BASH DAY ON THE EAST SIDE

THE PUBLIC BATHS CROWDED BY BOYS BENT ON CLEANLINESS.

In Allen Street Alone More Than 4,000 Were Washed, While at the New Twenty-third Street Baths 2,500 Were Freshened Up—Repeaters in These Figures.

Yesterday was a day to take a bath, all right. Perhaps to some it was a day to take a gin rickey or a mint julep, or perhaps a gin rickey and a mint julep. Perhaps when it comes right down to the facts of this gin rickey matter the perhaps is superfluous.

But to the East Side yesterday above all things it was to take a bath. Even a lot of folks that had no real need for a bath just couldn't wait until next month, but went ahead and took one yesterday despite the bath taken during that hot spell early in the month. And rarely have the public baths of the East Side hit up a stroke like yesterday's.

Over in front of the Allen street bath, which was about the busiest of all the city baths, you could see more small boys with their damp hair sticking up in breeze blown wisps than ever came out of all the ol' swmmin' holes in the entire State of Indiana. There were more than 4,000 baths handed out to men, women, boys and girls at the Allen street bath alone yesterday, whereas the nifty new baths at Twenty-third street and Avenue A dealt out about 2,500 or 3,000.

Chief Attendant Sweeney at Twenty-third street and Chief Collier at Allen street simply unpacked case after case of brand new baths from 6 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock at night, and the same was true of the chiefs and attendants at the thirteen floating baths strung along both rivers from the Battery to West Ninety-seventh street and at the eight "interior" baths that are scattered from Allen street to East 109th street, East Side, West Side, all around the town.

And if you were a small boy and were chased out of a bath at the end of the regulation twenty minutes you could dress quickly—remarkably quickly when all you had to put on was—well, never mind; and beat it out to the street to get all het up again. One way of getting all het up was to hang on to the side rail of a horse car while the conductor sneaked around in front of the horse and chased you. Or you could select a slice of watermelon from a pushcart and be chased by the entire pushcart industry of the vicinity.

Then, when you were leading by half a block around the corner, you would find that you were all sweaty again. So you went back and took another bath. For cleanliness is next to godliness.

Do you remember how you used to begin to undress as far away from the swimmin' hole as Simpson's meadow, where it began to slope to the water? And that was while you were still out in Main street, or at least where you began to climb over the rail fence that separated the meadow from Main street. Well, over in the East Side yesterday the same thing happened when you got as near the Allen street bath as the far corner of Rivington street. By the time the front steps of the bath were reached the surrounding circumstances often were most immodest.

The Allen street bath doesn't boast a pool like the glorious sheet of green water lapping against the marble banks that one may dive into (holding one's nose and drawing in one's knees so that the big toes won't hit the ceiling as one leaves the spring board) up at the Twenty-third street or the West Sixtieth street "interiors." And so you couldn't swim in the lower East Side baths, but you could stand under the showers and sing and whistle and yell, with the marble slabs around you making the yells boom as if you were hollering into a barrel, and you could soak and soak and soak and soak.

When the baths opened yesterday morning—those in the tenement districts—lines of men and women stretched far up and down the streets waiting for the doors to open at 6 o'clock. From 6 o'clock until 3 in the afternoon the grown-ups passed in steadily, and then the little boys and girls, ranging from 14 or 15 years down almost to nothing at all, had their whack at the showers.

Chief Collier of the Allen street baths, who wanders around in an undershirt gracefully tucked in at the collar like a dress waistcoat, turned up trousers and a belt, spent the afternoon sorting the kids along the benches of the waiting rooms as if they were in school. As they scrambled for the benches nearest the doors that led to the ecstatic showers they carried most of their clothes on their arms, for they had begun to undress while waiting in line outside and even before they reached the lines.

If any clothes had been overlooked before the benches were reached they were pulled upward, or downward, and off with much squirming after one got a place on the benches. And it was grasped—just from a hasty glance out of the corner of the eye into the little girls' waiting room—that when it came to undressing any black-eyed little girl on the East Side can get back to first principles just as quick—But let us modestly withdraw.

Attendant Billy Bell, backed up by his chief, John Collier, said that the Allen street baths last week distributed about 27,000 baths and that this week there would be nearer 30,000, unless, of course, one of those chill spells that make bathing ostentatious should set in and pull down the daily average. Part of the time yesterday the Rivington street and the Allen street baths were so pressed to it that four small boys had to get under each shower at once.

