SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Woman's Rights.

A woman's right to charm, to please,
To light with love and cheer,
Some rugged pathway down the world,
Which else were sad and drear.

A woman's right to minister,
With patient hands to weave,
The fabrics of their lives for those
Who by her faith achieve.

A woman's right to sympathize,
To soothe, to aid, to bless;
With oil and wine to heal the wounds
Of sorrow and distress.

A woman's right to purify,
To walk with garments white,
Unsullied thro' the mist of sin,
And lure into the light.

A woman's right to suffer,
In silence with a smile,
With brave eyes seeing thro' their tears,
A seeming after-while.

A woman's uncontested rights,
Are these, her dower of birth,
Acknowledged by all powers that be
In every land of earth.

R. T. Weyburn in Good Housekeeping.

To Travel in Europe.

Miss Effie Aylett Cofer and Miss Emma Moorehead Whitfield, of this city, will take a party of young ladies to Europe, sailing June 17, 1905, by the Cunard Line for Liverpool. Special attention will be paid to lines of interest in the itinerary, which has been planned so that the party will travel in a comfortable manner and may see, with the least amount of fatigue, the best in nature, architecture and art.

The party will be due in Liverpool from New York, June 24, 1905. From Liverpool the route will be through Leamington and London, England; Paris, France; Brussels, Belgium; Antwerp, Cologne, Mayence, by way of the Rhine, Heidelberg and Strasburg, Germany; Berne, Interlaken and Lucerne, Switzerland; Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome and Naples, Italy. Tuesday, August 15th, the party will take the Mediterranean route by way of the Cunard Line for New York, with a five hours' stop at Gibralter.

Miss Cofer and Miss Whitfield are both accomplished tourists, and will make the most agreeable of chaperones. Those who become members of their party will have the agreeable consciousness of being well looked after in every particular.

Out-of-Town Society.

A large gathering of society people assembled in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York city, Thursday afternoon, to witness the wedding of Miss May W. Soley, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Russell Soley, to Mr. Howard C. Dickinson, the son of Mrs. Howard C. Dickinson.

The church was beautifully decorated for the ceremony.

The sides and rear of the chancel were massed with tropical plants, while on the altar were four golden vases filled with white and pink roses. Nearly every seat in the church was occupied when the bridal party formed and the "Lohengrin" wedding march began.

The bride wore an exquisite gown of white satin, with trimmings of beautiful old family lace. Her veil of tulle was draped with point lace and fastened with orange blossoms. She wore the bridegroom's gift, a horseshoe pin of diamonds, and carried a shower bouquet of gardenias and lillies of the valley.

The bridesmaids wore beautiful gowns of white chiffon over pale pink, trimmed with pink and white pompadour silk, with girdle sof the same silk. The bodices were made with cape yokes of white repousse lace. Two of the young women wore hats of white lace, trimmed with white feathers, and the others white lace hats, trimmed with pink satin ribbon, and white and pink feathers. Each carried a bouquet of pink roses and bore the bride's souvenir, pink tourmalines, set with diamonds and pearls.

Miss Una Soley's gown was of pink chiffon, with lace yoke. Her toque of pink tulle was trimmed with pink feathers. She also carried pink roses. Mr. Dickinson presented to his ushers scarfpins set with star sapphires.

After the ceremony, performed by Bishop Henry Y. Satterlee, of Washington, assisted by the Rev. Dr. D. Parker Morgan, the rector, a reception for relatives and intimate friends was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Soley, No. 49 East Eightieth Street. Mrs. Soley, who assisted in receiving, wore pale blue chiffon velvet, trimmed with sable, with yoke and sleeves of lace. Her picture hat of black velvet was trimmed with white and black feathers.

Announcement was made in Mount Vernon, New York, Thursday, of the engagement of Mr. W. F. C. Tychborn, editor of the "American Volunteer," the official organ of the Spanish-American war veterans, to Miss Josephine Sawyer, the daughter of the late Judge A. H. Sawyer, and a well known novelist. At the beginning of their acquaintance Miss Sawyer presented Mr. Tychborn with a copy of her book, "All is Fair in Love." He read it and became so much interested in it that he asked the author to become his wife. Mr. Tychborn's home is at Mount Vernon, New York.

