CURRENT BILLS AT LOCAL PLAYHOUSES

(Continued from Page Eight)

inaugurated with "A Night on Broadway" as the opening bill.

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ORPHEUM—Tom Nawn will offer Irish comedy, opening with "Pat and the Genii," at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon, April 19. Mr. Nawn is exceptional in his position in the depiction of the true Irishman. He does not wear pink whiskers, use an unnatural brogue or a monkey makeup. He sticks to the verities and thus gets genuine results, such as the fantastic exponents of the never-seen Irishman never achieve. His work does not border on burlesque. He achieves his results along actual lines, and his comedy is true and refreshing. Mr. Nawn brings with him a splendid little company, including Mrs. Nawn, Charlotte Appelle and several more.

The Four Poncherrys are a group of aerial acrobats claimed to be without peers in this country. They come from Europe and possess all the technical skill and training characteristic of foreign artists. The troupe consists of three men and a woman, who is not a whit behind her fellows in daring and ability. In fact, the whole act is on a high plane of excellence. James H. Cullen, "the man from the west," is on his eleventh annual tour of the Orpheum circuit. Mr. Cullen has a good line of "patter," which he hands out in a gracious manner. His stories are new and his jokes of the vintage of '09, thus making them all the more refreshing. Perhaps the greatest novelty on the bill will be afforded by Silbon's miniature circus, the main actors in which are cats.

The holdovers include the charming and clever Palace Girls, from London, with James Clemons, the eccentric dancer; Ray L. Royce, in characterizations; the Blessings, in equilibristic feats, and McDonald and Huntington, in character songs, with new motion pictures.

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LOS ANGELES—"It Happened in Dogville," a canine comedy in one act, presented by Coin's dogs, will be the feature of the Los Angeles theater program for the week beginning with the usual Monday matinee. Coin's dogs are perhaps the best known animal actors now before the public. They have played in every city of any importance from coast to coast, and are exceptionally well trained canines, enacting a complete comedy without the appearance of a single human being upon the stage, the dogs being directed in their work from behind the scenes. The stage is set to show a street in Dogville, the dog characters, each appropriately costumed, including a policeman, firemen, a "masher," a flirt, the village drunkard, etc. As a matter of necessity the comedy is told wholly in pantomime, but this adds to its interest.

An attraction of much local interest will be the appearance of Sarah Louise Cogswell, a young prima donna soprano, whose home is in Los Angeles. Miss Cogswell comes naturally by her stage ability, her father and mother both being well known on the operatic stage under the names of William Gardner and Mme. Ussini. Her grandfather, now dead, was William Cogswell, the famous portrait painter, whose full length portrait of Lincoln now hangs in the White House.

Other acts on the bill include Maresna, Nevaro and Mareena, novelty equilibrists, who are said to be unusually expert in their line; "Lightning" Hopper, a clever cartoonist, who illustrates his own monologue as he talks, and Black and Grant, singing and talking comedians.

UNIQUE—Unique patrons will have an opportunity to smile this week. Director Blair has prevailed upon "Billie Kin," a musical comedy in one act, to spend a week at that theater. The plot of the play concerns a Felix O'Grady, burdened with a handsome but nagging wife. O'Grady is somewhat addicted to the "Great White Way," and is caught by his better half in company with a celebrated Salome dancer. She makes use of this knowledge and O'Grady has to toe the mark, with laughable results. There is also a German who is in love with O'Grady's servant, Cornelia Ketchum. The latter also is on the lookout for a provider, but in the dark the German by mistake proposes to Mrs. O'Grady. By means of a phonograph O'Grady learns the situation, goes after the German, and a race war is on. Will Armstrong is cast as O'Grady, and sings "Bridget McCue"; John J. Martin, as the German comedian, will entertain with a laughable number, entitled "Always Knocking on My Family Tree." Miss Atkins, as Cornelia Ketchum, will imitate Harry Lauder's famous hit, "For She's My Daisy," with chorus, and Ben Sellars, who is cast for a book agent, Jeffries Breeze, will sing "Meet Me with Spangles and Bells On." Miss Parker and Mr. Sellars will also have a duet, "How Would You Like to Make Love to Some One?" Miss Parker will sing a famous waltz song, the bill being completed with motion pictures by the Unique-O-Scope and illustrated songs sung by Miss Irene Earle.

