

TRAVELING VICARIOUSLY MADE EASY BY MEN WHO HAVE SUFFERED REAL HARDSHIPS

TOURING TWO CONTINENTS AT THE LOW COST OF \$13

Advantages of Vicarious Traveling Will Be Appreciated by Readers of the Books of Stuck, Franck, Street and Bird

ONE of the most agreeable ways of traveling is to stay at home and read what other men have written about their wanderings over the face of the earth. I remarked as I laid down Harry A. Franck's entertaining book, "Vagabonding Down the Andes,"

"Why don't you say something original?" said the Lady, who feels free to be impertinent when the mood is on her. "Originality, my dear woman," said I, "is the vice of little minds. In striving for it they say either foolish things which are neither new nor true or true things which they are so foolish as to believe no one ever thought of before. The only originality there is consists in arranging the old thoughts in a new pattern—putting them in different relations. This passes for creative work, but the connoisseur in antique titles can put his finger on the one which came from ancient Greece, and the one which was first fabricated in France in the Dark Ages and the one which had its birth in the seventeenth century in England, to say nothing of those which came from China and India and Persia."

The Lady turned to Doctor McFabre with a tolerant smile. "That is the way he always tries to get out of it when I have cornered him," she said.

"But he extirpated himself, didn't he?" the clergyman said with a wink at me. He is sometimes worldly enough to wink.

"The clamminess of you men is disgraceful," said Mrs. McFabre. "We have to hang together," said Doctor McFabre. "You'll be with us, too, Owen, when you abandon your single cussedness or cursed singleness and discover how weak a thing is man unsupported by his fellows."

"But I was talking about vicarious traveling," said I. "We must not get too far from the subject or these Socratic evenings will lead us nowhere. I was about to say when I was interrupted that I have made a tour this week from the Arctic circle almost to the lowest extremity of South America at a cost of \$13. I have not lost a single meal and I have been able to sleep every night in a good bed. I have been taken to places that I could not have seen in ordinary travel, and have been introduced to persons whom I could not have met if I had gone about alone. I have had made the tours of which I have read it would have taken years of my time, instead of only a few days."

"You certainly have saved both money and time," remarked Owen.

"Yes, and I have escaped innumerable inconveniences also. I started in Alaska, with Archdeacon Hudson Stuck as a guide. He is the man, you know, who climbed Mount McKinley. He has lived in Alaska for about thirteen years, and his profession requires that he travel almost continuously. There is probably no living man who has gone over more miles of the rivers and land trails of that interesting country. He has gathered information along the way and he has put part of it in "Voyages on the Yukon and Its Tributaries." He takes the reader from Seattle through the inside passage to Skagway and thence by rail over the mountains to the headwaters of the Yukon. Then he carries one down the whole length of that great river to the sea, making interesting remarks on the way. I felt as if I were sitting in the boat beside him and he was telling me about the towns that we passed and was discoursing on the history of the country and its people. I saw with him the midnight sun at Fort Yukon, but I was not pestered by the mosquitoes which infest the country in the summer. I heard him talk about the misrepresentation of the territory in the novels. He said, for example, that Jack London's "Call of the Wild" is entertaining, but that neither the dogs nor the men in it are like those to be found in Alaska. I had suspected as much and was glad to have my impression verified by a man who knows. I rejoiced, too, that I did not have to live there when he told of conducting a funeral with the mercury 75 degrees below zero. After he finished with the Yukon he took me sailing on the Tanana and the Porcupine and several other big tributary rivers. And I was interested, too, in his story of the way Count Nease rode and the British boundary commissioners drew the boundary between British and Russian territory. I do not know whether the boundary was drawn before the czar drew a ruler on the map of Russia and laid a line between St. Petersburg and Moscow and told his engineers to build a railroad in that place, but Nease rode his ruler on the map of North America and drew a straight line from Mount St. Elias to the Arctic Ocean and suggested that that be the international boundary. As it passed through what every one supposed was waste country of no value it was agreed upon. You would be a better preacher, Doctor McFabre, if you had to rough it awhile along with Archdeacon Stuck among the natives and whites in Alaska. His book is very much worth while. If the men in Washington responsible for the government of the territory would read it they might learn many things that would do them good to know. The rest of us ought to read it that we may become more familiar with our own country."

