

Mode of Port

Conducted by B. G. Lathrop.

HERE is a world of fun in W. W. Jacobs' latest book, "At Sunnich Port," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Those who have read "Many Cargoes" or some of Mr. Jacobs' humorous bits will understand the treat that they have before them. "At Sunnich Port" is a man's book, but still it is so good in its way that it cannot fail to please some members of the fair sex as well.

Mr. Jacobs now stands well near the top as one of the humorists of the day. He makes his point by suggestion rather than by direct statement. For example, witness the following paragraph telling of the sensations of young Jack Nugent when his sea-captain father, after observing his son's failure as a bank clerk, places the youth as apprentice on the bark Silver Stream:

"He liked it even less than the bank. The monotony of the sea was appalling to a youth of his tastes, and the fact that the skipper, a man who never spoke except to find fault, was almost loquacious with him failed to afford him any satisfaction. He liked the mates no better than the skipper, and, having said as much one day to the second officer, had no reason afterward to modify his opinion. He lived a life apart, and except for the cook, another martyr to fault-finding, had no society."

"At Sunnich Port" is a long series of sketches tied together with a slight thread of love story. The primary motif of the book is the feud between two seafaring men. Captain Nugent loses his ship to his second officer through an error of judgment. For this, when the captain, at the Court of Inquiry, is blamed and the first officer, Hardy, is made captain. Nugent gets another ship a little later, but he never forgives Captain Hardy for having supplanted him in his old position.

At the beginning of the story, Kate Nugent and Jack Nugent are mere children, but they take up the feud of the captain against the Hardy boy and there are some very lively times at Sunnich Port. The Hardy boy invariably comes out victorious, both as a strategist and as a fighter. He pitched the first round in making matters most active for the Nugent family—even including the captain and his faithful steward, Wilks, who left the ship with his master.

Finally young Hardy is sent by his father to London to study and Jack Nugent, after making a failure in his efforts to draw a salary without work in the local bank, is shipped away as an apprentice, but finally deserts ship and notes that more is heard of him until he shows up in Sunnich Port years after with plenty of experience but no money. In the meantime Kate has grown up to be a fine young woman and young Hardy returns to Sunnich Port to go into partnership with Mr. Adolphus Swann in the ship broking business, the youth immediately falls in love with the fair one, and a little girl, used to pull his hair, Hardy pats is still on the high seas as captain of the Conqueror, but Captain Nugent has abandoned his active life to settle down to one of domestic tranquility on a small inheritance—the dismay of his sister and his daughter. The two old causes are still as bitter as ever, and Miss Nugent also scorns the efforts of Jack Hardy toward changing the hatred of the past to a friendship for the future.

Young Nugent received such a frosty greeting from his parents upon his arrival in the town that he has made no further effort to re-establish himself in his old home, but has taken up his abode with Kybird, the seller of second-hand clothes for Sunnich Port, and goes to work as a common laborer on the quay. All of which in no way adds to the late captain's good humor.

Kybird knows of some property that Jack Nugent is to inherit, hence his interest in taking an interest in the young man's welfare. The family of Kybird finally agree that Jack would be a fine catch for the fair Amelia Kybird; in spite of the fact that she is already engaged to Mr. Edward Silk, clerk of the firm of Swann & Hardy. With this idea in mind they bide their time for an auspicious moment when Amelia may be able to look the unsuspecting Nugent. The opportunity comes one night when Jack, returning from a convivial evening with the Hardy boys, rushes headlong into trouble with a speed only possible to a young man so carefree as himself.

He turned the handle of the door and, walking in, discovered Miss Kybird entertaining company in the person of Mr. Edward Silk. "Don't mind me, young people. Go on just as you would if I were not here."

"Mr. Edward Silk crumpled something under his breath, Miss Kybird, turning to the intruder with a smile of welcome, remarked that she had just thought of going to sleep. "Going to sleep," repeated Mr. Silk, thunderstruck.

"Yes," said Miss Kybird, yawning. "Mr. Silk gazed at her, open-mouthed. "What, with the 'ere' in his inquiring tones, does not seem very lively company," said Miss Kybird, bending over her sewing. "I don't think you've spoken a word for the last quarter of an hour, and before that you were talking of death warnings. Made my flesh creep, you."

"Shame!" said Mr. Nugent. "You didn't say anything to me about your flesh creeping," muttered Mr. Silk. "You ought to have seen it creep," interposed Mr. Nugent, severely. "I'm not talking to you," said Mr. Silk, turning on him. "When I want the favor of remarks from you I'll let you know."

"Don't talk to me," said Miss Kybird, sharply, "because I won't have it. Why don't you try and be bright and cheerful like Mr. Nugent?"

