Story of a Reporterette; and some others

"'STOP!' SHE CALLED HOTLY"

"'THAT'S MY MAJOR,' I TOLD THEM."

"'I THINK THEY WILL LIKE IT IF WE SNUGGLE.'"

THREE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE LATE PAUL LEICESTER FORD'S JUST PUBLISHED "HIS VERSION OF IT," IN WHICH THE AUTHOR PUTS THE WORDS OF A PRETTY LITTLE LOVE STORY IN THE MOUTH OF A HORSE WHO TALKS VERY ENTERTAININGLY.

A REPORTERETTE has not the dignity of being a dictionary word, but if the name is new to you it need not puzzle you for more than a minute before you guess that it is a playful cognomen applied to a little she reporter. It is used by one of that genus, Rhoda Massey, the leading character in the new book called "The Yellow Journalist," written by Miriam Michelson, an ex-newspaper woman, now an excellent novelist, as witness the successful "In the Bishop's Carriage," and the clever, inimitable "The Madigans." The particular reporterette who is the quite yellow journalist of the new story is, to carry the word coinage a bit further and with analogous interpretation, a most audacious devilette. The definition of this last might be given in the words of the Irish chambermaid in one of the private houses into which the reporterette half burglarized and wholly lied her way in an unscrupulous hunt for scoops, to wit, "Ye decaytful little divvle."

A graphic epitome of the book may be found in its one picture, the frontispiece, showing a girl surreptitiously crouching on a high cornice just beneath a half open window, intent on spying and eavesdropping. That girl is the "yellow journalist." Let us glance upon it in a French mood and shrug our shoulders. Voila tout!

As for the meaning of the adjective "yellow" as applied to journalism, perhaps that should give us pause for half a paragraph. It may signify different things to different minds. It may imply enterprise, brains backed by boldly and munificently expended money and the exploitation of the news by methods startling to slow conservatism; and again it may mean sensationalism running away with itself into absurdity, scandal mongering, unscrupulously grasping for scoops, and bad taste, which, seeking for verve, verges too close upon the forbidden to delicacy and decency. Perhaps the fairest thing to say is that there are many shades of yellow—all the way from brass and fever plague to the true gold of journalistic talent. Dana of the New York Sun invented the appellation yellow journalism and applied it, during the reign of "the yellow kid," to the New York World and the Journal, and meant it for an epithet implying contemptuous condemnation. It would have been interesting if Miriam Michelson, who is an experienced newspaper woman, and an exceeding clever writer, had given us at the beginning of her book a concise definition of what she means by "yellow" when she entitles her story "The Yellow Journalist." Even after one has read the book clear through and tried to grasp the ensemble of the thing it is confusing to try to guess just what, in her secret soul, the author thinks of the merits or decency of the character she has portrayed under the name of a yellow journalist. Certainly she allows the heroine of many scoops to be quite proud of herself in spite of some few qualms of conscience, which the girl always conveniently buries when they threaten to bar her way to getting a scoop by lie, trick, pretense, or even theft.

The book is absorbingly interesting enough to obtain a wide reading; but if the public read it with the idea they are getting behind the scenes and learning the true inwardness of modern journalism they will be apt to angrily and emphatically think: "Well, condemn the little devilette of a reporterette and the whole newspaper business that teaches her such tricks, or even indirectly countenances and profits by such scheming when it is done unordered." Considered as a picture of newspaperdom, it is calculated to bring the profession of news gathering into contempt. If Miriam Michelson means to characterize, not enterprising journalism generally, but only one off-color phase of it, then we must let it go at that; and the book must mean, whether she intended it so or not, that she has riveted the Dana definition to the term yellow journalism, made it a very ugly color and justified the public in using it as a condemning epithet. A somewhat puzzling thing about the book is the query as to the author's own attitude toward yellow journalism. To some it will seem that between the lines the author is only half-heartedly condemning yellow methods. Rhoda Massey is the reporterette who tells the story in the first person, and she is created such a fascinating devilette her most brazenly lying yellowness is doffed aside as mere peccadillo.

