

When I stay out and slide till late I hear my Nursey scold: "O R-r-obin! You come in, right straight! You'll catch a death-a-cold!"

Are they like lions or giraffes? What is a death-a-cold? When I ask Nursey she just laughs; I think I might be told!

When I am very big and strong, And real grown-up and old.

#### NOTES

William Somerset Maugham, the play-writer, is a most prolific worker. No less than three plays and a novel were produced by him last year in England. His play, "Jack Straw," is attracting much attention from New Work audiences. The Baker & Taylor **Co.** will publish his novel, "The Explore," early in 1909. The chief character in the novel is said to have been drawn from Cecil Rhodes. The love interest is charmingly supplied by an American widow, Mrs, Crowley. The publishers of "The Car and the Lady," used a diminutive cardboard automobile to advertise the story. The novelty of this form of advertisement gave it a wide popularity, with the re-

novelty of this form of advertisement gave it a wide popularity, with the re-sult that the publishers received visits from automobile manufacturers, re-quests for their catalogue of automo-bile advertising men. It is reported that the book is becoming highly popular, and that a second edition was called for within 10 days.

"Thou Fool," by J. J. Bell, the new novel by the author of "Wee Macgree-gcr," is quite unlike that delightful bit of sympathetic comedy. The study bit of sympathetic comedy. The study is a scrious one of the problems con-fronting the business man of today. The here, however, Mr. Bell intimates, is not taken from a study of Sir Thom-as Lipton, though there is a great simi-larity between Mr. Bell's creation and the "Scotch Baronet."

Miss Jerry Dangerfield, the heroine of Meredith Nicholson's new novel, is indroduced to the reader in the act of Introduced to the reader in the act of winking at a young man out of a car window. Mr. Nicholson classifies the wink, after the manner of Jacques on the lie. "There is the wink inadvertent," he says, "to which no meaning can be attached. There is the wink deceptive, usually given behind the back of a third person. And then, to be brief, there is the wink of mischlef, which is observed occasionally in persons of exceptional bringing up." Miss Dangerfield's wink is assigned to the third class. But when she met the young man again she denied that she had winked at all. Mr. Nicholson finds in immortal song but one allusion to the wink. He quotes from Browning:

"All heaven, meanwhile, condensed into one eye, Which fears to lose the wonder, should it wink.

When Mary Roberts Rinehart was reading the proof-sheets of her mystery story, "The Circular Staircase," she was traveling through New England, and had the long galleys with her in a grip. After a night in an upper berth, the porter told her the train stopped at Portland 40 minutes for breakfast.

I'll stay out in the snow so long I'll catch a death-a-cold! Then, I'll learn all about the beast; I'll follow up his trail. And if he growls the leastest least

I'll take and pull his tail!

And if he does scare folks about To fits, as Nursey said, I'll take my shooter-pistol out And shoot him right down dead! -Sinclair Lewis.

casternly laxity. Yet Hichens speaks of Miss Corelli as follows: "Miss Marie Corelli occupies a pecu-hac position. For years she has been worshipped by millions of readers. For years she has been a target for the scorn of critics. For years she has been discussed, condemned, praised, pilloried. In the midst of all this hubbub she con-tinues to write as she feels to express tinues to write as she feels, to express her temperament on paper, to put forth, with an amazing vivacity, her opinions, to 'go for' all she considers hypocritical, irreligious, sham or dis-

"I like to think of her posed in some calm retreat and "producing' while peocalm retreat and "producing' while peo-ple who have never seen her, who will never see her, are growing purple in the face as they discuss her merits and demerits in various parts of the globe. She is small and fair. So she ought to be—a fairy stirring up the world with a wand dipped in ink. Does she care for the tornado she produces? Does she wish to be adored or revel in being hated? Who knows? Perhaps she laughs to herself in some shady hermit-age, and marvels at the good people who grow dishevelled around her foot-stool. stool.

