"Warm fireside nooks--the newest books,
A chummy friend like you,
A wife that's fair--an easy-chair,--
A bowl and pipes for two.

A song or two, the kind that woo
Our thoughts from care and strife,
A mind that's bent on sweet content:
This is the Happy Life."
—HARVEY PEAKE.

HENRY F. HYDE
A CLEVER WRITER OF SHORT STORIES

Scientific Confirmations of Old Testament History, by George Frederick Wright, D. D., F. G. S. A., illustrated, $2. The Bibliotheca Sacra Co., Oberlin, O., and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

The day is passed common sense and scholarship be praised—when theologians will cram down our unwilling throats their time worn theory, which they insist is inspired from the Scriptures, that the world was created 4004 B. C. and that the terms "days," mentioned in Genesis, mean intervals of time about 24 hours each. And the more liberal of these theologians do not any more consign to the devil and his angels those who hold to an honest but opposite opinion. Dr. Wright, former preacher and afterward professor of the Language and Literature of the New Testament in Oberlin Theological Seminary, and at present the accomplished editor of the archaeological magazine, The Records of the Past, is able to reconcile the teachings of the Bible with the researches of modern science. It is all a matter of interpretation, after all.

Dr. Wright's "Scientific Confirmations of Old Testament History," is the result of 40 years' continuous study of the subjects discussed, and it is significant that his views and researches are marked by ripe scholarship, liberality, and sanity. His book is so attractive that it will be found interesting and easily understood by the man of common-school education who candidly wishes to read the Bible narrative in the light of higher criticism, and to take advantage of deliverances from modern geologists, archaeologists, and etymologists. The pages are also filled with valuable information drawn from the author's entire field of study and travel, which embraces the larger part of the Northern hemisphere in both continents. The book is timely in view of the start of Sunday school lessons for 1907.

As for such Biblical events as the years of famine and plenty in Egypt, the crossing of the Jordan, the falling of the walls of Jericho, and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah,—these according to Dr. Wright are natural phenomena which are now easily understood through the light of modern science. He believes that the flood was an actual occurrence, that it must be considered to be connected with the extensive earth movements accompanying the glacial epoch, and that it took place in the Euphrates Valley where the last remnant of the human race was located at that time. He shows that "the ice piled up over the glaciated area of the Northern hemisphere would weight nearly as much as the whole North American continent, and is itself probably a cause sufficient to disturb the equilibrium of the earth's crust, and produce the change of level since man came into the world, of which there is so much evidence."

Now for the first chapter of Genesis. Dr. Wright thinks that the purpose of this particular chapter was to impart not scientific but religious truth and that the object of the brief history of the human race from the creation to the time of Abraham, "covering a period of unknown thousands of years," was likewise religious. Mention is made that Sir. J. W. Dawson and others would place the fourth encampment of the children of Israel some distance north of the present southerly extension of the larger of the Bitter lakes.

To better illustrate the parting of the waters of the Jordan, Dr. Wright instances that a similar interruption of the waters of the Columbia River, in Oregon, is known to have occurred at the Cascades, where an old channel was permanently obstructed by an immense land slide, producing a lake above, whose outlet is still over the rocks, which causes the cascade. These submerged trees together with the long still reach of water above, at once suggest that an obstacle has been placed athwart the stream, forming a dam which converted the river valley above it into a long, narrow lake, and that the rising water submerged an old forest of which these trees are the vestiges.

Of striking interest are the chapters on the deluge, with the Biblical and cuneiform accounts given side by side. The cuneiform tables mentioned are those discovered by George Smith about 1870 and supposed to date from at least 2000 B. C., and the translation from Berosus. Dr. Wright says in passing that according to the ordinary interpretation of the Biblical account, the deluge continued one year and 17 days, and that according to the cuneiform tablets it lasted only 14 days.

This quotation will show Dr. Wright's clearly cut style of writing:

In the genealogies in the fifth chapter of Genesis, ten generations are mentioned between Adam and Noah, and the age of the parent at the time of the birth of the son who is next in the chain, is in each case given. In the 11th chapter, ten more generations between Noah and Abraham are mentioned in the same manner—that is, the age of the parent at the birth of each successive son is given in definite figures. So that by adding together these sums to the date of Abraham—which is 1918 B. C.—as Archbishop Usher did, we get the dates which are found in the margins of many of our English Bibles of the creation of man, namely 4004 B. C., and of the flood, 2348 B. C.

Dr. Wright, to get out of what might prove to be close quarters, retorts that the linked geneological tables referred to were not intended by their writer nor understood by his readers to teach a definite chronology, but "simply to show lines of descent in which any number of intermediate links may be omitted without interfering with the purpose of the tables." Dr. Wright is even orthodox enough to incline to the opinion that Central Asia is the original home of mankind. In general, he holds that the strength of truth in historical statements of the Bible is not diminished but increased by modern scientific investigation.

