

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A BOY AMONG THE INDIANS

Experiences and Adventures With the Ojibways.

"THE MAGIC FOREST," by Stewart Edward White, is a graceful little fairy tale with a considerable mixture of realism. It will appeal especially to small boys who are fond of outdoor life and the woods, though it will be read with pleasure by mar... adults. Jimmy Ferris is a small boy who, by a chance so uncommon as to come near absolute impossibility, is thrown into the company of a tribe of Ojibway Indians for five months. The story of his adventures is wonderfully well told and fascinating, and there is just enough imagination in the whole to give it wings.

A Valuable Hint. One point which Mr. White makes will be useful to his boy readers. He explains that a woods in summer never is so wastefully, and that boys who go about the woods with guns popping at every bird and animal they see are not at all Indian like.

A scrap of Jimmy's adventures, which may serve to show the simplicity and truth of the descriptions, and their fascination for the child mind, is as follows: "One day as the canoes were paddling down a long narrow lake, Ah-kik called his attention to something white a long distance from the shore. The speck of white was moving slowly toward them. In a little while it defined itself as an animal. Everybody sat quite still. The boat was not in a hurry. Sometimes it trotted, sometimes it walked, sometimes it stopped to investigate something on the shore. In the canoes the dogs' backs were all bristling. Soon Jimmy could see that the animal was not white, but gray, and that it looked a great deal like the Indian dogs, except that it was larger and that it sloped down from heavy shoulders to lighter haunches. When just opposite the waiting line of canoes the Indians raised a mighty yell. Startled, the animal scuttled along the beach like the wind. Point after point it passed, still rising, until at last, again as white speck, it bobbed out of sight. The Indians laughed consumedly.

Learning the Language. "Me-en-gan," explained Ah-kik. "But Jimmy knew also the English name now, for he had often watched the wolves in Bronx Park cages. 'Makwe' he learned in a manner still more exciting. He and Taw-kwo came on a little open space in the wood one morning. The grass was almost knee high. Suddenly out of it, not ten feet away, a great black bear, with his hind legs and feet visible. 'Now, if a human being in a civilized room says

woof to you suddenly, you are startled, but when it is a big animal in a wild place, you hear all records on the back jump. At least that is what Jimmy did, and he started to run away, but Taw-kwo jumped up and down and waved his arms frantically and shouted until the bear, who was a peaceable beast, dropped to his four feet and ambled away."

Ojibways and Creees. There is a story of the meeting of the Ojibway band with a friendly band of Creees which is full of interest, and another picturesque episode is the funeral of a little Indian child, showing the real dignity and poetry of many traditional customs of Indian life. Of the religious ceremonies carried on by the Ojibways and Creees, the author says: "The men were conducting, inside the big lodge made of poles and branches, some mysterious and noisy ceremony.

An Indian Funeral. "Jimmy never got a glimpse of what was going on inside, but he was content to sit by the hour in the hot sun, listening to the modulated rise and fall of weird minor songs, the clatter of bones, the boom of drums, the shuffle of hands and feet. Every once in a while one of the men would appear for a moment at the doorway, his gaze exalted, his features palpitated in brilliant stripes or dots, his form dressed all in fringed buckskin lavishly ornamented with beads. And it was a pure delight at last, when the exulting man went forth, to see the strangely clad men come forth into the gathering dusk and file silently to their tepees. Jimmy's little heart always sensed a thrill at what he sometimes dimly felt to be a reincarnation of a glorious past.

Realistic and Charming. Nothing very remarkable here, perhaps; it may seem as if almost anybody might have written it; but these bits of description, like stones in a mosaic, fit together into a most charming picture of Indian life in the wilds of the North, adapted without apparent effort to a child's comprehension; and that is not a thing so very easy to do, after all.

