

KIPLING THIRTY YEARS AFTER HOBBS BUTTERFLIES AND A PRIEST REFORMED A BURGLAR

KIPLING AND MARK TWAIN, TWO GREAT MEN OF LETTERS

The Englishman, Famous at Twenty-two, Has Lost None of His Cunning in the Intervening Thirty Years—A New Volume of Stories

"I HAVE been reading Kipling's war stuff," young Cabot Ames remarked to his uncle, Dr. McFabre, across my library hearth, "and I have come to the conclusion that he is a very much over-rated man."

"Didn't they teach you in Harvard that it was unsafe to generalize with insufficient data?" Dr. McFabre asked.

"I do remember something of that kind," Ames admitted. "But it does not apply here. It is not necessary to read everything that a man has written in order to get a taste of his quality. The quality of Kipling's war stuff is bad. There are men on the regular staff of a dozen American newspapers who can write better."

"I think you are pretty near the truth in your last remark," said I. "Kipling is like several other men of letters with great gifts who have been tempted to try their hand at describing war conditions, only to discover that they have never learned the trade of special newspaper writer. Success in that trade cannot be achieved unless the man possesses peculiar gifts as distinct and classifiable as those which bring success in fiction writing or in the construction of plays."

"But you do not agree with my cocksure nephew that Kipling is over-rated?" This from Dr. McFabre.

"If Ames had read more of Kipling he would think differently. Kipling is one of the great writers of his generation. No man's education is complete unless he has a general knowledge of what this Englishman has done. He and Mark Twain occupy a place apart, they are so much greater than their contemporaries. They both seem to have an intuitive understanding of life. When you read them you are not reading just a story, but are going to school to these skilled interpreters of human emotions and sane commentators on the social and moral problems of the times. The versatility of Kipling is marvelous. Unless we had evidence to prove it I would not believe that the same man wrote 'The Brushwood Boy' and 'Soldiers Three.' And the Jungle Books are so different from those that we need more internal evidence to establish their authorship. 'Stalky' is in an entirely different vein and 'Puck of Pook's Hill' is a historical romance which many of my friends have read and re-read as they turn again and again to 'Pilgrim's Progress.' You know, of course, that Kipling was famous at the age of twenty-two. This is younger than you are, Ames. And in the twenty-five years that he has been writing he has justified the distinction which came to him in his youth. His fame is not confined to the English-speaking world, for the Nobel prize for literature was conferred on him ten years ago."

"He has not been writing any fiction lately, has he?" Ames asked.

"Yes, he has been writing short stories and they have been printed in the magazines. 'A Diversity of Creatures,' the volume in which they have been collected, which has just been published, is, however, the first book of fiction with his name on the title page that has appeared for about seven years."

"Are the new stories up to his old standard?" Dr. McFabre wanted to know.

"They seem to me as good as anything that he has done in that line. 'The Village that Voted the Earth Was Flat,' is a delightful farce which every motorist ought to carry in his car to read to the country justices who fine him for exceeding the speed limit. It is the story of a speed trap and how the men who set it were made ridiculous. A music hall manager and a newspaper proprietor had been caught in the trap and fined. They conspire to make the town of their undoing the laughing stock of the world, and they succeed. 'My Son's Wife' is a biting satire on the silly people who believe they can improve the organization of society by making experiments in social relations. Many a novel has been constructed out of sillier material. If he had been in the mood, Kipling could have expanded the tale into a volume by filling in the outline of his plot, and it would have been a good novel. 'The Honors of War' is an army story in which a bounder is enticed by his undoing by a group of gentlemen. And 'Regulus,' You ought to read 'Regulus,' Ames."

"Is it about that old Roman general who was fool enough to go back to Carthage to be tortured after advising the Romans to refuse to surrender?"

"The same gentleman," said I. "Kipling uses it as the peg on which to hang a discussion of the relative merits of classical and scientific instruction in the public schools. He has a class in the fifth form translating Horace's famous third ode of his fifth book, which tells the story of Regulus. The instructor is a man of imagination and insight who believes that there is more education which while in one's Latin ode than in a whole volume of scientific facts that

may have to be discarded as wrong in twenty years when we learn more.

