, but felt his hand caught in a hot, wet, powerful trap of teeth. He grasped the under jaw with a grip that made his antagonist howl with pain. Then with his other hand he felt about in the darkness, groping for the throat. "Happily "he found it, seized it with a vicelike clutch, shut his teeth together and threw all the power of his massive frame into the struggle. "The result is not to be doubted, but it is a pleasure to have the man do injury to the wolf. "Slowly, slowly, the struggles of the wolf became weaker. The lean, hairy form fell limply, and the man leaped with a strange, sobbing, guttural mirth—for he was master. "He kicked the wolf as he laughed, and what reader will say that she did not deserve it?"

A critical opinion quoted on the paper cover calls this "a book pulsating with life and truth." In view of certain recent and eminent discussion and instruction we must be content with thinking it does not go further told about this wolf. It is true, but we may surely be allowed to think it extremely interesting. Antoine after kicking in the wolf's "slats" (if we may be allowed to phrase thus currently and with acknowledged rudeness his treatment of the fallen creature) felt that it was time for mercy and even for affectionate demonstrations. He first went to sleep with his head pillowed on the unconscious wolf. When he woke the animal was feebly licking his lacerated cheek. He addressed the wolf kindly. He said: "You poor devil, I done you up, didn't I? You hadn't no bad, I guess; but I hadn't done you I'd got done myself. Hurt much, you poor devil, eh?" He stroked her gently. He gave her a name—Susette. During many days he cared for her with much tenderness. He hunted and "kept her in meat until she grew strong and fat with the unaccustomed luxurious life. Also she became very tame. During her weakness the man had subdued her and through the long nights she lay nestled within the man's great arms and slept. "He considered himself very comfortably established. "When the snow began to melt, Antoine and Susette went hunting together, she trotting at his heels like a dog. To her he had come to be only an unusually large wolf—a masterful male, a good fighter, strong to kill, a taker of his own. "A pleasant partnership indeed. But what felicity is flawless or enduring? Alas! Susette was fickle.

One December night "when the low moon threw a shaft of cold silver into the mouth of a hairy pack of wolves far off set up a howling. Susette showed a lively inclination to join them. Antoine tried to hold her. She snarled and snapped her jaws and slipped out of his arms. He was hurt. He pleaded. He cried: "Don't go! Susette, my pretty Susette! I'll be so lonesome." But away she went, whereupon "he threw himself down upon the floor of the cave and cursed the world. Then he cursed Susette. "He whetted his knife for an hour. He said he would cut Susette into strips. He behaved with great violence. "He hurled himself upon the bunch of furs beside him and imagined that they were Susette. He set his teeth into the furs, he crushed them with his hands, he tore at them with his nails. Then, in the impotence of his anger, he fell upon his face and sobbed himself to sleep, and when Susette came home in the morning he forgave her.

We cannot relate the details setting forth just how fond and how jealous Antoine was. We had a thoroughly low opinion of Susette when she ran away a second time. She did not seem to understand at all the depth and scrupulousness of settlement of which an outcast half-breed and horse thief was capable. On her second return she brought along a companion wolf, a male, larger boned, lankier, with a more powerful snout, who whined and moved his tail nervously at sight of Antoine. The newcomer was hungry. Antoine was sick with a fever, but he met the interloper with a sudden renewal of savage power. "He raised himself upon his haunches, bestial, and with the lifting of a spearing lip that disclosed his grinding teeth" he snarled. "It is permitted to the reader to learn just how he was possessed as he confronted the enemy with "cry that was both a snarl and a sob." We read: "In that moment these many centuries of artificial life were as a vanished dream. From the long slumbering dust of the prehistoric cave came a giant spirit to steel the sinews of its far removed larger than Susette. The survivor of many moonlit battles to the death in the frozen, foodless wilderness of hills "but he would surely have been vanquished if there had been no interruption. The man was forcing his fingers in between the wolf's protruding lower ribs. It was his dreadful intention to tear out the enemy's vitals. He would surely have done it, but at this juncture the faithless Susette "arose with a nervous, threatening swaying of the head, approached the two cautiously,