In the newspaper office for which Rhoda Massey worked the whole outfit was tainted with corruption. Proprietor, managing editor, news editor, city editor, principal reporters, were all admirably fitted to confuse Rhoda's ambitious and daring head as to the difference between a talent for getting desirable information and a disreputably unscrupulous hunt for scoops. She seems to get her ideas of professional honor from men whose work she wishes to first imitate and then excel, and the standard of these models is not high. She is keenly aware that in a world of stern business competition it is results that are wanted from a worker, and not efforts and methods; but she strains the principle until it breaks into unprincipled grasping at results. Hurriedly put, it would be the thought of the editor: "Hustle out, strenuous devilette, and get the scoop; I don't care a condemn how you get it, but get it!"

Then out goes Rhoda, ambitious not to fall down on her detail, and prepared, for the sake of winning fame and credit of one big scoop, to brazenly burglarize or trick her way into private homes; to lie so yellowy that soon the public would learn to distrust her every statement; to steal a letter so unscrupulously that no household would want to trust her two minutes alone in a hallway or reception-room, and to develop a general untrustableness that would make the name of a reporter a synonym for trickster.

A sentence the story puts into the mouth of Rhoda's managing editor, while discussing her tricky methods of securing news, says: "A newspaper is a business property, not a school of ethics." This is probably true in a way, but not true in the sense of the impression the book would give the reader. If any aspiring reporter in a first-class office undertook to achieve extraordinary success in the way Rhoda captured hers, he or she would suddenly awake to a realization that a newspaper is indeed a school of ethics. To steal a letter, to succeed by keyhole espionage, to practice transom intrusion, to surrept a photograph, would be to severely learn that the office considered such tricks insufferably bad ethics, and that a responsible newspaper could better afford to do without a scoop than to get it that way.

Once the reader wisely decides not to consider the work seriously as a study of enterprising modern journalism, the book may be hugged for literary delight in it as a cleverly written and absorbingly interesting story, or, rather, series of stories, for Miss Michelson is much of a Scheherazade in this linking of consecutively exciting stories of the adventures of the intense reporterette in her almost madly determined hunt for scoops. There is the local charm to it of having been written by a San Francisco girl who was a fellow toiler among us and has achieved a success that does credit to the city; and it has the attractiveness of local flavor in that the scenes are laid in San Francisco, and the many stories are all suggestive of being vividly imaginative buildings upon the true stories of our city's romances, crimes and scandals. There is a house of mystery; an old black mammy who holds well-kept secrets and much power; a pencil will; a Chinatown story of police corruption, and others. Through all this, Rhoda moves as the prime revealer of all the big secrets. She is a strangely non-moral creature, this reporterette; almost like some sort of a second cousin to the non-moral Nance Olden of "In the Bishop's Carriage." If Rhoda ever read the Bible at all she would probably take from it as her motto: "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing; but the honour of kings is to search out a matter." And then set herself to be a queen overtopping all the kings of scoops, and to make hers the honor of unveiling all the deeply hidden secrets.

The enjoyment of news and the intense desire to hunt for it is well described in the book, and some extracts will suggest something of the nature of the reporterette:

"And, oh, I love a secret! There's only one thing more fascinating than to know what nobody else knows; and that is to give it away in a glorious, self-conscious, jubilating scoop."

"A mad, selfish, unthinking thing like me, as heedless as an animal whose instinct to hunt down has been aroused."

"Trust me? Not a bit of it. I'd bamboozled my way to the thing I wanted so often, and he knew it so well, that he saw only a move in the old game."

"To him that hath shall be given, is mighty true of news, and a wise reporter will remember it."

"Woe, woe, to the Rhoda Massey who stops to think! She'll get all tangled up in other people's whims and prejudices. She'll be troubled by pity and hampered by taste and worried by doubt. The very ground of her insouciance and assurance will give way beneath her feet. She'll find her conscience—and her story'll go a-glimmering."

(D. Appleton & Co., New York; $1 50.)

PRETTY LOVE TALE TOLD BY A HORSE

Likers of the literary work of Paul Leicester Ford may have thought when his brother murdered him a few years ago that we should enjoy no more products of his pen, but a very pretty little story of his has just been published, and we may pick up the pleasing posthumous thing and imagine, just for a happy passing fancy's sake, that the spirit of the author of "Janice Meredith" is still writing delightful stories for us. It is a love story, entitled "His Version of It," and the "he" referred to in the title is a horse. A love story told by a horse is something of a novelty, and we might shy or balk at it but for the fact that we know it is going to be a good go when we see Paul Leicester Ford's name upon the white rose and white dove decorated back of it. It is the story of the love affair of a very charming girl who was a fine horsewoman, and it was because of her affectionate companionship with horses that this one, old "Reveille," happened to know enough about the affair to be able to have "his version of it," and by means of his horse-sense to know more of the real truth of the romance than did even the humans who participated in it as principals.

