

usually called "weaker." [London & New York: Macmillan & Co.]

Evelyn Sharp's novel *At the Helton Arms* is at once diverting and exasperating. It has neither moral nor motive, except, perhaps, to show how near downfall women may stray and yet remain upon what is called the safe side. There is much sparkling talk in the story, some brilliant dips into the questions of the day, and sundry pictures of entertainments in high life. The tone of the story is persistently cynical, its philosophy being of the decadent kind finding expression in epigrams of this sort: "Morality is mainly a question of circumstance and largely dependent on the chances of detection." Monstrous! [Boston: Roberts Bros.]

The name of Edwin W. Pugh is unfamiliar to the average American novel reader, but if he writes many books like *A Street in Suburbia* it will not long remain so. There are several short stories in the volume, but the personages are the same, being neighbors. The tales are fresh, original, witty and, for the most part, naïve. Its fun bubbles over and its pathos is unaffectedly genuine. No person with a heart can read "Hiram Slike & So—" and forget it—or want to. [New York: D. Appleton & Co.]

Whoever has read *Irish Idyls*, by Jane Barlow, will be glad to know that Macmillan & Co. have just issued another group of her charming and pathetic stories under title of *Maureen's Fairing*. Some of these stories are told of poor working folk and some relate to cultivated persons, but the fine spirit of each is the characteristic of all. Every one of them is a prose poem that leaves the reader's heart warmer if not lighter. Jane Barlow is touched by a fine fire and has a high and true leading out and away from the unwholesomeness of prevailing fiction.

A small but comprehensive volume published by D. Appleton & Co. is *A Handbook of Sanitary Information for Householders*, by Roger S. Tracy, M. D. Ventilation, plumbing, drainage and disinfection are among the subjects treated, and though the information given is scientifically exact, the lay reader is not confused or misled by technical terms.

*The Mystery of the Patrician Club* is a murder story by A. D. Vandam, one in which two amateur detectives prove themselves more interested and more skilled than the professionals of Scotland Yard. The unexpectedness of the denouement is but a small part of the interest of this romance of high life in England. [Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.]

*A Study in Prejudices*, by George Paston (is not its author a woman?) is appropriately named. When one thinks them over he is likely to discover that many and, perhaps, most of his opinions are prejudices that have only to be turned around towards another light to acquire quite a new and different valuation. The heroine of this tale is charming, if at first a trifle too unceremonious, and strong in her resolution to be fine and true. The hero, with the standards of his sex and century, is better than most, and both are well defined and solidly drawn. [New York: D. Appleton & Co.]

*Into the Highways and Hedges*, by F. F. Montrésor, is a novel which will have special attractions for those who are interested in evangelistic work among the poor and ignorant. The author has depicted with force and feeling the pathos and heroism of life among the lowly. [New York: D. Appleton & Co.]

*The Vengeance of James Vansittart*, by Mrs. J. H. Needell, describes a cruelty so persistent and a vengeance so unjustifiable that one is almost tempted to believe its events actually took place on the theory that truth is stranger than fiction. The author has a fine appreciation of the dramatic possibilities underlying the events of everyday life and a capital story-telling gift, the events hurrying on as if they were telling themselves. [New York: D. Appleton & Co.]

*The Untempered Wind*, published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York, is from the pen of Joanna E. Wood, said to be a beginner in novel writing. If this be true, she certainly gives promise of unusual strength. The story is a very sad one, as its title intimates, the good being buffeted and chastened, while the evil prospers. But its forceful style and lessons in charity and pity more than compensate for the pain it brings into one's heart and memory.

*Gray Rocks* is a collection of nine short stories by Henry Harland (Sidney Lusk). The author is making unworthy use of his remarkable gifts when he applies them to the telling of such a story as "The White Horse" which stands first in this volume. "Mercedes," the second tale, is charming. "A Broken Looking Glass" is pathetic and "A Reward of Virtue" is discouraging, depressing, despairing. [Boston: Roberts Brothers.]