Mr. Silk turned and regarded that gentleman steadily. Mr. Nugent meeting his gaze with a pleasant smile and a low-voiced offer to give him lessons at half a crown an hour.

"I wouldn't be like 'im for worlds," said Mr. Silk, with a scornful laugh. "I'd sooner be like anybody."

"That have you been saying to him?" inquired Nugent.

"Nothing," replied Miss Kybird; "he's often like that. He's got a nasty, miserable, jealous disposition. Not that I mind what he thinks. Mr. Silk breathed hard and looked from one to the other.

"I've got your own way. Let 'Mella marry 'im—I don't care—I give 'er up."

"I don't care," said Mr. Kybird, in a shocked voice.

Mr. Silk thrust him fiercely to one side, and passed raging through the shop. The shouting and falling in all directions testified to his blind haste, and the force with which he slammed the shop door was sufficient evidence of his state of mind.

"Well, upon my word," said the starting Mr. Kybird, "all in outrageous."

"Never mind 'im," said his wife, who was sitting in the easy chair distributing affectionate smiles between her daughter and the startled Mr. Nugent. "Make 'er happy, Jack; that's all I ask. She's been a good gal, and she'll make a good wife. I've got 'er now, it was between you for some time."

"So 'ave 'im," said Mr. Kybird, and, patting that perturbed man on the back, surveyed him with eyes glistening with approval.

"It's a bit rough on 'im, isn't it?" inquired Mr. Nugent, anxiously. "Isn't it?" "Dear you," said Mr. Kybird, affectionately. "He ain't worth it."

"Wasn't," said Mr. Nugent, truthfully. The situation had developed so rapidly that he had caught him at a disadvantage. He had a dim feeling that, having been the cause of Miss Kybird's losing one young man, the momentary notions of chivalry demanded that he should furnish her another.

His idea was clearly uppermost in the minds of her parents. He looked over at Amelia, and with characteristic philosophy accepted the position.

"We shall be the handsomest couple in Sunnich," he said.

"Bar none," said Mr. Kybird, emphatically. The stout lady in the chair gazed at the couple fondly. "It reminds me of our wedding," she said, softly. "What was it Tom Fletcher said, father? Can you remember?"

"Arry Smith, you mean," corrected Mr. Kybird.

"Tom Fletcher said something, I'm sure," persisted his wife.

"He did," said Mr. Kybird, grimly; "and I pretty near 'ere 'ad for it. Arry Smith is the one you're thinking of."

Mrs. Kybird, after a moment's reflection, admitted that he was right, and the chat of memory being touched, waxed discursive about her own wedding and the somewhat exciting details which had accompanied it. After which she produced a bottle labeled "Port wine" from the cupboard, and, filling four glasses, celebrated the occasion in a befitting but sober fashion.

"This," said Mr. Nugent, as he sat on his bed that night to take his boots off; "this is what comes of trying to make everybody happy and comfortable with a little fun. I wonder what the governor'll say?"

When Captain Nugent learns that his son is to marry into the odious Kybird family he is beside himself with wrath and in order to save the family honor from absolute perdition invents a wondrous plan. The Kybird family, who live in a modest way in a home of his own in Fullalove Alley at Sunnich Port, the schemers arrange with a sailor boarding-house keeper to find a berth for Jack on an outgoing whaler; the idea being that a trip to the Arctic for a year will probably take all thoughts of the fair Amelia out of young Nugent's head besides beating a little common sense through the same time.

Nathan Smith, the boarding-house keeper, is just the man to carry the affair off with flying colors except for one small point which Captain Nugent had overlooked; he is old Kybird's best friend and Amelia's godfather. His nature is such, however, that he by no means refuses to help the captain in his distress, but simply goes into the plan with the other little idea held up his own sleeve as a reserve fund. He proposes to get the captain's money for himself and do the Kybird family a good turn at the same time.

Deep Sea Plunderings.

Frank T. Bullen, author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot" and other successful sea stories, has just brought out another volume of salt water yarns, called "Deep Sea Plunderings." In this he emphasizes not only the freshness and vigor of the sea, but also its grandeur and gloom, its uncertainty and remorselessness.

Mr. Bullen is a past master of deep-water literature. He introduces the picturesque and dramatic side of a sailor's life as well as depicting the hardships of a foistle existence. "Deep Sea Plunderings" is a series of bewildering sea stories. The thrilling experiences that the unknown sailor faces as a mere incident of his daily life, and the hardships he encounters, are pictured with the vividness and insight that the author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot" always realizes so forcibly, and inevitably his brilliant pages. (Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price \$1.50.)

What Is Religion? And Other New Articles and Letters, by Lyof N. Tolstoy, has just been published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price 60 cents.