"I think I would rather do my own traveling in an easy chair

rode about the mountain trails unattended and slept in the frontier hotels filled with the rough men of the frontier. It may be that in forty years Archdeacon Stuck's book about Alaska will have the same kind of curious historical interest that at



JULIAN STREET

aches to this woman's story of the conditions of an earlier day. "It is time we went home," said Mrs. McFabre, when I stopped talking long enough for her to speak.

GEORGE W. DOUGLAS. "I will not go to that hotel on my honeymoon," remarked Owen. "I gather you do not intend to make a Colombian or an Ecuadorian your bride," said I, "for the natives of the interior of those countries would think such accommodations sumptuous. The great value of Mr. Franck's story of his travels lies in its revelation of the manner of life of the South Americans. He tells a plain, unvarnished tale of what he saw and he intersperses it with interesting anecdotes. It is a different story from that which has been brought back by travelers who have followed the beaten track and stopped only in the large cities and have seen only the best side of life there. The ordinary traveler would not go to a tailor in a small city to order some clothes. He would have his trunks filled with all that he needed. Franck, who was tramping, went with his fellow traveler to a tailor. The companion ordered a pair of trousers. He wanted them within a few days. 'A pair!' exclaimed the tailor. 'I can't make you a pair by Saturday night, but I can make you a trouser in that time.' Then he remembered that the word trousers in Spanish is singular. This is an interesting and effective way to learn the intricacies of a foreign tongue. But it has its inconveniences."

"All that may be entertaining," said Miss Ames. "but I am much more interested in things right here at home."

"My travels took me about a part of the United States also," said I. "My guide here was Julian Street, who spent several months going about the South with an artist and letters of introduction to the best people. After roughing it in Alaska and playing the hobo in South America it was a pleasant contrast to go with Mr. Street into the homes of the charming people of Baltimore and Richmond and Charleston and New Orleans, to take part in a fox hunt and to attend the carnival and to see the aristocracy. Not of wealth but of birth, at the St. Cecilia ball. Mr. Street has written a book of travel at home that reminded me more than once of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad." It has the same kind of humor and the same deliberate and intentional disregard of the conventional manner of telling a story. Mr. Street cares nothing for the 'literature' of chambers of commerce and he ignores statistics, but he succeeds in giving the reader a vast amount of information about the manner of life in the South, the point of view of the people and their growing prosperity, as well as their indifference to certain sordid commercial standards of the North that will benefit all who receive it. I ought not to have said anything about getting benefit, for Priscilla will now shun the book as if it were poison. For her sake I should say that the book is so entertaining that she need not fear that Mr. Street is trying to persuade her to believe anything. He isn't. He is an alert, keen-eyed and appreciative observer with a gift of making others see things with his eyes. He might be sitting beside you at the dinner-table and telling you of his experiences on a pleasant journey. If you can't have him for your dinner partner, Priscilla, the next best thing for you is to read his book. We do not know enough about our southern fellow countrymen. He has done something toward helping us understand them."

"You certainly have seen a good deal of two continents in a week," remarked Doctor McFabre. "But I have not finished my travels yet," said I. "I have done the impossible, by turning back the wheels of time for forty years and traveling about the Rocky Mountains in your hand. When the book was first printed it attracted a great deal of attention. A new edition has just been published. Reading it is like traveling through that interesting country a generation ago. We in the East know in a general way what changes have taken place in forty years. But the westerners who read this book now will have the same wonder that fills us as we read of life in Philadelphia at the time of the Revolution. And the easterners will wonder at the courage and audacity of a woman who

AN ELECTRICIAN TURNS NOVELIST

He Writes a Detective Story as Thrilling as a Magnetic Current

Some people write stories to amuse others. Nevil Martin Hopkins, Ph. D., a distinguished electrical engineer, has written one—no, this is his second—to amuse himself. How well he has succeeded in accomplishing that purpose with "The Intron Lake Mystery" we do not know, but we do know that he has produced a tale that is sure to succeed in satisfying the reader's desire for something entertaining and instructive.