Nine stories of good and bad women—mostly bad—are

grouped as the work of H. B. Marriott Watson, the initial one "At the First Corner," providing the volume with its title. They are mostly *riqué*. That "At the First Corner" is original as a study, though, perhaps, too common as a fact, does not give it an excuse for being. It is needlessly material in the descriptions of its men and women. [Boston: Roberts Bros.]

*The Prince of Balkinstan*, by Allen Upward, is one of the latest of the J. B. Lippincott Co.'s series of select novels. This story of political intrigue, assassination, cruel injustice, Russian oppression, wild living and wilder dying, is a stirring romance but not a pleasant one. It is a tale of crafty struggle from cover to cover.

In *The Three Graces*, by the Duchess, the reader's interest is principally held by one of the three who is at once blind and beautiful. Too many men for her comfort and the peace of the family fall in love with her pretty, sightless eyes and waving, seeking hands. The Duchess knows her audience and what it wishes told to it. [Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co.]

*The Soul of the Bishop*, by John Strange Winter, just re-issued in paper by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York, was duly reviewed in these pages when it first appeared. It shows that when there is a pretty woman in the case, the soul of a bishop is very much like that of a layman.

*Cheap Jack Zita*, from the pen of S. Baring-Gould, is a republication by J. Selwyn Tait & Sons of a welcome addition to vacation novels in less expensive form.

*The Green Bay Tree*, a tale of to-day, written by W. H. Wilkins (W. H. De Winton) and Herbert Vivian, tells us that when the father of its leading character was dying he called to him his son, an only and motherless child, and said: "Remember always that your best friend is yourself!" This parting injunction combined with his heredity to make him a flinty-hearted success who was, to the world, always a gentleman. It is a hard, cruel, worldly story. [New York: J. Selwin Tait & Sons.]

*Thomas Boobig: A Complete Enough Account of his Life and Singular Disappearance*, by Luther Marshall, purports to be the history of a giant whose fortune, or misfortune, of height permits him especial perception of and sympathy with the miseries and disappointments of his fellow creatures. Just why he need have been more than twenty feet tall to appreciate the sufferings and perplexities of shorter men the author does not explain. [Boston: Lee & Shepard.]

*The Boy Soldiers of 1812*, by Everett T. Thompson, is a story for the boys of 1895, its scenes being laid along Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence. Its stirring events have a historical basis and its juvenile heroes show a bravery, patriotism and discretion which cannot but prove edifying and emulation-inspiring to their youthful readers. [Boston: Lee & Shepard.]

*The Grasshoppers*, by Mrs. Andrew Dean (Mrs. Alfred Sedgwick) takes its curious title from the notorious improvidence of the insect in question, which is in this case likened to the lack of thrift of English housewives. A contrast is made with the excess of this quality as possessed by the Hamburg *hausfrau*, and the reader is allowed to infer that a happy medium is preferable to either extreme. There is much incidental information of interest on the social usages of Hamburg and London. Mrs. Dean has the story-telling gift, her events marching on and on to the end without needless circumlocutions or meanderings. [New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.]

*Only Ten Cents* is the curious but felicitous title of one of the books by "Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. Alden). It is a story of faith in all good possibilities by a deeply religious invalid child who does what she can bravely and wisely. The book is daintily printed and generously illustrated. [Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.]

A beautiful collection of children may be seen in the current issue of *Pears' Pictorial*, the art quarterly published by A. & F. Pears. The exhibition of "Fair Children" at the Grafton Gallery, London, is given pictorial review, half a hundred famous portraits of famous children by famous artists being admirably reproduced in half tone with instructive editorial comment. The series opens with a picture of Edward VI., that "paragon among princes," attributed to Holbein, and includes Van Dyck's delightful groups of the children of Charles I., Velasquez's youthful Don Carlos, of Spain, a study full of fire and pride; supremely well-drawn "Baby" attributed to Murillo, Gainborough's "Miss Linley and her Brother," a forecast of the future Mrs. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, which shows why her beauty was declared almost divine, Sir Joshua Reynolds's wistful study of "What Dr. Johnson must have been when a baby," as well as admirable examples of Millais, Romney, Lawrence, Greuze, Landseer, Carolus-Duran and others.