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EMPIRE—The impresarios of the Empire have weeded out another good bill for their many patrons for this week, and if the bill lives up to its promises it should be full of class and highly entertaining as well as amusing.

The Stoddards, with a unique cross-section of musical comedy abounding in catchy songs and down-to-the-minute witticisms, headline the coming bill and are expected to prove the hit of the performance. The team has had much experience playing together and several of their dances have attracted much attention in other cities.

Phil La Toska juggles both balls, hoops and comedy, and at the latter as well as the former is said to be a shining light. His antics really surpass the excruciatingly farcial, while his juggling, taken from the standpoint of jugglery, is above that of the ordinary performer one usually sees in the smaller vaudeville houses.

Two popular vocalists are featured on the bill for next week, Bommie Collins perhaps being the better of the two with her always attractive numbers, although Bessie Evans has won her way before into the hearts of the Empire audiences.

The house managers are making extensive preparations to enlarge the capacity of the show house for the week of John L. Sullivan's engagement, as already the many fight fans of Los Angeles are beginning to make reservations to see this one-time king of sportdom in his monologue and sparring exhibition with Killrain.

Ben Greet Players Who Will Appear in Shakespeare at Auditorium This Week

BEN GREET — IRENE ROOKE — MAY ROBINSON — VIOLET VIVIAN — MODEST ALTSCHULER

WHEN George Sterling wrote "The Wine of Wizardry" probably he thought he had conjured up a fantastic string of imagery, with his "dragons whirling in their gyre," and all the other picturesque creatures of the poem, but a new poet has appeared with an assortment of lurid fancies that make Mr. Sterling's poor dragons look like small pink lizards in comparison. The poet is one Jean Louis De Esque, and his book is called "Betelgeuse, a Trip Through Hell." It is printed by the Connoisseurs' Press of Jersey City. Jersey City has made several strong bids for fame, with but moderate success, but its claim to distinction at last is firmly established. Nothing like this possibly could have come from any other place.

De Quincey has immortalized the dreams of the opium eater; the visions following the absinthe frappe have been fittingly wrought into song; the lotus eaters have found a poet, and even the after effects of onions have been celebrated in verse. Just what produced "Betelgeuse" the poet does not state, either in his preface or his poem.

M. De Esque wisely waited until a certain vigorous foe of nature fakers had departed for Africa, before producing the book. It is shocking to think of what might have happened if the narrative of "mildewed screes," "poisoned skinks," "faffling ghauts," "gangrei imps," and "red tongued geckos" had fallen into the hands of Mr. Roosevelt. The poet shamelessly declares that "poisoned zimbs" stung their victims, when any one knows that zimbs cannot live even in the tropics. And who ever heard of a ghaut—evidently goat, because it rhymes with smot—who ever heard of a ghaut continually changing its color, like a chameleon, the way it does in M. De Esque's poem? And then he continually refers to the ghauts as "faffling." It is absurd to think of a ghaut allowing itself to be caught faffling. One line runs, "Jarbling gumps ride hydras green." While this is a delicate bit of description, it is a scientific fact that under no conditions could a gump ride a green hydra. Again, "Djinnee gasps add to the sight." Any well informed person knows that Djinnees never have been known to gasp except in cold weather. A line which probably will cause much controversy among the critics is, "Where figent gawks sken at a gnome." At first plance it appears that there are grounds upon which to differ with the poet. The squidge frequently has been known to sken, but instances are extremely rare, if not untirely unknown, where this has been done by a gawk. Especially by a figent gawk. On the other hand, there is said to be a well authenticated case of this, although it has not been established that a gnome was the object of the skenning. Of course some poetic license is to be allowed in a work of this kind. It is to be hoped that the poet will have ready an explanation before Colonel Roosevelt returns from Africa.

