

NEW BOOKS.

Emperor William's Speeches.

Some sceptical Americans will doubt whether the compliment is deserved which is paid in the thick volume entitled "The Kaiser's Speeches," translated and edited with annotations by Wolf von Schierbrand (Harpers). But, while it may be questioned whether the work was worth doing at all, it will be denied by no one that the task...

Mr. von Schierbrand tells us that the Kaiser's views regarding the great American Republic underwent a change after our war with Spain. Up to that time his conception of the United States was essentially crude and faulty. According to the author of the book before us, he had been misled by his advisers, and misinformed by his diplomats...

On page 119, the author recalls that "soon after Prince Henry's return from the United States, the Kaiser gave notice of his intention to present a gift to the United States of Frederick the Great's sword." The sword is, of course, a slip of the pen. In the telegram on the subject, which was addressed to President Roosevelt, the Kaiser makes an assertion for which there is no historical foundation...

By way of proof that before our war with Spain the Kaiser's views of the American people were not particularly flattering, we reproduce certain remarks which we find quoted in Mr. von Schierbrand's book. For example, the Emperor said to Ambassador White on one occasion: "America is a country of contrasts—plering lights and deep shadows." One would have liked to hear the shadows specified. To ex-President Harrison he expressed the conviction that "Your whole country is an experiment—an intensely interesting one, I admit, but still an experiment. Whether it will stand the storms of time as the older monarchies of Europe have done, remains still to be seen."

Vagabonds of the Deep Sea. Mr. Albert Sonnichsen is an able seaman and is also a capable story-teller. The reader of his book "Deep Sea Vagabonds" (McClure, Phillips & Co.) will find himself carried with interest and exhilaration through its nineteen eventful chapters. He will sail with Mr. Sonnichsen from his native town of San Francisco around Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta; from that ardent port to Dundee, a haven of rest and whisky, and then not to speak of other matters perilous and alluring to sailors; from British shores through the Bay of Biscay, off the Mediterranean to the Adriatic and the Black Sea; and thence, devoutly, to the American country described by the elder Mr. Willet, sometime keeper of the Maypole Inn, as "the Salwannas." It is a long way from San Francisco to Savannah, Ga., supposing that you take in Calcutta, St. Helena, Dundee, Leith, Ragusa, Trieste, Constantinople, Nikolaief and Marselles in the course of it; but under the personal conduct of Mr. Sonnichsen you will never mind the length of the journey or the number of ports at which you touch.

The CHELTENHAM Press undertakes the production of all printed matter of which the design and "Arrangement" are sufficiently important to be paid for.

150 Fifth Avenue Southwest Corner Twentieth Street

lish vessels are called, have their recommendations; so have the "frankfurters," which are sailed by Germans, of course, though it may be under the British flag. Only the Yankee merchantmen are quite abominable. They are not restrained by the law. The Turks are not so bad; and they are with their men in fesses and aashes and wide breeches. They have hearts in their bosoms, have the Turk; and if you faint at the pumps there is coffee, and gin, as well, to restore you. The story of the Balkan here will excite the reader's interest. She was of 4,000 tons burden, English made, old, abandoned, long idle in the mid, and she cost the Turks only \$400.

"I say, Mister, I beg pardon for interrupting ye, but are you really from Frisco?" Such was the inquiry addressed to Mr. Sonnichsen as he conversed in the lantern-light with a pretty girl. "With a start," said Mr. Sonnichsen, "I turned and beheld him who had spoken—a tall, thin, bald man, dressed in native costume, broad, gold-embroidered fess, short skirt and broad yellow sash through which was stuck a carved ivory-handled sword or long knife." To Mr. Sonnichsen's inquiries he replied: "I belong here, but I lived seven years in and around Frisco, and it's an all right place. I'd stayed there if it hadn't been for my old woman; she's too old to take up with our ways out there, so I came home to keep her and the kids."

Mr. Sonnichsen, much as he had sailed, was surprised; but it shows the sweep of the influence of the Yankee nation. This Ragusan continued: "I worked in the Pennsylvania coal mines for a year or two, but later I went out to California and started a saloon and made good money. Then I prospected some and did better, so now I am well fixed. Well, how is old Frisco, anyhow? It's three years since I left there. Is old Phelan Mayor still? I voted for him."