We hear much of match-making mammas, but of a courtship between two humans, planned, initiated, developed and finally brought to consummation by the skilled diplomacy of three match-making saddle horses most of us might say, with the old Scotchman of the song, "Saw I never nane."

Do not doubt that the thing could happen. It is a drama of the horse world so enlighteningly told to us that it might well cause those authors who make a specialty of animal stories wonder at the race a rank outsider was giving them at excellence in their own trade. Read it; you'll find it one of the most exquisite stories of equitation you ever delighted in.

The tale was told in a stable to a group of horses as they ate their apples and oats, and it began by the bay mare making the remark anent their mistress, Felicia, "She's a darling," whereat the off carriage horse dropped part of his apple in order to chime in, "That's just what she is." Old Reveille, now with twenty-eight years of experience, remarked reflectively, "She's a thoroughbred, but she's not the beauty her mother was at the same age." Then he talked on fragmentarily, and hintingly about what he could tell of Felicia's family history if he just would, until he got the curiosity of the mares and fillies in the stable as excited as if equine love of a bit of romantic gossip were as keen as the human feminine.

"Do the family know all your secret, Reveille?" asked the bay mare, Lassie, ingratiatingly.

"They think they do," replied the veteran. "They don't, though," he added; and then, heaving a sigh, he continued: "But the roan filly did, and Mr. Lewis' big gray."

"Lay you a peck of oats to a quart that the girls get that secret out of him," whispered the major's saddle horse, who was a Kentuckian of thoroughbred stock. And they eventually did. Listen to just this one of the remarks by which the bay mare, Lassie, allured the old horse into reminiscent volubility: "How rarely is the story-telling faculty united with the philosophic mind; and those two qualities combined with a finished but graphic style!" That polite compliment brought out the story, and old Reveille, the one-time war charger, told how he and Mr. Lewis' big gray carried out the match-making scheme with the superlatively clever assistance of the "roan filly." Old Reveille still has a tender place in his memory for the roan filly, Miss Gaiety. "She was a dear," he added with a sigh, and paused a moment.

Now the roan filly was the saddle horse that Felicia rode, and a gay girl was the frolicsome roan; and the way she entered into the sport of revealing the meanness of Mr. Lewis to Felicia and thereby changing the currents of her affection from that nearly successful wooer to the brave but gentle-hearted major, whom the horses loved as much as they hated the ill-tempered Mr. Lewis, is enough to make men and women, as well as horses, love that darling filly. The three horses put their heads together and wished they could do it. The girl was so foolishly about to give herself away to the inferior man, when the better was almost gone mad with baffled love for her—the equines mourned they could not talk human and so could not tell Felicia of her blindness to the true qualities of the rival men. Then old Reveille conceived a bright idea; they could not talk it, but they could act it. The roan filly caught on to the idea instantly and thereat kicked up her heels gleefully, and the major's charger admiringly says that "Miss Gaiety" did this high kicking gracefully.

So these actor and actress saddle horses arrange their parts and play them to perfection. They show their fear and hate of Lewis, and then sharply contrast that with their love of the major. Then they arrange—all seemingly unbeknowing—to gallop exceeding close together when Felicia and the major are being borne by them. When the horses want to hurry up the lovemaking Reveille, who is bearing the major, suggests to the roan filly, who has Felicia in the saddle: "Miss Gaiety, I think they will like it if we snuggle."

"Well, just for this once I will," replied the filly shyly.

The clever pictures with which the book is illustrated are almost half the tale. It is like a story told by pictures. Henry Hutt did the picture part. Ford tells it in a very horsey way, and there's some clever small by-play expressions, as, the filly says she "doesn't care a snafile bit"; and when Lewis wants to mount Reveille, the actor animal, getting ready to buck rebelliously, says to himself: "Whoop! Ride me? Neigh, neigh!" When Paul lit on that conceit he must have been thinking of Pauline.

(Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 50.)

