BOOK PAGE OF THE SUNDAY CALL

CONDUCTED BY
UNA H. H. COOL

"Under the Roof of the Jungle"

By Charles Livingston Bull. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

IT would be hard to determine in which particular capacity, whether as artist or author, Charles Livingston Bull is at his best. So fascinating are his animal tales, rich with the teeming life of the jungle, and yet so keen are his drawings of this same throbbing life, so penetrating his insight into the animal character as portrayed on his canvases, that it would be well nigh impossible to distinguish between the two, one way or another.

His last book, "Under the Roof of the Jungle," is simply dedicated to "Fannie Elizabeth," and is the fruit of an inspiration gained through the perusal of a book of adventure written over 100 years ago by one Charles Waterton, an Englishman who had spent much of his time in Guiana. So interested did Mr. Bull become in the accounts therein contained that he immediately made up his mind to emulate in so far as possible the example set by the sturdy old English squire. He says:

"I went to Demerara well equipped with sketch books and color box and wandered through the jungle, the splendid, colorful, weird, living jungle. I sailed far up and down the great rivers, stopping at different points to make detailed studies of the truly 'amazing landscape' and these strange and remarkable creatures which dwelt therein. I watched silently by the hour at the foot of a great cashow tree, the fruit of which was ripe, and have seen the timid, wild things come stealthily forth from their hiding places, attracted by the strong odor of the fa fruit.

"I climbed up among the tangle lianas and vines and rootlets into th very 'roof of the jungle,' and still higher to where I could look out, and watched 'the sun set over the jungle,' and the birds and beasts and reptiles of the day disappeared and the night wanderers came forth."

Throughout the text of the narrative is woven in Mr. Bull's inimitable style the stealth and mystery of the wild places, the tropic splendors of the jungle, and its impenetrable fascinations. Always the lure of the unknown pushes on a bit ahead of the intruder, breaks the trail and reveals the hidden secrets of the tropics. Illustrating it are 60 full page plates and many minor decorations and drawings from tl brush of the author.

"Conrad in Quest of His Youth"

By Leonard Merrick. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. Price $1.20.

"Conrad in Quest of His Youth" is as delightful a story as one can find in all the season's generous supply of books. It is like taking a holiday to read such a tale and a holiday the reviewer is not often offered. Leonard Merrick has caught the spirit of true romance and tells his tale with an ironic seriousness that is a keen delight to the reader. The subtitle of the book, "An Extravagance of Temperament," is a hint only for mere description, and can not begin to suggest what is in store for one.

The quest, of course, is a sentimental journey. Conrad has been tied to his desk by force of circumstances—somewhere out in the colonies. He has dreamed dreams all his life, when suddenly, at the age of 37, his aunt leaves him her fortune and he is foot loose and free to make his dreams come true. His first step is into Paris, where, in his youth, he had started an artistic career, but been unable to finish. The old Latin quarter is a thing of the past and Conrad wonders how he could have held it in such romantic interest all these years. The wine is thin—so is the conversation, and the people bore him. Failure number one!

So home to England he goes and tries to gather about him some of his childhood playmates. He finds the old house in Sweet bay, where he had spent a happy summer, vacant, and at once rents it and invites his old playmates down on a visit. They are grown up and married, but they have none of the sentimental feeling about the place which Conrad has. They have developed into the most commonplace people on earth and nothing arouses them. The place, too, which by Conrad had always been remembered as a near garden of Eden, is slow, damp and uncomfortable, and, being out of season, furnishes no outside amusement.

"The place looked less animated still when they sped forth to be 'bohemian.' Its aspect was no longer sedate; it was bereaved. The vacant High street mourned behind its shelters. At the quadrant a forsaken policeman kept a doleful eye upon space."

Failure number two!

Conrad with the greatest trouble finds his childhood sweetheart "Mary." She has married, and the confusion of names makes some amusing incidents in the search. This is the worst of all failures, Mary is perfectly impossible. She, too, has no sentimental feeling for the lost youth; she has grown coarse and big and wears showy blouses and imitation pearls. She talks of herself and rather patronizes Conrad:

"You know, Mr. Warrener, I'm a curious mixture. People tell me that I seem to enjoy myself just as much talking to a very clever man as when I'm romping through a barn dance. And it's true, you know; that is me."