When the Poor Ape the Rich. Finally and most usefully he declaims against the folly of people with \$2,000 incomes who try to imitate what they imagine to be the life of people with \$100,000 incomes. When it comes to suburban villas of cheap pretensions to elegance, however, Mr. Ford really should have some charity for the householder, who is too often obliged to live not in the sort of house he would like, but in the sort of house that a real estate speculator imagines he would like.

Trenchant Satire. All the same, it is refreshing to see the cheap snobbery of the day made utterly ridiculous, as Mr. Ford knows how to make it. When one reads serious statements in a fashion column that "a lady" cannot possibly do without a thousand and one small luxuries, which in the aggregate would cost several hundred dollars a year, one is moved to wonder whether the inference intended is that it is not possible to be a lady without a large income; whether the old-time notion that ladyhood depended on certain fine qualities of character was utterly wrong. Some of the titled folk from whom the aristocrat of today is proud to be descended were a lady and reduced now and then to very short commons. Why is it more creditable to be poor now than it was then? Why, indeed, save that we have taken to worshipping the Brazen Calf?

Pool Crop Never Fails. There was probably always a Brazen Calf in some shape or other. Men not yet old can remember the days of the Second Empire, when French fashions and dubiously gathered wealth flooded New York. Older people can remember the early days of Saratoga. There have always been circles in which fine feathers were held to every kind of use, and in which the worship of fashion submerged common sense. Such a time came in the early seventies; such a time is upon us now. In the talk of the day, economy and frugality were a disgraceful, almost disgraceful, necessity; women who know how to dress—and nothing else—are set up as ideals; there is a tendency to sneer at conscientious folk as hypocrites and Pharisees, and to assume that the only way to be all very well in their way, are hardly "good form." That is, one observes this tendency in certain circles.

another without scooping his brains out. Moreover, to criticize such hymns as "Onward, Christian Soldiers," on the apparent ground that religion is opposed to fighting is not only unreasonable, but contrary to facts. Anybody who has ever honestly tried to bring about the rule of righteousness in this world can testify that there are uses for the church militia. Moreover, under another head, Mr. Johnson says: "It ought to be no longer necessary to caution any intelligent person not to write 'female' when he should write 'woman.' But the offense is so frequent that the caution is still needed. In Jane Austen's 'Pride and Prejudice,' Mr. Collins says: 'According to the usual practice of elegant females.'" It is possible that Miss Austen does not know that Miss Austen has been dead since before he was born, and that in her day, nearly 100 years ago, it was fashionable to use the term in question? Did he take Jane Austen for a contemporary writer? Why, then, did he point out the error to the suspicion that he did? When we speak of matters like these the book may be extremely useful to almost anybody. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

A WORK ON RHETORIC

"THE ALPHABET OF RHETORIC" is the name of a sensible little book by Rosseter Johnson, who is, perhaps, as well qualified to discuss this subject as any one else who has written on the ways of writing and speaking. Mr. Johnson has a strong sense of humor, and that is a most useful thing in using rhetoric or criticizing the language of others. It is not known, to be sure, why the author saw fit to dedicate his book "to all that care to speak and write correctly," when "who" would have done quite as well in place of "that," and "wish" in place of "care," and his criticisms sometimes strike one as hypercritical. For instance, he objects to Tennyson's metaphor: "The whole round world is overly bound by gold chains about the feet of God." He thinks that this conveys the idea of the Creator wearing a ball and chain. Again he criticizes the phrase, "Drawn in the words of the speaker," as unpleasantly suggestive, when, in fact, it expresses the attitude of certain eager listeners remarkably well. One may absorb, or drink in, or become permeated with, the thoughts of

THE BRAZEN CALF

James L. Ford's Arraignment of Yellow Society.

That clever satirist, James L. Ford, has let himself loose on certain phases of New York life in a book called "The Brazen Calf," and those who read and smiled over "The Literary Shop" several years ago will enjoy this even better. Mr. Ford's specialty is knocking down false gods, and in his latest foray he has raised a good deal of dust in doing it. Of course, the people who really need to read this book will never see it, but that does not change the fact that it is most good that such a book should have been written. The extravagant and audacious opinions of Mr. Ford may encourage some who think as he does to stand by their timid little convictions.

