BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS

ABOUT MOTHER AND SON

"SANCTUARY," the non-committal name of Edith Wharton's latest book, gives the reader no inkling of its character, and affords no intimation of the pure and exquisite beauty of the little story. Yet no more fitting title could have been found for this beautiful history of the relation between a high-souled woman and her son.

The problem presented to Kate Orme in the first chapter is one which many a sensitive woman has had to face, and some novelists, and some people outside novels, have disposed of it in easy fashion by saying that no woman ought to love a man whom she cannot respect. Yet in real life it too often happens that one or the other in marriage is possessed of high ideals which are incomprehensible to the one person who ought to understand them; and now that we have discarded the old theory that it is a woman's duty to love her husband whether she can or not, and respect him whether he is respectable or not, the problem of adjusting such relations on a basis both honest and unselfish sometimes proves troublesome. The nearest that anyone has come to meeting such a problem in the sane and wholesome spirit of Mrs. Wharton is that crisis in Mrs. Deland's "Philip and His Wife," when the author tacitly condemns Philip for his single-minded devotion to the good of his own soul. But "Sanctuary" is a step above that. It pictures success instead of failure—always a harder thing to do in a novel of this kind, since it is easier to give up a moral than to solve it.

Mrs. Wharton has never written a finer, more artistic or more absorbing story than this, or one which takes stronger hold on the sympathy of the reader. The central figure, Kate Orme, afterward Kate Peyton, is an unusual but by no means an impossible woman; while in her opposite, Clemence Verney, we have a type of one of the mischievous forces of the day—a force essentially pagan, essentially destructive. It has been recognized more or less vaguely by other novelists that the worship of mere force and material success by a young girl does not make her a force for good in the world. It has been assumed by other novelists that only such worship of force proves the true woman; that at bottom all women like the stuffed club method of wooing and despise a man whose conscience is too sensitive. Clemence Verney is the kind of girl whose husband cannot afford to keep a conscience. Her influence is all the more vicious because ostensibly in favor of the power which builds. We are in danger nowadays of worshiping that power, forgetting that unless the Lord build the temple they labor in vain that build it; that unless there is something of that life which we call moral force in a man, he accomplishes nothing which can last.

The most telling touch in the book, however, is that which makes the mother's influence silent. Kate Peyton is one of those women, rare in fiction as in life, who know when not to talk. In this, as in all the rest of the story, the author has worked with the unerring touch of one who is sure of her ground. "Sanctuary" ought to be one of the marked books of the year. It will find its way into the library of many book buyers whose taste is above ordinary fiction. The illustrations by Walter Appleton Clark are perfect. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

A BEAUTIFUL FAIRY BOOK

"The Crimson Fairy Book," by Andrew Lang, is the annual volume in Mr. Lang's popular series, and it seems as if each year's edition were more exquisite than the last. Certainly this book, with its glowing cover and deep-hued illustrations, will be the most cherished possession of every child fortunate enough to get one at Christmas.

Many of the tales in this collection are Hungarian, Russian or Servian in their origin. A few come from Finland and Iceland, others from Japan, Tunis, and Portugal. Among the alluring titles are: "Peperarello," "The Harry Man," "The Language of Beasts," "Lucky Luck," "The Colony of Cats," "Clever Maria," "The Magic Kettle," "Little Wildrose," "The Cottager and His Cat," "Tritill, Litill and the Birds."

Especial mention should be made of the illustrations, by H. J. Ford. There are eight colored plates, numerous full-page pictures, and some other illustrations. The designs and colors are of a quality to train the eye of the child and lead at least to the appreciation of the best art. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.)

SIMPLE JOYS

"Circus Day," by George Ade, needs no recommendation beyond the cover, and the cover is not very gorgeous, either. When George Ade writes of a small boy at the circus it is not necessary to say much more about it. But the pictures are by John T. McCutcheon.

