

Fourteenth and Fifteenth rounds.—Plain, with small mesh.
For the Points.—Net 20, turn, net 19, turn, net 18; repeat to end of point. Then darn the doily as before.

TRAY-CLOTH, WITH NETTED BORDER.

FIGURE No. 4.—For this cloth hem a piece of linen 11 by 15 inches in dimensions. Net all around the linen with sewing needle and No. 50 crochet cotton, using No. 12 knitting needle for mesh. Net 68 stitches on each end and 104 on each side. Net twice around plain, increasing 1 stitch in each corner.

With a half-inch mesh net once around plain, netting 5 stitches in each of the 3 corner stitches at each corner. Now, using the small mesh, draw second loop through first loop, net, draw first loop through second, net, fourth through third, net, third through fourth, net, etc. Repeat last two rows three times more and then net once around plain. Sew to the center of linen. Next take a strip of linen 3 inches wide and long enough to go around the cloth; fold together lengthwise, turn in the edges and baste, and then overhand around the netting. Mitre the corners.

AMONG THE NEWEST BOOKS.

From The Macmillan Company, New York and London:

The Gospel of Freedom, by Robert Herrick.
The Downfall (La Débâcle), by Emil Zola.
The Development of The Child, by Nathan Oppenheim.
The Shorter Poems of John Milton, by Andrew J. George.
The General Manager's Story, by Herbert E. Hamblen.
Stories From English History, by A. J. Church, M. A.
The Pruning Book, by L. H. Bailey.

Robert Herrick has written clever books before *The Gospel of Freedom*, but not one so carefully considered—none that spoke the right word to the souls of restless, indefinite women who crave they know not what, but something that is usually suggested by too much leisure, too much self-admiration and their own approval of qualities they more than suspect themselves of possessing. Wrong ideals, with too much money and admiration have wrecked the happiness of more women than toil, penury or ill-health. A better woman saved Herrick's heroine, but still she made herself a lost hope to a great possibility. This novel will make a stir in a thinking and feeling world.

Emil Zola has ceased to astonish but not to intellectually satisfy. He gratifies or he tortures his readers, and happily for him there are as many who like to be stirred by pain over imaginary matters as with pleasure about real things. This curious phase of human valuation keeps his pen alert. *The Downfall*, referring to the humiliation of France by Prussia, is a vivid description of daily manifestations of imbecility on the part of those in authority, of lives wasted by hunger and disease, of internal dissension and final defeat. The reader fails to find any species of crime or debauch, an act of uncleanness or cruelty that is not attributed to the Germans, or any selfishness and meanness spared the French soldiery. The courage of a few men and the heroism of a few women is all that makes it possible to complete the reading of the book. Zola's story is based on historical data, but it need not have been told.

More and more are parents learning to feel their responsibility for the moral and bodily health of their children. Dr. Oppenheim, of Mt. Sinai Hospital, in *The Development of the Child* has told them how and why this obligation should be felt. He gives scientific advice regarding the mental and physical growth of children and their well-being generally. He deprecates excesses of mental or physical effort put upon children, by which their energies are worn out and permanently exhausted before they are matured and through which disability of mind and body becomes permanent. He disapproves in the strongest terms of allowing any special precocity to be displayed in a child or noticed by its elders. He says, and he knows by reason of a life devoted to the well-being of children, that an abnormal development of any one talent or aptitude is a drainage upon the sum total of the child's vitality and accumulated or inherited energy, a fact that will doubtless explain why infant prodigies never become great men and women in the largest sense.

Those who have read *The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell* will understand and value *The Shorter Poems of John Milton*, as arranged by Andrew J. George. In a way the chronology of this book clears our minds regarding Milton's attitude toward divorce, his pamphlets on this subject being fierce with concealed personal emotions that at the time were at a white heat of pain, although their arguments are apparently free from his own personal experiences. His Mary was a Royalist, gay, pleasure loving and charming, and he (Milton) a Roundhead school-master. Much is forgivable in the woman and her

lack of sympathy with her new, gloomy, narrowed home. While she was absent the poet warmed his chilled spirit in the smiles of others and his egotisms also in the ferment of the times, and found absorption. In the same year that he married his second wife he wrote a tender, sympathetic, grieving sonnet to his dead Mary Powell, which is proof that even the greatest poet is not free from vagaries of emotion. Those who study this valuable collection of Milton's shorter poems will be glad of a better knowledge of the man's strange impulsive soul.

The General Manager's Story is quite out of the common. Imagination plays no part in it; neither does love nor descriptions of nature, except as the latter are needful in explanation of train-running and wrecks. The story, which is told in the first person, is by a man who had risen from brakeman to general manager and who forgets not one of the happy stepping-stones to preferment. His was an exciting life, as that of all railroad men must be, where alertness and daring are ever brought into play. These elements evolve courage and steady the nerves, one a physical and the other a mental quality, according to the railway engineer. This book will tell lads who look toward a life on the rail much that they ought to know, while those who travel might well acquaint themselves with the price of their security.

Stories from English History, by A. J. Church, M. A., would create in those hitherto indifferent to the history of the race an eager craving for knowledge. These stories, from Julius Caesar to Queen Victoria, are related with discretion and in a simple and delightful manner. The Roman Conquest is told in dialogue, the author explaining that this method is chosen in order to allow of its events being contemplated from a modern point of view. A bard is represented as relating the legends of Arthur and Vortigern; these no doubt have historical foundations, but their detail and romance can be truth only to the credulous. The story of Canute appears as if it were wholly one of facts, but it is the least probable. But, perhaps, too many legends are being doubted; there are many which it would gratify one to be able to believe, and they would do the world no harm. Truth is beautiful, so it is said, but it is less pleasurable sometimes than romantic imaginings.

The Pruning Book, by L. H. Bailey, will prove valuable to those who grow fruits. The author explains the science of pruning, the development and general conditions of fruit buds, how to heal wounds upon hard and soft growths and various ways of reducing sizes, etc. Specific methods are given in compact form concerning the training of trees and shrubs upon walls or trellises, of rearing trees in pots, of guiding grape-vines in vineyards, on wires, posts, under glass and in the open. A variety of other most welcome and exact advice is given about large and small fruits and ornamental plants, hedges and shade-trees. This book has been much needed by beginners in arboral work.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:

The Eugene Field I Knew, by Francis Wilson.
The Girl at Cobhurst, by Frank R. Stockton.
Ars et Vita, and Other Stories, by T. R. Sullivan.
The Crook of the Bough, by Mémie Muriel Dowie.

There were as many Eugene Fields as the poet had familiar or beloved friends, and to each he revealed himself so individually that from each friend's point of view it seemed as if Field could never appear so delightful to another; to each he was unique. The candor which in another would have been arrogance was in him a magnetic frankness that wooed and won.