"He is right there," said Dr. McFabre.

"I know that is what you would think. You see, Ames, there is something more than a mere story in Kipling. But if I were asked to select the most beautiful and moving of the fourteen stories in the volume I would choose 'Sweet and Garnished,' which tells of a German woman who always kept her house in Berlin swept and garnished for the Master's coming. When the story opens she is in bed with a feverish cold, for which she has taken a dose of aspirin. She is slightly delirious. As she lies on her pillow a child enters the room, walks about curiously inspecting everything on the dressing table, passes behind the bed and goes out. The maid, who had gone to the drug store for more medicine, comes in and the woman rebukes her for leaving the door open to let the child in. But the door had not been left open. The maid goes into another room. Then half a dozen little children enter holding one another's hands. They walk about looking at things and the woman orders them out, but they tell her their parents told them to come to Berlin and wait for them. The larger children sit on a sofa, and as they lift the little one up he cries with pain. The woman sees blood dripping from his wounds. In terror she orders them away again. But the little Belgian ghosts calmly keep their seats. They told us to wait for them here' is their answer. I cannot help thinking that thousands of conscientious German women have been seeing the slaughtered Belgian children in their dreams all these terrible years and have felt that their efforts to keep their hearths swept and garnished have failed when such ghastly litter stresses the floor."

"Kipling is one of the few great men writing today," was the comment that came from Dr. McFabre's chair. And The Lady who came in the room while I was talking remarked:

"Doesn't he make the Belgian horrors seem real?"

GEORGE W. DOUGLAS, A DIVERSITY OF CREATURES, By Rudyard Kipling. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

Economies Made Easy

In these times of soaring prices consideration of economies in some form is forcing itself home upon nearly all of us. For this reason "How the World Makes its Living" is a particularly timely book, although it treats of national rather than individual problems. Both the facts and the philosophies of business are presented in a style shorn of any confusing technicalities. The economic activities are interpreted in the light of evolution, and the goal toward which this industrial and commercial evolution is tending is shown to be a status under which each person will receive benefit from others in the measure that he contributes to their benefit. The need for industrial preparedness with the end of the war is strongly emphasized.

HOW THE WORLD MAKES ITS LIVING. By Logan Grant-McPherson. New York: The Century Company. 42 pp.

A Death Sentence

A typical novel of the leisurely mannered English type is offered by Leslie Moore in "Antony Gray, Gardener." The story is one of a curious benevolence. The motive force is Nicholas Danvers, an eccentric recluse, who is sentenced to die in a scant twelve months by his physicians. He decides to use the limited time at his disposal in good deeds. The scheme brings in Antony Gray, who turns to agriculture to fulfill his part of the pact with the rich and doctored man. There is also a fascinating duress. The interest lies in the capricious operation of Gray in the great scheme of improvement and the interplay of differing temperaments. There is some, but not a deal of romantic feeling. The scenes are laid on an English estate and in South Africa, and in both locales the author has apparently a good knowledge of background and atmosphere. Those who have read "The Peacock Feather" and "The Wiser Folly" need not be told that Leslie Moore is the possessor of a graceful style and a fine gift for narrative.

ANTONY GRAY, GARDENER, By Leslie Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Richard Canfield in Fiction

Many who read "Peter Sanders, Retired," will note a striking similarity between the hero of this entertaining story and a certain individual in life, whose name appeared frequently in the pages of the Ledger. It is only a coincidence that in his vocation and his avocations the fictitious Mr. Sanders should be so like the real Mr. Canfield, late of New York and Saratoga Springs, but it seems more likely that in drawing the character of his hero Mr. Gerould had gained some inspiration from the character, as the world knows of H. of the once-famous gambler who in his leisure moments was an art connoisseur and collector and a lover of beautiful things. If, in fact, Canfield was the basis for Sanders, it must be said that the author in his development of the character worked in the direction of idealism, for Sanders, besides being picturesque, is in every way sympathetic and appealing.

any rate, he is a brand-new creation in fiction and as such is entitled to respectful consideration. A gambler who is generous is not a new figure, but a gambler who is actually altruistic is quite out of the ordinary and would not be at all convincing were the character less cleverly developed and managed.