And just when a feller was getting all over cool the bell would ring. It is said that the bell rings twice rapidly to warn the bathers that they must get out and give way to the second table. Perhaps it does. But at the first stroke of the gong such a shout went up from the waiting children that no one ever heard the second stroke.

Denny Quinlan, the member of the United States Volunteer Life Saving Corps stationed at the big pool over which Chief Sweeney presides at Twenty-third street and Avenue A, pulled three small boys back to life from the pool yesterday. Incidentally some of the boys, after the exhilaration of a swim, pulled off one door of the bath house and even ripped some of the narrower marble slabs in the dressing rooms from their moorings. One group more ambitious than the others climbed on a chair with their unmoored slab, and holding it high, dropped it upon the concrete floor, to learn, in the interest of science, whether it would break. Sure enough it did.

George A. Thormann, general superintendent of the Volunteer Life Saving Corps, overlooked the aquatic examination of ten candidates for places in the corps at the Twenty-third street pool after the boys had been driven out toward sunset. The night before last eight women who are looking for jobs as swimming instructors and life savers in the women's departments of the city's baths were put through all the different kinds of strokes there are in the same pool. Miss Florence West, who gained fame two or three years ago by swimming from the Brooklyn Bridge to Coney Island, was the examining professor during the women's tests and made records of their ducklike intellectuals that later will decide whether the women will get $5 a day jobs for three days a week or not.

From 25,000 to 30,000 baths a week at one little bathing house sounds like some bathing. There are three interior bathing houses and three or four floating bathing houses on the lower East Side. As we go to press there are perhaps 1,000,000 or more folks in that district, which leaves——. But why pry into strictly personal matters?

Also it might be remarked that of the 25,000 baths a whole lot, when it comes to the small boys especially, are repeaters. After a bath they dressed only to the point of non-interference by the police and then they turned around and walked right in again. They'll be back early to-day, too, unless the red ball goes up at the park to announce that the ice is thick enough on the skating ponds for hockey. But according to late weather advices last night the present thaw will continue as far north as 106th street.

MUSIC TEACHERS' CONVENTION.

Many Small Meetings and a Number of Concerts Yesterday.

The music teachers got under way yesterday morning early and the first day's session went with a rush. Noses were counted and it was found that delegates from thirty-three counties were present. These with the other members of the State association did not fill more than a sixth of the chairs in the great hall of the College of the City of New York when Prof. Samuel Baldwin sat at the organ to accompany the assembly in the singing of "America." At 10 o'clock the members went downstairs to the particular "round table" that happened to interest them. Then small meetings were held in the small lecture rooms of the great hall. Voice, piano, organ and orchestration were the subjects discussed yesterday. S. C. Bennett gave "A Practical Talk to Vocalists," Ludwig Schenck urged the formation of small orchestras, Mrs. Vance Cheney lectured on "The Psychology of Piano Playing," William C. Carl told of "The Demands on the Modern Church Organ," and Edith L. Winn talked of "Teaching Children the Violin."

After a theoretical discussion of these topics in the forenoon there were practical demonstrations in the afternoon. There was an organ recital, then a quartet from a fashionable church sang, and there was a violin recital to give illustrations of what had been discussed in regard to that instrument. In the evening there was a concert by the Cantata Club, which numbers more than eighty women's voices.

The convention will continue to-day and Thursday.

MEMORIAL TO T. B. ALDRICH, POET.

Writer's Boyhood Home, Restored, Dedicated in Presence of Many Notable Persons.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., June 30.—Many distinguished persons came to this city to-day to assist in the exercises in connection with the dedication and opening of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's former home as a memorial museum.

Mayor Wallace Hackett of Portsmouth, president of the Aldrich Memorial Association, presided.

Prominent among those who took part in the exercises were Gov. Guild of Massachusetts, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Richard Watson Gilder and Samuel L. Clemens of New York and Thomas Nelson Page of Washington.

"The Singing Heart," a poem dedicated to the memory of Mr. Aldrich, was delivered by its author, Robert Bridges of New York. The house which sheltered the poet during his boyhood has been restored to its former condition.

