"Today, when I see a youth spending his spare money on books or good magazines, I know he is laying the foundations of success."-John Wanamaker.

I'ishins

Skeiches

Grover Cleveland



Heveland, Illustrated, \$1.25. The Outing

Grover Cleveland as a politician and

fisherman are two widely different per-

he exhibits naturalness and calm philoso-phy that makes anything he has to say on these subjects of refreshing worth.

The present volume is another reissue of an already famous book, and several of the sketches are well known, but the book in its new and improved form is the one you ought to get for your library. The name of Cleveland is a good asset, but the library matter is so well they

mon-sense and an excellent husband.

the servant-girl question from the serv-

The New Internationalism, by Harold Bolce \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York City

by political optimists.

A calm, philosophical, economic study world problems, particularly those af-

tons as he does, Mr. Bolee argues against the criminal wastefulness of war, and

suth or young man just becoming aware

Among those, even of middle age, how

This well-written book of 32 pages, from the pen of Miss Nettle Mudd, daughter of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, tells

the momentous story of her father's life from his own point of view-with an

endeavor to show that he was innocent with reference to the charge that he was one of John Wilkes Booth's accomplicies.

Miss Mudd clearly shows that on April

The Life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, edited b Miss Nettle Mudd. Hustrated, Ed. Th Neals Publishing Co., New York City.

Publishing Company, New York City.

sons. As a politician his record is too well known for any discussion at this time, and as a fisherman and sportsman

Alexander Wilson, Poet and Naturalist, by James Southall Wilson, Ph. D. \$2. The Neals Publishing Company, New York

but the literary matter is so good that it doesn't require the impress of a famous name to sell it. The illustrations are by Henry S. Watson.

death in it, and there is no woman with several husbands and a chloride past. Jane Aubrey Blythe is a foolishly romantic young woman with high-strung ideas which nearly wreck her life had she not visited America, where she gained comcrude manner by needlessly picturing the licentious, drunken Scotland of Alex-ander Wilson's boyhood. This criticism can honestly be made. It would have Hon, Wipplinger Towle is a splendid-r drawn character, although it is a pity given the reader a more pleasant impres-sion—in the very beginning of things— had the biographer launched his literary he makes so poor a lover. But he stands heroic in his unselfishness and unloved middle age. Once he softly told Jane he loved her, and that damsel repiled; "I'd craft differently. He ought to have first interested the reader in his here, and then about the middle of the book to have like you awfully well for an uncle, or a grandfather. There, I oughtn't to have said that. You are really not old enough told what he considered the nauscating truths regarding the Scotland of the truths regarding the Scotland early portion of the 18th century Here are a few thoughts selected from

to be a grandfather. But mine are both dead, and I've always thought it would The towns of Scotland were dirty and seworless. Even from the streets of such cities as Edinburgh and Glasgow went up the stench of decayed refuse which had been thrown from the windows above. The be lovely to have one. . . . It wasn't a bit nice of me to say it, But then, I'm always saving dreadful things. That is why "-dejectedly-"nobedy likes me." In spite of all this, Mr. Towle was noble ough to leave Jane a legacy of \$60,000. Truthful Jane' is also an epitome of churches were very frequently disorganized and factious, the achools poor and the morals of the people loose and corrupt. It was not uncommon for the hest-bred is-

dies to accompany young men to the dirty fittle oyster cellars below the street, where they are and drank together. Especially appailing are the figures which