Then he attempted to find the One Woman—"The woman we never forget." It is a difficult quest, but he is successful. He follows her to Ostend. She is still married, still beautiful, and Conrad almost believes his quest is ended. He had been a lad of 17 and she a young wife bored. It was in Rouen, and he fell head over ears in love and, being his first affair, it was desperate. She had plunged him into the depths of despair by flirting with some other men and the boy had lost all interest in life. His plans had been to leave for Paris to enter upon his art studies at once, and he was crushed to think she could treat him so cruelly on their last evening together. But she steals into his room and kisses him goodby, and the author describes the adolescent love scene with a delicacy truly fascinating. It is all this that has made Conrad want to find the lady, for that kiss at Rouen has remained in his memory all through the years. When he finds her she, too, tries to live in the past with him, but it is hard work—they both feel it. On the morrow they must part, and she promises to come to his room to say goodby even as she had done 20 years ago. Conrad has waited wearily and evidently read a dull book, for when she comes:

"But Conrad slept. A respiration too loud to be thought rapture and too faint to be called a snore smote the lady's ear. Startled, she looked up; forked lightning flashed at him from her indignant eyes. * * * Then a sense of humor, how much it spares us, how far it goes in life! * * * She would not have roused him for a coronet. * * * When Conrad woke * * * his coffee steamed by his side * * * and almost before memory thudded in him his view met the front page of 'Le Marquis de Priola' pinned to the bed curtain. He rolled toward it laggardly. On it was written: 'Dreamer! Goodby. There is no way back to Rouen.'"

There is only one way to find lost youth and after many tribulations Conrad finds the way. "The immortal truth was clear to him, he had made his discovery—that a man is young as often as he falls in love and that to her lover a woman is what she makes him 'feel.' As often as he falls in love he is young, and though the old ashes can not be rekindled to fire new fire can be built upon them.

The last episode telling of his success is quite as delicate and gay in style as the first half of the book, but though it is difficult to stop in quoting from this charming story something must be left for the reader.

The book comes with commendations from J. W. Barrie and Dr. Robertson Nicoll, but it needs no word from any critic; its own merits will carry it anywhere along the road to success.

"Account Rendered"

By E. F. Benson. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

We have said it before and must say it again, that E. F. Benson has inflicted himself upon a long suffering public for years solely upon the strength of "Dodo," and one doubts very much if "Dodo" today would receive the same enthusiastic attention it did when it first appeared.

"Account Rendered" is the apropos and ordinary title of the new novel this author offers us. It is commonplace in the extreme, telling the tale of Violet Allenby, a sweet young thing who is a governess for the "imps" of Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop. Of course, being so angelic, Violet has been "put upon" terribly, and we are delighted when she inherits $10,000,000 from an uncle in Chicago, who has made it selling pigs' bristles!

The usual change of front occurs in the people of the neighborhood; the innocent and ignorant heroine is involved in terrible trouble caused by schemers and adventuresses. The plot is hopelessly ordinary and dull, and one wonders at the interest of any one in it. The writing is in good literary style, but the manner at times is stilted and unnatural and the plot throughout is worthy only of the "dime novelist."

"Bar—20 Days"

By Clarence E. Mulford. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Price $1.35.

Don't let it frighten you to hear that a long, fat book, "Bar—Twenty Days," by Clarence E. Mulford, has not one woman in it. Of course that means that there is no love interest, but you will never miss it, and only when you find yourself telling a friend some of the stories will it suddenly dawn upon you that the "fair sex" has been so neglected. The book is really one long story made up of many short ones carrying the same characters along with us and telling their adventures in a hundred different ways.

Hopalong Cassidy, whom we know so well, is found here again and we see how he and Red Conners and "Kid" Nelson lead a band of cowboys to clean out the Apaches who have been at their terrible depredations again.

This is all as it was 20 or 30 years ago, and soon these tales and others of the same character will be all we have left of those exciting days. This book is illustrated most sympathetically by Maynard Dixon, who has now gained the topmost round on the ladder. No other artist does such work of Indians, cowboys, ponies and life on the frontier. He deserves much praise and his work in this volume adds much to its interest and value.

"The Camera Fiend"

By E. W. Hornung. Published by Charles Scribner Sons, New York. Price $1.25.

Melodrama with a capital "M" is what "The Camera Fiend," by E. W. Hornung, spells, and the reader who is inveigled into buying this on the strength of the author's "Raffles" and other clever stories will decidedly resent his treatment.