It is more than entertaining. It is thrilling. It is weird, also from the standpoint of literary construction. The book is handiwork by an amateur carpenter. The workmanship is everywhere plainly visible. But that is part of the charm. Sincerity and enjoyment in the telling of the tale are written on every page. None of the gloss and glibness of your professional manufacturers—you are admitted to see the author, his materials, his methods—and he has withal a good, original story to tell, which he tells truly, plainly, never losing it in his lack of professional skill.

It is as if a man of affairs had made a wager with himself to see if he could write as good a detective story as those he had himself fallen back on for relaxation and amusement in his own tired leisure—and perhaps better than most of them. We believe Doctor Hopkins has done this, both in purpose and result. The author thought out a plot, full of mystery, of adventure, of curious and exciting situations. He collected a lot of newspaper pages and anecdotes and wove these into the narrative as opportunity offered. He sprinkled in a vast deal of interesting scientific information about birds and beasts and such like. The author is erudite but unpretentious, at least as a writer of fiction. To avoid repeating the word "log" he uses as a synonym in the next line the delightfully awkward substitute, "big round section of wood." All his descriptions of persons and places are exaggerated—but there is no caricaturing of either, only sharp relief of the interesting features of whatever his subject may be. That means there is nothing dull

in any sentence or chapter, though he in a few cheery jokes in apparent ignorance of their mistiness. These faults are negligible. The crime that Mason Brant, detective, unravels is as horrible as one could wish. The love stories are so charming as to leave nothing to be desired. And through it all, from beginning to end, is the delightful freshness of the out-pines of the forest, and the tang of the fragrant floors of the forest.

THE INTRON LAKE MYSTERY. Further Adventures of Mason Brant. By Nevil Martin Hopkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, \$1.35.

Your Friend the Bus Boy

Those of us who are accustomed to dine out will meet an old friend when reading "The Bus Boy." Don't recall him? Oh, yes you do. Round face, vacant blue eyes, very blond and pink, and then his one distinguishing characteristic, dead from the cars in. That's the lad. Exactly. The same boy who always served us oyster forks with wine, horse radish with ice cream and sugar with a fried egg. That's Gus.

And a fine biographer he has in Jack Lait. Russell did no more for Doctor Johnson than has Jack for Gus. For out of this poor "dumb driven ass of commerce" has been created a something to present the voice of approbrium and prove to the world that the bus boy is not a misshapen piece of machinery with more cogs than a clock present, but a real human, with glimmers of intelligence, feeling, admiration, love, and above all patriotism and loyalty to the land of his adoption.

For after a life crowded with incident in which broken dishes, heads and hearts struggle for the mastery, Gus takes leave of Evelyn, the exquisite "becker" who has been his guiding star and the object of his affection, and goes to the wars.

"You know who that was—who you sent to the front?" blurted Evelyn at the station, when the troops departed. "Schimmelbusch is his name; a willing lad, too," said the soldier. "Schimmelbusch? That was Gus the Bus Boy," is the reply of the ex-quisite one.

The stories of Gus, about 160 of them, appeared originally on Monday mornings in the Chicago Herald. They have not been revised.

GUS THE BUS BOY AND EVELYN THE EX-QUISITE. PHILADELPHIA. By Jack Lait. \$1.35. City: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Spirit of West Point

"The army is so little known to the people of the United States that, to the average civilian, there seems to be some sort of mystery surrounding military life."

This excerpt from Captain Robert C. Richardson's exhaustive book on West Point succinctly expresses the reason of the work. It is refreshing to meet with such a thorough treatment of a subject of so many ramifications, for West Point is more than a military academy; it is an institution as old as our own democracy; its history dovetails into that of all these United States; it boasts of buildings architecturally the realization of the dreams of masterful designers; it prides itself on customs, traditions and methods of training common to it alone among educational and military institutions—in short, West Point is typically and thoroughly American. All these things have come in for the author's thoroughgoing attention, as have "The Spirit of West Point," the mysteries of "Beast Barracks" and "Lending the Twig," and all the other terminology peculiar to cadet life. "West Point" is a book for Americans, by an American, about a thoroughly American institution.

