CHARLES DICKENS; A Critical Study. By G. K. Chesterton, author of "Varied Types." New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Washington: Brentano's.

It is a pleasant thing to have the idols of one's youth from whom time and mundane friction have taken some of the reverence rehabilitated by keener and more loyal devotees. Dickens has suffered much at the hands of the disloyal. After irradiating their youth and providing for them a constant reservoir of humor and fund of allusion, he becomes the butt of their literary canons and their modern methods. There are few writers today whose position in English literature is more fiercely disputed than Charles Dickens, and it is pleasant to have from Mr. Chesterton a confirmation of that conviction as to his genius with which the world hailed his advent. While the author of this study concedes much if not everything that is today urged against the creator of Pickwick, he makes so little of these conceded points in the face of the gigantesque humor, practical optimism and enormous productiveness of Dickens that the true estimates are restored. Mr. Chesterton very happily characterizes Dickens as a great mythologist, the maker of prodigious types and interpreter through symbols of the elementary democracy of life.

Apart from the original, scholarly and keen appreciation of Dickens, the study is peculiarly entertaining by reason of Mr. Chesterton's own style. He sparkles and scintillates, and his periods follow antitheses and paradoxes until the whole matter is seen in sharp brilliancy. The detonation of his epigrams makes a perfect celebration of clamor and light until the ear is almost oppressed with cleverness, and it is necessary to pause to remember that the fireworks are in honor of an international and immortal fact.

THE CRUISE OF THE VIOLETTA. By Arthur Colton, author of "The Belted Seas." New York: Henry Holt & Co. Washington: Ballantyne.

The books of Arthur Colton in structure, purpose and style are not subject to easy and concise definition. If the genus to which his work belongs is apprehended with an aslant eye of humor, its differentiating features elude capture. When by the light of his inimitable phrases, characterizations and verses, some idea of the species is perceived, possibility of classification and comparison becomes hopeless. This is not a novel, and certainly not an epic; it is not an anthology of salt sea and love lyrics, nor even a dissertation on the perfectibility of the human race by missionary endeavors, but in part it savors of all these and other things. Mr. Colton does something more than observe, he penetrates; and what he divines he presents with a drolliness and literary flavor that is unimpeachable. He revels in the relationship of the unexpected and interweaves digressions with the vision of the fates. In Mrs. Ulswater he has a personage. "Sitting in her rocking chair, caring nothing for bronze statues, little known in newspaper paragraphs, knitting the welfare of her fellow men, sewing, embroidering their destinies, mending their misfortunes," she has "forecasting insight" and "prophetic statesmanship." And the members of the crew of the Violetta, over which she dominates, are entertaining comedians and their story may not be read without audible laughter.

POCAHONTAS. By Ella Loraine Dorsey. Illustrated. Washington: George E. Howard.

A short cut to the history of the early settlers and their gentle guardian at Jamestown seems timely in view of the approaching exposition. This is essentially the busy man's book, for its narrative is presented in thirty pages and its appendix in twenty-eight. The story of the discovery and naming of Virginia, the first colony, the driving at Roanoke and the lost colony is told with decision, and the chapters on John Smith's Virginia and Pocahontas are absorbing. Not less interesting are the notes of the appendices on the Rolfe family and the American Indians.

A three-color photograph is presented on the cover and eight illustrations reproduce the real, the mooted and the ideal portraits of the Algonquin princess, the portrait of Capt. John Smith, the rock and grave of Powhatan on the James river, and the portrait of Lord Delaware, whose lady presented Pocahontas at the court of James I in 1616.

THE UPSTART. By Henry M. Hyde. New York: The Century Company.

This is a story of one of those spectacular rises into prominence from squalor which are distinctively American. Pat, later Patrick, McCormick, in childhood a denizen of "shanty-town," comes, through his own pluck and determination, to represent his county in Congress. He is fought at every stage by King Anders. The vanquishing of the fierce Dutchman happens to be coincident with Pat's success in love.

Mr. Hyde's book is particularly strong in its presentation of the middle west—the field which Hamlin Garland worked in when he wrote "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly." In the presentation of the process of amalgamation by which the sons of a Dutch or Irish emigrant may be changed, by the alchemy of Americanism, into the social and political leaders of their community, "The Upstart" is a success. The picture of King Anders, with his six huge loutish sons and one spirited daughter with ambitions and possibilities far beyond the imaginings of the rest of the tribe, is admirable.