Illustrate the number of child-murders which occurred all through the 17th and 18th centuries. On one day, in Edinburgh alone, in the year 1981, seven women were executed for destroying their offspring; four feeting America, written in a spirit of cheerful optimism. The reasoning is close and thoughtful, but it is never dull, each point being illustrated by apt anec-dotes principally selected by Mr. Bolce during his recent foreign tour. were hanged in Aberdeen in 1705 in a single day, and in 1714 there were executions June 18 and 28 and July 2. It is a significant fact that the severity of the punishment for immerality was less for the lower orders than for the more enlightened classes. A story is reissted of a certain Joha Pardie who took appeal in a case in which has weaking a continuous and the was fined as a certification for 100 country. new internationalism unfolded in cial and commercial amalgamation of the clai and commercial amalgamation of the nations. Mr. Bolse says that the men who are inaugurating it are not poets, that they carry their favorite hook in an inside poeter, and that the quotations with which they are most familiar are found through the ticker. Such men, he thinks, are hastening a peace more secure and a prosperity far more abundant than anything sung by poets or forecast by political optimists. he was fined as a gentleman for 100 pounds sterling Scots, for being guilty of immorality. The lords in seasion tried the appeal and sustained his objection, reducing the fine to 16 pounds sterling Scots. They gave as their very good reason that he had not the air or face of a gentleman."

Profunity kept progress with the spread of drunkenness. In the midst of these con-Here is another suggestive sentence:
"The only way for socialism to combine
the nations into anything like the unity
which money has already wrought, would
be by an international parliament, an inditions, Alexander Wilson grew up, and in contending against them in part and in sometimes yielding to them, his character

Shades of Sir Walter Scott, David Livternational fleet for police patrol of the seven seas, and an international constab-ulary. This is the dream of a remote Arcady. Of course holding such opinngstone, Ian Maclaren, J. M. Barrie et al.! Professor Wilson, you have drawn a sewer indictment of poor old Scotland. If you should happen in the near future to partake of hot Scotch, first analyse that fiery liquid. It will be safer and one chapter fairly bristles with facts combating the standpatters. An admirable book to put into the hands of a probably disappoint the coroner.

Mosby's Men, by John H. Alexander. Hus-

trated. \$2. The Neale Publishing Company, New York City.

In no sense of the word is this a hig-tory of that famous Confederate body of irregular cavairy known as Mosby's Rangers. It is rather a narrative of what Mr. Alexander saw of Mosby's men and many remember that it was Dr. Samuel A. Mudd who dressed the injured limb of John Wilkek Booth, just after the latter had fatally shot President Lintheir doings, and he writes most interestingly, for was he not one of that cele orated command? He relates incidents in which he took part as his memory re-calls them, and he certainly wields a graphic pen, or is it typewriter? The book is valuable—for reference, as it deals with phases of the war in a manner different from that to which we Northerners are accustomed, and it will by reason of its attractive, natural literary style soon find for itself a place in the literature of the Civil War.

15, 1865, two unknown men called at her father's country bouse in Maryland, 25 miles distant from Washington, D. C.,

"How was my father to knew that the injured stranger was Booth? At that time Dr. Mudd did not know that President Lincoln had been shot," says our author, in concrete. Dr. Mudd was subsequently arrested, charged with complicity in the crime referred to, and was found guilty, with the result that he passed nearly four years in prison.

The volume contains many letters written in prison by Dr. Mudd to his wife, and the language employed is certainly not that of an enemy of his country. Miss Mudd's book is welcome as shedding new light on a disput-1 historical incident.

Ination of the mining man, but the politician and investor.

Mr. Martin gives in detail an illustrated and descriptive account of Guana-juato's mines and their operations, up to date. He gives first an historical sketch of the busy Mexican mining town from its earliest days, and notes that the first shaft in the Mellado mine was opened by the Spanlards'in April, 1568, Previous to that however, it is reported that a mining discovery had been made at San Bertabe, at La Luz, but it took a period of nine years for the early ploneers to discover that there existed such a thing as a mother lode. Even Cortes sang its praises. praises. Experts say that the mines in the district have from first to last con-tributed about three-fifths of the total

but the literary matter is so good that it doesn't require the impress of a famous name to sell it. The illustrations are by Henry S. Watson.

Truthful Jane, by Florence Morse Kingsley. \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York City. Occasionally, one gets hold of a pretty, little love story with an English setting which comes as the breath of old rose from a delicately scented jar, and as one reads it one seems to pass through garden England and its leafy lanes. "Truthful Jane" is one of these delicious English stories, and it amuses as well as interests. It is just the sort of a story that is interest-compelling chough to fascinate the reader to the last page. Nobody is made to experience a violent death in it, and there is no woman with several husbands and a chloride past. Jane Aubrey Blythe is a foolishly roman. world veritable New Jerusalems. J. M. Q.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP

njured by seing run down by a motor car

The Dowager Queen of Roumania "Carmen Sylvia," spakes an income from her books that many authors cannot equal.