"Occasionally she moves, gets up from her writing table for a moment, slaps the critics full in the face, and then sits the critics full in the face, and then sits down again to resume her novel. It is delicious. The critics hit back, and Miss Corelli composedly goes on writing. Now she tells of Barabbas; onw of the Friest Phileman, who misunder-stood the sanctity of life, and in long years repented, till all the feathered creatures of God drew near to the one whe knew them best; now of the child who ferced the door into the great darkness-or great light; now of the spirit of evil seeking resistance; now of a princess of nature, who came from the north to stand amazed in London's

of a princess of nature, who came from the north to stand amazed in London's busy thoroughfares. But always she puts into her work the same peculiar and abnormal vitality—a vitality that never flags or falters, that seems, in-deed, te grow, like a fire fanned by the belows of discussion." As an evidence of returning prosperi-

As an evidence of returning prosperi-ty, the Macmillan company reports that it has recently booked the largest single order in its history. This order, which was received from a well known firm of booksellers, comprised over 2,000 ti-tles, the number of copies of single titles running as high as 10,000. As the Macmillan company has a larger list than any other American publisher, this is probably the largest miscellan-cous order for books ever placed in America. America. . . .

Miss Mary Johnston's latest novel, "Lewis Rand," was not dashed off in short order, as some of the novels of the day have been. Four years ago, it will be remembered, Miss Johnston's health had a serious breakdown and her doctor ordered her to stop all literary doctor ordered her to stop all literary work. During several years spent in foreign travel, however, "Lewis Rand" was in her mind; she kept turning it



#### ISRAEL ZANGWILL AGAIN VISITS AMERICA.

Israel Zangwill, the greatest of the leaders of the Zionist movement and ne of the foremost men of letters in the world today, recently came once more to the United States in the interest of the Zionists and of literature also. Zangwill was born in London in 1864, and is practially self-educa. ed, yet his stories of the Ghetto and of the mystical strange lives of many of the Ghetto inhabitants have been pronounced by Kipling as the most remarkable literature of this generation. Zangwill has written a number of dramas and has made a big success. He is passionately devoted to the idea of restoring Jerusalem and Palestine to the possession of the Jews, and is one of the international chiefs of this world-wide movement.

Britisher, and he was quite puzzled un-til he inquired of a by-stander what the excitement was about. The man looked at him with an air of surprised dis-dain and said, "Why, sir, Miss Marie Corelli's taking a drive this morning!" The people regarded her very much as if she were a popular minister, or even Brusher, and he was quite puzzled un-til he inquired of a by-stander what the excitement was about. The man looked at him with an air of surprised dis-dain and said, "Why, sir, Miss Marie Corell's-taking a drive this morning!" The people regarded her very much as if she were a popular minister, or even the guen herself, naving spontaneous

the queen herself, paying spontaneous homage to her talents and personal character. . . . By far the most important book which Stokes issued this month is a new novel by Beatrice Harraden, tho author of "Ships That Pass in the Night." "Interplay" it is called, and in a style which shows Miss Harraden at a richer and more mature stage of development, it tells a charming love story, infused with the ideas that are moving modern women. Of especial interest to women will be the three new books, "Chats on Oriental China, by J. F. Blacker, "Chats on Miniatures," by J. J. Foster, and "Chats on Old Lace and Needlework," by Mrs. Lowes. They are profusely illustrated, and are tri-umphs of delicate book-making. "Some Old English Abbeys." in the Old Eng-land Series, is an inexpensive and at the same time delightful little volume, well illustrated. For children Stokes will publish "Fimilar Nursery Jingles." illustrated by Ethel Franklin Betts, with many line drawings, and five splendid color pictures. It is a com-panion book to "Favorite Nursery Rhymes," by the same artist, which proved so popular last year. "Ani-mals of the World for Young Peonle." by Tudor Jenks and Charles R. Knight, is simple, well-written and compre-hensive, illustrated with colored plates By far the most important book

is simple, well-written and compre-nensive, illustrated with colored plates of nearly 200 animals.

The Editor's Study and his Easy Chair are never far removed. Mr. Hen-ry Mills Alden, occupant of the Edi-tor's Study in Harper's Magazine, and William Dean Howells, who fills so comfortably the Easy Chair, are about to present the public each with a book. Mr. Howell's sketches, called Roman Holidays, and Mr. Alden's critical work, Magazine Writing and the New Literature, are to be issued on the same day-the first day of October. The Macmillan publications include "Helianthus," by Oulda; "Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man," by James Morgan; "Mater," a comedy, by Percy MacKaye; "The Science of Ju-risprudence," by Hannis Taylor: 'Along the Bulgers, of France and Italy." risprudence," by Hannis Taylor: 'Along the Rivieras of France and Italy," written and illustrated by Gordon home: "Herculaneum, Past, Present and Future," by Charles Waldstein and Leonard Shoobridge: "Economics," by Scott Nearing and Frank D. Wat-son; "The Administration of Public Education in the United States," by Samuel T. Dutten and David Stateden.

