

# Literature of the Week.

## Literary Boston.

"Boston Days," by Lillian Whiting, is a holiday book intended to give the reader an idea of the literary life of Boston. The author has had exceptional opportunity for the gathering of photographs, letters and data on this subject, and the most striking features of the book are wealth of detail and a fixed determination to worship. Miss Whiting is not a Bostonian, but she has put on her Boston with such thoroughness as to suggest a belief that the literary lights of the Hub were all demigods. She quotes, at the beginning of the first chapter, the aphorism that Boston is a condition and not a locality. In her view it is hardly that. Her Boston is not even a condition; it is a theory.

All the same, when one has scraped off the laudatory adjectives and made some allowances, there is an immense amount of interesting reading in the volume for anyone who likes literary reminiscence. The fact that by some peculiar arrangement of fate an extraordinary number of brilliant people lived in and about Boston some fifty years ago cannot possibly be gainsaid. Even now the city has not altogether lost its fascination as a literary center, and probably harbors more authors than any other of its size in America. The writer who tells us of the daily life of the men and women who made Boston a city of let-

ters in its day is, therefore, doing work which is in its sort valuable.

It has been the fashion of late to ridicule the "plain living and high thinking" theory, but the fact remains that until the world is made over again on a different plan those who do its thinking must often live plainly, and it is a great deal to do that in Concord, Mass., or in some little town of France or Germany. It is easy to belittle the influence of Emerson and Alcott, Parker, Channing, and their associates, but it is certain that they were in their day the beginning of an influence which is still working for the uplifting of thought in this country, though the modern world takes it not with a shock, as our forefathers did, but as a matter of course.

One of the results of the Transcendental movement was, as everyone knows, the Concord School of Philosophy, and a bit of reminiscence in this connection throws some new light on that unique institution.

"Dr. Harris, who, when a junior in Yale College, often met Mr. Alcott, says of his 'conversations':

"It was perhaps difficult for those who attended the conversations to name any one valuable idea or insight which they had gained there, but they felt harmoniously attracted to free-thinking, and there was a feeling that great stores of insight lay beyond what they had already attained. That a person has

within him the power of growth in insight, is the most valuable conviction that he can acquire. Certainly this was the fruit of Mr. Alcott's labors in the West. Ordinarily, a person looks upon



LILLIAN WHITING, Author of "Boston Days."

his own wit as a fixed quantity, and does not try a second time to understand anything found too difficult on the first trial. He set people to reading Emerson and Thoreau. He familiarized them with the names of Plato and Pythagoras as great thinkers whose ideas are valid now and are to remain valid throughout the ages."

"Mr. Alcott's talks were full of illumination, and all these made up a series of charmed hours in the American Academy. One beautiful little expression from Mr. Denton J. Snider—whose course of lectures on Greece was singularly interesting—was made regarding Dr. Harris. Mr. Snider, referring to one of the lectures of Dr. Harris, was led by the warmth of his enthusiasm into an extended reference to the great thinker in which he abruptly checked himself, saying, 'He is too great for any praise of mine.' So, surely, all who listened to him felt regarding Dr. Harris, and the remark suggested to one of the audience a little rhythmic 'impromptu,' which offered its tribute to Dr. Harris as the acknowledged master, in the following stanza:

He is too great for any praise of mine,  
So said the artist whose rare touch had wrought  
For us the glow of Grecian marble—the shrine  
Of buried glory's—of living thought.

He, whose fine power had pictured mountains old,  
And brought us draughts from Helicon's pure stream;

He, who of legend, myth, and poet told,  
Of Delphic oracle and mystic dream—

And who, with subtle power, revealed to all  
The listening world immortal Shakespeare's art;  
He, too, discerned this spell of wisdom's thrill;  
The grand ideal of our Master's heart.

Teacher, philosopher! our Master still!  
Thy words thrill life with subtle harmonies;  
Thy guidance teaches duties to fulfill;  
Transfigures time in sacred mysteries.

Thou art too great—we echo still thy thought;  
We reverence the life as wisdom's shrine.  
And say, O Master! all that thou hast wrought—  
It is too great for any praise of mine.

