Notable Book of Travels by a Californian.

Other Reviews and Literary Chat.

IN her book just published, "Backsheesh—A Woman's Wanderings," Mrs. William Beckman has struck the keynote of successful writing. You feel in reading her work that you are not restricted to receiving your impressions through written words, but rather are being entertained by a brilliant conversationist, by one who has traveled far but, best of all, has profited by her traveling and has not allowed a single item of interest to go unnoticed.

Mrs. Beckman possesses the rare charm of writing as she speaks—fluently, brilliantly and to a purpose. To all lovers of travel her recent book will appeal most strongly, for it is in a colloquial vein and by one who has seen and noted what others see and appreciate but cannot express. Best of all, this book gives to us glimpses of the world through the candid and impartial eyes of an American woman—in fact, a Californian, for Mrs. Beckman is a resident of Sacramento.

The reader cannot help feeling that the author gauges what she sees by standards according to the reader's own lights, and it imparts a confidence not generally awakened in a book of similar character. In reading books of travel by foreign authors we cannot help at times a feeling of unbelief for the realization is ever present that whatever might have impressed them in a certain way might have been regarded by us in a diametrically opposite light had we been there to see for ourselves.

Parts of Mrs. Beckman's book may seem hastily written—in fact, the author tells us that many of her ideas and descriptions were recorded while traveling from place to place—but this is rather a merit than a fault in a work of this character; for it is not literary effort that the reader wishes, but rather impressions while places are fresh in the mind of the author. You feel that what Mrs. Beckman has to say is fact, not fiction, and yet her style is so easy that there is not a dry page in the book.

The countries which are included in this charming series of pen sketches are: England, Ireland, Scotland, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Turkey, Asia Minor, Greece and France.

On her trip the author has allowed little to escape her, and is absolutely frank in the expression of her opinions. She is American to the core, as can be seen in this observation made in a comparison of the laboring classes of the two nations:

> Whatever the cause I know not, but England will soon outdo Italy in beggars. The bone and sinew of the country do not hesitate to accept a pittance, and not for any real service rendered—only it is customary, they say. The poorest of our laborers would scorn to take such gratuities; if they did they would lose their manhood and self-respect.

Mrs. Beckman also appreciates a good story. This has the real old Irish flavor to it, for it was culled while driving over the hills to the Lakes of Killarney:

> Our driver told us many quaint stories while pointing out the historical and local points of interest over the mountains. One, I remember, was of an old lady who lived in the vicinity of the Blackwater, who, at the age of 140, climbed a cherry tree in search of her favorite fruit, fell from the tree and so cut short a life doubtless well spent. I find they have their cherry tree stories here also; this heroine was lucky, however, in finding a tree, for I have seen no orchards whatever in all of Ireland. I heard of some apple trees near Cappoquin, and was promised some cider, but had only the promise.

Her description of the Lakes of Killarney is especially interesting, for it is a view of the lakes through the eyes of a Californian, and one who has seen and appreciated the wonders of her native land. The sight impresses Mrs. Beckman, and she gives due credit, but is also positive in her criticism—probably Moore would have felt the same way had he been afforded the opportunity for comparison:

> The day following the storm was pleasant and we enjoyed the lakes greatly. They are well worth the trouble experienced in getting to them, but I could not, in all conscience, grow wild over "crags that lift to clouds their scraggy heads," all of which reads well, but I doubt very much if Moore had traveled extensively—or, if he had, he was given a bit to exaggeration.
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> After Alaska and our own mountain scenery they seem tame enough, though there is no doubt about the clouds wreathing their scraggy heads; they drift so low the trees are high enough for that purpose. It is not the height, however, that gives beauty; they are not grand nor majestic, but there is a loveliness hard to describe.
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> From the higher peaks to the lower levels the air was fresh and pure, the sun sparkled on the gleaming waters, dotted with such dear little islands, clothed in trees and verdure to the water's edge. Then the wealth and beauty of a foliage and undergrowth we know nothing of at home. The larches and beech trees were lovely and the music of the birds, ever around us, clear and sweet; the thrushes sang from swaying boughs, the saucy robins chirruped everywhere, the blackbirds' flute-like notes came from the marshlands, tiny warblers piping from the dense holly trees, making the whole perfect as to melody, song and rural beauty.

Mrs. Beckman's fund of humor is inexhaustible. Little incidents of travel are very pleasantly introduced to liven up the pages, besides serving the double purpose of sketching in outline bits of character peculiar to the place. Here is a little jot from the drive while visiting the lakes of Scotland:

> During the latter part of the drive we were told to look at the little square blocks of thin board hung on the telegraph wires. The driver said it was to protect the grouse, as they flew and were killed by the wires, unless the little reminders were there to show them they were to be avoided. I felt inclined to say something, so remarked: "They are very humane people here; they protect the birds from the wires, so they may have the pleasure of shooting them." A man in front turned and the look I received was calculated to reduce my avoirdupois many pounds per second. I caught my breath and added: "I never heard, though, that a Scotchman could hit anything unless it was stationary." Of course I did not know he was a mighty hunter of birds when I spoke, but could not wither away in a minute, so had to resume my air of cheerfulness. I for the moment had forgotten I was in a country where jokes were not appreciated, but one must have something besides scenery. I simply had to be entertained in some way.

