

Book Page of The Sunday Call

CONDUCTED BY Mrs. M. C. Carroll

BOOKS REVIEWED

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- "Women and Other Women," by *Hildegard Hawthorne.*
- "A Princess and Another," by *Stephen Jenkins.*
- "The Semi-Insane and the Semi-Responsible," by *Joseph Grasset. Translated by Smith Ely Jelliffe, M. D., Ph. D.*
- "Anarchism," by *Dr. Paul Eltzbacher. Translated by Steven T. Byington.*
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- "Little Dinners With the Sphinx," by *Richard le Gallienne.*

"The Loom of the Desert"

By *Idah Meacham Strobidge*, author of "In Miners' Mirage Land." Published by the Artemisia Bldg., Los Angeles. Price \$1.75.

The admirers of *Idah Meacham Strobidge* have read with delight the occasional short stories appearing in newspaper or magazine from her pen, but the public at large knows little of her work. This book deserves rank with the output of the best story writers of the day as it is a most interesting study in book form, which she has gathered together under the title of "The Loom of the Desert." The short foreword explains that title and its itself worth quoting:

"There, in that land set apart for silence and space, and the great winds, Fate—a grim, still figure—sat at her loom weaving the destinies of desert men and women. The shuttles shot to and fro without ceasing and into the strange web were woven the threads of light and joy and love; but more often were they those of sorrow or death or sin. From the gray waste the weaver had drawn the color and design; and so the fabric's warp and woof were of the desert's tone. Keeping this always well in mind will help you the better to understand those people of the plains whose lives must needs be often somber hued."

The first story, one of the shortest, is called "Mesquite." Mesquite is a cowboy, a youngster of 20 years. At the ranch house a young woman from Boston is visiting the proprietor's family, and to the lonesome young cowboy she seems a beautiful angel from another sphere. He is her subject slave. She being some eight years older, accepts his devotion, but has no thought that there may be heartbreak in it for the boy. She is engaged to be married and her lover from Boston is to come any day and take her away. The last day before his arrival she is out riding with Mesquite and they are overtaken by a fearful sand storm. Her horse, becoming terrified, bolts with her and she is separated from Mesquite. The description of the storm is most dramatic. One feels the hot wind of the desert and the sting of the sand in every line, and also can quite sympathize with Audrey when she throws herself into Mesquite's arms when he comes to her rescue. The nervous terror she is in is so graphically described one can almost see it. So far, while very well written, there is nothing very unusual about that situation, but the untangling of the snarl in these two young lives is unexpected and tragic in the extreme.

"The Revolt of Martha Scott," the next story, is totally different. Every line threatens tragedy, and even the climax, remarkable as it is, does not entirely remove the feeling of tragedy imminent. The third story, "An Old Squaw," is a picture of the heartlessness of the Indians to the women when they grow old and useless.

In the fourth story, "Greater Love Hath No Man," is given a little sketch of a man's self-sacrifice not often found in everyday life. The characters are all well drawn, particularly the vampirish woman in love with the young miner's money. "In Nanna's Palm," the next story, is a pretty little bit of sentiment with more of sadness than joy in it, but very human, very real.

One need not be told that "The Vengeance of Lucas" is a tragedy. With these simple, elemental people life seldom flows in an even current. The heights of joy or depth of tragedy are reached, and this is a dreadful tale. The next tale is purely psychological and does not hold the interest as the others do. It is not so convincing, but is very well written, and to people interested in stories of dual personalities will be found a new light on this old subject.

The story of a prospector who had proved himself so honorable that the

Indians trusted him and believed his word is the next, entitled "By the Oil Seep Under the Bluff," and one is scarcely prepared for the tragic ending. "The Blue Eyed Chief" follows this and is a most interesting study of a man who was carried away in infancy and held captive by the Indians until when he was grown he was more Indian than white and, even though a sister discovers him and tries to lure him back to civilization, he cannot find enough to attract him in the new life to warrant his giving up his Indian wife and children.