The following is one of the strongest and most original passages, although there is a suggestion of Mr. Sterling in "the leprous moon":

And bleak dungeons, dank with odours
Strong, within each encrusted gyre,
'Mid treasure-vaults digged by gray age,
Affronting witches incense burn;
And howling ghouls gape thro' vapours,
Two siffling vampires dance on fire,
Each mottled sage a conquered page
To him whose hate no doom can turn;
No bat-faced gnome can stem the blaze;
Hence gutches, ghastly with giant sin,
Chant runes to him in strobic gloom
Ac figgums piled before the throne.
Malignly mute, he peers thro' haze;
Infernal paeons shake each inn,
Blue lights 'twixt opals burn and bloom
In deep-hued haunts of Typhon's home.

The following is subtler, but less vivid and impassioned in its imagery:

When beacons urticate each eye,
Noctivagous ghouls haste to stroke
Each goblin shank of hoary sage.
Then pomp of gloom breaks into bloom,
The temple's arch cracks as we sigh,
A clashing sound above that spoke
Blind wrath unto each wizard's rage,
Revealed the chasm of stark doom,
Unto peaks and gables black,
Syrian airs like Orpheus
Lull sequestered afrites to sleep,
A witch smites her high biforous—
A symbol of King Typhon's whack!
Where crystal lamps shine most glorious,
Twin legions lie in cajons bleak—
Tokens of hell invidious!

What could be more entrancingly beautiful and awe inspiring in its terrible portent than a witch "smiting her high biforous"? And what but the inspired soul of the poet could have conceived that inimitable line about "the beacons urticating each eye"? The following flashes out with dazzling brilliance amid the awful pictures of the poem:

Where syrt sucks jargling javels mad,
And carcants cast a luring light
From mildewed screes and mounts that scyle
Veiled augures of battling hell.
A charnel shard assails the damned
Thro' vapours green with siffling night;
Monastic caverns rasp each isle;
A poisoned skink croaks from a well.
And mournful wraits sob hard and loud,
A smothered sigh proclaims more woe,
The longing imps grasp tomes of old
And rant therefrom each damned one's name.
And, horrors, snarling at each crowd,
Assail each kingdom with its show;
A noctivagous dragon bold,
Hastes through the isles of death and sham,
And haunts the cajons of the dead.
There fungus tapers gleam like gold
Before a ghoul king's jeweled throne;
There, too, upon a temple's arch,
Bivouacs a witch who scans the bed
Of buried kings and queens struck cold
And lifts her voice to splintered dome
To stem the brooding Djinnee march,
And with the dusk that meteors split,
She tries the figgum of her lust.

Betelgeuse. By Jean Louis. Jersey City: The Connoisseurs' Press.

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Although Isabel Graham Eaton, author of "The Shore of Arcady," talks in a very old and wise fashion of the college days of long, long ago, there is suspicion that it has not been so very long since Miss Eaton laid aside the cap and gown. Her book is delightfully young, written in a young style, with lots of charming erudition and talk of the strange gods and godesses and obscure myths with which young persons are apt to be familiar. It is an idyllic little story, prophetic of much better work with a pleasing little love plot, much faithful portrayal of character and nature description, and above all a note of healthful optimism and faith.

By the Shores of Arcady: By Isabel Graham Eaton: New York. The Outing Publishing company.

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Professor Arthur Henry Chamberlain, dean of Throop Polytechnic Institute of Pasadena, is the author of a book called "Standards in Education," which has just been issued by the American Book company. It is a clear and strong statement of vital educational problems, written from the industrial point of view, and will be of interest to those without the school as well as to teachers and educators. Among the chapter headings are "The Aim of Education," "Industrial Training; Its Aim and Scope," "The Significance of Habit" and "The Recompense of the Teacher."

Professor Chamberlain recognizes and treats the weaknesses of modern educational systems, and brings the result of years of experience to bear in his discussion of the problems, paying especial attention to the lack of co-operation between teachers and parents in the training of children. In his concluding chapter he discusses the position of the teacher:

"Honor and position are considerations worthy our attention, but while these are desirable the teacher cannot be fully paid in coin of such standard. While respected always and usually considered a leader there are those who still look upon the teacher as a servant merely, a workman, with his books for his tools, and his mission to deal out facts, to correct errors and to enforce discipline. Honor and position certainly do not call our best teachers to the work, or keep them in the educational arena, and can furnish no adequate recompense for labors performed. The teacher's recompense must lie elsewhere. It must lie in a knowledge of things attempted and a hope of results achieved.