The story of Mr. Sanders is that of a gaming house proprietor who has been driven into exile by a reform prosecuting attorney. A scholarly gentleman and an indefatigable book collector, he finds in his new life, after a certain season of boredom, a joy and delight that he was never able to exact from the old. New interests are found, new and true friends are gained, and as Mr. Sanders tells his valet at the end, he is "rather pleased with his nice new suit."

STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN IN CHINA

How an English Boy, Reared by a Native Woman, Preferred Oriental Customs

Apart from the exploitation of an intimate knowledge of Chinese lore and of the mysticism which from time immemorial has pervaded that portion of the globe first made known to European civilization by medieval days by Marco Polo under the designation of "Cathay," Edith Wherry in "The Wanderer on a Thousand Hills" has woven a romance of more than common interest, one that is virtually assured of a welcome from the reading public not inferior to the same clever author's "Red Lantern." From the very beginning of the tale, which shows Kung, the schoolmaster of the Village of Benevolence and Virtue, troubled in mind because he can find no one willing to learn of his ten-year-old daughter, Winter Almond, while he goes to answer a summons from the great Lu, rich but illiterate mogul of the community, and is compelled to take her with him on what proves to be a fruitless and exasperating errand, through all the extraordinary series of events that ensues the story grips attention even though it leads to a conclusion hardly consistent with common sense of the Western Hemisphere. It is borne in upon the reader's understanding almost in the opening paragraph of the "Wanderer" that civil children, like an unpopular indeed, and the oriental practice of destroying them at birth, or very soon thereafter, is vividly set forth. Wherefore it is not too surprising to learn that little Winter Almond's scholarly and widowed parent is so far removed from the national animosity to female progeny as to be really fond of his daughter.

The visit of the schoolmaster to the local tyrant Lu, while disappointing alike to the dignity and the anticipation of the former, nevertheless paves the way some years after that event to a love match between the little girl and the son of the wealthy Lu, greatly to the rage of Mrs. Lu and the less active disapprobation of the village potentate. So they are married, Winter Almond and Jung Kwang, who is not dissatisfied with the parental displeasure, and he takes her to the Lu household. The bride's troubles are many in the home of the village Head Man, to which she is a most unprosperous addition, notwithstanding the undoubted affection of her spouse. Suddenly, a year or so after the marriage, by a series of uncanny and tragic occurrences, she is divorced by her husband, as well as of her baby girl, her father-in-law and mother-in-law.

Distraught by her affliction, the young widow wanders on the mountains near her home, and she comes to a living body of a little English boy, who, like herself, has been lost in a storm. In her hysterical frame of mind, which is nothing less than insanity, the unknown child, whose body she has been divinely guided to the rescue of the child, and she takes it to the home of her father, the old schoolmaster Jung. There, she is adopted by the boy's father, who has an English family in Peking, to whom she had become greatly attached while serving in the capacity of nurse girl before her marriage to the late Jung Kwang. Never again does she elude the child, and brings him up as her own son, educating him by means of the vast wealth she has inherited from her husband.