AUTHOR OF BRIDE'S DIARY IS UNKOWN

Brides are perhaps the most interesting of all God's creatures—not forgetting the angels in this superlative, for even they are believed to look down from "the ramparts of God's house" in beautiful angelic jealousy upon the brides of the earth as they build their nests, either proudly palatial or humble cottage, to prepare for the birth of a new heir to the life everlasting, which is to be had ever and ever more abundantly—the one earthly joy they envy, for it is the only one not allowed in the happy homes of heaven. Such consideration makes one pick up interestedly the new anonymous little book bound in baby blue, decorated with a bunch of white carnations tied with a bow of white ribbon, and entitled "The Diary of a Bride." Gee! The diary of almost any woman, were she but frank enough to set things down Marie Bashkirtseffy, and had she bright, beautiful opinions and surgy secret emotions, would be interesting enough to make you do page cutting with avidity, but the diary of a bride, bless your life, is cream to curiosity—that's like the "little bit off the top" that we all want.

Sadly we must submit to the limitations she puts to our joy because of the incompleteness of her confidences. You naturally know she has to have reticences and reservations, and, of course, cannot tell us everything about it all, and all about everything. Sheltered shyly behind the veil of her anonymity, though, she can be far more intimately communicative with us than if her name were mentioned, and so we pardon the balk to curiosity that anonymity gives because it makes elisions less from the diary than otherwise shyness might have impelled. Anonymous though it be, we notice far along in the book that one of the bride's cousins calls the author "Avis." So she is evidently some sort of a bird and I elect to consider her a skylark, for she is certainly a heart-soaring kind of a creature, and the way she bounteously pours out her gratitude to high heaven for her bliss and wants all the world to know that she is exultingly singing out the message of the immensity of possible human happiness reminds me of Shelley's prayer to the lark: "Teach me half the gladness that thy soul must know—such harmonious madness from my lips would flow—that all the world would listen then—as I am listening now."

It is not improbable that the bride had learned that off by heart and got it into her heart, for her book shows a fondness for the poesy of Shelley. The frequent choice quotations show that she has been reading the best things, and they add much to the little volume's interest. Of course, it is easy to get whole books of quotations, but it isn't so much quotations in the abstract as quotations applied that do you good. Here's one from Shelley—interesting always, but doubly so when we find it writ down in the diary of a bride:

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?
* * * * * *
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

The diary begins about the first of September, just at the time the girl begins to be a bride; and after we have dipped deeply enough into the narrative to see that the honeymoon is going smooth and sweet and the nest-building accomplished artistically, we naturally get to calculating moons on our fingers and become restless to jump away forward in the diary to along about some date of late spring or early summer, and see if anything remarkably happy happens about that time. * * * And sure enough it did. I skipped away over to about the middle of May, and, gee! Look what I found: "I have wandered far from my bed of violets by the lake, but while I never really heard the fairies talk in those sweet days, I think I felt their influence, and I feel it yet. Indeed, it has staid with me through all these years, and has helped me more through times of trial and discouragement than all the things I ever learned in school. The sunbeams, the scented air, the pure fancies of a child's heart are closely akin to 'angels,' 'fairies' and all spiritual truth. And for this little one whom we expect to come and dwell with us, I pray the same gentle companionship of violets and 'fairy elves,' with the woods, sky and water to teach that, which can never be learned from books or school."

And now, just one more quotation from this diary of what seems such a sweet young bride. It will add to the charm of it to tell the reader that it was a girl baby: "I lay my finger on the velvet palm, the wee fingers close over mine, and a thrill of joy runs through me while my mind is lost in wonder at the miracle of a baby's hand! Water turned into wine, Peter walking on the waves seem but commonplace compared to this!"

This bride once lived in San Francisco, she has traveled in Italy, and she has some one very near and dear to her whom she calls Alice. Can anybody guess from these three clews, and from the love of Shelley's verse? As for that last item I quoted from the diary, surely it will sound pretty to the mind's ear of every one who is not "insensate to the touch of tiny fingers."

(Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. New York. $1 00.)