Profesor Adolf von Menzel, who represented German art at the St. Louis Exposition, celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday at Berlin, on December 5th. Emperor William is a great admirer of the famous painter. He made him a Knight of the Black Eagle several years ago, and sent his chief marshal with a birthday present.

Colonial Dames' Meeting.

The regular December meeting of the Virginia Colonial Dames was held Friday afternoon in the home of Mrs. W. T. Robins, No. 310 East Franklin Street.

The meeting was presided over by Mrs. Herbert A. Claiborne, who gave a most delightful account of her visit to St. Louis, Mo., to the States of Wisconsin, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, and of the charming reception accorded her by the State societies of Dames wherever she went. Mrs. Claiborne paid a glowing tribute to the fine work the Dames are universally engaged in doing, from a historic and patriotic standpoint.

Mrs. L. R. Dashiell read a paper embodying the address made by Dr. Spencer to the Dames on Colonial Dames' day at the St. Louis Fair.

A report was made by the chairman of the Publication Commitee for the register of old St. Peter's Church, New Kent county. The book was represented to be selling fairly well, nearly two hundred dollars having been already derived from its sale.

Mr. W. G. Stanard, who has just returned from inspecting the work recently done by the Virginia Colonial Dames at Great Bridges Creek, the old family burying ground of the Washingtons, in Westmoreland county, gave a most interesting description of this, the most important recent undertaking of the society. A slab has been erected in the burying ground to the memory of Augustin, the father of George Washington, bearing the following inscription:

"In memory of Augustin Washington, father of George Washington. Born in 1694. Died, 1743. Erected by the Colonial Dames of America in the State of Virginia."

The tomb of Jane Butler, Augustin Washington's first wife, has also been restored, and a sunken slab, placed in memory of a brother and sister of his, who died in infancy, has been raised and put in position. The Wakefield estate, still a considerable one, embraces Pope's Creek, where George Washington was born, and Great Bride's Creek, where the grave-yard is located. The estate is now in possession of Mr. Wilson, who married Miss Washington, a member of the Westmoreland family.

Mrs. Charles Washington Coleman was chairman of the committee supervising the work of restoration which reflects the laudable spirit and aim of women who are bridging the gulf between Virginia's past and present by linking them together.

The programme of the afternoon was charmingly varied by several vocal solos, which Mrs. Arthur Seddon rendered. Her voice was exquisite. Miss Belle Johnson was her accompanist.

Confederate flag calendars, mounted upon a background of Confederate gray, and showing a handsome grouping of Confederate flags, are now for sale by Mrs. W. R. Vawter and Mrs. N. V. Randolph, of this city. Confederate chapters ordering twenty-five calendars can get them at ten cents apiece. They will be mailed to individuals at twenty cents a single copy, postpaid.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. Charles Culpeper and little daughter, Ottalene, returned to their home in Portsmouth Wednesday after having been the guests in Richmond of Colonel and Mrs. John S. Harwood and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harwood.

* * *

Mrs. A. Paul Hines attended the wedding of Miss Alice Lee Chapman to Mr. William Saunders, taking place December 8th, in the home of the bride's father, Mr. George D. Chapman, near Smithfield, Va.

* * *

Mrs. Francis Burns, who has been visiting friends in Richmond, has returned to Norfolk.

* * *

Mr. Lothrop Withington, of Boston, Mass., is spending a few days in Richmond.

* * *

Captain and Mrs. James L. Smith, of Gloucester county, Va., are the guests of their daughter, Mrs. Erdbrink, in Baltimore.

* * *

Mr. Edward S. Rose, who has been quite ill, is now somewhat improved.

* * *

Mrs. D. W. Whitehurst has left for her home in Norfolk, after spending two weeks with friends in Richmond.

* * *

Mrs. W. G. Lee, of Martinsville, Va., entertained last Monday afternoon, in honor of her mother, Mrs. Mary Spencer, who is eighty years of age, and of Mrs. Pattie Anderson, of Pine Hall, N. C., who has entered upon her eighty-second year. The honorees were the recipients of many gifts and congratulations.

* * *

The ladies of All Saints' Church will continue their Christmas sale with a much reduced stock, at No. 9 West Grace Street, to-day, beginning at 11 o'clock A. M. They still have some articles on hand, to which they invite the attention of Christmas buyers.

Annexation in County.

The board of supervisors of the county have the question of annexation under consideration. Some favor the scheme, while others oppose it. Nothing will be done by the board until the city takes action.