The boy, who develops as a religious and Chinese scholar, believes Tung Mei (Winter Almond) is his real mother, and not until he is about to take the highest honor possible to Chinese scholarship does he discover his identity as the daughter of a great English gentleman, prominent in the foreign colony of the capital city of Peking. He upbraids the hapless Tung Mei for so long deceiving him, and she, in return, gives to his father's home, where he is received with the most lavish display of affection by his own flesh and blood. But—after comes the strain of the story, and the reader who has followed his artificial life—this young man, to whom have come back recollections of his childhood with his own parents, a youth of pure English blood, is unable to reconcile himself to European civilization and manners. He becomes obsessed by what cannot be described otherwise than as a religious frenzy, and flees back to his adopted mother, the unfortunate Tung Mei, who, it is due to say, is overcome by remorse over the deception she has played on him all the years of his boyhood and adolescence, but is all the same delighted by the return of her darling. The story ends with Hsieh Chin, which is the English name of the young Englishman, passing up and down the land as the "wanderer of a thousand hills," in search of the legendary lost epistle of St. Paul to the Laodiceans, and various adventures as a sage, seer or plain ordinary "crank," depending on whether he is viewed by oriental or occidental eyes.

In contemplating his bizarre tale one can hardly refrain from recalling the gospel admonition against putting new wine into old bottles. Yet the bottle is burst, the wine is spilled, and the bottle is gone. What a tale seems to have overtaken the central figure of the book.

THE WANDERER ON A THOUSAND HILLS, By Edith Wherry. New York: John Lane Company. 144 pp.

FROM BURGLAR TO BUTTERFLY MAN

The Magical Transformation Wrought in Slippy McGee by Contact With a Priest

When "Slippy McGee," first-class burglar man, made his last get-away from the "bulls," it was not with the éclat that characterized previous exploits of a similar nature. In fact, Slippy "blew in" to Appleboro, S. C., or rather rolled in, from beneath a freight train—leaving part of one leg on that side of the track farthest from the town. Thus was ended the reputation of the criminal career of the grandest guy that ever filled a safe with "soup" or gave a "smooth spile" to the cops.

And so, with the exception of that chapter introducing the reader to the charming town of Appleboro, Father Ammad Jean De Rance, the Catholic priest, and other interesting characters in the book, the story opens.

Slippy, unable to understand anything but the rigors of his own hard trade and that of his perpetual adversaries, the police, is unable to comprehend the gentle advances of friendship from Father De Rance. The descriptions the mangled man brought to the parish house as a bright star in his chosen profession, says as much. And Slippy's answer to the priest's kind words is: "For God's sake, don't stand there staring like a big-headed owl. Well, what are you going to do? Howl for the bulls? What put you wise?"

But the padre did no such thing and from then follows the intellectual advances of Slippy, having recognized the reputation of the mangled man brought to the parish house as a bright star in his chosen profession, says as much. And Slippy's answer to the priest's kind words is: "For God's sake, don't stand there staring like a big-headed owl. Well, what are you going to do? Howl for the bulls? What put you wise?"

He becomes a butterfly chaser. The hands that had deftly sensed "it" time long on a bank vault turned themselves to handling the most delicate and beautiful of the creatures.

And as soars the butterfly into the blue



MARIE CONWAY OELHER

How to Save the Pennies

A particularly helpful little book to the young housekeeper in these days of the steadily increasing H. C. of L., when the need of intelligent discrimination in buying, cooking and serving is greater than ever before, is Miss Green's "Better Meals for Less Money." The principles underlying scientific cookery are here set forth so clearly and concisely that even the most inexperienced cook can understand and grasp the essential facts of dietetics.

The author says in her preface: "Good meals depend not so much upon expensive material as upon care and good judgment in the use of ordinary material. The time-worn heading-house and jasper about grates and hash mean simply that these foods, in themselves excellent, are poorly prepared and too frequently served."

General suggestions for economy are given; the scientific substitution of less expensive foods, the use of left-overs, along with common ways of cooking food, soup without meat, toothsome yet simple desserts, and in the back of the book is an easily understood table of weights and measures, proper temperatures, caloric values and the normal weights for men and women. The author does not preach the total elimination of "scakes and ale," but the sort of sensible economy that the housewife can readily practice.

BETTER MEALS FOR LESS MONEY, By Mary Green. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.

