A SENTENCE DAY.

By JOSIAH FLYNT AND FRANCIS WALTON.

for several months, others for but a few your time's up." weeks. The fail was old, and inside and outside looked much as it did in foint; I can't learn nothin there." 1849, when it was built. Tramps liked it . daytime, and because the prisoners cooked and the meals were passed into the jail through a little window in an iron door, and the sheriff came and locked us in till morning. We numbered nineteen men and boys sixteen of whom were court prisoners, who including Ruderick McKlowd and myself, had punishment meted out to them by goin' to the pen." the wisdom of a local magistrate and were

serving it out then and there. Ruderick and I had been unfortunate enough to fall asleep in a box car in the If you behave yourselves you will find him her bandage accurately to ascertain. of them were culprits of long standing, men who had taken "stretchers," as they called their terms in prison, regularly and without flinching, but none of them knew what their next stretcher was to be. Some of them were lads sure to go to the reform school; and all of them, men and lads, were to retire from the world for a certain period-but how long? The limit that each of them could get was well known, but no one believed that he deserved or would get the limit. Prisoners the world over feel that the

fact that they have been caught at all is a punishment and justifies them in expecting a compromise with the judge who a punishment, any further discipline ought to be measured according to the disappointcaused. This is irrational, but all men are irrational according to their opportunities. It was the uncertainty as to how far justice in the person of "the old man" would be willing to compromise on this basis that kept the men on a strain. Morning, noon and night the constant word was, what will "the old man do?" The first thing we heard, even before the sheriff cell to cell of the men to be sentenced that they were twelve hours nearer the appointed time. Even during the night mutterings reached Ruderick and me from men who had been waiting longest. One night been the grandfather of nearly all of us, judge, just an even year," and he threw

At last the morning came when justice was to take off the bandage and the sheriff told his wards that they must hold hook. themselves ready to go to the court room

"Get it sterilized, Bony, it's full o' grayroom," another remarked untruthfully.

two years in. Put it in a safety vault till again an' they're lookin' for me yet

ridor was in order. One of the oldest the judge asked him if he had anything to prisoners was appointed judge and the say why the court shouldn't pronounce men lined up in front of him. This was sentence on him an' he got off his song play and in a measure comedy, but not and dance all right. I can hear the kid wholly so; the culprits expected to catch now when he came back to jail. He came from the mock judge and the mock sen- up to me an' said, 'Ruderick, if I can beat mence some omen of what their fate would that school I'm going home to the gov'nor. be. The judge carried of his part with You've done me a good turn, do you know impressive dignity and severe eyebrow; he it?' Course I jollied him along a litle an had borrowed a clean collar and a sky- told him not to get too Sunday schooly all blue necktie for the occasion. He had of a sudden when he got home, an' the next He knew 'bout the warden bein' crooked, absolutely refused to officiate except in day the sheriff took him away. An' for and gestures which they expected to use used to pat himself on the back ev'ry now

business don't get pinched in the act. But months after the kid was sent to eighteen months in de penitentiary."

ing awkwardly. A faint murmur of approval and applause tellin' you this, you know, so's you can arose in the audience. "Silence in de cort," cried Rhadamanthus

companion of burglary "Kid," the mock judge went on, "you'se tenced, but it was a false alarm. you'd learn a good deal, but you'd get your groups again; Ruderick knotted the broken head turned talkin' with de men, an' you'd thread of his reminiscences. tackle too big jobs for your years an' experience when you got outside again. If wan' to go tru your apprenticeship, you wan' he'd go off his head. to begin at the beginnin', an' a good place to do that is in de ref-all fly crooks has

"Don' send me to the ref, yer honor; bin to the ref an' its nothin' but a kids'

on account of the roomy corridor where He went through the lines of men and the second week. But they got me again. They were permitted to lounge in the boys; sometimes the scene being comical. A farmer 't I went to for breakfast in the their own food. The raw materials for finished, the crowd broke up into little ref, an' they took me back. The super groups. Some of them gathered around the gave me a lickin' for fair, an' told me 'f table, others took their stand near the iron I give him the slip again he'd stick me in door, impatient for the sheriff to call them. the dungeon. Well, I seen kids bigger'n men took turns in cooking. The cells were Ruderick and I took seats on a bench in me come out o' the dungeon; I ain't a placed above the corridor, and at night the one of the corners and the boy "Eddie" and baby, but I couldn't stand for it; I ain't got his pal strolled up and down the corridor, to He about it. I stayed there a year His pal urged him to take advantage of his an' got to be one o' the boss kids o' the boyish appearance and try to get a reform shop. An' you know what that means. teen of whom were court prisoners, who school sentence. "You may run away citation had stood their trials and were waiting after you'se been there a while," the man bosses look up to you an' think you're a dead fly bloke. They keep crackin' "Damn the ret," the lad replied. "I'm you up as a perfessional, an' after a while