Tolstoy, always a world-force, is here seen again in one of his most characteristic attitudes—stern adherence to what he thinks is right, fearless denunciation of wrong, and able exposition of the ten-

ets of his own broad creed. Whether we agree with him in that creed is quite another situation; but the spirit of religious liberty should give every man a hearing, especially when that man is a Tolstoy.

It will be remembered that he was excommunicated from the Russian church a few months ago, which fact lends color and purpose to the present volume. The author's "does religion as 'the establishment of man of such a relation to the infinite life around him, as human knowledge.' Upon this basis of a religion founded upon 'reason he stands firmly, although such a position has often been found shifting sands." Reason was termed the source of error," he says again, "and the Gospel was interpreted not as common sense demands, but as those who control the church desired. Nevertheless, in view of his present be-

liefs, which question many of the fundamental truths of the Bible, one does not see how his church could avoid re-examining him the sacrament, for he follows Voltaire at more than one point, while yet adhering to the "true religion, that is, a true relation to the source of all-God."

Of scarcely less import, though a much shorter article is the succeeding paper "On Religious Tolerance." Here he sounds the note of the prophet—and the iconoclast. Then come a score of essays and letters, not one of which is without its interest. Nearly all of them are of theological trend. We cannot give the bent of his mind better than by quoting once more from the author, where he takes issue with Coleridge and says: "I began by loving my orthodox faith more than my peace; then I loved Christianity more than my church; and now I love the truth more than anything in the world. And until now the truth coincides for me with Christianity as I understand it; and I profess this Christianity, and in that measure in which I do profess it I peacefully and joyously live and peacefully and joyously am approaching death."

Julius Caesar. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, has just issued volume four, "Julius Caesar," in its excellent series of Shakespearean dramas, under the editorial supervision of Edward Dowden. The present volume is edited and annotated by Michael Macmillan—one of the prominent Shakespearean commentators. The remainder of the series will appear at closer intervals from now on—the next play will be "The Tempest." For every one of these plays care has been taken to select as the editor an authority who is by temperament particularly adapted to the play for which he is chosen. The introduction to "Julius Caesar" is most full and cannot fail to be of the greatest interest and value to all Shakespearean scholars. It considers every phase of this

ing the national administration as well as all local organizations—its historical method is logical, showing not only what our free institutions are but also why they are, and tracing their development; and its arrangement is topical, thus aiding the teacher in assigning lessons, and the scholar in studying and remembering them. It contains the constitution and its amendments in full, and a complete index renders possible ready reference to any topic. Price 30 cents.

Vegetarian Cook Book. "A Comprehensive Guide Book to Natural, Hygienic and Humane Diet," by Sidney H. Beard, is a vegetarian cook book, published at an opportune time. The advancing prices of meat, together with the natural desire for cooling and easily prepared foods during the summer time, will probably result in its widespread popularity. It is not so much an argument for that food system as a practical plan for its observance, devoting most of its space to recipes and suggestions. Simple directions for salads, luncheon dishes, desserts and other toothsome dishes make the book of value to every housekeeper, irrespective of her food creed.

But the subject itself of food reform is beginning to be seriously considered by thoughtful and enlightened persons in all parts of the world, and the extent of this interest is increasing day by day. The fact that the nature, quality and quantity of our daily food largely determine our physical, mental and spiritual condition is becoming generally recognized. Many persons would be glad to escape a flesh diet if provided with adequate substitutes. To supply these is the aim of this book, which gives the practical information in concise form, avoiding superfluous matter and "padding," and supplying only such recipes as are not only cheap but require little or no special diet for their interpretation. Many recipes have been suggested by

Edward H. Mitchell, the San Francisco publisher of the "Overland Monthly," has added a new and interesting set to his collection of colored post-cards. This set of ten includes some of the most striking views of California—Yosemite Falls, Natural Bridge at Santa Cruz, Capitola Hotel and beach, Sioux chief, Standing Bear, Yosemite Falls, Fallas, "The Quad," Leland Stanford Jr. University, Three Brothers, Yosemite Valley, Vernal Falls, Yosemite Valley, Fallas, Mariposa Grove, and the log cabin Mariposa Grove. The set sells for 50 cents.

The Overland Monthly has in preparation a Bret Harte memorial number for the first editor of the Overland, which, of course, adds interest to the forthcoming number. The magazine is a talented man who recently died in England and the idea is to present the best of his work in a special issue. This number is also to have some of the best stories by the contributors to the first issue of the magazine, together with their portraits. It is the intention to make the issue a memorial to the early literary workers of the coast. The magazine's manuscripts, signature, his first printed production, etc., will be given.