But the book is not by any means all transcendentalism. There are entertaining glimpses of the family life of the Alcotts, the Hales, the Hawthornes. Miss Whiting calls Dr. Hale "a spiritual dynamo," and "the most vital element of Boston."

One of the most interesting chapters is that which tells of William Dean Howells' life in Boston. There is here a portrait of Mr. Howells' daughter Mildred, who died in girlhood, which shows us a singularly attractive face. There is also an anecdote of a dinner which was given by Lowell in honor of Mr. Howells when he first came to Boston, at which the only other guests were James T. Fields and Dr. Holmes. At this dinner the host observed:

"This is the laying on of hands; it is our literary apostolic succession." And this was a more accurate prophecy than Mr. Lowell could have imagined. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

## A Study of Childhood.

"The Child Mind," by R. H. Bretherton, is a study of a little English girl, revealing her attitude toward grown people in a way which will probably set parents thinking. Some of them are already thinking so hard that it is not doing them or the children any good. But the general teaching of the book seems to be that children get on best when their elders leave them to amuse themselves, encourage them to ask for information, but do not try too hard to enter into their lives and pursuits. There is one half-comic, half-pathetic chapter which contains an account of an afternoon which Kitty's father and mother spent, as they thought, in amusing her by playing with her dolls. In reality they were amusing themselves, and they did not take the dolls or doll house half seriously enough to suit the child, who felt like apologizing to her inanimate family for the stupidity of her human relatives.

There is a good deal of pathos in the book, altogether, as there is in the lives of most sensitive children. The adult says, "Oh, a child's trouble doesn't last," and forgets that to seven years old an hour seems as long as a day does to the grown person, and also that the child has none of the consolation which comes of experience, foresight, and reason. The child cannot see possible pleasures which will be better than the one lost,

or compensations for pain. When the universe turns black it cannot reason from previous experience that what seems black is really only a deep gray, and will presently fade. It is black to the child, and, for all that infantile minds conceive, it is always black. In this book there are several accounts of terrors and miseries endured by the child over utterly baseless sorrows. There was the fear of death; the fear of her mother's death, the fear that she was totally unworthy of her mother, and that her parents were pitted by their relatives for having so insignificant and naughty a child. The last is one of the commonest of childish woes, and few realize how many conscientious children suffer from the consciousness of being unusually bad, and a grief to their parents. Such a child is apt to feel the isolation of peculiar criminality. It is told by thoughtless grown people "Other children don't behave as you do. I never did when I was a child," or, "How can you be so naughty when mother is so good to you? If you are so bad, nobody will love you at all." These sayings are taken seriously by the child, and there have been children who have suffered as much real misery from the mistaken idea that they were abnormal criminals as they probably would have suffered if they had really been little monsters—in fact, perhaps more. If this book serves to call the attention of the intelligent public to facts of this sort it will be worth while to have written it. (New York: John Lane.)

## A ROMANCE OF THE NURSERY.

One of the most charming of the juvenile books of the year is "A Romance of the Nursery," by L. Allen Harker. It is an English story of the wholesome, heartsome life of the "Squire's" children in a cathedral town. The romantic element is supplied by a small visitor with strange, unchildish but very human ways, the daughter of a poet who has made the child his constant companion. Flametta is a distinct little individuality among the children of fiction. Jane, who tells the story, is just a lovable, ordinary little girl; Paul, the dreamer of the family, is another quaint and interesting little person; Harry is a normal English boy of school age, and "father" and "mother" are the ideal father and mother of childish imagination, all-wise, all-kind, and all-loving.

There is plenty of fun, not at all forced, in the story, some poetry and much good character-drawing. It is superior to the ordinary run of children's books in almost every respect and inferior in none. The author has not made the usual and fatal mistake of writing down to children but has put into the characters all the vividness and realism more commonly found in novels for grown people. In fact, this might almost be called a novel of the nursery, so carefully wrought is it in all details.