The Indiana Teachers' Reading Circle, which is one of the largest reading circles in the country, has officially adopted "American History and Its Geographical Conditions," by Miss Ellen C. Semple.

Another of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnet's quaint 'Queen Silver-hell' fairy stories begins in the St. Nicholas. It has the piquant title of "The Coxy Lion", and there are a number of Illustrations by the same arist who has made the pictures for the earlier stories of the series, Harrison Cady.

Professor Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard University, author of "Psychology and Life." "American Traits," The Etarnal Life, and editor of the "Harvard Psychological Studies," has been honored by the German Empieror with a Crown Order of the second class. During the midwar period Professor Munsterberg has been in Germany, where he was invited to deliver a course of lectures.

Its 13th year does not seem to bring any ill-luck to "The Honorable Peter Stirling." which, in a sense may be said to have passed its first half century? As its publishers are just having to print if for the 51st time. The politicians who succeed know prestly well that personal magnetism is probably as important in their work as anything that ran be found in the textbooks. It might not be stretching things much to say that the late Mr. Ford's remarkable novel is porthaps being used by many an embryo politician as a textbook on presonal magnetism and kindred subjects.

Jecta. J. Car. Professor Erhest Hutherford, Macdonald professor of physics in McGill University, and author of an exhaustive volume upon "Radioactive Transformations," Just published, has been appointed to succeed Professor Schuster as Langworthy professor and director of the physical laboratories at the University of Manchester, England, in the course of their reviews of the volume above mentioned the London Athenseum says he "has done more than anyone else to elucidate the behavior of radium and its congeners," and the London Spectator terms him one "of the chief leaders in this department of research."

500 C 600 SF ... The portrait presented on the book page today of Mrs. Amalia Kussner Condert is from a sketch of the American miniature painter made by the Marchioness of Granby, Mrs. Coudert is a native of Indiana, where she received her rary education through private instruction. After studying in New York the went abroad, painting miniatures of the King of England, the Prince of Wales, Cecil Rhodes, the Emperor and Empress of Russis, and other personages of note, She has written for a recent number of the Century an account of her experiences and impressions in the Winter Palage of Russis.

A new edition is announced of Mr. Samuel T. Pickard's profusely fillulated work, "Whittler-Land," of which this is the fourth printing. It contains a portrait of Whittler never before produced, it being from an ambrotype taken when the poet was about 50 years old, and it is thought by those who knew him in that period of his intense activity to be a most striking likeness. There is also an addition to the letter press, including an account of Whittler's personal appearance and manner, written by the English poet and critic, Primund Goese, librarian of the House of Lords, who yielted this country in 1884.

"John Gilph," illustrated by Robert Se and 2d editions of "Through Man to day Dr. George A. Gorden, "The Memoir Letters of Frederic Dan Hustington," Acria S. Huntington," Knisty's Rainy Plenic, by Olive Theore Miller, "B Calture and Character," by J. N. La and "Christ and the Hunting Race," by Charles Cuthbert Hall.

Sidney Lee, the well-known English authority upon Shakespeare and the Modern Stage," enters a vigorous protest against like present tendency lowards overtelaboration of the master-dramatics works, such as the following extract from a recent criticism in the London Daily Mail describes: "At His Majesty's Theater last na heads." At His Majesty's Theater last na heads. The exhibited, under the filte of 'Anihory and Cleopatra, many exquisitely painted scenes by Joseph Harker and T. E. Byan, supplemented with costumes by Percy Macquoid, R. I., some charming incidental music specially composed by Taylined Boose, and explanatory text by Shakespeare. The acting in almost every case was overwhelmed by the grandear of the scenie effects." 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

In speaking of the manner in which Bar, a obtained local color for "Peter Pan," a In speaking of the manner in which Barthe obtained local color for "Peter Pau," a critic says: "It needs but a walk in Kensington Park, houden to know Barrie by draw linewing his friends Here has he spent many an hour at play and at story-telling with the littlest of British ladles and gentlemen. And in this way does it happen that better than any other modern writer Mr. Barrie knows the manner of speach, the walk, and the ways of the little dwellers in the land of make believe. It has been by frequent association with all sorts of little "kiddies," by studying their ways, and catching their point of view that Barrie has succeeded in evolving a wayse of tunglings that for all their fanctfulness and ancarthiness of mood, nevertheless possess a humanness and theness of feeling to be found in scarcely any other modern fiction.