The hero, little "Pocket" Upton, is not particularly popular at school, and his mates call him a "conscientious ass." He is also afflicted with asthma, and this is the beginning of lots of trouble for "Pocket." He goes to London to see a doctor, and through a combination of circumstances is forced to sleep in Hyde park. Now, poor "Pocket" happens also to be a somnambulist, and in the morning it is broken to him gradually that he has fired a revolver in his sleep and killed an innocent stranger. This is the beginning of a story that, though quite unconvincing, yet holds the reader, who finishes his perusal with a certain scornful interest, just to see what ingenuity the author must employ to get himself out of all difficulties. The great theme of the story is too unreal to admit of serious consideration, and a character like the fearful Doctor Baumgartner is not even interesting, being too unnatural. "Pocket" is all right—in fact, he is the only character in the book who holds the interest. The work is not worthy of its clever author.

"Women and Labor" is the title of a forthcoming book by Olive Schreiner. Since her "Story of an African Farm" took the world by storm only two of her books have appeared. But neither "Dreams" nor "Trooper Peter Halket" has achieved the plane of her first success. The author is the wife of a well known South African politician and is herself prominent in the affairs of the colony.

The title of her forthcoming book suggests a discussion similar to that in the "African Farm," and for that reason there is much curiosity concerning it.

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The first number of the Irish Review, a monthly magazine of Irish literature, art and science, was issued in March, 1911. It aims at being "for Ireland what such periodicals as the Quarterly Review, the Edinburgh Review and Le Mercure de France have been for neighboring countries."

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Jacob Tonson was a famous English book seller and publisher, 1656-1736. He published for Dryden, and also for Otway & Tate. At his house used to meet the Kit-Cat club. The name "Jacob Tonson" has been used for some years as a pseudonym by Arnold Bennett. He conducts a literary causerie under that name in the London New Age.

BOOKS REVIEWED

"The Camera Fiend," by E. W. Hornung.
"Account Rendered," by E. F. Benson.
"Bar—20 Days," by Clarence E. Mulford.
"Under the Roof of the Jungle," by Charles Livingston Bull.
"Conrad in Quest of Youth," by Leonard Merrick.

Some New Books for Your Vacation Reading

With vacation days fast approaching the books for young people for summer reading claim attention. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company have sent out half a dozen for boys and girls as an advance guard, and they are sure to go like the proverbial hot cakes. The first on the list is entitled, "What Happened at Quasi," the story of a Carolina cruise by George Cary Eggleston, whose name would sell the story if it had no other merit. "Quasi" is the name of a peninsula plantation on the coast of South Carolina, jestingly given because the narrowness of the connecting neck of land gives the false appearance of an island. And things happened there—many things. They not only made most exciting times for four school chums who were camping, there after a glorious cruise in a dory, but had a most important bearing upon the fortunes of the family of the two Carolina brothers who had as their guests a boy from New England and one from Virginia. Four fine, clean, capable, good fellows they are, who know how to meet emergency without flinching. They learn a great deal from their cruise and so will the reader. A feature of Mr. Eggleston's books which adds greatly to their popularity is his ability to convey much from his own remarkable store of knowledge without lessening the interest of his book.

In response to many demands the company has republished "Rocky Fork," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, in a much improved form. The demand for this book arises from the increasing importance rightly attached to books that faithfully and attractively picture the folk life of former generations. The rural school of the middle west in the decade preceding the civil war is portrayed in the happiest possible way, with the pleasures, ambitions, tasks, dress and home life of its pupils. There are exciting scenes as well as pathetic and humorous ones, and the whole book has rightly been called one of singular power and charm.

Edward Stratemeyer has completed the seventh volume of his Dave Porter series with the title "Dave Porter and His Rivals," or "The Chums and Foes of Oak Hall." Here we have another tale of boarding school life with Dave Porter as the central figure. From another school a number of new students have come to Oak Hall, and they set to work to belittle Dave and his friends, and run things to suit themselves. But when the new football team suffers a bitter defeat the school authorities take a hand, and Dave and his chums are restored to their former positions and help to win a rousing victory. Then Dave organizes an ice hockey team and, after circumventing the plots of his enemies, wins another notable victory. A clean story, full of vim and vigor, and one that shows how a schoolboy can have a high sense of honor without being a prig.