"According to One's Standpoint" is the next tale, told to prove that the individual histories of Indians—even Plutes, even the degenerate tribes—are not without human interest. In fact, this tale, a true one, has both comedy and tragedy in it, but as in the lives of most wild animals and savages tragedy predominates. The following tale, "Where the Burros Browsed," is a tale of the desert like the rest, but the element of civilization enters into it more than into the others. An erring couple find that they must live far from the haunts of men. The man has eloped with the wife of his guardian and benefactor and they are living in a tent on the Nevada desert, making a precarious living by shooting wild horses for their hides. When disillusionment comes it is a difficult moment, for both, and when a rare newspaper falls into their hands and they learn that their story is common talk, the climax is pitiful indeed.

The last story must needs be pleasant after all this sadness and tragedy, and it is. "At the Will of the Waters" is its title and it is the tale of two young men racing for fame and fortune, with a girl, of course, as the prize. One tries by foul means to injure his rival and the other by fair means, honor, trusting nature and most of the good qualities in the calendar goes steadily on to success. The title is explained in the climax of the tale, which is half expected, but just as pleasing. It is almost a Christmas story, too, the time being holiday week and the love affair culminating on Christmas eve.

These stories are all intensely interesting—the style is dramatic and convincing. One cannot avoid comparing this work with the work of Mrs. Mary Austin, who gave us such vivid pictures of the desert in the "Land of Little Rain," but somehow these tales touch deeper in the heart that Mrs. Austin failed to reach. There is something so human about them that one perforce believes.

"Women and Other Women"

By *Hildegard Hawthorne*, author of "A Summer Lullaby." Published by Duffield & Co., New York. Price \$1.20.

A tiny, modest volume of essays by *Hildegard Hawthorne* deserves much praise. Miss Hawthorne is almost forced into a literary career by her family, her father being *Julian Hawthorne* and her grandfather *Nathaniel Hawthorne*. Also that same ancestry is a handicap, for anything this gifted young woman may do will be more severely criticized because of the high standards already set by her family. With so much of excuse and apology it is gratifying to be able to write that she can afford to stand upon her own feet—she does not need the glory of her name to make people read her little essays. Each one of these, collected under the title of "Women and Other Women," is a gem, and the work will bear the closest critical scrutiny.

Some of these essays are in the form of reviews of books which have appeared during the last year or so, and in this line particularly is *Mrs. Hawthorne* a pronounced success. One other woman in America perhaps is in the same rank—*Agnes Repplier*—who is so well known as to need no praise. The field of book reviewing has been covered so well by men and so indifferently by women that these two critics deserve especial notice.

Among the books reviewed by *Miss Hawthorne* are Professor *Donaldson's* book on "Woman in All Ages"; "Sex and Society," by Professor *William I. Thomas* of Chicago, a book which created endless discussion; "The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu"; "England and the English," by *Ford Maddox Hueffer*; "Mother," by *Maxim Gorky*; "Ancestors," by *Gertrude Atherton*; "The Fruit of the Tree," by *Edith Wharton*; *Mrs. Burnett's* "The Shuttle," and several others. Those last four are most interestingly grouped in one essay called "The Burning Bush."

In this *Miss Hawthorne* pits these three women writers against each other, and with an unerring pen points out the faults of each. She is no niggard if praise is deserved, as is proved by the glowing words she gives to *Gorky* and his great work. *Gorky's* book is no longer new and most people have read it so that a bit from *Miss Hawthorne's* criticism of his work will be read with interest:

"It is the story of a peasant woman, a handful of rough Russian workmen, the dreary background of a factory town, the hopeless struggle of a little band of seeming visionaries, against overpowering odds. Yet by some singular magic we are given in this simple story the soul of humanity with all its elements of beauty and ugliness, and the ugliness is so illumined by the immense comprehension of genius that before even the most brutal acts we are filled with a terrible pity, a new understanding of the secrets of life. . . . In the acts and words of these few poor persons we realize the tragedy and triumph of man. And though the story is one of suffering, of pitiful outrages and death, yet somehow and despite the cry for help that rings in the heart it is a joyful, a glorious story."

