

Mr. Bernard Capes' latest novel, which Mr. Fisher L'Anou has issued, is based on a curious incident that actually occurred, the finding about 1902 of a number of letters posted in Paris during the siege of 1870. These letters were discovered by a fisherman in a zinc ball in the Seine. They were handed over to the postal authorities, and were as far as possible delivered to their several addresses. One of these letters exercised an important influence on the hero of Mr. Capes' novel. The main part of the story unfolds itself in a setting of English County society. Mr. Capes, as is to be expected, is seen to no small advantage in a story which is founded on an incident so romantic. "The House of Many Voices" certainly shows Mr. Capes in his best, if not in his most fantastic mood.

FROM THE NEWEST BOOKS.

Journalism Defined.

"Journalism is a matter of knowing what's what, when's when, who's who, and how's how."—"The Free Marriage," by J. Keighley Snowden.

Uses of Adversity.

"What is worry, after all? It serves as the necessary stimulus to a subsequent enjoyment. Pleasure is only comparative."—"A Society Mother."

Down.

"Along the lining of a soft night-cloud the silver dawning crept, Hushed as the nightfall on the sea, where deep the moonlight slept, His nervous way among the stars the Dawn uncertain stept."

"Silent and slow from point to point with stealthy feet he trod, And one by one with ruthless hand put out the lamps of God; Then down the East triumphantly he hurled his golden rod."

How to Treat Our Ancestors.

"Ancestor worship is a gross reversal of all natural law. The best thing any of us can do for our ancestors is to be different than they were."—"The Man-Made World," by Charlotte Perkins Gilmore.

From "Vagabond City."

"It takes a relation to achieve the greatest impertinencies!"
"I always envy the lucky people without an income. They are spared the awful worry of trying to keep within it."—"Vagabond City," by Winifred Boggs.

From "The Human Compass."

"You can talk all you like about being wealthy and famous, but the best thing in life is to have a good time." "The man who makes other people do good is a man indeed!"

finding themselves in the arms of such fierce-looking men. Wives almost shared the consternation of the children. "Why don't you kiss me, Beasy?" said a pioneer to his newly arrived wife. She stood gazing at the hirsute imitation of her husband in utter astonishment. At last she timidly ejaculated: "I can't find any place."—"The Life of Bret Harte," by Henry C. Merwin.

The Plaint of the Plains.

(Air:—"The Arrow and the Song.")
I shot like an arrow into the air,
I fell to earth I knew not where;
For so swiftly I flew, no site
Could I see where I might alight.

Long, long afterwards, in a bed,
I found myself with bandaged head;
And the words, as she eyed me aghast,
I heard again from the lips of an aunt.

—Below Zero.

Humourists on "Humour."

A writer in "La Revue," M. Maurice Dekobra, has been inviting representative humourists in various countries to define "humour," and publishes the results of his inquiry in the current number of that periodical. Many of his correspondents declare the task to be an

'print to his conceptions of humour, pointing out that it depends largely on contrast, incongruity, and a subjective sense of superiority. In America one of its leading characteristics is exaggeration, while in England it finds expression in implications (sous-entendus), equivalent to the reserve strength of an athlete. It embraces irony in the largest sense, and the art of delicate suggestion.

Mr Anstey suggests this definition: "A delicious conception of the incongruous," but he admits it is not complete. The particular humour appreciated by different races is, he thinks, largely a matter of climate.

Mr Zangwill says: "Humour is the smile in the look of wisdom."

Mr Pett Ridge declares that the most modern tendency in England is to laugh at our heroes of romance, instead of laughing with them. "Good story, he says, should have a good ending. Every country has its own humour, and thinks it the best. Jokes which make an American laugh till he cries leave an Englishman unmoved, and some French comic papers do not even make him smile. The English have more affinity with the Germans.

ERUPTION COVERED HIS 3 CHILDREN

From Head to Foot. Heartrending to See Them Suffer Such Pain. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment and Itching Stopped.