Fancy hearing this from a man in a fess, with a dirk in his belt, the nabob of the Adriatic. It is no more remarkable and no less probable than other passages in the story. There was Bob, the English sailor, who had begun by visiting the ends of the earth, who had then qualified himself for a lawyer, and had run away from the law and from a girl who was desirable, all at the age of 24. In the words of Bob, speaking of his experience of love and life: "I couldn't stick it out. I wasn't happy a moment during all that time. A longish, undefinable yet horrible, seemed to consume my very vitals. I can't describe it any better than as the horror of knowing what will happen to-morrow and the day after. My God, I suffered, but I hung on for her sake. I say I took trip to the seaside, and I saw a big four-master, outward bound, beating out channel. That settled me. Next day I was down at Liverpool and shipped in an old Swansea bark for Valparaiso."

The spirit of unrest. It seizes upon all kinds of people; if their hearts are sturdy enough they respond to it, and it accounts doubtless for what is told here of the sailor world. Who has described this world accurately? We think first of Clark Russell, and of the wonders that he has crowded upon us. It is said here that he is not a favorite of the people of whom he writes. They do not find him true to his subject; and we have often thought ourselves that he was not so true to his subject, or to the demands of his publishers. A sailor who is quoted here is made to dismiss him rather contemptuously. An able seaman, you can see by his writing, but he knows more about seamanship than about sailors. He writes dime novels about the men of the sea; it's all cutlasses and boarding parties with him. Why, then, do these blooming literary cranks paint sailors as they are? Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" was all right, but that tells of fifty years ago.

According to Mr. Sonnichsen, sailors like to read Dickens; their evolution is not yet such that you can often catch them with a work of Mr. George Meredith or Mr. Henry James. Still, again, they are not to be despised. They are not, as Mr. Henry George and his single tax are not without forecast appreciation. There is a fine description of "running the easting down" in the Cape Horn latitudes. Hereabout the wind finds a clean sweep around the world. "Such waves I had never seen. I did not actually measure the distance between their tops; it seemed two miles, but I will swear by one, anyhow. I have read somewhere that waves never reach over fifty feet in height. Our rigging was over a hundred, and still when we sat on our royal yards and the ship went down in the trough of a sea we could not see beyond the waves before and astern of us." On would come those mighty green, foam-capped mountains, heaving the big ship skyward until it seemed our mast might pierce the clouds. It was a horrible sensation, even to me, who had never suffered seasickness, and that sickening fear, as the ship topped over the crest, never leaving one, weighed in one's bowels like a weight of lead.

A canvas screen was raised about the wheel, so that the helmsmen could not glance astern, for even experienced seamen have been known to leave their post in a panic of sight of those gigantic dombers tearing up from astern, as though to swallow all. From Cape Horn around the Cape of Good Hope to the Indian Ocean, notwithstanding the great relief and beauty of that region. A magnificent pilot came to them off the mouth of the Hooghly. "A big bull-like Englishman in a white silk suit and cork helmet reclined lazily in the stern sheets on a beautiful rug under a canopy of Oriental cloth. His delicate hand glimmering with large jewels, held a long cigar in his big double-chinned face. As the boat made fast a half dozen natives threw aside the canopy and lifted the fat gentleman half way up our ladder, and he pulled himself up on deck. With regal tread he walked across our humble poop, and in a condescending way gave one fat forefinger to the skipper, as if he expected him to kiss it. Then his retinue of a dozen neck-and-face native came aboard and brought with them six large wooden chests, containing the pilot's changes of clothes and provisions for a two days' stay. Some of the natives were leaden, but he had with him a private cook, a butler, and two

or three valets. . . . This sort of thing completely took our wind away." Instead of the pilot of ordinary experience, a leathery-faced old man who came aboard alone, called you "mate" or "old sport," while you were at the wheel, and perhaps offered you a five-cent cigar, "they were a man evidently rigged out for the emperor business, doing a common pilot's work. And he looked at us, our captain and all, with a cold, distant, drawing-room stare, as though he couldn't be familiar because he hadn't been introduced. His orders were given in faultless English, from a British point of view; he called us the "allahs." A good man, though, and he took the ship safely over the Hooghly quicksands, which sometimes nipped great vessels and dragged them down until their trucks vanished beneath the pea-soup waters. This reminds us to say that we do not know always where the realism of this story vanishes into the fanciful part. We may say that we accept as history Mr. Sonnichsen's account of the sailor's life, and his story of his own career as an artist in oils in the British Isles, though we should not wish, as a consequence of that belief, to be thought unduly credulous. We will admit that the story has refreshed and delighted us, and that it is in our opinion charming. We commend it to all those who love to be freshly and vigorously entertained.

An Entertaining Faker.

In "Perkins the Faker" (the Smart Set Publishing Company) we have what the author, Mr. Edward S. Van Zile, calls a "Travesty on Reinforcement." Perkins does not appear. He is the *deus ex machina* behind the scenes, through whose agency some extraordinary matters are transacted in the three stories that make up the book. Incidentally, Perkins is a handy peg upon which to hang the tales, in order that they may be brought legitimately between the covers of a single volume. Some curious psychical transpositions are herein set down as due to the peculiar powers of Perkins, who had lived many years in India and had become an adept in certain Oriental mysteries. Some most astonishing complications arose when Mr. Reginald Stevens and his handsome and well-mannered wife woke up one morning to find that they had exchanged identities in the night. As a matter of cold fact, Reginald was Caroline and Caroline was Reginald. His spirit was clad in her fair body, while she was dowered with his beard and tousled hair and heavy limbs and features, and this unprecedented exchange was naturally productive of great annoyance to them both. It was an awkward situation, and the more they discussed it the more hopeless it became.

"Is it—oh Reginald—is it reincarnation do you think?" She questioned in her misery. "Ah, something of that nature, I fear, Caroline," I admitted, reluctantly. "It's a new one on me, anyway. But it can't last. Don't be impatient, my dear. It'll soon pass off." "But even as I spoke I knew that I was using my wife's sweet, soft voice for deception. Whatever it was, it had come to stay—for a time at least. "I think Reggie dear, that if you don't mind, I'll have breakfast in bed." "Like a flash Caroline's remark revealed to me the frightful problems that would crop up constantly from our present plight. Number one presented itself instantly: I had an important engagement at my office at 9:30. If Caroline remained in bed I

couldn't keep it. Then it came to me that if she rose and dressed I should be in no better case. Dressed? She would be obliged to put on my clothes anyway! What other alternative was there? A situation presenting endless humorous possibilities. And we think the reader will be satisfied that they are admirably developed. Quite as astounding was the change told of in the second story, by which the spirit of Chopin temporarily took up its abode in the inert-looking body of Mr. Thomas Remsen of this city. He was a phlegmatic, well-balanced, commonplace lawyer, whose tastes in music did not run beyond ragtime and who thought a bridge party more enjoyable than a musical evening every time. His wife called him a Philistine, and he admitted that if a Philistine was a chap who objects to listening to a lot of people that he doesn't like to listen to, then he was it. He did not know whether Verdi wrote "Lohengrin," or the Moonlight Sonata was from Gounod's "Faust"—and he did not care. He admitted that he could not even whistle a bar of "Yankee Doodle" correctly, and yet, on the evening of the wife's musical, after Signor Turino and Mile. Vanoni had warbled, and the dark-eyed and beautiful Signorina Molatti had created a furor with her violin solo, Mr. Thomas Remsen suddenly seated himself at the piano and with a masterly touch played the Chopin ballade in A flat major. His rendering of the delicate theme in F major thrilled even his wife with startled admiration. In the section in C sharp minor, requiring both skill and passion on the part of the interpreter, he triumphed over every obstacle of technique and temperament, and when he brought the opus to a magnificent and masterly

UP TO DATE FICTION
A NEW NOVEL BY
MRS. WILFRID WARD
THE LIGHT BEHIND
12mo. \$1.50. Second Edition.
The New York Times Saturday Review: "We are ready to break forth into psalms of praise upon finding at last (in a heroine) occupying an eminence solitary and alone. It is to be hoped that a book of such human interest and of such spiritual uplift as 'The Light Behind' will be both widely and thoughtfully read."

UP TO DATE FICTION
A LIGHT NOVEL
ELIZABETH'S CHILDREN
12mo. \$1.50. Second Edition.
This book is in direct descent from the famous "Visits of Elizabeth" and "The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth."
FIRST EDITION EXHAUSTED BEFORE PUBLICATION.
The New York Times Saturday Review: "Elizabeth's hosts of admirers will find in it something of the genuine 'Elizabethan' quality. 'Eileen's Babies' again, with a new set of droll ideas, and their inquisitiveness multiplied by ten; heavenly triplets who goings-on put new life (and lots of it) in a quiet English neighborhood."

AN AMUSING STORY
TOMMY WIDEAWAKE
BY H. H. BASHFORD
Decorated cover. 16mo. \$1.00 net.
An interesting book of much open-air charm by a new writer. Fresh and original. In the same style as Kenneth Grahame's books, "The Golden Age" and "Dream Days."

NEW BOOKS READY THIS WEEK
People of the Whirlpool
FROM THE EXPERIENCE BOOK OF "A COMMUTER'S WIFE"
A novel full of the sunny philosophy which made "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," by the same author, and now in its fifth edition, so irresistibly charming.
Cloth, illustrated, \$1.50.