Most people have known at least one child of Paul's type, "the child that made trouble" and was loved all the better for it. Here is the author's sketch of him:

"Paul isn't a bit good-looking."

Flametta said one day, 'but he has got the kind of face you want to look at again. I wonder how it is!'

"Other people wondered the same thing, but the fact remained that Paul attracted attention. He was 'noticed,' and by people who were by no means fond of children as a rule. Like Flametta, he did not know what shyness meant. He looked the whole world in the face, and the world looked back at him and smiled. Perhaps it was because his world was so entirely of his own creating that it wore for him so pleasant an aspect. Life, for him, meant one long pageant which could never, under any circumstances, become monotonous because it was so full of surprises. From his very babyhood the Angel-Playmate had wandered with him hand in hand. At three years old he informed us that he went every day to a 'magic place' where there was no nannas and all kinds of fruits ripe at the same time."

"Harry and I were not particularly enterprising children, and up to Paul's arrival had passed our time in monotonously virtuous peace, content with such excursions into the unlawful as occurred to us by no means vivid imaginations. But from the moment that Paul began to walk the possibilities of wondrous increased tenfold, and we seemed born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. He was, nurse said, the naughtiest and most 'mischievous' baby she had ever held in her arms."

And this is the house in which the story happens:

"As we rounded the last bend of the

drive and came full upon the house standing four square and hospitable in its soft setting of gay garden and great elms, Flametta stopped short and looked gravely at it lying before us in the rosy evening light. Then she said, softly, 'What a friendly looking house!'

"Like most of Flametta's criticisms, the words were curiously apt. A big, straggling, two-storied gabled house, 'built onto' by some twenty generations of prosperous, slow-thinking, kindly Garsethire squires, each one careful to disturb in no way the work of his forebears, yet each anxious in his turn to leave 'the place' a roomier, more comfortable habitation than he had found it. Every window was big, stone mullioned, and in summer framed in fragrant vegetation. There was hardly a square foot of wall to be seen on the whole house, and from the scarlet gladness of japonica in May to the crimson glories of the Virginia Creeper in October, there was a continual succession of color and sweetness the whole summer through. Faint, faithful monthly roses often blooming at Christmas, while now in June, wistaria, honeysuckle, and every sort of climbing rose rioted over the walls, striving to push their way through the over-arched windows, that they might make the house as beautiful inside as out. We, none of us, children I mean, ever wanted to go away from the Court."

The book is full of sweetness—sweetness of flowers, of bird-music, and cathedral chiming; of children's voices and innocent fancies, of mother-love and care and tenderness. The illustrations are by Katharine M. Roberts. (New York: John Lane: The Bodley Head.)

## A Bangs Juvenile.

"Bikey the Skycle," by John Kendrick Bangs, is precisely the kind of juvenile book which one might expect that author to write. It describes the adventures of one Jimmieboy in various fanciful lands, beginning with a trip which he took on a skycle to the stars, where he rode on a bicycle track formed by one of the rings of Saturn. Incidentally, the skycle was made by attaching the cap of the pneumatic tire of an ordinary wheel to the gas jet, and if Mr. Bangs is not careful he may be called upon by irate fathers and mothers to answer for putting incendiary notions into juvenile heads.

"The Imp of the Telephone," too, is rather too suggestive for safe family reading. The average youngster is quite likely enough to tamper with modern inventions, without being incited to such attempts by specially prepared works of fiction.

There is some poetry in the book, of course, or what passes for such in Topsy-Turvydom. In the chapter which describes Jimmieboy's attendance at an animal circus there is this gem of nonsense:

Now glue your eyes upon the ring,  
And see the Jacking Cham  
Transform a piece of purple string  
Into a pillow sham.  
Nor think that when he has done so  
His tricks are seen and done,  
For next he'll turn a jet-black crow  
Into a penny bun.  
Next from his handsome leaver hat  
He'll take a piece of pie,  
A donkey, and a Maltese cat,  
A green bluebottle fly;  
A talking doll, a pair of skates,  
A fine apartment house,  
A parcel of sweet imported dates,  
A brace of roasted grouse;

And should you not be satisfied  
When he has done all that,  
He'll take whatever you decide  
Out of that beaver hat.