then hurled herself into the encounter. She leaped with a savage yell upon him who had long been her master. "He gasped. He faintly cried out: "Susette! I was good to you. I—" He ended in a woee. Her jaws had closed upon his throat. She was not constant, not grateful. With what may be regarded as non-chalance she helped to make a meal of him. "There are other stories in the book, all very readable, but we read this one, "The Alien," as by far the most remarkable. As we have said, it is extremely interesting, but whether, as the critic declares on the cover, it pulsates with truth is a question that must be left to the Seat of Government."

A Queer Story.

Those who can afford the time and patience required to read the 363 closely printed pages of Mr. William de Morgan's "Alice-for-Short" (Henry Holt and Company) will derive a good deal of pleasure from the book even if they are perplexed and provoked. The author apparently writes to please himself with no concern for his readers. That, we imagine, is the way in which the masterpieces of literature were evolved, but it is hardly adapted to modern fiction. Sterne, for instance, digresses at will from his story and it is for his digressions that we read him, but is there either wit or philosophy enough to justify Mr. de Morgan's digressing from the path? We get his views on all sorts of subjects at any time he chooses to talk, and the impression left is of extreme garrulousness on the part of an amiable gentleman of normal intelligence. At the same time every now and then a very bright remark flashes out unexpectedly, and these flashes are not infrequent.

There are two stories that the author starts out to tell. One, the framework, to which he seems to attach less importance, is our late the more interesting. It is some life in the young fellow who is the hero, we get some idea of what he is like, and regret the constant dissection the author inflicts on him. The story itself is as old as the hills, but it is pretty and will bear repetition forever, at any rate till fiction dies out of literature. Mr. de Morgan presents his characters well; they interest at once, but very soon they become mere pegs on which to hang disquisitions and often pointless conversations, and the reader loses any impression of flesh and blood they may have conveyed. His heroine is a nice girl; as a small child she begins very well, but repetition makes her grate somewhat after 250 pages. The hero's sister is charming; there are other nice children and some people who arouse interest, but they stay as they were first sketched no matter how often they appear.

In his humorous characters Mr. de Morgan is by no means successful. We can see how he meant them to be funny and they are, but his sense of humor is not so good as his sense of style. His humor is generally irrelevant and the farce element is forced. On the other hand he introduces again and again ugly and cruel incidents of life that have nothing to do with his story, not even for momentary effect, and these are startlingly vivid and told completely in a few phrases.

The other story, which makes the author call his book a "dichromism," is a ghost story involving an eighteenth century murder. It is a good story in itself and the ghost is employed to connect it with the more modern story. They are assisted by an amazing array of nonagenarians, some of whom are introduced apparently merely to display the richness of Mr. de Morgan's collection. But that murder story gets on the reader's nerves. It is presented pigmally, and later complete, in every conceivable shape. The ordinary story reader has made it out early in the volume, long before the author has had time to tell it another old lady who was an eye witness told it to her in her girlhood. After it is all explained the author insists on writing another version as an appendix. The damnable iteration kills all supernatural effect.

There are fine passages in the book. Now and then Mr. de Morgan writes a few successive pages of direct narrative that are brilliant, his family scenes are pleasant and his love episodes pretty. We must admit that the declaration of love between the hero and the heroine is drawn out longer than anything we have read before; the Tristan and Isolde duet is a snapshot in comparison. But the reader has the satisfaction of learning every doubt and hesitation and motive that passed through the minds of both parties to the transaction. The restoration to consciousness after sixty years of the old lady is handled beautifully; the pages dealing with her would of themselves make the book worth reading, if the author had not indulged in his digressions even there. As it is he has described some pathetic scenes with nobility and delicacy.

