WITH THE NEW BOOKS

NATIVE HUTS BUILT OF LEAVES FROM "THE STORY OF THE CONGO FREE STATE"


CICATRISED WOMAN. FROM "THE STORY OF THE CONGO FREE STATE."

"THE Story of the Congo Free State," written by Henry Wellington Wack, a member of the New York bar, has a claim for interest in two ways. One, that the wonderful progress of this big country in the heart of the Dark Continent in the last twenty years is of so much importance, and the other that the book is an attempt to controvert the attacks that have been made against the methods of ruling the Free State by the Belgian Government, and to show that jealousy of the advance in value of the country and its products, due to Belgian enterprise, and a desire to exploit the advantages of the Congo region and do away with Belgian control, are a part of the motive behind the so-called Congo campaigns in England and America. It has been supposed in some quarters that the author was writing as an employed advocate of King Leopold II and his management of his Central African trust, but Mr. Wack states so positively in his preface that he went at his task and executed it so wholly unbiased by Belgian influence that to doubt his impartiality in the investigation is to accuse him of deliberate falsifying.

Wack has been a student of mid-African affairs for seven years, and in the preparation of his book he had access to the archives of the Free State at the offices of the Congo administration at Brussels. While in England he got his idea that the religious organizations there were being used to further the selfish aims of a clique of Liverpool merchants, and later he saw that the campaign of calumny against the Congo Free State was being extended to the United States. Then he decided that his special knowledge would be of value to the world, hence the book. It is a big, elaborate study of more than 600 pages and profusely illustrated with fine full-page pictures. It is well indexed and has a large colored map. Great credit is given to King Leopold for his establishment of the Free State and of his management of it since the nations turned the trust over to him. It is shown that he had a noble ambition in planning this design for the civilization of Central Africa, that success in large measure has resulted from his efforts, and it is the author's plea that the Belgian monarch should not be shut out from the fruits of his enterprise. He has a suspicion that it will be right in the line of British policy to acquire this country as "the keystone of African territorial possession," to "make the little fellows in Africa get out," and so dispose of the Belgian possessions. This he thinks is an iniquity which would be veiled with specious pretense, and upon the attitude of the American people much depends as to the fate of the Free State.

The size of this Central African State is one-third that of the United States, and the population is estimated to be at least 20,000,000 of natives. Besides these there are believed to be vast numbers of a dwarf race in forests not yet penetrated by the white man. The country has great possibilities of development. The State was established in 1884 and since then slavery has been suppressed, the Arabs defeated and prevented from entering the country to maraud, there is a good administration of justice, agriculture has greatly progressed, polygamy is being suppressed and thousands of Christian marriages take place among the natives. Considering that this is the last place into which civilization has penetrated, the progress of the score of years of the Free State's life is reported to be most encouraging.

The pictures and the text describing the natives are quite interesting. Some of the wild tribes are very brave. They will charge with their primitive weapons against enemies with firearms and persist, though nine out of ten of them fall before they reach their opponents, and close with them hand to hand. Some of the women have their bodies decorated in elaborate designs by cicatrizing. It is very hard to convince some of the tribesmen that polygamy is wrong. They think they have a right to all the wives they can support and they can buy a wife for two goats or a cow. Cannibalism is not yet wholly overcome and when they eat a man they have a way of first preparing him by breaking his limbs and soaking him for three days in a pool of water. His head alone is left out of water in order that he may live as long as he can. The Government is building up the rubber trade by regulating the planting of the trees in proportion to the product which is sent out.

The author has very little admiration for "the tearful work" of the Aborigines' Protection Society of England, and believes that this work is being used to assist the schemes of British traders. He speaks of the shifts by which "certain Liverpool merchants" hope to create an opening for their ulterior plans.

(G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

WOMAN OF TALENT WRITES OF HAWAII

Mrs. Isobel Strong, a steapdaughter of Robert Louis Stevenson, has published a new story, "The Girl From Home." It is a tale of Honolulu and it tells of how a girl went there from California expecting to marry a man who had persuaded her to come for that purpose, but on her arrival she finds him drunk, and this fills her with disgust and throws the romance all off and gives the writer a chance to do some strong descriptions of a woman's embarrassments and the futile pleadings for forgiveness by a man dethroned from woman's liking by his fatal weakness for liquor at inopportune times.

