REVIEW OF RECENT LITERATURE

THE reader who desires a modern novel, replete with incident, with characters possessing vitality, with situations vivid and a purpose up to date, will find in "By Laws of Might" a story which fulfils in large measure these essential demands. It has, besides, a distinctive style, and though at intervals a trifle prolix, abounds in dramatic situations and terse epigrams. It is a book in which probably very few readers will be disappointed, as, unfortunately, with so much fiction nowadays.

The vigorous motif, treating as it does certain phases of the sex question under present conditions, and handling that problem without gloves, though with veiled satire for the modern free-love theories, raises it at once from the realms of the commonplace novel, of which the public is so ineffably weary. At the same time the true story-teller's instinct, surrounding a plot, has sufficed to warn the author from the pitfall of over-emphasizing the problem and minimizing the story.

The dollar mark and the scarlet letter are inseparably linked in its daring expose of Wall street and high life's marital infelicities, yet the story is told with due regard for decency and without the filth which clings to books of a certain stamp. Though full of action wherein interest never flags, it is a novel that makes one think.

By Law of Might. Newton Ridgeway. New York: H. A. Simmons & Co.

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Many world-famous poems, some light, bright and witty, such as W. S. Gilbert's "Bab Ballads," others serious, dignified and sad, such as Tom Taylor's magnificent tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, and Hood's "Song of the Shirt," first saw the light in "Punch or the London Charivari." A collection of "Poems from Punch," selected by Rev. Albert E. Sims, forms a fitting addition this year to the Remarque Series of Literary Masterpieces, to be published by H. M. Caldwell company, New York and Boston. It will be a revelation to many to find how many of the foremost writers of the last century, and how many poems that have lived, have figured in its pages from 1841 until today. Its satirical, humorous and serious comment on current events have formed a microcosm of the world's history, and this volume will be welcomed by all lovers of good litrature. The get-up of their books, their good type, fine paper and artistic bindings have already made the Remarque Series a favorite with book lovers the world over. "Poems From Punch," New York; H. M. Caldwell company.

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It is scarcely likely that Mr. Herman Lee Meader's new work on "Operations on the Heart" will become a standard textbook in our medical schools. Indeed, the fat Cupid on the cover sewing up a broken heart doesn't in the least resemble the drawings to be found in orthodox works on surgery. A look between the covers only confirms one's suspicions; and a single glance betrays the fact that Mr. Meader (author of "Thro' the Rye") is again at his old tricks of laugh-making. He says that in all the world the only thing worth winning is a woman, and he goes laughingly on to coach his readers in the Ancient Art of Love-making.

It seems absurd to Mr. Meader that an angler will stand in a brook all day, trying every fly in his book in the hope of luring a trout out of the water, and then fish for a woman—the prize of a lifetime—with the crudest baits and the clumsiest nets. Love-making he thinks is a fine art—something to be studied, practiced and exercised until, with infinite patience, perfection has been attained.

One suspects that Mr. Meader has spent a good deal of time practicing what he preaches; for, if one scratches off the varnish of humor, one finds a great deal of shewd sense underneath.

Mr. Meader's wit is as pungent as a whiff of ammonia, but it never lacks the bubbling good nature of the proverbial fat man.

Every page of the book has a picture in color by "Pal"; and the whole get-up is as original as Adam and as up to date as an airship.

Cupid, the Surgeon. By Herman Lee Meader. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus company.

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It has been in years gone by a common remark that the rich have appendicitis; the poor the stomachache. Dr. Charles C. Miller has written a book to refute the slander of surgeons as far as remarks upon the fashionable disease are concerned. The learned surgeon says it is not his intention to foster self treatment, but to educate people to a better knowledge of the science of surgery; to bring about a better understanding between the surgeon and his patient. The little book is one of a series of semi-scientific character and will prove a valuable handbook for patient and an aid to the practitioner.

The Truth About Appendicitis and Bloodpoisoning. By Charles C. Miller, M. D. Chicago: Oak Publishing company.

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"Interludes," by Alice Henderson, are poems of faith and songs of "Sweetness and Light." It is a sheltered, almost ascetic muse who inspires the verses, and although there are poems of storm and stress, it is a distinctly spiritual surge and not the deep soul-storm of passion. The coloring is that of a softly shaded pastel, the fragrance is of lavender. There is love and longing and mystery, always aspiring, and quite a considerable mastery of poetical technique. The book is attractively bound in leather, and with the sepaid print and artistic initial letters makes a beautiful little volume.