Mrs. Beckman writes with a forceful pen. Her descriptions of the sublime and magnificent show the deepest feeling, and find expression in language simple but most powerful. Here is an impression of the Swiss Alps:

> I think no one could ever describe the sensations, the emotions, produced by the first clear, full view of Chamounix and Mont Blanc. This is the loftiest mountain in Europe; the vale written of in song and story. Yet how little one knows of it who has not seen it. One is led up to it from one place to another, enjoying all, each portion of Switzerland in its way, but this is the culmination of all; hope's fruition, peace and rest; things hoped for, and seen and understood the Chamounix. The great white, beautiful thing, rising up out of the worn, tired old world we had come from, pure and fresh, as if just created—it was as if the bolt had been shot back, and through the door of the heart came sights that cannot be described. There was that same silent force, solemnity, and strength accentuated, if possible, when we stood out in the cool night air and saw those heights bathed in the glory of the full moon. The giant outlines seemed nearer than in the brightness of sunset; a red light that flashed and burned from the Grand Mulets, over 6000 feet up the slope, gleamed like Mars in the heavens in the dusk of the evening, and seemingly as unattainable. Everything was quiet, calm and peaceful, so sleep was very sweet that night.

The following picture in Egypt is but one of the many evidences of the vivid power possessed by Mrs. Beckman to bring directly to her reader's eye scenes of great impressiveness. She paints with a bold, confident stroke, as charming as it is virile:

> I made but one excursion outside the city before going up the Nile, and this was to the Pyramids of Gizeh. Out of the town and across the river, whose waters rocked Cleopatra's barge and rippled among the rushes where Moses lay in his cradle, I see the broad stretch of water where fly the ever-graceful boats with wing-like sails. The river's brink presents a busy appearance. Throngs of people are here, washing and bathing, men and boys are filling huge pigskins for use among the poor, and women and mere slips of girls carry immense jars of water on their heads. A tiny girl will carry a load that I could scarcely lift.
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> I saw men go down in the water, divest themselves of their one robe, wash it, and then bathe themselves. It takes but a few minutes for the drying in the hot sun. They do not mind being wet, for the garments never seem dry. That pertains, of course, to those who carry the water and do their laundry work in the river.
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> The magic Nile waters of which we have read so often seem anything but fanciful or poetic here, as the water is yellow and muddy. But people and animals drink, bathe and love it, as if it were the clearest and purest. It is all and all to them. Why not?
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> We drive on over that beautiful road toward the pyramids, that for seven miles is lined with the great lebbeck trees, arched and meeting over the well-sprinkled avenue—a blessing in this country, which scarcely knows rain—until the road ends, and we drive up the long sandy slope. The desert and rocky platforms are reached, and we are under the shadow of the pyramids.
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> I know that this is Cheops, towering in unexpected bulk and majesty over my head. I think, however preconceived one's ideas may be, the effect is different from all imagination. I had not that sense of delight often experienced in gazing at some gorgeous landscape or towering mountain. Here the senses seem overpowered. One is emptied, so to speak, of words, of ideas. It is the mystery of ages gone by. I am awed by the silent, endless, tawny desert, where no thing of life is seen to grow beyond the borders of the river. And these pyramids, built of huge blocks of limestone piled high upward and seen against the clear Egyptian sky, standing so long in the warm, dry air, are the color of the sands—seemingly the color of gold against the blue of heaven.
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> The impression of that visit, as I stood there touching those massive blocks that have stood in place over six thousand years, can never pass from my mind. Its immensity, and the long, vast, rugged wall that is rooted in the sands and reaches so far above me, is strangely overpowering. My mind seems fighting the powerful phalanx of years that have gone by since these pyramids were created. It is a place that, whatever it may mean to others, struck me dumb.
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> It was as well to rest in silence, for all my strength was needed for the ascent. Although we were told it would be too hard to climb that steep slope to the top, which is four hundred and eighty feet from the base—and though each block measures almost three feet in height—we would not listen. I had three Arabs to assist me, and though much has been said about their dishonesty and extortion, we found them kind and encouraging. Block by block up that mighty wall, where many men falter and only few try, I went. And although it was fearful, worse even than the ascent of Vesuvius, I finally reached the summit. I know nothing about the feelings or sensations of others who toiled up that weary way, but I felt much as I did once when up in a balloon. There was the same sensation—as though one was suspended in air.
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> The broad, stretching, undulating desert; heaps of broken masonry; yawning pits; rifts showing here and there; and the number of smaller pyramids can only be thoroughly appreciated from the top. The Sierra-like ridges of distant hills, Cairo, Mokattam hills, the Citadel, and glittering domes and minarets show clearly, as if at our feet. There were the gray-green palm groves and the emerald, fertile Nile Valley, which I saw and appreciated for the first time, in all its blossoming beauty beating up against the sands, the living, joyous stretch of river keeping back the drifting sands that seem the very embodiment of death and desolation. Other pyramids appeared in the distance. There were Memphis and Heliopolis. Mystery broods over that country—the mystery of death. The sun illumines the hot, dry sands and the territory of the dead. The shadow of the pyramids tells us it is time to leave. So we go down that slope very much quicker than we went up.
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> At the base we found my dragoman had procured camels, and we rode those beasts—so essential here—silent, soft-footed and sure—until we paused before that strange monument of bygone ages, the Sphinx. In the half-light of the afternoon's glow I saw that mystery, part couchant and partly buried in the shifting sands facing east.
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> What strange dawns and stranger nights have brightened and shadowed that placid face, that seems waiting in silence, mysterious and sublime! I forgot Time as I stood before that mighty face, older than the pyramids, resting on that lonely desert, where no single blade of grass or thing of life is ever known; gazing ever eastward where the sun breaks the gray mists that hover over the silvery winding Nile and the moving, animated life. The breath from the fragrant fields is wafted up here to this helpless form, through balmy evenings and moontraced nights. A touch startles me, and I am led to the kneeling camel, a great white beast—Rameses II they call him—and we go back to the carriage and return to the city from that desolate ghostly region.
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> We pass through the fields, green and blossoming with flowers, where the camels go with such heavy burdens, and the long-necked black buffaloes work in the fields or stand in the water of the canals. Men and women, in long, loose robes, veiled and turbaned, add to the strange picture. And then the day is done.