The girl cannot bend her pride to return on the steamer on which she came out as bride expectant, for she would have to carry her explanations with her, and the situation would be impossible. While she is waiting in Honolulu other men love her, and out of these sudden courtships the story is made. There are some descriptions of the natives and of the manner of life in Honolulu. A chapter on the native custom of riding the surf is well done. A paragraph out of that, which would have been good to picture, tells of how old Kaipo, dressed only in a loin cloth, rode the surf on a long, smooth board: "Suddenly there was a cry that rose to a shout as Kaipo's dark figure appeared in silhouette against the sky. He was on his knees at first, but as he neared the shore he rose slowly erect. The board he stood on was invisible, so that he seemed like a god of the air flying toward them, brandishing his paddle aloft like a spear."

Florence is the "girl from home." She is tactful through her trials and at the end of her embarrassment makes a much more brilliant marriage than the one she thought was destined when she set sail. Chief among the lesser characters is Florence's friend, Mrs. Landry, and in her we get the study of a widow who thinks she is very worldly wise and who is trying to capture and hold the love of two men—one a millionaire, whom she wants for his money, the other a gay and irresponsible young officer, who calls the millionaire "old Max," because he, the officer, is some younger. Florence, who loves the millionaire, flouts this disparagement by asking the captain, when he is trying to be court-fit to her, "How old are you in iniquity?" Mrs. Landry wants this Captain Dick because she likes him personally, and so by her combination scheme hopes to get both the man and the money she wants. How she plans to accomplish this feat she suggests to Florence when she warns her to keep clear of Captain Dick Leigh-Garrett, "for it takes a woman of experience to manage him. He is not for the young person." She turned at the door and sang saucily:

He's not a marrying man, my dear;
He lives on a different plan, my dear,
Keep out of his way if you can, my dear,
He isn't a marrying man!

That Florence should be set down in the beginning of the story as the friend of this woman seems about the only impossible thing in the book until you find the explanation in the knack the widow has of saying things in such a way that you never can tell whether she is in joke or earnest. She says to Florence: "Don't take me seriously, my dear. Men say how difficult it is to understand women. Do you know why it is so hard? Because they don't understand themselves! We're like the dog that ate his shipping tag—we don't know where we're going." So much for the widow. She gets Dick at last, and probably in him gets her deserts.

(McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; $1 50.)

COURTSHIP TALES NICELY NARRATED

Eight short stories by Mary Stewart Cutting, collected under the name of "Little Stories of Courtship," end up with one which is worthy of special notice. It is called "The Perfect Tale," and though the title to it refers to the imagined story of which the author tells, Mrs. Cutting's own might almost claim that title to its own sweet self without risk of immodest usurpation. The happinesses of the youth who wrote the perfect tale and of the maiden by whose loving aid alone he was enabled to remember the dreamland thing he had written but forgotten become our happiness as we read, and we wish that they were real people and that we might be allowed to send them spring blossoms for their youthful wedding, into whose petals some soul of blessing had been breathed to live beyond the fading of the flowers.

Noel Farrington is the fellow, and we learn little of his physical appearance except that he was long-legged and his eyes dark-lashed and his face thin and youthful. First glimpse we get he's reading of his manuscript's rejection, but with no sinking into weak dejection, for his spirit still is buoyant after repeated failure, because "he believed so firmly that he had it in him to write a story some day that would touch the highest mark of success." Yet is not this wholly conceit, for he estimates his chance of winning as involving so far a climb that he eliminates love from his aspirations and lives on ten-cent breakfasts of milk and meal as means in his waiting game.

Noel's friend, Lauter, invites him to spend a month with a party of visitors at his home in the Adirondacks. Here, with exquisite art, the writer puts the youth in an environment which is nature's fittest place for the coming of the fairy workers of romance to do the best of favors for the best of their favorites, and here they make the young man give his spirit willing slave to all their spells. On the veranda of the bungalow, when the moonlight streamed "across the mountains and motionless forest upon the waters of the lake," and the air was full of the resinous perfume of the pines, "some of the men began to thrum hauntingly on guitars and mandolins at the feet of the women whose soft cheeks had a magic sheen upon them." Among the girls there gathered was one unknown to Noel, but suddenly become special to him to add a touch of charm to this night of enchantment.

That night Noel spent in writing; for the enchantment was still upon him and he could not sleep. He worked till dawn. "Short, simple, almost child-like, as was the story he had finished, it held within it something indefinable—something that was divine—and true; the heart of a man—the joy of life. In an overwhelming moment he realized that he had written the perfect tale!"

Noel hurriedly mailed the story to his publishers. It was lost. The housemaid at the bungalow burned the draft of it left in Noel's room. He forgot the story utterly; could not rewrite it; could not give his friends even an outline of it. The men and women round him doubted him—mocked him for a dreamer. Into the dark and deep of the enshrouding forest went the disappointed youth. "There are some hurts which drown remembrance, and others that give fresh power to every other hurt that ever has been." So he struggled with dejection. "To be true to the truth we know of ourselves, in spite of the judgment of the wise—that is a vital faith, though it may take the loneliest struggle of all to maintain it." There was crucial need of new exertion, but now Noel felt himself weighted in the mere effort to stand upright.

To tell more of the story would be alike unfair to the author and to the reader. Let him be borne by the spell of the writer's art to the burst of beauty at the last and be pleasantly surprised into finding what was the perfect tale. Then the happy reader will want to go and tell all the people he loves best to peruse that little romance and be likewise delighted.

(McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.)

WAR CORRESPONDENT WRITES A GOOD BOOK

Robert Barry, a young man who not long ago was doing newspaper work in San Francisco and who from that suddenly jumped to success in international journalism as a war correspondent, has written a book called "Port Arthur: a Monster Heroism," in whose introductory he gives his opinion: "In all the long history of military exploits there is not one that can compare in point of difficulties surmounted with the reduction of Port Arthur." It is Barry's first book, and it is the first venture of its publishers. We trust they will mutually give a good send-off, and we wish them both success, for the descriptions of the great siege are graphically written, and the way by which the young man went to gather matter for his writing was right bold and rightly enterprising, and the book is happily selective in its picturing and a credit to the publishers in its neat, plain print and the splendor of its being bound in the banner of the rising sun.

Barry, since he left San Francisco to tackle fickle fortune in the Far East, with only the capital of $200 and a big account of courage in himself, has been a contributor of war articles to many of the big magazines and newspapers of England, France and America, and therefore no reader need fear that in trying to get swiftly a pen picture of the now famous assault, which "entitles the Japanese operations to rank with the finest work done by any army in any age," he will be wearied by an attempt at portrayal too tyro to be worth while reading. His style of writing suits his subject. His words have charge to them. The "crash of the big bullets" seems vivid to our thought as he tells of the terror of them when on the firing line and the "desire to return is manifold."

Though the author's admiration for the Japanese is intense, he yet speaks well for Russia: "Russia has the best Red Cross Society in the world, and the Russians are an extremely humane people." He devotes a chapter to describing General Baron Kodama, whom he calls "the Japanese Kitchener." Kodama is a tiny little chap, who makes a pretty picture, but he is evidently of that fighting type of Japanese whom Barry describes in another chapter called "From Kitten to Tiger." He is the Japanese chief of staff, and Barry thinks he is the greatest of the warriors of the Rising Sun.

(Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; price $1 50.)

LIFE ON A RANCH INSPIRES A WRITER

A tale of the great Southwest by Edith M. Nicholl, now Mrs. Bowyer, called "The Human Touch," tells of ranch life in the wilds of New Mexico, of a young cattle king's struggles against rascals and of the love of the Westerner for a refined woman who leaves society life in New York to go out and live with him on the plains. Kingdon is the man; a young Westerner, who represented a "delightfully human type—perfectly harmonious, joyous and joy-giving." Sylvia is the woman, and when Kingdon meets her in New York, habituated as he had been to a coarser mold of women, he recognizes this one "at once as a being from another sphere." Kingdon at the time of this first meeting is estranged from his wife, who will not live on the ranch with her husband, but goes away to Paris and other places on business trips and Kingdon's friend, Buckley, remarks: "Oh, yes, my dear boy, business trips, of course—with the side issues." Four months later Kingdon hears that his wife has been drowned at sea. Feeling that he had practically lost this wife, who would not love him long years ago, he encounters his freedom joyously. The woman from whom he had been long estranged came from that social set "which groans and struggles in the agonies of the correct thing," and Kingdom admits that in his less wise years he had married her partly from popinquity, mixed with an ambition for entree to what he thought was the best society. He seeks Sylvia and wins her. Strong business necessity holding him to his ranch work, she stays in the wilds with him. All goes sweetly until the unexpected opening of a chapter in the life of the hero which was thought to be closed forever.