Gov. Guild spoke on Mr. Aldrich's life and work in Massachusetts, while Col. Higginson and Messrs. Mabie, Gilder, Page and Clemens told of their personal associations with the deceased poet. Richard Watson Gilder spoke of Mr. Aldrich's work as a poet.

Among the other speakers were Congressman Charles E. Littlefield of Maine and William Dean Howells.

Later Mrs. Aldrich, the widow of the author, entertained 210 of the guests at a luncheon at the Rockingham Hotel.

CATHOLIC COLLEGE BURNED.

Main Building of St. Bonaventure's at Allegany, N. Y., Destroyed.

OLEAN, N. Y., June 30.—The main building of St. Bonaventure's College, a Roman Catholic institution at Allegany, three miles from this city, was destroyed by fire this morning.

The village fire department and a company from this city responded to a call for aid, but no water was accessible, and the firemen were compelled to work solely with chemical extinguishers. A number of valuable books and old manuscripts which were in the library were saved. The loss will be about $100,000, half of which is covered by insurance. None of the other buildings of the college was injured.

St. Bonaventure's was founded in 1859 and has an enrollment of about 300 students, most of whom left for their homes several days ago. The building which was burned was erected in 1900. The origin of the fire is unknown.

The Franciscan Fathers who conduct the institution cannot account for the origin of the fire, which started in a small room on the lower floor. About a month ago Father Joseph Butler got a threatening letter saying that unless $10,000 was put in a certain spot the college building would be destroyed. No attention was paid to the letter.

The Seagoers.

Sailing to-day by the Holland-America steamship Rotterdam, for Boulogne and Rotterdam:

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Devereaux, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Hargrave, Homer N. Lockwood and Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Wetherbee.

Passengers by the White Star liner Oceanic, for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Southampton:

Senator and Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bedford, Judge William E. Dana, Dr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Morris, Charles H. Knox and the Rev. Dr. William R. Janvey.

Aboard the Cunarder Campania, off for Liverpool:

Lawrence Addicks, Judge and Mrs. C. H. Truax, O. De Gray Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hasbrouck and Mrs. P. S. Carew.

Sailing by the Fabre Line steamship Roma, for the Mediterranean:

Dr. Louis Baldwin, Dr. and Mrs. Gustav T. Carls, Mr. and Mrs. Newton Swift, Philip Baldwin and Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Thompson.

Mrs. Cleveland Goes to Tamworth, N. H.

PRINCETON, N. J., June 30.—Mrs. Grover Cleveland with two of her children, Esther and Richard, John H. Finley, president of the College of the City of New York, and Miss Bryant, daughter of Dr. J. D. Bryant, who attended the ex-President for many years, left here this afternoon for Mrs. Cleveland's summer home at Tamworth, N. H., where she will remain for the summer.

Gibson—Van Dyke.

PRINCETON, N. J., June 30.—Miss Brooke van Dyke, the eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Henry van Dyke, was married this afternoon at her home here to Hamilton Gibson. The ceremony was performed under the arch of a great elm tree which stands in front of Avalon, the van Dyke home. The wedding service, from the Presbyterian service, was read by the bride's father.

The bridal party consisted of Miss Dorthea van Dyke, sister of the bride, maid of honor; Mrs. Nathan A. Smyth of New York, matron of honor, and Miss Julia B. Cady, Miss Katharine Gold, Miss Adelia McAlpin Pyle of New York, Miss Virginia R. Cox of St. Louis, Miss Ruth B. Johnson of Cleveland and Miss Elinor Kurves of Princeton, bridesmaids. The best man was William Wadsworth of New York, and the ushers Roger H. Clark, Victor H. McCutcheon, Henry Spencer, Walter Merritt and Clement Finley, Jr., of New York, Sidney Frissek of Hampton, Va.; Pierpont Dutcher of Milwaukee and Tertius van Dyke, brother of the bride.

After the service there was a supper and reception attended by 300 guests. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson will spend their honeymoon camping in the Adirondacks. Mr. Gibson is a son of the late William Hamilton Gibson, the painter and writer of natural history.

Winne—Bartram.