"Is the future of our schools in the hands of our teachers? Perhaps not. But the teacher will receive his recompense if the life he lives is an example to his pupils and to the world. And what is it to be a teacher that the recompense may be his? To be rich in book knowledge? To be able to impart information to others? It means this and it means more. To be honest, to be helpful, to be happy; to love books and nature, play and work; to be sympathetic in spirit, wise in counsel, calm in judgment; to be teachable and tolerant, firm and impartial; to be grateful for the past, hopeful for the future and reverent toward all that is; to have ideas and to reach out toward the best; to take counsel of the wise, whether young or old, rich or poor, high or low; to help, rather than hinder, and to encourage, not dishearten; to dare nothing selfish, vicious or unworthy; to be joyous and optimistic always and to practice that freshness of disposition and exemplify that strength or purpose that makes each feel that his own life is beating in unison with the heart throbs of a universe—this it means. To approach the ideal, our views must be broad and tolerant, our patience without limit, our energy great and our interest in the work and our love for the child deep and abiding."

Standards in Education. By Arthur Henry Chamberlain: New York, American Book company.

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In "The Other Man's Life," Frank Richardson makes an unworthy use of very marked talents. The writer possesses decided power of characterization, good literary technique and knowledge of life as it is, but in his book he offers nothing more than a long drawn out recital of a liaison in high life, weakly attempting to justify the narrative by dragging in the usual nemesis at the end.

The book is frankly and unconcernedly in contravention with all canons of conventional morality, and holds up a baldy hedonistic standard of living. The punishment which overtakes the two principal characters at the end is not the result of their moral defection, but of the man's placing his career above his illicit love for the woman.

Richard Meyville, an obscure young barrister, under the patronage of a wealthy and fascinating woman, Gwendolen Ainslie, becomes rich and famous. Mrs. Ainslie's husband, Wilfred Ainslie, a self-centered hypochondyiac, seems more or less neglible, except in serving by his unlovable qualities to condone the offenses of his wife. Meyville reaches the turning point of his career, when his success depends upon his abandoning the woman. A dramatic effect is achieved when Mrs. Ainslie learns of her lover's defection and her husband's suicide at the same time. The latter does not concern her. Her only thought is of Melville. She falls ill, and the end is accomplished with a death bed scene, in which the reclaimed lover arrives in time to receive forgiveness.

There are several well drawn secondary characters, and a thread of secondary plot, mostly adventitious, as far as its relation to the main theme is concerned. All the characters are admirably portrayed, but none is admirable in itself. There is much good dialogue, and much true and convincing portrayal of life, but nothing subtle, searching or profoundly analytical. The books hold practically the same interest as "Three Weeks," and should be a worthy successor to this volume.

"The Other Man's Wife." New York: Mitchell & Kennedy.

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Since there is no one book extant in any language or in any country which can in any degree be compared with the Bible for antiquity, for authority, for the importance, the dignity and the variety of the matter it contains, it is but fitting that it should be the subject of many dictionaries designed to explain its contents. During the past few years great dictionaries of the Bible have been given to the world, but these are in many volumes, costly to buy and cumbersome to consult. Besides, they bear the stamp of speculative theory so deeply impressed upon them that they have proved acceptable to members of only the most advanced school of higher criticism. A work of a very different type in one volume has recently been published by the Funk & Wagnalls company of New York. It is "A Standard Bible Dictionary," and is designed as a comprehensive guide to the Scriptures. It embraces the languages, literature, history, biography, manners and customs, and the theology of the Scriptures. The book is the joint product of thirty-seven Bible scholars who represent not less than seven demominations of the Protestant church of America, Great Britain and Germany. The editors in selecting their collaborators were guided by the eminent fitness of the theologians for the tasks allotted to them, and the result of their combined labors is a work which for the homogeneity of its contents has never yet been equaled. Quality of matter rather than quantity of contributors seems to be the keystone on which this, the very latest Bible dictionary issued, has been built. Unlike most other publications of the kind, which are launched with long lists of collaborators whose names are for the greater part unknown without the immediate circles of their activities, the Standard Bible Dictionary will be found to be the work of theological scholars of national and international reputation. Not one name appears on the list of editors and contributors whose bearer has not achieved fame in his particular line of theological study. Thus, for the first time in the history of the making of a single-volume Bible dictionary the work has been assigned to a select corps of specialists in Bible lore. Every article is signed with the initials of its contributor, thus enabling the reader to identify with ease the writer of any or all the articles he consults. Since anonymous writing is not always infallible, the advantage of having signed article is obvious. It stamps the work done as authoritative and places the responsibility for the statements made where it should rest.