Hard on the Snobs. He belabors first that class of half-educated Americans which feeds its alleged intellect on the doings of the "smart set" and goes to fashionable weddings by hanging to the railings of doings opposite the church. Then come those innocent but foolish persons who desire to get their children and themselves into a circle of "dearable," otherwise conspicuous and rich—people. He might well have included in his condemnation certain modern juvenile books in which the difference between select youngsters and other youngsters is emphasized with a care intended to prevent the development of any dangerous democratic tendencies in childhood. Then he goes for the type of wealthy New Yorker who gives vegetable parties and is familiar with South Dakota.

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Sham Aristocracy. There is one chapter in Mr. Ford's book which not only is worth all the rest of it put together, but is worth all the nonsensical sham-aristocrat novels of the season rolled into a bunch. It is the chapter in which he contrasts the home of Peter Treadwell, a humble and hard-working bookkeeper, with that of the French teacher who instructs Miss Ethel Treadwell in French and music. The teacher lives, with his family, half a mile from Treadwell's house, and is called by the Treadwells and their neighbors "Musseeer."

The French Viewpoint. "You ask me," said Musseeer, thoughtfully, "how it is that I contrive to get so much more pleasure out of life than my neighbors do on incomes that are much larger than mine. Well, in all the years I have lived in this country, and as the only one who do not know how to drive a nail in a wall if there is a picture to be hung, but I can assure you that if their parents were not so befogged by their love of style they would have them taught carpentering, cooking, gardening—anything, in fact, but French, which are of no practical use to them."

Pride in Birth. "For the only pride that Peter had ever brought in contact with was that which manifests itself in an unquenchable aversion to every kind of useful industry, and an eagerness to bow down before the favorite lares and penates of Arundel Heights—style and 'good form.'"

The Art of Cooking. "We are not ashamed to work. But I can assure you that we would both of us have been ashamed to sit down at a table that is spread in the houses of a great many people who have more money than we have, and who do not know how to pay enough respect to your cooks. We hold that they represent one of the most honorable professions in the world. Both my wife and I were born and brought up in one of the most exclusive quarters of Paris, and it was there that we learned what we know about the proper cooking and serving of food, a branch of knowledge that has been deemed worthy of the attention of many of the greatest

men and women of France. We were brought up, moreover, to respect the kitchen and to feel that to work in it was not a thing to be ashamed of. No Frenchman or Frenchwoman was ever known to speak contemptuously of the culinary art as 'pot-wrangling,' as they so here. When I first came to this country, I was grieved to learn that this land, which had always stood for freedom in the eyes of Europeans, was in reality not free, but enslaved.

True Keynote Struck. It is a pity that this most sensible and practical view is not likely very soon to be accepted by the people who need the enlightenment. So long as women condescend to look down on servants and consider household work less worthy of a cultivated intelligence than embroidery or novel reading, or amateur piano playing, or walking about the streets dressed in their best, so long will those ideas which are the really grand part of society and which girls who can do the household work will refuse to do it for hire. The whole conception of household work as a thing to be shirked is mischievous. The note struck by Mr. Ford's Frenchman is the only true keynote for any society—that the woman who is really grand does duty, and that she is not to be despised, and that she cannot lessen her dignity by any sort of useful work—only by sitting down contentedly in the midst of disorder that could be remedied.

Foils Its Widespread. There seems little enough use in discussing the matter, when the child whose parents are so proud to send her to school rather than to the household, and who eventually suffer loss of caste. The pressure of neighbors' opinion is strong, and to oppose it sometimes has the aspect and effect of Mrs. Partington with her broom. Yet an honest attempt to bring about a change of social snobbery may have its uses for all that. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"HERRY" is the name of the latest romance by Booth Tarkington, and those who will perhaps like the even better, "It is a comedy of New York country life in colonial times, and Mr. Tarkington has hit upon the laughable expedient of putting the story into the mouth of a preposterous prig, and making him tell it in such a way as to reveal his own character and that of everybody else in the comedy, while remaining himself quite unconscious of anything but his own worth and dignity.