Scorn of Women, in three acts, by Jack London. $1.25. The Macmillan Co., New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

What would the world say if a play or a novel by the author of "The Call of the Wild" be labelled: "John" London? It would surely be a cheap custom were our novelists to announce themselves as Bill, Bob or Dick! Uniformly speaking, however, London's literary work is so original and masterful that any style of name the author chooses is immaterial.

An Indian humorist who occasionally uses brimstone words, several dogs, a woman with a past, and a dash of snow and ice either in Alaska or the Yukon—and there you have a bottled-up London romance. This is true of "Scorn of Women," London's new play, starting in 1897 in the Alaska Commercial Company's store at Dawson, Yukon territory—the entire action occuring in 13 hours. The principal character in it is a Greek girl named Freda Moloof, who is thus described: "A dancer; speaks perfect English, but withal has that slight indefinable foreign touch of accent; good figure, willowy, yet not too slender; of indeterminate age, possibly no more than 25; her furs the most magnificent in all the Yukon country from Chilcoot to St. Michaels; and her name common on the lips of men."

Opposite to Freda in the play is Floyd Vanderlip, an Eldorado king worth $2,000,000. But old Vanderlip is big-muscled and big-bodied he is just the sort of a man whom clever women can tie into knots. Vanderlip is really engaged to marry one Flossie—she of the soft and clinging kind with pretty pouting lips and blow-away hair. She is on her way to Dawson to marry him when the latter discovers that he also loves Freda Moloof, and Loraine Lisznayi, a Hungarian adventuress no longer in the first blush of youth. Indeed, Vanderlip isn't very sure whether or not he also loves Mrs. Eppingwell, wife of the special agent for the United States Government. Vanderlip and Loraine are on the point of eloping together when Freda discovers their plot, and for the sake of Flossie, the pure girl whom Vanderlip promised to marry, Freda makes herself a social martyr for his sake. Here is one suggestive dialogue a la London between Vanderlip and Freda: "When you came against me and rested your head on my breast so that the scent of your hair got into my brain and maddened me," etc.

The comedy element is supplied by Sitka Charley, an Indian dog puncher, and Mrs. McFee, a middle-aged Scotch woman, whose sharp nose exactly leads her to pry into the affairs of others.

Dash, snap and color mark the construction of the play and the action is fairly exciting—but milder than the usual London brand, which generally spells sensation. Its inherent dramatic vigor will surely bring the play success when it appears on the boards.

In the Fire of the Heart, by Ralph Waldo Trine. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

A great statesman once defined politics as that vehicle which directs the happiness of the common people. And as the faithful herald of a similar doctrine of comfort and cheer, Mr. Trine gives this most interesting sociological study.

In plain language that has no double meaning, as Emerson or Henry George would have written, Mr. Trine shows that our system of representative government has its leper spots, and that many of the men we send to make laws for us are bought up like sheep by moneyed interests which rule us instead. For instance, it is shown at the present moment that instead of the people of New York State having two representatives in the United States Senate—as a matter of fact a New York express company has one representative there, and a very rich family of railroad owners has the other. Truly a merciless but just view of United States Senators Platt and Depew.

As a panacea Mr. Trine advocates direct primary legislation and the initiative and referendum, as we know these measures in Oregon. Indeed, he gives a favorable resume of conditions in Oregon generated by the measures described. The sale of public franchises, the greed of corporate wealth, and the rise of a grasping plutocracy asserting to itself the God-given right to manage public utilities in any way it pleases—these are pictured with vigor and stirring purpose.

The book is a valuable one to place in the hands of a young man just awakening to a realization of the duties of civic life and who in his perplexity to cling to one of the two great political parties forgets that his primary duty as a voter first belongs to his city and state, and that no party is not superything. Mr. Trine gives a powerful picture of the end of a plutocrat whose one passion in life was to make money and keep it:

The greed of gain becomes his master and dries up his very powers of enjoyment of the finer things in life. He accumulates $100,000,000 with all the care and worry that it necessarily entailed to get advantage means. He dies. Three months after he has gone, his name is scarcely ever heard, except perhaps in some long-drawn-out or bitterly-fought will contest. His end is like that of a dog. In short, many a dog—faithful, intelligent and useful—has been more genuinely mourned and longer and more gratefully remembered.

This human cry voiced by the Bishop of Exeter is noted;

Give us men!
Strong and Stalwart ones,
Men who fear God, hope nought else fears,
Men whom purest honor fires,
Men who trample self beneath them,
Men who make their country wreath them
Worthy of their sires,
Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fall their brothers,
True, however false are others,
Give us men—I say again,
Give us men!