In speaking of *Arthur C. Benson's* says: "His books do not impress one with any dominant beauty or soul piercing passion, but they get themselves loved. You read them with an ever-increasing admiration. They do not, it may be, tell you anything you do not already know, but they remind you of many things which you are glad of knowing and which you need to remember."

Miss Hawthorne's grasp of *Benson's* is a real insight. I cannot remember having read any other analysis that so exactly pictures him as do those few short sentences. Among the essays that dwell particularly on women is one about *Mme. Alla Nazimova*, the famous Russian artist who has done such wonders interpreting *Ibsen*. It is a critical study of the woman and most sane and interesting.

That there is no affectation about *Miss Hawthorne's* attitude toward women is evidenced in the following quotation from an essay entitled "The Arrival of Woman": "One of woman's first discoveries as

her own book was that she was a human being; neither fiend nor angel, chattel nor toy, but a human being. This discovery was so simple and so true that it is even now very largely doubted. We can, many of us, put up with a good deal, but to ask us to believe that a woman has about the same struggle with the world, with her passions and ideals as man is too much."

The straightforward American way of putting her facts has a charm all its own in *Miss Hawthorne's* essays. It is difficult to know where to stop in quoting odd sentences from the 23 little essays in this volume. All are so interesting one can scarcely lay aside the book after beginning it. But a few lines from "The Sense of Duty" and we will close the book:

"This sense of duty is not without value. It is a negative, resisting force against which we may fashion what is really fine. But we must keep it in its place. It now moves, sick with pride, among the loveliest attributes we possess, certain that of them all it is the most to be desired and the finest to attain. It is 9 and the beds are not made," it observes sternly. Terrible sentence. (We are idling over a charming if unnecessary fire, a wood fire that will burn for this half hour after breakfast before we begin the varied occupations of the day. There are curious little blue and green flames jumping up and down on the crumbling log we want to look at carefully, and then there is a delightful glow of warmth spreading up our legs, getting perhaps a trifle too intense, though we cannot be quite sure of that—we need a bit more time to decide. And duty comes in with that remark and the clock to bear her out.")

"A Princess and Another"

By *Stephen Jenkins*, published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. Price \$1.25.

In "A Princess and Another," by *Stephen Jenkins*, the fiction loving public finds that a novel of colonial times can be actually interesting. It almost seems as if this particular field had been exploited to the limit, but the reader of "A Princess and Another" will find himself turning page after page until the final working out of the plot is unfolded. Around an interesting love story *Mr. Jenkins* has woven the customs and characters, life and manners of the people of that period in such a manner as to make it instructive to the student of history, at the same time preserving an unflagging interest in the unfolding and development of a plot containing all the elements of a thrilling story. The author is a keen student of early colonial days and has devoted considerable time to the part taken by the French in the revolutionary war. While making a research recently in a private library in a small French town he discovered the details of the plot out of which he has made such a charming story. *Pierre Chastler*, the hero, had been brought from France by his sup-

posed mother, who became a bond servant in the family of the wealthy *De Lanceys*, and the mystery concerning his life is well preserved, the reader having no inkling as to his birth or station until the end of the story is nearly reached. Many of the main characters are loyalists, and it is from this standpoint that the book is written. *Pierre* himself held a commission in the king's army. Real figures of history are introduced, and the author shows no hesitancy in relating the interest that the founders of well known families of today had in the contraband trade or in reproducing characteristically misspelled epistles of the grand ladies of the period. The account of the execution of *Nathan Hale* is so realistic that no one after reading it can gaze upon a picture or statue of the ill fated patriot without a feeling of pity. The author has not been overkindly in his treatment of the New England militia. He has portrayed them as thieves and marauders and forerunners of present day "graffers," which will not be pleasant reading for their descendants, whose membership in patriotic and revolutionary societies is based on their ancestors' self-sacrifice.

"The Semi-Insane and the Semi-Responsible" by *Joseph Grasset*, translated by *Smith Ely Jelliffe, M. D., Ph. D.* Published by Funk & Wagnalls company, New York. Price \$2.50.