"Lost on the Trail" is the latest book from the pen of "Pansy," who has written so many stories for girls. The central character is a girl who, by reason of a chain of circumstances over which she had no control, lived 10 years of her young life on an isolated mountain top in the far west, under the sole charge of a mother and son who were fugitives from justice. She grew up as ignorant of life, of the bible, of conscience, of God and judgment and eternity, as was possible for a human being. Then, at 16, a girl of unusual possibilities in both physical beauty and mental power, she struck the trail of civilization, yet remained for years as completely lost to the most important verities as though she were still in the mountains. The underlying object of the book is to illustrate the power of the truth to win its way in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles.

"Camp St. Dunstan" is a complete story in itself, although following the fortunes of the "Fearless Four" and their well liked friend and teacher, who, as the "Crimson Ramblers," took an interesting trip, partly on foot, from the school near the Hudson river to a favorite camping ground in Maine. A typical summer camp for boys, with all its interesting routine, is described in connection with the story. Interesting new characters are introduced, a mystery develops, and every element of a good boys' story is present. Warren L. Eldred, the author, is an authority on work with boys, including many summers of camping, and his characters are as interesting as his stories are clean and wholesome.

All the little girls who have enjoyed the "Brick House Books," by Nina Rhoades, will be delighted to see "Maisie's Merry Christmas," the tenth volume of the series. This tale opens with the story of Maisie, a little girl traveling in Europe with her family, who finds herself in Nice at Christmastide and is at first discontented at being away from home at this time, and in a place where there is no suggestion of winter. A kindly interest in a little blind girl changes all this, and in the wonderfully happy results which follow Maisie finds greater happiness for herself than she had known at any other Christmas. Two equally interesting stories follow, one of bright little American twin sisters in Florence, and what came to them as well at Christmas time, and one of a little American boy and English girl in Egypt, entitled "How Reggie Saw the Sphinx," that is one of the best of the many good things Miss Rhoades has written. She has made excellent use of her recent years abroad.

These books are all well printed and artistically bound and illustrated by such well known artists as Elizabeth Withington, Arthur O. Scott, John Goss, Frank T. Merrill and H. C. Edwards. All are recommended and the output of this firm deserves much praise.

Brief Reviews of New Books

The Indian mutiny is the background for the story of "Love Besieged," by Charles S. Pearce, but the author has not taken advantage of his opportunities. The siege of Lucknow, one of the greatest episodes of all history, is pictured with only half an appreciation of the horror of the situation. Woven into the description is the tale of the love and warfare of two women for the heart of Captain Hawkes, one of the brave defenders of the beleaguered city. There are some blood curdling pictures of the horrors told with unnecessary melodramatic flourishes. The author's understanding of the nature of the natives appears to be good. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; $1.20.)

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"Man's Tomorrow" is the title of a book written first by its author, William W. Kinsley, 15 years ago and now revised. The book, as its title indicates, contains ideas on immortality, and is in reality a sort of commentary on all the books which have been written with this same belief. Books on occultism and supernatural appearances which have been taken to indicate a disembodied existence are discussed at length, and the reader will find much to interest him aside from the author's own clearly expressed opinions. Well written and concise. (Sherman, French & Co., Boston; $1.20.)

* * *

"Love Under Fire" is the latest tale from the pen of Randall Parrish, but while full of dash and adventure is not particularly true to life. Back to war times we are taken, and realize with every word how long it is, for the author has made the love theme more important than the war both to the hero and heroine, and though both are supposed to be fighting heart and soul for their respective sides, they stop and make love at most unexpected times. The heroine is a spirited little rebel and the hero is a splendid northern lieutenant, but they could have quarreled and loved quite as well with any other background. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; $1.35.)

* * *

Harriet T. Comstock had her eyes wide open for all the evil and degeneracy in the little Canadian village she visited, and has put it all into "Joyce of the North Woods." The men are without exception brutes, and treat their women viciously. The interesting characters are the outcasts of the world who have drifted there for one reason or another, and in time show some redeeming traits. The heroine is a brave girl, but she has a hard road to walk to her happiness. She is faithful and loves well, and her story will rouse much discussion. The book contains many inconsistencies of plot, but is well written. (Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. $1.20.)