Long as it is the patient reader will not regret having read Mr. de Morgan's novel. It is a pleasant, gentlemanly book. The author's models were good and he takes delight in suggesting them. We could wish that some stern critic had made him cut out a good deal of it, which would have improved it as a work of art, and we feel sure he would have secured him the larger audience he deserves.

Some More Stories.

Western bad men and plenty of gun play give animation to the tales contained in Mr. Morley Roberts's "Painted Rock" (J. B. Lippincott Company). Though written apparently with the taste of our British cousins for "real" Americanism in mind, as for instance the adventures of the ranchman in London, they are all entertaining. A strangely mixed up love tale is told by means of a diary and letters by Mr. Ernest Oldmixon in "Susan" (John W. Lucas and Company, Boston). From it may be learned the dangers a young woman may incur by interfering in the love affairs of her domestic and the more likely and logical consequences of her seducing herself by the seaside with nothing to keep her mind busy but a romance. The improbabilities in the plot are intended, we imagine, to help out the humor. A realistic and not over refined incident with a British holiday tripper is told with vivaciousness, and there are bits of accurate observation. The author, unintentionally, makes the servants show much better breeding than their masters.

As the "Cambridge Modern History," now edited by A. W. Ward, G. Protter and Stanley Leathes (Macmillans), advances it drifts more and more from Lord Acton's original plan. This is inevitable and the editors are undoubtedly doing their best. What we have now is a highly respectable history, of which the chapters are written by persons of very varying ability. "For Volume X, "The Restoration," which covers the period between the fall of Napoleon and 1848, foreign scholars have been called in to write about France, Italy, Spain, Russia and Poland. Recent events may account for the space devoted to South America and to Canada. The comparatively restricted account of affairs in England is not a demerit. The chapters

on economics and literature were necessary, we presume, in a history written on the modern plan, but we could have wished for the selection of a person to write about German literature who was incapable of saying that Heine "wrote lyrics that hold a place with the very finest of Eichen-dorff's."

What has started the Napoleon revival in England? Here are two volumes at once from the John Lane Company. In "Napoleon's Conquest of Prussia, 1806," Mr. F. Lorraine Petre continues his study of the campaign, this volume coming chronologically before his previous volume on the Eylau campaign. The story of military operations is not usually the most lively for the general reader, but this is the campaign of Jena and Auerstadt, with the crushing of Prussia, and as exciting as any that was ever fought. Earl Roberts supplies an introduction which is in substance an appeal to England to take warning from the example of Prussia. In his somewhat declamatory peroration the author invites doubt as to his critical judgment by declaring that "the story of the German struggle for liberty may be read in the fascinating pages of Poultony Bigelow." There are good maps.

There is less excuse for Mr. Oscar Brown-ing's "The Fall of Napoleon," the story from the return from Russia to the end. The Cambridge Lecturer repeats an old tale. Military experts have expressed the opinion that Napoleon's defensive campaign after Leipzig was the most brilliant he ever fought, but little that is new about that or about Waterloo is offered here. Mr. Brown's effort is to rehabilitate Napoleon in British eyes, surely a rather futile task.

Art and Travel.

Thoroughness and completeness are combined with entertaining narrative in "The Brasses of England" by Herbert W. Macklin (E. P. Dutton and Company). The subject is perhaps of rather limited antiquarian interest and necessarily superficial, but it is important from the point of view of art, and the author has included a mass of related information, such as regards medieval costume, for instance, that is valuable and not easy to find. The arrangement of the material is admirable, the explanations and definitions are clear and full, leaving nothing to the reader's supposed general information, so that the book will be useful to all who have to deal with the social condition of England from the Edwards to the Stuarts. There are good indexes and many illustrative pictures. The book is modeled for art monographs. It shows in a striking manner how much historical evidence may be derived from a narrow field when it is worked with understanding.