Many books on mental disturbances, hypnotism and the allied sciences have been written in the last decade, some purely scientific and others interesting to student and layman alike, but very few can read this book, "The Semi-Insane and the Semi-Responsible," and not lay it aside wondering to which class he or she belongs. The book is crowded with medical facts and contains besides a most intricate and involved technical vocabulary, which is, to say the least, difficult for the lay reader.

Dr. Grasset in dividing humanity into classes makes a distinction which other scientists have not as yet touched upon. He introduces between the absolutely sane and the absolutely insane a third class, which he calls the semi-insane. Now, as he himself admits, few people really belong to either of the first two classes, therefore the majority of human beings belong to this new division—the semi-insane. The author does not condemn all these people to treatment of one kind or another. He says in one place: "The semi-insane man is often eminently useful, sometimes even a 'superman.' Many intellectually superior people present psychic defects which make them semi-insane."

Among the greatest semi-insane of history *Professor Grasset* mentions the following well known names: *Socrates, Pascal, Saint-Simon, Tolstoy, Gorky, De Maupassant, Rousseau, Flaubert, Beaulaire, De Musset, Bonardin, Saint-Pierre, Voltaire, Mollere, Descartes, Montesquieu, Buffon, Chateaubriand, Napoleon, Zola, Balzac, Victor Hugo,*

and several others. He says in one place: "The semi-insane man is often eminently useful, sometimes even a 'superman.' Many intellectually superior people present psychic defects which make them semi-insane."

It would seem that the professor must mean from this that semi-insanity is a state of mind in which true insanity creeps out at times without permanently or seriously disturbing the general balance of the individual.

The author quotes other specialists and alienists by the dozen; some he agrees with and some he takes an opposite view from, but he is not quite clear enough to make the book easy or interesting reading. It is a serious work and has been written and translated with much care, but should be simplified and much condensed for the lay reader. One lays the book aside with the old Quaker saying in mind, "Every one is queer but thee and me, and even thou 'rt a little queer."

"Anarchism" by *Dr. Paul Eltzbacher*, translated by *Steven T. Byington*. Published by Benjamin R. Tucker, New York; A. C. Pitfield, London.

With the premise that anarchism is misunderstood by scholars and statesmen as well as the masses, *Dr. Paul Eltzbacher* has written an exhaustive treatise on the subject and *Steven T. Byington* has translated it for the English reading public. The volume has already been done into French, Spanish and Russian. The English translator contends that it would not be possible to get a more just exposition of the subject, because the writer sets aside his bias, giving only a hint of it in the concluding paragraphs.

In an introduction, *Dr. Eltzbacher* sets forth all the current conceptions of the meaning of anarchism and adds that two demands must be made of everybody who undertakes to produce a scientific work on anarchism. First, he must be familiar with the most important anarchistic writings, and, secondly, he must be equally at home in jurisprudence, in economics and in philosophy. To that end, the work is largely made up of excerpts, carefully taken from the writings of famous anarchists and then analyzed. *William Godwin*, the English anarchist, is considered for his exposition of the supreme law, which he held to be general welfare. In turn the author takes up *Pierre-Joseph Proudhon*, who said that the supreme law was justice; *Stifter*, who differed in that he claimed that the supreme law for each one of us was his own welfare; *Bakunin*, who said "In a word we reject all legislation, all authority, all privileges, chartered official and legal influence—even for about six weeks in New York. A vast number of social arrangements have been made for her entertainment.

Alexander Dumas fils, Tasso, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Swift, Poe, De Quincey, Coleridge, Newton, Watt, Cromwell, Goethe, Frederick II, Schiller, Byron, Swedenborg, Darwin, Schumann, Chopin, Wagner, Mozart, Beethoven and Rossini.

The author tells why he puts these names on the list, but one must confess the reasons in most cases seem inadequate. They are in most every case symptoms which we have called up to now idiosyncrasies—surely nothing so extreme as semi-insanity.