And after that he'll Eighty Spring  
Into the atmosphere,  
And show you how a Clam can sing  
If he but persevere.

When he has shown all this to you,  
If you applaud him well,  
He'll be so glad he'll show you through  
His handsome pinky shell.

It was at this same show that the Shark and the Lobster had a dialogue in the style of the minstrels, and when it is added that Peter Newell, who is responsible for the illustrations of this book, has given his idea of the way in which they looked while "doing their turn," the reader will understand that the text is not the least of the book's attractions. Mr. Newell is peculiarly fitted to make drawings embodying the conceptions of Mr. Bangs, as all the world knows, and never has he been happier in his achievements than in this juvenile skit. (New York: The Riggs Publishing Company.)

## The Fisheries Question.

The urgent Atlantic fisheries question, which has recently been renewed by a visit to Washington of Sir Robert Bond, Newfoundland's premier, is very informally discussed in the December number of the "Atlantic Monthly," by P. T. McGrath, a journalist and publicist of St. John's. As Mr. McGrath points out, the proposal to revive the "Bond-Blaine convention" involves matters of a much larger moment than a simple economic agreement between a minor British colony and the United States. He explains the part played by the great fishing industry in international economy, and affirms with much cogency Newfoundland's crucial position in the fisheries of the world. As he remarks, "Newfoundland, though she may be insignificant in other respects, has, clearly, the chief voice in this Atlantic fisheries question, and if the present negotiations are of no effect she will probably give a vigorous demonstration of this fact."

## Besant's Last Book.

Sir Walter Besant said not long before he died that he had been walking about London for thirty years. He also had been writing about the things he had seen. His "Magnum Opus" or "London in the Eighteenth Century" is to be published this month. It is a large quarto book of about 700 pages, and with about 104 illustrations from contemporary prints and a map. Among the subjects dealt with will be the appearance of the city and the streets; church and chapel, government and the trade of the city, manners and customs, society and amusements, crime, policy, justice and debtors' prisons.

## HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

"Jim and Joe" is the latest story by Edward S. Ellis, a name which is familiar to small-boy readers. It has a good deal of plot for so small a story, but that will not hurt it with its public. (Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.)

"Mollie and the Unwiseman" is a nonsense tale by John Kendrick Bangs, who understands the art of writing nonsense for children as well as for grown people. There are plenty of freak names and incidents in it, and Cinderella, Bo-Peep, and various other nursery favorites are among the characters, while Mollie, the heroine, is a most delightful bit of humanity. The illustrations, by Albert Levering and Clare Victor Dwigzins, are quite as clever as the text. The cover is delightfully red and decorated with drawings of Mollie and the Unwiseman sitting on stools, and four knowing-looking sunflowers peering at them from the corners. (Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.)

"Four Little Indians," by Ella Mary Coates, is a story of child life, full of simple incident and frolic. It will give any child a happy hour on Christmas afternoon. (Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.)

"The Haunted Mine," by Harry Castlemon, is the sort of story which boy readers have a right to expect from the pen of Mr. Castlemon, and the title

gives a fair idea of its nature. (Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.)

"Short Tales from Storyland" is the title of a flat book containing a number of stories by Evelyn Everett Green, illustrated in color, and black and white, by Mrs. Seymour Lucas and Eveline Lance. The illustrations in color are particularly pretty. "Wise Sayings for Wee Folks" is another book of the regulation picture-book shape, containing proverbs in rhyme, with pictures in color by Bessie Hitch. The rhymes and pictures are equally clever. Two other picture-books in charming colors are "Pets at the Farm," and "Farmyard Folk," intended for very little children.

From the same firm comes a large number of small books issued in sets of four or six, and illustrated daintily in black and white and color. Most of them contain one, two, or three short stories for children under ten years, and they make extremely pretty and inexpensive gift-books.