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When the newspapers print a story from real life that resembles the plot of a popular novel of the hour, people are apt to look for the trail of the publisher's press agent. Sometimes, per-haps, he is guilty of perfervid imag-ination. But sometimes he is not. The book-booster can prove an alibi in the

book-booster can prove an alibi in the case of the story recently published in certain New York papers of the theft of diamonds worth \$50,000 from the country home of Commodore Frederick G. Bourne at Oakdale, L. I. The Springfield Republican points out the palpable resemblance of this sensa-tional story to the plot of the novel of mystery, entitled "The Circular Staircase," which was published this month. The details of the alleged se-cret chamber were conspicuously sim-ilar. ilar.

Mr. James O. Fagan, the author of "Confessions of a Railroad Signalman" will make an address before the New York and New England association of Railway Surgeons in New York next month on "Neglect of Employees to Observe Signals and Obey Rules," a matter on which he lays stress in

matter on Which he had his book. Houghton Mifflin company reports the following new printings: Ninth ddition of the "Life of Allce Freeman Palmer" by Professor George H. Pal-mer; fourth editions of "The Lighted Lamp" by Charles Handford Hender-son; third editions of "Though Life us Do Part" by Elizabeth S. P. Ward, and "Cupid's Almanac" by Oliver Her-ford and John Cecil Clay; second editions of "The Leaven of Love," and "The Quest Flower," both by Clara Burnham, and "The Fair Mississippi," by Charles Egbert Craddock. They are adding to their list the recent excellent translation of "The Elegies to Tribuilus," by Dr. Theodore C. Wil-llams, headmaster of the famous Rox-bury Latin school. His new transla-tion of "Virgil's Aeneid" will be "Colonel Greatheart," by H. C. Balley, "Colonel Greatheart," by H. C. Balley, bury Latin school. His new transla-tion of "Virgil's Aeneid" will be brought out next month by the same house.

# CERTAIN RESULTS Many a Salt Lake City

## Citizen Knows How Sure They Are.

Nothing uncertain about the work of Doan's Kidney Pills in Salt Lake City. There is plenty of positive proof of this in the testimony of citizens. Such evidence should convince the most skeptical sufferer. Read the following statement:

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For sale by all dealers. Price 50 . Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, York, sole agents for United New States.

Remember the name-Doan's-and take no other.

of a familiar situation of heart interest. of a familiar situation of heart interest, makes it especially appropriate for a holiday gift. Evidently recognizing this the publishers have isused it in most attractive dress. Mr. Alonzo Kimball contributes nine pictures in his best manner. They are reproduced in color phetogravure, the first time this elabor-ate process has been applied to book linustrations.—Bobbs-Merrill Co., In-dianapolls.

. . .

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, that exceed Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, that exceed-ingly clever young write, has hitherto laid the scenes of her storles in one of two settings. The drama, has been played either in the midst of the un-tamed western wilderness or amid the ultra-fashionable society of New York. Readers have sometimes questioned the ability of any cultivated woman who has knowledge of the latter to secure a first-hand accompany the source with secure a first-hand acquaintance with the former of these extreme environ-ments, As a matter of fact, Mrs. Woodinchis, As a matter of fact, Mis. Wood-row has actually lived in a raw min-ing camp, and spent one whole winter high up in the mountain passes, her little cabin drifted over with snow. In her new book, "The Silver Butter-

fly." these two elements have been admirably combined to romantic purpose. The action, to be sure, is placed exclu-sively in New York, but the plot turns on a mine of fabulous wealth, and a love of the wilderness is a compelling force in the lives of more than one of the interesting and strongly individualthe interesting and strongly individual-ized characters. To the tense social drama is in this way added adventur-ous vigor and unconventional freedom. "The Sliver Butterfly" has the great merit of a concrete object for its center of interest—a delicate, fanciful, roman-tic object. The idea of the wonderful lost mine, poetically named, itself ex-cites the imagination. When it develops that Robert Hayden, the hero, has long been interested in the mysterious story