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Best Sewing Machine Needles

FOR ALL MAKES OF MACHIENS

ONLY 5 CENTS Per Package.

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Address THE SINGER MANFG CO. 19 West Broad Street, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Headquarters for Holiday Goods.

Ladies' Gold and Silver Handle Umbrellas from $2 to $20.
Men's Ashwood and Ivory Handle Umbrellas from $1 to $6.
Smoking Jackets from $5 to $15.
Bath Robes, $4 to $10.
Holiday Suspenders, including sterling silver buckles, 50c. to $2.50.
Men's Walking Canes from $1 to $7.50.
Ladies' Toilet and Manicure Sets from $1.25 to $10.
Military and Silver Back Clothes Brushes.
Silk and Flannel Pajamas.
Men's Collar and Cuff Boxes, in leather and tique wood.
Complete line of Holiday Neckwear and Mufflers and Dress Shields from 50c. to $4.
Dress and Driving Gloves, in English and Domestic makes, from 50c. to $10.

MEYER GREENTREE, FOR MEN'S WEAR, Broad and Sixth Streets.

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

No. 362.

Knowledge and Wisdom.

By WILLIAM COWPER.

The portrait, biographical sketch and autograph of Cowper have already appeared in this series.

KNOWLEDGE and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge—a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place—
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day.

SCRAP BOOKS.

There Are Just a Few Left,
Suitable for Preserving
"POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW."
....For Sale at....
TIMES-DISPATCH BUSINESS OFFICE,
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Just "Because" Cut out the Coffee 10 days and take on POSTUM

Simple, but it will show you a way to be well.

THE LATEST BOOKS UNDER BRIEF REVIEW

IMPORTED AMERICANS. By Broughton Brandenburg. 208 pages. $1.50. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Bell Book and Stationery Co., Richmond.

In view of the vast deal that has recently been printed upon the question of immigration to this country, of the growing insistence in some quarters that it behooves us to close the doors of the United States altogether, or at least to make them much more difficult of passing, of the increasing swarms of alien labor that the Continental hives are unceasingly setting in our direction, it is not surprising that some active brain should have conceived the desirability of seeking light from the point of view of the immigrant himself. How thoroughly this may be obtained in a few months' time and admittedly with the pages of a magazine ultimately in view, we are not prepared to say; but there can be no question that the story of Mr. Broughton Brandenburg's investigations into the Italians of America, both here, in Italy, and in transit, furnishes decidedly interesting reading.

The idea of making some original researches into the immigrant question first came to the author one day in the Grand Central station, when he saw a group of newly arrived Italians, "herded together, counted off as they passed through the gate and taken aboard the train, much as if they had been some sort of animals, instead of rational human beings." The idea grew, and before long the author and his wife, after a good deal of preliminary difficulty, engaged a room at 147 West Houston Street, in the heart of the Italian colony of New York city. The room was 7x12 feet, and though their landlord turned out to be a genuine Italian landlord, it was anything but a nice room. Immediately below them was a sort of restaurant and club where the convivial guests used to play mora and sing songs till far into the morning. One interesting thing that Mr. Brandenburg noticed at this time was that "the lower class of Italians in this country continue to pay the respect and homage to those of their race who have been born to position without regard to the changed and democratic conditions." In general our author believes that half of the Italians from the better classes who come to America make far more undesirable recruits than any of the lower class immigrants, barring out only the small fragment of the latter who are confirmed and habitual criminals. In regard to the large increase of immigration in 1903, Mr. Brandenburg found out very early in his stay at the East Side Tenement that the real explanation of the surprising increment was not the enlarged demand for contract labor in this country, or the advertising efforts on the part of competing steamship lines, or any of the various causes that leading authorities had assigned, but merely the fact that the prospect of more stringent immigration laws here hastened the embarkation of many who would not otherwise have appeared on this side of the water for another year or more.

In regard to the remarkable Italian banks, the author has a good deal of intersting information tl give. In the metropolitan district alone there are 412 chartered banks and fully as many operating without a charter; usually these are in combination with a grocery-shop, a saloon, a steamship office or other business. The part that these institutions play in the life of the Italians of America is truly astonishing; they are virtually "the arbiters of the Italian laborer in this country. They 'bureauize' him privately as the Italian government is endeavoring and failing to do officially. . . .The bank . . . is the laborer's address for his mail from home. It writes his letters for him if he is unable to write. It forwards his savings home, minus a percentage. It holds his passport and any other valuable papers and in every way makes itself so essential to him that it has him entirely in its control. Often he realizes that it does this for from five to thirty per cent. of his wages." The bank has also a profitable habit of importing labor by agreement—"an evasion of the letter of the contract alien labor law and a flagrant violation of its spirit."

