BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY CHAT

Conducted by B. G. Lathrop.

MR. FLOWER deserves a vote of thanks from every one who is fortunate enough to have the opportunity of enjoying his book, "Policeman Flynn." A good laugh is better than a good cry any day—opinions from some members of the fair sex to the contrary notwithstanding—and the reader who is so lacking in appreciation as not to enjoy the keen humor in these sketches is indeed fairly on the road to mental perdition.

"Policeman Flynn" is a series of sketches relating the troubles of an officer of the law in a great city. Each chapter is really complete in itself, but taken all together they run through the gamut of all possible happenings in the career of a patrolman. Flynn is a character that wins his way into your heart at once. He possesses a fund of good nature, natural humor, shrewdness and pertinacity hard to equal and most entertaining. Mrs. Flynn and Terry, the son, are equally delightful. The original of the character Flynn was a Chicago policeman (now dead), and it is said that some of the adventures were actual occurrences.

Flynn is a patrolman out and out and any change that his superiors try to make for his personal advantage are always for the worse. He is promoted to the rank of sergeant, but soon asks to be reduced to the ranks because there is no work to do and because every man that he likes has to treat him with "ray-spict."

Since he will have none of the honors in advanced rank, he is given the position of doorkeeper for the Mayor, but this, too, proves to be a mistaken step, and Flynn is not in his element again until he finds himself back on his old beat. As guardian of the Mayor he inadvertently gets himself and the chief executive into all kinds of trouble. At home he gives Mrs. Flynn all the details of his difficulties in his own inimitable way:

"'I wa-ant to see his nibs,' says th' politician to me, doin' th' rush act an' thryin' to go by me.

"'Ye cannot,' says I.

"'I'll have ye-er ba-adge,' says he. 'Me cousin was a schoolmate iv his nibs, an' I do be bringin' him news he'll be gla-ad to ha-ave. Ye'll see him fa-all on me neck th' minute he sees me.'

"So I lets the gazabo in, but does his nibs fa-all on his neck? Oho! well, if he does, it do be with an ax, an' me own neck feels th' whirr iv th' wind."

"Ser-rves ye right," commented Mrs. Flynn. "Ye have no sinse at all, Barney. 'Tis ye-er juty to do what ye're told an' I'ave others to do th' thinkin'."

"Listen to that, now!" exclaimed Policeman Flynn. "Oho! but ye-re a sma-art woman. That's what his nibs says to me. 'Do as ye're told, Barney,' he says, 'an' I'ave me to do th' thinkin' f'r th' office. That ma-an c'u'dn't get ye're ba-adge in a million years, but I can ha-ave it anny day I r-reach f'r it.' An' 'tw'u'd be all r-right, only his nibs do be a politician, too."

"Take him at his wor-rd, anyhow," advised Mrs. Flynn.

"I did so," returned Policeman Flynn, "an' f'r two da-ays me ba-adge was like to dhrop off me coat, it hung so loose. 'Twas all along iv another politician.

"'I'll be afther seein' th' May'r,' he says, important like.

"'Ye'll not,' says I.

"'Ye don't re-cognize me,' says he.

"'I do not,' says I.

"'Me fa-ace sh'u'd be familiar to ye,' says he.

"'Mebbe 'tw'u'd be,' says I, 'if I'd lukked in th' r-rogues' gal'ry iv late.'

"With that his nibs, hearin' voices, comes out an' gra-abs th' felly be th' hand an' takes him in an' threats him like he was th' only fri'nd he had in th' wor-rld. An' when th' felly's gone, his nibs comes to me an' says, 'Don't ye know him?'

"'I do not,' says I.

"'He carries two wa-ards in his inside pocket,' says his nibs.

"'Mebbe,' says I, 'that's what spoils th' fit iv his coat.'

"'Niver tur-rn down a ma-an like that,' says his nibs, payin' no attintion to me little joke.

"'How'll I tell thim apa-art?' says I.

"'Use ye-er head,' says his nibs.