that Robert Hayden, the hero, has long been interested in the mysterious story of the mine, that he has indeed dis-covered its whereabouts, that he is searching for its present owners, who will not reveal themselves—as these gold-colored threads are one by one played into the reader's hands, and he instinctively connects them with the charming young girl for whom Hayden has conceived instant love, and who wears the shimmering silver wings in her hair and on her cinderella silppers— well, by that time the reader is lost to the world and its cares. Forgotten are debts, doubts and dyspepsia. Life has anyhow this one good thing in it, and the pages fly. Well named is "The Silver Butterfly!" There could not be a better symbol of

TOO MUCH BELLAMY. H. G. Wells has resigned from the

not less evident in the brief glimpse of Charles I, that melancholy poseur than in the more extended and tremen-dously dramatic characterization of romwell. reida again and again, and that grown-ups will delight in reading to children on account of the true pictures of the unforgettable days of childhood so de-lightfully presented. The illustrations show a sympathetic understanding of child nature and unusual skill in pho-tography. The arrangement of pictures and text is artistic and effective. A large full-page picture is shown on the left-hand pages, while on the opposite pages beneath the rhymes appear smal-ler illustrations. The book is beauti-fully printed in two colors, on a light shade of India tint paper, The pic-tures are printed in photo-brown over a tint block of lighter shade, producing a pleasing and artistic effect.—Rand, Me-Natly, Chicago, New York. Of the principles-the gay, chivalrous

Of the principles—the gay, chivalrous gentlemen of the story and the won-derfully vital coquetie who plays with him once too often—it is difficult not to speak with an immoderate enthusi-asm. up to a certain point Thackeray's Béatrix Esmond is no better done than Lucinda Weston. The zest with which she handles the three men who are in love with her, the shrewdness and cour-age wit which she tricks and re-tricks her victims, are set forth in a master-ly way. And Col. Stow himself, the man of valor, vanity and dreams, is one of the most engaging personalities to be found in fietion, or out of it. His wit, which does not make him the less tender, never deserts him at the worst crisis of his fate. He is the inform-ing figure of an extra ordinarily fine story, a most lovable gentleman of for-ture who loved well, fought bravely, kept faith, won honor.

The book of the year for children is The Muffin Shop," by Louise Arres Garnett, illustrated in colors and in black from drawings by Hope Dunlap. This captivating story will prove to be one of the notable children's books of the year. It is a verse book recounting the delights of the muffin man and his study in contrasts, the Son of the Pip-er and his spotted viz, and many other inhabitants of MotherGosse-Land visit the muffin shop and buy muffins at a arready doves. It is a connected story dring the text various rosting baready loves. It is a connected story and spurkling glimpses of characters he baready loves. It is a connected story function that the so-called dead have never really died at all, but havo passed into a new and higher stage of existence. Many of these are able to summicate with us, and most of then assure us that when they wake from the sleep we call "death" they find thenselves much more alive than ever they were before. And this is only what we might expect, for we all feel that our mental faculties are to soma the use perfect health do our higher the wery general among those who have be very general among those who have be very general among thoses who have be very general among thoses or shorter they what we night expect or a longer or shorter inducted in recent years,—Rand, Met-Nally Co., Chrago. Those from exquisite photographs of The book of the year for children is "The Mutfin Shop," by Louise Ayres Garnett, illustrated in colors and in black from drawings by Hope Dunlap. Garnett, illustrated in colors and in black from drawings by Hope Dunlar. This captivating story will prove to be one of the notable children's books of the year. It is a verse book recounting the delights of the muffin man and his shop, situated in Pudding lane. The much-tried Jack and Jill, the sensitive Miss Muffet, Mr. and Mrs. Spratt, a study in contrasts, the Son of the Pip-er and his spotted pig, and many other inhabitants of MotherGoose-Land visit the muffin shop and buy muffins at a "penny each." The child is given fresh and sparkling glimpses of characters he already loves. It is a connected story delightfully told, and will appeal un-failingly to the little folks. There are throughout the text various resting places for the reader. By no means the least attractive things in the book are the illustrations in colors by Miss Hope Dunlap. They are sure to capture the child's fancy, for the pages are alive with gay color and the designs are most artistic. The two-page color flustration of the royal coach of gold is delightfully natural and charming. The combined talent of author and artist has added to juve-nile literature another children's book which will take rank among the best published in recent years.—Rand, Mc-Nally Co., Chicago.