Interludes. By Alice Henderson. Westwood, Mass.: Ariel Press.

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Every one who loves adventure will spend a pleasant hour with the little book written about the most picturesque character who ever went down in a diving suit, Captain Thomas A. Scott, master diver. F. Hopkinson Smith has written a book which a Boston publishing house has given to the public without a single Hopkinson Smith illustration. It was Captain Scott who aided the famous artist, author, explorer and engineer when he built his famous lighthouse on a turtle island off New London harbor, which now is known to the world as the "Race rock" light. The author gives great credit to the rugged deep-sea diver who rendered him such valuable service when they erected the structure which was calculated to withstand the terrific storms in the full wake of the Atlantic. The little book is a tribute to the hardy man of the sea, but it will give those who have followed the career of the great artist and brilliant author an insight into the innermost character of the man. It is a human book for a delightful hour's reading.

Captain Thomas A. Scott. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston: American Unitarian sssociation.

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Those who have read Mr. Bain's "Digit of the Moon" and "The Draught of the Blue" will ask no recommendation for a new volume by the same author. "An Incarnation of the Snow," the imprimus of which tells was translated from the original manuscript, is written in that same captivating and charming vein that has distinguished the previous works of this loved author. He has followed the style and characterization of his other works and has portrayed his thoughts with grace and an opulence of oriental imagery. There is something about the works of this author, who has made such beautiful translations from the Sanskrit, that carries its own charm. Readers of Mr. Bain's works can lose themselves in the glamour of a world of love and romance. The author has conjured into being scenes of mystic and exotic loveliness. It would be futile to attempt to portray in a hasty review the entrancing beauty of the work. It is modestly yet beautifully bound. Those who dip into this book are apt to be captivated and held entranced until the end is reached and they will lay it aside with a sigh of regret.

An Incarnation of the Snow. By F. W. Bain. New York: The Knickerbocker Press.

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C. F. King's book, "The Light of Four Candles," is out. As was anticipated, it proves to be a history of the author's long war with Thomas W. Lawson, and is as sensational as Mr. King's announcement, made when he returned from abroad several months ago to face the various proceedings that had been brought against him, led the public to expect. As a result, stock exchange members, bankers, business men and politicians who find the inside stories of transactions in which they were engaged now made public, are busily engaged in explaining things, today, and there is a possibility that at least one brokerage house may lose its stock exchange membership and at least one national bank director may be forced to resign, because of the book's revelations.

When King made an assignment last spring and went to Ceylon, a nervous wreck, he was petitioned into involuntary bankruptcy and indicted on thirty-one counts for alleged larceny. This, he claims, was all incidental to the Lawson campaign against him, and as those with whom he had had business dealings—except his clients—did not stand up for him while he was away, he does not see, he says, the necessity for protecting them now that he is back and has resumed business. Therefore he has told his story without finding it necessary to suppress any names.

There are fifty chapters and 515 pages in "The Light of Four Candles," and through it all, with the continuity of history and the absorbing interest of a novel, runs the story of King's four years' fight with Lawson. It is a story of strong men fighting, a story of modern finance as the game is played in "the Street," without mercy for the weak and with no quartetr to the losers.

Lawson is characterized, throughout the book, as "the high priest of Thuggee," "the great charlatan," "the leader of the wolf-pack," "Caiaphas," and other similar names to fit the particular incident in which he appears. In a chapter entitled "The Wolf-Pack and Its Leader," King writes:

"I feel that I know Thomas W. Lawson—none better. I have watched him for an aggregate of many hours, with the trained eye of the newspaper man, accustomed to measure men. I have heard his voice, have seen his manner, have analyzed his habit. I am competent to paint something of a picture of the man who possesses the distinction of having conducted the most extensive and successful confidence games the world has seen since the days of Law and the South Sea Bubble."

The Light of Four Candles. Published by the author at the Journal building, Boston.

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The Putnams have just published "The Art of Natural Sleep," by the Rev. Lyman P. Powell, a book that should have no difficulty in finding a large audience.

Of all the ills that flesh is heir to insomnia is certainly not the least distressing. It is the curse of those who are overwrought by work or care, and unites with bad nerves to wreck the happiness and physical well being of multitudes. On the other hand, restful sleep is as indispensable to all as it is elusive to some. Sleep is, as we know, the "balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast"; sleep, too, it is that "knits up the ravelled sleave of care." All this being true, a book that tells men how, without the use of destructive drugs, to capture sleep is a boon to thousands.