PRACTICAL IDEAS FOR SMALL BOYS

"The Boy Craftsman," by A. Neely Hall, designed to give "practical and profitable ideas for a boy's leisure hours," and illustrated with more than four hundred pictures to aid in explanations of how to make things, is an unusually thorough book of instruction to boys who wish to begin learning the wise art of so combining play with work as to make their occupations both interesting and useful. It is quite a large book, nearly four hundred pages, and has an index and a glossary giving definitions of the terms and phrases used in describing the different pastimes. The first part of the volume is taken up with telling of a boy's workshop, and describing the proper handling of tools. That is a wise selection, for almost every boy will sometimes find it very useful to himself or his parents to be able to do neatly some jobs of carpenter work.

Other things told about are: how to fix a boy's room; doll-houses and stables; a boy's printing shop; amateur journalism; photography; and cigar-box furniture. Then there's a part devoted to outdoor pastimes, such as how to build a log-cabin, canvas canoes, traps, targets, bows and arrows, outdoor gymnasium, circus, etc. For bad weather, there is a part describing how to arrange interesting indoor pastimes. It is just such a book as would probably suggest to boys what sort of work they are going to be best fitted for when they grow up. The kind of things they like best to do in this play at work and the things they find they make the best success at, are likely to give them a bent toward their most natural future vocation.

(Lee & Shepard, Boston. $2.)

LITERARY NOTES.

Though you forget me, I would fain,
My dear, at least be worth forgetting!
If this be so, I'll not complain
Though you forget me. I would fain
Die ere my love rouse your disdain.
Or my remembrance your regretting.
Though you forget me, I would fain,
My dear, at least be worth forgetting!
—Countess of Winchelsea, in November Smart Set.

* * *

The true name of the author of the audacious novel, "The Storm of London," in which the doings of the populace of London, after being deprived of all clothing, are depicted, is Mme. F. Blaze de Bury. Mme. de Bury is at present in France engaged on another novel. John Long, the English publisher of "The Storm of London," has sold over one hundred thousand copies.

* * *

Frederick Trevor Hill, the author of "The Accomplice," "The Case and Exceptions," and other books, has just completed work on a series of articles to be called "Lincoln, the Lawyer," which the Century will print, beginning in December. Notwithstanding the fact that Lincoln's practice as a lawyer extended over twenty-four years, his achievement as a statesman so transcended his legal accomplishment that his chief biographers have necessarily given but brief space to his experience as a lawyer.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Rohlfs (Anna Katharine Green), whose most famous novel, "The Leavenworth Case," has just been brought out in a handsome illustrated edition by the Putnams, began her literary work as a poet, and it is in her poetry that she finds her main artistic satisfaction.

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It is reported that in future Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston is to make her home at Ardmore, a quaint village on the coast of Ireland, some ten miles from the town of Youghal, and not far from Cork, Mrs. Thurston's native town. Ardmore was the summer residence of her father, the late Alderman Paul Madden of Cork. There are interesting literary associations connected with the Ardmore neighborhood, for it was in the little church still standing at Youghal that Edmund Spencer was married, and in an old house near by the poet read the first books of his great work, "The Faerie Queene," to Sir Walter Raleigh, then residing at Youghal, before the two journeyed together to the English court in 1589 to get it published.

* * *

Lawrence Gilman, the author of "Phases of Modern Music," recently issued by the Harpers, believes that there is a rich and comparatively unworked field for the writer of fiction who understands enough of music and the ways of musicians to use them as literary motives. With the sentimental "musical novel" the reading world has long been familiar; but the writer, he believes, who shall picture, from a realistic standpoint, the highly emotional music of the modern world in its various relations to human conduct and psychology, will find a considerable reward. Mr. Gilman is now at work upon a novel, with the vivid musical life of the metropolis as its background, and a short story by him, dealing more or less directly with music and musicians, will appear in the October number of Harper's Bazar.

* * *

In his new book, entitled "In and Out of the Old Missions of California," George Wharton James has sought to show several things never before presented, among them the direct origin of the mission architecture; the analysis of the details of the mission style of architecture; the influence of the mission style upon modern American architecture; the condition of the Indians prior to, during and immediately after the mission epoch, with a brief account of their present state; a careful survey of the interior decorations of the missions; a pictorial account of the furniture, pulpits, doors and other woodwork of the missions; a pictorial account of the crosses, candlesticks and other silver and brass work of the missions; the story of Ramona as related to the mission, and a pictorial account of the various figures of the saints at the missions. The one hundred or more illustrations have been reproduced from photographs which were practically made expressly for the book. Mr. James is the well-known author of "In and Around the Grand Canyon."