THE LITTLE KING OF ANGEL'S LANDING. By Elmore Elliott Peake, author of "The House of Hawley." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

That large and influential part of the population which loves to have its sympathies aroused and its eyes dampened by the pathos of juvenile lives will be delighted with "The Little King of Angel's Landing." For little Abe is not only a child, but he is crippled hopelessly. He shows the large soul which swells within his small twisted body in various ways, by being "game" to the last degree and by sacrificing a precious horde of hard-earned pennies to insure the success of the teacher of his heart in a great "popularity" contest in which a piano is the prize. Everybody is glad when his tender and wealthy parents are discovered. Mr. Peake has achieved successful—if somewhat calculated—pathos.

FAIREST GIRLHOOD. By Margaret E. Sangster. With Drawings by Griselda Marshall McClure. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

The book is beautifully made up in a manner appropriate to its title. It was a matter of chivalry to give it so fair an appearance. "That our daughters may be as cornerstones polished after the similitude of a palace," is the aspiration said to be inwoven with the most sacred ideals of the human heart. Upon the daughters depend the integrity and beauty of the whole social edifice. Mrs. Sangster need make no apology for writing another book especially for girls. Her work has made her an authority. Her book is not alone for the college girl, the worker, the home maker, the girl in business. With keen insight into girl nature and a wide experience of world conditions, something is here said sympathetically which must appeal to all girlhood.

A KNIGHT OF THE CUMBERLAND. By John Fox, jr. Illustrated by F. C. Yohn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

John Fox is alone in adequate presentation of the spirit of the Kentucky mountains and their moonshiners. Keen appreciation of the pictorial quality of the setting, of the poetry, pathos and humor of the lives and a phonographic aptness of dialect make him a subtle and faithful interpreter of conditions thoroughly local, but with a general human appeal. The Knight of the Cumberland, too short for an appreciative reader, tells of the rivalry of a young engineer in the mines and a young mountaineer with outlaw propensities for the favor of the "Blight." The climax presents in the quaint tournament still surviving in the south at country fairs and festivals, a picture of chivalry worthy of Sir Walter and his Ivanhoe and remains true to the realities of today.

RICH MEN'S CHILDREN. By Geraldine Bonner, author of "The Pioneer," "Tomorrow's Tangle," etc. With illustrations by C. M. Relyea. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

There can be no doubt that Miss Bonner knows her California, the California built up by the "forty-niners," whose descendants so recently aroused the admiration of the world. The determination to remove obstacles, the control over a situation that made San Francisco the wonder of all at the time of her recent catastrophe, was a direct inheritance from those older men who were the victors of gold fields and camps. The same qualities are dominant in old Bill Cannon, the mining king in Miss Bonner's story, and in Mrs.

Geraldine Bonner.

Con Ryan, who had labored at the washtub while her husband worked the mine which was to bring them fortune.

Dominic Ryan, the rich widow's son, has been entrapped into a foolish marriage which has separated him from his family and has meant misery for himself. Rose Cannon, Bill Cannon's daughter, is the woman Dominic should have met first. The pact made between the bonanza king and Con Ryan's widow to rid Dominic of his wife is marked by practical utility if of questionable morality.

The study of Bill Cannon, who has so long been a law unto himself and a disposer of the fortunes of others that he unconsciously considers himself outside of the moral laws made for others, is an admirable one. It is entirely consistent in every detail. The grim humor of his negotiations with Bernice, Dominic's unwelcome wife, the respect which Cannon is compelled to feel for those qualities in her which he and she possess in common, is admirable. Mrs. Con Ryan is also convincing in her realism. Rose and Dominic, well presented as they are, are pale beside the vivid personalities of those elderly despots from whom they are descended.

But in keenness of insight and cleverness of presentation the characterization of Bernice ranks with those of Bill Cannon and Delia Ryan. Miss Bonner has avoided whatever temptation to melodrama the situation contains and the result has the authority of a portrait. The revelation of Berny's nature at the close, unexpected to the reader, but inherent in her temperament, is a happy device.

THE PLOW-WOMAN. By Eleanor Gates, author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl." New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

The story of Dallas Lancaster and her brave fight for a strip of Dakota prairie land allows fine opportunity for a picture of pioneer life. In '76 the western frontier, with its army posts, its desperadoes, its restless Indians, was a wild theater for the drama of a girl's life. But Dallas was strong enough to act in place of a lame father, protect a timid sister and withstand plotting and violence. How much of her success was due to qualities that attracted the devoted service of two such dissimilar beings as Lounsbury and Squaw Charlie, the reader may discover for himself. Dallas is strongly and sympathetically drawn, and the poor Indian, who "out of the weakness of the flesh wept under the torture of the sun dance," and was forever after the pariah of his tribe, is pathetic. The act by which he forgoes the opportunity of restoring himself to the membership of the braves and finds his death in loyal service, shows a finer courage than that of his fellows who taunted him.