Athletics and Out-door Sports for Women
Edited by LUCILLE EATON HILL, Wellesley College.
Seventeen articles, each by a specialist in the sport described, ranging from Physical Training at Home, Basket Ball, Golf, Fencing, etc., to Equestrianism. The book is edited with an Introduction by the Director of Physical Training at Wellesley College, who also supplies the articles on Rowing.
Cloth, 237 illustrations, \$1.50 net. (Postage 20c.)

A Fight for the City
By ALFRED HODDER, Author of "The New Americans," etc.
Mr. Jerome's dramatic campaign which, in the last municipal election, held the interest of the entire country to an unprecedented degree, is here described by an eye-witness. About half the book has appeared as vigorous, inspiring articles in The Outlook.
Cloth, 12mo. \$1.50 net. (Postage 10c.)

Boys' Self-Governing Clubs
By WINFRED BUCK
A book of great practical value, not only to those engaged in settlement, Y. M. C. A. or church clubs, but to all teachers and parents interested in the welfare of the city, or having anything to do with its future citizens.
Cloth, 16mo. \$1.00 net. (Postage 7c.)

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,
Publishers, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FOREIGN HOTELS. FOREIGN HOTELS.
Hotel Cecil & RESTAURANT
LONDON
Largest and most magnificent Hotel in Europe.
Overlooking the picturesque Embankment Gardens and river.
MODERATE CHARGES
Bedroom, light and attendance included, from \$1.50 per day.
Breakfast from 9c.; lunch, 25c.; dinner, 50c., ensuring absolute privacy; from 9c. per day.
Telephone Address: Cecily, London. A. J. D. F. Manager.

PUBLICATIONS. PUBLICATIONS. PUBLICATIONS.
THE GREY CLOAK
"THE GREY CLOAK" will be welcomed by all who enjoyed the daring, the love-making, the fighting and the cleverness that made "The Puppet Crown" so universally popular. In the new novel a wider field of action is spread, more and more varied characters live their daring and brilliant lives. It delights the reader, makes him forget the world in which he lives, abolishes for a time his cares, his sorrows and his responsibilities.
THE NEW NOVEL by HAROLD MACGRATH
Author of
THE PUPPET CROWN

UP TO DATE FICTION
A NEW NOVEL BY
MRS. WILFRID WARD
THE LIGHT BEHIND
12mo. \$1.50. Second Edition.
The New York Times Saturday Review: "We are ready to break forth into psalms of praise upon finding at last (in a heroine) occupying an eminence solitary and alone. It is to be hoped that a book of such human interest and of such spiritual uplift as 'The Light Behind' will be both widely and thoughtfully read."

UP TO DATE FICTION
A LIGHT NOVEL
ELIZABETH'S CHILDREN
12mo. \$1.50. Second Edition.
This book is in direct descent from the famous "Visits of Elizabeth" and "The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth."
FIRST EDITION EXHAUSTED BEFORE PUBLICATION.
The New York Times Saturday Review: "Elizabeth's hosts of admirers will find in it something of the genuine 'Elizabethan' quality. 'Eileen's Babies' again, with a new set of droll ideas, and their inquisitiveness multiplied by ten; heavenly triplets who goings-on put new life (and lots of it) in a quiet English neighborhood."

AN AMUSING STORY
TOMMY WIDEAWAKE
BY H. H. BASHFORD
Decorated cover. 16mo. \$1.00 net.
An interesting book of much open-air charm by a new writer. Fresh and original. In the same style as Kenneth Grahame's books, "The Golden Age" and "Dream Days."

NOW READY
By the Author of "THAT MAINWARING AFFAIR."
Now in its EIGHTH EDITION
AT THE TIME APPOINTED
By A. MAYNARD BARBOUR
A. Maynard Barbour has been generally hailed as the most successful of American writers of mystery. "The reader will find much to excite his interest. The secrets of this story are for him to gather at first hand. We believe that they will move him." Says the New York Sun.
Colored Frontispiece by Marchand - Postpaid \$1.50

THE UNTILLED FIELD
By GEORGE MOORE
Author of "Confessions of a Young Man," "Sister Teresa," etc.
"One of the most noteworthy books of the year, and of interest to all lovers of brilliant stories. A book of extraordinary power and brilliancy, which is likely to arouse bitter religious controversy." Boston Herald.
Postpaid \$1.50.