* * *

Fred Emerson Brooks has written a little book full of "Buttered Toasts," with "every toast new and original—none dry." They quite come up to the cover toast, and will be found a welcome addition to the many books already published on the subject. There are over 80 of these clever little toasts in verse form, some serious, some sentimental, some amusing and gay and a few frankly comic. They will be a distinct help to the unoriginal speech maker who wants something new every time. Daintily bound and printed in two colors. (Forbes & Co., Chicago. 50 cents.)

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"Francis Scott Key" is the title of a small booklet by F. S. Key-Smith, Esq., who describes it in a foreword: "This volume is designed to give a better insight into the character and to make known the many and varied talents and achievements of Francis Scott Key, for in composing his tribute to his country's flag contained in the beautiful lines of the "Star Spangled Banner," the splendor with which he crowned his name has shone so brightly that it has extinguished the brilliancy of his many other great deeds and signal services, so that little, if anything, is known of them. * * * " The matter is of real interest, but the style of the biographer is too flowery for everyday reading. Key-Smith Co., Washington, D. C.)

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If you like travel stories you'll like "Through Lands of Yesterday," by Dr. C. H. Curran. The reader is taken along as an intimate member of the party. The chance acquaintance between the professor and the widow is a delightful touch of mature years struggling in the mesh of romance. Jack and Virginia, two lively young characters, have repeated "understandings." All this is incident to a delightful trip through Egypt and southern Europe, with many side trips to famous ruins. Those who have made this journey will be interested, and those who are anticipating it will be delighted. (Chapple publishing company, Ltd., Boston; $1.50.)

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A second series of "The Humbler Poets" is just issued, being a collection of newspaper and periodical verse, published during the years from 1885 to 1910. It has been collected by Wallace and Frances Rice, whose good taste in selection can not be too highly praised. The first series was edited by Slason Thompson, it will be remembered, and included the years from 1870 to 1885. Eleven editions of the earlier book have been issued, and this one will have quite as large a demand. It is impossible to tell the scope of its work or to mention the names of the hundreds of contributions. There are over 500 poems, long and short, and arranged under eighteen heads. It is a book that once seen one feels must have its place in the library, and the only improvement to be suggested is an alphabetical index of authors' names. The book is well printed and simply bound and deserves a wid sale. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago $1.50.)

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"The Practical Flower Garden," by Helena Rutherford Ely, is like so many other beautiful garden books published in the east, of no use whatever to any one west of the Rockies unless he wants it for the very pretty illustrations. There is a lot of information in the book, but it is hidden away among the very "wordy" pages, making it exceedingly difficult to extract. The last portion of the book, "Shrubs, Vines, Plants and Bulbs Which I Have Grown Successfully," is by far the most interesting. It is brief and definite, but even here the suggestions would not help Californians much. The illustrations from photographs are beautifu (The Macmillan Co., New York. $2.00

Gossip of Books and Their Writers

The bare recital of the events in the life of Owen Kildare, the Bowery "tough," who at 30 could not read, and eight years later was able to support himself by his pen, gives new point to the saying that truth is stranger than fiction.

Kildare, who died on Ward's island recently, was born in 1864 in a New York tenement. A child of the streets, he became a prizefighter and bar tender, occasionally finding prowess with his fists a useful adjunct to saloon management. One day he protected a school teacher, Miss Rose Deering, from being insulted by a gang of Bowery toughs. Miss Deering, the "Mamie Rose" of Kildare's autobiographic book, "My Mamie Rose," was interested in her champion. Under her direction he began to learn to read and he took up going to public lectures with her. He abandoned his old haunts, got a place as baggage agent, and in 1890 asked his rescuer to marry him. She consented, but a week before the day set for the wedding she died.

Kildare never was quite the same man after this shock. For a time he was perilously near resuming his old life, but an experience fighting in Venezuela in company with a band of revolutionists straightened him out, and when he returned to New York he was ready, although penniless, to start afresh. He wrote his own love story and sent it to a newspaper which had offered a prize for the best love story submitted. His contribution was printed and he was launched on a career as an author. It was at this time he met Miss Leila Russell Bogartus, a newspaper writer, and their marriage soon followed.