CASA GRANDE; A CALIFORNIA PASTORAL. By Charles Duff Stuart. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Washington: Ballantyne's.

Casa Grande is a ranch house in the Sonoma valley of California. It was known as Casa Grande because of its size and commanding situation. The owner, Ned Miller, a young southerner of gentle birth, finds it necessary, in making good his title to an unconfirmed grant, to enter into a war with a widow and her three children. That one of them is a beautiful girl, named Belle, complicates matters and evolves the plot. Under the novel influences to which she is subjected, Belle develops from a rough Amazon into a woman of distinct charm. The story holds the interest and is full of breezy out-of-door life.

THE SHADOW OF THE HOUSE. By Ivan Strannik. Translated from the French by Emma A. Clinton. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

Ivan Strannik's novel is instinct with the peculiarly poignant realism for which the Russians are remarkable. "The Shadow of the House" shows how the life of a woman among the old conservative families of St. Petersburg may be cramped and set awry through the weight of custom and tradition—"the shadow of the house."

The story takes Helen—beautiful, ardent, spirited and loving—through a wistful girlhood, ignorant marriage and disillusioned motherhood. At any moment up to her marriage a word of sympathetic insight would have saved her from mistake. As it is she makes her fatal blunder and learns her bitter lesson. Being of fine nature she rises; had she been less fine she would have fallen. The narrative of her life should have been by rights somber, but Strannik's delicacy of treatment, a quality almost of symbolism, veils the essential tragedy. The color and melody of the book make it a poem quite as much as a romance.

The Tougorine interior is a masterpiece of genre. Gen. Tougorine and madame, Miles. Marie and Pauline, Miles. Alexandra and Eudoxia the spinster aunts, Xenia and Vera: the married daughters and their husbands—are all alike, of the family and yet individualized. Strannik has succeeded in reproducing the atmosphere of deadly conservatism in which these all move and have their being and in which Helen stifles and rebels. The girl-lives of Helen and of Lily, her dearest friends, are given with charming intimacy. Sougoutine, the egotistic, unstable sentimentalist whom Helen marries, is revealed with admirable restraint, but with pitiless truth. "The Shadow of the House" is a novel of distinction.

CAMP FIRES IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES. By William T. Hornaday, Sc.D., director of the New York Zoological Park. Illustrations by John M. Phillips. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

Mr. Hornaday insists that his sight drafts upon the reading public have been by no means extravagant. He wrote one book twenty years ago and now he essays another. No apology was necessary. He has taken so many trips into what he calls "the late lamented wild west" that he is peculiarly fitted to speak of it. Of British Columbia, where his latest hunt has been made, he seems compelled to write. "The land," he says, "looms up so grandly, its wild creatures seem so interesting and Mr. Phillips' pictures so fine, it would seem churlish to refuse the labor that will place them before those who care to enjoy them." The book is delightful. Merely a story of recreation with big game, with a few notes on nature, it inspires an overwhelming desire to go west and find vigor and health and joy in the mountain fastnesses where the big game lurks. The pictures are wonderful and the book is packed with unalloyed delight.

DAUGHTERS OF DESTINY. By Schuyler Staunton, author of "The Fate of a Crown," etc. Illustrated with color reproductions of paintings by Thomas Mitchell Peirce and Harold Delay. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Co.

In the modern craze for foreign countries in which heroines of fiction may find potentates to control and policies to direct, Baluchistan has up to this time escaped. But Mr. Schuyler Staunton has discovered it and pressed it into service. The result is an interesting, if improbable, concoction of travel and intrigue.

RAMBLES ON THE RIVIERA. By Francis Miltoun, author of "Rambles in Normandy," etc. With illustrations by Blanche McManus. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

An account of journeys made en automobile through the fair land of Provence and illustrated from paintings made on the spot, should prove alluring to any one who has felt the urge of the wanderlust. The book makes no pretense at being a work of historical or archaeological importance, but it is just as surely not the conventional travel story nor glorified guide book. Provence is one of the most beautiful touring grounds of the world, historic, romantic and picturesque. Reported as is here done by the author and the artist, not a little of the charm to be found there is caught even in the indirection of picture and word. Here at last may be read of the country back from the frequented resorts, of pleasant byways and delightful petits pays very much worth the exploring by a genuine traveler. Pictures and text have a real element about them and a personal viewpoint that give them keen interest.

A BOOK OF ENGLISH GARDENS. Written by M. R. Gloag. Illustrated by Katharine Montagu Wyatt. New York: The Macmillan Co. Washington: Brentano's.

