AS WOMAN TO WOMAN

By RUTH CAMERON

"AND further, she declared it her belief that when a man had found his true mate, such a union would be for life—it could not be otherwise. And the man holding his mate by the excellence that was in him instead of by the aid of the law would be placed loverlike on his good behavior and be a stronger and manlier being."—Elbert Hubbard on Mary Wollstonecraft.

If your marriage were a trial marriage and tomorrow the day to decide whether to make it permanent or not, would you marry your husband or wife again?

Isn't that a thought provoking question?

And here's another quite as worth thinking about:

Would your husband or wife marry you over again?

Of course, because of the third party to every marriage, the little unborn soul that may find its chance of existence through this union, trial marriages are out of the question. But I fancy that if they were practical there'd be a great deal more self-control and thought for others and appreciation in our homes and somewhat less discontent and chafing in our hearts than we now have.

Only, I suppose, to make the idea worth anything, the trial part of the marriage could not be over at the end of a year, as is usually proposed. To keep the atmosphere right we'd have to make the union like a perpetual trial marriage—say like the lease of a house, taken for twelve months at a time and renewable at the end of each year with the approval of both parties.

I once read an article on this subject in which the author brought out the idea that if this were tried we should have a great many surprises in finding out how few couples would remarry.

Do you know, I have a kind of a notion that we'd be just as apt to be surprised the other way.

When two married folks are looking forward to a life union with each other they may see each other's faults and annoying habits in the foreground, but if these same people were brought face to face with the possibility of a separation don't you think the perspective would change in the twinkling of an eye and the virtues and attractions that first drew them to each other come back into prominence?

Yes, I know that some of my reader friends are holding up their hands in horror at my even speaking of this subject. Forgive me, my friends. I know it's totally impossible and I haven't the vaguest idea of advocating it. But all the same I think it would be a thought provoking exercise for some married folks to consider the two questions I asked at the beginning.

Especially the second.

SOCIAL NEWS

Letters of congratulation are being sent to Lieutenant Commander Arthur MacArthur, U. S. N., and Mrs. MacArthur, who are rejoicing in the advent of a little daughter in their home in Washington. The little girl was born February 20 and will be named after her maternal grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Sargent. Mrs. MacArthur was formerly Miss Mary McCalla, daughter of the late Rear Admiral B. H. McCalla and former belle of this city.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Lyon have taken apartments at the Driscoll in Geary street while their new bungalow in Menlo Park is in course of construction. Mrs. Lyon is engaged in painting several beautiful miniatures and will open an attractive studio here in the near future.

* * *

Mrs. George J. Bucknall has returned to her home in Buchanan street after a visit with her sister, Mrs. John P. Jones, in Santa Monica.

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Miss Edna Rooney was a luncheon hostess Thursday afternoon in compliment to Mrs. Edward A. Sturgis. The affair was held in the Louis Titus home in "Green Acres" in Piedmont.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford are building a home in Burlingame on the lot next to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper. The house will be ready for occupancy at the close of the summer season. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Ford have rented the Divisadero street home of Mr. and Mrs. Germaine Vincent for the next six months, during which time Mr. and Mrs. Vincent will reside with Mrs. Barry Coleman in San Mateo.

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Mrs. K. Tyner Bristol, mother of Captain George P. Tyner of the Fifteenth United States cavalry, is the guest of Mrs. Pratt, mother of Lieutenant Henry Conger Pratt, First cavalry, at the Presidio.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Long entertained a congenial coterie of friends in their home in Jackson street Saturday evening.

* * *

Miss Ellen O'Sullivan has returned from Los Angeles, where she has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Patrick Boland, for several weeks. Miss O'Sullivan is now the guest of Mrs. Oscar Sutro at her home in Piedmont. Mrs. Sutro was formerly Miss Mollie O'Sullivan.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus are in London at present and will return to California in two months. Mrs. Titus was formerly Miss Alice Rooney, a cousin of Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt Jr.

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Mrs. William Hooper came up from her ranch at Mountain View last week and is stopping at the Hotel Manx for a few days.