"Know that kind of kid" Ruderick asked, didn't think any more 'bout goin' back to nodding in the direction of the two when local railway yards, and the magistrate they had passed out of earshot. "I can would be hot stuff an' a perfessional, an' before whom we were brought had been read his future for you. Did I ever tell inspired to make an example of us. "I you bout the Michigan Kid? It began want you men to learn to sleep where way back in 77, when I was doin' a bit for civilized people sleep," he explained; "it the state, havin' done an' bungled a bit is possible that you need a little training for myself. The jail was over in Pennsylto get into the habit again, and I shall vania, an' one day the sheriff brought in send you over to the sheriff for a month, a young fellow who'd been bound over for bitin' off more than he could chew, which an agreeable host." We behaved ourselves is grand larceny. They caught him redand found the sheriff an agreeable host, but handed. He was a nice plucky-lookin' little he took the most interest in what he called chap, an' I saw right away 't he was new the "transients," the men whom justice to the business. He didn't have much of had weighed in her balance and found want- a story to tell at the time; p'haps that was ing-to a degree which she had not taken why he wouldn't tell it. I found out later, however, that his father was a swell lawyer They presented a subject of speculation and over in Michigan, an' his people had sent mystery in which we did not, and in re- him to a boarding school, an' he'd mooched. turn for the interest they gave him, he His money gave out, an' he done the touch offered them gruff little courtesies which or tried to do it to get some dough. He we hoped would help somewhat to keep was not quite 17 then—a tenderfoot as far their minds off their coming ordeal. Some as you could see him. He'd been with the hoboes a little before he got pinched, an' knew some of their lingo, but jus' the way he shaped up an' asked us all when he first come in what we was 'shut up' for, was enough to put us next.

"Well, I liked him just cause he was a tenderfoot. Wise kids is interestin' an' all that, but you don't always like wise blokes. It takes all kinds o' people to make the crooks' world, same as to make the good people's world, an' there's been tenderfeet 't I've liked better'n anybody else. I forgot what the kid told me his name wasprob'ly didn't remember to give the right one, anyhow-but I jus' called 'im the kid. I call him that still, but I guess I'm the is to sentence them. If detection itself is only one that does it. He's a pretty big stiff today, an' everybody can't slap 'im on the back. I sort o' brought 'im up, you ment and chagrin which the detection has know, an' he ain't one o' them that for-

gets things except his name. "Course I'm proud 't he's turned out i fly bloke, but things was different when I first got to chewin' the rag with him 'n that jail. I tried to persuade him to go home. I told him to write his gov'rnor an' get the thing fixed up. I can't tell you exactly why I done it, but it's God's truth that even now-I ain't no chicken, passed let us out for the day, was the call from my 48th birthday last month-yes, sir, even now I hate to see a kid who's been brought up decent hit the road. With me 'twas different. Both my old folks was crooks an' I never had a home, anyhow, Stealin' came natural to me and Chicago, where I was bern, made me wise. If a man's got a bent-for swipin', Chicago's tell him how ery out in his sleep: "Make it a year, to get his graft in. You know that as well as I do. New York ain't no saint, neither into the words pleading and pathos that some mighty good thieves have come out o' that town-tut if a kid is lookin' for a place to get dead wise, let him railroad for dear old Chi. I like the place, God knows, but it's crooked-crooked as a fish

"Well, this kid 't tellin' you about, he at any moment. He was not sure himself listened to me all right, but he wouldn't of the exact time when his honor would write to his gov'nor. He was stuck on call for them, but he cautioned them to be himself-see? an' right, too. 'I wouldn't quick in responding to the call when it have the gov'nor find me here,' he says, came. Every one rushed to his cell to 'if I had to take ten years in the pen get his clothes in order. "Want the old, Well, I didn't know anythin' better'n to man to see me in my best," one said, and | tell him to ask the judge to send him to the others followed him up to the cell gal- the ref. I know what the ref is as well lery and began to overhaul their scant as the next bloke. I know that it's where supply of "togs." They discussed the mer- a lot o' kids get wise. Old Fraxy, when he its of a patched waistcoat or a frayed was makin' believe sentence Eddie a few necktie as women do the most delicate minutes ago, he told the truth. The ref's "How do you think th' old man'll the place where a thief goes through his like this?" a man called "Bony" said, 'preticeship. Jus' the same, I'd rather see a kid o' mine take his chances in the ref than in the pen an' I gave it to that kid backs; th' old man'll give yo de limit if straight. I told him what he'd find at the they get to parading around the court ref an' what he wanted to steer clear of an' then I explained to him how he could "How do you'se think this white rag get a mosch on an' give the shop the slip. 'll take?" queried still another, dubbed He was a very nervy kid an' there's mighty "Jet Eyes," exhibiting a "boiled" shirt few refs 't a nervy kid need stop in if which he had kept under his pillow for he's got a hankerin' for the open. W'y four weeks for fear it would be "swiped." | they had me in a ref when I was 12 years "Keep it to swing in, Sammy," advised old an' I didn't stay there a week. They his cellmate. "It's too good jus' to get got me back after awhile, but I mooched