Since Bacon first wrote his charming essay "Of Gardens" the dignity and beauty of the formal setting of great houses has been a theme of poet and artist. Indeed, before him there had been garden lovers. The essay opening this new volume, in which the splendors of many old English gardens are recorded, is a worthy successor of that great beginning. Here not the general nature of a garden, whether of Italian type, freer Saxon or statelier Norman, is explained, but the actual condition at Abbotsbury, Hatfield, Sutton Place, Holland House, Beckett and many other worthy specimens from parks to cottage plots. Bacon says: "God first planted a garden." Certainly they have been the delight and solace of all men who have risen to the culture and refinement of nature, which their making implies. It is perhaps not too high praise to say that the book gives a very adequate treatment of a very noble subject.

THE PITFALLS OF SPECULATION. By Thomas Gibson. New York: The Moody Corporation.

"So great," says Mr. Gibson, "are the opportunities offered by speculative changes that, with proper methods and self-control, the poor man cannot afford to overlook them." The author, with this idea as his germinal topic, has arranged in a logical manner the reasons for the failure of 80 per cent of all speculators, and makes an exposition of the methods by which the minority have succeeded. Speculation he considers not only a legitimate but safe procedure when business methods of approved types are applied to it. Only marginal speculation is treated, and that is presented with clear knowledge of the subject and much common sense. Thirteen basic principles are made out as pertinent to marginal speculation, and each is attested by precedent. In his chapter on "Intelligent Methods," Mr. Gibson is both outspoken and full of real information. His book must be of service to even more than the embryo speculator.

MARS AND ITS MYSTERY. By Edward S. Morse, author of "Japanese Homes and Their Surroundings." Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Morse has been attracted, he says, to his subject by the wide divergence of opinion as to the nature and interpretation of the curious markings on Mars. He writes for the general reader, believing that the question of intelligence in other worlds is of perennial interest to every one. The question, he further believes, may be settled by an unprejudiced study of the neighboring planet. The many known analogies between Mars and the earth justify the inquiry into the real conditions on that planet. Mr. Morse, though not an astronomer, has studied the mysterious planet with the great refractor at the Lowell observatory, and he believes that if one is gifted with some imagination and is free from prejudice he or any student with a fair acquaintance of the surface of the earth, a general knowledge of the heavens and an appreciation of the doctrine of probabilities may have an advantage over the astronomer. He must, of course, be capable of estimating the value of evidence. The one chapter, "What the Martians Might Say of Us," may indicate the tendency of Mr. Morse's book, which is certainly a most readable contribution to the general subject.

THE COURT OF PILATE; a story of Jerusalem in the days of Christ. By Roe R. Hobbs. Illustrations by S. Di Franco. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

"The Court of Pilate" is a story of love and intrigue in the court of Pontius Pilate, the Roman procurator of Jerusalem, whose name has been hissed through the centuries because of his policy in dealing with uprisings, thereby legalizing the murder of the Messiah.

The book brings vividly to the mind life as it was lived in Jerusalem at that time. The reader sees before him all the hosts of Caesar marching in triumph through the streets of overwhelmed and defeated Jerusalem. In spite of the military action in the book, which is fierce and rapid, a remarkable love story runs throughout. Paulina, a typical woman of Rome, frankly "a woman of the palace," loves Cestus, the second centurion of the guards, with a force that sweeps everything in its way; but she finds a rival in the person of Myria, a typical Jewess, pure and undefiled, believing in the religion of her fathers with all her heart. The intrigues of Paulina, unscrupulous and daring, highly influential at court and lacking nothing of a dangerous woman's natural shrewdness, against Myria for the possession of the heart of Cestus makes an interesting love story.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SOCIAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES. By Paul Lafargue. Translated by Charles H. Kerr. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

WHAT'S SO AND WHAT ISN'T. By John M. Work. Third edition; revised and enlarged. Chicago: Charles H Kerr & Co.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF MIND AND MORALS. By M. H. Fitch. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

THE POSITIVE OUTCOME OF PHILOSOPHY. By Joseph Dietzgen. Translated by Ernest Untermann. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND KINDRED SUBJECTS; Their Facts and Fallacies. By Rev. Charles F. Winbigler, Ph.M. Introduction by Rev. J. Herndon Garnett. New and revised edition. Washington: Judd & Detweiler.

THE FRIENDLY YEAR; Chosen and Arranged from the Works of Henry Van Dyke. By George Sidney Webster, D.D., pastor of the Church of the Covenant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MY RESOLUTIONS, BUSTER BROWN. By R. F. Outcault. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

POEMS. By Charles W. Hubner, author of "Representative Southern Poets." New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Co.

GATES OF FLAME. By Roe R. Hobbs, author of "Zaos." New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Co.

ZAOS (A Novel). By Roe R. Hobbs. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Co.

THE FLORIDA WILDS; Tales of Adventure and Romance. By Edwin Alberton. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Co.