Such a boon the method set forth in "The Art of Natural Sleep" has been to many, and such a boon, now that it is put at the disposal of the public in the form of a little book, it will assuredly be to very many more. In this volume, ordered and compact and ready for use, are brought together all the helps which science and the practical experience of centuries have recommended for inducing wholesome, natural and refreshing sleep. Here, or nowhere, insomniacs who shun the use of drugs will find the long sought way to the coveted land of Nod.

Mr. Powell, it should be added, is one of the leaders in New England of the "Emmanuel movement"—a movement of spiritual healing under the wing of orthodoxy. He is a friend of the Rev. Ellwood Worcester and of the Rev. Mr. McComb of Emmanuel church, Boston, the inaugurators of the Emmanuel movement.

The Art of Natural Sleep. By Rev. Lyman P. Powell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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Henry B. Fuller's stories of Americans in Italy, called "Waldo Trench and Others," are rapidly winning a place for themselves as a series of clear and delicately accurate portraits of a new phase of Americans abroad. As the New York Sun said: "There is much entertainment in Mr. Fuller's stories. They are full of an affective humor. They are admirable," and another reviewer says: "He has qualities not too often found in combination—brain, knowledge and an instinct for expression. In 'Waldo Trench and Others' he shows how different a thing may be a story about Americans abroad from the caricatures so often published."

Waldo Trench and Others. By Henry B. Fuller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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"The Bird Our Brother" is the latest book by Olive Thorne Miller (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and is described as a contribution to the study of the bird as he is in life. Mrs. Miller has undoubtedly made a more intimate study of the ways and manners of birds than any other American writer, perhaps than any other writer in the world. Her observations cover a period of twenty-five years or more, during which she has devoted a very large share of her time to that careful observation and sympathetic interpretation for which she is famous. Now she gives us the net results of her labors in a book which is in a certain sense a study of bird psychology. Mrs. Miller's point of view is well known to her readers. Others may guess it from her title and may take it for granted that she finds in the birds a closer mental and moral relationship with man than is allowed to them by certain recent writers. All readers who are interested in the discussion of animal intelligence which has recently attracted so much attention in the periodical press will be glad to learn what Mrs. Miller has to say out of her fund of bird lore. The book is written in Mrs. Miller's always readable style and has the charm that has made her other books so popular.

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This is valuable as an "atmosphere" story. The thread of plot is slight and it doesn't require an Edgar Allen Poe to foresee the ending. The characters are built on approved lines. They are "good people" mostly; very, very good, with all the Southron's virtues and few or none of their weaknesses. Take away the details of ante-bellum life in the Old Dominion, and the story would fall flat. Virginia, however, was worth knowing, even in the decline of its old-fashioned chivalry and antique social usage, and Mr. Eggleston with his accustomed skill draws a very good picture. Paternalism there found its best development in America. Life richly enjoyed and drained to the lees by the aristocrat, contentedly endured by the slave, was its keynote—a state of things as far removed from the barbarities of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on the one hand as from the bitter animosities of "The Clansman" on the other.

Have the scene and the period their natural limitations which estop the novelist's greatest work? Perhaps so, and perhaps not. Anyhow, it is hard to recall a really great novel of this genre, leaving out of account the Englishman Thackeray's "The Virginians," which treats of an earlier time. Thomas Nelson Page, Ellen Glasgow, George Cary Eggleston—all seem to lack the really big inspiration, the thoroughly masterful treatment. What and why is it?

Two Gentlemen of Virginia. By George Eggleston. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.

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A book for the cognoscenti and for the near-elect rather than for hoi-polloi. The transatlantic American is a queer blend of original Yankeeism, cosmopolitan culture and quick social adeptness; here we have his portrait drawn at full length. The sensation in studying him (and her) is like that of examining an exotic; the uses of the specimen are neither manifest nor important, but the fact that he or she grows and flourishes in an alien clime and soil. To judge from Mr. Fuller's personages, most of the breed are intellectual butterflies. They sip daintily of social pleasures, letters, music, painting, hovering on the surface of things and seeking never the heights and the depths of human endeavor and tragedy.

In effective contrast with the expatriates Mr. Fuller pictures the Oklahoma newcomer trying to swallow the body of European culture on a Cook's tour, the American school teacher carried away by the vision of art and the young and old lions of American finance who look upon the European stamping-ground as a new three-ringed circus in which to exploit their peculiar talents. Our observer is very clever and successful in his characters, descriptions and dialogue, but his plots are not always up to the mark. Marion Crawford is distinctly better as a story writer. Yet Mr. Fuller contrives always to be amusing and agreeable, and the two hours spent with him aboard ship and in the Yankee colonies of Florence, Rome and other Italian centers are certainly entertaining.