Those best qualified to judge say that Sir Jesile Stephen's bump of reverence was not mountained. Neverthelens, it will perhaps give most of as a joit when one is occupant suddenly in contact with those comments upon Alfred Lord Tennyson in a letter of Stephen's to his good friend Oliver Wendell Holme, Jr. We quote from Maitlands. "Life of Sir Lealie Stephen," just published. "The last remarkable person with whom I made an acquaintance was the queer old poet Tennyson. We spent a month at Freshwater, and saw a deal of him and his pleasant wife and children. He is the queerest old bloke, to speak irreserently; that I ever saw. There are those who will deprecate these remarks. Hore, however, it is well to remember that Tennyson, with his portentious inclvillities of speech and office peculiarities, had an impossible side. Under deprecation of tail catimates of groat men is not a thing to encourage, but surely Sir Leslies tone is pleasanter to the ear than that of the unctuous chorus of the obsequious and deferential to which people have listened now these many years.

Following upon their discovery of the fact that the Cedarion of Sewell Ford's stories in his new book, 'Trungate of Megadon,' just published, is really Toma River, N. J. in disguise, the citizens of that village are reported to be busily congaged in reading and discussing the merits of the book. It is also evident from the following extract from a late news paragraph that they are proud of his real suctess in making a book out of their sayings and doings. The clipping says that when they found him out: "They looked upon Ford as an acquisition, and used to point him out to the Summer visitors, with a fook of conscious pride, as "That's Ford, Sewell Ford, the author you know the chap, what writes horse stoprice, as "Phat's Ford, Sewell Ford, the author you know the chap, what writes horse storles." When the Presbyterian Church gave a musical and literary outertainment in Cowperthwalt Hall, Ford was impressed into the service, and altogether the townsfolk looked at Ford as a possession to be proud of and pointed out something like the diew town clock that the village women's club put in the church tower right across from his home."

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Maiss and clearly shows that on April
15, 1895, two unknown men called at her
father's country house in Maryland, 25
miles distant from Washington, D. C.,
and that one of the strangers asked Dr.
Mudd to set a broken bone in one of
his comrade's legs. The injured man
received surgical care and ten hours afterward was taken away by his friend:

Maryland, 25
Percy F. Martin, F. R. G. S. \$3. Illustrated. The Cheltenham Press, New York
City.

City.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have ready the
following new primings: The diltion of "The
Country house of Lords,
who visited this country in 1884.

The Diamend Ship, by Max Pemberton,
following new primings: The diltion of "The
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The Diamend Ship, by Max Pemberton,
following new primings: The diltion of "The
Scawell, both Hussian de Scawell,

On the Making of a Successful Wife

seems to me, though it may seem ages to you, when you were a little bit of a child, I used to take you on my knee in the evenings by the fireight and tell you stories. Sometimes they were just to entertain you, but some other times they had lessons hidden in their sugar conts. Now, I want you to imagine yourself a baby girl again and that you are cuddled up in my lap, with your curiy golden head nestling against my shoulder, and that am telling you the story about the two kings and the buttermilk pall. Perhaps you don't remember the story of the two kings and the buttermilk pail? Well, dearie, keep your head right there on my shoulder and I'll tell

to you now.
Once upon a time there were two kings, pretty good sort of fellows as kings go, but they were both trementhem liked it so well that he had a pail made for his special use that was the wonder of the world. It was hamshiny that when it was hung out to air the sun hurried up and got behind a cloud, and it was set with diamonds and rubies as big as Wainuts. At last its fame reached the other king, who had been contentedly drinking his butternilk out of a 10-cent tin pail and wining his mouth on his shirt sleeves, and he strategies. and he straightway fell sick with envy. So he sent special messengers to the first king's court to try and buy the wonderful buttermilk pail.