WHITE BLOOD; A Story of the South. By Rev. Henry M. Wharton, D.D., author of "War Songs and Poems of the Confederacy." New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Co.

REPRESENTATIVE SOUTHERN POETS. By Charles W. Hubner, author of "Historical Souvenirs of Luther." New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Co.

THE PUBLIC LIFE AND DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE OF JAMES M. MASON. With Some Personal History. By Virginia Mason (his daughter) Second thousand. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Co.

THE FAERY QUEEN. First Book. Rewritten in simple Language by Calvin Dill Wilson, author of "The Story of the Cid." Decorated by Ralph Fletcher Seymour. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

CANTERBURY TALES, Prologue and Selections; Old Tales Retold for Young Readers. Rewritten in simple language by Calvin Dill Wilson, author of "The Child's Don Quixote." Decorated by Ralph Fletcher Seymour. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

HEROES EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW; Tales for Young People of the World's Heroes in All Ages. Edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie. Illustrated and Decorated by Blanche Ostertag. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

THE LITTLE COLONEL; MAID OF HONOR. By Annie Fellows Johnston, author of "The Little Colonel Series." Illustrated by Ethelred B. Barry. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

INCREASED USE — SIMPLIFIED SPELLING—NEW BOOKS.

The use of the District Public Library is steadily increasing, as shown by the statistics of circulation of books and attendance in the reference room. In 1905 the circulation during the four months from July 1 to November 1 was 119,222. For the corresponding period of 1906, the figures are 130,946. In the reference room the attendance last year for the same period was 28,709; for this year, 34,644. The use of the reference room by school children is increasing, and full co-operation with teachers is earnestly desired.

In view of the general interest in simplified spelling the following list of books and magazine articles on the subject is furnished:

Simplified Spelling.

March, F. A. Spelling Reform. 1893. IK-Un3c.
Simplified Spelling Board. Simplified Spelling. 1906. XS-Si55s. Contains the 300 simplified words.
Simplified Spelling Board. Circulars 1-8. Reference room.
Skeat, W. W. Problem of Spelling Reform. 1906. XS-Sk228p.
Wheeler, B. I. Orthography and Simplified Spelling. Outlook, October 6.
Matthews, Brander. Orthography and Simplified Spelling. Outlook, November 3.
Howels, W. D. Plea for Reform. Harper's, September.
Moore, H. H. Simplified Spelling, What It Is and What It Is Not. Outlook, September 22.
Matthews, Brander. Simplifying Our Spelling. Harper's Weekly, March 24.
Matthews, Brander. Spelling of Yesterday and of Tomorrow. Outlook, April 14.
Smith, B. E. Spelling Problem. Century, June.
Munsterberg, Hugo. World Language. McClure's, November.

The following is a selection of the books most recently added to the library:

Religion.

Beecher, H. W. Life of Christ. CGQ-B394l.
Cassels, W. R. Supernatural Religion. BR-C278.
Churchman's League. District of Columbia. Fundamental Principles of Christian Unity. CPAB. C478f.
Kuhns, L. O. Saint Francis of Assisi. DZS-F8415k.
Mallauy, K. F. Miriam of Magdala; a Study. CBJ-M368m.
Non-Christian Religions of the World. BT-N732.
Ramanathan, Ponnambalam. Culture of the Soul Among the Western Nations. BSS-R142c.

Missions.

Gabrielian, M. C. The Armenians. DS604-G112ar.
Gordon, A. J. Holy Spirit in Missions. DS-G653h.
Hervey, G. W. Story of Baptist Missions in Foreign Lands. DS-H446s.
Liggins, John. Great Value of Foreign Missions. DS-L624g.
McFarlane, S. Among the Cannibals of New Guinea. DS20-M162am.

Biography.

Chesterton, G. K. Charles Dickens. E-D55c.
Geronimo, Apache Chief. Story of His Life. E-G316.
Harrison, Mrs. J. W. A. M. Mackay. E-M192ha.
La Rocheterie, Maxime de. Life of Marie Antoinette. E-M334lla.E.
Perry, Bliss. Walt Whitman. E-W594pe.
Perry, J. G. Letters From a Surgeon of the Civil War. E-P5237.
Potter, H. C. Reminiscences of Bishops and Archbishops. E-0P853r.
Russell, G. W. E. Collections and Recollections, by One Who Has Kept a Diary. E-R9133.

History.

Howard, B. E. German Empire. F47-H832g.
Niblack, A. P. Coast Indians of Southern Alaska and Northern British Columbia. F804-N512c.
Seignobos, Charles. History of Ancient Civilization. FE-Se446h.
Walker, A. M. Historic Hadley. F844H-W153h.

Description and Travel.