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, who now, in his last year, is living in Brooklyn, the scene of his many years of labor as a pastor of the Presbyterian Church of California, Baker & Taylor Co. two books of great interest and importance. The first of these is "Reminiscences of a Long Life." For a number of years Dr. Cuyler has been urged by his friends and admirers to publish an autobiography. This he has done, and it is a most interesting and valuable volume. It will amount to a summing up of the more important and interesting events of his life, and will contain sketches of his boyhood, his college life, his first trip to Europe, famous personages he met abroad and recalled, and a host of other interesting details of his life. It is a most valuable and interesting volume, and one that will be read with interest and profit by all who are acquainted with the great preachers of this half century will all contribute greatly to the value and interest of this volume.

His second book will be "Help and Good Cheer," a series of brief messages. Dr. Cuyler has ever been at his best in the role of a friend to the sorrowing and the troubled, and to this day possesses all the spiritual strength and optimism which have made his life so vigorous and helpful.

A literary friend once told Julia Marlowe that if she could write with the same spirit and descriptive power that characterized her conversation, she would make a book that would prove intensely readable. Whether Miss Marlowe took the compliment to her conversation or not, she at least treasured up the remark as to how one might make a spirited book, and putting it in practice she is preparing her forthcoming volume, "Six Girls from Shakespeare." It will be her first book, and naturally she is eager to begin it. She has been studying the subject, which relates to the historic, literary and artistic traditions which linger around the six Shakespearean heroines that she has played—namely, Juliet, Viola, Imogen, Beatrice, Rosalind and Maria—for a long time and has the material for it all ready to hand. It is in the shaping up of it that she is now engaged, and the book, far from being written, is being dictated. On three or four mornings a stenographer comes to her apartment and takes her dictation while she speaks from her notes. She writes the stenographer's notes, corrects them, and adds to them what she has in mind. When he leaves her from two to three thousand words in his note book, she brings him back the following morning in typewritten form, with a space of two inches between the lines. Miss Marlowe takes this typewritten copy of the previous day's dictation, corrects the material and adds, until the pages look as though they had been walked over by a brood of inky and nervous hens. The stenographer departs with the amended copy and spends more or less prayerful hours putting it into legible shape. The next day he brings it back, and by that time it is in something like the form that the actress intends it ultimately shall be. It is a most interesting and profitable work, and adding as done, with the result that the next day a third copy of her material is submitted to her. This one sometimes passes muster, though by no means certain that a fourth will not be demanded by subsequent changes. In this way she is able to put into definite shape about 5000 words a week, and she says she has to thank Miss Jeannette Baker & Taylor for the opportunity following out in the preparation of her book.

THE GATE OF THE KISS—By John W. Harding. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.

MARGARET BOWLEY—By Edgar L. Vinton. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.

MR. WHITMAN—By Elizabeth Puffer. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.

PRACTICAL FORESTRY—By John Gifford. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE GOSPEL OF JUDAS ISCAARIOT—By Herbert Spencer. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

MISS PETTICOATS—By Dwight Titton. C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.

THE TRIBE OF PHARISES—By Charles Johnson. E. H. Russell, New York.

JOHN McGOVERN'S POEMS—By John McGovern. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.

LINE-O-TYPE LYRICS—By Bert Laster. Taylor, William S. Lord, Evanston, Ill. 50c.

THE GOSPEL OF JUDAS ISCAARIOT—By Hilda Brenton. Henry A. Dickerman & Son, Boston.

MARTLET'S ANIMALS AT HOME—By Lillian L. Bartlett. American Book Company, New York.

THE GOVERNMENT; WHAT IT IS; WHAT IT DOES—By Walter Storer Clark. American Book Company, New York.

THE GOSPEL OF JUDAS ISCAARIOT—By Aaron Dwight Baldwin. Jamieson-Higgin Company, Chicago.

THE EARTH'S BEGINNING—By Robert Staveland. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

STEPHEN HOLTEN—By Charles Felton Pidgin. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

ere, louty and inspiring. It should be read by every earnest man who desires to live as to prove a blessing to his country.

History of United States Navy. It will be remembered what a storm arose over the appearance last year of volume III in the series of histories of the United States navy, written by Edgar S. Macey, A. M. At that time Mr. Macey was an employe in the Department of the Navy, and this fact, combined with his account of the battle at Santiago, color and purpose to the present volume. The author's "does religion as 'the establishment of man of such a relation to the infinite life around him, as human knowledge.' Upon this basis of a religion founded upon 'reason he stands firmly, although such a position has often been found shifting sands." Reason was termed the source of error," he says again, "and the Gospel was interpreted not as common sense demands, but as those who control the church desired. Nevertheless, in view of his present be-

of his own broad creed. Whether we agree with him in that creed is quite another situation; but the spirit of religious liberty should give every man a hearing, especially when that man is a Tolstoy.

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