What Started the Row.

But the first king laughed them to scorn. "Ha, ha," he eried for he was full of buttermilk and valugiorlous. "Go tell your craven king to stick to tin." So they departed. And when they had made their official report and they had made their official report and field their expense account the second king jumped out of his royal bad and kicked his royal pajamas out of the window. "Gadzooks" he cried. Let me at him." So they went to war. And when they had fought for years, and thousands of good men who couldn't afford buttermilk and didn't like it, anyhow had been killed the area they. anghow, had been killed, the first king called a truce and they had a parley. "By the way," said the first king, "what did we start this row about?" "Blessed if I can remember." said the second king, "but whatever it was, you're another," "And you're another," and the first king. So they went at it again, and after they were both dead from appendicitis or rheumatism or something like that, it was discovered that that the second assistant lord of the houltry yard had been using the golden buttermilk pail to feed the chickens

Aria S. Huntington: "Kristy's Rainy Day Piente," by Olive Thorn's Miller: Books, in Calture and Character," by J. N. Larnedi and "Christ and the Hunan Race," by Dr. t. Charles Cuthert Hall.

A persistent error in the press connects Maxim Gorky's novel 'Modner,' with a book of impressions of Amedican recently published in Halt, Gorky's "Mother is a novel written in America, but concerned entirely with events of in Russia, the stay daking its name from a peasant mother, whole son becomes involved with the revolutionists, the mother herself gradually being drawt into the dramatic arros gie for life and liberty. The novel "Mother is being published as a scrial in Appleton's but it's there, and i am moved to unarsel, and will be brought out as a blook to the late Spring. It is perhaps the first instance of a great foreign noveles writing his masterplees in America and giving it first to the world in English.

In a late address before the Municipal Art Solety of Ralturare, Hopkinson Smith, and when he should be to be published, said. "The tendencies of our times—the line of the telegram of ten ewords and no more tend to cendensation in literature, and where well done, to suggestion. Exoplaite as a ret for modern Freinan writers and opportunity of the first stories of that flerare count, Rudyard Kpillis, the danger is that the writer of the future advancing a being these lists, may give us only a paragraph out of which is construct a mastedon."

Sidney Lee, the well-idnown English authority and so of cliffer and the first stories of that the writer of the future advancing a leng these lists, may give us only a paragraph cut of which is construct a mastedon." monotonous down here, the good Lord has so arranged matters that no two of us can always have the same opinions. You can see at once, can't you, what a dreary place this would be if we all thought alike. Why, we'd all thought alike.

A little quarrel now and then isn't a bad thing in any family. On the contrary, my dear, it has its virtuels. Domestic life is too likely to become hundrum if it is all cooing and billing, It needs spice. But just a pinch, little girl, just a pinch. You know what delightful spice cake your mother makes. Well, now, suppose she should make a mistake and put it as much spice as she does and put it as much spice as she does flour. Wouldn't be fit to eat, would it? That's just the difference. As the Good Book, says, a little leaven leavens the whole lump, but you want to be mighty careful about getting too much leaven in. It's so easy to go too far, particularly in the matter of family quarrels. The best way to hold them down to the right proportions is by trying hard not to have any at all. Being human, rou probably can't do it, but the mere effort will serve to keep them from jumping out of the spice box into the flourbin; so that when I say, selemnly and with parental sternness, don't quarrel. I mean don't quarrel any oftener than you can

possibly help.