Allen, Grant, and Williamson, G. C. Cities of Northern Italy. G35-A15363c.
Gibson, C. C. In Eastern Wonderlands. G28-G357i.
Guinness, Geraldine. In the Far East. G66-G946i.
Hulbert, Homer Beza. Passing of Korea. G668-H876p.
Smith, F. B. In London Town. G45L-Sm544i.
Wack, H. W. In Thameseland. G45T-W112i.
Wilson, H. M. Topographic Surveying. GE-W696t.

Economics.

Bryan, W. J. Letters to a Chinese Official; Being a Western View of Eastern Civilization. HAC-B542l.
Fisher, Irving. The Nature of Capital and Income. HW-F537n.
Laughlin, J. L. Industrial America. HC83-L364i.
Sato, Shosuke. History of the Land Question in the United States. HXX-Sa86h.

Education.

Horne, H. H. The Psychological Principles of Education. IP-H786p.
James, G. F. Handbook of University Extension. IO-J237h.

Science.

Claudel, J. Handbook of Mathematics for Engineers and Engineering Students. LB-C876E.
Newcomb, Simon. Side-lights on Astronomy. LR-N43s.

Music.

Esposito, Michele, ed. Early Italian Piano Music. VZP-Es067e.
Kobbe, Gustav. Famous American Songs. VZVO-K792f.
Vincent, Charles, ed. Fifty Shakespeare Songs for High Voice. VZVO-V743fh.

Musicians.

Buckley, R. J. Sir Edward Elgar. VWIO-E327b.
Maitland, J. A. F. Joseph Joachim. VWIO-J572m.
Newmarch, Rosa. Henry J. Wood. VWIO-W853n.

Useful Arts.

Ingalls, W. R. Notes on Metallurgical Mill Construction. SG-In425n.
Michalke, Carl. Stray Currents From Electric Railways. RT-M682E.
Poole, C. P. Designs for Small Dynamos and Motors. RK-P785d.
Walter, A. E. X-Rays in General Practice. RT-W173x.
Whitman, E. A. Flax Culture. RGH-W597f.

Law.

Amos, Sheldon. Science of Law. KL-Am67s.
Hendrick, Frank. Power to Regulate Corporations and Commerce. KDM-H383p.

Politics and Government.

Spargo, John. Socialism. JH-Sp255s.
Stickney, Albert. Organized Democracy. JK-St525o.
Wendell, Barrett. Liberty, Union and Democracy. JAC-W483l.

Essays.

Clay, Henry. Works of Henry Clay. Y-C578.
Hay, John. Addresses of John Hay. Y-H328ad.
Lodge, H. C. Frontier Town and Other Essays. Y-L824fr.
Scherer, J. A. B. The Holy Grail. Y-Sch273h.

Drama.

Mackaye, Mrs. J. S. Price and Prejudice; a Play. YD-M1917p.
Mackaye, P. W. Jeanne D Arc. YD-M192j.

Poetry, Wit and Humor.

Graham, Harry. Misrepresentative Women. YW-G762mi.
Irwin, Wallace. Chinatown Ballads. YP-Ir946c.
Wells, Carolyn. Whimsey Anthology. YP-W467w.

Fiction.

Adams, I. W. Shibusawa.
Garland, Hamlin. Witch's Gold.
London, Jack. White Fang.

Books for Boys and Girls.

Barber, H. S. Tony Tompkins and Lion Tinker.
Mabie, Hamilton Wright. Legends That Every Child Should Know. JYL-M112l.
Sweetser, K. D. Boys and Girls From George Eliot.
Tappan, E. M. American Hero Stories. JE-97168am.

THE GAMBLER

BY

KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON,

Author of "The Masquerader," Etc.

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XVI.

That night Clodagh fell asleep with her wet cheek pressed against her sister's and her arms clasped closely round her.

Next morning she woke calmed and soothed by her outburst of the night before, and after breakfast was able to enter into the primary discussion concerning her marriage without any show of emotion. The conclave, at which she, her aunt, and Milbanke alone were present, took place in the drawing room and was of a weighty and solemn character. The first suggestion was put forward by Mrs. Asshlin, who, with the native distaste for all hurried and definite action, pleaded that an engagement of six months at least would be demanded by the conventionalities before a marriage could take place; but here, to the surprise of his listeners, Milbanke displayed a fresh gleam of the determination and firmness that had inspired him during the days of sickness and death. With a reasonableness that could not be gainsaid, he refused and disposed of Mrs. Asshlin's arguments, and, with a daring born of his new position, made the startling proposal that the wedding ceremony should be performed within the shortest possible time, and that, to obviate all difficulties, Clodagh and he should leave Ireland immediately, journeying to Italy to take up their residence in the villa that he had already rented at Florence for his own use.