A good chapter of description is one which tells of Sylvia's doing some scouting on the mesa against scoundrels. Here, although splendidly mounted, and so able to escape, she rides slowly in order to be overtaken by an evil disposed horseman whom she had been scouting in search of. Riding up beside her the man becomes insulting. Sylvia had recently been under the strain of terrible grief and fear. Now her spirits and courage came back to her. She realized that here "was the man responsible for the death of her child, for the attempt to blast the father's reputation in the past for murder in the future if so he could compass it unharmed of himself."

"Then with the deliberation of emotion at white heat she raised her light riding cane and cut him once across the face."

(Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; $1 50.)

ARTISTS OF GOTHAM TREATED IN FICTION

"The Troll Garden" is a collection of short stories by Willa Sibert Cather. The author is a clever literary artist, and she writes those stories about artists and Bohemians of New York and vicinity with a skill that is sure not to disappoint you when you are hunting for good short stories to fill pleasantly brief spaces of leisure. She was a journalist on the staff of the Pittsburg Leader, and is now a fiction writer and schoolteacher. The meaning of the book's title is explained by this quotation from Charles Kingsley: "A fairy palace, with a fairy garden; * * * inside the trolls dwell * * * working at their magic forges, making and making always things rare and strange."

One of the stories tells of "Flavia and Her Artists." Flavia wishes to establish a sort of salon, and she inflicts her collection of lions unmercifully upon her very patient husband, who, she says, has no esthetic sense and is blind to all the greatness of the great men she fills his house with. Arthur is the husband, and this worship by his wife of so-called clever men bores him exceedingly. Then comes upon the scene a young woman named Imogen, who had been a sort of play-at-sweetheart of Arthur's when she was a child. Arthur is so sorry she has grown up, because he wants to tell her fairy tales again. Imogen understands the situation as to the bore of the artists, and her comprehension and sympathy are the sole relief from the direness of the necessity of being good to his wife and seemingly blind to the absurdity of the game she is playing. The end of endurance comes when it is found out that Roux, one of the most learned of the guests and most cynical, has written an article for a local paper headed thus: "Roux on Tuft Hunters; The Advanced American Woman as He Sees Her; Aggressive, Superficial and Insincere." The entire interview was nothing more nor less "than a satiric characterization of Flavia, a-quiver with irritation and vitriolic malice. No one could mistake it; it was done with all his deftness of portraiture." Arthur spares Flavia the knowledge of all this, but he makes some most clever sarcastic remarks at the table in reference to Roux, which sends all her artistic and learned guests scattering to their homes. To the last she thinks her husband is esthetically blind, and that therefore her salon failed. Arthur was too chivalrous to undeceive her; but Imogen, the little girl he used to tell fairy tales to, she comprehended, and that must have helped a lot, although Miss Cather doesn't directly say so.

(McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; $1 25.)

LITERARY NOTES.

The hymnbooks do not contain a more exquisite lyric than Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," says Allan Sutherland in the June Delineator, nor one that is more acceptable to all denominations of the Christian faith. When the Parliament of Religions met in Chicago during the Columbian Exposition, the representatives of almost every creed known to man found two things on which they were agreed: They could all join in the Lord's prayer, and all could sing "Lead, Kindly Light." The hymn was written when Newman, returning home from Italy after a serious illness, was becalmed for a week in the sunny waters of the Mediterranean. In striking contrast, the music was composed by Dr. John B. Dykes as he walked through the Strand, one of the busiest thoroughfares of London. The hymn was a favorite of Gladstone, and also of President McKinley, and it was sung far and wide in the churches on the first anniversary of his death and burial.

