

## ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE

### "Bypaths in Dixie."

By Sarah Johnson Cooke, of Virginia. Introduction by Harry Stillwell Andrews, and Illustrations by Duncan Smith, of New York, formerly of the University of Virginia. E. P. Dutton and Company, of New York, publishers. This book embodies a most valuable collection of "folk tales of the South." The author is a Georgian by birth, but, since her marriage to Lucian Cooke, of Roanoke, Va., has made her home in this State, and largely enhanced her reputation for writing, a reputation first established by her in Atlanta, where she edited a magazine that was a great success.

Harry Stillwell Andrews, in his happy introduction to Mrs. Cooke's book, says: "When Joel Chandler Harris developed the 'Yankee Rabbit' stories, it seemed as though future work along folk lore lines must lie in refining, for the ore was all in sight."

"But there was one lead almost entirely forgotten or undervalued in the scramble for literary wealth, and this lead was into the Southern nursery where the real black mammy reigned. With the best light before us now, we realize that the very heart center of Southern civilization had not been touched."

"Mrs. Cooke, in the charming stories contained in this volume, is the happy pre-emptor of the new find. Every Southerner, old enough, will recognize the absolute truthfulness of the scenes and methods therein embodied, and applauded the faithfulness with which she has reproduced that difficult poetry, the gentle, tender, playful, elusive, young-old, child-white mind of the African nurse in the white family."

No nurse in the life of the South more richly deserves perpetuation in literature than the negro mammy who tells the folk-lore tales in "Dixie Bypaths." The echoes from childhood's days, heard in the messages from the rooster telephone, from the haunt of old Aunt Sally, from the annals of Jack-o'-Lantern and the glow worm, from Miss Race Horse's party, Mr. Tom Pine's Christmas tree and other kindred subjects, linger long in the memories of those who recall a mammy's watchful care and responsiveness. When little children gathered at her knee and demanded, "Tell us some tales, mammy, and make haste before the dusterman comes."

The tales in "Dixie Bypaths" are all entertaining. They are full of imagination and told in just the way to appeal most strongly to the minds of grown people and children alike. And it is not often that the meaning of tales is so well brought out by illustration, for few authors are fortunate enough to have an illustrator so fully in sympathy with the spirit of their writing as Mrs. Cooke evidently has in Duncan Smith.

The joint result produced by author and artist is one that will make endless amusement for many households during the approaching Christmas season. The publication is especially apt as to time, and the volume will be a most welcome addition to the holiday output, which is already appearing in great force.

"When No Man Pursueth." By Mrs. Belle Lowndes, Mitchell Kennerly, New York, publisher, \$1.25 net.

A book of unusual strength in style and of excellent literary ability in construction. The story is of a family in a rural English community. The family is composed of a man, a woman, who claims to be his sister, and his wife, who is an invalid. A young doctor, a resident of the neighborhood, a man about to be married to a charming English girl in close proximity to the invalid family, is called in. After a time he comes to believe that the invalid wife is being slowly poisoned by her husband and his sister, presumably for the sake of the property. She owns and keeps under her own control.

The gravity of the suspicion entertained, the deepening of the suspicion into certainty, the opposition encountered by the doctor in the person of a friendly physician called in to supply the doctor's place during the latter's absence on his wedding trip, form the elements which go into the make-up of the book.

Mrs. Belle Lowndes sustains in it her already established reputation as a novelist of unusual talent and great individuality.

"Just Patty." By Jean Webster. Full-page illustrations by Relyea. The Century Company, of New York, \$1.20 net.

Just Patty—full of the joy of living, given to ingenious mischief for her own sake, popular and pretty with a delicious sense of humor and a delightful disregard of petty conventions.

Her latest book of her adventures deals with life at a select boarding school. St. Ursula's. Young folks will like to read about Patty's adventures, and Jean Webster tells them with such zest that they seem like a record of real happenings.

Miss Jean Webster, the author of "Just Patty," is the daughter of Charles L. Webster, the publisher, and a grand-niece, through her mother, of Mark Twain. Since her graduation from Vassar, in 1901, Miss Webster has traveled widely, spending a winter in India and the Dutch East Indies and several months in Japan during a trip around the world.

