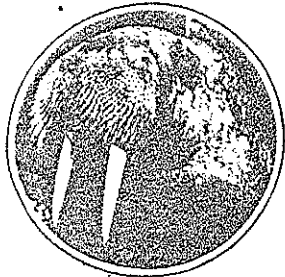


Hunting Walrus with the Eskimos

Written for LESLIE'S by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

EDITOR'S NOTE. This thrilling story by Mr. Curwood, who is one of the best writers in the great Northwest, will be followed early in January by one of his best short stories, "The Angel Girl," which will be published in two installments.



HEAD OF A BULL WALRUS

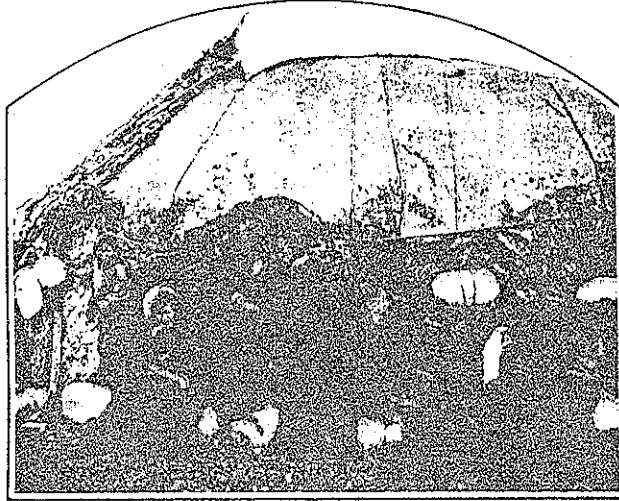
These enormous beasts sometimes weigh as much as 3000 pounds. Each has two huge tusks which the Eskimo craftsmen work up into beautiful carved ivories.

Bernard's thick beard had helped to protect his face, but in addition to my *kulitar* (Eskimo hood) I had been compelled to put a fox skin about my face to keep it from freezing. A dozen times I had suggested going into camp and building a fire, for with our oil stoves we could have made ourselves quite comfortable. But Outta insisted that the Eskimo village we were heading for could not be far distant, and so we persevered. We had left the last stunted growth of the timber line far behind, and Outta lashed the dogs into a swifter pace over the barren. We followed close along the shore of Hudson Bay, and the air was occasionally filled with the grinding roar and cannon-like reports of breaking ice. Overhead the sky was a dark and massive chaos. There seemed to be no clouds. It was one vast, almost motionless curtain of gloom, so real and palpable that it seemed each moment an impending menace, about to drop down upon and crush us. Between this sky and the earth the blizzard raged.

Total darkness had almost engulfed us when, on a particularly exposed headland, a number of huge snow mounds loomed up in our path. Almost instantly we saw moving figures, and our dogs set up a yelping, while a voice cried out of the gloom, "Kablunak! Kablunak!"—"the white men! the white men!" This announcement of our arrival was immediately followed by the welcoming cry of "Chimo! Chimo!" and half a dozen men ran out to meet us. No woman was in sight. Each had disappeared into her respective igloo to don whatever finery she possessed in honor of the visit, which they had expected for some time. Drifting snow had almost obliterated the shape of the igloos, or snow houses. There were four of them, and Outta at once turned me over to his father, whose name was Uek-Gluck. Uek-Gluck's igloo was the largest in the village, and we began our entrance by falling upon our hands and knees at the opening to the long tunnel that led to the living part of the house. This tunnel was about three and a half feet square and thirty feet in length. As we progressed the air grew warmer, and at the same time my nose was assailed by the strong odors of flesh and blood.

Bernard brought in his oil stove, and we began at once to prepare our supper, as we had eaten nothing but frozen meat since morning. We fried our own deer meat, heated a number of ship-biscuit, a can of corn and a can of tomatoes, and made about a gallon of tea. Uek-Gluck and his family accepted the tea and biscuits as great delicacies, but only Ishya, his wife, took advantage of the stove to cook her meat. With their knives the Eskimos cut off chunks from the meat strewn about, and devoured it raw, laughing and chuckling as they feasted. One of the children, a boy of seven or eight, ate a strip of pure fat that must have weighed nearly a pound.