An Old-Time Prig. Sylvia, the heroine, is a dainty mix, with wit, beauty, style and heart all to her credit, and the hero, Will Fenris, is a madcap Princeton student, while Mr. Sudgeberry, the teller of the tale, is the lady's other tutor, used by her for various coquettish purposes. The real fun of the story lies in the kind of man Mr. Sudgeberry is. He reveals himself early in the narrative during a walk with Sylvia. While the description of this walk is no more comical than many other passages in this amusing book, it is worth quoting as an example: "How glorious it is to be stirring so early!" says he presently. "See the dew shining on the cobwebs in the grass, and hark to the birds in the grove. La! I could dance for the very gravity of it!" And she began to sing a little song.

"It has ever been my custom to reply to such outbursts of Miss Gray with some thoughtful sentiment, delivered in a serious tone, as tending to check (or moderate) the ebulliences of her disposition, hence I answered, walking the white with quiet dignity: 'Sudgeberry's Lesson. "How often do we unthinkingly pass by lessons which humble nature sets for our improvement! Here in the lowly cobweb we see an allegory, if we be not too heedless. What lesson do you obtain from it, Miss Gray?"

"My purpose was effected; at once, for the song, which was an idle one, with no moral in it, ceased, and she became all interested and sympathetic. "What lesson, Mr. Sudgeberry?" she inquired gravely. "Why," I answered, "the lesson of industry and perseverance!" "Yes, indeed, Mr. Sudgeberry. I see—the spider's industry. How appropriate!"

"Our walk had fatigued Miss Gray, for at this moment she exclaimed, with an accent of relief, 'How beautiful, Mr. Sudgeberry! Here we are at the brook, and I sit down in the grass, and after ascertaining that the ground was not damp, the sun having by this time sucked up all the dew, I sat down

lovely shirt waists. But she did not wear them in the presence of Mr. Middleton." It will be seen that the commingling of the Oriental and Chicago elements in this work is quite extraordinary. Two of the most remarkable of the tales in the collection are "The Adventure of Norah Sullivan and the Student" and "The Original Piece of Fooling." The first describes the devastation caused by a guinea pig of enormous size, produced by a process of selection. Probably the idea of an insane guinea pig as large as an elephant never entered the brain of any human being save Warden Allan Curtis, but one can readily understand how the notion having come to him he had to get it into print somehow. The story of Dr. McMillan is singularly gruesome and horrible. Conan Doyle himself never concocted anything more ingeniously hideous than the doctor's revenge, in some of the tales Mr. Curtis steps on the toes of propriety, and in others he shows a sad indifference to the rights of the English language, as when he speaks of "the girl" as "the girl."

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A COMEDY OF OLD NEW YORK

Delightfully Dainty and Unusually Amusing.

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beside her. We were upon a knoll which ran down to the little stream, and shaded by a group of great trees, our position was not unpleasant. The spot was remote from the customary haunts of the youth of the neighborhood, a fact upon which I considered us both subject for felicitation, the more so because we appeared to have escaped the attentions of an intolerable fellow, William Fenris, who was everlastingly loitering at or near the Grays' domicile."

Enter the Rival. In course of time the intolerable fellow appeared, however, with a guitar round his neck trolling the following "impertinent ditty":

"When Beauty wanders far from home, For a June-time ramble, Then Cupid starts to ambush her At a rapid pace."

"Sylvia, Sylvia, turn not away; Hark to the words I'd be saying, Sylvia, Sylvia, Love lurks all day Where'er your feet go a-straying!"

"No fancy could depict what charms Always must surround her, The Cupid needs for you to tread, When he's caught and bound her."