Miss Katherine C. Bartram, daughter of Mrs. J. W. Bartram, formerly of Wappinger's Falls, Dutchess county, was married yesterday afternoon to Christopher Winne at St. Peter's Church on West Twentieth street by the Rev. Olin S. Roche, the rector of the church. The wedding was a quiet one and only the relatives and close friends of the bride and bridegroom were present. The bride wore a dress of white peau de soie and a white picture hat trimmed with white plumes. She carried a bouquet of white flowers. The bride was given away by her mother. Mr. and Mrs. Winne left after the ceremony for the mountains, where the honeymoon will be spent.

Miss Newland Weds a Count.

DETROIT, June 30.—The wedding of Miss Mary Joy Newland and Count Menno Limburg Stirum, member of the German Royal Guards, took place this evening at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Howard Graves Meredith. The Rev. Dr. S. S. Marquis performed the ceremony. A small reception followed the ceremony, after which the Count and Countess left for a tour of the summer resorts. They will spend the summer in America.

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DOBBIN, GUEST OF THE CITY

POLICE PAY STRAY HORSE'S BOARD BILL 11 MONTHS.

S. P. C. A. Won't Take Him, the Pound's Abolished and, by the Nine Warhorses of Odin! Bingham Wants To Know What the Court Is Going to Do About It.

What will become of Dobbin has been agitating Police Commissioner Bingham and Col. Alfred Wagstaff, president of the S. P. C. A., since August 2, 1907, when Dobbin was found wandering in the wilds of Wakefield by Patrolman Ward. Yesterday the General and the Colonel decided to let in another player and Justice Blanchard, in the Supreme Court, took a hand. After listening to Corporation Counsel Farley and Lawyer J. Mayhew Wainwright, representing the S. P. C. A., he took poor Dobbin's case under consideration.

When Policeman Harry Ward, meandering through the green lanes of Wakefield last August, met Dobbin for the first time Dobbin couldn't give his home address. Ward felt sorry for the horse, who neighed so winningly and whinnied so—well, neighingly—on that broad bluecoated shoulder. He could find no owner and he so informed Headquarters and it was decided that Dobbin should be turned over to George Titus, as inspector of the Bureau of Repairs and Supplies.

Inspector George, who prides himself on his knowledge of horseflesh, looked Dobbin over, but couldn't quite figure on what repairs the bureau could make.

"Harry," said Titus to Ward, "take your friend up to the Bergh shelter at the foot of East 101st street."

Now, it is a long walk from Wakefield to Mulberry street and nearly half as far thence to the shelter. But Harry didn't mind it, and presently they were at the shelter.

"Here's a perfectly good old hoss," said Ward to Supt. Hankinson. "I guess you'd better keep him a while, or at least till he drops dead."

Hankinson surveyed the gift, sniffed and said:

"That's not a dog; nether is it a cat. Why don't you take it home to its family?"

"My orders is to leave it here," replied Ward, "and orders is orders."

"Well, my orders is for you and your crazy old skate to get out of here quick," retorted Hankinson.

So Ward telephoned Titus, and sorrowfully marched poor Dobbin away to the police training stable. The old nag pricked up his ears as he noted the clean and comfortable room and bath they had picked out for him, and rejoiced that he wasn't paying convention prices. Ward bade him a fond adieu and reported to Titus, who carried the message to Bingham.

"Shades of ten Derby winners," exclaimed the Commissioner, stamping his left peg on the floor. "We're not in business to support lost horses. Take the brute to the public pound."

It took a few moments to soothe the General and advise him that since January 1, 1906, the public pound—well, there ain't been none.

"No pound!" shouted Bingham; "then send him to the society."

But that was not to be, the General's myrmidons explained in soft tones, reciting Dobbin's travels up to date.

"Well, take it away, and do what you like with it," muttered the disgusted General. "And get out of here, all of you."

So ever since Dobbin has lived in state at municipal expense. Nothing to do, lots to eat, no cares or responsibilities and no boss to report to, he has fattened and prospered on department oats. It was only a few weeks ago that Gen. Bingham was reminded of Dobbin's lovely life, all food and no work. The remembrance came in the shape of a fodder bill for Dobbin, "owner unknown." He summoned his legal adviser, the Corporation Counsel, and demanded that some way be found to relieve him of the Dobbin burden.

All that the Corporation Counsel could suggest was to apply for a mandamus to compel the society to take care of Dobbin, and it was on this application that Justice Blanchard was asked to pass yesterday.