* * *

In compliment to their niece, who is visiting here from the east, Major and Mrs. Barnard entertained at a dance in their home in Chico last Wednesday. A number of society people went from San Francisco and Sacramento to attend the function.

* * *

Mrs. William S. Tevis, the Messrs. Lloyd, Gordan and Lansing Tevis, and Mrs. J. B. Crockett arrived yesterday from Panama. Miss Jennie Hooker, who left a few weeks ago in Mrs. Tevis' party, returned home Wednesday.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury gave a luncheon Thursday at their home in Pacific avenue, complimentary to Mr. W. H. Crane.

* * *

Colonel Hamilton S. Wallace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wallace spent the weekend in Burlingame as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

* * *

Dr. Grant Selfridge and Mrs. Selfridge are contemplating leaving in April for Europe, where they will travel during the summer.

* * *

Mr. Mountford S. Wilson has given up his apartment at the St. Xavier and is again established in his Burlingame home. Mrs. Wilson will return this week from the east, where she has been spending a month with her sons, the Messrs. Mountford and Russell Wilson, who are attending preparatory schools.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule left Thursday in their private car for New York.

* * *

Miss Lily O'Connor entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Friday at the Francisca club.

The Call's Daily Short Story

HER HEART

By TEMPLE BAILEY

The frivolity of Ann appalled Drexel Dunn. Yet he was engaged to her. He wondered how it had happened. He supposed he had lost his head over Ann's beauty and cleverness, but looking back upon his act it seemed too rash, too sudden.

He had met her at the Pine Hill Country club. She had worn a red coat, and a little, three cornered black hat on her fair hair. She seemed positively to radiate charm and the group of men about her testified to her popularity.

Drexel Dunn had attached himself to her with dogged persistence. When he wanted a thing he usually got it, and he had wanted Ann. And now she was leading him a dance with her whims and her caprices. She laughed and sparkled and teased, but never for a moment was she serious. Now and then Drexel ventured to expostulate.

"Oh, look here, Ann," he protested on one occasion, "aren't you ever going to settle down?"

"Settle down?" Ann's eyebrows were upraised.

"Aren't you going to cut out this sort of thing?"

"This sort of thing?"

Drexel floundered deeper. "I don't want my wife to be—well, a butterfly."

"Poor Drexel. Did he want a grubby little bee?"

Drexel fumed. "You treat everything as a joke."

"I'm serious enough at this moment," she said slowly. "I don't believe I want to marry you, Drexel."

Drexel stared. "Not marry me—why, Ann, you have promised!"

"Yes, that's just it; I've promised, and somehow I've got a sense of honor like a man's. I can't go back on my word. But I wish you'd release me, Drexel."

"I will not"—stiffly. "You don't know what you are talking about."

"Yes, I do."

"Don't you love me?"

"I love what you might be—not what you are, Drexel!"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, when you gave me this," she slipped back and forth on her slender finger the ring of sapphires and diamonds which was the sign and seal of their betrothal, "when you gave me this, I thought of you as a big and gentle knight whose tenderness would surround me for the rest of my days—I thought that for several months, Drexel, then suddenly I waked to the fact that you felt that I should feel honored by your choice. You were rich and handsome, successful. I was only pretty and clever. To be sure, I have a family tree and you haven't, but you have money—and you worship it, Drexel—more than you worship me—and so—I wish you'd find some one who worships it, too, and who will help you spend it—I don't want it. I hate it."

She was serious enough now, with her gray eyes blazing. Drexel felt his heart leap within him.

"You are mistaken," he said, eagerly. "I—I'm afraid I've made a fool of myself, Ann."

They had patched it up after that, but Ann seemed more frivolous than ever. She gave Drexel very little of her society.

Finally Drexel again entered a protest. "What's going to come of this, Ann?" he said one night, as he took her home from the country club in his limousine.

She slipped the sapphire ring from her finger. "Oh, I'm so glad you've opened the subject. You must release me, Drexel, and you know that right down in the bottom of your heart you'll be glad. You don't want a frivolous woman for a wife."