Farming Almanac, 1907, compiled by Claude H. Miller, Ph. B. Doubleday, Page & Co.

It is noteworthy that, according to eminent authorities, the second piece of printing done in the American colonies was an almanac. And today the almanac is as useful as in the year 1732, when the almanac "Poor Richard" was started in Philadelphia by Benjamin Franklin, because he needed ready money. Mr. Miller's almanac is a real almanac and reference book for the farm as well as the home. Within its 168 pages are contained special planting time-tables, rules for foretelling the weather, farm law, arithmetic, rules for health, simple remedies for the diseases of farm animals, useful recipes and household hints, 12 immediate service coupons, etc. Oregon gets its share of mention, and the book is sure to find its way to all farmhouses. Its material is well selected and presented with the utmost care.

The House of the Hundred Doors, by Will M. Clemens. The Hawthorne Press, New York City.

The title of this little story of 41 pages suggests a Chinese or Japanese beginning, but instead one meets with an expose of vivisection. Five of the chapters tell charmingly of various dogs, one dog that went to church to pray, another dog that was an authority on etiquette, and yet another—Beauty, "a black-and-tan, a wiggling, wiry mite of a dog that brought with him to his new home a little yelp, a little bark and a little bundle of nerves." All the dogs are seized and taken to the House of the Hundred Doors, where they find other animals captive and ready for the vivisectionist's lance and needle. A simple story told in such plain language that a child can understand it.

John Sherman, by Theodore E. Burton. $1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

Just the kind of a book to place in the hands of young Americans—a study of one of the strongest Americans of our generation. For John Sherman's public career as a member of the House of Representatives and of the Senate, Secretary of the Treasury and Secretary of State, extended from March 4, 1855, to April 27, 1898, a period of more than 43 years. He died at Washington in October, 1900. The book belongs to the "American Statesmen," second series, and is compact without being dry, and brilliant without being fulsome. Mr. Burton gives an educative picture of political conditions which cannot fail to interest the reader.

Tiles From the Porcelain Tower, by Edward Gilchrist. $1.25. The Book Room, Boston, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

A volume of superior poetry which is as different from cheap verse as china is from earthenware. The 28 poems sing a song of dignified beauty and speak a calm of philosophy that harks back to Omar Khayyam.

J. M. Q.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP

Beaumont and Fletcher were the first to collaborate plays in English literature.

London Punch suggests as one way of raising revenue that every "authoress and author shall be subject to an adjective tax."

Kate Douglas Wiggin's popular story of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" has now been issued in somewhat abbreviated form in Leipzig.

Of the 1000 copies of the special quarto edition of "Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography" published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 800 have already been subscribed for.

A new novel is announced by William de-Morgan, whose "Joseph Vance" has received praise from leading critics both here and abroad. The new book will bear the title "Alice for Short."

A coal company recently ordered a copy of the novel "The Divine Fire" from Henry Holt & Co., and now the same publishers have received an order from a lumber corporation for "The Log of the Sun."

One indication of the world-wide interest in the Panama canal is the fact that Cassell & Co., of London have already secured rights for the English market for Willis Fletcher Johnson's "Four Centuries of the Panama Canal."

Josephine Preston Peabody, author of "Marlowe," "The Singing Leaves," etc., who has been traveling in Europe since her marriage last June to Lionel Marks, of Harvard University, is now in Dresden for the Winter and has again taken up her literary work.

Miss Kate Sanborn, one of the pioneer reclaimers of abandoned farms, has published an interesting and unique illustrated book on old-fashioned wall papers. She not only uses them for furnishing and book-making, but writes columns of lively book reviews, and out-of-town topics for a daily paper.

Henry Morrow White, whose first book, "The Upstart," a tale of the Middle West, follows a number of short stories, writes of conditions and characters with which he is familiar. He is a native of Illinois, and is now editor of the Technical World Magazine, after seven years' work on the editorial staff of the Chicago Tribune.

It is proposed to purchase the cottage of Nether Stowey, England, in which Coleridge wrote "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel" and others of his finest poems and to keep it as far as possible in the state in which it was during the poet's residence. It was in this cottage that Coleridge entertained William and Dorothy Wadsworth, Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt and others.

Dr. William E. Griffis, whose books on Holland are widely known, has returned from his seventh trip of observation and study in Europe, during which he attended the Rembrandt tercentenary in Holland. This Winter he will deliver three lectures: "On and Off the Dikes of Holland," "Artists and Literary Holland," and "On Rembrandt: the Man, His Country and His Art."

The cover design of E. Boyd Smith's pictorial representation of "The Story of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith" is the coat of arms of the Virginia Colony, not the seal of the State of Virginia. The coat of arms, with its crest and motto, is a facsimile of the original. In place of the conventional "supporters," Mr. Smith has used Pocahontas and John Smith, they being the "supporters" of the Virginia Colony, according to the story.