The author and Mrs. Brandenburg had an interesting time of it on the trip over in the steerage of the North German liner Lahn. Their breath was rather taken away by the dining implements which the steerage steward handed out to them, and by the scenes on deck at the first meal and thereafter. The closed compartments for six people which they were told were to be had on board at an expense of $10 added to the $35 for passage, were nowhere to be found, but by an ingenious system which included feeing the ship's doctor, they managed to secure beds in the hospital wards. It is interesting to note that the changed attitude and demeanor of the Italians on shipboard immediately convinced the author that his previous conception of them was quite incorrect, that "just at that time when we thought ourselves in the genuine atmosphere of the life of the Italian emigrant in the new world, we were merely in that false temporizing atmosphere which he creates for himself." Of course, as we have suggested above, it is not inconceivable that a still deeper knowledge of these "Imported Americans" might lead the author to a still further modification of his views.

Mr. Brandenburg's conclusions from what he saw and learned are, first, the obvious ones that immigration must be either controlled or abolished; and, secondly, the latter alternative being beyond the bounds of common sense, that the difficulty should be reached by examination, of prospective immigrants before they are allowed to embark. This could be done, he suggests, by itinerant boards of two, or three, native-born Americans, in the home villages of those intending to transplant themselves. The author works out and offers a detailed plan in this connection, a verdict on the practicability of which we shall have to leave to others better qualified for judgment than ourselves. It is at least a theory that is interesting and sensible, as is every thing that Mr. Brandenburg has set down in these pages.

THE MARATHON MYSTERY. By Burton E. Stevenson. 323 pages. $1.50. Henry Holt & Co., New York. Bell Book and Stationery Co., Richmond.

In "The Marathon Mystery" Mr. Burton E. Stevenson has written a story of the genus detective which will make Anna Katherine Green and other well-known spinners of yarns of crime and crookedness look closely to their laurels. The tale is a sort of sequel to the author's successful "Holladay Case," which was well enough thought of to run through six editions in this country, to be republished in England and translated into German, and viewed from the score of merits and of Mr. Stevenson's already won reputation in this field, should outrank in point of popularity the author's first venture into the domain of the police courts annals. Mr. Stevenson has now thoroughly mastered the technique of the detective story. He understands how to set forth the conditions of his plot in such a way as to command the reader's interest, to weave about his characters the warp and woof of a very tangled web indeed, and having done this thereafter to unravel it all, step by step, and logically to a strong and artistic climax.

A young lady of wealth, position, and irreproachable character is found one wild night in the rooms of a low fellow named Thompson in a New York apartment house. The way she came to be discovered there was simply that Thompson happened to be murdered during the time of her call upon him, and a hurried janitorial call brought detectives to the apartment on the run, detectives and also keen-eyed young Godfrey, the brilliant theorist in sleuthery of the yellowish record. Whoever it was who had done for Thompson, Godfrey was very sure it wasn't Miss Croydon, and to run down the real criminal became temporarily the main object of his life. Of course there was a good deal that Godfrey couldn't understand, a number of little complicating and subsidiary mysteries that had to be figured out. For example, what was the real reason that had brought Miss Croydon to Thompson's rooms that night? And what became of those remarkable newspaper clippings that so strangely disappeared from the murdered man's pocket-book? And what was the real character of the fascinating Mr. Tremaine whose nominal business was the interesting of capitalists in a projected railroad for St. Pierre?

Later on there is a second murder even more mysterious and thrilling than the first. Mrs. Dickie Delroy's hundred-thousand-dollar necklace was receiving a three days' soaking in sea-water to restore the lost lustre of the pearls, and the Grahams, father and son, were standing guard over it on the pier. One night young Graham is drugged, old Graham is killed, and the necklace is made away with. All the evidence appears to point irresistibly to young Drysdale, a guest in the house, and fiancee to Miss Croydon. Drysdale went to jail. We are willing to confide to the reader, however, that he was not really guilty, any more than Miss Croydon was guilty of the death of Thompson; but as to who was the real criminal and whether the same person was responsible for both murders, it would be unfair to deprive the reader of the pleasure of finding out for himself. The tale reaches a highly exciting climax that suggests Conan Doyle's story, "The Speckled Band," and is throughout thoroughly satisfying, diverting, and skilfully worked out.