"My three children were covered with sores from head to foot and hands and arms. They first came out on the back like a lot of little blisters filled with water, and then broke into large sores till their back, arms and legs were lathering but sores. It was heartrending to see the little things suffer with such pain and they would scratch themselves to pieces had they not been stopped.

I tried several doctors' medicines and all kinds of ointments but nothing seemed to do them any good. They simply got worse until a friend of mine told me to get some Cuticura Soap and give them a good hot bath and then apply some Cuticura Ointment. I did and after I had dressed them a time or two and used two tablets of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment the places began to dry up and the itching seemed to have stopped, as the children could go to sleep as soon as they were bathed and the Ointment applied.

"They had suffered about two months until I started with Cuticura Remedies. I used six tablets of Soap and about the same of Ointment and they soon began to look bright and healthy again, and new skin began to grow. I am pleased to say they are better so, but I am still keeping Cuticura Soap and Ointment by me. It is a good thing for sores and burns." (Signed) William Dunn, 117 Branstone Rd., Burton-on-Trent, England, Mar. 12, 1911.

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COUNTER ATTRACTIONS.

Napoleon's Confession.

"Count Cobenzl and I met for our concluding session in a room where, according to Austrian custom, a dais had been installed with a chair of state representing that of the Austrian Emperor. On entering, I asked what this meant, and (on being told), I said to the Austrian minister: Come, before we begin, you had better have that chair taken away, because I have never yet seen a chair set higher than others without immediately wanting to get into it."—"The Corsican: A Diary of Napoleon's Life in his Own Words."

Characters in "The Honest Trespass."

"Miss Otway had a feeling for colour so strong that in London omnibuses she was incapable of taking any ticket which would not be pleasant to look at with the drais she wore. Even if she hid it in her hand, she was conscious of it, and though it was tiresome to throw pennies away or to go on taking white ones when the case was extreme, it was a good deal less tiresome to her than having a gaudy patch of vulgar pink or mauve-green impinging on her frock.

"The greatest of her hopes was that some day she would be fat, and she pursued the fat ideal with an ardour so energetic, and measures so fatiguing that they easily prevented her from gaining a single ounce. Nothing could make her forgo the prescribed movements every day, and once when she had made an expedition into the country and was waiting at night for a homeward train in the empty waiting-room she looked at her watch and said: 'There is just time for my neck exercises!'

"Balzac says that the perfect woman is a work published only in two volumes. For Colonel Mallard she had been an encyclopaedia, appearing regularly in parts, since he was one of those soldiers who feel that outside their profession there is nothing but womanhood with which a man can occupy himself."—"The Honest Trespass," by Constance Collreil.

"Man is a very mixed-up affair indeed. It is impossible to gauge him according to rules."—"The Human Compass," by Bart Kennedy.

Over the Footlights.

"The actress in Australia, if she touches the popular fancy, is simply overwhelming with flowers; and not only flowers, elaborate boxes of toilettes also, and jewels, the summit of originality being lately reached when a flower-bedecked crate of tiny yellow chicks was handed up over the footlights; though this was closely rivalled by a popular actor being presented, some time ago, with a medley of gorgeous socks."—"On the Wallaby," by E. M. Coker.

No Room to Kiss.

"The great beards grown in California are sometimes a source of embarrassment. When a steamer arrived a father might be seen caressing little ones whom he now saw for the first time, while the children were frightened at

impossible one, while others bring much learning and ingenuity to bear on the required definition.

Eight well-known English writers contribute their ideas on the subject. Mr G. B. Shaw, whose own humour M. Dekobra says is "saturated with ferocious irony," tersely dismisses the question in these words: "Humour cannot be defined. It is a primary substance which makes us laugh. You might as well try to prove a dogma."

Mr Jerome K. Jerome writes: "I do not think humour can be explained. I would define it as that which strikes us by its drollery."

This, M. Dekobra remarks, is evidently "the idle reply of an idle fellow."

Mr Owen Seaman, editor of "Punch," takes the matter much more seriously, and devotes two and a half pages of

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