"The Blind Who See." By Marie Louise Van Saanen. The Century Company, of New York, \$1.20 net.

Nona is the young and attractive wife of Sylvius, a blind violinist, a man of genius and of extraordinary beauty of character. He adores his wife and is so sensitive to her presence that in a concert hall when he comes out to play, he invariably faces toward his wife. But he spends most of his life in a dream world after all, while the young wife goes out and enjoys a brilliant draught of life.

She is a man named Allen and, from testing her power over him, she becomes herself involved, and leaves home and husband. Afterward she returns to right vision and sanity, and realizes that she has arrived at her knowledge through her wrongdoings. The greatest of the blind violinist's love holds in it a mighty element of tenderness and forgiveness, and when he finds his wife, erring and repentant though she may be, he holds her fast without a thought except that of joy over her finding her way back to the refuge of his love.

The triumph of this book, but with delicacy and dramatic effect.

"The Fourth Physician." By Montgomery Pickett. A. C. McClung and Company, of Chicago, publishers.

Andrew Alexander Bruce, in a review written for the Quarterly Journal, says, concerning "The Fourth Physician," "that it is a little novel which is full of psychological and sociological interest, but which is so fascinating in its style and so interesting in its theme, that it is only after we have laid it aside that we realize its depth and its meaning. It is a beautiful Christmas story, but it is a story which is more than beautiful. It is a novel, but it is something more than a novel."

"It is a doctor's book, but it belongs to us all. It depicts with merciless accuracy, the sordid selfishness of a fashionable physician, but it also depicts the abnegation of the profession. The author heard of and was filled with admiration for a well known doctor, who with faith and courage fought out and won a seemingly hopeless battle against death, and with the help of a faithful nurse who was equally devoted and brave, saved the life of a little child. The incident, however, suggested a larger and a bigger thought, the thought of Christlike love, the thought that human professions and callings are only ennobled as they serve, and that the 'little one' to whom the 'cup of cold water' should be given, is not the child of the well-to-do alone, but of the tenement and of the slums also."

"Girls and Education." By Le Baron R. Briggs. Houghton, Mifflin Company, \$1.00 net.

"Girls and Education," the new book by Le Baron R. Briggs, the president of Radcliffe College and dean of the Harvard faculty, deals with some of the difficult problems that confront girls and their parents in the field of education. In the light of his ripe and humorous wisdom, many knotty questions are seen to be of easy solution. Specially noteworthy is the initial paper upon "The Girl Who Would Cultivate Herself," which will be of help and helpfulness. The book is in the best sense one of charm, instruction, and inspiration. Dean Briggs's previous books, "School, College and Character," and "Routine and Ideals," have had a wide circulation.

Dr. Morrison's Book. Dr. Alfred J. Morrison has just gotten out a circular prospectus for a history of the College of Hampden-Sydney, which he is preparing to write. The funds necessary to defray the cost of publication are to be raised by subscription.

Dr. Morrison, who has had such a work in mind for a number of years, has collected a great amount of data concerning every phase of the college from its beginning, one hundred and thirty-five years ago. This college really has a history and that it should be reduced to writing and thus preserved and made accessible, is not only important to the college itself, but to the public. So conspicuous a part has Hampden-Sydney played in the life and affairs of the State and the nation, that its history will be of general interest and value.

A scholar, a great student, one who delights in historical research, accurate to a degree, having the skill to arrange his material in a logical and proper sequence, and withal possessing a striking literary finish, no one could be better qualified for the undertaking than Dr. Morrison.

Moreover, from his life and association, he is far from a stranger to his subject. An honor graduate of this institution, as was his father, and grandfather, before him—the latter, Dr. John M. P. Atkinson, having preceded Dr. Richard Melville as president—with most of his boyhood spent within the sound of the college bell, the very spirit of the school is in him, and he goes about his task with enthusiasm and love for his theme.

After graduating at Hampden-Sydney, Dr. Morrison pursued his studies at the University of Virginia, in Paris, and at Johns Hopkins University, receiving from the latter institution the degree of doctor of philosophy. He has done a very considerable amount of translation, especially from the German. Besides this he has edited a number of books and has written numerous historical sketches and pamphlets.

His residence is at Farmville, Va.