House, in that city, who grew into a prima donna. The details of stage setting, stage scenery and the conduct of the singers behind the scenes occupy the greater part of the space in "All-of-a-Sudden Carmen," the title which he has given to the story in its present form. The story first appeared in the "Ladies' Home Journal" in 1902, under the title of "A Child of the Opera House." Calve, Jean de Rezske, Plancon and other well-known opera singers walked through the pages in thinly disguised names, and the baby, which became the pet of Calve, grew up to sing Carmen as the greatest Carmen of them all sang it. The tale ran through five numbers of the magazine, filling ten of its large pages. Mr. Kolbe has expanded it till it fills a volume of 278 pages of large type. The story suffers a little by the dilution, but the book will satisfy the curiosity of those who like to know what happens in that mysterious region back of the proscenium arch.

ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN CARMEN, By Gustav Kolbe. H. B. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Things Worth Knowing

When Pope said that the proper study of mankind is man, all save a few specialists who were interested in other natural products, such as birds and butterflies, owls and trees, believed him. In the years since the Twickenham poet wrote we have discovered that there are other things worth knowing. The world is a much more interesting place to those who have learned something about the plants and the flying things than it is to those indifferent to such matters. A walk in the field is not a walk in the field to the uninitiated. But if one has the most elementary knowledge of birds and butterflies, of wild flowers and trees, a walk becomes a visit to a museum full of specimens of the greatest beauty. The popularity of nature books in recent years indicates that an increasing number of persons are finding entertainment in studying groups and things of nature. Day, Page & Co., who publish a series of elaborate books on outdoor subjects, have this spring issued four handbooks in what they call a "North-White" series that are condensations of the larger volumes for the benefit of beginners. One is about birds, by "Nigel" Blanchard, which needs no commendation to a wider knowledge of the subject. The larger book, Another is about butterflies, by Clarence M. Weed, an expert on the subject. They are both excellent introductions to a wider knowledge.

The books on the botanical side are likewise concise, accurate and attractive. The arrangement permits brief but highly informative introductory matter concerning the habits and classification of trees and flowers and detailed description of the principal American varieties. Nettie Blanchard's well-known "Nature's Garden" is included admirably by Asa Don Dickinson, and the series is completed by families. Miss Rogers's book has been adapted from her standard work on trees with grouping fixed by habitat and other characteristics.

BIRDS WORTH KNOWING. Selected by the author from the writings of Nettie Blanchard. With forty-eight illustrations in color. \$1.00. BUTTERFLIES WORTH KNOWING. By Clarence M. Weed. H. B. Illustrated by forty-eight illustrations. \$1.25. FLOWERS WORTH KNOWING. Adapted by Asa Don Dickinson from "Nature's Garden." With forty-eight illustrations in color. \$1.00. TREES WORTH KNOWING. By Julia Ellen Rogers. With forty-eight illustrations. Being in color. \$1.50. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A New Barbour Book

A new Ralph Henry Barbour school life story is always an event in the young literary season. The gridiron, diamond, cinder track, dormitory pranks and the many other elements which make school days delightful memories in after years and days of wholesome enjoyment in the immediate present are exploited by Mr. Barbour. "Winning His Game" is his latest work. Loyalty, as always, is the theme of his story. Did Eakley never seem able to make a success of anything he undertakes. His erratic disposition causes the number of his friends gradually to dwindle until Tommy Logan, his roommate, is his only booster. How the wholesome enjoyment in the immediate present became the idol of the Grafton School is cleverly led up to a stirring finale that will please and delight even the grown-up boy.

WINNING HIS GAME, By Ralph Henry Barbour. Illustrated by Walt Landwehr. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$1.35.

Behind the Scenes

There is considerable innocent curiosity about what goes on behind the stage setting in a theatre or opera house. Gustave Kolbe, through his long experience as musical critic in New York, has acquired much information on the subject. He has strung this on the slender thread of a story of a supposedly imaginary founding left at the stage door of the Metropolitan Opera

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By MARION HILL

tells of her determined efforts to make her land produce. The handsome young Englishman next door tries to help, but as soon as one obstacle is overcome a greater one arises. Does she win out? Read this charming romance.