Teaching Without Preaching

"Apron Strings," by Eleanor Gates, is a story for all mothers who have daughters and all daughters who have mothers. This should make a tolerably good-sized public for the novel. It is safe to say that hardly one of the mothers and daughters to whom it is addressed can fail to take to heart a hint or two from its lesson. For it has its unobtrusive preachments, although it is far from a "preachy" story. Sue Milo, the heroine, has some time since passed the point of life where maidenhood.

"Standing with reluctant feet Where the brook and river meet."

Over the Top

BY Arthur Guy Empey

"We have sold more copies of 'Over the Top' than of any other book published since we opened our store seventeen years ago." Thus speaks the proprietor of one of the largest bookstores in the Middle West.

Of course you know why? The Book itself is the answer.

takes up its burden of the responsibilities of ripened, seasoned womanhood. Yet she is perennially young; her heart and that is her salvation—her acceptance by the youthful folk about her as one of them and her acceptance and sharing of their ideals and their aspirations. She has an exacting mother, caste-conscious and dominating under the gentle exterior of her ladyhood. That is Sue's story—and almost her tragedy, since she nearly makes herself a martyr to "duty." Out of this simple material the author has fabricated an appealing and touching tale. There is freshness of treatment, too, for the theme is complicated with many novel and modern conditions. A sound story and a teaching one—but never a preaching one.

Cheerful Optimism

"The Wages of Honor" is a collection of short stories to which might well be appended a written guarantee that they will dispel the gloom and despondency of the average reader nine times out of ten. The author, Katharine Holland Brown, has the happy gift of inspiring optimism and confidence, and every one of the ten stories in this volume rings true to her creed. All of the stories appeared earlier in magazines, seven of them in recent issues of Scribner's. Aside from their interest as charming bits of fiction, the last three stories in the book, written of Mexico and about Mexican characters, bring out forcibly some of the racial peculiarities of our southern neighbors, and not all of these are to be condemned, the stories prove, in spite of the recollections of Mexican treachery along the border front with all of us.

THE WAGES OF HONOR. And other short stories. By Katharine Holland Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.35.

Karl Liebknecht to Jail for writing a book called MILITARISM. You can get it \$1.00 postpaid for Socialist Book Store 1326 Arch St. PHILADELPHIA. "BOOKS FOR THOSE WHO THINK"

CRUMPS. A plain tale from the trenches. Profusely illustrated by the author. \$1.25 net at all bookstores. Houghton Mifflin Co.

By HENRY VAN DYKE The Red Flower. Poems Written in War Time. Henry van Dyke, who has just been crowned as a poet by the highest honor that Oxford gives, has put in this volume the poetic results of his intimate contact with the great war. It includes "The Red Flower," "War Music," "The Glory of Ship," "The Dawn of the Return," and some twenty other poems. 50 cents net. By ALAN SEEGER. Poems. \$1.25 net. Letters and Diary. With photographs frontispiece. \$1.25 net. Charles Scribner's Sons. Fifth Avenue New York.

VACHEL LINDSAY WRITES POETRY

Some of His Contemporaries Satisfied With Prettiness of Mere Versification

Opinions differ as to the extent of the poetic gift of Vachel Lindsay. There are those who regard his verses on General William Booth as one of the greatest poems written within ten years. There are others who find it difficult to read much that he has written, though they will admit that he has occasional flashes of inspiration. It is agreed, however, by even the least enthusiastic that he is more than a mere versifier. His verse volume, "The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems," contains thirty pieces besides a section in which he prints his delightfully awkward substitute, "big round section of wood." All his descriptions of persons and places are exaggerated—but there is no caricaturing of either, only sharp relief of the interesting features of whatever his subject may be. That means there is nothing dull

Within the town of Buffalo Are army men with leader eyes, And army men with leader eyes, And army men with leader eyes, (important note, in Buffalo, but only twenty miles away) A deathless glory is at play: Niagara, Niagara.

THE CHINESE NIGHTINGALE. And other poems. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company, \$1.25.

