

The ixias, charming flowers for house culture, should be planted this month. They require the same treatment recommended for other bulbs in pots.

Slips may be started now of the following plants, which will flower in the months indicated: Ivy; bouvardia, geranium, February; dew plant; German ivy, linaria, lobelia (slip or divided roots), verbenia, March; allysum, April.

Verbenas are particularly recommended for pot culture in the house. Few people understand the ease with which this plant can be grown. Give it a sunny window in a cool room and a

profusion of blossoms all Winter may be had. The flowers range from deep red and white to a blue almost black. Water sparingly.

Seeds of the following named plants may be sown in the open ground in the Autumn: *Dianthus barbatus* (commonly known as sweet william), candytuft, hollyhock, larkspur, *nigella*, perennial peas, *alyssum*, *agrostis* (columbine), *campanula* (cup and saucer), *dianthus digitalis* (foxglove), honesty, *pentstemon* (figwort) and wallflower—all well known and fully described in the seedsman's catalogues.

AMONG THE LATEST BOOKS.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston:

Where the Atlantic Meets the Land, by Caldwell Lipsitt.

Nets for the Wind, by Una Taylor.

Last of the Lairds and *The Provost*, by John Galt.

Caldwell Lipsitt's name is not yet well known, but it will not be forgotten by any one who reads these stories of fierce nature and strange beings. It is a group of tales in one volume for us to read through tears and laughter—mostly tears. These are stories of the coast near Donegal, that most unfriendly spot of which few can think without pity for men and women born to die there in toil and sorrow. The tales suggest an experienced pen. They have subtlety and sympathy, freshness and insight into minds blinded and hardened by superstition and misery, and also swift recognitions that startle us by their beauty, tenderness and self-abnegation. *Where the Atlantic Meets the Land* is as distinctly original as anything pertaining to humanity can be, since there is "nothing new under the sun." The social customs, personal habits and beliefs current among these coast folk are old to them—very old—but they are new to most of us and this writer has made them terribly real.

Lyrics without rhythm, dreams that are weird, and travestied men and women are by the author of *Nets for the Wind* intended as serious descriptions or natural lessons. Degraded human souls and aims are set before us by Una Taylor as if they were enchanting pictures instead of loathsome impossibilities. Happily, for the most part their significance is so involved in the methods of her narration that many youthful readers will escape it. This is especially true of the first of these eleven stories, "The Rose of Paradise," which is sweet and clean. So also is "The Knight of the Blessed Mary," except—and this is true of all these tales—that the love depicted is not an ennobled sentiment but a passionate ecstasy of joy and pain. There is no spiritual beauty in the book's many loves.

John Galt may have dreamed of perpetuity, of a second existence, as it were, but in his day upon earth he could not have imagined the fitness of the garb in which he was to return to a reading world to receive a welcome that is likely to be far warmer and wider than he had when his romances were first published. Certainly he could not have hoped for a re-introduction to an admiring public by so clever and appreciative a man as the then unborn S. R. Crockett—of whom many will say, "The Usher is greater than the King." This quotation, however, cannot mean that the king is not great, because he is, and Galt will live long after most modern novels are forgotten. These two volumes, *The Provost* and *The Last of the Lairds*, carry us away from the present by a charm of their own. They bring us a happy conviction, when thinking of our ancestors, that the past, in its social and political life, was as attractive in many ways to them as ours is to us. Certainly the sincerity and directness of its writers was quite beyond most that we know to-day.

From Macmillan and Co., New York:

A Summer in Arcady, by James Lane Allen.

Every father and mother of immature or maturing children should read James Lane Allen's *Summer in Arcady*. But first they should give serious consideration to the author's preface. The story is told in the riotous voices of Nature. They are untrained, insistent, carrying voices that allure to destruction when their meanings are not understood. The epic by which Allen makes his meanings clear, rings out with no uncertain notes. It rings or moans of human destiny and points out to parents a choice of good or ill for their children, makes them responsible

—or, at least, as nearly responsible as they can be with an ancestry that may have endowed them with aptitudes and tendencies that are storming if not thwarting to all ideal intentions. Parents with lofty standards for posterity will find much that is helpful and hopeful in this book, the most nobly purposive of all the author's beautiful creations.

From D. Appleton and Company, New York:

The Madonna of a Day, by J. Dougall.

Sir Mark, by Anna Robeson Brown.

Maggie, by Stephen Crane.

Green Gates, an Analysis of Foolishness, by Katharine Mary Cheever Meredith.

The Folly of Eustace, by Robert S. Hitchens.

The Riddle Ring, by Justin McCarthy.

My Literary Zoo, by Kate Sanborn.

The Madonna of a Day is by no means a rare type of woman, but she has not been made a definite figure in fiction—at least not so definite as to make her women readers ask themselves if they are not akin to her, remote or near. It is an immensely fascinating story, set in an area of life that we all know about in vague ways. The sincerity and directness of J. Dougall claims one's respect immediately, and her purpose is not uncertain. Her missionary is a man, a real, manly man, and her villains are not without a divine spark, though it does not remain aglow very long. This motto upon the title page is both an allurements and an explanation of this realistic story:

A water pure and saltless, has neither taste nor hue;
A beauty that is faultless, is characterless, too.
Best are the discontented.

At a time when there is so much that interests the descendants of fighting patriots of a hundred years ago, *Sir Mark*, by Anna Robeson Brown, will be thrilling and also nourishing to the best of our national enthusiasms. Whereas, most of our own recent historic novels have been thin and without much keen flavor, this one is strong and full of national and international vitality. It proves—at least while its romance and reality is fresh in one's mind—that environments cannot shape beyond re-moulding the character of healthy youth; also, that hot tempers need by no means be as much dreaded as cold, sulky ones. Another lesson of the story is that examples of simplicity of life, of directness of purpose and of purity of conduct forefather more virtues in young, plastic natures than all the sermons that were ever preached. *Sir Mark* is commended to everybody, and especially to Sons and Daughters of the Revolution.

Maggie is not worthy of the author of *The Red Badge of Courage*, nor of any other novelist. Its quality is disappointing. Which story was written first does not in the least matter. One furnishes us with the supposed emotions and experiences of a youth entering, fighting and coming out of fierce battles, while the present tale is an author's imaginings of life in the very lowest city streets. It is full of the stench of vileness, cruelty, drunkenness, blasphemy, ruined children and hopeless ignorance. No neighborhood ever was quite so bad; no house ever could have had all its furniture and dishes broken semi-weekly and yet remain occupied. *Maggie* is made of sorry stuff that no clean mind wants to follow. Since hers cannot be a true story, it therefore leads to nothing in theory or practice. Many will read *Maggie* and exclaim, "How artistic and how realistic!" but those who are true friends of the poor will discover very little realism in the story. It is no palliation of this literary