Mrs. Beckman not only has the pen to cope with the grandest of themes, but even the smallest points of interest or annoyance to a traveler receive their due share of notice. Her book is not only of literary worth for its descriptions, but it is of real value to the practical traveler. The author notes every little variance of custom and usage, and gives her hints in an epigrammatic way that fixes them upon the mind. Here are a couple of points on shopping in Paris.

> After an article is purchased one cannot wait in placid content for the change. No clerk is so trusted here. He takes you and your purchase to the cashier; everything is copied; your address, name and age is required; then you may receive the change, if there is any, and if you are shrewd you may find out much is counterfeit before leaving the store. In Italy they were easy to distinguish. All the short-necked men on the coins were good; those who looked as though their necks had been "pulled" were bad. Here they are varied and ingenious in their counterfeits, but in this world of shams one gets accustomed to being on the alert; so the wary need not be deceived very often.

The book is copiously illustrated with excellent half-tone pictures of photographs taken in the various countries, and altogether can justly be considered one of the best works of travel for the year. It is published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco.

The Sequel to a Tragedy.

Henry C. Dibble has long been a prominent figure in the political world of California and is well known as a practicing attorney at law. He is now making his initial bow in the field of letters through a novel, "The Sequel to a Tragedy," which will come as a surprise to his friends and associates. They will doubtless wonder where Mr. Dibble in his active life has found time to devote to affairs literary. Still, with the example before us of Dr. Weir Mitchell, who acquired a reputation on two continents as a specialist in his profession and then took a first place in the field of letters, we must not be astonished at others who follow his example. A busy man can always find time for more work. It is understood that Mr. Dibble will not rest on his laurels with this first effort, but already has other material in preparation for his publishers.

"The Sequel to a Tragedy" is a story within a story. The event which furnishes its motif happens some six years before the opening of the tale, and it is the working out of the mental complications which follow this tragedy that gives the title, "The Sequel." In the novel the story is told by Mark Grafton, at that time United States Attorney for the District of California. The time occupied is merely the few days necessary for a new trial of Luke Wardleigh, who has just been convicted of rifling the United States mails. All the other events related are supposed to be past history, although of vital interest to the proper understanding of the present state of affairs.

This trial is but the means for a certain end, and not the end itself. It gives a pretty opportunity for dramatic effects and interesting detective work, but it is only the stepping stone in the development of the sequel. It seems that some six years prior to this trial Luke Wardleigh's sister Ruth was out sailing on San Francisco Bay with Lloyd Farrington, her affianced suitor, and with her father, mother and brother. By an accident the

MRS. WILLIAM BECKMAN.

MRS. WILLIAM BECKMAN, whose recent work, "Backsheesh: A Woman's Wanderings," is reviewed at length on another part of this page, is a woman of most charming personality as well as great literary attainments. She was born in Illinois and educated in one of the best colleges of that State, but has lived the greater portion of her life in California. Mrs. Beckman's present home is Sacramento, where she is a prominent figure in social, political and literary life. She has traveled the wide world over, is a deep thinker and a woman of great culture. In the State capital she is not only the president of the leading literary club of the city, but is a recognized leader in the social set, having ably assisted the wives of at least three of California's Governors in pleasant duties of entertainment.

boat was upset and the father and mother lost their lives. Ruth was saved by Farrington and the brother also escaped with his life. Upon returning to consciousness Ruth was so overcome with the horror of the disaster that she became suddenly afflicted with a peculiar form of monomania—she believed that Lloyd Farrington, who really saved her life and was in no way responsible for the accident, was a monster and responsible for the whole calamity. She could not bear his presence, but, strange as it may seem, became devoted to his mother and took up her future abode with that lovable woman.

Of course, all thought of a union between Lloyd and Ruth was abandoned, and she was put under the care of an experienced specialist, Dr. Guthrie, who is the brother-in-law of Mark Grafton, the teller of this story. Lloyd Farrington went to Arizona, almost in despair, and became a special agent in the employment of Wells, Fargo & Co. Luke Wardleigh, the brother of Ruth and devoted to his friend Lloyd, insisted upon accompanying him.

It was in Arizona that Mark Grafton had first met Farrington, just three years prior to the commencement of the present story. Farrington was serving as a United States Deputy Marshal and saved a stage from robbery by capturing the robbers and wounding their leader, Clanton—a noted bandit with a birth-mark of a red claw on his face. Clanton made good his escape, however, and later made an attempt at the life of Farrington, but was unsuccessful owing to a lucky shot from the gun of Luke Wardleigh. Grafton was present at this time, also, and although he did not meet Wardleigh, had his face vaguely impressed upon his memory.

The three years passed and then begins the present tale—this sequel to the tragedy of Ruth Wardleigh and her strange monomania of hating her former lover, Lloyd Farrington.

Grafton, not having heard the name of Farrington's friend and preserver, had succeeded in convicting Luke Wardleigh of rifling the Government mails without connecting the familiar face of the prisoner at the bar with the brave young man of the Arizona episode of three years before. He had heard also the strange story of Farrington's unfortunate love affair, but does not know, of course, that the convicted felon is the brother of the unfortunate girl. He is to learn all this from Farrington himself at the Palace Hotel the night before sentence is to be passed.

Grafton is wandering around the corridors of the Palace, listening to the Hawaiian Band, when his attention is attracted to a man whom he recognizes as Clanton, the Arizona renegade, but he thinks that he has probably served his sentence and has been set free. A few moments later Lloyd Farrington comes in and explaining that he was looking for Grafton himself, tells him about the prisoner being none other than Luke Wardleigh and also of his conviction that the man is innocent.

Grafton becomes interested at once and that interest is heightened when he finds that his friend and connection by marriage, Dr. Guthrie, is the physician of Ruth Wardleigh. Guthrie has been in the East, but returns just at this period of the story to take part with Farrington in enlisting the sympathy of Grafton. Through facts presented by them, Grafton moves for a new trial for the following week.

To go more into the details of the plot would not be fair to the readers of Mr. Dibble's book. The detective work in the story while interesting in itself is not given the most prominence. In the dramatic experiment decided on by Dr. Guthrie as a last means to cure the monomania of Ruth Wardleigh, Mr. Dibble makes his master stroke. The weird ailment of Ruth, her peculiar faculty of projecting her astral body to warn her lover of impending danger from Clanton, the hypnotic experiments of Dr. Guthrie and the odd impression of forgetfulness which he is thus enabled to create in the mind of his patient; and then the author's skillful weaving of his plot so that the trial is made to form the dramatic climax in the lives of these two lovers—all these points are so well worked out and the threads so carefully woven that the greatest credit is due Mr. Dibble.

The author is so careful and so closely analytical that at times he possibly loses dramatic effect in his effort to make every detail perfectly clear and the action of the book consistent. As Mark Grafton, the man who is telling the story, is himself a lawyer, possibly we can forgive the technical language of the descriptions. The dialogue is largely between Grafton and Dr. Guthrie, and of course it is to be expected that as eminent a specialist as Dr. Guthrie would be apt to err on the side of exact and painstaking conversation. Every word in the book seems to have been carefully weighed in the mind of the author and put there for a certain effect. While this takes away to a certain extent from the spontaneity and life of the style, still it gives to the reader every thread of an interesting plot and psychological development without obliging him to read between the lines and jump at any conclusions. Even in the climatic scene which marks the conclusion of the book—where Wardleigh is for the second time on trial and Dr. Guthrie is also breathlessly awaiting the result of his psychical experiment on the sister of Ruth, who has been brought to the trial for that purpose—Mr. Dibble takes the greatest care in his descriptions of the court proceedings and even inserts paragraphs explanatory of legal practice to the detriment of the human interest part of his story. In this case the reader's interest is so keyed up that it is maddening to have the issues of the plot delayed while certain methods of legal procedure are exemplified at length.

Taking the story as a whole, however, it is a good one. The plot is well conceived, of strong dramatic interest and original enough in its treatment of monomania, hypnotism and the projection of astral bodies to please all lovers of the extraordinary. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price $1 25.)

Rodari.

"Rodari, Sculptor. A Story of Pisa," is a sketch that deserves more than passing mention. We are told that this is the first work of Virginia L. Pennoyer—such being the case, Mrs. Pennoyer is to be doubly congratulated. Praised for having entered the field of letters, for one evidently so gifted should not be backward, and again for the excellence of this first contribution. True, it is a small gem, but so well cut and so brilliant that it will far surpass many more pretentious.

To give an outline of "Rodari" would mean nothing. It would present merely the old commonplace plot of man wronged and then unthinkingly casting his own selfish suffering on an innocent child. Everything is in the charm of treatment. Of course, Mrs. Pennoyer has every aid in the selection of her subject, Rodari, a dream-eyed sculptor; the dear little child Corrona; the romantic town of Pisa—all this favors, but still it would amount to naught in the hands of one less skillful. Her characters are real and living. You feel the sterling worth of the beggar Carlo—but still you would not like to take his hand, he is so dirty and gruff. And you know, moreover, he would not want your hand, but your money. Still, just the one point of good in the man is brought out strongly and not to the detriment of truth. The Golden Lady—well, she is another matter, and if you do not see in your mind's eye the American girl Gibson and Christy have succeeded so well in putting on paper you will not have read Mrs. Pennoyer's story very closely.

The book is very daintily bound in flexible cover, the color of the working apron of Italy. It is an excellent idea this of having a short story in a volume by itself, to be picked up and enjoyed in a spare hour. Mrs. Pennoyer's book deserves a good Christmas sale. It is a sketch that makes good reading for the second and third time. (Published by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco. Price, 60 cents.)

In and Around the Grand Canyon.

Just to pick up and glance through George Wharton James' book, "In and Around the Grand Canyon," one would at once wish to make its further acquaintance. In the first place it is so excellently illustrated with such a large number of clear and striking views of scenes and life in this greatest of all the world's canyons, and in the next the large type and easy arrangement of subjects makes the matter so readily accessible. Mr. James has not written his book from a trip or two through the canyon, but it is the result of ten years' visits and tireless explorations. The book is not without dramatic interest, for the thrilling adventures of the early explorers are vividly told, and the author has a few hairbreadth escapes of his own to tell as well. But the main interest of the book lies in the description of the scenery, the Indians and their legends and customs picturesque. Mr. James' book is deserving of especial mention in the fact that he did his writing while on the trail and in the heart of the wonders of the canyon. In speaking of where the book was written and compiled, he says:

> In as many and varied places, almost, as ever book was transcribed on paper. While stopping for a few moments' rest in descending trails; in the darkness of the night in the depths of the canyon; on the driver's seat or inside the jolting stage; stretched on a roll of blankets in a springless wagon; in the midst of a fierce storm on the Painted Desert; shivering, wet through, at night in a side gorge of the Bright Angel trail; wearied out, waiting for water and a horse after an exhausting three days in Trail Canyon; stretched on the sand with the fierce roar of the demons of the Colorado River in my ear; under the trees at Lee's Ferry; baking in the sun near Willow Spring; on the summit of the San Francisco Mountains; on Williams Mountain, Sunset Peak, or in the deepest depths of the Colorado waterway; on the plateaus above or by the side of Havasu—the blue water—of Cataract Creek; on foot and on horseback, in bed and in cave—anywhere, everywhere, whenever a scene demanded description or a thought suggested written expression, there a part of this book was born.
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> And here where I am completing and finally arranging it—what book ever had such a composing room! Under the shelter of an overhanging rock with pinon boughs piled up and canvas stretched to completely exclude the sun all day; the purest air of earth freely circulating around me, and the bluest sky of earth ever before me; below, the brink of the greatest gorge known to man, and with its wonders daily and nightly spread out before me.

(Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price $3.)

Through the First Antarctic Night.

The recent volume of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, "Through the First Antarctic Night," is peculiarly interesting to students of historical exploration, inasmuch as it gives an account of the first expedition to spend a winter on the under surface of the globe, besides presenting a vast amount of data concerning the people of that strange country and of the exploration of 500 miles of coast in a new land of ice and snow. To Adrien de Gerlache belongs the first credit for the carrying out of the Belgian Antarctic expedition, for it was through his efforts that by private subscriptions and the financial aid of the Belgian Government the sum of $60,000 was raised to further the enterprise. Sixty thousand dollars proved rather a small amount for such an expedition, but it was made to go as far as possible. A Norwegian sealer, the Patria, was refitted to answer the requirements of a winter in the land of ice, and was rechristened the Belgica.

De Gerlache was in command of the party—one composed of Russians, Belgians, a Roumanian and Dr. Cook, the only American, who acted as surgeon and anthropologist. Dr. Cook had already had some Arctic experience with Peary.

Dr. Cook gives his narrative in the form of a diary, just as it was written at the time and while the events were fresh in his mind. He writes in an easy style and one within the comprehension of the general reader. His descriptions are clear and vivid and the amount of information presented about the animal and plant life of the Antarctic Circle will make his book an authority. His chapters on the race of Fuegian giants, the South Polar night, the struggles of the Belgica in the ice pack and the daily life of the men who risked their lives for the sake of exploration are especially interesting. The book is well and copiously illustrated with photographs taken by Dr. Cook. (Published by Doubleday & McClure Company, New York. Price $5.)

A Child of the Sun.

A new book for the younger generation is the Indian tale of Charles Eugene Banks. He first tells the tradition of the Arctides nation, its wanderings toward the east and the curse which Gitche Manito sets upon it. The curse, which takes the form of a winged monster, can only be removed by a descendant of Hashita, the chief whose disobedience has caused the punishment, and he must be armed with the miraculous arrow, which must be guarded by the tribe until the appointed time.

The chapter wherein Waupello slays the Piasau is very dramatic and will fill the young reader with delight.

The story is original and full of charm as well as instruction, for Mr. Banks depicts in a most interesting manner the customs of the tribes before the days of civilization.

The illustrations, which are done in very effective coloring, are by Louis Betts. (Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. Price $1 50.)

The Strenuous Life.

Mr. Roosevelt is the best illustration of his own ideal of the living of the strenuous life, a phrase with which his name is inseparably connected. The volume so entitled is the latest of the many on naval, military, political and personal themes which he has found time to turn out in the past twenty years, while serving the city of New York as Police Commissioner, the State as legislator and Governor, and the nation as Civil Service Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy and colonel of a volunteer cavalry regiment. In addition to being a soldier, a politician and an author, he is also a ranchman, a sportsman and a lawyer. Few men, therefore, can look at any subject from so many points of view, and it is this personal "all-aroundness," no less than the keenness of his observation, the strength of his feelings and the force of his literary expression that commands a wide audience for everything he writes. First of the essays and addresses in the present work is the one that gives its name to the book. It is followed by "Expansion and Peace," "Latitude and Longitude Among Reformers," and "Fellow-Feeling as a Political Factor." Other titles are "Military Preparedness," "Admiral Dewey," "Civic Helpfulness" and "The Eighth and Ninth Commandments in Politics." Colonel Roosevelt's utterances on these and other timely topics are distinctively his own. He writes as he speaks, and he speaks as he acts—promptly, clearly and emphatically. (Published by The Century Company, New York. Price $1 50.)

A Dainty Calendar.

Sanborn, Vail & Co. have published for 1901 a calendar which is exceptionally neat both in conception and execution. It consists of seven leaves seven by nine inches of good board and is printed in delicate colors with Californian scenes from 1400 to 1901. The cover reads, "California From 1400 to 1901—A Calendar for 1901," and shows a delicately tinted view of Mount Shasta, while the decorative scheme around the scene is carried out in California's own flower, the eschscholtzia. The first leaf gives a typical scene in the Yosemite Valley in 1400. The second shows Monterey Bay and the discovery of California by Cortez in 1500. The third gives a glimpse of the old fort at Monterey and a scene of the plains and Mexicans of 1600. For 1700 is shown the old Mission Dolores and the bells of the San Diego Mission, with great clusters of purple grapes around it. The fifth leaf gives a view of the pioneers crossing the plains in '49 and a peep at the old Sutter's mill. On the sixth leaf is shown California in 1901; the broad and fertile valley of Sonoma and a picture of San Francisco Bay with Telegraph Hill for a background. Each sheet has two months of the year, with proper days of the week and month printed neatly in one corner, and the whole is tied with a graceful bow of orange ribbon.

New Edition of David Harum.

Although the number of copies of "David Harum" is but a few short of half a million the interest is still keen. This illustrated edition, which has just appeared, will add many more to the list, besides inducing those who have already read it to go over again the charming picture of American life. The book is filled with capital illustrations by B. West Clinedinst, and a few text drawings by C. D. Farrand.

The author, Edward Noyes Westcott, has achieved a great, though unhappily a posthumous, fame, and the question is often asked, did he leave his work unfinished. This is not so; every line and word are his own, and he left the typewritten sheets of the book complete, which had been done by him nearly a year before his death.

Although Mr. Westcott has not lived to enjoy the great triumph of his work he did not die before he received word from his publishers that the work had been accepted, and the mental exhilaration aroused by this intelligence gave him a sweet but very short lease of life.

D. Appleton & Co. bring out this new edition just in time for a Christmas publication, and it will doubtless be received with keen appreciation. Price $1 50.

An Alphabet of Indians.

"An Alphabet of Indians," by Emory Leverett Williams, combines much that is pleasing and instructive.

From "A," which describes the Apache, to "Z," which tells of the Zuni, the tribes are given in alphabetical order, and many interesting legends are told.

This book of Mr. Williams shows a close study of the aborigine, and he has chosen a happy time for his publication. People are constantly renewing their interest in these unfortunate people, and Mr. Williams' knowledge will surprise them; for the English alphabet does not seem too long to enumerate the many tribes that have lived in our land.

The illustrations add to the charm of the collection, for they are effective and very correct. (Published by R. H. Russell, New York. Price $2.)

Tiny Tunes for Tiny People.

An interesting, as well as instructive, book for children is the collection of songs which Addison Fletcher Andrews has composed. The music and words are full of charm and they are all within the limitations of the child voice. They are well calculated to develop a taste for the best in music, and will interest the mother while they instruct the child.

Mr. Andrews is a college man, and since he left Dartmouth College has been journalist, musician, humorist, critic and singer. His songs are widely sung and this collection will bring praise from all musicians.

The book is illustrated by Stephen Van Schaick, who is too well known to need but a word of recognition. His illustrations are always good. (Published by Dodge Publishing Company, New York. Price $1 50.)

Stellar Dust.

A book has just been issued under the title, "Stellar Dust, or the Life Force," which will be found of interest to students of the occult and particularly to those studying astrology. It is the work of Professor P. A. Graves, who is said to be particularly successful in selecting the constellations of different people, and has long been known as a student of astrology. He is also the author of a book on "Evolution and Reproduction," which has awakened considerable interest. The present work, "Stellar Dust," treats of the origin of man by spontaneous generation, evolution explained away, the cause of growth, disease and decay, zodiacal construction of the brain and body according to the law of twelve. It is published by the Occult Book Store. Price $1.

Don Quixote.

Many persons will consider it a daring thing that Judge Parry has done—retelling the story of Don Quixote. Not entirely as Cervantes told it, however, but so simply and condensed that the younger generation can grasp it and enjoy it.

The basis of the book is Thomas Shelton's translation, the language of which expresses so well the humor of Cervantes. Judge Parry tells admirably a well known story, from the introduction to that famous gentleman, Don Quixote of the Mancha, to the final dispute about Mambrino's helmet.

Walter Crane is the illustrator of this work, and his work constitutes an important part of the edition. (Published by John Lane, New York.)

A Vagabond Huntsman.

Robert Howard Russell has published the amusing verses of "Tipperary Joe," and those who can remember Charles Lever's clever novel, "Jack Hinton, the Guardsman," will at once recall the subject verses of these illustrations.

"The Vagabond Huntsman" is the title under which this publication is presented, and it must find a ready sale, for it is clever and well illustrated.

William A. Sherwood deserves more than a word for his excellent pictures of English sporting life and barroom scenes. Price $1 50.

Songs of the Old South.

A holiday book which is a little out of the ordinary is Howard Weeden's collection of plantation verses.

"Bandanna Ballads" brought Miss Weeden much praise and her new book will add to her popularity.

The songs of the Old South are full of sentiment and picturesqueness, as well as musical rhythm and humor.

Each poem is illustrated and eight of the pictures are reproduced in colors. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Price $1 50.)

Crumbs of Comfort.

As a result of very careful selection and arrangement Allie M. Felken gives to the literary world a little volume of poems. Browning, Longfellow, Mrs. Browning and Thomas Moore are some of the well-known names among the contributors, as well as a large number of contemporary writers. (Published by The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco. Price $1.)

Literary Notes.

Mary Johnston, whose second book, "To Have and To Hold," is now in its 280th thousand, will bring out her new story, "Audrey," in the Atlantic Monthly, beginning in the summer of 1901.

Seventy-five thousand copies of F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "In the Palace of the King," have been sold since its publication four weeks ago.

"The History of the United States From the Compromise of 1850," 4 vols., by James Ford Rhodes (The Macmillan Company), embraces the years 1850 to 1864; not 1850 to 1862, as has been erroneously stated. It covers both the development of the political impasse which ended in war and the complete history of the civil war itself.

Raffles, the hero of E. W. Hornung's stories of the "Amateur Cracksman," will reappear in the January number of Scribner's with a most remarkable adventure in crime. It has been suggested that Sherlock Holmes is the only man who could catch Raffles. Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, is brother-in-law to Mr. Hornung.

The second installment of Rudyard Kipling's new novel, "Kim," will be published in the January number of McClure's Magazine. In its revelation of varied life in India the writer's magnificent insight and his entire mastery of detail are shown at their best. The charm of the fiction is enhanced by the page drawings contributed by J. Lockwood Kipling, the father of the author, and by Edwin Lord Weeks.

Coincident with the production of the dramatization of "Janice Meredith" comes the announcement of the publication of a Mary Mannering edition of the novel. The volume will be very fully illustrated with illustrations in color and with half-tone reproductions of scenes from the play as produced by Miss Mannering. The story in this form should find a wide sale among theater-goers as well as among novel-readers. It will be published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Bird-Lore (the Macmillan Company) for December inaugurates a plan for the study of birds, designed to tell teachers and students just what to teach and just what to study at the proper season. Ornithologists throughout the country have contributed articles on the more important events in the bird world for each month in the year, which, accompanied by detailed lists of the birds to be found, should prove of great assistance to the constantly increasing number of persons who are interested in the ways of our brothers of the air.