"Adrian Savane." By Lucien Mallet. Harper and Brothers, of New York, publishers, \$1.25 net.

A closing paragraph of Lucien Mallet's introduction to her latest novel is calculated to stimulate the curiosity of many readers. The paragraph reads: "The lamented disappearance of the Glacérola from the Salon Carré of the Louvre took place when the whole of my manuscript was already in the hands of the printers. May I express a pious hope that this most selective of women will be safely restored to her former dwelling-place before any copies of my novel are in the hands of the public?"

The character of Adrian Savane, for whom the book is named, is drawn with not little subtlety and power. Born of an English father and a French mother, he reflects in all he says and does his mingled hereditary, possessing the grace and delicacy of the Latin nature, tempered by a rational and self-controlled which mark him as Anglo-Saxon in part.

The book, at first sight, seems to have a marvelously slight plot, but closer reading shows the close temper of its construction and brings out the fact, that the admirable manner in

which different elements are welded together, renders less starkly apparent the motive which is the underlying and basic power of the whole. It is thus unusually consistent.

The other characters in the book are really the book Gabrielle St. Leger stands in it for the most exquisite type of French womanhood, beautiful, intellectual, a devoted mother and daughter, yet a woman who cannot forbear the exercise of the influence which her beauty enables her to exert, until she is brought sharply face to face with the harm she has done a man, thoughtlessly at none the less man, though possibly not cruelly. This man is a strange personality, a genius on the artistic side of his nature, but so cynical and lacking in balance, so apt to repel where he would most desire to attract, that when he crosses the dividing line between sanity and insanity, it would seem that he has merely followed out an inevitable trend. The description of the studio of this man, Rene Dax by name, with a gray lemur sitting before the fire in a scarlet-painted cane chair, gives the keynote to the unusual delicacy of his work, and drive the master of the studio to the madhouse, could paint Gabrielle St. Leger as 'the Madonna of the Future, with a noble going forth to meet fate in her expression and bearing, as one consecrated, at once the embodiment and exponent of some compelling idea, the leader of some momentous movement, the elect spokeswoman of a new and tremendous age.'

There is nothing of the 'Madonna of the Future' in poor Joanna Smythwaite, who is too heavily shackled by her down from birth, to ever come into a genuine conception of herself and her possibilities as a woman. She supplies an element of painful tragedy, the pitifulness of her starved womanhood contrasting sharply with the shallowness of her sister's instincts and the depravity of her sister's tastes. Joseph Challoner figures in 'a strategic movement' that it would be well for all women to read and learn how one woman failed in a desperate effort to elude pursuing, self-created fate. Otherwise this man's type is, unhappily, too common to entitle him to the distinction.

"Adrian Savane," therefore, has associated with him by ties of friendship, association and relationship, people who awaken interest and serve to illustrate many psychological and intellectual phases of humanity. Adrian is himself most admirable in his attitude as a writer, in the reverence with which he bears himself toward the one woman who fulfills his ideals. The end of the story is its climax and rounds out its purpose.

"Havoc." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Company, of Boston, \$1.25 net.

Howard Chandler Christy has made the color illustrations for "Havoc," which has been justly classed as "a brilliant and engrossing story of love, mystery and international intrigue."

In the story an American journalist and an Englishman in the secret service of his country and themselves, departed from a royal conclave held in Vienna, between the Emperors of Germany and Austria and the Czar of Russia. The American, by a happy trick of fate, comes into possession of the state papers containing the results of the meeting of royalties. Attempting to escape with this paper, he pays the forfeit of his foolishness with his life. The paper comes again into possession of German diplomats, who carry it to London, where the Englishman follows with the woman he loves. She is a beautiful opera singer and is full of stage-fright, but she is greatly interested in the recovery of the papers by the Englishman, as she feels that what they tell must decide the fate of her beloved native land, Serbia.

Given motives like these to inspire a year of diplomatic cleverness and a background like London, and a man may be well imagined that an end may be reached only after a series of absorbing and romantic situations. Affairs take moreover a wholly unexpected turn because of the introduction into them of a wholly unexpected factor, one who acts purely from personal motives and without regard to the diplomatic and patriotic reasons governing the conduct of others.

Altogether the story is deeply interesting, one of the best of the class that has rendered E. Phillips Oppenheim so well known and popular in England as well as America.