His grave eyes searched her defiant face. "Somehow, Ann," he said, slowly, "I can't feel that you are showing me your real self."

Her face was white, but she shrugged her shoulders. "You flatter me—you have seen—all there is to see."

She offered him the ring, but he took her hands in his and held them.

"Ann," he said, "we're making some kind of mistake. We're not understanding each other—and perhaps we're going to regret it all of our lives."

He bent and kissed her. "We've got things into a dreadful muddle, he said. "Goodby, little girl; if you ever need men I am yours to command."

But it was not Ann who needed him, or at least if it was he did not know it. There came a time, however, when he needed Ann. The doctors examined his eyes one day and left him in the utter darkness of despair.

His friends talked it over at the country club.

"Old Drexel's done for," said Bobbie Beale.

Ann, in a group by the fireplace, listened.

"What's the matter?" was the demand of half a dozen of Drexel's friends.

"His eyes. Got some kink in them—and the chances are that he will be totally blind."

Every drop of blood seemed to leave Ann's body, but her face showed only the conventional sympathetic interest.

"Where is he?" asked a woman's voice.

"He's at his rooms. He wouldn't stay another minute at the hospital."

That night Drexel, in an old velvet lounging coat, with his eyes bandaged, lolled in front of the fireplace and talked to his dog.

"Life has got me, Kim," he said, with his hand on the spaniel's curly head, "and there isn't much to look forward to—when a fellow can't look—at anything."

He heard the tap of the dog's tail on the floor, and took it for response to his musings.

"I'm done with life—and love—Kim," he went on.

The little dog gave a quick bark; then Drexel felt against his hand the warmth of a woman's cheek. There were tears on the cheek, too, and some one was saying, breathlessly, "You're not done with love, Drexel—don't you dare say it—not while I live to show you how much I love you."

"Ann!"

"Yes." Her cheek was against his shoulder now. "It's Ann. I heard all about it at the club, and I came here, and made your man let me in."

There was a long silence as he held her to him. "I won't have it, Ann."

"What?"

"Oh, I know what you're going to offer. You're going to be sorry for me now that I am—blind—and you'll try to make up for my trials by offering me something that you couldn't give me when I was well."

"Listen," she said, gently. "Oh, don't let us have more misunderstandings, Drexel. When you asked me to be your wife I was the happiest woman in the world. No other man counted. But every one began to tell me how fortunate I was, how rich you were, how you could give me everything, how I ought to be grateful, and finally—it seemed to me that something in your manner seemed to say that I ought to be grateful. And my pride flared up, and that's why I seemed so frivolous. I did it to hide my hurt, and when you couldn't understand—when you blamed me—things grew worse and worse. I couldn't show you my heart. But now—why, Drexel, there's something that I can give up—you need me. I, oh, don't you see? I couldn't come back and tell you how I have missed you, though my heart has cried out for you. I couldn't come to you, could I, when you were well and happy?"

He gathered her into his arms.

"Ann, my Ann," he whispered.

"And you'll let me stay," sobbing, "let me stay—Drexel?"

How could he refuse that plea? He tried to be strong, tried to hold out, but he could not. His awakened understanding of her heart showed him that he must not wrest this happiness from her.

They were married, and he could not see her in all her bridal beauty. But the day came when he saw her. Months of rest and travel brought back strength to wearied nerves, and it was when the snows melted in the April sun that Drexel beheld his wife. His sight came suddenly, and she was kneeling on the rug playing with Kim.

"Ann," he said, sharply, "you've grown thin, dearest."

She looked up. "Drexel!" she cried, and there was wonder in her voice. "You can see me?"

She clung to him, and his eager eyes took in all the tender beauty of her saddened face.

"I see you with my eyes now, Ann," he said, and his voice broke, "but my heart first looked into your heart that day when you came to my rooms and found me—blind."

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Women's Club Work Calendar for Today

The Ladies Endeavor society will meet at Geary and Fillmore streets at 2 p. m. tomorrow, when a lecture will be delivered by Dr. Raphael L. Ash.