"Well, the judge he gave the kid what In an hour they had all put on their I told him to ask for. I'd explained to the best and a dress rehearsal in the cor- kid how he wanted to put his plea when The men practiced attitudes the next three years Ruderick McKlowd

an' then when he thought o' the kid. I him. You know what he is today. We old "Hungry," he said in a voice which was pictured him at home, you know, livin' uns call him the Michigan Kid, but the copproper to the majesty of the law, to the with his gov'nor, goin' to school, fallin' in man at the head of the line, "you was love with nice girls an' gettin' o be one o caught in de act, wasn't you? Now, that the town's promisin' young men. I had means bunglin'. Blokes what knows their to do a bit in the pen about eighteen you'se gettin' old, Hungry. We all knows ref. an' whenever I'd get real down in the that. You must be nearly 50. De law says mouth like, about the latter end o' things that for what you done I ought to give an' what's what, I used to say to myself, you fifteen years, but I don't b'lieve you'll 'Well, Ruderick, you did that kid a good last that long. You'se got so many diseases turn, anyway, an' I'd brace up. I rememyou'se goin' to croak before a great while, ber once wakin' up in the middle o' the Now, it ain't right to give a man life for night out of a dream. I'd been up in in a few days. There's blokes that call him bunglin', an' that's what it 'ud be if I heaven an' Peter he wouldn't let me pass a freak; they say 't he had luck. That's gave you what de law says. I'm goin' to be the gates. 'You're a bad lot, Ruderick,' square with you; I'm goin' to give you a he says; 'I couldn't let you pass the gates.' chance to die outside. You'se good for he says: 'I couldn't let you pass 'f you was I tell you brains count for as much in this about two years yet, 'f you take care o' me own son.' I remember 't I said to him | business as they do in bankin'. If you ain't yourself, so I sentence you. Hungry, to as well as if I'd said the words out loud, 'Peter,' I says, 'ain't you forgetin' that "Thank y', yer honor," said Hungry, bow- good mark 't I got for bein' square with that kid?' an' then I woke up. I'm just

understand how things was." There was a pause in Ruderick's narrawith truculent majesty; "bring up the next tive and the bolts of the iron door of a he says. place quite other than heaven were shot He was a boy of 18, called "Eddie," who back to remind us how far from heaven ought to 'a thought that out years back. had been convicted, in company of an older we were. Every one thought that the It's too late, now.' He agreed with me." judge had sent for the men to be senstarted out too fast. You'se too young to do turnkey had a letter to deliver to one of was no letter to be delivered. climbin'. If I sent you to de penitentiary the court prisoners and we separated into

"Are you listening?" he said. "Sure," I replied; a man cooped up is you'se goin to be an A No. 1 gun, Kid, you interested in everything. If he wasn't them.

He continued: "About three years after meetin' the fate. been trained in de ref-so I sentence you kid I got settled in the pen across the time," others are again waiting for sento de ref till you're 21. But I'll be square river from this town where we are now, tence day and a few have passed into the with you, too. I won't consider it 'any re- The same judge had hold o' me once be- final court, from which there is no appeal dekshun on my connection with de case, as fore, an' he was horstile an' gave me and which they dreaded least of all.

five years; I guess I'd earned it. place began to get crowded after I'd been there about a year, an' we had to double up, an' who do you suppose the gave me for a cell companion? That kid! There he was with his hair cropped an' the stripes on 'im; I knew him the minut they shoved him into the cell.