Special Correspondence.

new lord mayor. Distinguished

men of letters are to be a feature of his annual circus, which goes in Lon-

don under the more dignified title of

the "Lord Mayor's Show." A notable

thembers of the Dickens family are still allye, others considered that his career is not sufficiently "antique" to figure in a show of this description. Another point, still undecided, is whether way the still undecided, is

Another point, still undecided, is whether wax figures typifying the au-thors, or actual living men, dressed up to look like them, will be employed. If the latter, there will probably be uo difficulty in finding pleuty of men to look like Shakespeare. Milton and the crest, as there was no trouble in the Chelsea pageant in finding multitudes of Chelseather the Second

of Charles the Seconds.



tion of the literary connoisseur will not be: "How did you enjoy such and such an author?" but "How many prizes did you win?" ONDON, Oct. 14 .- This year, literature with a big "L" is to be given a grand send-off by the

METHOD ONCE IN VOGUE.

METHOD ONCE IN VOGUE. A few years ago, when a publisher in England wanted to launch a book well, he usually gave a "little dinner" to which various influential press rep-resentatives and critics were invited--quite by accident, of course-and then the subject of conversation was-as Mark Twain puts It-"jerked around" until the novelist for whom the dinner was riven came under discussion. The reviewers and critics departed feeling huppy over the dinner, and when the book came up, they usually gave it a "send off." Of course, this did not al-ways work, but it was the time-honored custom with publishers who were sup-posed to be more or less "enterprising." COUPON SYSTEM NEXT. the "Lord Mayor's Show." A notable portion of the pageant will be the great founders of early English letters as well as distinguished litterati of modern times. Of course, there will be Shake-speare and Bacon as well, despite the controversalists. Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb, Pope and Addison will also ap-pear in the procession. It has been suggested by some that Charles Dick-ens should be borne in effigy through the streets of London; but, as many inembers of the Dickens family are still alive, others considered that his COUPON SYSTEM NEXT.

Today, however, all this is changed. The author is kept in the mysterious background: guessing competitions are started as to whether "it's" a man or woman; and prizes are given for the a woman; and prizes are given for the color of "its" hair. Literary criticisms are another novel device for interesting the wary public. Prizes ranging from \$25 to \$50 have been recently offered not only by publishers, but by the authors themselves, for the best criticism of certain books. After a while, public taste will be so "educated" to expect rewards, that ordinary prizes will fail to interest, and inducements to read will have to be run on the coupon sys-tem-the one buying the most books

tem-the one buying the me winning the highest prize. Of course there are a number of staid Londou firms who treat these "modern meth-ods" of capturing trade with contempt, Of course but that's another story, and the "prize packet" book idea seems to be winning a certain amount of popular favor. KING'S BOOK TASTE. For a novelist to get his or her book read by King Edward is one of the best guarantees of success. His ma-jesty, however, has little time to select his own books, and wisely deputizes one of his women friends to do his literary king's ablest "book tasters" is the wife king's ablest "book tasters" is the wife of the premier, Mrs. Asquith. She has long held this honored post, and reads nearly everything in the novel line that comes under the king's notice. In fact, comes under the king's notice. In fact, before her marriage, as Margot Ten-ant, she became the king's literary ad-viser. It is not generally known, but King Edward is quite a devourer of the modern novel, with a predilection for the French school. Quite a number of his books are in French, for he has a profound horror of translations. CHARLES OGDENS.

21

children. This is a new book of charm.

ing rhymes which makes a strong ap-peal to children. The verses are such that little folks will demand they be read again and again, and that grown-ups will delight in reading to children

MAGAZINES.