But when you do quarrel—and this is the meat in the coccanut-when you do quarrel, make it up quickly. Don't let it drag. Don't put it back in the refrigerator and warm it up for to-morrow. Have it out at once and then —forget it. That's the quality that makes the little tilts between busband and wife harmless—that's the gentle art of forgetting. One of the happiest couples I ever knew was old Jerry Pal-mer and his wife, who used to live just around the corner from us. really believe there never was a day that they did not have a quarrel, and I am just as confident they never had it on their minds when they went to sleep. I mention them just to show the possibilities of forgetting, not as an example for you to follow. Not by

a long shot. Palmer and his wife were

exceptional cases. were a good deal like some Mexicans who won't eat strawberries unless they are seasoned with red pepper. Their daily life had to be seasoned red-hot. Such a diet, mental or physical, is unhealthy for 69 out of 100 married couples, and you and Bill, I'm pretty sure, belong to the 92. So I say, try not to have any family jars at all, but when there is any broken crockery around the house mend it the same day, before the lights go out. Then your quarrels will be like little Summer clouds that obscure the sur for a while, but make it seem all the brighter when they pass. There is nothing much sweeter in life, my dear, than the sunburst of love and trust which follows a domestic shower; that

Bon't Nurse the Quarrels.

The trouble is, little girl, that too many quarrels are not allowed to pass. Like prize chickens, they are fed and nursed and petted and grow stronger and harder to kill every day. They are drawn out-it's quarrels I'm talk ing about now, not chickens—they are

MY DEAR LITLE GIRL-A little drawn out day after day, until love while ago, just a little while, it grows tired and slips out the front grows tired and slips out the front door, never, perhaps, to return. And all for what? Just a little too much peide, just a little too much stiffness of the neck, just a little too much derned fool stubbornness. That's lit. "He's wrong and I wont give in." That's what you say. No doubt that's what he says. And so you go on with the corners of your mouths turned down and the ends of your noses turned up, sacrificing all that is good and true and beautiful in, life for a buttermilk paih. Do you get the point of that story now? Practically all quarrels, particularly domestic ones,

of that story now? Practically all quarrels, particularly domestic ones, are about comparative trifles, but they are too often catried on until the real cause is forgotten and in its place is a mutual antagonism, unfergiving and unrelenting, the descroyer of happiness and chief commissioner of supplies for the divorce courts. Oh, my little girl, quarrel, if you must but don't let en

the divorce courts. Oh, my little girl, quarrel, if you must, but don't let 'em drag, don't let 'em drag, don't let 'em drag, don't let 'em drag, and you may protest, he says things that hurt, things one can't forget so easily. Uh buh! I guess so. But my dear. I'll bet my old gray horse against a small boy's pecket-knife that what he says to you is like soething syrup compared to what you say to him. The good Lord provided every animal with some kind of a weapon of offense or defense. A man's is his list, a woman's is her

most women under such chroumstances that, while she remembers with highly-magnified clearness all that he says, and much that he didn't, she entirely forgets the occasional remarks she made herself. I want you to reverse that process. Think over what you said, and long before time for Bill to some mack from work your will be in the proper frame of mind to meet him with a kies, to be your own sweet self, serens and smilling, just as if a quarrel had never happened since the world began. Then, for Heaven's sake, don't refer to the disagreement again, You can bet your life Bill won't.

Use Mrs. Adam's Method.

Use Mrs. Adam's Method.

Of course, you are entitled to your own opinions, all you want of them. So is he. But let me tell you one thing, my little girl, and it I was a printer i'd put it in the biggest type to be had, there never was an opinion that was worth the price of your happiness. Have your opinions, but don't try to impress them on Bill with a potato masher. That way sair effective, and, besides, it lacks remement. When you want him to think your way just put your arm around his neek, and—but gehaw! You know how. All women do. The trouble is they sometimes allow their tempers to blind them to the old reliable, never failing method that they have had copyrighted since the days of Mrs. Adam. It's an old saying that it takes two to make a quarrel, and there's another almost as old, that it takes but one to end it. Both are equally true, but when it comes to closing up a domestic controversy a woman will succeed where a man will only get his foot in deeper, and she can do it without concessions, without humilistion, by the same that will mend family ure entities. kind of a weapon of offense or defense. A man's is his list, a woman's is her tongue. Civilization has so far progressed that a man—that is, a gentleman—cannot use his natural weapon in dealing with a woman. That's all right. Civilization has made some mistakes, but one to end it. Both are equally takes but one to chosing up a domestic controversy a woman will succeed where a man will only get his foot that isn't one of them. But it has placed no such limitations on woman's weapon, and sages of constant use have given her skill that puts a man at a pretty considerable disadvantage. Whether she uses it as a poniard or a meat-ax depends upon her temperament, but the result is usually the same; the man pleks up his hat and jumps for the front door. Now, it's a peculiarity of (Copyright, 1907, by Casper S. Yost.)