The oil stove and the lamp made the interior quite comfortable, and as soon as we had finished our supper Bernard and I felt sufficiently thawed out to pay a necessary visit to the other three igloos. In each we left corn-cob pipes and tobacco, and returned to Uek-Gluck's home an hour later. Outta had brought in our sleeping bags and blankets, and we found that the solid ice bed was to be given up to us. Tired as we were, we decided not to retire at once, as Uek-Gluck and his family were in too high a humor to let us rest. Uek-Gluck told us that the ice was fine for hunting, and that there were plenty of walrus and seal off the coast. In all his life, hunting had never been better, and they felt no dread of the darkness that was



AN ESKIMO FAMILY AT HOME

This igloo on Bering Strait differs from the igloos on Hudson Bay described by the author, but the racial types are essentially the same.

approaching with the Arctic night. Three days before, Outta's father had suffered a serious loss, and now, as he told us about it, he laughed as though it was the greatest joke in the world. The Eskimo is never pessimistic. He literally laughs at misfortune. If he narrowly escapes death, he will laugh in the most amused fashion as he relates his adventure. On this particular day he was bring-

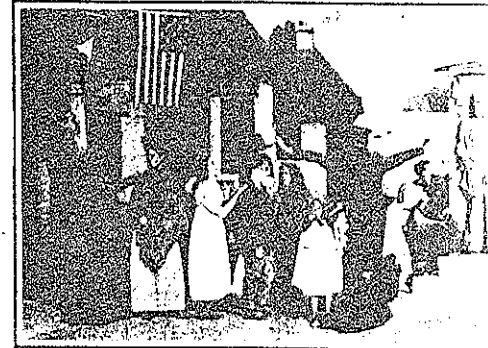
ing a seal, and the igloo the night before, there was now a hoar frost, like the thick coating of rime on a window after a zero night in Michigan. The piles of meat looked as though snow had fallen on them. And then the tragedy of the thing—of a whole lifetime spent in winter homes like this—was transformed suddenly into a comedy situation that made me burst out laughing in spite of my own discomfort. Uek-Gluck rose from the sardine-like row, stretched himself, and sat down placidly on a huge cake of ice which answered the purpose of both chair and table. As he did this, the deer-skin he had wrapped about his naked body slipped aside, and part of his body came in firm contact with the ice. For a few moments Uek-Gluck did not seem to notice this, then he rose with a sudden snort that was ridiculously like the blowing of a seal, but when I burst out laughing he quickly joined me.

Within a few minutes every person in the igloo was awake and active. The blizzard of the preceding day had spent itself, and there was almost no wind. The thick, dark canopy of cloud had gone with the storm, and when, at nine o'clock, we started off with three sledges, there was promise of a splendid day for hunting. Uek-Gluck and I were to hunt with Tuk-hella, an old man of sixty-five who was still counted as a strong hunter, and who ran eight splendid dogs at the head of his *komatik*. For an hour we struck steadily northward, and then came to a long, icy slope that descended to the sheet ice of the Bay. We descended that slope at a speed of at least fifteen miles an hour, and were on the ice within ten minutes. From the top of one of the big ice-hummocks we could make out several large lakes of open water, and toward one of these, two miles distant, Tuk-hella directed his team, while the two remaining teams, and the hunters that accompanied them, sought other open lakes. When still half a mile from the open water, Uek-Gluck uttered a sharp cry, and Tuk-hella stopped his team. The two Eskimos at once became extremely excited, though I could see nothing, and could understand almost nothing of what they said. The open water stretched away for miles, and was filled with thousands of loose and drifting "pans" of ice, ranging from the size of an igloo floor to cakes a hundred yards in diameter. Another half mile and I could see what Uek-Gluck's sharp eyes had detected first—the rising and blowing of the walrus.

A quarter of a mile from the open water the sledge was overturned, so that it would make an anchor for the dogs. I picked up my rifle, but both hunters joined in making me understand that I was not to use it. I readily understood the reason for this, as a walrus sinks like a chunk of iron when killed, and so it would be useless to shoot. Armed each with two harpoons and a lance, Uek-Gluck and Tuk-hella ran quickly to the edge of the open water, and began to mark the places where the walrus rose to blow. This was always some distance from the main ice, and among the floating pans. Suddenly Uek-Gluck took a running leap that carried him across eight feet of open water to a pan so small that it dipped under his

In the Sp

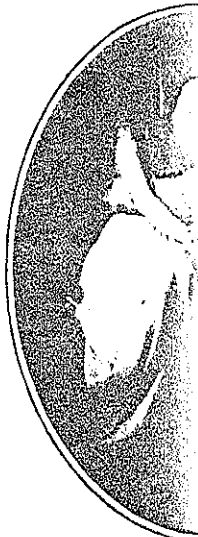
By KATHLE



HONORING A MY...
Animated scene in "General John Regan," Canon James O...
Theatre. The citizens of Ballymoy, Ireland, turning out en...
their alleged to...