A pleasant article of personal reminiscence about Jefferson is contributed to the Outlook's May Magazine number by its "Spectator," with pictures not before printed. Of one phase of Jefferson's character the writer says:

He was interested in the lighter philosophies. The work of Prentice Mulford greatly attracted him at one time. He had had remarkable communications, as he believed, from the other world—enough, at any rate, to convince him that there was another world, and, to make him confident that he should see again those he loved. He was a wonderful optimist, always cheerful, always looking for the brightness of life.

It seems a paradox that an author whose chief charm of style lies in its apparent spontaneity should be one of the most methodical of workers, yet this is true of Maurice Hewlett. He has, however, a method which is thoroughly unique. Having planned out his story, Mr. Hewlett writes fast, without revising. Then when he has finished he tears the written sheets across and puts them into the waste-basket. Later, beginning again, he writes the entire story afresh. This also he consigns to the wastebasket. A third essay generally joins the first two; sometimes there are four of these "spontaneous" attempts. By this time even the smallest detail of the story is clear and perfect, and Mr. Hewlett rapidly writes the final copy, sending it to press without revision. That this method of composition has its advantages no one who knows Maurice Hewlett's fresh and vigorous style will deny. His latest work, "Fond Adventures," just off the Harper press, contains four perfect, distinct and finished tales, each one of which is a triumph.

Martha Van Rensselaer's article in the Youth's Companion on "How Women Make Money on the Farm" will interest the multitude in the cities who long for life in the country. She tells from actual experiences how some clever girls and women have added to their incomes by original and interesting methods.

"When James Gordon Bennett, the elder, was editor of the Herald, Robert Bonner, publisher of the New York Ledger, was struggling to build up its circulation and decided to try a little advertising. He wrote an announcement consisting of eight words: 'Read Mrs. Southworth's new story in the Ledger,' and sent it to the Herald marked 'one line.' Mr. Bonner's handwriting was so bad that the words were read in the Herald office as 'one page.' Accordingly the line was set up and repeated so as to occupy an entire page. Mr. Bonner was thunderstruck the next morning. He had not to his name enough money in the bank to pay the bill. He rushed excitedly over to the Herald office, but was too late to do any good.

"In a short time the results of the page announcement began to be felt. Orders for the Ledger poured in until the entire edition was exhausted, and another one was printed. The success of the Ledger was then established. Ever after that Mr. Bonner was an ardent believer in advertising and a liberal purchaser of space." — From "Modern Advertising," by Ernest Elmo Calkins and Ralph Holden.

Willa Sibert Cather, author of "The Troll Garden," a book concerning the artists and "high Bohemians" of New York and vicinity, is a new recruit from journalism to the ranks of fiction writers. She is of Southern ancestry and was born in Winchester, Va. Soon her family moved to a ranch in Southwestern Nebraska, where as a child she lived an outdoor life on the farm. Finishing her education at the University of Nebraska, she began her newspaper work with correspondence for several Nebraska newspapers. She held positions on the staffs of the Nebraska State Journal and the Pittsburg Leader. Her first literary venture was "April Twilights," a book of verse, which appeared in the spring of 1903. She is now living in Pittsburg, where she teaches school.

The Bookman's May list of the six best selling books is as follows: "The Marriage of William Ashe" (Ward), "The Clansman" (Dixon), "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" (Doyle), "The Masquerader" (Thurston), "The Princess Passes" (Williamson), "The Man on the Box" (MacGrath).

"The 26th of the month seems to be a fateful day for me," said George Barr McCutcheon recently. "I was born on July 26 and was married on September 26. The other day I was looking over my journal or dairy, or whatever you call it. I keep a record of the day on which I begin and end the novel I am writing. Strange as it may seem, I began 'Graustark' on December 26, 'Castle Craneycrow' on September 26, 'The Day of the Dog' on October 26 and 'Beverly of Graustark' on November 26. I was not at any time conscious of this coincidence in dates and it has startled me into the belief that it has been my lucky day—so far, at least."