All the more important pictures in the Florence galleries, the Uffizi, the Pitti and the Accademia, are described briefly in the light of modern criticism by Miss Maud Cruttwell in "A Guide to the Paintings in the Florentine Galleries" (J. M. Dent and Company, E. P. Dutton and Company). Where it was possible Vasari's description is given; there are miniature reproductions that suffice to identify the pictures, and for all the paintings included the dimensions and the material are noted. At the end are descriptive indexes of painters and of saints. With the expectation of being helpful the author arranged her material according to the way the pictures were arranged in the galleries. If she could have foreseen the position of the authorities she would doubtless have selected a chronological or alphabetical order. After the book had gone to press, however, there was another maddening shuffle of the pictures at Florence. That does not detract from the merits of the book, but will demand a little more care and trouble on the part of those who use it as a guide.

A second series of reproductions will be found in the "Sir Edward Burne-Jones" (George Newnes, Frederick Warne and Company), that makes up for the omissions in the first. Here are the Pygmalion series and the whole Orpheus sequence with other well known pictures. The biographical article is by a Frenchman, M. Arsene Alexandre; it is laudatory, but perhaps an English appreciation would have been more satisfactory.

Two more volumes have been added to "The College Monograph" series published by J. M. Dent and Company (E. P. Dutton and Company). That on "St. John's College, Cambridge," by Robert Forsyth Scott, is very well done. The author has a guide of his college to write for strangers and does it simply and clearly. He first describes the buildings and then tells the history of the college, winding up with a sketch of the social life. In writing of "Magdalen College, Oxford," President T. Herbert Warren unfortunately feels it necessary to be a little rhetorical. His description and his history are blended and he discloses no facts, or facts are less well known to the visitor than to himself. The list of famous Magdalen men at the end, ranging from Cardinal Wolsey and John Hampden to Christopher North and Charles Reade, is interesting. The drawings by Edmund H. New for both volumes are charming.

Enthusiasm over Italy is excusable, especially when the writer is as young as Miss Dorothy Nevill Lees seems to be in "Scenes and Sketches in Italy" (J. M. Dent and Company, E. P. Dutton and Company). She has discovered Florence and Tuscany and relates many pleasant personal experiences and her views of Italian character. It is inevitable, perhaps, that she should display unconsciously the kindly condescension that the British feel for the Latins and that the Church of England has for picturesque Catholicism.

The Story of a Cowman.

"Anthony Reed, Cowman—An Autobiography" is a bit of pure and realistic fiction told in a simple and honest style that is to its verisimilitude to truth. While the supposititious writer is amusing himself recording the story of his long life and romping with his grandchildren, the real author, Andy Adams, is still a young man with no experience in the joys of being a grandfather. He went to Texas when a youth and, following the life of a cowboy for some years, gathered data for the writing of his book, which records the various processes by which cattle were formerly raised on the great farms, driven long distances on market and delivered alive in a much more healthful condition than in these degenerate days of meat shipped by rail. There is little of the picturesque cowboy of the modern school of stage fiction to embellish the tale, but rather the actual experiences of the "all round man who can deliver the goods in any emergency," the securing of good pasturage on the long drive, the care of the herd and the defence against the attacks of Indians make up the incidents of the "autobiography of Anthony Reed," which is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Other Books.

Thoroughly enjoyable is the volume Mr. P. H. Ditchfield has put together under the title "The Parish Clerk" (E. P. Dutton and Company). The antiquarian and historical part is rather desultory; the most connected portion is the account of the Worshipful Company of Parish Clerks of London, and the best written is a long extract

from a Yorkshire newspaper. The reader in search of accurate fact may feel irritated with the author, but he should pardon him for the stories he tells. They are all clerical, of course, and some are by no means new, but there is any quantity of them and almost all are very good. The author writes well and is extremely entertaining.