"His Rise to Power." By Henry Russell Miller. Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker. \$1.25 net.

"His Rise to Power" is the life record of a political reformer, who through a desire to serve the people, accepts the nomination for a district attorneyship, and in the process of the tool of a powerful political machine, sentiment is never less gripping.

When he starts to break the chains with which he has been bound, to free himself of the fetters of them, he finds himself involved in a peculiar situation. The political boss against whom he must fight is Senator Churchill, an old family friend. His attitude is so put him in opposition to his father and his intended father-in-law.

The result of this drama of everyday life is vital, real and fascinating. Through it all there runs the thread of a love story, which, although it is not a love story, never mauls in its sentiment, is never less gripping.

Proves that the hero is a man of all a man's aspirations, and the doubts and fears which ensue prevent him from being of the mock-heroic type.

"His Rise to Power" is a worthy successor to "The Man Higher Up," and like it, there is a strong and undeniable note of optimism in its conclusion. For those who have the open mind there is inspiration and hope and renewed faith in its message. For it is like "The Man Higher Up," a novel with a mission, a novel with real significance for every American citizen. And it establishes its author as one of the notable novelists of this generation.

BOOK NOTES.

Among the Paul Elder and Company announcements for early publications are the following:

"The Little Lad of Bethlehem Town"—a whimsical dramatic poem, telling an imaginative incident of the Christmas Eve, by Emily Huntington Miller. It is to be illustrated and issued as an exquisite example of book-making.

"Envelope Brochures"—a series to present exquisite examples of typography, elaborately printed on beautiful hand-made papers. The numbers are: "Charity," compiled by Beulah Warner; "Adoration," poems of trustful prayer, by Florence M. Schmidt; "Matus and Vesper," poems for the morning and evening devotions, by Violet M. Elrith; and "Happiness," compiled by Paul Elder.

The return of Mary Anderson to her native country is sure to awaken a host of theatrical recollections among older playgoers. In her own book, "A

Few Memories," she relates an amusing incident. "My last appearance on the Old World side of the ocean was in Dublin, where we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. William Black, and where for a frolic we investigated the author of 'The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton' upon his native heath, Scotland, we had induced him to appear as a mute-masked guest in the ball-room scene of 'Romeo and Juliet.' On that occasion, I remember, he went to the theatre as soon as any of the actors, to dress for his part, though his costume consisted only of a domino and mask. When the scene opened, and he was discovered among a throng of guests, he was struck by a violent attack of stage-fright, he nailed him to the stage, and kept him there after the others had departed—an unwilling witness of the tender glances of the

Veronese lovers. Finally, Tybalt, without Shakespeare's permission, returned to the scene and led him off. In Dublin he was disguised as an ancient peasant in 'The Winter's Tale,' and the manner in which he strolled about conversing in his own—not Shakespeare's—language and ferociously waving a long staff, was more alarming even than his petrification in 'Romeo and Juliet.'

For a generation Andrew Lang has delighted the children and grown-up, too, for that matter, with his fairy books, and the fairy lines in H. J. Ford's dainty illustrations have been of no less charm than the stories themselves. After the "Blue Fairy Book," the red, the olive and other color names, came titles less confusing when we tried to remember which we had already read.

"The All Sorts of Stories Book," announced by the Longmans for this Christmas, is the twenty-third annual. This is of a new sort, for the tales are of many different kinds. Some are true, like the history of the man who met in America the other man whom he had been hanged for murdering in England; then we have several stories of adventure that happened to historic personages; legends, stories of treasure hunts, Greek mythology, wild witches and red Indians!

Thomas Nelson Page, in an article in the November Scribner on "General Lee and the Confederate Government," makes it very clear that the great leader of the Southern armies was woefully handicapped by the administration in carrying out his campaigns.

Miss Mary Johnston, the author of "The Long Roll," is having the inevitable experience of one who puts a great historic figure into fiction during the lifetime of men who knew him. Miss Johnston's Stonewall Jackson is already condemned as a "caricature" by a Southern clergyman who served on Jackson's staff, and she is constrained to say in reply only that the clergyman's "personal idea" of the general must be compared with her own "composite historical picture" of him. Which is the truer? Nearly fifty years have passed since Jackson's death, and are personal memories of him to be esteemed as more faithful to life than the composite picture constructed by one who never saw him,

from an immense amount of historical and autobiographical material?