HAS $1,000, BUT NO FRIENDS.

A Woman Comes to Bellevue With Money in Her Dress.

Bellevue Hospital is looking for relatives of a woman patient who has more than $1,000 in cash in her dress.

The woman came into the hospital yesterday afternoon. She said that she was 38 years old and that her name was Annie Hart. She had no home and no friends. She recently had worked as a domestic in Atlantic Highlands, N. J., she said, but did not remember the name of the people she worked for. She had been married, but her husband had died about two years ago, when the couple were in Ireland.

Besides $964 in American money she had £17 in English money, but she said that outside of her visit to Ireland two years ago she had been here for the last ten years.

Protests Against Sultan's Gift to Mrs. Roosevelt.

D. J. Vlasto of *Atlantis*, the Greek daily newspaper published in this city, sent yesterday to President Roosevelt a long telegram of protest against his permitting Mrs. Roosevelt to accept a decoration from the Sultan of Turkey.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Max Pemberton is a thorough sportsman and a lover of all outdoor pastimes, is an enthusiastic golfer, a famous walker, and more than anything else he is devoted to motoring. On all matters concerning the motor Mr. Pemberton is a national authority, and his "Motorit's Notebook," which appears in the London *Sphere*, is the most popular of his magazine contributions.

"Most professional women of the conscientious, hard working sort are always tired out and nervous, often sad and discontented, or they fall into the third class, the desexed, as men see them," says a writer in the July *Appleton's*. "We all know her, for she goes everywhere, sees everything and knows everybody, does her work well as a rule, but whether her work is well done or not she herself has evolved from a decentred, aimless state into a something that dainty women find inexplicable and that men call 'a good fellow,' while thanking heaven in their hearts that all women are not like her."

Miss L. C. Violett Houk is especially prominent just now, being one of the youngest leading women on the American stage and also the author of "The Girl in Question," a novel of Washington life. The publishers have used a picture of the young actress to adorn the cover of the book in the rôle of its interesting heroine.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's Canadian journey, for the sake of which she cut short her visit to the United States, has been completed. Mrs. Ward has returned to Montreal from a tour in the Western country and sailed for home from Quebec last week. The aversion of the English writer to all public notice has made a decided impression wherever she has travelled. Mrs. Ward's story of "The Testing of Diana Mallory" is now approaching its conclusion in *Harper's Magazine* and will be brought out in book form in due time. It has been called the most powerful novel that the author has written.

The first volume of the collected edition of the works of Anatole France will be issued soon. All the imaginative works of the French novelist and his great study of Joan of Arc are included. The series will appear under the general editorship of Frederic Chapman. The motto of this distinguished French novelist written by himself is: "I have sought truth strenuously. I have met her boldly. I have never turned from her, even when she wore an unexpected aspect."

The name of John Delane, says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*, stands out prominently just now and his life is one of the books of the day most talked of among readers and lovers of books. At the age of 23 this famous editor said, "By Jove! I am editor of the *Times*," and for half a century he held his place, dominating his paper by force of ability and personality. He was not himself a writer and his motto was never to do anything himself that others could do for him. Yet this man had his sorrows, as he writes after the death of his mother, "Nobody now cares about me or my success or my motives, and that weariness of life I had long felt has been gaining on me ever since * * * I have much to be thankful for (but) I have become so indifferent to life * * * weary both of work and idleness, careless about society and with failing interests."

The "Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill" in the July *Century* deals mainly with the author's memories of interesting musical events and notable musicians in the early '90s. She visited Bayreuth and met Siegfried Wagner, Liszt, Rubinstein, and knew Paderewski in his first successes. These memoirs, with additions to the chapters now appearing serially, will be published in book form in the autumn.

Gov. Johnson made a shrewd move in the political game in an interview which he gave recently wherein he praised "Mr. Crewe's Career" and avowed himself an admirer of Mr. Churchill's novels. As Mr. Churchill's following of readers is estimated at anywhere from one to three millions it is a good thing for Gov. Johnson to have the Churchill vote with him.

The first large edition of Prof. Lowell's "The Government of England" was exhausted on the day of publication and a second edition has been put to press for immediate publication. It is seldom that so large and serious a work as this has an immediate sale rivalling that of a popular novel.