Seldom does so attractive a book come in the way of the layman interested in science as Mr. W. Hampson's "Paradoxes of Nature and Science" (E. P. Dutton and Company). The author has picked out sixty puzzles, that seem to violate all rules of mechanics or physics or chemistry or physiology, and undertakes to explain them. The principle of selection is to take that experiments may be made easily at home, though we fancy that in some cases this may be attended with risk. The explanations, too, require some mathematical knowledge. The problems, however, are all perplexing and are all pretty familiar. It is a capital book to put in the hands of a thoughtful boy.

A guide for would-be journalists, by Mr. Robert Lucas, "Writing for the Press," has reached a fifth edition (Clipping Bureau Press, Boston). An accompanying circular informs us that it is triple the original size, which is by no means a merit. It contains some really helpful pages. The book is loaded down, however, with the usual information regarding spelling, punctuation, composition, the meaning of words, objectionable phrases, and proofreading, which cannot be made of general application so long as each newspaper observes its own rules and a good part of which belongs to elementary education. If the book were cut down to its really individual and valuable information it would be much improved.

Those who want "hot stuff" will get it in Mr. John Foster Fraser's "Red Russia" (The John Lane Company). He set out looking for outrages and found them accordingly. There is a pleasant blending of personal experiences with generalizations about the country that will make the reader doubtful as to what he may believe. The style is lively in the extreme, and the reader who is ready to accept everything that may be said against Russian administration will find satisfaction in the book.

Books Received.

"Foods and Their Adulteration." Harvey W. Wiley, M. D., Ph. D. (P. Blakiston's Son and Company, Philadelphia). "Individual Training in Our Colleges." Clarence F. Birdseye (Macmillans). "The People of the People." Burton B. Porter. (H. E. Hayes, Hackensack, N. J.). "Running Horse Inn." Alfred Tresler Shepard. (J. B. Lippincott Company). "The Care of the Baby." P. Grozer Griffith, M. D. (W. B. Saunders Company, Philadelphia). "A Manual of Personal Hygiene." Edited by Walter L. Pyle, M. D. (W. B. Saunders Company). "The Care of the Sick." P. Grozer Griffith, M. D. (W. B. Saunders Company). "The Wearing of Tokala." Franklin Welles Calkins. (H. V. De Witt Company). "The Wearing of Tokala." Ruth Crosby Dimmick. (W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago). "Disinfectants." Stella M. Düring. (J. B. Lippincott Company). "Disinfectants." J. Selwin Tait. (Byron S. Adams, Washington). "Gaining Health in the West." George B. Price. (B. W. Huebsch, New York). "The Missionary." The Rev. Francis Wakim. (The Author, Brooklyn). "Seventy Years Young." Emily M. Bishop. (B. W. Huebsch). "Natural Religion." C. A. Stephens, M. D. (The Moralists, Norway Lake, Me.). "Eucharistic Sacrifice and Intercession for the Departed." H. Mortimer Luckock, D. D. (Thomas Whitaker, New York). "Bird Notes After." Charles Keeler. (Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco). "The Garden Book of California." Belle Sumner Angier. (Paul Elder and Company). "The United States." F. A. McKenzie. (Hutchinson and Company, London). "The Nutrition of Man." Russell H. Chittenden. (Frederick A. Stokes Company). "The Garden of Eden." Alfred Neubauer. (Rumler Brothers, Paterson, N. J.). "An Industrial Achievement." (Pope Manufacturing Company, Hartford, Conn.). "A Woman's War." Warwick Deeping. (Harpers). "Bud." Neil Munro. (Harpers). "The Talking Woman." May Isabel Fisk. (Harpers).

"Along the Labrador Coast." Charles Wendell Townsend, M. D. (Dana Estes and Company, Boston). "Israel's Laws and Legal Precedents." Charles Foster Kent, Ph. D. (Charles Scribner's Sons). "The British City." Frederic C. Howe, Ph. D. (Charles Scribner's Sons). "Social and Religious Ideals." Artemas Jean Haynes. (Charles Scribner's Sons). "The Shameless Diary of an Explorer." Robert Dunn. (The Outing Publishing Company, New York). "Morning's Mail." Edmund Vanees Cooke. (Pearson Brothers, Philadelphia). "Shakespeare's Church." J. Harvey Bloom. (F. Fisher Unwin; A. Wessels Company). "The Life of an Empire." Water Meakin. (F. Fisher Unwin; A. Wessels Company).