THIS BOOK IS AN INSTANT SUCCESS.
THE TRIAL OF THE GRAND SEIGNEUR
By Olin L. Lyman. 7 Colored Illustrations.
The Brooklyn Eagle says: "The author has taken a number of legends that cling about the eastern end of Lake Ontario and has woven them into a stirring romance. He writes well—the style of the narrative holds easily the reader's attention. It is a novel of unusual quality."
Altogether it is in an original vein and is a remarkably well told story.—Detroit Journal.
The characters of Regie Montfort and her aged father, both French Hurons, and her two half-brothers, are beautifully and touchingly portrayed.—Washington Post.
A story full of the most vivid interest.—N. Y. World.
Far above the average book. The author makes you feel as though you were face to face with something alive and real.—Book Seller, Newsdealer and Stationer.
Cloth, Richly Bound, All Booksellers, \$1.80.
NEW AMSTERDAM BOOK CO., New York.

AN IMMEDIATE SUCCESS.
HARRIET BARTNETT'S
CHARMING LOVE STORY,
ANGELO THE MUSICIAN.
A Love Story of to-day, full of the romance of music.
Frontispiece in Photographs. Fine laid paper. Decorated cover. Gift top. Price \$1.50.
AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.
GODFREY A. S. WIENERS. At the Sign of the Lark. New York.

AN IMMEDIATE SUCCESS.
HARRIET BARTNETT'S
CHARMING LOVE STORY,
ANGELO THE MUSICIAN.
A Love Story of to-day, full of the romance of music.
Frontispiece in Photographs. Fine laid paper. Decorated cover. Gift top. Price \$1.50.
AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.
GODFREY A. S. WIENERS. At the Sign of the Lark. New York.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May—art, science, literature, adventure, discovery, nature. Eight short stories. Many pages in color.
HARPER'S BOOK NEWS

LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER.
In most successful novels some one thing may be found to which the success may be attributed—a new plot, an unusual sort of humor or the introduction of some popular historical figure as one of the characters. In "Lady Rose's Daughter" it is difficult to fasten upon any one point which has led to its remarkable success, for the reason that it embodies almost every characteristic which could make a book talked about. Its heroine is one of the most attractive women in all fiction. Its setting is in the great world of affairs in which everyone is interested. It is a love story and it is written with such a thorough mastery of the novelist's art, that without reserve it may be classed an addition to English literature.

It is not only a novel for the moment, but one which will live. MARJORIE. (Imprint of R. H. Russell.)
The great charm in the romantic novels of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy is that the author has the rare faculty of being able to create a true, romantic atmosphere. This quality accounts largely for the success of his play, "If I Were King," and even more so for the success of his new novel, "Marjorie." It is a love story with a most dramatic setting—a story that is dominated by the personality of its beautiful heroine.

THE SUBSTITUTE.
In direct contrast to Mr. McCarthy's novel comes "The Substitute," a new story by Will N. Harben. Mr. Harben's story is purely American, and it deals with a type of people known to most of us only through his books. They are a simple, easy-going people of Northern Georgia—a people who lead commonplace lives, yet live as full of pathos and humor as those of Miss Wilkins' New England folk. Mr. Harben has revealed a new field in our literature, and as an interpreter of this simple life he is unequalled.

IN THE GARDEN OF CHARITY.
Basil King's new book, "In the Garden of Charity," is like Mrs. Ward's novel, a book which is distinguished from the average popular story by its decided literary quality. It is a book which revives one's confidence in American writers. A book which in itself is a notably beautiful and poetic piece of work, and one which places Mr. King in the front rank of our living American writers.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.
New Novels With New Ideas
The Lightning Conductor

This international love story, which develops chiefly in an automobile, has already reached its fifth impression, and is daily increasing in popularity. The good humor of the tale seems infectious, and the quickly changing scenes, in France, Spain and Italy, are tersely and vividly described. THE SUN gave the book a half column review and pronounced it "a pleasant and felicitous romance." The Nation, in a column appreciation, dwelt on its "delightful people and such delightful scenes." (\$1.80.)

Red-Headed Gill
The remarkable plot of this new romance by a new author is assuredly something new under the sun. It piques the curiosity and quickens the pulse. Who before ever thought of having a weird East Indian influence cross the seas and settle down upon a Cornish heroine? THE SUN says: "The author has created a charming girl whom the reader will watch with interest to the end. She manages to transport her back into the life of her Tudor ancestors over and over again naturally, and with great effect."
The Buffalo Commercial: "A novel of marked power, great originality and intense interest. (2d impression, \$1.80.)"
Henry Holt & Co.