"Sylvia, Sylvia, never berate! List to the song I'd be singing; Sylvia, Sylvia, Love lies in wait, Ever his net for you to try, Needless to say, Mr. Sudgeberry disapproved of this frivolity. He said:

"What vain pretension to elegance is disclosed in the imperfections of the last stanza! One does not 'sigh' a song, but sings it. 'Tis pulled in with a rope for the rhyme!"

And when the amused Mr. Fenris refers to "a jewel of a day," and to his lady-love as "Queen Titania," he is thus pulverized by Mr. Sudgeberry: "In that case she has small use for flatterers and idlers; queens, if they have been brought up properly, discovering early in life how to detect such empty. Queens, air, \* \* \* having sober lessons to learn, far prefer conversations with persons of sense and breeding. Queen Titania, rest assured, would have small interest in the cheap figure of speech which would turn nature into a goldsmith's shop."

A Sparkling Story. Thereupon the irreverent Fenris replied that his rival "would have her still in love with the gentleman with the ass' head!" And he burst out laughing, but why, Mr. Sudgeberry could not understand.

This is the least of the many amusing situations in the story. It sparkles all the way through. No one is quicker than the "Gentleman from Indiana," to catch the peculiar bouquet of the wine of life in any vintage, and he has preserved throughout the special and thought of the old colonial society without any apparent hard work. It is a capital little story. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)

SINBAD IN CHICAGO

"THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MR. MIDDLETON," by Warden Curtis, is a distinction of clever stories of foisting. One might expect that, from the banner of the book—Arabian Nights legends of the Windy City. Chicago may be a bazaar, but she is seldom true. Mr. Middleton is a young man of ordinary attainments, of moderate income, who becomes acquainted, through no fault of his own, with an emir named Achmed and his slave Mesrou, who do him various queer services and cause him to hear many peculiar adventures. Once they gave him a rich Oriental costume, which he disposed of at a bargain. "Having kept the Oriental costume for several days, and seeing no prospect of ever wearing it, and his small closet having become crowded by the presence of a new \$30 suit which he purchased with part of his gains, he presented it to the young lady in English-wood, previously mentioned, who reduced the ruby red jacket to a beautiful boiero jacket, made a table-throw of the sash, and after much hesitation seized the exceedingly baggy trousers—which were made with but one seam—and, ripping them up, did with a certain degree of confusion, fashion into two

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THE DAYS OF NAPOLEON

"Barons of the Guard," by Henry Seton Merriman, is likely to please the rather large class of readers who already like the author's writings, but it is improbable that it will win him any new admirers. There is no plot in it worth mentioning, and only one character of any consequence, that of Bar-luch, the old soldier. This "scarred, reckless and resourceful" warrior devotes himself to the welfare of Des're Darragon, bride of a spy, whom she has married in ignorance of his real character. There is room in this situation for a great deal more character work and

incident than the author sees fit to put there. However, it is so well written, and the description of the retreat from Moscow is really masterly. He says great things in a few words. "A hundred years ago Russians did great deeds, and the rest was silence." "Napoleon the Great was a consummate liar." These axioms, presented with serenity and assurance, are truly impressive. But much better than these is the vivid word painting of the retreat from Moscow, in the book save perhaps the wedding scene at the beginning. (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.)

NEWELL AND CARROLL

ANOTHER book by Lewis Carroll has been decorated by Peter Newell in the same style as "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass." The third of the series is "The Hunting of the Shark, and Other Poems," including the poems scattered through the "Alice" books and "Sylvia and Bruno," a capricious fairy story, which came to light in the eighties. One hopes the next book to be illuminated by Mr. Newell's peculiar genius will be "Davy and the Goblin." He ought to make a success of that; it may be news even to admirers of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson that he never wrote any serious verse, or, indeed, anything serious except mathematical works; but some of the poems in this collection are exceedingly graceful and pretty. Whatever Lewis Carroll did, he did well. This dedicatory poem from "Sylvia and Bruno" is as delicately fanciful as the book itself:

