

lars were spent on street decorations, and the bride-elect was only accompanied by an escort of Life Guards. But the people were frenzied with delight, and broke all cordons that they might catch one glimpse of the lovely girl. All London was drowned in one prolonged cheer.

Two days later the stately marriage ceremony took place in St. George's Chapel.

From the moment that Princess Alexandra put foot on British soil, she took her place in the hearts of the British people, and by her grace, her charm, her sweet smile, and the ready sympathy of her tender heart, she has held it all these long years without even a passing cloud.

Sorrows, many and bitter, since then have fallen to the lot of our sweet Queen, but they have been borne with fortitude and a fair front.

Looking at her life from all sides, even the most critical cannot find a flaw. She has never shirked a public duty, no matter how tiresome, which is saying a good deal. She has never spared herself in any good cause, and the long list of charities in which she takes a direct personal interest, speaks of her enthusiasm for the poor and distressed. No appeal is ever made to her in vain. One of her friends has said, "If she had £10,000 a year, she would give away £8,000 of it!"

As a mother, she has been tender, infinitely affectionate, and wise.

As a friend, she is loyal to the heart's core.

As a wife, she sets an example to every English-speaking woman the world over.

As the head of English Society, she has never made a mistake or an enemy.

Every heart that beats under the Union Jack loves her, and all pray that this fair head may ever "lie easy," even though it wears a crown.

*W. Partridge & Co., London.*

CHILDREN OF THE FROST. By Jack London.  
Illustrations by Raphael M. Reay.

THESE are far away the best stories that have yet been penned of the Eskimos and Indians. The author takes us in fancy to the bad lands of the nig-gard North, to the deserts of the Arctic Circle, the bleak and bitter home of the musk-ox and lean plains wolf, and shows us life as we had not dreamed it. There is blood, action, and virility in his work, and an artistic rawness like the rough edge of an *édition de luxe*. The themes are suggestive and roughly moulded, but with the moulding that means infinite skill. You hurry over the terse, nervous sentences with an insistent desire to follow the plot to its conclusion, and then back and carefully pick up each gem. The hot revenge of savagery, the hotter love, and the unmitigated tragedy in the lives of the Northlanders will linger long in your memory. His women are all of fiery blood and passion, they bear children with ardor, and know how to stand up and take the naked knife deep into the white sheath of their bosoms.

The book takes its name from the first story, which is the tale of a white man, who is held captive by an Eskimo tribe, but is in deeper and more willing captivity to his Mate-woman, *Thom*, the daughter of the chief. He has grown to like these people, and when an exploring friend discovers him, after five years, and endeavors to persuade him to return to civilization, he thus explains the people with whom he lives: "They are honest folk, and live according to their lights. And they are amazingly simple. No complexity about them, no thousand and one subtle ramifications to every single emotion they experience. They love, fear, hate, are angered, or are made happy in common, ordinary and unmistakable terms. It may be a beastly life, but at least it is easy to live. No philandering, no dallying. If a woman likes you, she'll not be backward in telling you so, and then, if you feel inclined, you can beat