By far the most original books in the collection, however, are two entitled "Our Peep-Show," and "The Fancies' Playtime," in which each leaf is double, with another inserted between, which permits the revolution of the interleaved pictures after the manner of a magic lantern. In the former, for example, there is an easel in one picture, with a round hole in the middle; and four different pictures may be so moved as to fill the hole one after another. If this

## A Novel of North and South.

"The Fortunes of Oliver Horn" is F. Hopkinson Smith's latest contribution to fiction, and while it is not exactly his best work, it is very little short of his best. One often feels that the novel into which an author puts his personal experience is less finished, artistically, than one in which his attitude is wholly impersonal, and there is every reason to believe that this story is largely autobiographical. The plot is somewhat disjointed, and the main interest of the story is undoubtedly in the character drawing.

"Kennedy Square," the home of Oliver Horn, is obviously Baltimore. The home of the heroine, Margaret Grant, is somewhere in central New Hampshire; Mr. Smith has marked it by the name of the mountain Moosilauke, which he spells, by the way, Moose Hillock. The antebellum art schools of New York furnish setting for the beginning of Oliver's romance.

The figure of Richard Horn, the inventor, is in the center of the canvas, whether intended to be there or not. He is a true Southerner with all the virtues of the North and none of its faults, all the graces of the South and none of its— but Mr. Smith scarcely admits that the South has any faults. However, Richard Horn, whether he ever existed in the flesh or not, is a most lovable being, and worthy of high honor and respect. Perhaps the best chapter in the book is that in which he is introduced in a bohemian studio party at the climax of Oliver's career, there to carry off the honors without the slightest consciousness of the fact. Richard Horn alone would be worth the price of the book; but there are Malachi, the butler, and Miss Lavinia, the sweet old maid friend, and Mrs. Horn, the grande dame, and John Grant, the sturdy Northern brother of Margaret, and Margaret and Oliver themselves, most likeable young people. With this fascinating combination of characters, and the condition of the years just preceding the war as a setting, the artist-author could hardly avoid evolving delightful results. This book is likely to be more widely read than any other which he has written since "Colonel Carter at Cartersville." (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

## The Story of a Goat.

"Billy Whiskers," by Frances Trego Montgomery, is the biography of a goat, and an obtrusive goat he was, full of intelligence, mostly inspired by Beelzebub. Most people who have kept a goat know how that is. There are numerous illustrations in color, and the book is attractively gotten up. It is funny from beginning to end, and will cause much laughter among children. (Akron, Ohio: The Sealfield Publishing Company.)

## A Book on Japan.

"Japanese Girls and Women," by Alice M. Bacon, has come out in an exquisitely illustrated holiday edition. The pictures, which are in color and in black and white, and over fifty in number, are by a Japanese artist, Keisaku Take-nouchi, and are a joy in themselves. No book on Japan in many years has been so satisfactorily illustrated as this. Mrs. Bacon is a sympathetic and accurate writer on the subject of Japanese women, and while predisposed in favor of the adoption of some features of Western civilization by the people of the "Isle of the Dragon-Flly," she recognizes, as most thoughtful people do nowadays, the beauty and significance of the life of old Japan. The book is likely to come as an interpreter of the Japanese to many American readers. It does not touch upon Oriental philosophy or folklore to any great extent, but is confined to the actual daily life of the Japanese woman, and the origin and meaning of the customs by which she is bound. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

## A Story of Middle Georgia.

"Gabriel Tolliver," by Joel Chandler Harris, is a story of Georgia life in the characteristic style of this author. It must be admitted that Mr. Harris is at his best when dealing with negro types, and even in this book, in which the main interest is supposed to lie in the characters of the white people, Tasma Tid, the strange half-child, half-woman brought from Africa, is altogether the most impressive personage.

Nan, the heroine, is a childlike and altogether lovable maiden, simple and natural, throughout, and the beginning of the book, in which her childish frolics with Gabriel and other playmates are described, is altogether charming. The conditions of reconstruction days are merely sketched, though two or three episodes of the formation of the Union League among the negroes are loosely woven into the plot. They are incidental, however, and the real interest of the story is the love interest. (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.)