* * *

Kildare's work was in demand among the magazines and four books by him were published: "My Mamie Rose," "The Food of the Wicked," "The Wisdom of the Simple" and "My Old Bailiwick." Of late years Kildare's life was sad enough. He had a nervous breakdown upon the failure of the play, "The Regeneration," a dramatization of "My Mamie Rose," which he had prepared under great pressure. Financial reverses came, an accident rendered him quite incapable, and his wife had to apply to have him sent to an insane asylum. Subsequently the marriage was annulled. Mrs. Kildare married again, but ever had a watchful interest in her first husband's welfare. Kildare, at his best as a writer, gives vivid portrayals of scenes and characters familiar to him. He had a keen sense of contrast and was earnest in his efforts to show how certain kind of men might be uplifted.

* * *

The art of writing real "nonsense verse" is so rare that I am encouraged to quote a poem by Mr. Sandys Wason from the current number of The Tramp, the open air magazine which is still the monthly joy of the bookstall. It is called:

A MISCELLANEOUS SONNET

Buns flirt not with the callow macaroon;
And crumpets inattentive to tea bells
Are prudent with expansive caramels;
Stays that reveal a diva in a swoon
Fit tight, not flapp'; gees tho' sorely blown
Shy at the mildest freak in curricles,
And further than the flow'r the boxroom smells.
In fact the system—not to be jejune—
Itself no system has, no density,
No underwoods where (ghastliest compound!)
Sunbonnets urge the pant to trot around
Ices or milk rolls with clubs or chivalry.
Nathless a man of strict ebriety
Could tie a shoe lace in that underground.

Mr. Sandys Wason, by the way, was the author of the nonsense verse quoted in Mr. Hugh de Selincourt's book about Oxford, beginning:

Many a mad magenta moment
Lights the lavender of life.

Those who know the difficulty of being deliberately absurd in verse will not be surprised to learn that Mr. Sandys Wason is a regular contributor of serious poems to The Outlook and Saturday Review.

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A feature of the new Encyclopedia Britannica is the inclusion of biographies of living people. G. K. Chesterton and Miss Marie Corelli are among the authors who have been so honored. Miss Marie Corelli gets 48 lines, which conclude as follows: "When she went to live at Stratford-on-Avon her personality and her importance in the literary world became further allied with the historic associations of the place: and in the public life of women writers her utterances had the reclame which is emphasized by journalistic publicity. Such success is not to be gauged by purely literary standards; the popularity of Miss Corelli's novels is a phenomenon not so much of literature as of literary energy—entirely creditable to the journalistic resources of the writer, and characteristic of contemporary pleasure in readable fiction." Certainly it is no longer possible to complain that the Encyclopedia Britannica is not "up to date."

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Readers of that storehouse of genial philosophy, "The Comments of Bagshot," published by Constable in 1908, and now in a third edition, will be glad to hear that a new series has begun in the Westminster Gazette, where the "Comments" originally appeared. Here are a few maxims from the opening paper of the new series:

"The only harm an enemy can ever do you is to make you betray yourself."

"Be very careful, when you marry, not to let your husband be called unselfish. It is always a reflection on a wife when a husband is called unselfish."

"Early in life I had great ambitions. Since I reached 50 I have begun to hope that I shall get through without scandal."

* * *

Of Andrew Lang, the late Oswald Crawfurd wrote to the late Mrs. Moulton: "I know no man who does so many things so very well—journalist, philologist, mythological researcher, and to the front in all these characters. To almost any one but yourself I should call him a poet also."

* * *

Paul Trent, author of "The Vow," is an English traveler. At one time he settled in the Gold Coast colony of South Africa, where he practiced law. It was this part of his life which gave him the material for the part of his novel treating of the Congo. Three years ago he returned to England, and he has been writing ever since.

Ready for Consolation

A MISSOURI local paper recounts the following conversation between a minister of its town and a man whose wife was buried that day:

"My brother," said the preacher, "I know that this is a great grief that has overtaken you, and though you are compelled to mourn the loss of this one, who has been your companion and partner in life, I will console you with the assurance that there is another who sympathizes with you and seeks to embrace you in the arms of unfailing love."

To this the bereaved husband replied by asking, as he gazed into the minister's face:

"What's her name?"

FOOD VALUE OF NUTS

Nuts are very nutritious and if eaten at proper times prove a good substitute for meat.

At this season, however, they are not generally of good quality, and should only be served salted, or in cooked dishes. Olive oil, cream and butter are all nourishing and should be indulged in freely.

Macaroni, spaghetti and the various noodles are not only healthful, but easily digested by the weakest stomach.