Early in January R. H. Russell will publish two interesting books. One is entitled, "Ah, What Riddles These Women Be," and is a narrative poem by William Young, dramatist of "Ben Hur" and the author of "Pendragon" and "Ganelon," two dramatic poems which followers of the stage will remember were produced by the late Lawrence Barrett. Mr. Young is also the author of "Wishmaker's Town." The other January book will be an exquisite reproduction of drawings by Albert Durer, with appropriate text by Fitzroy Carrington. It is to be called "The Apocalypse."

The holiday volumes of Little, Brown & Co. embrace the new Monterey edition of "Ramona," with pictures in photogravure and chapter headings by Henry Sandham; "Falaise, the Town of the Conqueror," by Anna Bowman Dodd, author of "Three Normandy Inns," with illustrations from photographs; "The Pilgrim Shore," by Edmund H. Garrett, illustrated by the author; "The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus," by Henryk Sienkiewicz, translated by Jeremiah Curtin, a beautifully printed little book, with two illustrations by Stachiewicz; "In and Around the Grand Canyon," by Professor George Wharton James, with 100 illustrations; Grosvenor's "Constantinople," with 250 illustrations, a new and handier edition of this standard work; "The Colombian and Venezuelan Republics," by William L. Scruggs, late Minister to Colombia and Venezuela, with full-page plates and colored maps; Parkman's "Oregon Trail," Remington edition, with seventy-five illustrations by Frederic Remington; Drake's "Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston," new revised edition, with additional pictures, and Katharine Pyle's charming juvenile, "The Christmas Angel."

Books Received.

IN THE ALAMO—By Opie Read. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. $1 25.

THE SEQUEL TO A TRAGEDY—By Henry C. Dibble. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1 25.

A KENTUCKY CARDINAL and its sequel, AFTERMATH—By James Lane Allen, illustrated by Hugh Thomson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2 50.

FORTUNE HUNTERS OF THE PHILIPPINES—By Louis Charles. The Mershon Company, New York. 50 cents.

SEED THOUGHTS FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS—By Arthur T. Pierson, D.D. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. $1 50.

ARGONAUT LETTERS—By Jerome Hart. Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco. $2.

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS—By Major J. B. Pond. G. W. Dillingham, New York. $3 50.

SCHUTZE'S AMUSING GEOGRAPHY AND SYSTEM OF MAP DRAWING—By Lenore Congdon Schutze, A.M. The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco. $1.

MISSIONS OF NUEVA CALIFORNIA—By Charles Franklin Carter. The Whittaker & Ray Company, San Francisco. $1 50.

HOW TO SUCCEED—By Austin Bierbower. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. $1.

SYNTHETIC PHILOSOPHY; FIRST PRINCIPLES—By Herbert Spencer. New edition, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

A VALLEY MUSE—By Charles G. Blanden. Fleming H. Revel Company, Chicago. $1.

WINSOME WOMANHOOD—By Margaret E. Sangster. Fleming H. Revel Company, Chicago. $1 25.

THE PSALMS OF DAVID—Including sixteen full-page illustrations and numerous decorations in the text, depicting the life of David as shepherd, poet, warrior and King—By Louis Rhead, together with an introductory study by Newell Dwight Hillis. Fleming H. Revel Company, Chicago. $2 50.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT—Selected and arranged by Allie M. Felker. The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco. $1.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE—Shakespeare. Cassell's National Library, New York. In paper, 10 cents.

MY INDIAN QUEEN—By Guy Boothby. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.

THE TRANSIT OF CIVILIZATION—By Edward Eggleston. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1 50.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES—By H. H. Van Meter. The Liberty League, Chicago. In paper, 25 cents.

WITH RING OF SHIELD—By Knox Magee. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. $1 50.

FALAISE, THE TOWN OF THE CONQUEROR—By Anna Bowman Dodd. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

THE SIEGE IN PEKING—By W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D. Fleming H. Revel Company, New York. $1.

SHALL WE BELIEVE IN A DIVINE PROVIDENCE?—By D. W. Faunce, D.D. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. $1.

RODARI, SCULPTOR: A STORY OF PISA—By Virginia E. Pennoyer. D. Paul Elder and Morgan Shepard, San Francisco. 60 cents.

BACKSHEESH: A WOMAN'S WANDERINGS—By Mrs. William Beckman. The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco.

KODAKS—By Guy Alby Buell. Record Publishing Company, Stockton.

FOES IN LAW—By Rhoda Broughton. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1 50.

MOODY'S MANUAL OF INDUSTRIAL AND MISCELLANEOUS SECURITIES; 1900 EDITION—Published by the O. C. Lewis Company, New York. $5.

SONGS FROM BOHEMIA—By Daniel O'Connell. Edited by Ina D. Coolbrith. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. $1 50.

COEUR DE NOEL—Par L. D. Ventura, avec illustrations par Mlle. May G. Norris. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. In paper, 25 cents.

RITA—By Laura E. Richards. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. $1 25.

THE ANIMALS OF AESOP—By Joseph J. Mora. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. $1 50.