Immediately the suggestion was made Mrs. Asshlin broke forth in irresistible objection.

"Oh, but what would people say?" she cried. "Think of what people would say! With the funeral scarcely over!"

Milbanke looked at her gravely. His matter-of-fact mind was as far as ever from comprehending the ramifications of the Irish character.

"But, my dear Mrs. Asshlin," he urged, "do you think we need really consider whether people talk or not? Surely we who knew and loved poor Denis—"

"Oh, it isn't that. No one knows better than I do what a friend you have been—"

Milbanke stirred uncomfortably.

"Please do not speak of it. I—I did no more than any Christian would have done. What I mean to suggest—"

But again she interrupted.

"Yes, yes; I know. But we must consider the county. We must consider the county."

But here Clodagh, who was standing by the window, turned swiftly round.

"Why must we?" she asked. "The county never remembered father till he was dead. If I'm going to be married, it's all the same to me whether it's in three weeks or three months or three years."

Milbanke colored—not quite sure whether the declaration was propitious or the reverse.

"Certainly! Certainly!" he broke in, nervously. "I think your view is a—a very sensible one."

Mrs. Asshlin shook her head in speechless disapproval.

"And what is to become of Nance?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

Again Milbanke glanced uncertainly at Clodagh.

"My idea," he began, deprecatingly, "was to place the child at a good English school. But for the first year or two I think that perhaps Clodagh might be allowed to veto any arrangement I may make."

Clodagh stepped forward suddenly and impulsively.

"Do you mean that?" she asked.

He bent his head gravely.

"Then—then let us take her with us to Florence? 'Twould make me happier than anything under the sun."

The words were followed by a slightly dismayed pause. Although he strove bravely to conceal the fact, Milbanke's face fell. And Mrs. Asshlin became newly and markedly shocked.

"My dear Clodagh," she began, sternly.

But Milbanke put up his hand.

"Pray say nothing, Mrs. Asshlin," he broke in, gently. "Clodagh's wishes are mine."

The blood surged into Clodagh's face in a wave of spontaneous relief.

"You mean that?" she said again.

Once more he bent his head.

"Then I'll marry you any time you like," she said, with a sudden, impulsive warmth.

And in due time the day of the marriage dawned. After careful consideration, every detail had been arranged and all difficulties smoothed away. The ceremony was to take place in the small, unpretentious Protestant church at Carrigmore, where, Sunday after Sunday, since the days of her early childhood, Clodagh had listened to the Word of God, and had sent up her own immature supplications to heaven. The marriage—which of necessity was to be of the most private nature—was fixed for the forenoon; and it had been arranged that immediately upon its conclusion Clodagh, Nance and Milbanke should repair to Mrs. Asshlin's cottage, from which—having partaken of lunch—they were to start upon their journey without returning to Orristown.

The wedding morning broke gray and mild, presaging a typical Irish day. After a night of broken and restless sleep, Clodagh woke at 6, and slipped out of bed without disturbing Nance.

For the first moment or two she sat on the side of her bed, her hands locked behind her head, her bare feet resting upon the uncarpeted floor. Then suddenly the sight of the long cardboard box that had arrived from Dublin the day before, containing the new gray dress in which she was to be married, roused her to the significance of the hour. With a swift movement she rose and crossed the room to the window.

The view across the bay was neutral and calm. Over the sea to the east, a pale and silvery sun was emerging from a film of mist, while on the water itself a white, almost spiritual, radiance lay like a mystic veil. Clodagh took one long, comprehensive glance at the familiar scene; then, as if afraid to trust herself too far, she turned away quickly and began to dress with noiseless haste.

Twenty minutes later she crept downstairs arrayed in her old black riding habit.

Where she rode on that morning of her marriage; what strange and speculative thoughts burned in her brain; and what secrets—regretful or anticipatory—she whispered into Polly's sensitive ears, no one ever knew! At half-past 8 she rode into the stable-yard, slipped from the saddle unaided, and threw the mare's bridle to Burke.

For a full minute she stood with her gloved hand upon the neck of the animal that had carried her so often and so well; then, with a sudden, almost furtive, movement, she bent forward and pressed her face against the cropped mane.

"Take care of her, Tim," she said, unsteadily. "Take care of her. I'll come back some day, you know."

And without looking at the old man she turned and walked out of the yard.

She met no one on her way to the house; but as she passed across the hall she was suddenly arrested by the sight of Milbanke descending the stairs, already arrayed in a conventional frock-coat.