DIANE. By Katherine Holland Brown. 340 pages. $1.50. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Bell Book and Stationery Co., Richmond.

Miss Brown has written an interesting and unusual story in this romance of the little Icarian community located at Nauvoo, Ill., on the Mississippi river, from 1850 down to civil war days. Etienne Cabet, the founder of the community, of whom is given a skilfully-drawn picture in the story, had had, previous to his coming to this country, an interesting career. He was at one time attorney-general of Corsica, and upon being dismissed from this office, he shortly afterward became a member of the Chamber of Deputies, where he made himself so obnoxious to the government by his speeches and pamphlets that he was indicted for treason and sought refuge in England. His band of Icarians first settled on the Red river in Texas, but a year or two later removed to Nauvoo, Ill., a settlement which had been earlier abandoned by the Mormons, and here the real life of the colony was spent. Miss Brown takes the community in its last days, and ably depicts the gradual disaffection of the communists, the colony's slow dissolution and ultimate and inevitable fall. Perhaps the severest arraignment the commune ever received was from the lips of a rough-looking frontiersman in public meeting on the occasion when Cabet had roughly, with specious canting phrases, refused the appeal of an old colored slave-woman for sympathy and assistance. Later when the meeting broke up, old Persis asked his name of the man who had spoken up so hotly in her behalf and exposed the utter falseness of Cabet's argument. For a moment the frontiersman did not answer her.

"I was just looking at those hills," he said absently. "We may need them, some day. We could fortify the slopes towards the river, and the ravines at the sides would furnish some protection. My name? Well, as I told you, I have a good many. But most of my friends call me old John Brown."

Diane, a maiden of noble birth, Icarian and ward to Pere Cabet, is the heroine, shy, sweet, tender, and true. Channing, a young Southerner, with northern affinities, loves her, and so does Sydney Palmer. A precocious and otherwise noteworthy little cripple, also figures prominently in the story. Miss Brown writes well and understandingly, and the incidents and materials from which she has built her story are moulded together into a sound and strong whole. Her able character delineation and the freshness and natural interest of her subject matter also co-operate to lift her novel well above the common run.

THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS. By Henry Haynie. 337 pages. $1.50. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Bell Book and Stationery Co., Richmond.

"The Captains and the Kings" is a book full of the personal recollections of notabilities of Mr. Henry Haynie, chevalier in the French Legion of Honor and author of "Paris, Past and Present." During many years of reportorial work and special correspondence, Mr. Haynie has travelled all over North America and Europe, and over a large part of Africa, making the acquaintance as he went of a great many of the distinguished men and women of our time. It is the impressions he received of these eminent people of to-day in his meetings with them, and what he heard in their immediate circles as to their qualities, characteristics, and personal idiosyncracies, that the author has agreeably written for us here. "what I want to know," Mr. Haynie quotes from Thackeray's remark about George Washington," is the color of the trousers he wore, and did he take snuff," and in like manner Mr. Haynie believes that the "twentieth century public would like to know all about the personal appearance of celebrities, their mannerisms, their dress, their daily habits." These recollections, accordingly, are written from the standpoint of gossipy, conversational "human interest," and very pleasant reading they make, too.

As the entire volume is taken up with these intimate and close-range sketches of the modern great ones, including practically all the eminent personages of the day, it appears injudicious to be led into quotation here. Suffice it to say that these pages can be read from first to last with both pleasure and profit. Besides supplying entertaining reading, the recollections and anecdotes help to shed fresh and permanent light on a segment of the history of the time. The volume is illustrated with thirty-two portraits of celebrities and eight facsimiles of autograph letters.

MY LADY LAUGHTER. By Dwight Tilton. 442 pages. $1.50. C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston.