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Indian Lore for Boys

The boys of the present generation who do not "play Indian" are losing more than they can gain by other forms of amusement. It gets them into the open, develops their imagination and keeps alive the romantic history of the early life on this continent. Some day we may have Indian play organized and made so attractive that the Boy Scouts will have to look to their laurels. In the meantime no father who wants to interest his boys in Indians will make a mistake if he puts in his hands "White Otter," by Elmer Russell Greger.



ELMER RUSSELL GREGER

Expert writer on Indians and outdoor life.

It is a tale of Indian life in America before the white man came. White Otter, the hero, is a seventeen-year-old youth who has won the warrior's eagle feather. He has yet to win the crown of feathers which will make him a war chief. The story tells how he achieved this distinction in a series of daring adventures. Mr. Greger has woven into the narrative a wealth of Indian lore which ought to delight any boy who wants to play Indian in the way the Red Men lived. The signs which identify the different tribes are explained by a description of the way they are given. We are told of the movements of the hands which indicate friendliness, and the great ceremonies are given with enough detail to give us a clear picture of the life in a great Indian band.

WHITE OTTER, By Elmer Russell Greger. H. B. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Chivalry in Modern Dress

Take a princess whose father and brother have been killed in war. Take a widow whose uncle who wants to marry her to a prince of the country whose soldiers have killed her kinsmen. Make the princess have a kindly feeling toward the prince but a love for his country. Have her flee from him to keep a vow to her mother. Inject at this point a knight errant with the heart of a virgin, who finds the princess alone in a forest, and proceeds to rescue her and to fall in love with her in the process, and you have the material for an absorbing tale of chivalry such as Cervantes ridiculed out of style by his roaring farce sometimes known as "Don Quixote." Drop these characters into the heart of a Tennessee mountain country and let them work out their complications and you will have the altogether delightful fantasy which Marie Thomsen Davliss has written under the apt title of "Out of a Clear Sky."

Miss Davliss has made her princess a Belgian and the prince a German. The German soldiers who ravaged the little neutral kingdom, the princess has fled to America with a maid and her jewelry, whither she has been pursued by her uncle and the German. She escapes from a New York hotel only to find that her pursuers are on the same train that is carrying her away. By the connivance of her maid she drops from the train at a water tower and then the interesting complications begin. The princess herself tells the story in quaint Anglo-French, with a simplicity and a charm that will fascinate every eighteen-year-old girl who reads it this summer.

OUT OF A CLEAR SKY, By Marie Thomsen Davliss. H. B. New York: Harper & Bros.

Marshal Joffre

The one popular hero that has come out of the war thus far is Marshal Joffre. There is that about his career and his personality, combined with his dramatic achievement in turning back the German tide when it was about to inundate Paris, which appeals to the imagination. The demand for information about him has been met by Alexander Kahn, who has written the story of his life. Mr. Kahn's book is not a definitive biography, neither is it a scientific analysis of his military campaigns. It is rather a summary of the interesting and picturesque facts in the career of the great soldier, rich in anecdote and incident. The student of military affairs will not find much instruction in it, but the average man who is interested in the human side of a successful general will get a much better understanding of Joffre from Mr. Kahn's book than he could obtain from a military biography. It is in Joffre the man who we are interested just now. In fact, we shall always be more interested in Joffre the man than in Joffre the strategist.

LIFE OF GENERAL JOFFRE. By Alexander Kahn. H. B. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.

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One Year of Pierrot

NEVER before has the first year of a baby's life been portrayed with such tenderness and magic charm as in this anonymous story. "A veritable literary triumph," the Boston Transcript called it, "as impossible to analyze as it would be to analyze the perfume of a flower"; while the New York Times said of it, "There are moments when one feels as though one were reading words printed not upon paper but upon a woman's heart. Yet it is a happy book, for Pierrot was a joyous and an adorable baby who found the world all sunshine and blue sky."

SURELY a book that calls forth such enthusiasm as this from the critics must be far out of the ordinary.

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