Of the first edition of "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," by Elizabeth Bisland, 200 copies have been printed and bound entirely uncut, with paper labels and containing a page of Hearn's original manuscript. Which will give these copies an unusual attraction among all lovers of first editions. Various reviewers have said that Hearn's letters here published are the most interesting and important since those of Stevenson, Fitzgerald and Lowell.

G. Bernard Shaw's new book, "Dramatic Opinions and Essays," appears just in advance of Christmas, when Christmas, in which Shaw is said to have contributed a sort of benediction. Of course, Shaw's identity has been questioned. So persistently does he stay on the other side of the water that the American public, not having original data to contrast, believes that he is a great, conscienceless syndicate, and not a lone, misunderstood individual.

Ever since the day of publication of the "Hohenlohe Memoirs," the publishers have been racing to keep pace with the demand for the work. The first printing was entirely exhausted in advance of publication, and it was not until last week that the supply of copies caught up with the demand. In the meantime, orders from the large booksellers were cut in two by the publishers, in order to divide the available supply of the books as evenly and fairly as possible.

Another painting of Mary McNeil Fenollosa's (Sidney McCall) "Truth Dealer," which was brought out in a new illustrated edition last Spring, is announced. Nearly 100,000 copies of this popular American romance have been sold. With "The Dragon Painter" said to be Mrs. Fenollosa's finest and most artistic work, on the road to permanent success, this talented author is now writing a novel dealing exclusively with American life in contemporary New York.

The seas of romance are becoming almost as thickly strewn with islands as the oceans of comic opera. The stage has given us Arcadia, Ruritania, Lotus Land, Land of By-and-By and so without number. Robert Louis Stevenson seems to have been guilty of starting the title craze in romantic geography. His "Treasure Island" was followed by Marriot Watson's "Harricane Island." Now comes Allen Sealy Gale of the poetic name, with "Romance Island," located somewhere in the fairy seas south of the Equator. It is a delightfully crazy by those who understand the scientific mysteries of the fourth dimension.

One of the most original of the recent English illustrated books is a volume on "Costume Fanciful, Historical and Theatrical," compiled by Mrs. Aria and illustrated by Percy Anderson. Mrs. Aria has left the task of writing a weighty historical and sociological treatise to others. Her own effort has been more modest—and, it may be added, infinitely more entertaining.

Soon will be published "Practical Problems in Banking and Currency." The volume will consist of addresses delivered before the National Banking Association in recent years, and the list of about 80 authors includes many distinguished names.

George Sylvester Viereck, the extremely youthful, has the pleasure of seeing on sale for the first time a book of his own writing. "A Game at Love." It is decked in red and gold and inside and out is worthy of more than passing notice. The author is indeed strongly touched with the modern view of love-making, but beneath it all there is the wonderful German sentiment that makes one take love situations, and causes one to remember what a recent novelist said—that no woman had really been made love to artistically until she had had a German lover. You must read and hunt to study the New Yorker a little more closely, for it is impossible to think of his characters as real, live New Yorkers. The atmosphere is not there.

An amusing book-hunting story is told by the Paris Eclair. A bouquiniste of the rive gauche lately purchased at an auction a little volume of 230 pages for 1 franc. He catalogued it at 3 francs, but no one bought it; he then priced it at 4 francs, next at 5 francs and at last at 2 francs 50 centimes it was consigned to the limbo of the boxes on the quais. The book was a copy of the "Oeuvres Completes" of Jean Desmares, an academician of the year 17. Just at this time, by a curious coincidence, M. Frederic Masson read a paper at the institute on this Desmares, revealing the fact that of the "Oeuvres Completes" only 14 examples were printed, of which only four had been traced. The purchase, so far from going begging at 2 francs and 50 centimes, found a ready buyer at 250 francs.

Stephen Gwynn is a man after Justin McCarthy's own heart. They are both Irishmen, as well as literary men, and the versatility of each is matched only by that of the other—for Mr. Gwynn, like Mr. McCarthy, has written novels, essays and descriptive works, besides history and biography. But Mr. Gwynn's latest bid for Mr. McCarthy's admiration, in his election to Parliament as the Nationalist member for the City of Galway, is also the strongest. "Stephen Gwynn is a man of intellect and of high education," said Mr. McCarthy in a recent article in The Independent, "who won much university distinction, and has made for himself a great success as an author of books and a writer for reviews and magazines. I am confident that he will win for himself a distinctive place in Parliament, and that, as he has already done in other paths, his election speeches show that he is likely to have a great success in the House."

E. Phillips Oppenheim's new story, "The Malefactor," will soon be published in Boston, and a large first edition has been printed to supply the advance orders. In "The Malefactor," Mr. Oppenheim employs to the greatest advantage his wonderful resources, and the result is an absorbing story which is likely to be his greatest success. Sir Wingrave Seton, re-entering the world after an imprisonment chivalrously faced, rather than defend himself at a woman's expense, is involved in strange events and has a remarkable influence upon the people with whom he is brought in contact. Deceived, brooding on his wrongs, young, wealthy and free, he begins a new life, and the reader wonders what will happen. Little, Brown & Co., who are the sole American publishers of Mr. Oppenheim's novels, have just released in new illustrated editions two of his earlier stories, "Enoch Strone," the story of the eventful career of a masterful man, and "A Sleeping Memory," a story in occultism, with abundant love interest.

The following recent printings give good evidence of books for which there is a strong, steady demand, says the Atlantic Monthly: Thirty-eighth edition of "To Have and To Hold," by Mary Johnson, making a total of 329,000 copies; 19th edition of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, making the 190th thousand; 18th edition of "Jewel," by Clara Louise Burnham; 31th edition of "Caleb West," by F. Hopkinson Smith; 10th edition of "American Traits," by Professor Hugo Munsterberg; 7th edition of the volume of "Poems," by William Vaughn Moody; six edition of "The Opened Shutter," by Clara Louise Burnham; 5th edition of "The Immanence of God," by Borden P. Bowne; 4th editions of "The Clammer," by William J. Hopkins, and "Lincoln, Master of Men," by Alonzo Rothschild; 3d editions of "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," by Elizabeth Bisland, and "Harding St. Timothy's," by Arthur S. Pier; and 2d editions of "The Story of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith," by E. Boyd Smith, "Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome," by Rodolfo Lanciani, "Friends on the Shelf," by Bradford Torrey, "The Flock," by Mary Austin, "The Subconscious," by Professor Joseph Jastrow, "The Golden Goose," by Eva March Tappan, and "Walt Whitman," by Bliss Perry.

A few days ago, says a correspondent in the Boston Transcript, I saw the paragraph from Scribner's Magazine in which Ruskin is quoted as speaking "with scornful amusement of such mistaken enthusiasts as wished to enroll Jane Welch Carlyle among the martyrs," on account of her "man's bad temper." He is stated to have acknowledged that Carlyle was frequently grumpy and easily irritated, and (this follows) "that clever shrew," his wife, well knew this, and by the very tones of her voice as she "rasped out his name," could set his nerves on edge in a paroxysm of febrile irritation. Now I am far from being one of those mistaken enthusiasts, because I am an intense lover of justice and have always claimed everywhere that to Carlyle's wife would like very much to present, in conjunction with the paragraph above given, in which Ruskin is said to have called Mrs. Carlyle "that clever shrew," the following quotation from a letter written to myself by a friend of Ruskin's, who knew him as "a sweet woman." "She is a sweet woman," was his reply, "but how did you find it out? That's not the character she generally bears." I myself would like to ask anyone who knew Mr. Ruskin whether he would have been likely to bestow the epithet "clever shrew" upon one whom he also recognized as "a sweet woman," and if so, what is the value of his characterization either way? And especially, is it just in its first one description to the exclusion of the other?

Nothing could exceed the seriousness with which writers of fiction take themselves nowadays. The artist is always serious, in a sense; but a portentous appreciation of his own value to the world is not necessary to his work, says the Providence (R. I.) Journal. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has been recently discoursing, with a gravity worthy of Hall Caine, upon the importance of travel. If novelists, she says, "do not study life and human nature at first hand they are not fit for the position." And she goes on to say that "when people travel, I think nothing," she asserts, "of traveling from Munich to California if I find my knowledge is not definite enough, and for instance, I want to know Francisco or Sitka, a trip of 12 days, with the return by Vancouver, B. C., for the overland train, for the sake of one chapter. And I found it quite worth while, for the mental picture I had made of the place from much description, was quite at variance with the reality. It is perfectly easy to understand how this can be without admitting the conclusion that Mrs. Atherton draws as to novelists in general. Of course it is well to visit Sitka before writing about it, even if the late General Wallace did write "Ben Hur" with no personal knowledge of the scenes described. A personal impression must be more vivid than one gained from books. But it does not follow that the greatest novelist is he whose stage is the largest. The writers of fiction that confine themselves to the "locality," says Mrs. Atherton, "where they find it convenient or economical to live, soon exhaust their resources and drop behind." Greater nonsense than this could hardly be put forth. Did Jane Austen exhaust herself because she lived in all her life only a small part of England? The prosperity of a novel lies in the inward eye of him who writes it.

United States Senator Knox, it is believed, subscribes regularly to more magazines, newspapers and other periodicals than does any other man in public life. He receives through the mails every month every popular magazine published in the United States, and receives daily most of the daily newspapers of Pittsburg and Philadelphia, besides the morning papers of Washington and some of those of New York and Baltimore, in addition to these sources of information, he subscribes for, is a subscriber to nearly every weekly of both parties in Pennsylvania. He is an early riser, and manages to skim through the most of the morning papers, that reach him soon after breakfast, before breakfast—at the Washington, D. C., Herald. When he returns home in the evening he glances through such papers as have been delivered at his residence after he had left for the days work. When the house is quiet at night he takes up his magazines and weekly weeklies, varying this light reading with dips into law books, Congressional reports, Supreme Court decisions, etc. How he finds time to keep up with the latest novels after ridding of the other reading he is known to do is a mystery, but that he does is evidenced by his thorough acquaintance with them. In preparing himself for the trust prosecutions he made it a point, while holding the office of Attorney-General, Mr. Knox read every scrap of literature available on that great subject. He paid particular attention to the debates in Congress ever since the agitation for measures curtailing the power of the Federal Government over the affairs of trusts and other huge aggregations of capital. He stated some time ago that of all the arguments made in Congress on the trust question, those presented by the late Senator George, of Mississippi, a truck lion in the strongest, most lucid, and enlightening. "Senator George must have been a lawyer of exceptional ability and industry," declared Senator Knox.

That gentle philosopher, Moncure D. Conway, has been heard from again, making his reappearance with "My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East." A goodly narrative of a journey through many of the Eastern lands, where he studied human nature. In Hindustan he met Madame Blavatsky, who, he says, admitted frankly to him that she was a fraud, and, he laughed and thus disarmed him and prevented him from attacking her. The book is valuable for many things, and not the least for another collection of those epigrammatic sentences for which Mr. Conway is noted. Here are some of the latest:

Who can love a Cosmos?

I regard Theosophy simply as spiritualism in a fez.

If one scratches an Englishman with a Mohammedan he will find a crusader.

From Boccacio's Fiametta to Goethe's Gretchen it is churchgoing that furnishes the lovers' opportunity.

I have remarked in various parts of the world that in every country the sex that exceeds the other in numbers arrays itself finely; the minority sex dressing plainly. In Australia the women, being relatively few, are sure of husbands without resorting to dress.

I once met Mr. Atkinson, Harriet Martineau's famous friend, and found the "Baconian Theory" was his substitute for Christianity. That this idea about Bacon writing Shakespeare should flit around the world and fill its believers with an exaltation and peace the world cannot give is phenomenal.

If "all the world loves a lover," it would seem possible that after reading the "Love Letters of Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn," which have just been issued, a kinder memory may be had of "Bluff King Hal" than has usually been accorded to him. Certainly these remarkable letters bear every evidence of sincerity and honest passion, and their simple directness and unpretentious utterance give them something that approaches real literary charm. As befits so unique a volume, the book has been made in an original format by the Merrymount Press and full leather binding makes it an ideal gift.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Famous Hymns of the World, Their Origin and Romance, by Allan Sutherland, illustrated, $1.20. The Making of a Housewife, by Isabel Gordon Curtis, 68 illustrations, $1.25. (P. A. Bisbee Co.)

The Story Book Girls, by Christina Gowans White, $1.50. (MacMillan.

The Sword of Wealth, by Henry Wilson Thomas, $1.50; Westward the Course of Empire, by Montgomery Schuyler, illustrated, $1.25. (Putnam's Sons.)

The Fairy Ring, edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. (McClure, Phillips.)

The above six books were received through the J. K. Gill Co.

"Help Wanted" America's Cry

Continued From Page Forty-Two.

our people could not compass, but, honestly, aren't you proud that you live in a land where, in spite of the high prices, the wage earners have a total of more than four billions of dollars—twenty billions of French francs, by the way—accumulated by their two most favored methods of saving their surplus?

Great Call for Graduates.

You may happen to know some one who wishes to get work, or seems to, but can't get it, and this may have kept you from appreciating the degree to which "help" is "wanted" in this country just now. But did you read the annual report of the Postmaster General presented to Congress at the beginning of the present session? If you did, you remember that he urged the raising of postal salaries, not only "to meet the increased cost of living," but also because good men in the service are constantly leaving it since they can earn more elsewhere. Between July 1 and November 1 last year, for instance, 2,442 rural delivery carriers resigned their jobs, an average of 528 a month.

This is unprecedented and so were last year's resignations in other branches. Postal employes don't like to give up their places, even if they can earn more elsewhere, for such places are permanent, but today the cry of "help wanted" is so strong in many quarters that they are responding to it in great numbers.

You probably didn't read the report of the New York Civil Service Commissioner. It indicated a similar state of things, when it told about lists of candidates for city places who had passed the examinations, but were already employed when the places were ready for them. This situation has caused a good deal of comment. So has the fact, as reported recently by one of the district superintendents in New York, that the metropolitan available supply of school teachers is no longer equal to the demand. The relative number of young men and women sufficiently educated for teaching does not seem to have fallen off, but there is so much greater demand for them now than formerly in other callings that they go into them instead of teaching.

Nobody heard the cry for the help of trained young men more clearly than the authorities of the colleges and technical schools previous to graduation time last year. The call was not delayed until just before commencement season. It began in the Winter months and was voiced by the agents of all sorts of big employers. The secretary of one of the largest and best known universities in the country told the writer last March that jobs were then waiting for every member of the graduating class that he could recommend as likely to do good work.

Situations were offered in big railroad offices and in the offices of great mining, commercial and manufacturing corporations. Civil engineers, electrical engineers and mechanical engineers were wanted. Suitable jobs for graduates were offered by the proprietors of department stores, by trolley companies and by great financial institutions. There was an especially strong demand for young men who knew enough of chemistry to help push along the work that has to be done in the laboratories which are such important features of the smelting works, the steel works and half a hundred of the country's other great industries.

Must Be Competent and Willing.

But—and this is something which must not be lost sight of—the cry for "help wanted" in this country is one not to be satisfied by any except the thoroughly competent. The employers of the United States have a job for every one, but to get one of these jobs you must give signs of competence and to hold it you must make good. The work to be done is important and would better not be done than done poorly.

That is one of the reasons why, despite the real shortage of workers, there often seems to be a surplus, especially among those who believe themselves to be well trained. You could find a good many last year's "scientific" graduates who have not yet found themselves, while any man well versed as to the need for experts in electricity, chemistry and sanitary, mechanical and civil engineering can tell you of employers who are at their wits' end to find competent youngsters to enter these callings.

The writer was present at a recent meeting of skilled and employing chemists, when the chief question discussed was, "Where are we to find enough experts to man our laboratories?" At the same time it was freely stated that applicans for laboratory situations, who had gone through the prescribed course of preparation at famous scientific schools, were constantly being turned away because brief practical examinations showed them unfit for the work they aspired to do. This condition is not peculiar to the chemical industries; it exists in every one of the great industries mentioned above.

For those who cannot find work in practical science because they are not thoroughly prepared there are only two courses open: they must either prepare themselves all over again or they must take what they can get and be ready to work with all their might and strength.

The cry is "help wanted," and there are few jobs worth while for those who are not able and willing to "help" in the fullest sense of the word. This America, which has more work to give to her sons, both native and adopted, than there are sons to do it, will not tolerate the lazy any more than the incompetent.

Speaking about this feature of the situation a famous architect said the other day that there is a heartbreaking shortage of competent and industrious young men with the necessary artistic sense to do the minor work in every big architect's establishment in the country, yet there are more applicants than there are places, constantly.

"Many of the applicants who do not get places or, getting them, fail to keep them," he said, "are young Europeans trained in European schools of the first grade. Some of these young men have all the artistic taste and perception required, but few are willing to work as every one must work in this country.

"I have in mind at this moment," he continued, "a young man, the son of a prominent Parisian. The father wrote to me asking that I allow his son to come to me and work with me in America, where he was sure the boy could rise rapidly to distinction and accumulate more wealth in a few years than he could in a lifetime spent in France. I wrote:

"Send him along, if you will, and I will give him the chance you ask for. But I advise you to keep him in France; he will not be able to maintain the American pace.'

"The father 'sent him along,' however, and I put the youngster at work. I paid him twice as much as he could have got in Paris after two or three years of practical work, although not big wages, of course, and gave him every opportunity. But do you suppose he made good? Not a bit of it. He seemed willing enough, but the hard work and persistent application necessary in my office to keep pace with the other young chaps employed there knocked him out completely.

"He was positively bewildered by the American rush. I was beginning to fear that I would have to send him home, when I was called away from my office for a few days. On my return he was missing, and I asked for him. 'Gone back to France,' I was told. 'He wanted us to beg your pardon and to say he couldn't understand the American way in the least.'

"I could understand him perfectly, and although he had some good points I was glad he couldn't understand us. Which brings me to the statement that American workers are paid more than others mainly because they earn more."

Manual Workers Faring Best.

Undoubtedly manual workers in this country, those who work with their hands and wear overalls, are getting more in proportion out of the present "wave-crest" than any but the highest grades of those whose work enables them to encircle their necks with linen collars and incase their feet in polished shoes. Often the bookkeeper gets less than the bricklayer, while the salesman in the retail shop is almost invariably much less liberally paid than the man who imperils his life working at dizzy heights erecting skyscraper frames. Perhaps that's all right; it is from the standpoint of the bricklayer and the structural ironworker at all events. And although the clerk, bookkeeper and the salesman would like the better wages of the best paid workers at skilled trades, there are few among the "boiled-shirt" wage earners who would change places with the others even at the increased pay. It seems odd or otherwise according to the way you look at it.

How great has been the increase of wages and of prices? It is too early to make accurate calculations as yet. Both are higher than since 1899. That year prices of living, according to Dun, were 122.679, as compared with 108.179 on December 1, 1906. When Bulletin No. 65 was issued by the Department of Labor the increase of the purchasing power of weekly wages was 3.5 per cent over that of 1894, the year of lowest prices, but there have been great changes since then. While prices have gone up the advances in wages made by the great railroad companies—whose net earnings, by the way, were $78,000,000, nearly $27,000,000 more than last year—the United States Steel Corporation and other employes of many thousands have publicly announced wage increases at a rate amounting to hundreds of millions a year. The Standard Oil is the latest great corporation to put wages up. At the same time thousands of smaller employers have raised wages also, but of these advances the general public can know nothing.

Meanwhile the call for help is louder than ever, and accordingly the immigration for 1907 will probably be the largest in history. That the foreign workers in this country were never so prosperous as now is shown by the unprecedentedly large number of them who went home for Christmas—more than 40,000 Italians, counting those of no other nationality.

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CHRISTMAS TREES IN JULY

Butte Used to Set Them Up to Celebrate the Glorious Fourth.

New York Sun.

The man from Butte, Mont., stopped to look at the Christmas trees stacked up outside the grocery store.

"Well, well," he said. "Those make me think of Fourth of July at home."

"You mean Christmas, don't you?"

"I mean just what I said. They make me think of Fourth of July."

"Butte's a great old town, you know, but it ain't the kind that blossoms as the rose. No, sir, it ain't. Fact is, there's folks out there that have been trying their darndest for more than 20 years to raise even a tree."

"They didn't insist on any lofty, spreading giant, either. Just any little mean ornery thing with leaves on it would half tickled 'em to death.

"Butte folks ain't the kind that give up easy, so we have got a few trees out there now, though you might not think much of them at first sight. But up to a few years ago a tree was as good to Butte eyes as water is to a thirsty camel.

"And so it happened that if we wanted to spread ourselves the first thing we did was to have some trees hauled in from the canons, 15 or 20 miles away. Every holiday that came along, Christmas, Thanksgiving, Fourth of July, Miners' Union day—every sort of special occasion—the wagonloads of trees came rolling into town, and for once our streets were lined with them.

"You folks down East here decorate with bunting and flags and lights. But the rarest and consequently the most decorative thing in Butte was a tree. So trees were what we were set on having.

"We didn't throw them away as soon as the immediate festivity was over, either. They were planted firmly in place and just as long as there was a suspicion of greenness about them they were kept there.

"All the business houses set the trees out in front, but the saloons and the markets made the finest show. My, but our Butte markets were worth a trip to Montana just in themselves.

"In the first place they had masses of green fresh from the canyons for a background. And against this background were whole deer, sheep, bear and strings of ramechirds.

"But it wasn't only the business firms that imported trees to town. People used to buy them and set them up in their yards, especially for the Fourth of July.

"That was the greatest treat you could give the children. Buy 'em an evergreen tree just off the mountains and you'd make 'em happy for a month.

"Why, I've seen two or three children trying to crawl in under a little tree not more than there or four feet high that made a perch of shade about as big as my handkerchief. They had all their truck with them and were pretending to be having a picnic.

"That was before the street railway company ran out to a place where there are some real trees alive and growing. Since folks can get out to the trees there they don't set up the cut ones the way they used to.

"But I don't think I'll ever see a Christmas tree without it calling up the picture of those we used to have sticking up all over town to celebrate Fourth of July."

ON TRAITS OF ANIMALS

Burroughs Says They Do Not Commit Suicide or Put Up Bluff Game.

"I do not believe that animals ever commit suicide," says John Burroughs in Outing. "I do not believe that they have any notions of death, or take any note of time, or ever put up any bluff game, or ever deliberate together, or form plans or forecast the seasons.

"They may practice deception, as when a bird feigns lameness or paralysis to decoy you away from her nest, but this, of course, is instinctive and not conscious deception.

"There is at times something that suggests co-operation among them, as when wolves hunt in relays, as they are said to do, or when they hunt in couples, one engaging the quarry in front while the other assaults it from the rear; or when quail roost upon the ground in a ring, their tails to the center, their heads outward; or, as when cattle or horses form a circle when attacked in the open by wild beasts, the cattle with their heads outward and the horses with their heels.

"Of course all this is instinctive and not the result of deliberation. The horse always turns his tail to the storm as well, and cows and steers, if I remember rightly, turn their heads."