"'I thought,' says I, 'ye tol' me ye'd do th' thinkin' f'r this office ye-ersilf; an' besides,' I says, 'I niver took a coorse in mind-r-readin'; 'twas overlooked.' * * *

"'I must see him,' says wan. 'I'm his family doohter.'

"'Where's yer tool-chist?' says I, knowin' a doother always carries wan.

"'He told me to call,' says another.

"'Ag' he tol' me to lay f'r ye whin ye come,' says I.

"'Oho! I'm good at re-partee, but 't is like to get me into throuble, f'r th' wan I turn down th' ha-ardest is always th' only wan I ought to have passed in. Some iv thim come ivery da-ay an' wait an' wait, an' they gra-ab fellies goin' in an' comin' out, an' thry to get their infloo'nce. I'd be sorry f'r thim if it wasn't f'r wan thing."

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

"Why don't they wor-rk f'r a livin' instead iv wor-rkin' f'r a job? 'T is less disappointin' an' no ha-arder whin ye get used to it. But th' job's too much f'r me. I'm goin' back on th' beat again."

"F'r why?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

"Well, 't was this wa-ay," explained Policeman Flynn: "I'd been scr-rappin' with tin or illivin fellies that wa-anted to see his nibs whin his nibs didn't wa-ant to see thim, an' along comes a little gazabo that's so thin an' pale ye'd think he'd blow away. But, f'r all that, he carries himself in a soopeer-yer wa-ay, an' me feelin' wr-rong annyhow.

"'I ray-ceived wor-rd,' says he, 'that somebody wants to see me here.'

"'T is likely so,' says I, with sa-arcasm, f'r that's th' ol' gag.

"'I think 't is th' may'r,' says he, 'although th' wor-rd brought me was not plain on that.' * * *

"'I think 't is not,' says I. 'I think, from th' looks iv ye, that th' ma-an who wants ye is in th' corner office on th' floor below.'

"With that he goes away, and whin he comes back he tur-rns out to be wan iv the biggest taxpayers in th' city, an' a ma-an that ivery wan jumps r-round f'r; an' back I go on th' beat again. But 't is me ol' chop-house beat, thank Hiven! Oho! but mebbe he wasn't mad!"

"Where was it ye'd sint him, Barney?"

"Why," replied Policeman Flynn, nonchalantly, "I sint th' bloodless divil to th' Coroner's office, to be sure."

* * *

After that Flynn finds the "powers that be" glad enough to keep him on his old duties of patrolman. He is put in a hard neighborhood, where the boys run things about as they please and welcome the appearance of a new policeman with all possible manifestations of delight. The way he finally manages to land them "with the goods on them" so he can get a conviction is "just like Flynn":

He knew that they were resposible for the minor crimes of which complaint was frequently made, but he lacked evidence, and it was not until he had narrowly escaped being brained by half a brick that he finally tock two of the ringleaders to the station.

"What's the charge?" asked the police magistrate the next morning.

"M-m-m, well, they's a bad lot, an' they was heavin' r-rocks at me," answered Policeman Flynn.

"Did they hit you?" demanded the magistrate. And when the policeman admitted that he had succeeded in dodging the missile, the magistrate added, "Oh, well, boys, will be boys, and we mustn't be too hard on them. If they'd hit you it would be different. Discharged."

"Luk at that, now," commented Policeman Flynn. "A big chunk iv a brick come r-right f'r me head, an' I duck, an' that lets thim go free. 'T was f'r me, I suppose, to ha-ave me head sphlit open f'r to ma-ake a case. Oho! 't is a fine thing, is th' law iv th' magisthrates. 'Ha-ave ye ye'er head with ye?' says his Honor. 'I ha-ave,' says I. 'Ye ha-ave no business too,' says he, an' thin he says, 'This day-findent is discha-arged f'r th' reason that Officer Flynn comes into coort with his head on, thereby vi'latin' th' la-aw.' I'd like to ha-ave a ton iv that la-aw f'r to throw in th' river. Ye've got to ha-ave th' evidence, a ca-art-load iv it. 'T is like this: A felly comes cr-reepin' up behind a ma-an with a knife in his ha-and. 'T is me juty,' says I to mesilf, 'f'r to arrist him.' 'Wait,' says th' la-aw to me, 'f'r may-be he'll kill th' ma-an, an' thin ye'll ha-ave a good case.' Oho! 't is a gr-reat thing to know th' la-aw."