BOOK REVIEWS

NOTES NEWS — By PORTER GARNETT — COMMENT

THE HUMANIZING OF A PERVERSE WOMAN

Central Character of "Ashes of Incense" A Remarkable Psychological Study of Feminine Temperament

In view of the fact that the attention of novel readers is now being directed more than ever toward the class of fiction that deals analytically with the diverse problems of feminine psychology, such a novel as "Ashes of Incense," by the anonymous author of "Mastering Flame," should excite a great deal of interest.

It is a remarkable story remarkably presented. The reader will be inclined to the opinion after reading a few chapters that the book is gratuitously immoral. Some persons may even be tempted to put it aside before they discover its real quality. To these it should be said that "Ashes of Incense," despite its seeming unwholesomeness, is a particularly adroit satirical comedy and eminently worth reading.

The scenes are laid in Algiers. The principal characters are two young wives and their respective husbands. All are Americans. Dorofee Sargent, around whose extraordinary temperament the story is woven, is an uncanny creature who masks beneath the appearance and manner of guileless innocence a spirit of incredible malignity. She takes pride in the fact that she has no conscience. She glories privately in what she considers her subtlety and in her ability to make people believe that she is ingenuous and even stupid while, as a matter of fact, she is a miracle of treachery and deceit.

The chief object of her malice is her husband, a Bostonian with intellectual interests, and in consequence a certain detachment from life, which Dorofee bitterly resents. There is not enough of the brute about him to suit her and out of spite she determines to compass his degradation.

Her first step is to put in his way the most seductive serving maid she can find. In due course she receives the confession which she knows all the time is inevitable and which she extracts from him with a slyness that gives her secret delight. She is shocked, injured and bewildered, but for reasons of her own she is also forgiving. Having started Michael on the downward path, her next move is to force him into an illicit relationship with another young married woman, Paula Templewaite.

Dorofee continues to irritate Michael past endurance and at the same time to feed the flame of his passion for Paula, with whom he finally plots to murder the silly little creature who is an obstruction in the path of their happiness.

It is Dorofee, however, who puts the idea of murder into his head, and she also obligingly provides a means for the execution of the deed in such wise that it will appear to have been an accident. This is to be her supreme triumph. She will die happy and after her death Michael's mother in Boston will receive the detailed account she has written of the whole affair. People will find out how wonderfully subtle and superior she was. Dorofee contemplates with amusement the erasure of Michael's Bostonian principles of conduct. She laughs to think how very funny it will be to lie in bed, pretending to be asleep, and see her husband come into the room to commit the murder that she herself had planned.

It must be admitted that this does not look like comedy, but it is, nevertheless. Paula Templewaite is a poseuse. She was a simple enough girl when she married her clever husband, but after he has established himself as a successful literary man she affects various higher plane ideas of female emancipation. She considers her "affair" with Michael a response to the call of reason. She believes that in being unfaithful to her husband she is being true to herself and to life. Guy Templewaite, however, has not been educated up to poetic renunciation, and so when he learns the state of affairs he repudiates Paula.

The reader of this review who is wondering where the element of comedy enters in this tale of connubial infelicity will find upon reading the story itself that in spite of Dorofee's abnormalities she is really a joke. When she finds this out herself her attitude toward life is changed and she becomes what she never had been—human. Paula, too, is a joke, a rather pitiful one, and "Ashes of Incense" is, besides being an unusually original and entertaining story, a piercing satire upon the type of woman who prides herself upon being an enigma and upon the type whose ideals of life are comparable to novelty jewelry.

Published by Mitchell Kennerley. Price, $1.20.

WHITAKER'S LATEST

California Author Writes Timely Story About Americans in Mexico.

"Before Diaz we had 65 rulers in 60 years; very few of them died in their beds. Once remove his iron hand from our throats and we shall go at it again, revolution upon revolution, for the sole purpose of satisfying some man's personal ambition, lust, or individual greed. No, senor, we are individualists in the extreme. We have nothing in our makeup to correspond to the racial ideal that makes you northmen subordinate personal interest to the geneari good. And because of our lack you will eventually rule us."