"A Standard Bible Dictionary." New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

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A great many people who have met the minor actor and his manager will read George H. Brennan's book, "Bill Truetell," to be published in February by A. C. McClurg & Co., and will voice their praise by saying that Mr. Brennan's characters are typical. The people who say this will mean the opposite, however, for the chief merit of this story of real and intense life is that the characters are not mere types, but highly individualized people. The typical actor and manager are more or less mythical conventions, and the real actors and managers are all unique departures from type. Bill Truetell, the "shoestring" manager; "the little Van Balken," who joins his company and becomes his good angel; Rupert Steelson, whose loyalty to Shakespeare is unshaken by popular indifference, are all real people and, therefore, all unique. Mr. Brennan knows them intimately and his book is true in spirit, and in a large measure, in incident. In James Montgomery Flagg, who draws the colored frontispiece and the many full page and text illustrations, Mr. Brennan has found a collaborator as sympathetic as he is able.

Some people still regard actors as physicians were regarded in the middle ages, as good company for the servants' hall. That actors as a class are this, that and the other kind of undesirable citizen is still to be heard from those people who labor under the delusion that other people may be classified wholesale. Many of these lay critics will be turned from the errors of their way by George H. Brennan's book, "Bill Truetell," which will be published soon by A. C. McClurg & Co. The book deals with the ill-starred adventures of an old-school theatrical manager and his loyal band of heavies, juveniles, soubrettes and ingenues. Mr. Brennan has associated for years with the people he writes about and so from his pages step real people and not the mere lay figures which actors are reputed to be, in some quarters. The ingenuity and pluck of Bill Truetell, the goodness of "the little Van Balken," whom Bill takes from vaudeville and places in Shakespeare, and the unconquerable idealism of Rupert Steelson, the unappreciated "star," are all taken directly from life. From life and an intimate knowledge, too, come the illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg, whose illustrating of this book is the work of a collaborator.

Bill Truetell. New York: A. C. McClurg & Co.

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This book should be of unusual interest to teachers. It shows much of the progress that education has made during the last seventy years. The personal element, too, renders it fascinating. It has fine illustrations showing the author at different ages, pictures of the schoolhouses in which he was pupil or teacher; of Phillips' academy, of Brown university in 1858 and 1908, of Dr. Samuel H. Taylor, Charles B. Goff, President Francis Wayland and President W. H. P. Faunce, and of the author's birthplace. It abounds in anecdotes charmingly told.

The book is handsomely bound, the typography is excellent and the whole makeup is creditable to the publishers, who are represented in Los Angeles by Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch, Spring street.

Recollections of a New England Educator. By D. William A. Mowry. New York: Silves, Burdette & Co.

* * *

"A Pair of Madcaps" is a new book by the dean of all American writers for the young, whose hold upon the public has been shown by the universal sense of relief that although sailing for southern Italy in December he had not suffered disaster, is a noteworthy event. This book is made up of a long first story in Mr. Trowbridge's best and merriest vein, followed by shorter stories. Each of them has appeared in some prominent magazine for the young, but never before in a book, and each has been carefully weighed by Mr. Trowbridge, his own most merciless critic and surely a competent one, before being given a place in this book. The combination gives as high a grade of young people's reading as has ever been published, worthily set forth by Mr. Merrjll's excellent pictures.