THE immoral stage finds an occasional defender, but this will not stop the world-wide criticism against it. The Drama League of America, which claims, with associated members, 90,000 playgoers, is arranging to condemn all objectionable plays in advance of their presentation. The Bishop of London has issued a call for a campaign of the Established church against the low productions of the vaudeville stage, some of which have been imported to this country and been received with favor. I notice that Henry Arthur Jones disagrees with Forbes-Robinson stating that "It is all well with the stage." Mr. Jones tells the truth when he says that the list of plays announced for production throughout the English provinces for last September "reeked of cheap sensation and vulgar nonsense." He might have made the same comment on some plays that have been presented in New York this season.

It is strange that women are in the majority in the attendance on plays suggestive of evil. I was ashamed to read that women representing some of the most influential associations of my sex, found nothing offensive in the characters or the lines of "The Fight," which was tolerated in New York for only a brief period. Most women who patronize questionable plays do so out of curiosity. But familiarity breeds contempt. It is apt to still the voice of conscience and lessen scruples of the old-fashioned kind. Of course we live in an age that is called progressive, and women are doing things that were



A "GAVE MAN'S" LOVEMAKING

Lewis S. Stone as Jack Cragan and Inez Buchanan as Helen Steele in the proposal scene of the "Misleading Lady," Charles Goddard and Paul Dickey's sprightly comedy at the Fulton Theatre.

The dogs into a swifter pace over the barren. We followed close along the shore of Hudson Bay, and the air was occasionally filled with the grinding roar and cannon-like reports of breaking ice. Overhead the sky was a dark and massive chaos. There seemed to be no clouds. It was one vast, almost motionless curtain of gloom, so real and palpable that it seemed each moment an impending menace, about to drop down upon and crush us. Between this sky and the earth the blizzard raged.

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My first view of the interior of Uck-Gluck's Arctic residence would have been a disheartening one to a tenderfoot. To me, after nine hours of freezing, nothing had ever seemed quite so welcome and cheering as the hollowed-out stone in which a liberal quantity of seal oil and moss was burning. (The moss was used as a wick, and so answered the purpose of both lamp and stove.) Three children were crowded together at the end of the igloo staring silently. Uck-Gluck's *kooner*, or woman, stood with an infant in her arms, grinning broadly and cheerfully at us. The room was about eighteen feet in diameter, and was a veritable shambles. Uck-Gluck possessed a reputation as being a great hunter, and he had been especially successful of late. Masses of flesh lay strewn all about the floor. There seemed apparently to be no effort or desire to keep it in one or two piles. It lay everywhere. There was the whole carcass of a walrus, cut up and strewn about, and almost directly at the head of the raised "platform" of ice which formed a bed for the whole family there was a great pile of entrails, preserved for dog meat. The walls of the igloo were spattered with blood, and weapons of the chase lay everywhere. These included spears and harpoons, long knives, and a rifle that fired powder and ball. A large quantity of meat, killed earlier in the season, had arrived at the age and stage where it possessed a very bad odor. This was not for the dogs. Uck-Gluck and his family would have fed them the fresh meat before they would have sacrificed this particular pile, which was just reaching that mellow and ripe condition which strongly appeals to their palate.

Bernard and Outta came into the igloo a few moments later, and so delighted were Uck-Gluck and his wife to learn that both of the *kablunaks*, or white men, were to eat and sleep under their roof that they disported themselves like children, dancing about and laughing and chattering in their own tongue. Bernard told me that in his pleasure Uck-Gluck was saying that in return for the honor the white men were showing him he would give the *kablunaks* the greatest hunting that white men had ever had. As we had come to hunt, and as Uck-Gluck was noted all along the coast for his prowess, this was highly satisfactory.



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A little later Bernard and I crawled into our sleeping-bags and stowed ourselves away on the ice bed, from which point of vantage I watched Uck-Gluck and his large family prepare for slumber. All of them, including Ishya, stripped themselves stark naked and wrapped themselves in deer-skins. Then they packed themselves in a row on the icy floor, like sardines in a box, and fifteen minutes later there rose from that row of inanimate forms a nasal wailing such as I had never heard before in my life.

A little later Bernard prodded me in the ribs. "Feel anything?" he asked. "I did, and told him so. "Kumiks," he said, "We'll gather a nice stock of 'em here."

Kumiks are those other joyous and lively tenants of an igloo—vermin.

Thus we fell asleep, waiting for the morrow, and the walrus hunt.

The interior of the igloo reminded me of nothing so much as a cold storage plant when we awakened in the morning. My first hazy impression when I looked over at Bernard was that he was dead, and had been dead for some centuries. His beard was a crisp, white mass of ice, where his breath had frozen, and his nose was purple. Mine I had kept covered with a fox skin. Where the heat of the lamp and stove, and our breath, had moistened the

slope at a speed of at least fifteen miles an hour, and were on the ice within ten minutes. From the top of one of the big ice-hummocks we could make out several large lakes of open water, and toward one of these, two miles distant, Tuk-hella directed his team, while the two remaining teams, and the hunters that accompanied them, sought other open lakes. When still half a mile from the open water, Uck-Gluck uttered a sharp cry, and Tuk-hella stopped his team. The two Eskimos at once became extremely excited, though I could see nothing, and could understand almost nothing of what they said. The open water stretched away for miles, and was filled with thousands of loose and drifting "pans" of ice, ranging from the size of an igloo floor to cakes a hundred yards in diameter. Another half mile and I could see what Uck-Gluck's sharp eyes had detected first—the rising and blowing of the walrus.

A quarter of a mile from the open water the sledge was overturned, so that it would make an anchor for the dogs. I picked up my rifle, but both hunters joined in making me understand that I was not to use it. I readily understood the reason for this, as a walrus sinks like a chunk of iron when killed, and so it would be useless to shoot. Armed each with two harpoons and a lance, Uck-Gluck and Tuk-hella ran quickly to the edge of the open water, and began to mark the places where the walrus rose to blow. This was always some distance from the main ice, and among the floating pans. Suddenly Uck-Gluck took a running leap that carried him across eight feet of open water to a pan so small that it dipped under his weight. With scarcely an instant's rest he had jumped to a second and larger pan, and thus continued his advance, leaping from cake to cake, until he was a hundred yards from the rock-ice. Mustering every bit of courage that I had, I made the first leap, slipped, and nearly went into the sea. Shivering, and bringing together all that courage somewhat scattered by my narrow escape, I leaped back again. I excused myself by saying that I wasn't an Eskimo, and wouldn't be if I could be.

I was near enough to the hunt, however, to see every movement. Tuk-hella was on a pan some distance from Uck-Gluck, and I saw both men standing in readiness, their harpoons raised. Now and then a huge head would rise out of the sea somewhere near them, and a torrent of water would burst into the air and fall back with a splash. Twice Tuk-hella struck, but missed both times, as the game was too far away. I had heard much of Uck-Gluck's fame as a hunter, and I fastened my eyes on him. For three-quarters of an hour he stood almost without movement. And then, suddenly, I saw the sea break within ten feet of him, and so swiftly that I could scarcely see its movement he sent his harpoon through the air. It was a splendid "strike," and with a shrill cry for Tuk-hella's assistance, Uck-Gluck was winding his harpoon-line around the butt of his second weapon, the point of which he had deeply imbedded in the ice. There were tremendous convulsions in the water near the edges of the pan, but the walrus did not appear at the surface. I saw the harpoon line tighten; and then, as it loosened at intervals, Uck-Gluck wound it round and round the shaft of the improvised anchor, drawing his great game nearer to him, a few inches at a time.

Meanwhile Tuk-hella was trying frantically to join his comrade. But the pans had drifted so that in one place there was open water for a distance of at least twenty feet, and here the old man stood—or rather trotted incessantly back and forth, shouting a queer kind of chatter to Uck-Gluck. It was a royal battle by one man, and I have never admired courage more than I did that of Uck-Gluck during the exciting fifteen minutes that followed the

(Continued on page 209)

presentation. The Bishop of London has issued a call for a campaign of the Established church against the low productions of the vaudeville stage, some of which have been imported to this country and been received with favor. I notice that Henry Arthur Jones disagrees with Forbes Robinson stating that "It is all well with the stage." Mr. Jones tells the truth when he says that the list of plays announced for production throughout the English provinces for last September "reeked of cheap sensation and vulgar nonsense." He might have made the same comment on some plays that have been presented in New York this season.

It is strange that women are the majority in the attendance at plays suggestive of evil. I am ashamed to read that women representing some of the most influential associations of my sex, found nothing offensive in the character of the lines of "The Fight," which tolerated in New York for one woman who patronize questionable. But familiarity breeds contempt. The voice of conscience is of an old-fashioned kind. Of course called progressive, and women never thought of before by the giving my sex all the latitude of grace of superior virtues, but the stage lifts the curtain on it can be neither excused, nor

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Hunting Walrus with the Eskimos

(Continued from page 580)

harpoon thrust. The pan on which he stood was about thirty feet in diameter, and I was horrified at the thought that the struggles and weight of the huge beast might break it into pieces. All at once the sea broke close to the edge of the ice, and the great head and half the body of Uck-Gluck's bull shot out. I heard his qucer, snorting bellow as he charged the ice. Uck-Gluck didn't give way a foot; standing ankle-deep in water he leaned forward, and drove his long lance into the eyes of the walrus.

For a moment my eyes were taken from the struggle by a cry from Tuk-hella. A walrus had risen within eight feet of him and he had driven his harpoon home with unerring aim, and was now winding his line about the butt of his second weapon, which he had dug into the ice. In that moment I gave a yell, and half threw up my rifle. I wanted to shoot, and it suddenly occurred to me that now, as the walrus were attached to the harpoon-lines, there could be no objection to my taking a pot-shot at them as they rose to charge. Tuk-hella's rose first, at least fifteen feet from the pan on which he was standing, and without another moment's hesitation I sent a bullet through the big beast's head. It was a remarkable shot. Afterward I learned from experience that one might put half a dozen bullets through the head of a walrus without killing it, but this shot just chanced to strike the vital spot below and back of the eye, and the animal almost instantly ceased its struggles. Tuk-hella turned and stared at me for a full minute. Bernard afterward told me that the old man was probably a little piqued that I had killed his walrus, and not Uck-Gluck's, and had in this way unwittingly robbed him of the triumph of being Uck-Gluck's equal in the hunt. I would surely have taken a shot at Uck-Gluck's bull, but by this time the courageous hunter had driven his lance to a vital spot, and the walrus had almost ceased its struggles.

All along I had been wondering how the hunters would keep themselves from drifting so that they could not reach shore—or the main ice. As a matter of fact, many Eskimo hunters lose their lives in taking these thrilling risks. Only the year before, Tuk-hella's son and another hunter had gone for walrus, and had never returned. Uck-Gluck now rapidly uncoiled the line of his second harpoon and, fastening a spare shaft of iron to the end of it, sent it hurtling through the air to Tuk-hella. For fifteen minutes Tuk-hella worked, until he had securely imbedded his spare shaft in the ice, and to this he now anchored Uck-Gluck and his pan, as well as his own dead walrus. Then fastening his spare line to this same anchor, he leaped back over the pans until he reached a big floating mass very close to the main field. Here he drove his lance into the ice, and using this as a sort of lever, he began slowly working the pan "in-shore"—while Uck-Gluck, on his pan, was going

is the great Eskimo dainty. Within half an hour every Eskimo man, woman and child in the igloos looked like red fiends, and in the face of this it was quite difficult for me to eat of the meal which Bernard prepared, though I had gone practically without food for fifteen hours. I managed fairly well with the broiled venison, but when it came to the corn and tomatoes—I could not but think of the blood!

It was four o'clock in the morning before we crawled into our sleeping-bags and retired to our ice beds. A few minutes later Bernard prodded me in the ribs again.

"Little thicker tonight, ain't they?" he asked.

I remember that I fell asleep, I thought that surely, in this world of ice and snow and long night, one should not grudge even the *kumiks* what they might get out of life.

Books for Christmas

AS the first thoughts of Christmas are associated with the little ones, we are first of all going to list a number of juvenile books that will be suitable and pleasing for young readers. For the girls the following is a delightful selection:

- Jean Cabot in the British Isles, by Gertrude Fisher Scott. \$1.00 net
- Betty Tucker's Ambition, by Angelina W. Ware. 1.00 "
- The Girl from Arizona, by Nina Rhodes. 1.00 "
- Barmony Wins, by Millmont Olmstead. 1.00 "
- Camp Bravo Pine, by Harriet T. Comstock (Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.), N. Y. 1.25 "

The growing boy will find plenty of amusement as well as help and instruction in the books that follow:

- The Boy Sailors of 1812, by Everett T. Tomlinson. \$1.25 net
- The Half Miler, by A. T. Dudley. 1.25 "
- Uncle David's Boys, by Edna A. Brown. 1.00 "

All these books with the exception of "Camp Bravo Pine" are published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, Boston, Mass.

For the boy who is mechanically inclined, "The Handy Boy," by A. Neely Hall (price \$1.25 net), also published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, will be an ideal Christmas present. It is full of things that boys can make and that boys love, carpentry of every description, electrical and mechanical work, railroads, magic tricks, building, aeroplanes, kites, moving pictures and magic lanterns, Scout esult and even gardening being well treated. The book is written in the simplest manner and is illumined with excellent drawings and sketches that materially help the young student.

From the following list of new books selection can be made for almost any type of mature reader.

"Westways," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell (The Century Company, New York, \$1.40), is full of the richness and charm that characterizes the writing of the author. It is a long while since we have had a book from Dr. Mitchell, but "Westways" is worth waiting for. It's a book for the years to come.

"The Way of Ambition," by Robert Hichens (Fred A. Stokes & Co., New York, \$1.35 net), is a strong, deep story not as idealistic as his other books. Part of the

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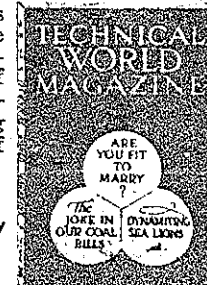
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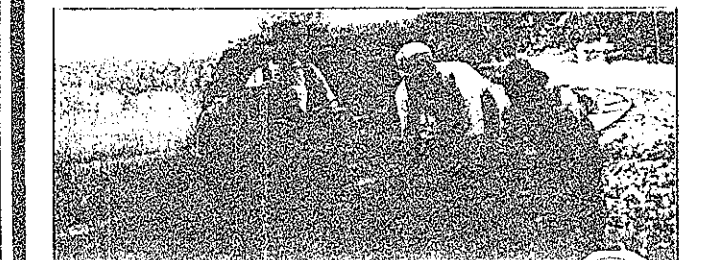


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...a little paper that I had
...rus, and not Uck-Gluck's, and
...in this way unwittingly robbed him of the
...triumph of being Uck-Gluck's equal in the
...hunt. I would surely have taken a shot at
...Uck-Gluck's bull, but by this time the
...courageous hunter had driven his lance to
...a vital spot, and the walrus had almost
...ceased its struggles.

All along I had been wondering how the hunters would keep themselves from drifting so that they could not reach shore — or the main ice. As a matter of fact, many Eskimo hunters lose their lives in taking these thrilling risks. Only the year before, Tuk-hella's son and another hunter had gone for walrus, and had never returned.

Uck-Gluck now rapidly uncoiled the line of his second harpoon and, fastening a spare shaft of iron to the end of it, sent it hurtling through the air to Tuk-hella. For fifteen minutes Tuk-hella worked, until he had securely imbedded his spare shaft in the ice, and to this he now anchored Uck-Gluck and his pan, as well as his own dead walrus. Then fastening his spare line to this same anchor, he leaped back over the pans until he reached a big floating mass very close to the main field. Here he drove his lance into the ice, and using this as a sort of lever, he began slowly working the pan "in-shore" — while Uck-Gluck, on his pan, was going through the same operation, and drawing himself inch by inch, nearer to the pan on which Tuk-hella had stood. Within half an hour both pans were anchored close to the unbroken shore-run of ice.

By means of this same leverage process the walrus were dragged out upon the ice. Only one was taken from the water at a time, as all game has to be skinned and cut up before it freezes. Uck-Gluck's bull was dragged out first. Not a pound of it was allowed to go to waste, with the exception of the blood that was lost. About a gallon of this blood was saved in a skin bag, and when the entrails were pulled out, both Uck-Gluck and Tuk-hella scooped up handfuls of the warm fluid and drank it ravenously, until their faces, hands and clothing were dripping with it. We had left the igloos at nine o'clock in the morning, and it was four in the afternoon, and very dark, before we began our return journey. I had brought along some cooked meat, which had frozen hard, and on this, and a biscuit, I made my dinner. The journey back was a long and tedious one. On the sledge was at least 1,400 pounds of meat, and this weight the dogs and men could only drag over the clear ice to the foot of the shore, where we had agreed to meet the other hunters. They had secured only one small walrus, so that we were enabled to lighten our load by a half.

It was eleven o'clock when we arrived at the igloos, but there was no thought of going to bed that night. As soon as we had brought in our loads and were comfortably housed, there began what I always recall as the "red feast." It was literally a feast of blood, for the blood of freshly killed animals

...with the exception of
...are published by
...Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, Boston, Mass.

For the boy who is mechanically inclined, "The Handy Boy," by A. Neely Hall (price \$1.25 net), also published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, will be an ideal Christmas present. It is full of things that boys can make and that boys love, carpentry of every description, electrical and mechanical work, railroads, magic tricks, building, aeroplanes, kites, moving pictures and magic lanterns, Scout craft and even gardening being well treated. The book is written in the simplest manner and is illumined with excellent drawings and sketches that materially help the young student.

From the following list of new books selection can be made for almost any type of mature reader.

"Westways," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell (The Century Company, New York, \$1.40), is full of the richness and charm that characterizes the writing of the author. It is a long while since we have had a book from Dr. Mitchell, but "Westways" is worth waiting for. It's a book for the years to come.

"The Way of Ambition," by Robert Hichens (Fred A. Stokes & Co., New York, \$1.35 net), is a strong, deep story not as idealistic as his other books. Part of the book traverses the same climes as are so charmingly described in his "Garden of Allah," but in addition it covers the great American metropolis, with which Mr. Hichens has dealt so gently and admirably that it will please every American.

"A Fool and his Money," by George Barr McCutcheon (Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, \$1.25), is a splendid adventure story, with the scenes on the shore of the Danube, full of action and interest, gray towers, castles, princesses and Mr. McCutcheon's inevitable splendid American.

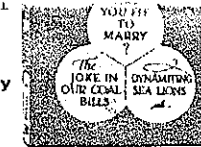
The new version of "Parsifal," by T. W. Rolleston (T. Y. Crowell & Company, New York, \$6.00 net), would make a beautiful gift for the most exalting book lover. It is a new narrative version of the great Wagnerian masterpiece, retold from ancient sources and with a few licenses granted to the modern narrator. The volume is of a de luxe edition, beautifully and appropriately illustrated. The set-in full-color plates by Willy Pogany are exquisite.

A book that has created widespread interest and discussion is "The Inside of the Cup," by Winston Churchill (The Macmillan Company, New York, \$1.50 net), and its unusual treatment of various phases and conditions of modern life is engrossing.

An ideal love story that is clothed in rare naturalness and that has a wealth of human appeal in it is "Ruth Anne," by Rose Cullen Bryant. It is published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia (\$1.25 net).

The books of this season show an unusual wealth of stories of strong appeal and it would seem as though the publishers had used every art to make them attractive as Christmas gifts.

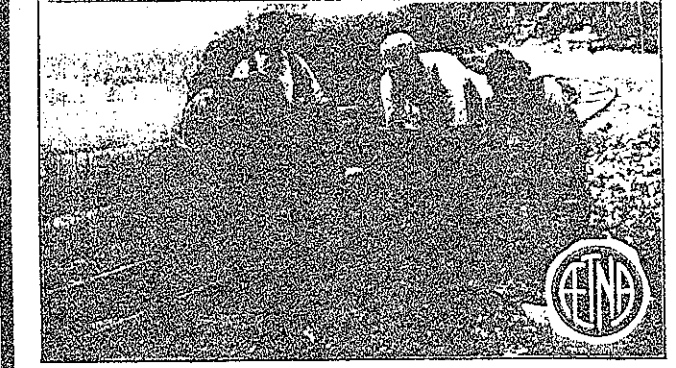
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