The author says that: "Scientifically only one thing is demonstrated—that is, the frequent coexistence of intellectual superiority and a neurosis in the same individual. When a man is both neurotic and superior he is nervous by virtue of one zone of his nervous system and superior because of another. The common trunk which unites superiority and neurosis is a temperament, but is not a disease. Genius is not a neurosis, but neurosis is more often the penalty of genius."

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Percy Megargel, who has made three trips across the continent in an automobile and is the only man to make his way to the California desert in a motor car, is writing an autobiography in collaboration with *Grace Sartwell Mason*, the well known writer of short stories. This will be the first purely American automobile romance, the author to deal with the difficulties encountered by motorists in touring the great unknown west, where quicksand abound and the road becomes a trail.

About the most interesting revelation made by a writer lately is that the Empress of Burma is the granddaughter of an American. True he was a civilized American, but there are few families of any kind in the United States which can claim relationship with a real live empress.

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"

By *Lewis Carroll*, illustrated by *Arthur Rackham*. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," by *Lewis Carroll*, has been reprinted in a wonderful new dress, with charming illustrations by *Arthur Rackham*. Tennyson's "Alice" is so closely connected with Carroll's "Alice" that one gives a little gasp of surprise when we first open the book and meet all our childhood friends in new guise. The poem by *Austin Dobson* is an expression of this alliance of the old and the new, and at the same time admiration for the new clothes in which all the old favorites are dressed:

"Two score years since Carroll's art,
With toady-turry magic,
Sent Alice wandering through a part
Of the mad world of Wonderland,
Half comic and half tragic,
Has made our deeds personal,
And taught us 'Chaos and old Night'
Can part you now from Tennyson.

But still you are a type, and based
On Murray's 'Alice' and her
And types may be redrawn to taste
In cloth of gold or camel.

Here comes a fresh contender, then;
That tale in gals a wrinkle
From him who drew the mad left pen
The rags of Rip Van Winkle!

"Little Dinners With the Sphinx"

By *Richard le Gallienne*, author of "The Quest of the Golden Girl," etc. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. Price \$1.25.

Richard le Gallienne has a rare gift and he has used it to great advantage in this collection. What to call these little miniatures one hardly knows. They are too sketchy, too elusive, with a dainty subtlety which is *Richard le Gallienne's* very own, to be called stories, but the little dinners are likely to be as widely quoted as the "Dolly Dialogues" of some years ago, although by an entirely different set of admirers. The Sphinx who dines with the author is a most interesting creation; she is as poetical and as fantastic in her speeches as *Richard le Gallienne* himself and also given to expressions of philosophy and emotions so exquisite as to be almost decadent in their very refinement. There are four of the little dinners, but the author calls it "On the Wearing of Opals," and it is such a mysterious appealing thing that one goes back to it perforce and reads and rereads it.

Among the other little sketches and

tales in the book is one called "The Death of the Poet." This dainty little thing has been published somewhere before—the place is as elusive as is well indeed to have it preserved in this permanent form. It may sound extravagant phrase to say that in its beauty and charm of style it reminds one of *Oscar Wilde's* "Happy Prince," than which there are few more exquisite things in our language.

The other tales in the book are "The Butterfly of Dreams," "My Castle in Spain," "Once-Upon-a-Time," "The Little Joys of Margaret," "What's in a Name," "Revisiting the Glimpses of the Moon," "Eva, the Woodland and I," and "The Dream Documents." *Mr. le Gallienne's* titles all mean something and are not selected just because they are graceful or poetical.

New Books Briefly Noted

The baneful effects of secret societies in the high schools are well portrayed in "Grace Ethelwyn Cody's" story, entitled "Jaquette, Sorority Girl," the little heroine of the tale, *Jaquette*, joins one of the exclusive sororities immediately on entering her first year in the high school. She becomes very popular with her schoolmates and enters heart and soul into all the gayeties and affairs of her sorority; but being without a sensible girl, when she suddenly realizes that living up to sorority principles means a neglect of study and home she finds courage to voice her convictions and withdraw from her beloved Sigma Pi. The story is well told.