Mistress Constance Drake was the young lady who supplied a title, as well as a heroine, for this story, and for the best of reasons. The rippling peal that she was in the habit of emitting—on occasion, to be sure, for Constance was no mere giggler and inane titterer—was so silvery and affecting, so tintinnabulating to one's own resibilities, that it quickly made her famous. All this was in Boston town in the days of the great siege, and the story is, in fine, a good old colonial romance of the very, very well-known sort. We have not observed anything daringly new in the line of plot, action or incident, and "My Lady Laughter" appears to fall irresistibly into the great rank and file of the middle-class historical novel, passably good, but in no way noteworthy. The picture on the cover makes the heroine look rather like a little minx who has togged herself up for a lark in her big sister's storm coat, but some of the illustrations inside are extremely good, though now and then marred slightly in the printing.

RAIDERLAND. By S. R. Crockett. 359 pages. $2.00. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Bell Book and Stationery Co., Richmond.

This is a book about Grey Galloway, its stories, traditions, characters and humors, "specially of that more mountainous and easternly portion of it known as the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright," by one who knows and loves it well, one who as a "dreamy long-legged callant, with a staff in his hand and a whang of soda-scone in his pocket left few of its farms unvisited and few of its fastnesses unexplored in his unhaltered boyhood twenty-five years ago."

The author's aim has not been to make a guide-book, but rather a sort of "garrulous literary companion" to the orthodox guide-books of to-day and to-morrow. Mr. Crockett treats particularly that part of Galloway best known to him, "The Raider's Country." Travellers in that somewhat unfrequented province will find Mr. Crockett's volume of great value, and the author's abilities and literary skill will invest it also with a certain general interest, chiefly, we suppose, among his own readers. There are some admirable drawings, in pencil and brush, by Mr. Joseph Pennell.

AN ANGEL BY BREVET. By Helen Pitkin. 384 pages. $1.50. J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, Pa.

This is a story of New Orleans life and Creole society, of mysterious colored ladies and broken English, of charms, incantations and voodoos. Or rather it is a series of sketches about these things, for of real and unifying plot there is none whatever. The author appears to have taken pen in hand with no clear idea of what she was going to write about, and the jumbled result, viewed as a story, is not a success. Considered merely as a picture of a certain portion of New Orleans life, however, and of the blend of charm, passion, and superstition that are still marked characteristics of the Creole, "An Angel by Brevet" is not without interest. There is a great deal of odd dialect—Creole, French, plus pure Ethiopan, overland, on good plain American—running through the book, and we imagine that it is a pretty accurate reproduction from the original. Miss Pitkin has a good command of language, writes well, and understands how to draw a character clearly. If she will think out a logical and interesting plot next time, simmer down the total of mysticism and dialect, and inject a larger sprinkling of plain, ordinary, every-day material, she should give us a good book.

MARRIAGE, LIMITED. By Frank H. Wakefield. 327 pages. $1.50. Neale Publishing Co., New York and Washington.

The transient expressions of Mr. George Meredith and others regarding the possible advent some day of a limited marriage term, replacing the "till death us do part" alliance, alone sanctioned by the higher civilization of our day, has found expression in this odd novel. The exact date of the action of the story does not appear to be indicated, but it is sufficiently far away to make the actors in it regard matters of the present day as very ancient and remote indeed. Yet in everything else but the seven-year marriage contracts, with renewals at mutual option, the construction, externals, and habits of society appear to be very surprisingly the same as they are to-day. Possibly the author is pessimistic regarding the progress of the human race, and possibly he merely forgot. The story is crudely told and amateurish in the extreme, and despite its novel theme the author has not succeeded in investing it with even a fleeting interest.

KITTY OF THE ROSES. By Ralph Henry Barbour. 174 pages. Ornamental box. $2.00. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

We have here an idyl of a rose-garden, pure and simple, as pretty to the eye as one of Kitty's own sweet flowers, and as transiently light as the down of a thistle. A young man staying a week or so at Belle Harbour, Va., glimpses a beautiful girl in the old-fashioned garden next door, watches for her coming again, meet her, loves her, loses her for a year, finds her, woos her, wins her. That is the theme in full, and the reader will not now be on the lookout for any wild riot of thrills. The story is pleasantly written, however, including a few pages about roses at the start which must have required quite a lot of "boning" on the part of the author, and is mildly sweet and agreeable. The fact that it introduces but two persons and is entirely devoid of issues, physical or moral, of character delineation, and other usual reliances of the novelist gives the story an unfeigned and unambitious slightness and leaves it with no more than a very evanescent interest. The border decorations are good, as are most of the illustrations, and the book, as a whole, is very pleasurable to the eye.

AMERICAN WIVES AND OTHERS. By Jerome K. Jerome. 364 pages. $1.50. Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York. Bell Book and Stationery Co., Richmond.

Some more of Mr. Jerome's humorous comments on things and people, in his familiar vein. Entertaining and readable, but containing only slight sprinklings of the genuine and spontaneous humor that marked his earlier work.

TRUE BILLS. By George Ade. 154 pages. $1.60. Harper & Bros., New York. Bell Book and Stationery Co., Richmond.

Some more fables in the clever vein which Mr. Ade originated and chiefly exploits. This new volume recounts for the most part humorous business and political situations, containing some two dozen fables in all. Maybe the vein is beginning to wear a little thin now, or the charming bloom of novelty has been something rubbed off; but Mr. Ade is always clever and entertaining and his keen satires on humanity's little foibles are no less truthful, trenchant, and poignant than of yore.

POEMS. By Carter W. Wormeley. Published by the Broadway Company, of New York. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company.

Richmond people, friends, and relatives of Mr. Wormeley will be genuinely pleased at the appearance in the holiday season of his book of short poems. The volume is most artistic throughout, and the verses, many of them, are filled with great tenderness and beauty of expression and have a musical rhythm in their flow.

The poems cover a wide range of subjects, one that seems especially in keeping just now, being under the head of "His Christmas Letter," dated at Opelika, Alabama, and containing the following fine passage:

"There is a tongueless angel sits alone,
With folded plumes, on silence, for a throne;
His eyes are very luminous, his wings
Breathe a faint perfume from forgotten things;
His vestments are of nothingness; his form,
More felt than seen; the magic of his charm
Lies not within his presence, and his flight
Comes, and is taken in the hush of night;
His name is Retrospection; be it known.
Sad hearts grow sadder when his form has flown,
But oh, the joy, the gentleness he brings,
With the dear incense of his unseen wings."

The volume of poems is dedicated to Mr. Wormeley's wife and a number of the verses seem to be inspired by her. Lines "To My Mother" close with these words:

"Ah! gentler, dearer, sweeter than all other,
Is thy soft smile unto my lonely breast;
And purer is the sacred name of Mother
Than any name almighty love hath blest."

THE LAST OF THE CAVALIERS. By N. J. Floyd. Published by Broadway Company, of New York. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company.

Under the guise of attractive fiction and romance the author of "The Last of the Cavaliers" has succeeded in putting before the minds of the Southern people many valuable historical events connected with the beginning, the continuance, and the close of the Civil War. The book has been written in the interests of truth and of justice by a participator in the battles which are described, one who points his moral by taking his models from real life and observation, and who draws his inspiration from his stores of ripened experience, and from a feeling that he owes in its relation an imperative duty to the young people and the old people, alike, of the South.

The book was written in answer to what Mr. Floyd believed was a need. To supply this need he has reproduced social life as he saw it and knew it in the old South. He has begun his book at the time when the Civil War was imminent; he has related the causes which led to it and described the attitude of the Southern people and the convictions of those who "wore the gray."

Events of the Civil War and service in the army of Northern Virginia are graphically depicted as are the annals of reconstruction days in the South. The story of the book is one to be read with much pleasure. It lends brightness and picturesqueness to soften grim truths with which Southern hearts have grown familiar. The volume will be classed with those that have made the realities involved in the years between 1861-1865 clearly apparent. For that reason its value to the young student of history cannot be over-estimated.

Bricfer Mention.

"A Dreamer in Paris," by William J. Nicolls (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.), contains an American's impressions of Paris, written in a pleasant and mildly philosophical vein. Slight but readable.

* * *

Forty-odd papers of an editorial and ruminative nature, upon a wide range of subjects, are collected in Mr. William Pott's "More Notes From Underledge" (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; Bell Book and Stationery Co., Richmond.) The papers represent the author's reflections and comments on many random themes, and are agreeable enough without being especially noteworthy. Mr. Potts will be recalled as the author of "From a New England Hillside."

* * *

Wellington, Soldier and Statesman, and the revival of the military power of England is the theme of the latest contribution to the Putnams's "Heroes of the Nations" series. The present volume is by William O'Connor Morris, and, compressing into a compass of less than 400 pages all the facts necessary to understand the career of the Iron Duke and the national conditions in his time, is at once comprehensive and concise. There has been a real need for a good biography of Wellington, and Mr. Morris's book should excellently fill it.

* * *

Many phases of domestic life and relationships are profitably treated by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster in "The Little Kingdom of Home" (J. F. Taylor Co., New York). The general nature of the author's observations are indicated by the chapter-titles, among which are "Bride and Groom," "Relations-in-Law," "How Shall the Home Be Furnished," "The Coming of Children," "Domestic Toil and Toilers," and many other kindred topics. Mrs. Sangster writes authoritatively out of a wide and deep experience, and her advice and suggestions should be of real value, particularly to young people now with a home in the making.

* * *

Paul Lawrence Dunbar is, with the possible exception of Charles W. Chestnutt, the greatest story-teller the African race has produced. His stories and poems of negro life are well and favorably known to a large number of readers. "The Heart of Happy Hollow," just published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, (Bell Book and Stationery Co., Richmond) contains sixteen typical short stories, all interesting, well-written, and of some special value as interpretations of the negro's characteristics and point of view.

* * *

The essays for women which Margaret Deland has written during the past two years for the pages of Harper's Bazaar have been reprinted in book form, under the title "The Common Way." (Harpers', New York; Bell Book and Stationery Co., Richmond.) There are ten essays in the little volume having to do with vital topics of the home, and women will find them all interesting and of practical helpfulness.

* * *

Some good stories of the stage are contained in Miss Viola Roseboro's "Players and Vagabonds" (The MacMillan Co., New York), the most noteworthy fact about them, perhaps, being the entirely glamorless and matter of fact picture of stage folk and stage ways that the author here gives us. Their faithfulness and lack of sentimentality in this respect will certainly not make these tales the less worth while, and Miss Roseboro unquestionably understands how to tell a good story.

A very charming volume of poems, lyric and dramatic, is from the pen of Miss Ethel Louise Cox, whose publisher is Richard C. Badger, the Gorham Press, Boston. The book is daintily bound in blue and gold, and the poems reflect the brightness and talent of the gifted author. "Highways and Byways of the South" comes from Clifton Johnson, writer and illustrator, through the Macmillan Company, of Boston. The book seems to have been the work of a man who has traveled through a section of country, not to gather general experience and observation, but to get opportunities for better acquaintance with the characteristics and conditions of negro society. That he fails in really understanding anything which he writes about, is perfectly evident to the person to whom the infinite varieties of negro social nature are truly known.

Magazines.

The Christmas number of The Reader is a delight to the eye and a pleasure to the mind throughout. An illuminated Christmas carol by James Whitcomb Riley goes into the make-up of its attractive cover design, and the frontispiece is a lovely color piece from John Cecil Clay's gift book "In Love's Garden." Other contributors are Samuel McC. Crothers, Edna Kenton, Nora Archibald Smith, F. S. Isham, Octave Thanet, E. M. Thomas, Hector Fuller, E. Flower, I. Zangwill, C. Scollard, W. Vawter, H. K. Viele, M. H. Krout, M. Michelson, J. E. Breed, E. W. Peattie, J. T. McIntyre, Theodosia Garrison, Frederick Smith, W. V. Moody, W. Irvin, and others.

The leading number in the December Outing is a fine article on "American Fox Hunting," by David Gray. Another number that most Virginians will be apt to read is entitled "Plain Bob-Pointer," by Alexander Hunter, whose pen picture is only equalled by his illustrations. The frontispiece in this magazine, showing Christmas in the far North, is specially attractive.

Dr. Thomas Nelson Page appears in the December Metropolitan through the medium of a short story which he calls "An Old Neighborhood in Virginia," a story that will find a responsive echo in the hearts of many who, like Mr. Page, have known such a community. The magazine, as a whole, offers a fine table of contents.

So does Pearsons for December, which, from cover to finish, is an emblem of Christmas mirth and jolity, with a judicious leavening of more serious thoughts. A poem, "The Bye-Bye Chair," by Holman Day, is one of the numbers that will be most read and appreciated. "St. Joseph and the Child," by Virginia Yeamans Remnitz, is another excellent feature in a good make-up.

The December "Everybody's" opens with a series of drawings—"Girls and Boys"—by Emilie Benson Knipe, in which the different stages of boyhood and girlhood are prettily exemplified. Among the contributors are Theodosia Garrison, Booth Tarkington, Henry van Dyke, Elizabeth Jordan, and others.

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