And daintily whimsical is this: KING FISHER'S WOOLING. "King Fisher courted Lady Bird— (Sing, Beans, sing Bones, sing Butterflies). "Find me my match, he said; 'With such a noble head, With such expressive eyes.'" "Yet pins have heads," said Lady Bird, (Sing Prunes, sing Prawns, sing Princes Hill). "And where you stick them in They stay, and thus a pin Is very much to be preferred To one that's never still!" "Oysters have beads," said Lady Bird; (Sing Frogs, sing Frogs, sing Fiddle-strings). "I love them, for I know They never chatter so; They would not say one single word— Not if you crowned them kings!" "Needles have eyes," said Lady Bird, (Sing Cats, sing Corks, sing Cowslip teeth). "They are sharp—just what Your Majesty is not; So get you gone—t'is too absurd To come a-courting me!" And this is a fairy song from the same book: "Rise, oh rise! The daylight dies; The owl's hooding, sing, ting, ting! Wake, oh, wake! Beside the lake The elves are flitting, ting, ting, ting! Welcome out for king, We sing, sing, sing."

That song, by the way, is supposed to have been sung to an accompaniment played on bluebells. As for the illustrations, they are Mr. Newell's, and nothing more need be said. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

LITERARY GOSSIP

ABOUT "THE SILVER POPPY." Arthur Stringer, the author of "The Silver Poppy," is taking the pains to correct a certain misapprehension which has been current regarding the book. It was stated in one of the literary magazines, and certain passages in the book seemed to make it probable, that the principal events of the story were taken from life, and that the young author of a recent novel was the original of the heroine. Mr. Stringer says, however, that this inference is without foundation, and that he has no idea of referring in any way to the personage of the young lady in question. The sympathy of all right-minded people will be with him in this somewhat embarrassing situation, which is certainly due to a remarkable coincidence between fact and fancy. It is not a new thing for an author to be unjustly accused of libeling real people in his novels; a clever story of Grace Denio Litchfield is based on such an incident; but the idea that "The Silver Poppy" was a record of facts would probably not have spread so easily if several more or less popular novelists had not adopted this very flimsy device to save their brains. Mr. Stringer suffers for the sins of others.

THE QUESTION OF NAMES. Fame was once defined as getting your name spelled wrong in the dispatches. According to that, Bliss Carman should be content, for he is continually having his name misspelled in the reviews, particularly in England. The "New York Times" sarcastically observes: "We referred lately to the unfortunate habit of some English reviewers of spelling Bliss Carman's name 'Carman,' as if he were in the plural number. There is a growing liking for Mr. Carman's name in London, but only a vague knowledge of his identity. For instance, here is the 'Standard's' reviewer calling him 'the accomplished and prolific Canadian poet who chooses to be known as Bliss Carman.' How should any honest man be known by a name that is not his name? The reviewer's idea that the name is a pseudonym is a curious and original flight of fancy, indicating the possession of a working knowledge of the Latin language."

IRISH-AMERICANS. A new edition of "The Irish in the Revolution and Civil Wars," by Dr. Jeffrey C. O'Connell, has appeared, with some additional chapters on the Spanish-American war and the Philippine troubles. It is set forth in alphabetical order the names of prominent Americans of Irish birth, or parentage, from the Revolutionary period to the present day. This list includes a good many names which we have not been accustomed to Irish names. Among the names, among the Celtic Americans of our history are Andrew Jackson, James Madison, James G. Blaine, Dion Boucicault, Cecil Calvert, Grover Cleveland, Richard Harding Davis, Admiral Farragut, Horace Greeley, Capt. A. T. Mahan, and James McNeill Whistler. Here and there in the book poems by the author on patriotic subjects are introduced. Among them, "A Toast to the Sentinels of Our Heroic Dead: Dedicated to the Commanders in Arms of the United States Pension Bureau," and "Faugh-a-Ballagh," or "Clear the Road." The history will interest those Irishmen, who are proud of their descent; that is to say, all Irishmen.