Apropos of the Hans Christian Andersen centenary, it is interesting to announce that Doubleday, Page & Co. will shortly bring out "Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know." The book is edited by Hamilton W. Mabie, who selected all the stories and who has written an introduction. The illustrations and decorations are by B. Osterteg.

The advance sales of the book on Tuskegee, the negro institute, and its people, have been large enough to demonstrate the widespread interest in the problem of educating and developing the American negro. The book was prepared by officers and former students of the Normal and Industrial Institute at Tuskegee, Ala., under the editorial direction of Booker T. Washington. It contains portraits of the several authors, and views of the school.

Andrew Carnegie's new book, "The Life of James Watt," was published May 4 by Doubleday, Page & Co. It contains the story of the romance of business as the great ironmaster sees it. It abounds in business wit and wisdom and is said to reflect Mr. Carnegie's character more than anything else he has written.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE GIRL FROM HOME—By Isobel Strong. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

THE TROLL GARDEN—By Willa Sibert Cather. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; $1 25.

AT THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR—By Edward Stratemyer. Lee & Shepherd, Boston.

THE HUMAN TOUCH—By Edith M. Nichol. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston; $1 50.

THE VAN SUYDEN SAPPHIRES—By Charles Carey. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; $1 50.

DR. NICHOLAS STONE—By E. Spence de Pue. G. D. Dillingham Company, New York.

HESTER OF THE GRANTS—By Theodora Peck. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York; $1 50.

PROBLEMS OF THE PANAMA CANAL—By Henry L. Abbot. Macmillan Company, New York; $1 50.

STORIES OF THE LITTLE FISHES—By Lenore E. Mulets. L. C. Page, Boston; $1.

THE PURPLE PARASOL — By George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; $1 25.

THE PRINCESS ELOPES—By Harold MacGrath. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

WINDSOR CASTLE—By William Harrison Ainsworth. A. L. Burt Company, New York; $1.

SLAVES OF SUCCESS—By Eliott Flower. L. C. Page & Co., Boston; $1 50.

THE AMETHYST BOX—By Anna Katherine Green. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

JUSTIN WINGATE RANCHMAN—By John H. Whitson. Little, Brown & Co., Boston; $1 50.

WAR OF THE CLASSES—By Jack London. Macmillan Company, New York; $1 50.

LYRICS OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW—By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

SILVER BELLS—By Andrew Haggard. L. C. Page & Co., Boston; $1 50.

LITTLE STORIES OF COURTSHIP—By Mary Stewart Cutting. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

ROSE OF THE WORLD—By Agnes and Egerton Castle. F. A. Stokes Company, New York; $1 50.

MISS BILLY—By Edith Keeley Stokely and Marian Kent Hurd. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.

THE MARQUISE'S MILLIONS—By Francis Aymar Mathews. Funk, Wagnalls & Co., New York; $1.

THE VISION OF ELIJAH BERL—By Frank Lewis Nason. Little, Brown & Co., Boston; $1 50.

THE RAVENALS—By Harris Dickson. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; $1 50.

THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE—By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Harper & Bros., New York; $1 50.

JAPAN OF SWORD AND LOVE—By Joaquin Miller and Yone Noguchi. Kanao Bunyendo, Tokio.

ON GOING TO CHURCH—By G. Bernard Shaw. John W. Luce & Co., Boston; 75 cents.

MY COUNTRY AND OTHER VERSE—By Robert Whitaker. James H. Barry Company, San Francisco.

JIMMIE MOORE OF BUCKTOWN—By Melvin E. Trotter. Winona Publishing Company, Chicago; 75 cents.

THE FIRST WARDENS—By William J. Neidig. Macmillan Company, New York; $1.

THE PIONEER—By Thomas Fitch. Barnes & Co., San Francisco.

ROBERT BROWNING—By Charles Hereford. Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.

CONSTANCE TRESCOTT—By S. Weir Mitchell.

ALBERT DURER—By T. Sturge Moore. Charles Scribner's, New York; $2 00.

THE PLUM TREE—By David Graham Phillips. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

BLUE MONDAY BOOK AND OTHER GOOD THINGS—By Paul Elder, San Francisco.

TALES OF FRANCE—By Georges d'Espartes and others. American Book Company.