"PRINCE TO BE A CITIZEN." Shaban Bey Gotscha Takes Out His First Papers Here. Shaban Bey Gotscha, who is reported to be a Turkish Prince of high rank in Albania and who has lived in nearly every country in Europe, according to a statement made to Clerk Donovan of the United States Naturalization Bureau, appeared yesterday to take out first citizen's papers. After trying many countries as a place of residence Shaban Bey has decided to make the United States his permanent home. His rank and titles do not count for much with him, as he was more than willing to relinquish both. He is a military engineer by profession and says he has had interviews with President Roosevelt and Secretary Root, to whom he outlined his plans. The Prince is a tall, fine looking Turk of 34, and resides in this city at 108 West Twelfth street.

New Department for Vanderbilt Clinic. Plans have been filed with Building Superintendent Murphy for the partial remodeling of the Vanderbilt Clinic building of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons at the southeast corner of Amsterdam avenue and Sixtieth street for the establishment of a hydrotherapy department. There will be baths and a series of rain douches. The architect is Frank Richter.

By the Author of "Pigs is Pigs" THE CONFESSIONS OF A DADDY By Ellis Parker Butler Good for everybody, especially good for fathers (and mothers), this father's account of a little daughter's coming into a childless home, upsetting all theories and converting father and mother to the enthusiastic belief that a child is "worth more than everything else in the world" all put together, is a book of much humor, some pathos, and lots of human nature.

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Sparkling new romance of royal love by the authors of LADY BETTY ACROSS THE WATER The Princess Virginia By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON The leading summer novel; piquant, fascinating, fresh as a June day. The complications which beset Princess Virginia's charming romance will captivate the reader almost as completely as dainty, winsome Virginia herself. Six Illustrations in Colors. \$1.50 McClure, Phillips & Co. 44 East 23rd St., New York

"THE BEST WORK SO FAR ACCREDITED TO Kate Douglas Wiggin" Syracuse Herald NEW CHRONICLES OF REBECCA "Since Louisa Alcott no one has won the hearts of the people by the portrayal of child life as has Kate Douglas Wiggin. Not the least of her characters, whom to know is to love, is Rebecca. She is the same lovable, delightful child, a little older, a little more thoughtful, but she has lost none of the quaintness and fascination of the child of Sunnybrook Farm."—Portland Advertiser. "Rebecca is a true child, sterling and sound, full of nonsense and mirth and tender withal."—Chicago Evening Post. "One would be compelled to seek far before finding a sheet of stories so full of vivid character drawing, humor and individuality that springs direct from the soil. Of all of Mrs. Wiggin's fictional creations, there is not one who makes a more winning and winsome appeal to the reader's affections than Rebecca."—Brooklyn Eagle. "These new chapters from Rebecca's life are replete with a lovable nature, and rich in humor."—Boston Herald. The WIGGIN BOOKLET sent FREE by Boston HOUGHTON MIFFLIN & CO. New York

PUBLISHED TO-DAY. THE BRITISH CITY The Beginnings of Democracy BY FEDERIC C. HOWE A brilliant and able account by the author of "The City," "The Hope of Democracy," "Municipal Ownership and Administration in Great Britain." Mr. Howe was commissioned by the Department of Commerce and Labor to investigate the subject. Full of suggestive ideas by Americans. \$1.50 net. Postage 12 cents.

Social and Religious Ideals BY REV. ARTEMAS JEAN HAYNES. Suggestive and stimulating "essays in little," taking up the problems and difficulties of every day life. \$1.00 net. Postage 8 cents. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

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