Edna Turpin, the author of "Honey Sweet," comes of an old Virginia family. For more than 200 years her ancestors have lived in and around Antlers, while "Echo Hill," Miss Turpin's farm, has been her home since her birth. It is an old-fashioned Virginia estate, where open house and old-time customs are maintained. Miss Turpin received her early education at Montgomery College, Christiansburg, where she went when she was ten years old. She later attended Hollins Institute, near Roanoke. Ever since her childhood she has been writing, and at Hollins was the editor of the college annual. Her actual school days ceased when she was only sixteen because of eye trouble, but not her study, for she mastered French, German, Italian, Greek art and literature all by herself also civics and politics under Dr. Woodrow Wilson.

For six years Miss Turpin taught, and the thing of which she says she is most proud, always excepting her Virginia ancestry and practical farming, was taking charge of a broken-down school of seventeen pupils in Hope, Ark., and leaving it in three years flourishing with 120. While teaching Miss Turpin began editing school books—Rossett's, Goldsmith's, Tennyson, Matthew, Arnold, Browning, Shakespeare, then to compile and to write school books. Of these the latest is "A Short History of the American People." "Honey Sweet" is Miss Turpin's first novel, but the success with which it is already meeting is sufficient guarantee that it is the forerunner of more.

When Molly Elliot Seawell was asked the other day how she came to write "The Jugglers," the novel which is to be published in the near future, she replied: "The characters I long been floating in my mind. I took possession of my house like a swarm of uninvited guests, and I had to provide for them. One day, in December, 1906, I suddenly remembered a story I had read about the Paris Commune. A young man with a wild and children was condemned to death by the Communards. In the next day to him was a priest, who said to him: 'No effort was made to identify them, and if he, the priest, Louis, heard grow he could easily pass for his neighbor, and offered to die for the young man might be saved this family. This sublime offer was refused, and in the end both escaped. It seemed to me that it would be dramatic if the sacrifice could be made unknown to the one meant to be saved by it. The power of the situation, pealed to me. I said to myself, 'This why all these people have descended upon me—they certainly mean to do something startling.' The Jugglers was begun that very day."

Punk & Wagnalls Company, of New York, have brought out a holiday edition of "The Transfiguration of St. Philura," by Florence Morse Kingsley. This charming little love story has come a classic. In its present form, it is illustrated by Ethel Pennell. The book is bound in green silk cloth with cover design in gold leaf. It is priced at \$1.00 net.

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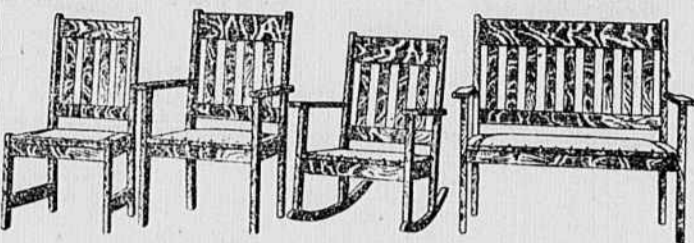
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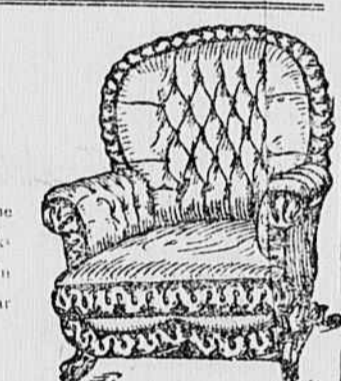
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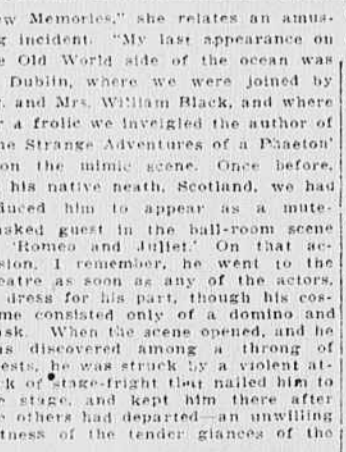
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