A Pair of Madcaps. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lathrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

* * *

In "Mission Tales of the Days of the Dons," Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes has incorporated some delightful tales of the early Californian days, all of which have a foundation at least in fact, and many of them are historical incidents.

Much data for the book was collected from some of the older mission fathers, and the archives of the older missions have been placed at the disposal of Mrs. Forbes for examination, so that her book may be regarded as technically accurate in its accounts of dress and customs.

Her accounts of the secularization of the Indians, after the years of labor which the Spanish padres had given, is particularly vivid, and every lover of California will find pleasure in reading of these earlier days.

There are a number of poems, some original and some of after classics, and Langdon Smith has contributed full page pictures and decorations which are decidedly worth while.

The romantic days of the dons furnish a fruitful period for those writers who enjoy the languorous beauty of black-eyed senoritas and the dashing valor of the velvet garbed cavalier. The early days of California were days of beauty and bravery, and love stories of the modern Romeos and Juliets whose escape from parental guardianship was always attended by much clatter of horses' feet, stealthy meetings under shadowy palms, and the unfailing assistance of some devoted mission father who helped make smooth the ways of forgiveness with the irate father. But no matter how often we read these tales nor how much alike they are apt to be, we read each new offering with interest, and with half envious remembrances of those days when automobiles and wireless were unknown and the swift footed horse and his brown skinned Indian boy rider served as bearer of news, while the slow train of pack horses and the gayly caparisoned pony transported the burdens and the passengers.

Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons. By Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

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"A Manual of American Literature," by Theodore Stanton of Cornell university, is one of the most exhaustive and scholarly works on American literature yet written. Assisted by the university faculty, Mr. Stanton gives complete and comprehensive review of the best of American letters, with a wealth of valuable biographical material. The divisions of the book are taken up in discussions of historians, novelists, poets, essayists and humorists, orators and divines, scientists and periodicals, each chapter being written by a member of the university faculty who has specialized in the department. The book is prepared for publication as No. 4000 of the Tauchnitz edition, the collection of British authors instituted in 1841 at Leipsic by a distinguished German publisher, Baron Tauchnitz. Those who assisted Prof. Stanton are Profs. Bentley, Northrup, Cooper, Bailey and Adams. The literature of the colonial and revolutionary period is treated by the late Moses Coit Tyler, professor of American history in Cornell university.

The book is written in a scholarly vein throughout, but is not pedantic, and while sufficiently exhaustive and accurate for use as a text book, is as entertaining as a novel. Any one wishing a readable compendium of the best in American letters in a reasonably small compass will have difficulty in finding a better book.

Manual of American Literature. Edited by B. Theodore Stanton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* * *

"The Bomb" is a powerful book, vividly written. It vibrates with the passion of youth, the passion of love, the passion of revolt. It is sincere and real. The man who tells the story of what he passed through, what he hoped for and what he did, has given one of the intimate revelations which appear rarely in a generation, and stand out with memorable distinctness.

Rudolph Schnaubelt came from Munich to Manhattan. The new land called him. He wanted "freedom, love, honor, everything that young men want, vaguely. But bitterness waited for him. The summer passed, and the fall; unable to get work, he learnt what it means to be destitute and hopeless throughout the winter. At last he was employed on the foundations of Brooklyn bridge, working in a caisson fifty feet under water. Few perhaps have realized the torture involved in labor under such conditions. A year later he was in Chicago, as a newspaper man. Here he met the girl he loved, and the extraordinary man whom he reverenced and obeyed—Lingg, the anarchist. The story now moves swiftly on, its vivid portrayal of character and the gradual unfolding of the tragedy which made a shambles of the Haymarket and drew upon Chicago the gaze of the world. The dramatic force of the story culminates in the escape of the actual bomb thrower, the trial of the men who were arrested and condemned, and the conduct of Lingg, caged in the prison from which he so nearly freed himself.

It may be that this book will awaken animosities and passions which were better, perhaps, left sleeping. Certainly it will cause wide discussion. But it should be regarded, not as a proselytizing plea, or an attempted vindication of the Chicago anarchists, but as a character study of exceptional brilliance, a novel of exceptional appeal.

The Bomb. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The Angelus grill has excellent service and better food. Fourth and Spring.

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