Unconsciously she paused. From the first she had vaguely understood that he would discard his usual tweed suit on the day of the wedding; but the actual sight of these unfamiliar clothes came as a shock, bringing home to her the imminence of the great event as nothing else could possibly have done. He looked unusually old, thin, and precise in the stiff, well-cut garments, a circumstance that was unkindly enhanced by the fact that he was palpably and uncontrollably nervous.

There was a moment of embarrassed silence. Then, mastering her emotions, Clodagh advanced to the foot of the stairs, holding out her hand.

He responded to the gesture with something like gratitude.

"You have been out early," he said, hurriedly. "Have you been taking a last look round?"

Clodagh nodded and turned aside. The smart of her recent farewell still burned in her eyes and throat.

He saw and interpreted the action.

"Don't take it to heart, my dear!" he said, quickly. "You shall return whenever you like. And—and it will be my proud privilege to know that you will always find everything in readiness for you."

Clodagh's head dropped.

"You are very good," she said, in a low, mechanical voice.

For a space Milbanke made no response; then suddenly his fingers tightened nervously over the hand he was still holding.

"Clodagh," he said, anxiously. "You do not regret anything? You know it is not too late—even now."

Clodagh glanced up, and for one instant a sudden light leaped into her eyes; the next her lashes had drooped again.

"No," she said. "I regret nothing."

Milbanke's fingers tightened spasmodically.

"God bless you!" he said, tremulously. And leaning forward suddenly, he pressed his thin lips to her forehead.

And so Clodagh's last boat was solemnly burned.

The hours that followed breakfast and saw the departure from Orristown were too filled with haste and confusion to make any deep impression upon her mind. The last frenzied packing of things that had been overlooked; the innumerable farewells, all more or less harassing; the scramble to be dressed, and the entering of the musty old barouche, that had done duty upon great occasions in the Asshlin family for close upon half a century, were all hopelessly—and mercifully—confused. Even the drive to Carrigmore with her aunt and sister filled her with a sense of dazed unreality. She sat very straight and stiff in the new gray dress, one hand clasped tenaciously round Nance's warm fingers, the other holding the cold and unfamiliar ivory prayer-book that had been one of Milbanke's gifts. It was only when at last the carriage drew up before the little church, and she passed to the open gateway between two knots of gaping and whispering villagers, that she realized with any vividness the inevitable nature of the moment. As she walked up the narrow path to the church door, she turned suddenly to her little sister.

"Nance—" she said, breathlessly.

But the time for speech had passed. As Nance raised a bright, excited face to hers, Mrs. Asshlin hurried after them across the grass, and together the three entered the church. A moment later Clodagh saw with a faint sense of perturbation that the building was not empty. In a shadowy corner close to the altar rails Milbanke was talking in nervous whispers to the rector who was to perform the ceremony.

A few minutes later the little party was conducted up the aisle with the usual murmur of voices and rustle of garments, and in what seemed an incredibly—a preposterously—short space of time the service had begun.

During the first portion of it, Clodagh's eyes never left the brown, clean-shaven, benevolent face of the rector. Try as she might, she could not realize that the serious words, pouring forth in the voice that a lifetime had rendered familiar, could be meant for her who, until the day of her father's accident, had never personally understood that life held any serious responsibilities. It was only when the first solemn question was put to her, and, startled out of her dream, she responded almost inaudibly, that her eyes turned upon Milbanke standing opposite to her—earnest, agitated, precise. For one second a sense of panic seized her; the next she had blindly extended her left hand in obedience to the rector's injunction, and felt the chill of the new gold ring as it was slipped over her third finger.

After that all-important incident, it seemed but a moment before the ceremony was over, and the whole party gathered together in the vestry. With a steady hand she signed her name in the register then, instantly the act was accomplished, she turned instinctively toward the spot where Nance was standing.

But before she could reach her sister's side she was intercepted by Mrs. Asshlin, who stepped forward, half-tearful, half-exultant, and embraced her effusively.

"My dear child!—my dear, dear child!" she murmured, disjointedly. "May your future be very happy!"

Clodagh submitted silently to the embrace; then, as her aunt reluctantly withdrew into the background, she became conscious of the old rector's kindly presence. Looking closely into her face, he took her hand in both his own.

"God bless you, my child," he said, simply. "I did not preach you a sermon just now, because I do not think you will require it. You are a dutiful child, and I believe that you have found a very worthy husband."

At the word husband Clodagh looked up quickly; then her eyes dropped to her wedding ring.

"Thank you," she said, almost inaudibly. And an instant later Milbanke stepped forward deferentially and offered her his arm.

In silence they passed down the aisle of the church, in the center of which stood the old stone font at which Clodagh had been christened, and on which she had been wont to fix her eyes during the Sunday service while the rector preached. All at once this inanimate friendly object seemed to take a new and unfamiliar air—seemed to whisper that