Fortunately, however, these remarks were not made in the hearing of the court, and Policeman Flynn returned to his beat. Naturally, his troubles were not lessened by his attempts to secure a conviction, for the gang became bolder and more demonstrative than ever. But the policeman patiently awaited his opportunity, and before long he had the same two in custody again, with what he believed to be a good case against them.

"'T was like this," he explained in court the following day: "Th' door iv th' groc'ry is open an' th' two pris'ners is r-runnin' awa-ay. I follies thim an' shtumbles over a ham, which they dr-ropped."

"Did you see them drop it?" asked the boys' lawyer.

"Iv coorse not," answered Policeman Flynn, "but 't is not to be sup-posed th' ham wa-alked down the alley be itsilf. They's a lot iv fruit, too, leadin' all th' wa-ay to where th' byes is r-rounded up, an' they ha-ave a pocketful iv cha-ange taken from th' till."

"How do you know it was taken from the till?" demanded the lawyer.

"Because 't is not in th' till now," replied Policeman Flynn.

"Oh, well," said the Judge at the conclusion of the hearing, "there is nothing to show that they are the ones who dropped the ham and the fruit, and they give a plausible explanation of the possession of so much small change. The evidence is purely circumstantial, and to send them up would be only to start them on the downward path. I'll give them another chance."

"Sta-art thim down Le sindin' thim up," muttered Policeman Flynn to himself, as he left the courtroom. "Oho! 't is a hum'rous ma-an th' Judge is. 'T is a sha-ame he's not editin' a comic pa-aper, it is that. Sta-art thim: Why, 't is thim same la-ads that's r-riding a tandem bi-sickle on th' down'ard pa-ath now with th' br-rake br-roke."

That night, as usual, he told his troubles to his wife, but he got little sympathy from her.

"If ye're an injane-yus ma-an," she said, "ye'll land thim fellies with th' goods on thim. 'T is th' only wa-ay, an' ye're long enough on th' foorce f'r to know it. Don't talk to me iv th' Judge. He knows what he wa-ants, an' 't is f'r you to give it to him."

Policeman Flynn shook his head with the doleful air of a man who thought the whole world was against him; but he always shows best in adversity. In his own language, he "wint out afther thim la-ads," and he got them. He marched them into the stationhouse one night about two weeks later, and two more dejected specimens of humanity never appeared there. One of them was carrying a mantle clock heavy enough seriously to tax his strength, and the other was loaded down with brass andirons. One of the officers in the station made a motion to take the booty away from them, but Policeman Flynn instantly interfered.

"L'ave thim alone!" he cried. "I ha-ave thim with th' goods on thim, an' I'll not l'ave thim put th' things down till th' magisthrate sees thim. I've wa-alked thim from a mile awa-ay, an' they'll not be out iv me sight this night."

"Walked them!" cried the sergeant. "Why didn't you call the wagon?"

"'T w'u'dn't do," answered Policeman Flynn. "I c'u'dn't keep me eye on thim. I follied behind thim with a gun in me ha-and, an' ma-arched thim all th' wa-ay, an' they's no wan takes thim things till th' Judge sees thim. Oho! I ha-ave th' ividence this time. I caught thim comin' out iv a house with th' goods on thim."

"But they can't possibly hold those things until they get into court," urged one of the other officers. "It would wreck an Atlas."

"M-m-m, well, I'm not posted on jography, but I know a bit iv po-lis coorts, an' I've l'arned a few things of ividence," returned Policeman Flynn.

"Me back's near broke, an' me arms is fallin' off," whined one of the culprits.