The only satisfactory answer to the

at Portland 40 minutes for breakfast. Mrs. Rinehart got out and dashed into the restaurant for a cup off coffee and a canteloupe. Fifteen others from her car did the same. The lady who waits had hardly deigned to notice the woman who writes when, glancing to-ward the door, the latter saw the train pulling out. She and her comrades the dot upon the order of their solns. stood not upon the order of their going. Pell-mell they dashed out, holding be-seechings hands toward their posses-sions; their hats, their pocketbooks, their tooth-brushes, the embryonic their tooth-brushes, the embryonic best seller! The train didn't stop. Didn't even hesitate. Went on and on. There were two Catholic priests who said what they thought in Latin, which didn't help much. There were an Episcopal clergyman, a professor of something or other, six women, several bildren and a collie dor. They stopped children and a collie dog. They stopped the train 150 miles away and cut out the Fullman, empty except for a pallid and cowering porter. Then the com-pany sent the miserables on to it by accommodation. They had lost five heurs. They had not breakfasted or lunched. So they entered the car in a mass fell on the porter and fore him to mass, fell on the porter and tore him to blreds. Then, when they had cleaned up the mess, Mrs. Rinehart quietly retumed her interrupted proof-reading.

Heiman Day, author of King Spruce, has provided his readers with a liter-ary surprise. Mr. Day has written not ary surprise. Mr. Day has written hot a new novel, but a lively story for hoys called "The Eagle Badge," to be published by the Harpers during Oc-tabor, The new story bears at least one resemblance to King Spruce-It is set in the woods of Maine, and is frag-rant with the spice of the lumber camp.

"What is there in common between "What is there in common between Marie Corelli, the author of "Holy Or-ders." and Robert Hichens, the author of "The Garden of Allah?" Advance information about "Holy Orders" (to be published by Stokes on Sept. 15), shows it to be a work of intensely strict ideas on moral questions, where-as Eicheng' works are pervaded by as, Hichens' works are pervaded by



WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd. Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

over and over, creating first one sub sidiary character and then another, and slowly developing the plot. And so the story was worked out little by little, sometimes in Sicily, sometimes in England, sometimes on steamships, sometimes in hotels. Slowly and carefully she laid the foundation for her masterplece, until finally, upon her return from England last year in complete health, she was able to go vigorously ahead with the book and carry it through to triumphant completion. It will be published by Houghton Mifflin

Co. Before he became a railroad man, Mr. Before he became a railroad man, Mr. James O. Fagan, the author of "The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman," was a cable-operator in South America, and dug göld and hunted big game and rebellious Kaffirs in southern Africa. He has been for 22 years in the railroad business and his book was written while working eight hours a day in a business and his book was written while working eight hours a day in a signal tower. Its publication in serial form stirred up the railroad men as few articles have ever done. Half the rail-road presidents in the country wanted to see the author, President Roosevelt sent for him to come down to the White Hause and talk the subject over, Presi-House and talk the subject over, Presi-

House and this the subject over, i have dent Elliot invited him to give a course on the subject at Harvard, and he is still at his daily work in the isgnal-tower; for he is one of the most mod-est men in the world, as well as one of the mean closer headed the most clear-headed.

## Charles Hanford Henderson's lectures at Harvard and elsewhere, his boys' camp in New Hampshire, and the new school which he is starting in Califor-nia on strictly Hellenic lines, have made him one of the foremost figures in the adventional world. The annual suceducational world. The amazing success four years ago for his quiet-hued, easygoing, round-about novel, "John Percifield," placed him among the beaching American novellsts. His new book, "The Lighted Lamp," presents his whole philosophy of life in the guise of an engrossing novel-the Wan-derjahr of a narrow minded young man derjahr of a narrow minded young man and the broadening of his experience. Mr. Henderson has been at work on it for four or five years past, and it was written partly in his chambers in Bos-

ton, partly while traveling in India, partly in his bungalow in Callfornia, and partly in his New Hampshire camp. It went into a third printing before publication. . .

Messrs. Harper & Brothers are an-nouncing seven books to be published during the first week in October. Of during the first week in October. Of these, one is a volume of essays, an-other is a work of literary criticism, a third is a novelized play, two others are juvenile stories, the isxth is a hum-orous novelette, and the remaining one a new edition, elaborately edited, of a very old favorite. "Lorna Doone."