''Kid,' I says, 'this ain't reg'lar; how'd this happen? Did the gov'nor cut up

"'Ruderick,' he says, 'I never went back to the gov'nor. I done as you told me an' mooched from the ref-mooched the sometimes pathetic. The rehearsal mornin after, he sent for the copper at the you begin to think yourself that you're hot stuff. That's the way it went with me anyhow, and at the end of the year I the gov'nor. I made up my mind 't I one night another boss kid an' me, we jumped out one o' the windows an' got away. He knew of a place where there was simoleons lyin' loose an' we went an' got 'em, an' I been hittin' it up that way ever since. He's in here, too. We got pinched for goin' on the dip an' the judge gave us both three years. I thought they'd put us together, but they didn't. He's in the cigar factory, an' I'm over in the foundry. Gosh, it's hard work in that foundry, Roderick. The guard's got it in for me He does me every time he gets a chance. I've been in the dungeon twice already."

"Well, I don't need to tell you how felt-that kid't I'd been bankin' on! I suppose I ought to 'a' braced him up again an' talked to the warden about him, an' got his gov'nor on his track, but a fellow like me ain't good for two stabs at reforming,' an' I done just the opposite; a man's skill aches in him till he gits it out, jus' like the right words for a thing, an' I trained him to be a perfessional. I didn't do it right away. For near six months' I kept swezin' my brains to figure out what I cught to do, but it's a temptation to a fellow like me to have a chance to make a good thief out of a smart kid. I don't know if you've ever been in the same fix yourself, but to me sometimes the temptation is great to hand on what you know's worse'n whisky. You see I've always been a crook, an' I can't help figurin' out what I can make of a nervy kid if I can get my blinkers on him. Course after what I'd told him three years before in the jail about goin' back to his gov'nor an' bracin' up, it seemed eatin' my words square with him. One night I told him what I would or wouldn't do, just as he wanted. Kid,' I says to him, I can put you grafter, but you want to make up your mind for keeps whether you want to be one or not. You can't play with the business. You got to forget all about the guvnor. Once a grafter, you got to stick to it if your goin' to succeed.'

"'Ruderick, my gov'nor 'll never see me again. I'm a thief, an' he'll feel better thinkin' I've croaked.' me tell you that there ain't anythin' nicer boom in real estate following the sinking in this world than fashionin' a youngster of the first petroleum wells, yielding thouwith brains. It's jus' like trainin' a kid sands of barrels per day. Like all stories and so that the sands of barrels per day. to yourself, 'I'm doin' this. They got to flags for a moment from the beginning to give me credit for him.' It's discouraging the end of the book. The characters are as the devil when the kid ain't smart, but 'em. He'd catch on to what I was describin' to him 'fore I'd even finished what I was

go on to something else. "What surprised 'im most was the privleges a bloke can get in the pen if he knows career ends in a most pathetic manner. how. I had 'im out o' the foundry an' in the feather pickin' department-the softest snap in the place-a week after I took hold of him. There was a detective 't had the run o' the place, an' he an' the warden grafted together. The fly cop 'ud find out which author in his happiest vein. The story is prisoners could raise the stuff to make it interestin' for him to go to the warden an' ask favors for 'em, an' then he and the warden His new book is the most important as re-'ud divvy. I knew the fly cop from way back, an' I worked him without money. He knew 't I was pretty wise, an' he came to me one day an' give me straight steer. Says he, 'McKlowd, if you'll put me next to anythin' that you know 's goin' on outside, I'll stand for somethin' soft here in the pen.' He knew 't I knew the blokes outside an' was likely to be able to tell him what they was doin', an' he wanted to get wise off me. I pretended to take the tip, an' he began showin' me favors. I ain't done such tall lyin' in a tonner as I did to that copper, but he never got on to me. I'd say to him: 'There's goin' to be a safe blown open out in Chicago next month, an' you want to get was that the crooks had probably got scared

off, an' he took it all in "I even think that I could 'a got the kid out o' the pen through that copper. I might 'a had to put up a little cash to grease things, but the fellow had an alfired big pull. an' the warden knew 'bout him, an' both hadto square each other. See? But I didn't try to spring the kid; jus' kept on trainin' pers all know him as 'the fly Detroit crook.' He ain't been in prison in the last ten years, an' yet he's doin' stunts right along. He's got a block o' houses out in 'Frisco, an' owns a big gamblin' joint in Chi-an' i guess he grafts \$10,000 every year besides. He's so slick they can't touch him. He shows up in Detroit every now and then, an' they lock him up as a suspicious character if it's circus day or there's some big convention on, but they have to let him go rot. If all the crooks in the country had that kid's brains they'd be just as successful. got 'em you can't be A1. "I saw the kid 'bout a year ago an' he said 't his gov'ner still had a reward for any

one 't 'ud give him news of his son. He asked me if I thought he ought to write to the old man. I told 'm no." "I hate to make the gov'nor feel bad,

" 'That may be, kid.' I says, 'but you Once again the bolts of the door not of heaven were shot back and this time there "All ready, boys," the sheriff called;

"his honor's waiting on you." The men and the boys were handcuffed ogether in couples "Good luck, fellows," we cried after

And in solemn procession, with the sheriff at the head, they went to their Some of them are still "doing

NEW BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Long List of Recent Fiction by Writers of Reputation.