"Sthand up, there!" commanded Policeman Flynn. "Ye've been playin' ta-ag with me long enough. Put th' clock on ye-er other shoulder an' shift ye'er fut. 'T will give ye a bit iv a r-rest. Oho! ye had a good laugh on Barney Flynn f'r not bein' able to put ye over twict befoor, but 't is not th' sa-ame now."

"You'll kill them, Barney," said the sergeant. "Either of those loads would tire a Samson out in fitteen minutes."

"I'll show thim to th' Judge with th' goods on thim," persisted Policeman Flynn, doggedly. "I'll ha-ave no more monkey-foolin' with thim la-ads."

"I'll draw a picture of them, and you can show that to the Judge," suggested a policeman of artistic inclinations.

Policeman Flynn hesitated. He had no desire to inflict unnecessary hardship on his prisoners, but he did not wish to take any chances.

"Will ye all sign it an' shwear 't is th' wa-ay I br-rought thim in?" he asked.

"We will," was the prompt reply.

And when the evidence was produced in court the next day it was pronounced conclusive.

* * *

Flynn has all sorts of troubles arising from his official duties, and each and every one of them is equally interesting. Mr. Flower not only does splendid work in catching all the little details that go to make up perfect character drawing, but he is a good story-teller as well. You feel not only an interest in all the odd bits of philosophy that Flynn has to expound for the edification of his better half in recounting the adventures of the day, but every one of the sketches has a sustained narrative interest that holds your attention until the climax at the end. Some of the sketches have some remarkably well turned bits of pathos in them, and you laugh with a tear in your eye.

Terry is a chip of the old block and on more than one occasion he comes out well in the lead of "th' ol' ma-an." Flynn has occasion to lecture his son on the advantages of diplomacy over brute strength. Note the result:

"Who was the greatest diplomat you ever heard of?" inquired Terry.

"M-m-m, well, 'tis ha-ard to sa-ay," returned Policeman Flynn. "Sometimes I think 'tis Li Hung Chang, even if he do be a Chinyman; but there was another felly who c'u'd have beat thim all, if he'd iver gone in f'r to use his talints th' right wa-ay. He had th' idee iv it, but 't was only spoort an' not juty with him."

"Who was it?"

"A felly be th' na-ame iv Baron Moonchowgen."

Terry was duly impressed, and for a time he sat silent, watching his mother's preparations for a feast of pancakes.

"Ye-er father likes thim," she said, as she noted his attention.

"He does," he replied, and then suddenly bestirred himself and began to help her in various little ways.

"I'll give ye an exthra wan f'r that," she said.

"I'll get that shawl you left at Mrs. Casey's after dinner," suggested the boy, casually.

"I'll give ye two exthra wans f'r thinkin' iv goin' f'r it," said Mrs. Flynn.

"Luk at th' day-plomacy iv th' la-ad," commented Policeman Flynn.

"Did you see th' man waitin' for you at the corner as you came in?" asked Terry.

"Who was he?" asked Policeman Flynn.

"Give it up," replied Terry.

"Why didn't ye tell me iv it befoor?" demanded Policeman Flynn. "I hear-rd Cassidy wa-anted f'r to see me."

"Maybe it was Cassidy," returned the boy, "an' maybe he's waitin' there yet."

Policeman Flynn caught up his hat and bolted out of the door. He was back in about twenty minutes, sadly out of temper.

"Divil a soul was there," he exclaimed, "an' so I wint on to Kelly's pla-ace to see if he was waitin.' Whin did ye see him there, Terry?"

"I didn't see him at all," answered the boy. "I only asked if you saw him."

Policeman Flynn took a step in the boy's direction, but restrained himself from making any further demonstration.

"Ye sh'u'dn't be playin' jokes on th' ol' ma-an, Terry," he said. "Where's th' cakes?"

"I thought from the way that you hurried out that maybe you wouldn't be back," Terry calmly replied, as he disposed of the last pancake.

"Luk at th' day-plomacy iv th' la-ad," commented Mrs Flynn proudly.

* * *

This is Mr. Flower's first book, and from its excellent quality it is to be hoped that it is the forerunner of many more of the same kind. The good, wholesome tone and the delicious humor that fills its pages deserves the utmost encouragement.

The series appeared in the Century Magazine under the title of "Policeman Flynn's Adventures." In the book recently published by the Century Company, New York, some of the chapters have been rewritten and a number of new ones added. Price $1 50.

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Elliott Flower received most of his early training as a writer on the Chicago daily papers. From the first he showed a strong tendency toward the writing of humor. In 1893 he joined the staff of the Chicago Evening Post as a paragrapher and later had an editorial page column of his own in which to exploit his fanciful ideas. He held this position until the paper changed hands in 1901, and then devoted himself to miscellaneous writings for periodicals and magazines. He has some verse and serious work to his credit as well. At present he is conducting a department of humor in the Brooklyn Sunday Eagle.

Mr. Flower is a son of James M. Flower, a Chicago lawyer, and was born at Madison, Wis., in 1863. He attended the Chicago public schools, later entered a private school in the same city and then went to Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

A Treatise on International Law

Callaghan & Co. of Chicago have just issued a remarkable book on "International Public Law," by Hannis Taylor, LL.D. Mr. Taylor was late Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Spain. From experience and knowledge he is undoubtedly a man well fitted for the huge task he has undertaken. He is at present a member of the general advisory committee of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. This is not Mr. Taylor's first work, for he spent over twenty years in writing "The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution," which has been highly praised.

The present volume is an octavo, comprising more than 900 pages. It is the most exhaustive work of the kind that has been issued in the United States since the appearance of Dana's "Wheaton," embracing as it does, in a compact and convenient form, the results of the expositions of all the notable European publicists, medieval and modern, English and Continental. In the chapter entitled the "Rise of the Publicists," they have been grouped according to nationality, and in such a way as to indicate the epoch of each and his relative importance.

During the last forty years international law as a science has undergone a notable development through the concerted efforts of nations to formulate and systematize its rules upon the great subjects dealt with in that series of conferences which began at Geneva in 1864 and ended at The Hague in 1899. Into the text of this work the results of the Peace Conference at The Hague have been incorporated, for the first time, and in such a way as to illustrate their relations to each of the great questions affected by them.

The Monroe doctrine, as a part of the international law of the new world, has been restated in the light of recent events, and an explanation has been made of all notable instances of the application of the laws of war to new conditions arising out of recent conflicts, including the Spanish-American and Boer wars.

His book is not only interesting as a history, but it is of practical use for daily consultation regarding matters of international importance. In part I the author considers "Ancient and Medieval State Systems" under the following heads: "The Ancient State as the City-Commonwealth," "The Modern State as the Nation," "The Medieval Empire as an International Power." Part II concerns itself with "Sources and Foundations of Modern International Law" and is divided into the following chapters: "International Courts, Congresses and Conferences," "Rise of the Publicists," "Grotius and the Aftergrowth of His System," "Treaties as Sources of International Law," "Extension of International System to New World," "Monroe Doctrine and Other Sources." In part III is given the "Rights and Duties of States in Time of Peace," discussed under six different heads: "Nature and Attributes of States, Sovereign and Part Sovereign," "Sovereignty and Jurisdiction in Relation to Person," "Sovereignty and Jurisdiction in Relation to Property," "Diplomatic Intercourse," "The Treaty-making Power" and "Rights of Self-Preservation." Part IV naturally follows with "Rights and Duties of States in Time of War," considered under these heads: "Forcible Means of Redress Short of Actual War," "Commencement of War and Its Immediate Consequences," "Rights and Duties of Belligerents During Hostilities on Land," "Rights and Duties of Belligerents During Hostilities at Sea," "Limitation, Suspension and Conclusion of Hostilities," "Laws of War as to Enemy Persons," "Laws of War as to Enemy Property on Land," "Laws of War as to Enemy Property at Sea," "Military Occupation and Administration," "Termination of War." Part V is devoted to "Rights and Duties of Neutral States," which are considered under the following eight chapter headings: "Origin and Growth of the Law of Neutrality," "Duties of Neutral Toward Belligerent States," "Duties of Belligerent Toward Neutral States," "Legitimate Neutral Commerce," "Contraband Trade," "Neutral Services, Lawful and Unlawful," "Blockade," "Right of Visit and Capture."

A complete list of authorities cited is given, also a table of cases cited. In an appendix is given "Insular Tariff Cases." The index for the volume is so copious that all references to any subject embraced in the pages of the book can be traced in an instant. It is bound in the usual leather legal binding. Price $6 50.

Impression Classics.

Elder & Shepard of San Francisco have published as one of the "Impression Classics," "Gray's Elegy and Other Poems." The volume is certainly most attractive. It is bound in soft tan leather, with the title and decorations stamped in gold. The introduction gives a brief account of Gray's life and is followed by the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," "On the Spring," "On the Death of a Favorite Cat," "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College," "Hymn to Adversity," "The Progress of Poesy," "The Bard," "Sonnet, on the Death of Mr. Richard West," "Epitaph, on Mrs. Jane Clerke," "Ode, on the Pleasure Arising from Vicissitude," "Stanzas to Mr. Bentley," "Sketch of His Own Character," and "Song." The paper and typography are excellent and the little book will be found an addition to any library table.

Naked Truths and Veiled Allusions.

Under the rather startling title, "Naked Truths and Veiled Allusions," Minna Thomas Antrim (Titian) has had bound together a large number of epigrammatic remarks dealing with "human nature." Here is one, for example: "It is true all of us have friends not in society, but it is noticeable we keep them well in the background." Having read one you have a sample of them all. With a book of this kind you might take a homeopathic dose of say one before each meal and have enjoyment and benefit therefrom, but to sit down and read it through—it is hard to imagine anything more indigestible. Not that the matter is not bright enough, but it is like trying to eat a two-pound box of candy all at one sitting. (Published by Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents.)

The Woman Who Dared.

"The Woman Who Dared," by Lawrence L. Lynch, is a novel of the blood-curdling, melodramatic type. The scene is laid in Cheyenne at the time when that city was at its worst. The heroine accomplishes apparently impossible things with the ease that such heroines do and finally everything ends beautifully and to the satisfaction of everybody. A glance at the chapter headings of the last six chapters of the book and you have the key to the whole affair: "An Old Letter," "The Tempest Breaks," "Pony Jack's Speech," "Face to Face," "Exit Sidney Starr," "Justice Meted Out," "Happy Times." (Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago. Price 75 cents.)

The Light Side of Nature.

Henry T. Coates & Co. (Philadelphia) issue a new edition of "The Night-Side of Nature." The sub-title of the book, "Ghosts and Ghost Seers," indicates the nature of its contents. It is something more than a collection of ghost stories, although it contains a very great number of these. Written before the establishment of the Society for Psychical Research, for the book made its first appearance more than half a century ago, it aims to do what that society has done—investigate the laws underlying the occurrence of what appear to be occult phenomena. Dr. Thomas Jay Hudson, the author of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," has written an introduction to this edition of the book. In it Dr. Hudson commends the author for the method she used in pursuing her inquiries, and recommends the book to those interested in the study of the so-called occult.

Literary Notes.

The Home Magazine for March has two well written articles that will prove of special interest to Californians. One is "Life on a Revenue Cutter," by William F. Lampton, and the other is "A Trip Up Mount Lowe," by E. H. Rydall. Both are illustrated with halftone reproductions of excellent photographs.

The International Monthly for March offers the following instructive matter to its readers: "The Military Rule of Obedience," by Captain Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N.; "Contemporary French Philosophy," by Alfred Fouillee; "Giosue Carducci," by Richard Garnett; "Decay of the Belief in the Devil," by Fred C. Conybeare; "Fairy Lore and Primitive Religion," by William Wells Newell; "Native American Culture: Its Independent Evolution," by A. H. Keane; "Our Work in the Philippines," by Charles A. Conant; "Chronicle of the Month," by Joseph B. Bishop.

The Bowen-Merrill Company announces for immediate publication a new book of essays by Richard Burton. The title of the book, "Forces in Fiction," indicates its character. It is a collection of papers on the elements of and the treatment accorded the modern literature, as especially shown in the novel, romantic and historical, and in the later day drama.

The current issue of Sunset is strong in readable articles. The frontispiece is a fine halftone reproduction of a photograph showing the bronze figure of "Victory" as completed in clay by Robert I. Aitken for the monument to be erected in Union square as a tribute to the American navy, commemorating Admiral Dewey's victory at the battle of Manila Bay. The contents include: "Ballad of the Hyde-street Grip," by Gelett Burgess; an interesting paper, "Glimpses of the Colorado Desert," by John Hamilton Gilmour; "Midwinter Football in California," by Archie Rice, and a remarkably good article on "Yachting on San Francisco Bay," by Arthur Inkersley.

The current issue of Out West, formerly the Land of Sunshine, contains that interesting article by Charles F. Lummis on "Oranges 250 Years Ago" that was commenced last month. V. O. Lange has a well illustrated paper on "Studies in Floral Portraiture"; Carl Purdy has something further to say on Indian baskets—this time he takes up the study of the Pomo Indian baskets. There is a dainty bit of verse, "The North Wind in California," by Herbert Muller Hopkins, at one time assistant in Latin at the University of California. Some striking pictures add much to a most readable article on San Diego.

Harper & Brothers are reprinting Thomas W. Knox's admirable series of "The Boy Travelers," in which two youths, Frank Bassett and Fred Bronson, accompanied by their genial mentor, Dr. Bronson, journey all over the globe, having fine adventures by the way and learning more in one chapter than a dry book of facts would teach them in a volume. These books are in demand year after year, and have no successful rivals in their line. Mr. Knox, who died several years ago, had a very genial, attractive personality. He was always in sympathy with young people and had the rare capacity to write for them successfully, as his books testify.

The Overland Monthly has the following to offer for March: Frontispiece, The Eskimo Mother; "In the American Style," by John Fleming Wilson; "Avila: An Idyl of Southern California," by Tracy and Lucy Robinson; "Jim and Kittick," by Josephine Scroggs; "According to Scripture," by S. Homer Henley; "The Woods," by Fannie Herron Cooke; "The Life and Death of Chouicha, a Sacramento River Salmon," by Cloudsley Rutter; "Recent Outdoor Literature," by Charles Howard Shinn; "The Unforeseen," by Mary Harding; "Current Books," reviewed by Grace Luce Irwin; "A Matter of Opinion"; "The Rape of the Redwoods."

A new magazine has recently made its appearance in Boston that deserves more than passing mention. It is called "Amateur Work," and is intended as an aid for boys who have any liking at all for industrial work. We have the January and February numbers before us and find much to commend. The contents of the January number include "Studies in Electricity," "A Steam Automobile," "A Plate Rack," "An Iceboat," "First Camera Work," "Mechanical Drawing," "A Boy's Bed," "Uses of Paper," "Astronomy for January" and "New Star in Perseus." All of the articles are well and clearly illustrated with photographs or working plans and so are of practical use. The subjects and their treatment vary in range for the benefit of the boy who has only the simplest tools with which to work to the lad who is the proud owner of a complete shop. In the February number the studies in electricity are continued. The young idea is also educated in the intricacies of making a medical coil, a home-made colonial clock, a house boat, and further given many handy receipts. "Amateur Work" will prove a lasting source of delight to any boy.

Books Received.

FOGG'S FERRY—By C. E. Callahan. Laird & Lee, Chicago. 75c.

PASSES, or the Beauties of Transportation—By August Faure. The Lord Baltimore Press, Baltimore, Md.

LEPIDUS, THE CENTURION—By Edwin Lester Arnold. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1 50.

VERBA CRUCIS—By T. Calvin McClelland. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 50 cents.

THE HAND OF GOD IN AMERICAN HISTORY—By Robert Ellis Thompson, S. T. D. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1.

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