Kingdom of Darkness

A great message and a solemn warning are contained between the covers of Percy Poore Sheehan's new book, "Those Who Walk in Darkness": a message to those who would readjust their lives and a warning to others contemplating steps into stygian lands of which they know not.

Imaginary Memories

Some writers are like spiders and spin their webs from their own insides. Others are like the bees and gather honey from every flower. Still others are like the earth worms and burrow beneath the surface and leave a trail of slime behind them when they come up to the air. Alma Newton, who wrote "Love Letters of a Mystic" and has just produced "Memories," is like the spider. Her new book deals with the recollections of an unfiled love of a woman for a man, with the love of a girl for her father and the love of a father for his child. It is the kind of romantic writing that one expects from sentimental girls in whose knowledge of life is gained from books. They attempt to write what they would like to have happen to them. Such persons will like Alma Newton's "Memories." Men and women who have lived and suffered will hardly find it satisfying.

MEMORIES. By Alma Newton. New York: Duffell & Co., \$1.

December 10th Last Day at the Low Price!

If you send this coupon at once you can get your set of Mark Twain at the present price based on former low prices on paper. We have kept the price low on these books because Mark Twain wanted every American home to own his books at a reasonable price, in a good binding, with fine paper and clear type. A flood of orders on Mark Twain has used all the paper that we could get even at a fairly reasonable price. And the low price sale must close—paper costs too much—everything that goes into the making of books—has climbed to such heights that we estimate our present supply cannot last very much longer. So after December 10, we must raise the price on these sets. Get your set now at the low price—while you can.

His Spirit Cheers and Comforts a Tired World

In him a tired world finds relief—finds laughter and cheer. But in him there is something more than just joy, there is life, and knowledge, and sympathy. For now that Mark Twain has passed on and the charm and magnetism of his presence is no longer here, we can see more clearly than ever the greatness of his genius. More than ever we can see under the laughter the philosopher. For this country has produced no greater thinker than Mark Twain. And never has there been a citizen of this country so magnificently welcomed in England, so beloved on the continent of Europe, so eagerly read in Asia and Australia. Even the Chinese read Mark Twain. And if they must have his books, surely YOU must have the work of this greatest of all Americans.

MARK TWAIN

When Mark Twain first wrote "Huckleberry Finn" this land was swept with a gale of laughter. When he wrote "Innocents Abroad" even Europe laughed at itself. But one day there appeared a new book from his pen, so spiritual, so true, so lofty, that those who did not know him well were amazed. "Joan of Arc" was the work of a poet—a historian—a seer. Mark Twain was all of these. His was not the light laughter of a moment's fun, but the whimsical humor that made the tragedy of human life more bearable. His fame spread through the nation. It flew to the ends of the earth, till his work was translated into strange tongues, the high places. But his troubles were not over. At the height of his fame he lost all his money. He was heavily in debt, but though 60 years old he started afresh and paid every cent. It was the last heroic touch that drew him close to the hearts of his countrymen.

A Real American

Mark Twain was a steamboat pilot. He was a searcher for gold in the Far West. He was a printer. He worked bitterly hard. All this without a glimmer of the great destiny that lay before him. Then, with the opening of the great, wide West, Mark Twain's genius bloomed. He had found his great place. The world has asked, Is there an American literature? Mark Twain is the answer. He is the heart, the spirit of America. From his poor and struggling boyhood to his glorious, splendid old age, he remained as simple, as democratic as the plainest of our forefathers.

This is MARK TWAIN'S OWN SET—the set we planned with him—and this is a low price after Mark Twain's own heart. Remember, December 10th—the last day, and orders must be mailed before midnight on that date. Never again will such a set be offered at such a price. Don't wait and be too late. Send the coupon now, today—once, to make sure.

Don't Miss This Opportunity 25 VOLUMES Novels, History, Stories, Travels, Humor, Essays

Harper & Brothers, 1817—New York—1917. Send me all charges prepaid a set of Mark Twain's works, in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold with trimmed edges. If not satisfactory, I will return it at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$2 within 5 days and \$1 a month for 12 months, thus getting the benefit of your half-price sale. Name: Address: For our beautiful red half-leather edition, change the above terms to \$2.50 in 5 days and \$1 a month for 20 months.