It is thus that Herman Whitaker makes a Mexican speak in his latest novel, "The Mystey of the Barranca," a story whch will be read with interest just now because of the events that are taking place in our neighbor republic. Mr. Whitaker expresses through certain characters in his novel the deep seated and relentless hostility that is felt toward Americans by a large part of the Mexican people. The period of the story is before the resignation of President Diaz, and the words of another of Mr. Whitaker's characters indicate the attitude of some Mexicans toward their former ruler. This one says: "I do not stand with Porfirio Diaz in his commercial policies. He is a great man. He has given us peace. Yet sometimes I question its value. . . . I have looked upon it all and seen that where war breeds men, civilization produces only mice."

As a narrative "The Mystery of the Barranca" conforms to the traditional pattern of adventure stories—hero, heroine, villain, chain of incidents involving attempts upon the hero's life and repeated thwartings of his projects, misunderstandings, perseverance, the chapter of ultimate peril, spectacular bravery, a hairbreadth escape, the elimination of the villain, and—a happy ending. Such a formula can be made the vehicle for a good story—a story that will hold the reader's interest—and sich a story Mr. Whitaker has written. But he has done more. He has skillfully visualized his background and suggested his atmosphere so that we have both a good story and a good picture.

Published by Harper & Brothers. Price, $1.25.

* * *

"On Board the Beatie," by Anna Chapin Ray, is a study of a woman's personality. The reader travels twice across the Atlantic with Aileen Warburton and observes her casting her fascinations upon two suitors. The spectacle is not without its attractions. (Little Brown & Co.: $1.25.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A NEW YORK NIGHT

Louis Joseph Vance's Latest Novel an Entertaining Medley of Incredible Exploits

Louis Joseph Vance has written another book. Nothing in the nature of a review is necessary for those who are familiar with Mr. Vance's amazing stories, although even the initiated may be interested in knowing that in "The Days of Days" the author of "The Bandbox," "The Black Bag," "The Brass Bowl" and other incredible romances has outdone himself.

"The Day of Days" chronicles the astonishing experiences of an astonishing hero. It all happens in New York and within the space of 12 hours. P. Sybarite is a poor warehouse clerk with no particular interest in life, but Mr. Vance sees to it that interests accrue for him and for the reader with constantly increasing rapidity.

The whirl of adventure begins when P. Sybarite is escorting a young lady home from the theater. He is under the impression that because he knows her as the attendant at the glove counter of a department store she belongs in that station. As a matter of fact, Molly is an heiress who has run away from her guardian to escape an unwelcome alliance with his rascally son and a deep laid conspiracy is afoot to bend her to the will of the man who is after her fortune.

From "Kismet," the play they had been to see, P. Sybarite learns the Hindu belief that to every man there comes sooner or later his day of days when fortune shall smile upon his every undertaking, and, all unknowing, he enters upon his own day of days immediately after leaving the theater.

His first adventure is merely a matter of protecting Molly from the insults of her wouldbe husband. It is no trick at all for the author to introduce his hero shortly thereafter into a sumptuous and exclusive gambling establishment nor to contrive that he should win $25,000 at roulette. With equal ease he has him threatened with the loss of his winnings at the point of a pistol, but a raid occurs in the nick of time, and P. Sybarite makes his escape in a policeman's uniform. Entering a residence by means of the fire escape he prevents the villain, who wishes to marry Molly, from murdering the notorious woman to whom he is secretly married, and for that reason wishes to put her out of the way.

His next adventure is a spectacular shooting affray in a resort of gangsters, whence he rescues a young man who turns out to be his cousin and whom the conspirators are seeking to destroy because he also is a pretender to Molly's hand. The youth is wounded and it is the simplest matter in the world for P. Sybarite to take his place at a fashionable masquerade where he encounters the principal conspirator and, after disconcerting him not a little by his knowledge of his machinations, makes himself known to the astonished Molly, who as Miss Marian Blessington, heiress, is among the guests.