A New Merwin Book. Samuel Merwin's new novel, "The Whip Hand," published early this month, is the story of a self-made college man in the lumber regions of Michigan. In this novel Mr. Merwin has returned to the setting of his business life, such as in "Calumet K."

"Munsey's Magazine" for November is unusually rich in good fiction. There are also several interesting descriptive articles, of which the most prominent is "The Land of Fens," by Hartley Davis and C. Smyth, illustrated from photographs. There is also a copiously illustrated article on "Golf in 1903." Fritz Morris writes of "The Foremost Frits of Today." The most striking of the stories is perhaps "When a Queen Loves," by the author of the South American jungle which reminds one of Rider Haggard, but is the work of Kenneth Brown. There is also an amusing "restoration" of the South American, entitled "A Luncheon with Marjorie." The fiction includes at least half a dozen other entertaining stories of all sorts and conditions of men, and there are poems by Clarence Uray, Frank Dempster Sherman, Grace MacGowan Cooke, and others.

Another Literary Dog. Bennet Musson, who is comparatively a new author, has written a fairy story entitled "Maise and Her Dog Snipe in Fairyland." Mr. Musson is almost as devoted to dogs as he is to children, and finds it difficult, not only to keep the dogs out of his stories, but to prevent them from being the principal characters when they do come in. So true is this that his friends have frequently commented on it. But Mr. Musson did not realize he was actually he had written up dogs until he overheard the following dialogue between two of them: "Have you heard of the great change that has come over Musson?" "No," replied the other. "What do you mean?" "He is writing a story that isn't all dog." This is "Maise."

Veeder and His Work. "Everybody's Magazine" is responsible for this: The line of difference between an artist's most conscientious work and the more popular work which he might get more money for is often very slight, and is a constant temptation. But there are still a few staunch idealists who hold out. The now venerable Ethel Veeder sits in his plain lodgings in Rome and roars against the tempting American publishers who beseech him to illustrate their new enterprises.

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A Great Book of Toasts. One of the unique holiday gift books is announced under the title of the Yuletide edition of "Waes Hael: A Collection of Toasts, Crisp and Well-Buttered," by Edith Louisa Chas and Capt. W. E. P. French, U. S. A.

STORIES OF THE EAST SIDE

"Children of Men" is the somewhat unattractive name given to a collection of clever stories of East Side New York life by Bruno Lassing. It is unsatisfactory because it suggests nothing of the nature of the contents, and there are many readers who would be attracted to the book at once if they understood that it dealt with the New York ghetto. The sketches themselves are, with a few exceptions, humorous, realistic, and always interesting. No fault can be found either with subject or treatment. THE ROAD TO ARCADY, by Eben Nelson, an unhappy man who attempted to teach

his wife a lesson is exceedingly funny. So is "A Swallow-Tail for Two." "The Road to Arcady" is intensely pathetic. "A Rift in the Clouds." "The Americanization of Shadrach Cohen" is a bit of comedy dealing with the relation of the Jew of ancient type to his "American" sons. There are two or three sketches of Boston, though, more ingeniously, the author seems to understand the material thoroughly and handled it without a blunder; and that is much to say of stories of the East Side. (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

- THE MAGIC FOREST. Stewart Edward White. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.
- THE HISTORY OF SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES. Morris Hillquit. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.
- PROTEAN PAPERS. William Dudley Foulke. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- STELLA FRIGELLUS. H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
- CALDERON'S PRISONER. Alice Dur Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- BOREAS AND SON. T. Baron Russell. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.
- BARLACH OF THE GUARD. Henry Seton Merriman. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.
- PHOENIXIANA. Sketches and Burlesques by John Phoenix. George H. Derby. Illustrated.