## Nature and the Camera.

"Nature and the Camera," by A. Radcliffe Dugmore, is as the title indicates, a book of instructions on the subject of photographing birds, animals, and other natural objects. The author's former book, "Bird Homes" proves his experience in this line, and this book will be of more definite service to the amateur. The reproductions of photographs which adorn the book might in some cases have been better, but one cannot have art and science combined in one photograph every time. (New York: Doubleday, Page, & Co.)

## Stories of Old Rome.

"Stories in Stone" from the Roman Forum," by Isabel Lovell, is a capital little book of its kind. Its aim is to tell, clearly and simply, the history of Rome as recorded in her buildings and streets, and the author has certainly succeeded. While intended for children, it will be read with interest by many students of mature years. It ought to be in every school library as a reference book.

The illustrations, which are numerous, are good from an artistic point of view, and a valuable feature of the book. There is but one criticism which could justly be made upon the book. In her desire to connect the stories closely with the monuments with which they are associated, she has failed to give the impression of a continuous narrative, and the young reader will find it rather hard to keep the thread of the history of Rome as a whole. That is why the work will be more useful in reference than as a whole. But good reference books suited to school libraries are not common. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

## An Original Juvenile Book.

"Topsy and Turvy," by Peter Newell, is altogether the most original juvenile book of the season. It is so arranged as to be read either upside down or downside up, with equal pleasure, one couplet being at the bottom of the page, and the other at the top. We see, for example, three Japanese jugglers making their bow to the audience, with an explanatory couplet underneath; reversed, the page shows the jugglers on their backs making various articles spin upon the soles of their feet, while the concluding two lines of the quatrain are printed beneath. The fact that such reversible pictures are possible was probably discovered by Mr. Newell, and certain it is that nobody else could have drawn them. They are in color, and the tints are very dainty and rich. The drawings are not all of equal merit—in some of them one has to look hard to see the point—but the point is always there; and any child will find untold fascination in studying the book from beginning to end. (New York: The Century Company.)

## The Beginning of Trouble.

Says Hall Caine:

"When I was in Boston, several years ago, a suave little ink-lady called on me and in the course of our conversation she asked if it had ever occurred to me that I looked like Shakespeare. I laughed at her and remarked that the idea was ridiculous, but she printed it just the same, and this Shakespearean nonsense has gone on ever since."

## Poetry and Dates.

A book that is attracting wide attention among school teachers, parents of school children and students of history and poetry, and is certain to hang from the boughs of thousands of Christmas trees this season, is "Every Day in the Year," the new collection of poetry which is aptly styled "A poetical epitome of the world's history." This volume, edited by James L. and Mary K. Ford, consists of nearly eight hundred poems, commemorative of the most striking events in the history of the world and arranged according to the days of the calendar.

For example, December 14 is the anniversary of the death of George Washington in 1799; of that of the Prince Consort of Victoria in 1861; of that of his daughter, the Princess Alice, just seventeen years later, and of that of Prof. Agassiz in 1873. Dr. Samuel Johnson died 118 years ago, on December 13, which is also St. Lucy's day and the anniversary of the battle of Fredericksburg, fought in 1862. The day before was the thirteenth anniversary of the death of Robert Browning and the 15th was the sixty-second of the final instrument of the great Napoleon under the dome of the Invalides.

## Pictures by Menpes.

From the publishing house of R. H. Russell comes a notable book of travel, "World Pictures," by Mortimer Menpes. It is a most interesting compilation of pictures of travel in many foreign lands. The numerous illustrations are truly eclectic in subject as well as artistic in treatment—not of the stereotyped sort that fills every guide-book and "View of the World." The pictures include a series of fifty beautiful reproductions in color, and hundreds of thumbnail sketches introduced throughout the text—over five hundred in all. Miss Dorothy Menpes supplies the letterpress, which is in itself an exceedingly well-written and fascinating history of travel.