The Christy Book for 1908 is entitled "Drawings in Black and White and Cclors," and is a notable volume from several points of view. It contains much of his very latest, and very best, work, reproduced with great care and heauty. Moffat, Yard & Company will publish it at once.

A recent visitor in Stratford-on-Avon was surprised to see a crowd gathered in the street in front of an unpreten-tious looking vine-covered cottage. Upon nearer approach he discovered that the crowd concealed a pair of diminutive ponies, hitched to a light cart. This did not seem to him suff-cent cause for the curiosity of the stalls

Samuel T. Dutton and David Snedden "Chaucer, a Bibliographical Manual," by Eleanor P. Hammond; and "The Story of the Pharaohs," by James Baikie.

Frederic S. Isham, author of "The La-dy of the Mount," who is taking a three-years trip around the world, tells of the amusing experience of a young missionary in China. He was a good man, but new to the orient—an enthusi-ast. At the time when other missionaries were "summering," with admir-able judgment, in cool places, to re-cuperate for the fall work, he continued to labor among sweltering humanity below. His mind was full of the need below. joint, with brutal deliberation; he had heard of the horrors of the prisons; the lashings, the boxes, the boards, the cages, and so on. He had seen photo-graphs, taken from life at Hankow, of women being cut to pleces, joint by joint, with brutal deliveration; he had

been to a beheading and witnessed the blood spurt five feet from the headless trunk. Filled with all these barbari-ties, he had the zeal of a Don Quixote and was ready to tilt with anything or anybody. One day, passing through the Japanese quarter of a great city, he saw a great pot; beneath it, a great fire; around it four or five Chinese; from it popped a human head! Great heavens! the flends were bolling the man alive. He rushed forward; he scattered the burning wood; he brushed the pig-tailed devils to the winds. The

the pig-tailed deviis to the winds. The head arose from the cauldron; the man stood up; he was a Jap, who spoke English with the Oxford accent. "I beg pardon, sir; but may I ask why you disturb me at my bawth?" The missionary had never before seen a Japanese bath-tub; his reply is not chronicled. . . .

Your modern novelist is a connoisseu in revenges, particularly your writer of mystery novels. When Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart began to contribute stories to the magazines, there was a young lawyer who used to scoff at her efforts, yea, even jeer. He was a rela-tive, and a friend of her husband's. He

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Chart H. Tlitchers

• ± • Ferrie Greenslet says in his Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich:- "The passage in The Story of a Bald Boy describing his little hall-room in the Nutter house, the books he found there and the use he made of them is of the first biographic importance: 'A washstand in the corner, a chest of carved mahogany drawers. a looking-glass in a filigreed frame, and a high-backed chair studded with brass mails like a coffin, constituted the furniture. Over the head of the bed were two oak shelves, holding perhaps a dozen books--among which Ferrie Greenslet says in his Life of

bed were two oaks-among which were Theodore, or The Peruvians, Robinson Crusce, an odd volume of Tristram Shandy, Baxter's Saint's Rest, and a fine English edition of the Arabian Nights (with 600 woodcuts by Hervey

Harvey. Shall I ever forget the hour when I first overhauled these books? I do not allude especially to Baxter's Salnt's before higher the second In that of the selectally to Baxter's Salnt's Rest, which is far from being a lively work for the young, but to the Arab-ian Nights, and particularly to Rob-inson Crusoe. The thrill that ran into my fingers' ends then has not run out yet. Many a time did I steal up to this nest of a room( and, taking the dor's eared volume from the shelf, glide off into an enchanted realm, where there were no lessons to get and no boys to smash my kite.' Apropos of Aldrich's allusions to Robinson Crusoe, Houghton Mifflin company are just bringing out a two volume edition of this classic story which will be a delight to all book-lovers.

lovers.

