

onto, 267 pages, \$1.50) is sure of a cordial reception. It is an outspoken plea for reality in every department and a seathing and unsparing denunciation, quite in the temper of the Old Testament prophets, of the insincerity and dishonesty which the clear-eyed writer sees everywhere prevalent. The scope of the book is best indicated by an enumeration of some of its chapter headings: The Plague of Lies; Lies and the Bible; Lies and Liberty; Lies in the Industrial Revolution; Lies and Equality; Lies and Theology and Religion; Lies and Drugs; Lies and Nature; Lies and History. The writer came out of the War with a consuming passion for God and reality, and this passion throbs in his sentences, which read as though written in letters of fire. The following may be taken as a sample of Mr. Kennedy's thought and style: "What can save the ordinary man from damning his soul and destroying his world? The piping of professors? The books of the philosophers? The knowledge of the scientists? Vague goodwill and goodness? You cold-blooded saints of the study, have you ever walked in the streets? Have you ever lived? Only a passion can conquer a passion—we must have God."

Mexicans, Indians, cattle rangers and cattle thieves, or "rustlers," as they were more familiarly known, are all to be met with in William MacLeod Raine's new book, *Oh, You Tex* (Thomas Allen, 340 pages, price \$2.00). The life of a Texas Ranger in the old days was not an uneventful one, but Jack Roberts, known to both friends and enemies as "Tex," found it to be even more interesting and exciting than he had hoped for when, thrown out of the employ of old Clint Wadley, the Cattle King, he signed up as a ranger at "a dollar a day and found." That one of the first men upon whom suspicion fell as a "rustler" should have been Rutherford Wadley, the son of the cattle king, and that the cattle stolen were from old Clint's own ranges, grieved the young ranger, not for any love he had for Rutherford, or any interest in the cattle belonging to his father, but because of Romona, the sister and daughter of the two men who were doing their best to make things hard for him. But hard tasks only made Tex grit his teeth a little harder and set off at a little faster gait to do the duty that lay before him. One hoped, before the story ended, that old Clint would allow himself to see for himself what he had lost when he gave his young line driver his money and told him to take himself off, but how clearly he would see it, and how much he would admit that he owed the slim, red-haired ranger comes as more than a surprise to even the most hopeful reader.

In *Mary Marie*, a new book by Eleanor H.

Porter (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York, Thomas Allen, Toronto, 296 pages, \$2.00) the heroine, aged thirteen, describes herself as "a cross-current and a contradiction." This character is reflected in her name, the "Mary" in her double name being the cognomen by which her father, a somewhat austere and very much preoccupied professor of astronomy wished to have her called, and the "Marie," which was the choice of her young and lively mother. The two names indicate the nature which the child inherited from the two "unlikes" who were her parents. It was just because she possessed, in a delightful combination, the qualities of both father and mother, that Mary Marie takes her place amongst the most charming and lovable child characters, which Mrs. Porter has created. And this was the reason, also, why she helped to bring together again the two who became sadly estranged through their incompatibility of temper.

Seventeen short mystery stories are given in *The Mystery of the Blue Villa* by Melville Davisson Post (D. Appleton and Co., New York, McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 384 pages, \$2.00). Theodore Roosevelt who had been told in advance of the coming appearance of this book, wrote the author, "when that book comes I shall without doubt find that I could pass an examination in each separate story: because I never see anything of yours that I don't read! But equally without doubt I shall read them all over again with the utmost pleasure." Others besides Mr. Roosevelt will want to read these stories twice or oftener. They are worth it. They reach a high level in short stories,—with their terse style, their strong character delineation, and their dramatic climaxes. Such a story as *The New Administration*, for instance, where the decisions of the District Court are taken over by the two visiting judges of the Court of Courts, is one which is worth reading twice, and which "sticks."

Richard Cobden, *The International Man* by J. A. Hobson (J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto, 409 pages, 8 illustrations, \$7.50). Cobden is generally associated with Free Trade. His great service to the English nation in his six years' triumphant fight against the Corn Law, however, has obscured the larger reach of his life. A Frenchman of his time called him "the international man." By the publication of speeches, extracts from pamphlets, speeches and letters—and some of the last are made public for the first time—the author shows the truth of the Frenchman's estimate. Cobden believed that Britain's internal welfare depends upon the nature of her foreign policy. He worked for a foreign policy of non-intervention in the