The sequence of astounding episodes continues with his arrest for stealing a diamond brooch, the death from apoplexy of one of the conspirators and the murder of the other and finally by the rescue of Molly from the clutches of Red November, a notorious thug who in various ways lends atmosphere to this astounding and breathless tale.

P. Sybarite is as likable as he is plucky and impudent and his breezy diction contributes largely to the humor of a story which is further embellished by some of the most picturesque slang that has ever been put between the covers of a book.

Published by Little, Brown & Co. Price, $1.25.

SHORTER REVIEWS

GAME PRESERVATION

"Our Vanishing Wild Life," by William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological park, is a copiously illustrated book of 400 pages, containing an enormous amount of statistical and other information dealing with the extermination and preservation of the various forms of wild life. Doctor Hornaday makes a strong protest against the slaughter of game of all kinds and seeks to bring about a radical reform which he declares is absolutely necessary if game birds and animals are to be saved from complete extinction. (Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.)

* * *

BY RIDER HAGGARD

A second novel in what may be called Rider Haggard's new secries of Allan Quatermain tales ("Marie," published a short time ago being the first) is called "Child of Storm." It is a semi-historical account of events in South Africa surrounding the Zulu wars. The character of Mameena, a Zulu woman, is woven into the tale in a way that affects the destiny of all concerned, and Mr. Haggard takes advantage of the opportunity presented to describe in his familiar and vivid manner the great battle in which Cetewayo overcame his brother, Umbelazi, said to have been one of the bloodiest affrays in the whole of history. One estimate which is hardly to be credited puts the number of slain at upward of 100,000. (Longmans, Green & Co.; $1.35.)

* * *

EGYPTIAN ART

The latest addition to the history of art series published by the Scribners is "Art in Egypt," written by no less an authority than G. Maspero. Every one of the 300 pages of the book contains one or more pictures, and among the great number of illustrations are many, representing recent discoveries, not to be found in earlier works. M. Maspero's book is a survey of Egyptian art through all its ages, which reveals its splendid richness and makes the reader acquainted with the constantly enlarging knowledge of the world regarding antiquity.

* * *

A NEW NOVELIST

"Lanchester of Brazenose," by Ronald Macdonald, is a novel that makes exceptionally good reading in spite of the fact that it begins with a psychological novel, passes into a picturesque romance of theatrical life and ends in a detective story. The author's manner is marked with a certain distinction in his presentation of a marital problem, and he succeeds in maintaining the interest in the less serious episodes that follow. The chivairic hero is a strong characterization and the little actress, Divvy-Di, emerges from the story as a charming personality. (John Lane company; $1.35.)

* * *

AN IRISH SATIRE

G. A. Birmingham has become a name of account among readers of fiction. It is the pseudonym of an Irish clergyman whose ventures into fiction, "The Search Party," "Spanish Gold," etc., proved an instantaneous success and at once established his reputation as a novelist and a humorist. His latest story, "The Red Hand of Ulster," is a delightful farrago of inconsistencies. It purports to be the work of a cynical Irish lord who, while at work on a history of Irish rebellions, is precipitated into a genuine uprising in Ulster against home rule. That the insurrection is inspired and financed by an American millionaire of Irish parentage, who is merely seeking a new excitement, is only one phase of a situation that lends itself to adroit satire. The recent passage of the home rule bill lends an interest to an amusing story which affords a refreshing contrast to the general run of fiction. (George H. Doran company; $1.20.)

* * *

LAWLESS CANADA

The scenes of "Ranching for Sylvia," by Harold Bindloss, are about equally divided between rural England and rural Canada, and the twofold interest is capably handled. In Canada, George Lansing, having gone thither to develop a farm owned by Sylvia Marston, of whose late husband's will he is the executor, struggles manfully with obstacles, hardships and the active hostility of the lawless element. In England his cousin Herbert, whom George has intrusted with his property, so manipulates securities that when George returns it is to face a serious financial loss. He discovers also that Sylvia, for love of whom he had endured so much, had merely made use of him and had become engaged during his absence. But both his heart and his fortune are mended when he returns to Canada and to her for whom his love is not fancied, but real. (Frederick A. Stokes company; $1.25.)

* * *

ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN

In view of the universal interest in everything relating to the part played by women in the development of modern society, "Heroines of Modern Progress," by Elmer C. Adams and Warren D. Foster, a collection of short biographies of the women who have done most for the world during the last century, is a timely publication. The volume contains intimate character sketches of Elizabeth Fry, Mary Lyon, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton, Julia Ward Howe, Frances E. Willard, J. Ellen Foster and Jane Addams. There is at the end of the volume an interesting chronological table which affords a conspectus of each of the lives, a broader conspectus of the relation of each life to the others and of all to the events and movements of the time. (Sturgis & Walton company; $1.50.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Composition," by Arthur W. Dow. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

"Written in the Sand," by G. R. Duval. (John C. Winston company, Philadelphia.)

"Patsy," by S. R. Crockett. (Macmillan company, New York.)

"Vanishing Points," by Alice Brown. (Macmillan company, New York.)

"The Devil's Admiral," by Fred Ferdinand Moore. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"The Reluctant Lover," by Stephen McKenna. (John C. Winston company, Philadelphia.)

"Precious Waters," by A. M. Chrisholm. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

"The Spirit of American Literature," by J. Macy. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

"Advertising as a Business Force," by Paul Terry Cherington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

"The New Pacific," by Hubert Howe Bancroft. (Bancroft company, New York.)

"Mighty England," by Will Elliot Griffis. (Christopher Sower company, Philadelphia.)

"The Influence of Baudelaire," by G. Turquet Milnes. (E. P. Dutton company, New York.)

"The Victory of Defeat," by Fanny de Groot Hastings. (Alice Harriman company, New York.)

"The Caequer Board," by Sybil Grant. (George H. Doran company, New York.)

"A Dream of Blue Roses," by Mrs. Hubert Barclay. (George H. Doran company, New York.)

"The Poisoned Pen," by Arthur B. Reeve. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

"The Case of Jennie Brice," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis.)

PUBLISHERS' CORNER

Those who have read Elizabeth Robins' story, "My Little Sister," will be interested to hear that the famous London prelate, Dean Wilberforce, has spoken of the book in two of his recent sermons—once in St. John's church, Westminster, and again from the pulpit of Westminster abbey. Since the publication of "My Little Sister" in this country (Dodd, Mead & Co.), Miss Robins has received many letters from her readers, and the striking note of these appreciations of her work is the appeal for direction and advice in the crusade against the evil which "My Little Sister" portrays. One letter says: "It seems to me that the woman who wrote this story must have behind it some idea about the prevention of such cases. How can another woman help?"

* * *

Floyd Dell, editor of The Chicago Evening Post Weekly Literary Review, will discuss modern feminism in a book soon to be published by Forbes & Co., entitled "Women as World Builders." The efforts of modern women to better conditions for their sex are considered in studies of Ellen Key, Olive Schreiner, Jane Addams and others.

* * *

In her new book, "Virginia," announced by Doubleday, Page & Co. for a little later on this spring, Ellen Glasgow makes an addition to the growing list of literature, establishing the position of women in modern life. The story is entirely independent of locality inasmuch as the problems taken up are universal.

* * *

John Masefield's, "The Story of a Round House and Other Poems," has gone into a new edition, the second since its publication, a fact which would seem to indicate a demand in this country for verse of a certain kind, despite many statements to the contrary.

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Charles Scribner's Sons have issued in pamphlet form a brief sketch of the life and the writings of Sir Gilbert Parker, the Canadian novelist, whose works they have just now begun to publish in a uniform edition.

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Among forthcoming publications announced by E. P. Dutton & Co. are "American Nobility," by Pierre de Coulevain, and "The Fear of Living," by Henry Bordeaux.

* * *

Messrs. L. C. Page & Co. have just published "Pollyanna," a new novel by Eleanor H. Porter, author of "Miss Billy" and "Miss Billy's Decision."

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