Waldo French and Others. By Henry B. Fuller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Law of Polarity, according to Dr. Lloyd and his collaborator in this little treatise, explains the mental as it does the material world. In fact, still according to Dr. Lloyd, mind is the obverse of matter; matter, of mind. This is a fascinating conception, and one that seems to illumine many dark corners in our thinking. Behind matter and mind alike stands the primeval force of the universe; on the one side, its aspect is mental and on the other side physical. In brief, "its contrary aspects of mind and matter are opposite poles of one thing."

The author does not claim originality for this concept, and indeed it is along the trend of much recent philosophizing which in turn revivifies old theories. The newness of the book is in working out its psychological corollaries. A final chapter on poise applies these corollaries to practical life. Our conscious life being ebb and flow, action and reaction, it is ours to direct the rhythmic stream for the good of ourselves and others. Harmony of conflicting forces is the law of life, and he lives best who maintains this inner and outer harmony. "Erect, straightforward, clean cut, he will march to the goal beyond, upheld by the law of rhythmic balance, happy in his supremacy over difficulties, complete and absolute in his majesty of will.

Psychology, Normal and Abnormal. By Annie Elizabeth Cheney. Los Angeles.

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Automobilists, chauffeuses and motorists, attention!

Hist!

Also sh-h-h!

Here's a book for him (or her). It is My Auto Book. It's a present sure to win. Get this:

"What on earth made you crawl under the car? There's nothing the matter with it."

"I know, but that chap who just passed was Smith, and if he had seen me with this new runabout he would have expected me to pay him that $500 I owe him."

(No reference to Andy here.)

How's this?

"Adam had just purchased one of the first automobiles and was in great glee.

"Suddenly a shadow crossed his face, as looking at his wife, he said:

" 'My dear, I'm afraid you are scarcely sufficiently clad to accompany me on my first spin.'

" 'All right,' returned Eve, with a pout, 'I'll go to the opera instead!' "

But it's really a date book, a diary, if you will, and is arranged to make a delightful record of your trips in your new automobile. It has a blank space on every other page for: Date of run; those in party; places visited; distance covered and special incidents.

It's a pretty book, a valuable one if you make it so by your records. It bristles with bright, snappy epigrams and clever skits in prose and poetry. The illustrations are neat, tasty and in keeping with the text.

My Auto Book. By Walter Pulitzer. New York: The Outing Publishing company.

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Books written by Englishmen on the life and lore of ancient Greece are apt to include too much of the Hebraic and Gothic. "The Mallet's Masterpiece," by Edward Peble, is noteworthy in its searching out the heart of the classic culture. There is a pretty love story, and the soul of the beautiful is breathed in every line:

"The sculptor's prophecy proved true. When King Memmiades and his judges passed under the statues set before them, with one accord they chose 'The Mallet's Masterpiece,' and placed it in the entrance of their marble theater on the hill; and for a space Philotas wore his wreath of fame, with a still more precious wreath of Adonia's love.

"In after days, when the glory of Melos was but a thing of dreams, the sons of another race came forth to dig for treasures of the past. They found a broken statue buried there, and, marveling, they bore it into distant lands. And now from out the wondering world came all who wrought in marble and in stone, each striving by his art to replace the figure's missing arms; but lo, their cunning failed, for the hand of no man might undo the miracle of Vasta's master stroke. So, marveling still, they ceased to men a masterpiece. Then, borrowing from the city's name, they called it the 'Venue de Milo' and set in in the highest temple of their arts.

"As once it stood in the sculptor's hall, so now it stands today as woman's rival—a dull and senseless thing, whose bosom never throbbed to the pulse of love—whose eyes stare out at nothingness through all eternity.

"A broken stone! Yet a perfect work in a place of honor—to live till the very stars shall die."

The Mallet's Masterpiece. By Edward Peble. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

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Rafael de Zayas Enriquez, poet laureate of Mexico, has undertaken to give in prose an extended sketch of his country's president, Porfirio Diaz. While in the main lauding President Diaz, Senor Enriquez takes occasion to point out a few of the many needed reforms in Mexico if the country is to escape a revolution. An example: "Let the president return to the legislature all its prerogatives and never ask for nor accept extraordinary powers to be used in any branch of the government, unless, of course, in case of serious danger to the maintenance of order or the perpetuation of our institutions.

"Greater scope should be given to personal initiative and to individual ambition in order that each one may show his abilities, develop them and thus become of greater value to the country. The people should be free to express their opinions in writing, in print or orally, and the country should no longer have forced upon it a subsidized press. Public ideas should be allowed to grow again and everyone should be permitted to work for the ideas in which he believes, without hindrance, and with the sole condition that he shall not transgress the law. The president should not maintain any ring of personal favorites, but should ally himself to the people. This is little, but it is all that is needed."

Porfirio Diaz. By Rafael de Zayas Enriquez. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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Alfred de Musset, in his hall bedroom in a crowded quarter of Paris, sang with a note as truly inspired as that of Browning and Tennsyson strolling between the hawthorne redgerows in the country lanes of England, but is is inevitable that a complacent English temperament and the beauties of the English landscape should produce a lofty optimism which the Frenchman could not know. In "Browning's England," Helen Archibald Clarke traces the influences of the English out-of-doors on Browning, in ponderous volume, almost overwhelming to those who have not made a special study of Browning and the Browning bibliography.

The work is a deep critical study of Browning in relation to other English poets, and is written in a charming and masterful literary style. The author meets the intricate problems constantly arising—problems appearing in any treatise on this the greatest of English poets, and meets them with ease and with a strong grasp of their psychological and literary subtleties.

Browning's England. By Helen Archibald Clarke. New York: The Baker & Taylor company.

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"The living of life is always a million times better than sitting down and reading about it," is the conclusion of Margaret P. Montague's "In Calvert's Valley." A million times better than looking at a picture of it, or listening to a symphony on it. For the one is art and the other is reality.

The book is an entertaining and well written story of Virginia life. The love story is developed according to the canyons of true romantic fiction, but the characters are clearly drawn and there are numerous small touches strikingly true to life.

In Calvert's Valley. By Margaret P. Montague. New York: The Baker & Taylor company.

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The outlook of a cultivated leisurely man on life always is fascinating, even to those less fortunately placed in life. Such a person the author of "Sappho in Boston" apparently is, although his or her name does not appear on the title page.

The plots begin to unravel or rather to weave, with the unconventional meeting of a cultivated young Boston woman with an atractive young Englishman. It is an effervescent tale, of good literary technic, with enough uncertainty about developments to make it interesting and a surprising denouement in the last chapter. The characters stand out clearly.

Sappho in Boston. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

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"My Life," by Josiah Flint, is an interesting biography of an interesting and gifted man. Mr. Flint's chronicle of his years in the study of sociological problems, including the experiences related in his previous book, "Tramping With Tramps," makes a most important contribution to sociological literature.

While he respects theory, he has a most wholesome regard for facts, and his work is at once scientific and literary, abounding in narrative of the picturesque and adventurous. His stories of the lives of outcasts and criminals ring as true as those of his acquaintance with Tolstoy, Ibsen and Kuropatkin.

It is unusual for anything worth while to come of the experiences of those who go voluntarily into the underworld to study its conditions, as their action often is Quixotic and ill-considered to begin with, and they lack the faculty of really understanding the people they find. Flint saw and understood and studied and wrote to a purpose.

My Life. Josiah Flint. New York: The Outing Publishing company.

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"Through Ramona's Country" authoritatively points out what is fact and what is fiction in Helen Hunt Jackson's fascinating romance of Southern California, "Ramona." For over twenty years Mr. George Wharton James has been pursuing his investigation into the subject; he is personally familiar with every Indian village that Mrs. Jackson visited with Mr. Albert Kennedy when studying the condition of the Indians in Southern California; his well-known studies of the histohical conditions, as well as the conditions from a geographical, agricultural, floricultural and science standpoint, of the region described by him as Ramona's country, promise a graphic series of word pictures; his knowledge of the Indians and sympathy with them insure a sympathetic treatment of the subject.

Mr. James possesses a large number of Mrs. Jackson's personal letters; his collection of photographs on the subject is large and comprehensive. It is a volume that will interest every one who has read "Ramona," for it will give for the first time the intimate facts that led to the novel's creation.

Through Ramona's Country. George Wharton James. Boston: Littleton, Brown & Co.

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One of the best of the recent Scribner's books is "Waldo Trench and Others," by Henry B. Fuller. It includes seven stories of the life of Americans in Italy and is cleverly and entertainingly written. Happenings among the residents of the American colonies at Rome, Florence and other Italian cities supply Mr. Fuller with a fund of material for a book of delightful narrative, illuminated by much keen philosopsy and wide, though by no means oppressive, learning. The book is attractively bound and illustrated.

Waldo Trench and Others: By Henry B. Fuller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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The name of F. Hopkinson Smith is a sufficient guarantee of something readable and entertaining when it appears on a book. "Peter" is one of the most delightful of the works of this prolific writer.

Peter Grayson is a banker of the old school, a middle-aged man of high ideals and of a buoyant, cheery optimism; a man of taste and experience; a member of the Century club and the asociate of painters, writers and architects. The young hero, quixotic, illogical but true-hearted, with old fashioned ideas of honor and honesty, and the heroine, a fascinating girl who can work and play with equal charm and grace, and most of the other characters are people of moderate means and fine, healthy principles, who live in an atmosphere of simplicity and good breeding, as true to life as it is rare in fiction. This novel, which has not been published serially, will take rank as the best and most ambitious of Mr. Smith's stories.

Peter. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Of. H. G. Wells' last book, "First and Last Things"—the Putnams recently published it—a book that in a sense contains the sum and essence of all that he has written, the Sun says:

"Of course the ideas of the well known Socialist, H. G. Wells, are to be found scattered through many of his romances, novels, short stories and sociological essays. Nevertheless the readers and admirers of this highly original thinker will naturally like to see his beliefs and notions collected in a compendious form; and this has been done for them in a volume called 'First and Last Things; a Confession of Faith and a Rule of Life.' "

Those interested in Mr. Wells' work may be glad of the following passage from a "literary portrait" of him in the London Chronicle:

"He is known to his friends as 'H. G.,' and he lives on a cliff amid air and light, with a view of the sea through square leaded windows. . . . He would tell you that he is of humble origin; of a truth he is of the best origin in the world—the English country working class, from which he draws alike his humor, his stolidity, his determination and his shrewd sense. He will tell you that he has been by turns poor schoolboy, draper's assistant, usher, science student, crammer, Saturday Reviewer, story writer, Utopian, novelist, Fabian, and owner of a charming and satisfactory house. Thence he looks down with a serene and aloof comprehension alike upon a small bathing town, a military station and the sea; there he lives and talks and gardens and plays various games very much in the air, and there at times he writes."

First and Last Things. By H. G. Wells. New York: Putnams.

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Many heroines in fiction have trodden dangerous paths in the pursuance of their main desire, but the paths trodden by "The Wild Widow" are more than overgrown with insidious perils.

She is poor—she becomes rich—she marries a man under perhaps more extraordinary circumstances than any 'widow" has ever married before, while her friend (a girl whose girlhood has been spent in unconsciously waiting for a desperate, passionate love) affords example of that mingled ardor and caution which dominates the nature of so many modern women.

Many social and moral questions are discussed in the book, the situations are poignant and a most astounding surprise is revealed in the last chapter. "The Wild Widow;" by Gertie De S. Wentworth-James. New York: Empire Book company.

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Miss Helen Green's latest book is "The Maison de Shine." Her first-hand knowledge of all sorts and conditions of men and women—especially the non-domesticated species—makes her books inimitable.

She knows the stage and stage people "down to the ground," and her "actors' boarding house" stories are little pieces out of real life. She knows the western and Alaskan mining camps from actual personal experience and tells of them in a way that only Jack London can equal; her knowledge of the east side slums and of criminal types of every nationality is profound, indeed, in a woman little short of amazing.

Add to the above a keen sense for catching and transcribing the vital trivialities of dialect and a wonderful insight into the foibles and humors of everyday people and her succes is not surprising. "The Maison de Shine," by Helen Green. New York: B. W. Dodge & Co.

"Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast" is unique in being the only book of travel and description that deals with the western coast. No other region in America attracts so many visitors, and Mr. Johnson's new volume, the result of personal wanderings and observation, is therefore of exceptional interest to a large number of readers. All the country beyond the Rocky mountains is covered; and, while California is given the most space, the neighboring states—Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Nevada and Arizona—are none of them neglected. Like Mr. Johnson's previous books, this abounds in anecdote and humor, bits of history and odd experiences, but is even richer in atmosphere and local color. The illustrations are delightful, numbering sixty-three full-page reproductions from the author's own photographs.

Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast. By Clifton Johnson. New York: The MacMillan company.

TEACHER USED NOVEL METHOD TO GET FEES

YONKERS, N. Y, Dec. 25.—Two teachers of languages were discussing matters and things relative to their profession. "Do your pupils pay up regularly on the first of each month?" asked one of them.

"No, they do not," was the reply. "I often have to wait for weeks and weeks before I get my pay, and sometimes I don't get it at all. You can't dun the parents for the money."

"Why don't you do as I do? I always get my money regularly."

"How do you manage it?"

"It is very simple. For instance, I am teaching a boy French, and on the first day of the month his folks don't send the money for his lessons. In that event I give him the following sentences to translate and write out at home: 'I have no money. The money is up. Hast thou got any money? Have not thy parents got money? I need money very much. Why hast thou not brought the money this morning? Did thy father not give thee any money?' Next morning that boy brings the money."

Clearing House Banks

NAME	OFFICERS
The National Bank of Commerce IN LOS ANGELES — N. E. corner Second and Main.	F. M. DOUGLAS, President. CHARLES EWING, Cashier. Capital, $500,000; Surplus, $25,000.
Farmers & Merchants National Bank — Corner Fourth and Main.	I. W. HELLMAN, President. CHAS. SEYLER, Cashier. Capital, $1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, $1,800,000.
First National Bank — S. E. corner Second and Spring.	J. M. ELLIOTT, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital Stock, $1,250,000. Surplus and Profits, $1,450,000.
Merchants National Bank — S. E. corner Third and Spring.	W. H. HOLLIDAY, President. MARCO H. HELLMAN, Cashier. Capital, $200,000. Surplus and Profits, $500,000.
American National Bank — S. W. corner Second and Broadway.	W. F. BOTSFORD, President. WM. W. WOODS, Cashier. Capital, $1,000,000. Surplus and Profits, $175,000.
National Bank of California — N. E. corner Fourth and Spring.	J. E. FISHBURN, President. G. W. FISHBURN, Cashier. Capital, $500,000.00. Surplus and Undivided Profits, $139,000.
Central National Bank — S. E. corner Fourth and Broadway.	GEORGE MASON, President. J. B. GIST, Cashier. Capital, $300,000; Surplus, $200,000.
Citizens National Bank — S. W. corner Third and Main.	R. J. WATERS, President. A. J. WATERS, Cashier. Capital, $300,000. Surplus and Profits, $375,000.
Broadway Bank & Trust Company — 208-210 Broadway, Bradbury building.	WARREN GILLELEN, President. R. W. KENNEDY, Cashier. Capital, $250,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits, $191,000.
United States National Bank — S. E. corner Main and Commercial.	ISAIAS W. HELLMAN, President. F. W. SMITH, Cashier. Capital, $200,000. Surplus and Profits, $60,000.
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FORMER NUN'S STRANGE STORY BARED IN COURT

PASSED FROM CLOISTER TO THE STAGE

Woman Says Her Adherence to Catholic Faith Is Cause of Family Hostility Which Lands Her in Jail

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—Mrs. Eugenie Cox, widow of Theodore Cox, who was a prominent broker, and a daughter of Carlisle Norwood, millionaire broker, and former president of the St. Nicholas society, and once a member of the Metropolitan club, has been a nun, an actress, a teacher, a wife, a widow, a writer, and yesterday added to her experiences by being a prisoner in the Yorkville police court, accused by her mother of disorderly conduct. Magistrate Crane heard the case, and when the daughter and the mother quarreled in the court rebuked Mrs. Cox and paroled her under the supervision of a probation officer, Miss Alice Smith. When this action had been taken Mrs. Cox went back to the apartment in which she lives with her two children, at No. 415 West One Hundred and Eighteenth street, and wept case as she wanted to present it. Her against Mrs. Cox, told the magistrate that the daughter had been receiving mother, who had made the charge an ample allowance, but that she would not comply with the tearms. In the court Mrs. Cox, in anger, said that her mother lied.

Rebuked by the Court

"It is surely a sad thing to hear a daughter vilify her mother as you have," said the magistrate. "No one has ever been so disrespectful to a parent in this court as you have been."

"But when I tell you truth you will not believe me," cried Mrs. Cox. "You believe the stories that my mother tells and will not listen to my side of it."

"Yes, that is so. Some day, however, you will be punished by having your children treat you the way you have treated your mother," answered the magistrate. Then he placed Mrs. Cox on probation for two months."

Mrs. Cox says that she went yesterday to the home of Joel V. Rathbone, vice president of the National Surety company, husband of her sister Josephine, at No. 133 East Sixty-first street, to get her sister to intercede in her behalf with their father, Carlisle Norwood, who has an office at No. 68 William street. She went to tell her sister, she says, that she was in financial straits, that her allowance had been shut off, that her children were without clothing, and that she could not pay her board. She had first written to her sister and made an engagement to see her. When she met her sister a discussion arose in relation to the family troubles. Mrs. Carlisle Norwood, mother of Mrs. Cox and of Mrs. Rathbone, was there unknown to Mrs. Cox, so the latter says. In the middle of the discussion, according to Mrs. Cox, the mother came down stairs and threatened Mrs. Cox with personal violence. Mrs. Cox—this is her version—picked up a lamp to defend herself. She was pushed into an adjoining room by her mother and sister and the door locked. She raised a window and screamed for help. Neighbors called a policeman. Then Mrs. Norwood preferred a charge of disorderly conduct against her daughter and had her taken to the police station. There Mrs. Cox accused her mother of assault, but the magistrate would not entertain the charge.

Mrs. Cox alleges that, while her mother has always disliked her, it was because she embraced the Catholic religion that the family all turned against her. As a child she was placed in a convent at Sharon Hill, N. Y. Later she was in the Sacred Heart convent in Paris. She also took a course of training in Berlin and in Bishop Doane's school in Albany. At the age of sixteen, she says, she wrote to her father and asked him if she could become a Catholic. He consented.

Afew years later, she says, he asked her to renounce her religion. She refused and, she says, her father threatened to disinherit her. She wrote to the Sisters at Sharon Hill about it, and they sent for her.

"I was devoutly religious," said she, "and I could not renounce my belief. So I went to the sisters and gave up my family. I took the veil. For over five years I lived that life and they were happy years. But I was restless and the life of confinement told on me. I asked to be released, and the nuns consented. I was absolved from my vows by Archbishop Ryan.

"When I left the convent the family refused to receive me. Then the good nuns sent me over to France, where I lived with the Marquise de San Carlos, my godmother, at Dieudonne, France. The marquise wrote to my father, who agreed to allow me $15 a week if I would live with Mrs. Gerry Smith, an old acquaintance, in Paris. I did so. My mother found it out and a quarrel followed. Mother did not like the arrangement."

Mrs. Cox said that her mother went to Europe after her, brought her back to America and took her to San Francisco, where she left her in anger.

"I had no money and went to a theater to sell some of my Paris gowns to an actress to get money to buy food. I was offered a position on the stage. All I had to do was to wear my gowns and walk across the stage a few times every night. Mother found out about it and came back after me. Then she took me away to Santa Barbara. There she put me in a boarding house and sent a lawyer to me with $100 and word that she would never give me anything more.

Still Other Quarrels

"I went back to San Francisco. Father sent me some money when I wrote to him. I became engaged to an army lieutenant and wrote to papa about that. He opposed it and sent for me to come to New York. I did so. Then I was sent to by aunts, Misses Margaret and Kate Norwood of Lenox, Mass. But trouble soon arose there and I was turned out and left to shift for myself. Mother refused to have anything to do with me unless I would agree to go to Europe and never come back. I got a position at Mrs. De Mille's school, at Pompton, N. J., teaching French. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw was one of my pupils. I got well acquainted with her and later with Stanford White and Harry Thaw, and after the trial I was accused by my family because I happened to know these people. I was told that I had disgraced the family."

Four years ago she became engaged to Theodore Cox, before he got a divorce from his first wife. She did not know that he was a married man, she said. It made more trouble with her family. She married Cox, who on April 2, last, died at Rawhide, Nev., of pneumonia. She says her brother, Carlisle Norwood, jr., introduced her to Cox. Young Norwood is now in South Africa. He was a soldier in the Boer war, and was mentioned for heroic conduct in connection with rescues in the San Francisco earthquake.

Mrs. Cox's youngest child was two months old when her husband died, and, she says, left her penniless. Her mother then offered her $1800 a year if she would go to Petersburg, N. Y., and stay there. She went. After her allowance was cut down she came back here three weeks ago, and it was to get money to keep her children in clothing and food, she says, that she went to the Rathbone home yesterday. Mrs. Cox is about 30 years old. She wore widow's weeds yesterday, and the black was decidedly becoming.

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THE CRY

I think that she may never know again
What sorrow is, for once within her breast
She felt that blade that is the cruelest,
And since may only smile at lesser pain;
For once she heard Love crying in the night—
A little child left frightened in the wark—
(Ah, happy mothers who may rise and hark
And bring these helpless ones to warmth and light!)
She heard Love crying in the night alone,
And might not even call to bid him know
That one was near who dare not rise and go
To comfort him; but, till the night was done,
Listened and listened, impotent until
Her heart broke and the world grew strangely still.

—Theodosia Garrison in Ainslee's.

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