## Dennis Kearney.

The character and career of Dennis Kearney, the anti-Chinese sandlot agitator, have inspired Mrs. Fremont Older, the wife of a well-known San Francisco editor, to write a novel of contrasting social conditions in California a quarter of a century ago. It is called "The Socialist and the Prince," and will be published some time during the winter by Funk & Wagnalls Company.

The facts that the oratorical powers of Mr. Kearney are unabated and that his daughter Mildred has just gone on the New York stage, suggest possibilities. Why might not the novel be dramatized, and father and daughter play the leading parts?

## Nonsense Verse.

"A Nonsense Anthology," collected and edited by Carolyn Wells, is a book of nonsense verse and some comic poetry which is not strictly nonsense. There is an introduction which explains the purpose of the book, and somewhat elaborately expounds the real use and sense of nonsense. As an example of prose literature of this kind Miss Wells quotes the following:

"She went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple-pie, and at the same time a great she-bear coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What, no soap?' so he died. She imprudently married the barber, and there were present the Pickaninnies, the Jambilles, the Gayrilles, and the Grand Panjandrum himself with the little round button on top, and they all fell to playing catch as catch can till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."

The nonsense verse of Lewis Carroll, Edward Lear and Peter Newell is too well known to need further advertising; likewise that of W. S. Gilbert and Thomas Hood. There is verse here from some unexpected sources, notably Alexander Pope, A. C. Swinburne, and John Milton. But by far the largest contributor, and as satisfactory as any, is our old friend Anonymous. It is he who evolved a French version of "Down Went McGinty," and this piece of macaroni verse is Latin:

Puer ex Jersey  
Irus ad school;  
Vidit in meadow,  
Infestum mule.  
Ille approches  
O magnus sorrow!  
Puer it skyward,  
Fumus ad morrow.

MORAL.  
Qui vidit a thing  
Non ei well known  
Est bene for him  
Beliqui id alone.

There are two or three of the nonsense poems of James Whitcomb Riley in the collection, notably "The Man in the Moon." Anthony Deane is the author of an amusing imitation of Kipling, entitled "Here is the Tale," being the story of Jack and Jill told in Kipling's best ballad style. There are other imitations in the book, but that one is the best.

It is a book to keep on the shelf and take down for rest and refreshment now and then, a book to read—piecemeal—to children, a book to laugh over and like. It is not an encyclopedia of its kind, and does not pretend to be. But Miss Wells has discovered in our literature a hole which nobody suspected was there, and has put something into it to stay, and for this all lovers of laughter may be grateful. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

## A New Bird Book.

"How to Attract the Birds," by Nellie Bincham, is another of the books on ornithology which have made this author's name known wherever bird-literature is read. To those already familiar with her books it is unnecessary to state that it is charmingly written and most accurate as an authority. It contains much minute information about bird ways and tastes, and the reader will probably wish to make an immediate dive into the country, if he be a city dweller, in order to carry out the directions in its pages. However, a greater deal of fun can be had with birds even in the city. One chapter in the book is given to the bird population of cities and the attention which they need, both for their own sakes and for that of the urban vegetation. (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.)

## Books Received.

TOPSY AND TURVY. Peter Newell. Illustrated in color. New York: The Century Company.

JAPANESE GIRLS AND WOMEN. Alice M. Bacon. New edition. Illustrated in color. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE STRONGEST MASTER. Helen Choate Prince. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A SEA TURTLE AND OTHER MATTERS. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

PURNISHED ROOM HOUSES. Annie M. Burdick. New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

POEMS OF LIFE AND LOVING. Harriet Spangler Shelley. New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

SIGNORA: A CHILD OF THE OPERA HOUSE. Gustav Robbe. Illustrated. New York: R. H. Russell & Co.

LONDON: ITS LIFE AND SIGHTS. Edited and arranged by Esther Singleton. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE NEGRO IN REVELATION, IN HISTORY, AND IN CITIZENSHIP. J. J. Pipkin. Introduction by Gen. John B. Gordon. New York: N. D. Thompson Publishing Co.

LOVE AND LOTISIA. E. Maria Albanesi. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

HASTING THE PIRATE. Paul Creswick. Illustrated. London: Ernest Nister. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

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