

THE BAR SINISTER.

Another Story of a Dog in Davis' Inimitable Style.

Typographically, a Volume to Possess for Itself Alone, Exquisite in Every Detail.

"The Bar Sinister" by Richard Harding Davis, (Charles Scribner's Sons New York, publishers) is another story of a dog told in the author's inimitable style. The hero of the story is the offspring of a *mesalliance* between a registered, prize-winning bull terrier of high degree, and a street black-and-tan. By sheer force of merit he rises from the lowly rank of a street cur, winning contests in the ring for a brutal drunken master, to that of blue ribbons in the New York dog show, where he wins the first prize in the winners class over his blue-blooded father.

The author in his preface, gives the history of the dog upon whose career this story is claimed to be founded. "The Bar Sinister" is a short story and can easily be read in an hour. It has in it much of, shall we say "human" interest, and in its class, will take a rank almost as high as "Bob, Son of Battle" has obtained among longer stories.

Typographically the volume is one to possess for itself alone, exquisite in every detail. The text is printed with wide margins in 12 point golden type, on heavy deckle-edge paper and there are seven full-page color and numerous pen and ink marginal illustrations.

SOUL SONNETS.

Another of S. E. Kiser's Popular Books of Verse.

"Soul Sonnets of a Stenographer," by S. E. Kiser, (Forbes & Company, Boston, publishers,) is hardly as clever a book as "Love Sonnets of an Office Boy," by the same author, but it is nevertheless, clever verse which may be best described as "popular." It tells of the yearnings of a stenographer for the love of her employer in Mr. Kiser's own and distinctly unique style.

Here is the first sonnet:

I wonder if't would be a sin if I
Should think sometimes how pleasant
It would be
If what another has should come to me?
I've never really hoped that she would
die,
But if she has to go I wonder why
I might not take her place? They say
that she
Has such an awful temper and that he
Can't even smoke except upon the sly.
He's worth at least a million—what a
pille!
I'm sick of writing "Gentlemen" and
"Sir"—
I wonder what he ever saw in her?
She's plain and hasn't got a bit of style;
She has to hide her neck with lace or
fur,
And, oh, her voice! It rasps just like a file.

Popular in Philadelphia.

Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis, "The Boss" is reported to be attracting a remarkable degree of attention in cities like Phila-

delphia, St. Louis, Chicago and Minneapolis, where the management of the municipality has been attended with various disturbing conditions. It is noted, however, that the general interest of the story as a novel holds the class known as professional novel readers.

Portrait Catalogue.

For the season of 1903-1904 Houghton, Mifflin and Company, are sending out a handsome portrait catalogue of their publications. It is an indispensable adjunct to every library and to every book buyer and it offers a varied survey of American and English literature during the past half century or more. The books are listed in its pages alphabetically by authors, a classified list giving ready access to books in art, science, history, fiction, and all the other departments of literature, and a title index at the close giving a summary in little of all the publications included in its pages. The portraits are numerous, well-made, and well printed.

Though it is primarily the story of two people, it portrays a whole community with the utmost vividness and reality, and the many figures move through it with assured purpose as inevitably as in the novels of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. It is a great novel, dominated by a love story of unusual beauty and force, and showing that the power of one man's brave life, nobly and sincerely lived up to its highest possibilities, may change the outlook of a community.

Sally of Missouri.

"R. E. Young," the author of "Sally of Missouri," which has met such a widely varying reception at the hands of the reviewers, is Miss Rose E. Young, who has become well known to readers of the magazines by her short stories. Her next book, called "Henderson," the scene of which is also laid in Missouri, will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, in the early spring.



VIOLATING A CUSTOM.

He—You've heard it said that one should hug the shore when out sailing with a pretty girl?

She—Yes, but it's not customary.

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE.

A Representative Story of the South Broadly Treated.

"The Circle in the Square" by Baldwin Sears, (A. S. Barnes & Company, New York, publishers,) is a novel of extraordinary power, dealing with absorbing social and political questions of to-day.

With sympathy, humor and strength, the life and problems of to-day in one section of the South—which may be taken as a representative of many communities all over the South—is presented in a broader way than has been done before.

Editorial Excellence.

No periodical in the world is edited with greater care than *The Youth's Companion*. As much pains are taken to insure accuracy in the paragraph of a few lines as to the presentation by experts of their specialized topics. Infallibility is impossible, but all that scrupulous revision can do to give authority to its articles is done by *The Companion*. It desires to keep its readers abreast of all movements in scientific and industrial life, and during 1904 will publish articles by such men as Prof. W. H. Holmes (Chief of the United States Bureau of Ethnology), Sur-Gen. G. M. Sternberg, Pres. H. H. Pritchett of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dr. Austin Flint, Pres. Ira Remsen of Johns Hopkins, and ex-Director of the Census, W. R. Merriam.

COL. CARTER'S X-MAS.

A Charming and Clever Holiday Book by F. Hopkinson Smith.

The Reader Again Sits at Fireside of this Typical Southern Gentleman and Enjoys his Hospitality.

"Colonel Carter's Christmas," by F. Hopkinson Smith, (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers,) brings us again to the fireside of that typical southern gentleman, "Colonel Carter of Cartersville." We are permitted to kiss the hand of the dear, sunny, Aunt Nancy, to feel our hearts grow mellow under the spell of the Colonel's gentle chivalry, and to feed upon the luscious dishes that only "Chad" can prepare, and only Chad can properly serve.

The author never writes anything that is not interesting and very well written, but among his many characters, there is not another one that has obtained a hold upon the affections of all his readers equal to the genial Colonel. The warmth of his self-sacrificing friendship; his innocence and improvidence in all financial matters; his boundless hospitality; his fiery temper, quick to kindle and as quick to forgive; his chivalrous devotion to all women, but especially those of the South; his scrupulous adherence to the demands of "the code"; all these are again cleverly portrayed in this work. And there is a new trait also; love for children and an ability to entertain them with stories suited to their comprehension, and which are equally interesting to all as well.

The volume is distinctly "Hop" Smith from cover to cover. It is printed in the old-style long primer type on rough paper with wide margins, and there are eight striking full-page color reproductions from paintings by F. C. Yohn. The cover design in white and gold, as well as its contents, make the volume particularly appropriate for a holiday gift book.

Mary MacLane's New Book.

The publication of "My Friend, Annabel Lee," proves that Mary MacLane has not lost her hold upon the public. The reviews which were printed on the day the book was issued were quite as contradictory as those of her first venture. Some critics find the book dull, while to others it is absorbing. Some pronounce it prosaic and others declare it to be the work of a poet.

The Chicago *Record-Herald* finds proof of a change of heart on Miss MacLane's part. "More than that," it adds, "it is plain that her 'little journey in the world' has lifted up Miss MacLane's spirit wonderfully. She is beginning to see that to be misunderstood, to be blocked and baffled and kept in the dark about the purposes of existence is not peculiar to her alone, but is the common fate of all."