BOOKS

"Colonel Greatheart," by H. C. Bailey, illustrated in photogravure by Lester Relth, is a novel of romance, of love and adventure, written in the best modern style, is "Colonel Greatheart." In time it dates back to Cromwell and Charles I, to Roundhead and Cavalier. Charles 1, to Roundhead and Cavaler, but in method and quality of thought it belongs to the day of Stevenson and Hewlett. Its 400 clean and clever pages are a delight, a wonder of craftsman-ship, a token of the accomplishment of our age. It recalls great and beloved titles in historic fiction-Lorna Doone and Henry Esmond, David Balfour and Richard Yea and Nay-and beside them eems an achievement not unworthy of

There is much in "Colonel Great-heart" of the strategy of love, of the danger and bright deeds of war, of the clash between men scheming for opposed objects. There is variety movement, action, color. Alike in splendid battle pictures, in the subtle feneing of courtiers, in the flashing duel of the sexes, a remarkable crea-tive imagination is at work, speaking fluently in deeds and charmingly in dialogue. dialogue.

At the touch of this imagination a The dry bones of history take on life. Each person introduced—and many of the famous men and women of the time are introduced-is etched in with an unforgetable sharpness and pre-cision. This amazing gift of portraiture



socialistic society known as the "Fa-bians." It has long been known that Wells and the Fabians were not getting Wells and the Fabians were not getting along quite as well as they should and now the cat is out of the bag. The Fabians say that it was a case of Wells' trying to run the society, whereas the distinguished author, "more in sorrow than in anger," al-tributes their failure to get on to the pure cussedness of things in general. No author has done more than Wells to No author has done more than Weils to popularize that nebulous philosophy called Socialism, which, so far, has re-fused to allow itself to be defined. In "Anticipations" and other of his books, he adopted the Edward Bellamy point of view, but when the Fabians drew up a formula putting metes and bounds to Socialism, which, like the primeval chaos refuses to conform to any limit. chaos, refuses to conform to any limi-tations, Wells found it necessary to

drop out. SHAW VERSUS WELLS

Inside members of the Fabian so-ciety darkly hint at a struggle for con-trol between Bernard Shaw and H. G. trol between Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. Anyone who knows the "Great and Only G. E. S." must admit that it is difficult for two "Great and Onlys" to exist in the same society. The Fa-bians still retain G. B. S., though it must be admitted they are bit rath, hard by the withdrawal of Wells. Gue of the ostenstble reasons for Wells' resignation consists in the fact that the classical Fabians will not admit the principle of compensation to indi-

the principle of compensation to indi-vidual and class owners of land and property. Saws Wells on this point: PREDICTS FABIAN FAILURE. "I think the repudiation of compen-sation in the Fabian basis is opposed to all those ideas of orderly social de-velopment inherent in modern social-

ism. I have lost any hope of the Fa-bian society contributing effectually to the progress of the movement and, to porrow a convenient Americanism, I have no use for a Fabian society that is not developing and spreading ideas. Moreover," he continues. "I want very much to concentrate myself now upon the writing of novels for some years." SERIOUS LOSS TO SOCIETY.

Judging from the hint which Wells has thrown out, it is doubtful if his fu-ture books will contain guite so much ocialism as have his early works. One thing is certain, the cause which he has championed so well, will lose for the time being, much of the active sup-port of one of its most brilliant and, it should be added, well-balanced ad-

vocates UNIQUE ADVERTISING. Some of the more hustling publish-



### Her Figure is Trim, Her Form Sublime.

**Her Form Sublime.** The actress looked debonair, though the play had been pronounced a frust by the critics. "It's got to succeed," she explained, "and for that reason I'm not nervous, Last season I played several new parts and I burned a lot af good coln for cos-tumes. This season I am radiating with health. My form is ideally pro-portioned. I took the marmola Pre-scription to get this sublime figure, and a woman's figure can not be nearer perfection than what marmola has made me. A doctor friend of mine gave me the prescription. He's a brick. It's so simple; fust get at any drug store. ½ ounce Marmola, My onnee Fluid Extract Cascara Aroma-tic and 3½ ounces Peppermint Water and at bedtime. Now I have the stren-gth, enthusiasm and power of a dor-en stars. I tell you I am going to be IT." With this the leading lady bowed the reporter out, calling after him, "If you have are heap substi-tutes on the market that do not do the work." Marmola Co., Detroit, Mich.



tive, and a triend of her husband's. He though himself privileged to laugh the sconful ha! ha! Then Mrs. Rinehart wrote "The Circular Staircase." Re-venge was sweet and the temptation too great. She did the unforgiveable thing. She took his name and used it. Said lawyer is a rather husky,



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its place. There is much in "Colonel Great-