Near Approach of Holiday Senson Brings to Hand a Flood of New Volumes, Covering Every De-

partment of Literature.

Henry James' delightful work, "A Little Bourges, Angers, La Rochelle, Poltiers, Angouleme, Toulouse, Carcassonne, Nimes, real for us by the cunning of his hand. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York.

of the new book which is now at hand. It is a long story, nearly 500 pages, which beauty of the language and the delicate means that it must have merit, or for the fancy apparent on every page-that ignorsevere task to get through with it all, need be no special drawback to our en-The quality of the author is, however, so joyment of the present series of letters remarkable that, though the interest may G. P. Putnum's Sons, New Yory, Price flag at times, nevertheless curiosity com- \$1.75. pels you to read the book all through. No more complex situations were ever imagined than to make a woman in love with two suitors at one and the same time. Eden Philipotts has run a rural episode. In "this portion of the story the strange with exceeding cleverness. Their superstitions and their curious dialect are introto give him the steer I did, but I was the moors and the heath are wonderfully presented. If anything there is an overexuberance. There is material sufficient in the "Sons of the Morning" for several over without the consciousness of its singular merits. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, Price, \$1.50.

writings will welcome a new novel, "Dr. Dale," written in her best style, aided by her stepson, Albert P. Terhune. The story months—he celled with me a year—I done western Pernsylvania, a district very selthat kid 't I had was smart as they make by the whole community and doing a noble work among the ignorant hard-working oil sayin.' 'I see, I see,' he'd say, an' I could characters, but one's sympathy especially goes forth to Dr. Dale, the character who furnishes the name to the book, and whose Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.

> "The Brass Bottle," the new romance by F. Anstey, the brilliant author of "Vice Versa" and "The Tinted Venus," shows the an imaginative romance full of quaint conceits and deliciously extravagant situations. gards length, quality and sustained interest which he has given us for some time. The scene opens in London with the introduction of a scruggling architect, to whom of the seventeenth and eighteenth centhere comes an extraordinary experience which furnishes a fair field for the fancy and humor of the writer. There can be no doubt regarding the popularity of Mr. Anstey's new novel. The many admirers of of the old Dutch and some of the Huguethe brilliant author cannot fail to appre- not families of New York, and several of ciate this latest evidence of his genius. D. her most interesting chapters describe Appleton & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.

Max Pemberton's brilliant pen has shown the Hudson river. In presenting her sub-Chicago next month, an' you want to get that "the true romancer" lives today. Mr. ject, Miss Smith is careful to distinguish next. He'd thank me an' tell the warden to Pemberton chooses the present and not between matters of record and purely trado somethin' for me 't I wanted, and then the historical past, and he proves that the ditional material. Some of the titles of go gallivantin' all over the shop. Course the life of today may suggest romance, mys- the thirty-two chapters are: safe was never blown, but all I had to say tery, incident and adventure in as fasci- bet of Colonial Study," "A Pioneer Par nating forms as the life of the days of son," "Two Houses in Old New Amster lauce and armor. His new novel deals with dam," "The Escape of a Huguenot Fam-Russian social and political intrigue, a field ily," "Life in an Early Colonial Manor," wherein he is fully at home. There is a "A Literary Club in 1780," "A Colonia! charming love story which is carried Wedding," "New England's Festive Day through a stirring series of adventures to and "A New York Frolic." The Century a fortunate end. Mr. Pemberton's romance, company, New York. Price, \$2.50. which is full of life and vivid in its unflagging interest, shows perhaps the highest mark which he has reached in his successful career as a romancer. Its title is "The Footsteps of a Throne." D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.

"The Lady of Dreams," by Una L. Silberrad, is a novel of life in the poorer quarter of London, by a newcomer in the field of fiction, who bids fair to rank with the foremost women writers of England. It traces the development of a young girl who has never known any existence except the dreary round of caring for a dissipated uncle, and who has become a strangely elusive and dreamlike, though charming, personality under the stress of this inherited duty, so patiently fulfilled; he presently attempts to kill her in a fit of delirium, and the love which then comes into her married life forms the basis of the story. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Mr. Elmore Peak's novel, "The Darlingtons," has an abundance of incidents and these it is justly accounted no ordinary fashion a chapter of history which canno

first book. It is a thoroughly American story. Its scenes and general movement Mr. Lee will be remembered as the author are those of a typical American town, or of "The Key of the Holy House" and "A small city. Its people are, in many respects, such as only American conditions books have been brought out as a part of the Town and Country library. D. Appleproduce, yet their differences from each other, and from the world at large, are not ton & Co., New York. Price, \$1. the passing differences of speech and manner and style of living, but are, in the WHAT AUTHORS OFFER FOR CHRISTMAS main, fundamental in human nature, and make them interesting and important in hemselves apart from the accidents of their present situation. McClure, Phillips hour. The verse might be described as & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.

Myrtle Reed ach eved distinction when

she wrote "Love Letters of a Musician," which was so favorably received last year and which was reviewed at length in these Tour in France," first issued sixteen years columns. It was hardly to be presumed ago, has been illustrated by Joseph Pennell that she could repeat the first success, cerand is now brought out as a holiday book. tainly not along the same lines, and yet Henry James made a tour of the cathedral in her new book, "Later Love Letters of towns of France and the places with re- a Musician." she has equaled if not surmains of Roman architecture. He tells us passed the interest of her earlier letters. in a short introduction that the purpose was Here will be found the same delicate fancy to illustrate his sketches, but it fell out the same beautiful Imagery, the same that his word pictures were printed without musical phases from well known comthe aid of the artist. Now the most accom- posers, introducting the several chapters plished of etchers devotes himself to this and giving the key to their various moods task of illustration. No one can give the How successfully Miss Reed has accomlace-like tracery of the windows or arches pliahed her purpose in both series of letof a Gothic cathedral like Pennell, nor can ters will perhaps be best realized when we any one equal him in setting before the recognize how dangerously near the beaureader the salient features of a place in tiful sentiment embodied in these letters clear line drawing. The pictures in this approaches to the sickly sentimentality volume are mostly from wash drawings, which is never apparent in either volume and, though evidently done with great rap- It will be remembered that the first series idity, they are beautifully clear and dis- of letters were written by a young viotinct and the perspective is true. Tours, linist, who was, as he supposed, hopelessly Blois, Chambord, Azay le Rideau, Langeais, attached to the beautiful girl to whom the letters were addressed. These letters, which were never intended to actually Tarascon, Arles, Avignon, Vauciuse—these meet her eye and which were, as he supare some of the places which Pennell makes posed, safely posted in the recesses of his own trunk, yet through accident accomplished their mission. A serious illness befalling the young musician, the letters "Sons of the Morning" is the first novel were found and posted, the result being that Eden Philipotts has written since the the bringing together of the two lovers publication of that most virile work, "Chil- While the present volume is in reality dren of the Mist." The admirers of that continuation or sequel to the first series playful novel have been looking forward yet the thread of the plot upon which the with no little interest to the appearance story is strung is so slight-both volumes depending for their interest upon the major part of the readers it would be a ance of the contents of the first volume

Maurice Thompson's new story, "Alice of Old Vincennes," is receiving the most flattering notices from reviews, and it prom-Then Honor marries one of her lovers, lises to be equally popular with the public The first husband dies and in time she The characters are as animated as they are takes the other man. Through this diverse, including soldiers, Indians, the romance, the locality of which is in Devon, early French settlers of Indiana, a dear old priest of pious heart and the arm of a Friar Tuck, and a beautiful young woman of he ways of the farm laborers are shown and role and tender mould. Uncle Jason is par ticularly delightful, full of that wonderful French gaiete de coeur that laughs at dan duced. The description of the scenery of ger and death. Such a book comes into the morbid fiction of the day like a breath of October air. There is tonic in its pages. The women of those stirring times had a simple code of love and loyalty that did next, if you like, an' make you a first-class romances. It is a volume not to be passed not include other women's husbands. Life, whether in peace or in war, was too energetic and strenuous for overmuch introspection. The day's work filled hearts and hands. The "idle brain" which is Those familiar with Marian Harland's devil's workshop" was rarely found. Mr. Thompson has recently shown how Indiana is forging to the front in letters. The old question "Who's yer?" (which gave the is intensely interesting and vividly real- name to the Hoosier state) is to be a: "He meant it, an' for the next twelve istic. The scene is laid in the oil lands of swered now by a long list of those who have achieved things of which the mother my best to make him a wiseone. I don't know dom appropriated by American novelists. If you ever trained a kid or not, but let The date is in the earlier period of the Marrill company Indianapolis. Merrill company, Indianapolis.

o' your own. You watching him gettin' of boom times, there is plenty of excitenext, day after day, an' you keep sayin' ment and action and the interest never
to yourself. The deliver works I will be former the Roosevelt's works. It will be known as the "Sagamore Edition" and will sell at 25 all people of a philanthropic bent, beloved cents per copy. This set has been made to meet a popular demand for a good inexpensive edition of writings which have semen. One cannot but admire all of the cured a place for themselves in the permanent literature of the country, and which at this time possess a special interest in the light that they throw upon the character and the opinions of their energetic and public-spirited author. The first number of the edition now at hand is "The Wilderness Hunter," and it will be followed in rapid succession by the other volumes The print is good and the low price ought to insure for it general favor.

> In the garret of the Smith homestead at Sharon, Conn., built in 1765, Miss Helen Evertson Smith has had access to thousands of family letters, going back some 200 years, and it is mainly from this source that she has reconstructed the family life turies, as presented in her new book "Colonial Days and Wars." But she is related not only to the representative families of New England ,but also to the best known early conditions in New York and New Rochelle and in the manor houses along "The Alpha-

> "In Hostile Red: A Romance of the Monmouth Campaign," is by J. A. Altsheler whose "In Circling Camps" was favorably received last year. Two dare-devil American officers who figure as the heroes of the story ride into Philadelphia, where Howe and his army are feasting and making merry, in the uniforms of two newly-arrived Britishers whom they have captured. Their hazardous adventure carries them through some hairbreadth escapes and introduce them to the sturdy old patriot, John Des mond and his beautiful daughter. The partisan leader Wildfoot and his extraordinary exploits, and the battle of Monmouth, where the terrible heat was almost as deadly as the bullets, fill the story with dramatic incidents. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York Price. \$1.50.

Albert Lee has earned a brilliant reputation within the last two years as a novelis of the Dutch republic. His new romance "King Stork of the Netherlands," with it thrilling tale of the betrayal of William and ideas, and when the first book of a new his people by the faithless ruler in whom writer shows an abundance of any one of they trusted, sketches in a singularly vivide his people by the faithless ruler in whom

MEER EFFEREEFFEFFFFFFF Does This Remind You of Anything You Wish?

We are headquarters for Books, Stationery, School and Office Supplies. If you wish the latest popular nevel or the newest thing in labor-saving office tevices, this is the place to look for it. We are showing the latest styles in fine papers, copper plate work and die stamping and wish especially to call your attention to the new form for

wedding invitations, announcements, etc. If you are interested it will cost MEGEATH STATIONERY CO. 1306 FARMAM. reference addresser effect for

be read without deep interest and emotion. Gentleman Pensioner." All three of

"Mother Goose for Grown-Ups," by Guy Wetmore Carryl, is a volume of jingling rhymes containing many amusing hits that will be found very entertaining for an idle humorous adaptations of our venerable nursery songs, that are even more amusing than Mr. Carryl's parodies of "La Foutaine," published some time since. lustrations by Peter Newell and Gustave Verbeek are sufficient by themselves to attract attention. It is a valuable gift book for anyone with a sense of humor. It might be added that some of the verse was originally published in Harper's Magazine and the Saturday Evening Post. Harper &

The above books are for sale by the Megeath Stationery Co., 1308 Farnam. Leave Buffalo S:00 P. M., Arrive New York 7:53 A. M.,

via Lehigh Valley railroad-"Exposition

Express." Luxurious sleeping cars.

Bros., New York

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

concludes a comparison of this book with "Billy Baxter's Letters" thus-

"They are written in much the same dangy but effective style, and have the same immediate and lasting claim on the reader's attention. Mr. Cullen's book ought to have a wide sale and make a reputation for its author." TALES OF THE

Some capital Omaha "Tales" in

Send in your address and mention his paper and we will mail you fro one of the" Tales," a booklet of 20 pages AT ALL BOOKSELLERS, PRICE \$1.25 GROSSET & DUNLAP, II East 16th St. N.Y

SOME RECENT SUCCESSFUL FICTION.

"One of the prettiest and best books of the year"-Boston Herald. Monsieur Beaucaire.

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,
Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana."
"The book in its outward and visible form is uncommonly harmonious with its inward grace."—Book News.
Fifth Edition, with decorations by C. E. Hooper, and illustrations in two colors by C. D. Williams. Cloth, 12mo, \$1.25.

A novel of modern society.

The Archbisop and

the Lady.

By MRS. SCHUYLER CROWNINSHIELD.

"If I am any judge, Mrs. Crowninshield's novel is going to make something like a sensation. It has a most remarkable plot. There is a 'go' in the book."—Jeannette L. Gilder, Editor of the Critic.

Second Edition, Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50.

A Thoroughly American Novel. The Darlingtons.

By ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE,
"The Darlingtone" is a novel so ready and
unfalling in its interest as a story, that
it is all that need be desired, and yet it has
the intrinsic value that comes of avoiding
what is trivial and what is unreal and im-Second Edition, Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50.

A Novel for True Lovers. April's Sowing.

A New Novel of Character.

The Day of Wrath.

By MAURUS JOKAI.

The nature of this story is revealed by its title. Dr. Jokai is too well known as a maker of strong and stirring literature to need praise. Cloth, 12mo, \$1.25.

Love and Adventure in War.

The Fugitives. By MORLEY ROBERTS.

Author of "The Colossus."
"A genuinely artistic novel."—Pittsburg
Chronicle Telegraph.
"A decided advance on "The Colossus.""
—N. Y. Herald.
Second Edition, Cloth, 12mo, \$1.00.

A story of compelling interest."-

The Circular Study.

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN ROHLFS "If the test of merit in such writing is the power of sustaining the mystery surrounding the crime then a better detective story than this was never written."—Public Opinion.
Third Edition, Cloth. 12mo, \$1.25.

"A remarkable book. An artistic work of fiction."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

An Eagle Flight.

By GERTRUDE HALL.

There is not a problem here as large as a man's hand, save that of how a maid and a man shall, through many difficulties, reach the end they both desire.

Illustrated, Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50.

By DR. JOSE RIZAL.

A novel of life in the Philippines by a native Filipino, a patriot and a hero. The book has had a tremendous influence in the author's native land.

Cloth, 12mo, \$1.00.

On Sale at

Megeath Stationery Company's Store

in Omaha, and Published by McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.,

141-155 East 25th Street, New York.

Price 10 Cente

Werybody's Hagazine

The Beautiful Christmas Number Now Ready. A Flow of Story and a Feast of Wit. A splendid issue—the handsomest and most ar-tistic of ten-cent magazines—and this is one of the tistic of ten-cent magazines—and this is one of the reasons;
With the December Number, Everybody's Magazine becomes an integral part of the great Wanamaker Book business. Already popular, a new carser of growth, in character and circulation, will begin at the change. The highest editorial and literary ability, superior paper, good printing, artistic illustration, will be so strongly united as to make Everbody's Magazine the first popular periodical in the country. Its spirit will be patriotic and strongly American. Its tone will be strong and elevated. Its style will be bright and breezy. Then we shall make Everbody's Magazine especially the monthly

Jobn Wanamaker Publisher BOOK STORE, NEW YORK.

Everybody's Msgazine especially the monthly for the home.

The Christmas number has a beautifut cover in gold and green. Price, \$\mathbb{1}\$ a year. 10 cts a copy.

To increase the paid subscriptions to ONE HUNDRED THOU-SAND a very special list of pre mium offers has been made out. It will be mailed to you upon request. to you upon request.

Books at Big Discounts.

For Sale on All News-stands.

We will continue in our cut prices until the Holidays so as to give everybody an equal chance to procure good presents at a popular price. \$1.00 buys this coming week CUPID'S GARDEN, by Ellen Thornycroft Fowler. Besides the prices which we carry over from this week we offer bargains in all departments. 70c buys the following books: "Life on the Mississippi," by Mark Twain, regular price \$1.75. "Little Journey in the World," by Charles Dudley Warner, publishers' price \$1.50; "House Boat on the Styx and Pursuit of House Boat," by John Kendrick Bangs, regular price \$1.25, and six other titles in this series; "Black Rock," by Ralph Connor, 45c, publishers' price \$1.25; "Home Folks and Love Lyrics," by James Whitcomb Riley, 50c, publishers' price \$1.25; all of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's works, such as "Poems of "Poems of Pleasure," "Maurine," etc., 75c, publishers' price \$1.00; "Knights of the Cross," two volumes, by the author of "Quo Vadis," \$1.00 a set, publishers' price \$2.00. The largest and swellest line of juvenile books in the city. The new script letter seal for 25c. Stationery, Games, News, Indian Baskets, Navajo Blankets, Mexican Zarapas, other oddities.

Barkalow Bros, Bookshop,

1612 Farnam Street

Mail orders for books, add 12c for postage