A clever little book, entitled "A Bunch of Limericks," compiled by *Ralph H. Lyon*, has just been issued by the J. S. Ogilvie publishing company of New York. In view of the fact that the "limerick" had overrun England and has now struck America, it should be readily sold. The book contains 64 pages and is bound in illustrated paper cover design in two colors—a handy volume to slip into the pocket. It is retailed at 10 cents.

"Jersey Jingles," by *Leonard H. Robbins*, first appeared in the Newark Evening News. The jingles were written as part of the day's work in a busy newspaper office, and, as the author says, are not meant to be literary. The book is to be sold by subscription at \$1 per copy, orders to be sent to *Wilson J. Vance*, 164 Market street, Newark, N. J.

The Century publishing company of Omaha, Neb., has issued a new book on socialism, "The Making of a Millennium," by *Frank Rosewater*. The fundamental idea in this book is something new in socialism, as the author, instead of taking common ownership as the basis of everything, advocates private ownership so extended as to embrace price in jobs as well as in products. Price \$1.

Gossip of Books and People Who Make Them

Mrs. Humphry Ward, who has arrived on her first visit to this country, expects to remain as the guest of her cousin, *Mrs. Frederick W. Whitridge*, for about six weeks in New York. A vast number of social arrangements have been made for her entertainment.

Percy Megargel, who has made three trips across the continent in an automobile and is the only man to make his way to the California desert in a motor car, is writing an autobiography in collaboration with *Grace Sartwell Mason*, the well known writer of short stories. This will be the first purely American automobile romance, the author to deal with the difficulties encountered by motorists in touring the great unknown west, where quicksand abound and the road becomes a trail.

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In his latest book on Burma, *George Scott*, the well known Burmese student, gives a most interesting description of the women of that country. Though they have no such thing as the franchise, they exert about the same sway that Europe is always enthusiastically reviling in their common testimony the freedom and independence of the sex can be equaled only in the United States. In all the affairs of Burmese life the women appear on equal terms with their lords, and, as it is sometimes affirmed by the cynical, that often means that they are the superior person, the chief of the establishment. Above all, they can at any moment obtain a divorce, so that their lords are constantly on their best behavior. In all other eastern lands, woman is regarded as a chattel; in Burma she is the partner of her lord in everything, not excepting his business affairs.

Giving up architecture for the pursuit of literature, *William J. Locke*, author of "The Beloved Vagabond" and "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," has resigned the secretaryship of the Royal Institute of British Architects and has gone to Algiers for a change of scene and more freedom for his literary work. He is now engaged on a new novel which will be issued in London by *John Murray* and in this country by the *John Lane* company. The latter will issue the coming spring a special uniform edition of *Locke's* works in 10 volumes.

"The House of the Lost Court," by *Donna Teresa de Svallo*. The McClure company, New York.

"Folks Back Home," by *Eugene Wood*. The McClure company, New York.

"The City of Dreadful Night," by *Edgar Jepson*. The McClure company, New York.

"The Life and Times of General John A. Sutter," by *T. J. Sisson*. The McClure company, 1019 Ninth street, Sacramento.

"Mrs. Edith and the Late Suit in Equity," by *Michael Meahan*. Michael Meahan, Concord, N. H.

"In Mary's Reign," by *Baneness Orquest*. Cupples & Leon company, New York.

"The Cost of the Christian Conquest," by *William N. Brewster*. Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati.

"New Worlds for Old," by *H. G. Wells*. The Macmillan company, New York.

"Dolly Dialogues," by *Gertrude Atherton*. The Macmillan company, New York.

"Hervines Every Child Should Know," by *Hamilton W. Mabie* and *Kate Stinson*. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

"Love Me Little, Love Me Long," by *Charles Rader*. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

"Essays Every Child Should Know," by *Hamilton W. Mabie*. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

"The Complete Mountaineer," by *George D. Abraham*. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

"The Californians," by *Gertrude Atherton*. The Macmillan company, New York.

"Furze the Cruel," by *John Trevena*. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

"Mothers in Israel," by *J. S. Fletcher*. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

"The Story of the World," by *Katharine Evans Blake*. Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis.