BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Gossipings from a Little Corner in Bookland.

New and Forthcoming Volumes.

Books! those miraculous memories of high thoughts and golden moods; those magical shells, tremulous with the secrets of the ocean of life; those love letters that pass from hand to hand of a thousand lovers that never meet; those honeycombs of dreams; those orchards of knowledge; those still-beating hearts of the noble dead; those mysterious signals that beckon along the darksome pathways of the past; voices through which the myriad lispings of the earth find perfect speech; oracles through which the mysteries call like voices in moonlit woods; prisms of beauty; urns stored with all the sweets of all the summers of time; immortal nightingales that sing forever to the rose of life."

—Richard Le Gallienne.

Best Selling Books.

1. "The Crisis"—Churchill.
2. "Eternal City"—Caine.
3. "D'ri and I"—Bacheller.
4. "The Right of Way"—Parker.
5. "Blennerhasset"—Pidgin.
6. "Tristram of Blent"—Hope.
7. "Graustark"—McCutcheon.

Miss eJwett's New Book.

"The Tory Lover." By Sarah Orme Jewett. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50

Miss Jewett's name on the cover of a book is a guarantee of artistic conscientiousness. Nothing that she writes will be poorly done. There will be, however, a natural speculation as to her success in a field in which this new volume is her first venture. Any fears as to the result may be put aside. Never has her touch been surer, her art more thorough, her story more interesting, her treatment more delightful. In no other book has the range of her imagination been so great. Indeed, it is most unfortunate that this volume has appeared at this time, just as the tide is setting in against the so-called "historical novel." The natural reaction of an overfed public literary taste will perhaps operate to deny this splendid book its merited popularity and appreciation. After the weary journey through the barren wastes of "historical" fiction it is a soothing balm to reach such an oasis of delight as "The Tory Lover." Here are no swashbuckling heroes, no blood-curdling duels, no fields of gore, no impenetrable disguises, no impossible heroes, no diplomatic heroines.

But this is not to say that action is lacking in plot or story. There is action and plenty of it. Indeed the dramatic power of the book will surprise even Miss Jewett's most enthusiastic admirer. Herein it differs from the so-called books of power. It is a pleasure to consider how simply and easily genius works, with what straightforward directness and conservatism of energy, with that absence of trickery and artifice, with what power of illuminating interpretation it handles everyday material so as to give to it an ideal significance and vital power.

The difference between the average "historical novel" and this book of Miss Jewett's is the difference between the vital and the spectacular elements in literature and life.

Where others have laid hold of the surface facts merely, she has grasped the inner meaning; and in the description both of character and of scene, she has touched the heart of things, where others have but elaborated the accessories of the event.

"The Tory Lover" is a love story of Revolutionary times, the scenes moving between Portsmouth and Berwick, France and England. Roger Wallingford, the hero of the narrative, is a Tory by tradition and instinct, but sails with Paul Jones in the Ranger "because of a partial conviction of the justice of the patriot cause, and entire conviction of the loveliness of Mary Hamilton." Wallingford is suspected of strong Tory proclivities, and just as things are assuming unpleasant aspects for him personally, Mary Hamilton secures a lieutenant's commission for him from Jones, who himself loves the charming Berwick lass and gives in to her eager pleading, not wholly from unselfish motives. Wallingford is suspected by most of the crew of being still unloyal, and Paul Jones mistrusts him somewhat, but during the long voyage of the Ranger to France becomes warmly attached to him, as the only one on board whom he can wholly rely upon. .. scheming villain, Dickson, who would undermine Jones, attempts to make trouble between the two by repeating to Wallingford a conversation between Jones and Mary Hamilton, which he has overheard.

Wallingford refuses to listen, but at the close of an interview with Jones in which a complete understanding between the two seems effected, he discovers upon Jones' finger a ring given him by Mary Hamilton. He believes that Jones has given him his commission only to keep him from Mary Hamilton's side. After several sullen days Jones discovers the cause of Wallingford's sulking, and in a burst of magnanimity assures Wallingford that he is the one Mary Hamilton loves. The dramatic elements of the story begin with the historic attack upon White Haven, where Jones' well-laid plans are thwarted by Dickson, who rouses the town guard, stabs Wallingford and leaves him for dead in the hands of the English, and returns to the Ranger to prove to Jones that Wallingford has betrayed them and has deserted to his friends. By a clever manipulation of facts and by hiding important private papers belonging to Jones in Wallingford's books, he persuaded Jones against his will. Wallingford is thrust into an English prison to die of his wounds. News reaches New England that Wallingford has betrayed the Patriots, and a mob attacks the home of Wallingford's mother. Mary Hamilton and Mrs. Wallingford sail for England in search of Wallingford. Securing a pardon through influential friends in England, they discover that Wallingford has escaped from prison. In an English country church Mary Hamilton meets Paul Jones in disguise, confesses her love for Wallingford, pleads so passionately for her lover that Jones is convinced that Dickson and not Wallingford, was the traitor. Together they plot to find the missing lieutenant. Jones plans a skillful trap for Dickson and the story ends in a graphic account of Dickson's surprise in a tavern just as he is dickering with English spies for the sale of Jones' secret plans. This is the briefest outline of the story. It is full of stirring incident and dramatic interest.

Perhaps the thing the reader will be most thankful for is the splendid picture of John Paul Jones which Miss Jewett has given us. Within the past few years a dozen "lives" of this masterly "sea wolf" have appeared. None of them has set forth the character of Jones with such life-like reality, with such flesh and blood "humanness" as does this story. Here he is shown as he most likely was. Passionate, proud, enthusiastic, tyrannical, impulsive, kind-hearted, stormy and tempestuous, sympathetic, ambitious, raging and loving, shaken with anger, touched by pity, damning as often as praising, but always keen, intellectual, undeceived, and withal his faults, wholly a gentleman and a nobleman. Perhaps the finest chapter in the book is that describing the interview between Jones and Benjamin Franklin at Paris. The sage and scholar, trained by long experience to patience, and the eager sailor chafing because he must wait for the glory he desires. "Glory is all my dream; there is no holding back in me when I think of it; my poor goods and my poor life are only for it. Help me, sir, help me, to get my opportunity. You shall see

Do not join with those who, with petty quibbles and excuses, would hold me back," pleads Jones passionately and pathetically. The chapter in which is described the first salute given the American flag by a foreign fleet is thrilling. The most admirable feature of this book is the life-likeness of the characters. They move through the pages naturally and as we expect them to. They are moved by a master hand. Jones, Wallingford and Mary Hampton are the three "star" figures of the romance, but in the background are many others the reader will never forget—"men of a single-hearted faith in liberty that shone bright and unassailable." First among them in the affections of most readers will be the lovable and unforgetable schoolmaster, "Master Sullivan," the "remnant of another time," sharing with all "the treasures of a kingly mind."

Few stories of the Revolution have so subtly realized the real sentiment of those times between the mother country and the colonies. "'Tis not that we hate England, but because we love her, that we are hurt so deep," says an Ameri- that I am at heart a true American, and that I know by business as a sailor.

is broken off and he finally becomes a mere literary hack, doing such odd jobs for the newspapers as he can find, and investing his small earnings in rum. The book will not make much of a sensation, although it is a fairly well drawn picture of the power of the drink appetite over its victims.

"God Smiles, and a Look Into His Face." Maggie Olive Jordan. Chicago: F. T. Tennyson Neeley. $1.

The author of this book is evidently earnest, sincere and eager to give the world a message of help. In the preface she says that what the world wants is "simple truth." In this book there are undoubtedly elements of truth. But it cannot be called a success as a novel, for there is too much evidence of preaching. It is indeed altogether too etherial for the average work-a-day man and woman. The sincerity and good intent of the author cannot unfortunately cause one to forget the shortcomings of the story. It has neither form nor continuity. There are passages of great beauty scattered through the pages, however.

"Caps and Capers." By Gabrielle E. Jackson. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus company. $1.

This is a delightfully wholesome story of boarding school life, told with vivid picturing and charming humor. It will be read with a great deal of pleasure both by old and young. The girls of whom it tells are real girls, and the life described is very jolly and healthy. The comical "Caps and Capers' club," with its secret midnight meetings, sleighrides and other mirthful events, will capture the affections. The book is full of human interest. It would be well if every schoolteacher were to read this book; its influence would be beneficial.

WOULDN'T GET LICKED SO OFTEN.

Mamma (who has just whipped Bobby)—You know, Bobby, I love you, and when I whip you I do it for your own good.

Bobby (crying)—Well, I—I wish you didn't, boo hoo, think so much of me.

can officer in the first chapter of the book.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

"Findelkind," by Ouda. "Little Puritan Pioneers," by Edith Robinson. "A Small, Small Child," by E. Livingston Prescott; "Madame Liberality," by Juliana Horatia Ewing. The Cosy Corner series. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; St. Paul: St. Paul Book and Stationery company, 50c each.

It happens but rarely that books written for children have any claims to being literature, but Messrs. Page & Co. have broken the rule, and in the volumes enumerated above have shown that it is possible for authors to write books which, while adapted to the child-

HOW A CHINESE QUEUE BECAME AN AMERICAN PLAIT.

ONE.

ish comprehension, are yet sufficiently interesting to hold the attention of maturer readers. Indeed, whoever picks up the charming tale, "Findelkind," will not be likely to lay down the volume until he has read it through, even more than once. The book is written in Ouida's best and most luminous style and is as charming a story as has come from her pen in many a day. Equally interesting are the other volumes of the series, which are handsomely printed, illustrated with appropriate half-tone pictures and prettily bound. The series seems bound to be popular with the young readers, and most justly so.

"The Tempting of Father Anthony." By George Horton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. St. Paul: St. Paul Book and Stationery company. $1.25.

A pleasant story of the efforts a young man, the son of a priest in one of the little villages of Greece, to live the life of an ascetic and make himself worthy of the title "Father Anthony." The story is not particularly strong, but it is pleasant reading, and is full of the color of the locality in which its action is laid. Almost from his babyhood it was the delight of the boy, Anastasia, who is the principal figure in the story, to read, in the lives of the saints, of the trials, temptations and victories of the good Saint Anthony, and even at the time when most youngsters are busy with their childish games, he was studying in what ways he could best mortify his flesh and prepare himself for a career that should be as full of godly works as was he whose name he aspired to bear some day. Throughout his school life the one ideal was ever before him, but just when he seemed to be on the point of succeeding, he, like many another would-be saint, was smitten by the glance of a pair of bright eyes, and although he struggled to rid himself of the spell they cast about him, he failed utterly, and, like a wise man, gave up the idea of wearing a halo, became an innkeeper and was content. The book is well written and the struggles of the young man are depicted in a manner that is amusing.

"A Literary Gent." By Coulson Kernahan. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. St. Paul: The St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

This is a study of dipsomania in autobiography form and depicts the struggles of the writer to rid himself of the drink habit. He introduces himself as a newspaper writer of great ability and of excellent prospects, who is engaged to marry the daughter of one of the leading citizens of the place in which he resides, but neither the loss of his position, nor the prayers and entreaties of his fiancee are sufficient to induce him to break away from his cups for any length of time. The engagement

The first three chapters present a very striking contrast between the mechanical, soul-dwarfing, hope-killing system of education which cloaks its criminal lack of comprehension and sympathy under the meek-heroic poses of "discipline," and the real education wrought by deep and true understanding of character, bounded by kindness and sympathetic encouragement, and emphasizing the vital elements of growth in the individual. The characters are very lifelike and well drawn. The book will please all kinds of readers. There is not a dull line in the volume.

"Larry Hudson's Ambition." By James Otis. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.

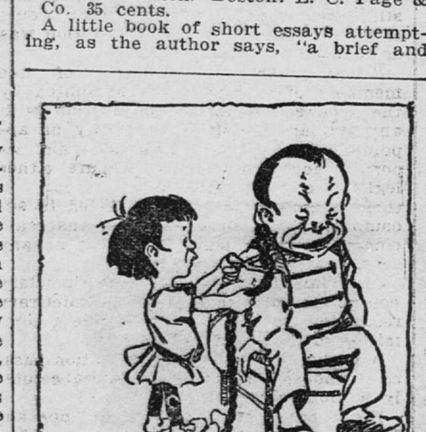
Ask Young America what it thinks of James Otis, and the answer is a wild whoop of appreciation. A book by James Otis is an event in the average American boy's life. This one is very like the others, plenty of adventure and excitement, many obstacles met and overcome, the final defeat of the bad, the triumph of the good boy. It will be eagerly welcomed by his large constituency of readers.

"The Apples of Sin." By Coulson Kernahan. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 35 cents.

A very short, but very powerful study of the torturing retribution of conscience in a man whose indifference has caused the woman who loves him to shoot herself at his feet. Written with all the graphic power that this author is noted for, the description of the man's soul, lashed by the fiends of memory, is indeed "the very horrors come alive." It is a nightmare of doom.

"Faith as Related to Health." By William E. Barton. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 35 cents.

A little book of short essays attempting, as the author says, "a brief and



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sensible and candid discussion of Christ's miracles of healing, and of some of the various modern schools of mental cure."

"Prince Harold: A Fairy Story." By L. F. Brown. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.

An original and fascinating story for the young. It deals with the adventures of a young prince who discovers a beautiful princess with the help of the Mean Spirit. He is so enamored that he dwells with his bride in complete seclusion for awhile, entrusting the conduct of his kingdom meantime to his monkey servant, Longtail. The latter marries a monkey princess from Amfalulu, and their joint reign is described with the drollest humor. The real rulers finally return and upset the reign of the pretenders.

Floods of Fiction.

The publishers' fall announcements are about complete now, and one can size up the year's literary offering. Fiction reigns supreme, as usual, although it is doubtful if there will be as many successful novels as there were last fall. The Appleton company, in addition to Hall Caine's "Eternal City," which is already published, announces the publication of an unpublished manuscript by Edward Noyes Westcott, author of David Harum, entitled "The Teller." This will naturally attract attention. "Shacklett," by Walter Barr, a story of Western politics, is much advertised. "The Alien," by Miss Montressor, author of "Into the Highways and Hedges," and "Shipmates," by Morgan Robertson, are among the important fiction offerings of the Appletons.

"The Tempting of Father Anthony," by George Horton, is the best on the McClurg list. In addition to "Cardigan" and "The Rigt of Way," the Harpers announce "Over the Plum Pudding," by John Kendrick Bangs; and "The House Divided," by H. B. Marriot Watson.

L. C. Page & Co. announce, in addition to "Captain Ravenshaw," "My Strongest Case," by Guy Boothby, and "Jarvis of Harvard," by Reginald Wright Kaufman. "Tristram of Blent," by Anthony Hope, is, of course, the big book of the McClure, Phillips & Co. list, but they have also "The Westerners," by Stewart Edward White, which seems destined to have quite a run, and "April's Sewing,"

by Gertrude Hall. Among the Scribner novels first place must be given to Cable's new book, "The Cavalier." "The Making of Jane," by Sarah Barnwell Elliot, and "Raffles," by E. W. Hornung, are announced by the same firm.

The Putnam's publish Elbert Hubbard's new novel "Time and Chance;" "Katherine Day," by Anna Fuller; "One of My Sons,' by Anna Katherine Green, and "In Our Country," by Marion Harland. "Circumstances," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell; "Tom Beauling," by Gouverneur Morris; "God Save the Kind," by Ronald MacDonald, are among the Century company's titles.

"Wolfville Day," by Alfred Henry Lewes; "The Traitor's Way," by S. Levett-Yeats; "Her Love or Crown," by Arthur W. Marchment, and "Barbara Ladd," by Prof. Roberts, will be published by the F. A. Stokes company. Dodd, Mead & Co. have an especially large list of fiction, the most promising being: "The Shores of Fortune," by Neil Munro; "The Velvet Glove," by Henry Seton Merriman; "Love the Harvester," by Max Pemberton. Interest will naturally attach to the Bowen-Merrill list because of their unusual success last year in discovering new authors and achieving popular success. "Rosalynde's Lovers," by the late Maurice Thompson; "The Fickle Wheel," by Henry Thew Stephenson; "My Lady Peggy Goes to Iowa," by Frances Amar Matthews, are among the new ones.

The Lothrops are again unusually fortunate with three such leaders as "D'ri and I," by Bacheller; "J. Devlin-Boss," by Williams, and "When the Land Was Young," by McLaws; "Caleb Wright," by John Habberton. Longman, Green & Co. present new volumes by their old stand-bys, Weyman and Edna Lyall, "Count Hannibal," by the former, "In Spite of All," by the latter. Other new novels are: "The Crimson Cryptogram," Fergus W. Hume (New Amsterdam Book company); "That Sweet Enemy," Katherine Tynan (J. B. Lippincott company); "Thyra," Robert Bennett (Henry Holt); "The Man From Glengarry," Ralph Connor (F. H. Reville company); "Captain Bluitt," Max Adeler (Henry T. Coates & Co.); "The Real World," Robert Herrick, "Calumet K," Merwin-Webster, "A Friend With the Countersign," B. K. Benson (MacMillan company); "Room Four Stones," Henry M. Blossom (H. S. Stone & Co).

Two Poems on Opportunity.

John J. Ingalls, the brilliant, versatile, keenly intellectual, but sadly erratic politician—who just escaped being a statesman, was not, as a rule, addicted to writing poetry. But once he wrote a real poem—one which has been widely copied and commented upon—his sonnet on "Opportunity." Edward Rowland Sill, a true poet and a great one, but little known today save among lovers of poetry, also wrote a poem on this same subject—one of the best known of his verses. Sill was in nature and temperament the opposite of John J. Ingalls, a recluse, a solitary thinker, a brooder upon life, its mysteries and its lessons. It is interesting to compare these two poems on a common theme. The point of view of each writer is evident from the poems themselves. Whatever be the individual judgment of the reader, the comparison will be interesting. One may at least venture the opinion that if John J. Ingalls could have maintained the standard of this sonnet, it was the mistake of his life that he jilted a literary career. Here are the poems:

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden at every gate
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not and I return no more.
—John J. Ingalls.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain,
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge
And thought: "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
Blunt thing—" he snapped and flung it from his hand,
And, lowering, crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down
And saved a great cause that heroic day.
—Edward Rowland Sill.

Ruskin's Rarest Book.

Literature of London, in a recent article on the value of rare Ruskiniana, deals interestingly with the rarest piece associated with Ruskin's name, the "Poems, by J. R.," of 1850, an octavo volume of 283 pages, issued in green and purple cloth. This book, containing fifty-one poems, written between the ages of fourteen and twenty-six, was privately printed by Ruskin's father, and has long been rare. Literature, however, values the volume at £50, being apparently unaware of the existence of the two American copies that have fetched much larger sums.

The record price for the book is $330, given at Bang's on Feb. 13, 1901, for a copy in purple cloth, edges not gilded. The French copy, in green cloth, came close to this sum, selling for $325 last spring. Thomas J. Wise, who has written authoritatively of Browning and Swinburne and edited a "Biography of the Writings of John Ruskin," in 1893, possesses an uncut copy of this rarity, the measurement being 7¼ by 4½ inches.

Besant's Last Writing.

About the last piece of work done by Sir Walter Besant was the writing of "The Story of King Alfred." It is a popular history of the great king, the millennial celebration of whose reign is now being kept, says Current Literature. It is pleasant to read this from the late Sir Walter:

"I would rather write a book for the people than anything else that the world can offer. He who reaches the heart of the people becomes and continues an abiding force. Truly, his work lives after him—his good work. What could man desire better than for all these years to be a champion of religious liberty and the sturdy individualism character and

THREE.

national history? It is a great ambition —there can be none greater; the glories that a state can offer—the honor, the distinction, the wealth are insignificant before such an achievement. Let me be permitted to entertain the ambition, even though it is not destined to the fulfilled."

Sir Walter wrote with the greatest enthusiasm. Part of the book is made of an address delivered at Winchester, preparatory to the celebration—a sketch of England in the ninth century—and is perhaps its most valuable feature.

Mark Twain's Apology.

A new Mark Twain story has just been unearthed. It seems that at one time the humorist's neighbors were Harriet Beecher Stowe and her daughters, and Mark Twain had a habit of running in to see them often in a somewhat shabby costume, greatly to the distress of Mrs. Clemens.

One morning, as he returned from the Stowes, sans necktie, Mrs. Clemens met him at the door with the exclamation: "There, Sam, you have been over to the Stowes again without a necktie. It's really disgraceful the way you neglect your dress!" Her husband said nothing, but went up to his room. A few minutes later Mrs. Stowe was summoned to the door by a messenger, who presented her with a small box neatly done up. She opened it and found a black silk necktie,

accompanied by the following note: "Here is a necktie. Take it out and look at it. I think I stayed at your house half an hour this morning. At the end of that time will you kindly return it, as it is the only one I have.—Mark Twain."

"D'ri and I."

Irving Bacheller's beautiful story, "D'ri and I," a most worthy successor to "Eben Holden," is, like the latter book, full of quaint philosophy and wisdom. Here are a few specimens:

"Some o' these greenhorns are not nice to play with. They're like some guns—loaded when you don't expect it."

"Liberty—Swap my blood any time for that air. I can fight sassy, but not for no king; but God Almighty. Don't pay t' get all tore up less for suthin' pretty middlin' vallyble. My life hain't wuth much; but, ye see, I hain't nuthin' else."

"When yer shutin' a bear, ef ye want 'im, don't never think o' nuthin' but the bear."

Dri's prayer at the funeral in the forest: "Oh, God, tek care o granma. Help us to go on careful, an' wen we're riled help us t' keep er mouths shut. Oh, God, help the ol' cart an' the ex in partic'lar. An' don't be noway hard on us. Amen."

"After dark it is weird business to be swimming in strange water—the throne of mystery of a thousand terrors. It is as if one's grave, full of the blackness of the undiscovered country, were pursuing him and even yawning beneath his body."

On Our Book Table.

From the St. Paul Boox and Stationery company:

L. C. Page & Co., Boston—"Capt. Ravenshaw," by Robert Neilson Stephens, $1.50; "Back to the Soil," by Bradley Gilman, $1.25; "Famous Actresses" (second series), by Lewis C. Strang, $1.50; "A Small, Small Child," by E. Livingston Prescott, 50c; "Gatty and I," by Francis E. Crompton, 50c; "The Fairy of the Rhone," by A. Comyns Carr, 50c; "Madam Liberality," by Juliana Horatia Ewing, 50c; "A Bad Penny," by John T. Wheelwright, 50c; "Finkelkind," by Ouida, 50c; "'Tilda Jane," by Marshall Saunders, $1.25; "Prince Harold," by L. F. Brown, $1.50; "A Daughter of Mystery," by R. N. Silver, $1.50; "Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics," edited by Frederick Lawrence Knowles, $1; "Little Cousin Series" (six volumes), by Mary Hazleton Wade, $2.40; "Love in Our Village," by Orme Agnus, $2; "Consolation," by William E. Barton, D. D., 35 cents; "Apples of Sin," by Coulson Kernahan, 35 cents; "Unknown Singers," by C. F. Cole, 35 cents; "Jarvis of Harvard," by Reginald Wright Kauffman, $1.50; "Peggy's Trial," by Mary Knight Potter, 50 cents; "A Little Puritan Pioneer," by Edith Robinson, 50 cents; "A Literary Gent," by Coulson Kernahan, 35 cents; "Faith as Related to Health," by William E. Barton, 35 cents; "The Hero of the Hills," by G. Waldo Browne, $1; "Larry Hudson's Ambition," by James Otis, $1.25; "Famous Actors" (second series), by Lewis C. Strang, $1.50; "Florence" (two volumes), by Grant Allen, $3.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston—"The Tory Lover," by Sarah Orme Jewett, $1.50; "Jaconetta," by Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, 85 cents; "Our Houseboat on the Nile," by Lee Bacon, $1.75; "Our Lady Vanity."

Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia—"Caps and Capers," by Gabrielle E. Jackson, $1; "Galapoff, the Talking Pony," by Tudor Jenks, $1.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago—"Tempting of Father Anthony," by George Horton, $1.25; "Justice to Women," by Ernie Babcock, $1.25.

Laird & Lee, Chicago—"Balzac's Dramatic Works," translated by E. de Valcourt-Vermont, two volumes, $2.50; "Pitfalls of the Ballroom," by George F. Hall.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York—"Gloria Deo," collection of hymns and tunes, $1.25.

A. N. Marquis & Co., Chicago—"Who's Who in America," John W. Leonard, editor, $2.75.

Jamieson Higgins Co., Chicago—"Kids of Many Colors," by Grace Duffie Boylan and Ike Morgan.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is now known that Kipling began "Kim" eight years ago, and that he has written this most pretentious novel with painstaking care; some sections were rewritten a dozen times and then changed or cut out. The scenes and characters are some of those Kipling knows best and the many readers of "Plain Tales from the Hills" will recognize people and places made familiar to them. The journeys of Kim and his Lama repro-

HE KNEW.

"Don't you think Edith has engaging manners?"

"Hardly. She has refused me three times this season."

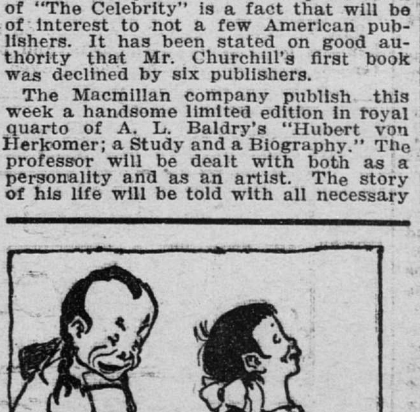
duce many of the same journeys of the author, even to the traveling toward the land of Tibet near the end of the tale.

A novel by the author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," entitled "A Modern Antaeus," is a startling announcement on Doubleday, Page & Co.'s autumn list.

Theodore Roosevelt will furnish an introduction to an elaborate volume displaying the wild-animal photographs of A. G. Wallihan and Mrs. Wallihan.

That the sales of Mr. Winston Churchill's three books are running on now toward the million mark in the three and a half years since the publication of "The Celebrity" is a fact that will be of interest to not a few American publishers. It has been stated on good authority that Mr. Churchill's first book was declined by six publishers.

The Macmillan company publish this week a handsome limited edition in royal quarto of A. L. Baldry's "Hubert von Herkomer; a Study and a Biography." The professor will be dealt with both as a personality and as an artist. The story of his life will be told with all necessary



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elaboration, and an analysis of his curiously complex character will be attempted.

The third portion of Lady Dilke's work on French art in the eighteenth century is devoted to "Decoration and Furniture." It contains sixteen photogravure plates and fifty-six half-tone reproductions, and is issued in imperial octavo by the Macmillan company.

"The Print Collector's Handbook," by Alfred Whitman, of the department of prints and drawings in the British museum, is a handsome octavo work containing eighty illustrations in collotype and half-tone. It has just been published by the Macmillan company.

Little, Brown & Co. announce the publication on Oct. 5 of: "Mistress Brent, a Romance of Lord Baltimore's Colony in 1638," by Lucy M. Thurston; "Lassie," a new book by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission," "Laddie," etc.; volumes 9-14 inclusive of the Pocket Balzac; "Deafness and Cheerfulness," by Rev. A. W. Jackson; a new edition of Drake's "New England Legends and Folk Lore," illustrated; "The Captain of the School," by Edith Robinson, illustrated by Alice Barber Stevens; "Morgan's Men," by John Preston True, author of "The Iron Star," etc., illustrated; "Another Flock of Girls," by Nora Perry, a new edition uniform with "Hope Benham," etc, illustrated by Birch; "High School Days in Harbortown," by Lily F. Wesselhoeft, author of "Doris and Her Dog Rodney," etc.; and "Teddy: Her Daughter," by Anna Chapin Ray.

The poems on Dragon-Flies in Lafcadio Hearn's new book, "A Japanese Miscellany," were collected for Mr. Hearn by a friend. In his researches, fifty-two volumes of thirty-one-syllable poetry in the Imperial library were read through before a single composition on dragon-flies was found.

"The World Beautiful," first series, by Lilian Whiting, is to be published in France. Over 72,000 volues of the three series of Miss Whiting's "World Beautiful" books have already been printed in English. Her latest volume "World Beautiful in Books" will be published by Little, Brown Co. some time in October.

Samuel Adams Drake has added fifteen new legends to the new edition of his standard work entitled "New England Legends and Folk-Lore, in Prose and Poetry," which Little, Brown & Co. will publish Oct. 5.

Over 280,000 copies of "Little Men" have already been printed, but nevertheless the new holiday edition of Miss Alcott's famous story, with illustrations by Reginald B. Birch, is alreay assured of a large sale. Little, Brown & Co. have been obliged to prepare a second edition, although the date of publication is not until Oct. 19.

After several years' rest from literary work, the queen of Roumania has begun writing again. The royal author recently completed a book of fairy tales which will have the unique record of appearing simultaneously this fall in the United States, England and Germany, and a little later in Holland, Sweden, Spain in Mexico. The book is entitled "A Real Queen's Fairy Tales," and, like all her majesty's literary work, appears under her pseudonym "Carmen Sylva."

"The Control of Trusts" is the effective title of Prof. John Bates Clark's latest work, which is now on the press with the MacMillan company for immediate publication.

The anonymous author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" has just completed her novel "The Benefactress," which the Macmillan company will publish at an early day.

Cyrus Townsend Brady, author of "For Love of Country," etc., has just finished work on a short novel which will appear in the Century Magazine, beginning with November. It is a dramatic sketch in four parts—"Barbarossa"—and will be illustrated by the accomplished German artist, Werner Zehme. Ernest Seton-Thompson will contribute "The Legend of the White Reindeer" to an early number of the same magazine.

Eliot Gregory, whose writings over the pen name of "The Idler" are widely known, is preparing for the Century Magazine a group of papers on various phases of social life in New York. For the same magazine Mr. Henry L. Nelson is writing articles on the social side of Washington.

TOO MANY WILD DUCKS.

One Arizona Party Brought in a Bag of 3,800 Last Winter.

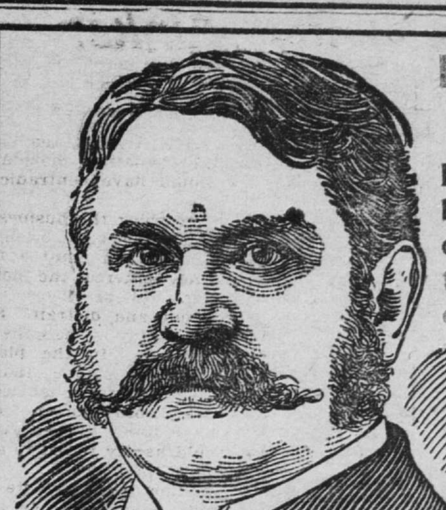
Wild ducks from the northern lakes are swarming southward and in such numbers as have never been known in this portion of the Southwest, says a Phoeniz, Ariz., correspondent of the Kansas City Star. Hunters of the duck, who have shot the mallard, the teal and the canvasback in all portions of the South declare that never have been seen such large and early flocks as are settling down along the lower Colorado and Gulf of California. From a few miles below Yuma, far down the river and below its mouth, lies a fine duck country. Below the international line, where game laws are unknown, in such quantities are the birds that from a true sportsman's point of view shooting loses its enjoyment and becomes a mere slaughter. Every fall and winter millions of ducks are killed there by white hunters, Mexicans and Indians, but each year there is an apparent increase in the incoming flocks. Hardened by their long flight from the north, the ducks fatten quickly in the luxury of the low lands, and become easily approachable, by virtue of the comparatively small number of hunters that go into that region

Each year, however, the hunting ground is becoming better known, and there are few Eastern sportsmen who get into Southwestern Arizona during the winter and late autumn who do not try their luck at the Colorado river ducks. Last December a party of New York and California hunters made a trip from Yuma down the river and gulf in a small steamer and brought in what is believed to be the largest bag of ducks ever known. In a two days' ride down seventy-five miles of the river, they killed more birds than could be packed into the hold and on the deck of the steamer, and before they had reached the mouth of the Colorado eight of the ten men in the party were nursing shoulders that were so badly bruised by hundreds of recoils of the breechloaders, that they were unable to shoot again for days. When Guaymas was reached and the count made it was found that 3,800 ducks were on the boat. For two days the population of the Mexican port reveled in a great banquet of duck meat.

The duck season in Arizona does not open until Oct. 15, but already killing has begun along the Colorado and the irrigated lands to the east and north. Game laws in Arizona are usually considered mere matters of form, and the wardens spend little time in their enforcement, except in regard to deer, which are closely guarded from the outlaw hunter. In the alfalfa and grain fields of the various agricultural districts, ducks can be shot after every irrigation, the water on the lands raising the insects to the surface and providing the occasion for the onslaught of the hungry birds from the north. Frequently the ranchers are able to shoot ducks from their door yards, and last winter a large flock of canvasbacks settled down along a canal, which passes through the heart of Phoenix, and for a week kept uptown residents awake by their commotion during the feeding hours of the night.

Down along the Gila river, the Pima Indians kill the ducks in large numbers, using only clubs as weapons. Creeping like snakes through the thick brush which leads close up to the banks of the stream, or its bayous, three or four Pima lads will emerge suddenly and simultaneously upon the bank, and within a few feet of a flock of ducks. Each Indian is armed with a half dozen short, heavy clubs, and each lets fly a missile, as the frightened, squawking ducks arise. Sometimes a two-foot mesquite stick brings down two ducks, and rarely misses one. Then, before the flight is fairly started, another volley is launched and two or three more wounded birds drop to the water. Then three or four lithe, red bodies churn through the water and it is a merry fight for the birds. To hold two or three wounded, struggling, diving ducks in deep water is no small task, and only the long practice of the Pima gives the perfection which makes the feast at the tepee that night.

The Seri and Cocopah Indians, along the lower Colorado and the gulf, adopt even a more interesting method of getting their game. The older bucks, with bows and arrows, secure the birds in the good, old-fashioned manner, but the younger boys use a plan more difficult and less certain. Early in the morning, before dawn, they arrange in the water of the bayous light horse hair riatas, weighted and buoyed, until they float about three inches below water level. Then, attaching to their traps long and strong lines, the boys lie in wait for the coming of the ducks. When the birds settle in the water and finally congregate about a buoy, there is a long, sharp and hard pull, and one or two and sometimes three ducks are hauled to dry land and the stew pot.



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The skin is the seat of an almost endless variety of diseases. They are known by various names, but are all due to the same cause, acid and other poisons in the blood that irritate and interfere with the proper action of the skin.

To have a smooth, soft skin, free from all eruptions, the blood must be kept pure and healthy. The many preparations of arsenic and potash and the large number of face powders and lotions generally used in this class of diseases cover up for a short time, but cannot remove permanently the ugly blotches and the red, disfiguring pimples.

Eternal vigilance is the price of a beautiful complexion when such remedies are relied on.

Mr. H. T. Shobe, 2704 Lucas Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., says: "My daughter was afflicted for years with a disfiguring eruption on her face, which resisted all treatment. She was taken to two celebrated health springs, but received no benefit. Many medicines were prescribed, but without result, until we decided to try S. S. S., and by the time the first bottle was finished the eruption began to disappear. A dozen bottles cured her completely and left her skin perfectly smooth. She is now seventeen years old, and not a sign of the embarrassing disease has ever returned."

S. S. S. is a positive, unfailing cure for the worst forms of skin troubles. It is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and the only one guaranteed purely vegetable.

Bad blood makes bad complexions.

SSS purifies and invigorates the old and makes new, rich blood that nourishes the body and keeps the skin active and healthy and in proper condition to perform its part towards carrying off the impurities from the body.

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