He takes the small boy the night before—the circus always begins the night before. The boy is counting up his money—73 cents. Then he and Shaver Thompson and Sam Groves sit on the edge of the sidewalk and talk about it till the boy's father comes along and tells him to go to bed. It is a way fathers have. And so we follow the boy along every step of the joyous morrow, until the lights flare and the band plays for the last time under the great white tent, and the boy has spent all his money and has not come to the blank, bleak, flat waste of the morrow, when he will realize that there is no more circus for a year and no more money at least for the present. This little book is pure joy to the reader who has ever been ten or eleven, or thereabouts, on circus day. (Akron: The Saalfield Publishing Company.)

A Little Pickaninny.

"George Washington Jones: A Christmas Gift That Went Begging," by Ruth McEnery Stuart, is an amusing little story of a Louisiana pickaninny, told with all the charm of style for which Mrs. Stuart is famous. Every line she writes is worth reading.

George Washington Jones was the grandson of an old negro preacher who had long ago in slave days been given as a Christmas present to a beautiful young mistress. Left alone by the death of his grandfather, George formed the resolve of hunting until he found some beautiful young lady who would allow him to serve her with the same loyal devotion. How he searched, how he lost hope, and how he finally found the mistress whom he sought is the story, and it contains many inimitable touches of humor and pathos. George's philosophy of life, inherited from his grandfather and modified by himself, his quaint pride, his principles, his pathetic yearning for affection, make him altogether the most attractive character created by Mrs. Stuart since she wrote of "Crazy Abe." (Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company.)

A Child's Story.

"A Daughter of the Rich," by M. E. Waller, is the story of a little city girl, who, for her health, spent a year with an impecunious family in the Green Mountains. It is not very true to life or very probable, but the pictures are pretty, and there is enough human nature in it to interest juvenile readers (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

A MAINE STORY

"Ike Glidden in Maine," by A. D. McFaul, is a story of a Maine country boy, simply told and of no particular interest. You may find the same sort of simple biographies between the lines of the "Farm and Home" weekly journals. It is rather prettily bound and illustrated, and little fault can be found with the style, if a person is determined to write that kind of a story. It may be observed, however, that if Ike Glidden had run his plowshare as far into the ground as Mr. McFaul runs his dialect, the neighbors would have thought he was trying to dig a well. What is the use of spelling "dictionary" "dickshunary" because a countryman happens to be using the word? And why should "business" be spelled "bizziness" for the same reason? Moreover, while there may have been a time when "Ike" and "Mandy" were characteristic names of that region, they are not so now, save in that part of Maine which is bounded on the north by the property sky and on the south by the footlights, and inhabited chiefly by comedians and soubrettes. (Boston: Dickerman Publishing Company.)

In the Days of Cromwell.

"Over the Border," by Robert Barr, is a good readable romance of the time of Charles I, the heroine being a daughter of the Earl of Strafford, and the hero a Scotch border laird in the service of the royalist. Strafford, Cromwell, and King Charles are prominent figures in the story, and an excellent picture of the troublous life of the time is presented. The story, which extends over but a few weeks, moves with a spirit and naturalness not too common in historical novels, the hero is a gallant daredevil, who compels admiration, and the heroine a mettlesome yet womanly girl who is in all ways a suitable mate for him.

Mr. Barr's novels are never dull, and this one is no exception to the rule. He believes in action, episode, plot, and strong human interest, and they are all to be found here. The struggle between loyalty and honor in the mind of Frances, and the mingled caution and daring of Will Armstrong are equally interesting to the reader. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

For Little Folk.

"The Stories of Peter and Ellen," by Gertrude Smith, are large-print stories for very little folk, bound and illustrated in the same style as "The Lovable Tales of Janey and Josey and Joe," by the same author, which appeared a year ago. The illustrations are in color, by E. Mars and M. H. Squire. The stories are just such as will suit the five and six-year-old tots who have not learned to read everything yet. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

LITTLE STORIES

"LITTLE STORIES," by S. Weir Mitchell, is a slender book containing several of the brief character studies for which Dr. Mitchell is well known. Some of them have an Eastern setting, but most deal with modern American life and its problems. All are more or less melancholy in tone, though not by any means pessimistic, merely charged with serious thought as a Leyden jar is with electricity.

"A Dilemma" is an exceedingly ingenious story of an old miser's revenge. Most diabolically ingenious the scheme is, and it is a good thing that the carrying out would also require some ingenuity or Dr. Mitchell might find himself in the position of accessory before the fact to somebody's revenge—there are so many malevolent people in the world. "A Consultation" suggests a strong dramatic situation in medical practice.

By far the strongest of the stories, however, are those in which some weird or supernatural element is suggested. "A Ghost of Glory," "The Waters of Oblivion," and "Thou Art the Soul of Thy House." In the last mentioned the old idea of haunted houses is worked out in an unusually effective way. "The Sins of the Fathers" has also a strong human interest.

Of the Oriental stories "The Jewels of Consistency" is a fair example. It is very short, and runs as follows:

"The dead of a graveyard sat in their tombs, for now it was the feast of the Melad, when the dead are as alive and may walk the earth for a night, and neither the angel Moonkir questions nor the angel Nekur forbids.

"But many missed their bones, and walked with vain rattle of speech, till one, who was a miser, with dry laughter, spake: 'What need have I to walk? Here be my bones to sell.' Then a woman gave for a leg bone a ring, and another a fillet of gold for a hand, and thus there was soon left of him only a skull, and to that skull some treasures. These others stumbled away, rejoicing, and as the muzzin sounded the first sunrise call to prayer, clattered into their graves. But at morning came down from the palms monkeys and took the miser's skull for a ball. The gold and jewels a beggar found, and the fakir and Sufi, speaker of verse, Ferishtah, who saw all this wonder, said: 'As are the living, so are the dead.'"

Clear-cut, obvious, profound, are these little studies, a joy to lovers of thought. (New York: The Century Company.)

IN MODERN ROME

A New Book by F. Marion Crawford.

A NEW book by F. Marion Crawford may always be considered an event, and his latest novel, "The Heart of Rome," is not likely to disappoint any reader who feels the fascination of his Italian stories. No one pictures modern Rome as he does; few novelists know so well how to tell an absorbing love story with the most delicate and perfect art. These characteristics of his books are already so well known that it is needless to dwell upon them. With all the individuality of style which is his, however, we do not find him repeating himself in his later books. His supply of scenes, plots, and characters seems quite inexhaustible.

It would be unfair to give the reader an outline of the present book, since in the unfolding of the plot one-half its charm consists; but something may be said of its characters. Princess Sabina Conti is one of those exquisite fair-haired girls of the Roman nobility whom one meets in the Crawford books, inheriting the passion, the self-control, the reserve, and the pride of a house centuries old, and withal, as inexperienced and innocent as the canary over which we find her weeping in an early chapter. She is charming from the first, and fascinates the imagination not as a mere heroine, but as a personality.

The Princess Conti, of whom we get only glimpses, is equally successful as a piece of character work. The large, arrogant, extravagant, illogical Polish woman, with her freaks, her impulses and her curious mixture of ignorance, carelessness and shrewdness, is the kind of character who would seem unreal if drawn with less consummate skill; but as Mr. Crawford does it one feels that one might meet her in the flesh. The same is true of the Baron and Baroness Volterra. Malipieri, the hero, is as attractive as the charming Sabina, and as real. In fact, reality is the salient characteristic of each person in the story, down to Loto, the mason, who could have existed nowhere but in Rome.

As in all of the more successful novels of Mr. Crawford, there is in this one a hint of mystery, and not the least of its enchantments is the sound of the mysterious "lost water" trickling, falling, rushing under the walls of the Palazzo Conti. The sound of this unaccountable stream adds the last touch to the historic atmosphere of the place—that wonderful palace of which it is said in the beginning:

"Dust everywhere, the dust that falls silently at night from the ancient wooden ceilings and painted beams of Roman palaces; the dust of centuries accumulated above and sifting forever to the floors below. It was on the yellow marble pier tables, on the dim mirrors in their eighteenth century frames, on the high canopy draped with silver and black, beneath which the effigy of another big checky eagle seemed to be silently moulting under his antique crown, the emblem of a race that had lived almost on the same spot for eight hundred years through good and bad repute, but in nearly uninterrupted prosperity. The baroness, who hankered after greatness, felt that the gloom was a twilight of the gods."

The only false step in the book is the last chapter. Why, oh, why, did the author choose to destroy the illusion by announcing "and behold, it was all a dream." (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

OTHER REVIEWS

"The Bookman."

The Christmas number of "The Bookman" contains an article on William Butler Yeats, by Isabel Moore. Mr. Yeats is likely to be in the foreground of American literary scenes for some time. Prof. Harry Thurston Peck has probably found his metier at last, for he has written for this number a story for young children called "Hilda and the Wishes." An interesting article with many illustrations is "American Undergraduate Dramatics" by L. Guernsey Price. An item which will interest readers of "John Percyfield" is to the effect that the original of the Swiss chateau so charmingly described by the author has been found and photographed. "The Resources of Mycroft Holmes" is an amusing piece of work by Charlton Andrews. Owing to the alleged absence of the Junior Editor, who appears to act as office cat for this magazine, an unusual number of letters appear in the Letter Box. There are obituary sketches of Mommsen Lecky and Richard Henry Savage, and one particularly interesting of Albert Dresden Vandam.

Artistic Color Work.

The Christmas number of "The Century" is particularly rich in artistic illustrations in color, monochrome, and black and white. The frontspiece is a "Madonna and Child," by Hugo Ballin. "The Ride of the Walkyries," a poem by Mildred I. McNeal, is effectively illustrated by Albert Sterner. A feature of this number is a collection of eleven negro songs by Joel Chandler Harris, Paul Laurence Dunbar, James D. Carrothers, Grace MacGowan Cooke, and others, with illustrations by A. B. Frost. There is a delightful little tale by the late Elizabeth Cherry Waltz, entitled "How Sandy Claws Treated Pop Baker," with a picture, quite as delightful, by W. L. Jacobs. The sketches by Charlotte Harding, which accompany Alice Katherine Fallows' article on city mission work, "Temptations to Be Good" are also picturesque, and there are many other charming artistic bits. "Jock o' the Road," by Lucia Chamberlain, is a striking little poem. Maurice Maeterlinck writes of "Chrysanthemums" and there is a Scotch dialect story by J. J. Bell, with the dialect about as thick as good oatmeal.

Kindergarten Rhymes.

"The Songs of the Trees," by Mary Y. Robinson and Josephine Robinson, is a big flat book full of rhymes, songs, pictures, and easy reading. There are twelve parts—one for each month. Each begins with an artistically decorated silhouette title page in red, black, and green, and goes on through a song about the tree belonging to that month to another silhouette and a rhyme, and then a short descriptive article about the tree. The designs are odd and pretty; the music simple and suited to children's voices, and the rhymes and prose adapted to their understanding. (Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

A Children's Annual.

"McClure's Children's Annual" for 1904 is a big flat book containing all sorts of nonsense pictures, stories and rhymes. They are certain to amuse small people. Here is a sample:

"I had a yellow kitty,
It was a little fright;
I sent it to the city
To have it painted white.
And oh! whatever
Do you think,
They went and painted
Pussy pink!

(New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.)

All Over the World.

The fiction in the December number of "Scribner's Magazine," together with the descriptive articles, may be said to be truly cosmopolitan. Europe, Asia, and America are all represented with most alluring illustrations. "Buda and Pest" is a paper by Frederick Palmer, with pictures by E. C. Prescott. "Holland From the Stern of a Boeier," is an article by Edward Penfield, who also did the illustrations. "A Venetian Night's Entertainment" is a demure comedy, by Edith Wharton, with lovely Maxfield Parrish pictures. "Christmas Night With Satan," by John Foe, jr., is not as terrifying as one might suppose from such a title and the fact that the author hails from "Hell for Sartin." Mary R. S. Andrews, who is rapidly gaining reputation for humor of a distinctly original type, contributes a story called "Bill the Trapper." "A House of Mercy" is a charming character study by Jennette Lee, and "The Jade Teapot" is a good story of the Philippines, by Ralph D. Paine. There are poems by Ann O'Hagan, Julia C. R. Dorr, Henry van Dyke, and others.

Some Religious Problems.

"The Church; Some Immediate Questions," by Theodore T. Munger, is the leading article of "The Atlantic Monthly" for December. The author daringly says:

"A new conception of society and of human relations has led men to feel that their duties to others are equal, if not paramount, to those due to themselves. This impregnating idea is reenforced in no small degree by the pulpit, so far as it has come under the influence of modern thought and learned the real meaning of the New Testament. But the people have outrun the preacher and the church. Strong spiritual movements lay hold of the masses sooner than upon those who live and think among established theories. The spirit is a wind and blows freest in the open."

Charles M. Harvey writes of "Some Second Term Precedents;" Joseph Russell Taylor, of "Nature Study," and Francis Grierson of "Stephane Mallarmi." There is an article on Whistler by Royal Cortissoz, and a criticism of "The Five Nations" by "B. P." "Santa Claus at Lonely Cove" is a characteristic story by Norman Duncan. Another story is "The Golden Fortune," by Mary Austin.

Two Love Stories.

"Calderon's Prisoner," by Alice Duer Miller, is a book containing two good love stories, of which the first gives its title to the book. It deals with the adventures of a young lady in search of excitement, who travels down into a Central American republic, becomes acquainted with the head of its army, and finds all the excitement she wants, and more, too. Alicia Lea is very well drawn and very attractive, despite the habit—which she seems to share with two-thirds of the heroines of latter day novels—of being around under foot when the hero has something else to do besides making love. It is really curious, this tendency of the modern heroine to get in the way. Some of the old-fashioned heroines must have been rather a nuisance at times, but they never ran their heads into danger if they could help it. The modern damsel comes around teasing for excitement when the hero is busy attending to his Career.

The second story, "Cyril Vane's Wife," is a story of marital unhappiness, worked out in an original way, and clever from first to last. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"The Reader."

That entertaining literary magazine, "The Reader," bears the portrait of Mark Twain on the cover of its December number, and perhaps that has something to do with the uncommon brightness of its contents. "The Reader" is the Touchstone of periodicals, anyway. It combines wit with information in truly delightful proportions.

The funniest thing in this number is "The Literary Amateur Circus and Wild East Authors' Show," by Henry Tyrrell. It is a pity that this cannot be quoted entire, but when one reads the announcements of Hamilton W. Mabie, the barker for the side-show, one immediately buys the magazine. This is part of it:

"Here you have Bliss Carman, the marvelous Living Skeleton; Jack London, the Wild Boy—he eats 'em alive; Henry Harland, the Ossified Man, a puzzle to science!"

Thomas Dixon figures as the Leopard Boy.

There are many other good things in the number, including several clever "Limericks," by "C. S." and a Moral Tale by Carolyn Wells, but they are literally too numerous to mention.

The Art of Turner.

The special winter number of "The Studio," which deals with the art of Turner, might justly be called a book, so rich is it in pictures and information. Nothing more beautiful of this kind has been seen in a long time. There are more than a dozen reproductions in color of paintings by Turner, and more than a hundred other reproductions, and the color work is beautifully done. Neither are the other prints inferior. The editor, Charles Hahn, has done his work well, and the book will be a delight to all students of art.

Housekeeping Hints.

"Good Housekeeping" for December begins with an article entitled "The River," by Ruth McEnery Stuart, describing the Mississippi. "A Home for a Hundred Daughters," by Mabel Craft Deering, tells of a most interesting philanthropic experiment. "Hospital or Home?" by Clara Caine, treats of the care of the sick. "Mrs. Perkins' Investment" is a strong story by Augusta Kortricht. One of the happy thoughts of the editor is to publish each month a number of recipes intended for little girls just learning to cook. These hints are really practical.

Folk of the Sea.

The Strife of the Sea," by T. Jenkins Hains, is a sort of ocean jungle book, dealing with the ways of the whale, the shark, the penguin, the albatross, the ray, and other salt water folk. It is a great storybook.

Mr. Harris has, be it said, at the outset, avoided making these creatures human and therein lies the grim fascination of the tales. Half of them are horror stories as much of the literature of the sea must be, but the author treats his subject with a certain reserve. He is content to make one's hair rise of its own volition; he does not go so far as to take the scalp.

The worst of these, from the point of view of a nervous person, is, "The Outcast," a story of a fight between a man and a devilfish, which would do credit to Victor Hugo. "A Tragedy of the South Atlantic" is one of those marvelous tales which are ever found in the wake of the whaling industry. It is one of the best, if not the best, of the eleven in the book, and the old whale who leads the attack on the whaling ship is a hero worth discussing.

HENRY WATTERSON'S ADDRESSES

"The Compromises of Life" is the title given to the collected addresses of Henry Watterson, ranging from the memorial to George D. Prentice, delivered in 1870, to an address at the Emerson centenary of the present year, and the much discussed strictures upon New York society.

Among the subjects discussed are: "Abraham Lincoln," "John Paul Jones," "The South in Light and Shade," "Money and Riches," "A Plea for Provincialism," "The New South," "The Puritan and the Cavalier," "England and America," and "Reciprocity and Expansion." It will be seen that the variety of subjects is great, and most people know enough of Colonel Watterson's style to imagine the spirit in which he would discuss each one of them. This is not saying, however, that they could predict what he would say, or that the book will be less interesting to those who know the author than to those who do not.

Colonel Watterson is among the last of the old-time journalists, who, belonging to widely distant cities, and personally of different traditions, yet had in common the characteristics that belong to men of the same generation. These men had, each is his individual way, of molding influence on American journalism. No one can deny that Watterson and the "Louisville Courier-Journal" have had theirs, though in a time when the constructive work was already done. Where Prentice laid cornerstones, Watterson has raised timbers: Prentice left a tradition, Watterson fitted it to his own time. The personal idea of journalism is largely a thing of the past, but the personality of Henry Watterson, journalist, is still a thing of the present. The "Courier-Journal" will always be to multitudes of readers "Watterson's paper," and there are not many papers stamped with such hallmarks nowadays.

Certain phrases which he has created will probably go floating about the newspapers of this land while newspapers endure; and it is to be noted that while blossoming with rhetoric his style is never coarse. He is more often optimistic than denunciatory; and in all these various addresses his plea is not for hatred, antagonism and suspicion, but for patriotism, harmony and kindliness. One would know without being told that the author of these rounded sentences and fervent appeals had Irish blood. There is a good deal of the atmosphere of Blarney Castle about Colonel Watterson; but blarney is better than vitriol, and more improving any day.

Here and there are slight inaccuracies—surprisingly slight, however. The orator tumbles into the common error of asserting that when the North found slavery unprofitable it sold its slaves to the South. The truth is that they were freed on the soil as State after State decided against slavery. There are colonies of negroes in all the older Northern States today, whose ancestors never saw the South. Some of those in Rhode Island have intermarried with the aboriginal Indians, and some who dwell in rural New York still speak a curious Dutch patois.

Charming are some of the descriptions of the South and its people, and one at least is likely to give the reader a new view of Southern humorous literature.

Colonel Watterson's definition of the ideal in public life is of especial interest at this time. A paragraph runs as follows:

"The ideal, then, in public life is first of all and over all a public opinion compelling the same moral obligation in public as in private affairs; of a public opinion able to distinguish between the spurious and the real—in short, of a trained intelligence sufficiently diffused among the people to protect them at least against the grosser forms of deception. Barnum discovered not alone the virtues of humbug, but the willing subjection of its victims."

That certainly hits the nail on the head.

In short, these addresses are Henry Watterson; they contain the essence of a personality which has long had its influence on American journalists, and as such they are to be valued. (New York: Fox, Duffield & Co.)

NEW FAIRY LORE

AMONG the fairy lore of the holidays three books by L. Frank Baum occupy a prominent place.

Mr. Baum's fairy books are of a new type, and most individual. While they do not scintillate with sly fun like Stockton's elf tales, or glow with exquisite description like the wonder stories of Hawthorne, or display unique originality like the Carroll classics, they are none the less delightful in their way. Their simple grotesquerie cannot fail to charm the fancy of children, and they are neither erudite nor foolish, but just at the golden mean.

The first of the three Baum books is a new edition of "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz," and in the preface Mr. Baum states the principle on which his fairy tales are constructed, which gives them their peculiar atmosphere. He says that he intends this to be "a modernized fairy tale, in which the wonderment and joy are retained and the heartaches and nightmares are left out." This edition is called "The New Wizard of Oz," and is illustrated by W. W. Denslow.

The second book is "The Enchanted Island of Yew," and is illustrated delightfully by Fanny L. Cory, with many full-page colored pictures and numerous marginal illustrations and sketches. It is more delicately fanciful than its predecessor, dealing with the adventures of Prince Marvel, a fairy knight-errant; but it is quite as fascinating as the Dorothy story. The island, we are told, was round—like a mine pie. Somewhere within its confines lay the Land of Twi, where everything comes in pairs. Also there was the Land of Spor, ruled over by a king with an elephant's nose. And there were other queer things.

The last of the trio is "The Magical Monarch of Mo," with pictures by Frank Verbeck, whose whimsical genius seems especially suited to the fantastic tales of Baum. No child can see the funny little squat man with an umbrella and high conical hat, who adorns the title page, without longing to know more about him. He lived in a most alluring place called the Beautiful Valley, which is thus described:

"The sun shines all the time, and its rays are perfumed. The people who live in the valley do not sleep, because there is no night. Everything they can possibly need grows on the trees, so they have no use for money at all, and that saves them a deal of worry.

"There are no poor people in this quaint valley. When a person desires a new hat he waits till one is ripe, and then picks it and wears it without asking anybody's permission. If a lady wishes a new ring, she examines carefully those upon the ring tree, and when she finds one that fits her finger she picks it and wears it upon her hand. In this way they procure all that they desire.

"There are two rivers in the Land of Mo, one of which flows milk of a very rich quality. Some of the islands in the Milk River are made of excellent cheese, and the people are welcome to spade up this cheese whenever they wish to eat it."

And so on. It is to be hoped that all of Mr. Baum's fairy tales will eventually be dramatized, for if there is any form of musical comedy truly delightful it is that fanciful dramatic creation which the English call a pantomime, and no one is better adapted to such work than he. (Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"UNDER THE JACKSTAFF"

"UNDER THE JACKSTAFF" is the title of a new book of tales by Chester Bailey Fernald, the first which he has given us since the incomparable "Cat and the Cherub" and other Chinese stories. It must be confessed that, for sheer grewsome originality and force, Mr. Fernald has never surpassed that half-dozen of Chinese-American tales, and by the way, they ought to be republished in an edition de luxe with illustrations. But those who enjoyed "The Spirit in the Pipe," a sea tale, not Chinese, in that collection, will find here several more of the same sort, together with the sample tale itself.

"The Lights of Sitka" is perhaps the best. There is in it a touch of the grim horror which made "The Gentleman Who Lost His Head" a person to be remembered. Clarence O'Shay and Lannigan are the two jolly mariners who figure in these yarns. Mr. Fernald has departed from the fashions set by Du Maurier and is not turning out his adventurers in bunches of three this time. There are eleven of the stories in all, including, besides the two mentioned, "The Yellow Burgee," "The Transit of Gloria Mundy," "A Hard Road to Andy Coggin's," "Clarence's Mind," "The Proving of Lannigan," "Help from the Hopeless," "Clarence at the Ball," "The Lannigan System with Girls" and "A Yarn of the Pea Soup Sea." The titles of these really give a good idea of their character. If "The Lights of Sitka" is the best, certainly "A Hard Road to Andy Coggin's" is the funniest. The spectacle of a half-tipsy Irishman rampaging all over Newport, clad in medieval armor, on the way to Andy Coggin's to get a plate of beans, is certainly one of the things that are almost too funny for laughter.

"Help from the Hopeless" is at the other end of the scale of emotions—a somber tragedy told with a certain grim humor. In "The Yellow Burgee" the author seems to be letting off his opinion of some newspaper man afflicted with jaundice of the imagination, and the opinion goes off with a sizz like a Roman candle.

Altogether, Mr. Fernald has given one more proof of his ability and willingness to write most original and interesting fiction, and as he can write some of the worst that ever was penned, we ought to be grateful. (New York: The Century Company.)

LITERARY GOSSIP

"Current Literature" for December has an uncommonly pretty cover design, the prettier for its simplicity. It begins with a series of charming child pictures by Walter Russell. The extracts from new books deal with Sevres porcelain, Japanese life, the Alaskan boundary question, the Holy Land, tenement life in New York, and many other subjects, and all are well chosen.

House Furnishing.

The Christmas number of "The House Beautiful" is made attractive in various ways. There is a musical poem on an old sun dial which is noteworthy. Olive Percival writes of Japanese prints, and Joy Wheeler Dow of "A Swiss Chalet in New Jersey." There are several interesting articles on house building and furnishing.

SETTLEMENT WORK

"A Listener in Babel" is an alleged novel by Vida D. Scudder, which is less a work of fiction than a study of social conditions in cities. The heroine is a young girl, reared in Europe and educated in an American college, whose inherited tendencies take her into what is known as Settlement work. This Settlement work as it is really carried on is highly practical and useful, but somehow it does not appear so in the book. There is a good deal of rather windy discussion of abstract sentiments, comparing of social theories and expression of doubt and dissatisfaction, and the upshot of the whole thing seems to be that it is hard for those trained to affluence to get on any common ground with those whose training has been all of the hand-to-mouth variety.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE NEW WIZARD OF OZ. L. Frank Baum. Illustrated in color by W. W. Denslow. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND OF YEW. L. Frank Baum. Illustrated in color by Fanny L. Cory. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE MAGICAL MONARCH OF MO. L. Frank Baum. Illustrated in color by Frenk Verbeck. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

JOHNNIE. E. O. Laughlin. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

FOR ENGLAND. William Watson. New York: John Lane: The Bodley Head.

GAMES AND SONGS OF AMERICAN CHILDREN. William Wells Newell. New York: Harper & Bros.

THE JUST-SO SONG BOOK. Rudyard Kipling and Edward German. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

AMERICA IN LITERATURE. George E. Woodberry. New York: Harper & Bros.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE. L. Allen Harker. New York: John Lane: The Bodley Head.

THE WEB. Frederick Trevor Hill. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ISYL. Gilett Burgess and Will Irwin. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

OLD QUEBEC. Gilbert Parker. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

MARION HARLAND. Illustrated. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE FORTUNES OF FIFI. Mollie Elliott Seawell. Illustrated. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

PETRONILLA HEROVEN. Una L. Silberrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE PROMOTION OF THE ADMIRAL. Morley Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

GENERAL GORDON'S
New Book
Reminiscences of the Civil War
By GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON
With Portraits. $3.00 Net. (Postage, 23 Cents)

A Northern Opinion:
"There is not a page in the book which bears the stamp of prejudice, not a sentiment which can offend any honest man. It is a big, brainy, full-blooded, manly American story, passionately thrilled with a high spirit of American hopefulness."—St. Paul Dispatch.

An Eastern Opinion:
"His battle scenes are living pictures; his compact force of statement is remarkable."—Boston Daily Advertiser.

A Southern Opinion:
"Altogether the most remarkable war book yet produced."—Savannah (Ga.) Morning News

A Western Opinion:
"His abounding good will to all sections of the country unites in giving a personal character to this volume which is to be found in few of the records of the civil war."—Omaha (Neb.) Bee.

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