Frederic S. Isham reports from Russia some interesting items suggesting the ever growing activity in American exports. At a small place near St. Petersburg he heard an American phonograph; at another out of the way town an official played the complicated Russian alphabet on an American typewriter. In Moscow shopkeepers ring up the kopecs on Yankee made cash registers.

Frederic S. Isham, who wrote "The Lady of the Mount," has travelled much in Russia and is about to take the Siberian way to China. He warns the devotee of American beverages of the extravagant prices demanded for these stimulating drinks in St. Petersburg. Being a teetotaler himself, like Mr. Shaw, these prices are a matter of indifference to Mr. Isham, but he writes humorously of the chagrin of the "man from home" in the cold city of the north struggling with the habit on the one hand and the natural aversion of the American "to be done" on the other. "Keep away from St. P.," he says, "unless, like myself, you are a convert to the belief that tea is a sufficiently stimulating beverage for the biped family."

Robert Shackleton tells in the July *Harper's* the true story of the miraculous power that the presence of their King on the battlefield gives to fighting men. It is a story told to him of the Battle of Solferino by one of the survivors, Giovanni Bettini. The King, Victor Emmanuel, came riding on the field, and drawing rein called out "My children, we must all die or take San Martin." "It was not in good Italian that he spoke, but his own dialect of Savoy. It pleased us," said old Bettini, "and we all shouted 'Savoy, Savoy, Savoy!' and ran at that hill, and after that it was a terrible charge that we made, but in the end they no more took the hill from us."

Maud Radford Warren's new story, "The Land of the Living," is a romance of love and city politics—ward politics—with a difference, and it is Irish wit and Irish sentiment that make the difference. The romance is born in a gray old castle in Ireland where the hero meets "the lady of his dreams"; but the story begins and ends in Chicago, where the little waif who plays the leading part is picked up from the streets by the big good natured boss of the ward. There are two well defined types among the women characters—the Irish gentlewoman and the brusque, slangy, true hearted working girl. There are also three types of men—the practical politician, the sensational reformer, and the young idealist.

A new Tschaikowsky book, called "The Life and Works" of the composer, has been brought out by Rosa Newmarch and Edwin Evans. For people who persist in believing that there was some terrible secret tragedy in the life of Tschaikowsky to account for the melancholy of some of his music it will be interesting to learn from Mrs. Newmarch that one night the composer's eye "fell on the volumes of his diary, whereat he was assailed by a sudden terror lest he might die with no friends at hand and that some one should pry into these life secrets. Under the influence of this feeling he immediately ordered his fire to be lit and burned every volume before he went to bed."

Melodrama at the Grand Theatre.

The A. H. Woods Amusement Company, producers of melodrama, have leased the Grand Theatre at 225 Grand street, hitherto devoted exclusively to Hebrew plays, and will commence putting on popular melodramas at the end of July. They take possession to-day. Jacob Adler, owner of the theatre, confirmed the announcement of the transfer last night.

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Frank Danby's The Heart of a Child
"Conspicuously above the general level of contemporary fiction . . . we feel that we are being allowed to probe a woman's inmost soul, and are stirred to mingled laughter and tears at the truth and the pathos of the picture."—*Bookman.*
Barbara's The Open Window
Tales of the months told by the author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," "People of the Whirlpool," etc. "Her books are mines of quaint fancies and unexpected turns of wit . . . altogether charming."—*New York Tribune.*
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An ingenious and exciting mystery tale. The solution of the mystery is wholly unexpected.—*New York Sun.*
The Adventures of Charles Edward
By HARRISON RHODES
A book by an author who has discovered a vein of story telling all his own.
Nothing better in the light comedy vein has been issued this season.—*Springfield Union.*
Put this book down on your summer list; it's jolly reading.—*Detroit Free Press.*
Janet of the Dunes
By HARRIET T. COMSTOCK
An appealing romance that vividly depicts the life-savers along our coast.
Janet is a refreshing, lovable girl.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*
A prose idyl of a Long Island lighthouse and life-saving district. . . . A sweet love story.—*New York World.*
The Five Knots
By FRED M. WHITE
The lover of detective stories will be wrought up to the highest pitch of curiosity as this story makes its way to an unexpected denouement.—*Boston Transcript.*
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