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN STEAM NAVIGATION—By John H. Morrison, 1903. W. F. Sametz & Co., New York.

HEARTS' HAVEN—By Katherine Evans Blake. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

THE HAPPY LIFE—By Charles W. Eliot, President Harvard University. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; 75 cents.

THE LIFE THAT COUNTS—By Samuel V. Cole. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; 75 cents.

MARY 'N' MARY—By Edith Francis Foster. Dana Estes & Co., Boston; $1 25.

THE RUNAWAY DONKEY; And Other Rhymes for Children—By Emilie Poulsson. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; $1 50.

CORDELIA'S PATHWAY OUT—By Edna A. Foster. Lee & Shepard, Boston; $1 00.

BEN PEPPER—By Margaret Sidney. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; $1 50.

AN ALPHABET HISTORY—By Wilbur D. Nesbit; Pictures by Ellsworth Young. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco; 75 cents.

ONE HUNDRED AND ONE ENTREES—By May E. Southworth. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco; $1.

LOVE—Compiled by Paul Elder. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

TEDDY SUNBEAM—By Charlotte Grace Sperry. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

HOWDY, HONEY, HOWDY—By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; $1 50.

THE ONLY TRUE MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES—Introduction by Rev. Edward Everett Hale. Lee & Shepard, Boston; 60 cents. For sale by Whitaker-Ray Company, San Francisco.

HELEN GRANT AT ALDRED HOUSE—By Amanda M. Douglas. Lee & Shepard, Boston; $1 25.

DOLLY'S DOUBLE—By Ethel Wood. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; $1.

THE SCARLET PATCH—By Mary E. Q. Brush. Lee & Shepard, Boston; $1 25.

THE BOY CRAFTSMAN—By A. Neely Hall. Lee & Shepard, Boston; $2 00.

SWEETHEARTS AND BEAUX—By Minna Thomas Antrim. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia.

MR. PENWIPER'S FAIRY GODMOTHER—By Amy Woods. Dana Estes & Co., Boston; 50 cents.

BANJO TALKS—By Anne Virginia Culbertson. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

RACE OF THE SWIFT—By Edwin Carlile Litsey. Little, Brown & Co., Boston; $1 25.

THE BALLINGTONS—By Frances Squire. Little, Brown & Co., Boston; $1 50.

THE IRRATIONAL KNOT—By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's, New York; $1 50.

LOVE OF THE GREAT COMPOSERS—By Gustav Kobbe. Thomas Crowell & Co., New York.

THE SPECULATIONS OF JOHN STEELE—By Robert Barr. Robert A. Stokes Company, New York! $1 50.

THE REIGN OF GILT—By David Graham Phillips. James Pott & Co., New York; $1.

THE ESSENTIALS OF SPIRITUALITY—By Felix Adler. James Pott & Co., New York; $1.

ASPECTS OF BALZAC—By W. H. Helm. James Pott & Co., New York; $1.

STORK'S NEST—By J. Breckenridge Ellis. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; $1 50.

STORY OF THE CHRIST CHILD—By Margaret E. Sangster. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; $2.

THE JOYS OF FRIENDSHIP—Edited by Mary Allette Ayer. Lee & Shepard, Boston; $1.

ROMAN WATER LAW—By Eugene F. Ware (of the Topeka bar). West Publishing Company, St. Paul, Minn.

DEERFOOT IN THE FOREST—By Edward S. Ellis. John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia; $1.

THE FORT IN THE WILDERNESS—By Edward Stratemeyer. Lee & Shepard, Boston; $1 25.

DAVE PORTER AT OAK HALL—By Edward Stratemeyer. Lee & Shepard, Boston; $1 25.

THE BOY PATHFINDER—By William C. Sprague. Lee & Shepard, Boston; $1 25.

TOLD IN THE GARDENS OF ARABY—By Izora Chandler and Mary W. Montgomery. Eaton & Mains, New York; 75 cents.

BACK TO BETHLEHEM — Modern Problems in the Light of the Old Faith—By John H. Willey. Eaton & Mains, New York; $1.

BURDEN BEARING, and Other Sermons—By John Rhey Thompson. Eaton & Mains, New York; 75 cents.