A Condiment of

BY MARCUS W. ROBBINS.

morning's paper.

About all some of us amount to is the ability to second a motion to adjourn. . . .

It is curious why so many people's idea, of a good time always ends up with a wet towel around the head and a dark brown taste in the mouth.

There are probably people who enjoy he smell of boiled cabbage.

It was an intelligent rector who remarked on the kindness of the Maker of the Universe in putting a good barber beside every large city. He should have kept on noting how a startling accident or two was furnished every day from the same source for the benefit of the newspapers.

Very few of us pay 10 per cent on the

Two classes of people wear shabby lothes-men who have not a cent in helr pocket, and men who have a super The fellow in the middle

When a woman picks up a novel, she always turns to the last page to see how it ended and what happened to Gwendo-line. Why can't we do that to fife?

We have courses of treatment for fatty degeneration of the heart-why can't we

There is no poetry in the patter of the rain on a leaky roof.

After the close of college 354 en

Life is but a waiting for the next | American relic fiend would have them shipped down to the hinges in a very short time. . . .

In the first days of the Legislature, it is always going to be economical, but it ends the session by the members swiping even the spittoons.

One thing suspicions about the ordinary theory of hell and the fallen angels is that it is laid up to ambition, and does not seem to have any woman in the case. We have plateglass, burglary and acci-

dent insurance, why ear't we have an insurance against divorce and the payment of alimony ? From one point of view, earthquakes and fires are inflicted on us for the purpose of enabling the sawmill man to make

a decent living. The Land of Nod must have been a

paradise for bachelors. If most of us were smelted down, the nugget of good that would result would be very small indeed.
Grants Pass, Or., February 1.

Girls Earned More Than Youths.

New York Herald. Columbia University's committee for employment of students made public ocently its report on what students save been carning during the vacation.

Of the 581 students who applied for positions, the total earnings of 213 who turn in reports amounted to \$104,240. Last year 385 students carned \$92,436.

Most of the 90 college men who ap-plied received positions as tutors. Sev-The North American Indian named his children after incidents in his every-day life. Of a consequence, we do not have any chiefs named "Man Makes Money Hand-Over-Fist." or "Ten Per Cent White Horse."

carnings of these men was \$113.13. The law students, 40 in number, received the largest salaries, averaging \$284.54. Nearest to them were the students of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, 21 of whom averaged \$202.19.

Girls at Barnard to

The smell of gasoline on a man's clothes does not necessarily make him an automobile owner.

Girls at Barnard heat their brothers in the college at Columbia. Twenty-seven, acting as clerks, stenographers, private secretaries, traveling companions and governesses, averaged \$117.10 to the Columbia many.

Dwellings Associated With Lincoln

in the world. Most of the happiness that came into his sad life, he found there, and what he thought of it is shown in the pathos of his farewell to his fellow-citizens of Springfield when he left for Washington to take up one of the most fearful tasks that ever fell to the lot of

The State of Illinois now appropriately enough owns the Lincoln homestead Af-ter the death of his mother. Robert T. Lincoln, son of the marryr, himself Min-ister to England and Cabinet member, and at one time prominently mentioned as a possible candidate for the Presidency, presented it to the state. Since that time it has been most reverently cared for, and has become the repository of many relies of Lincoin and his fam-

Another building prominently identified with Lincoln is Musical Fund Hall, Phil-adelphia, where was held last Summer the celebration of the 56th anniversary of the airth of the Republican party.

This venerable hall, still standing in such the same condition it was then, a nearly a century old, and has echoed the volces of the most famous singers

an interval of only eight years since 1860. Lincoln was a commanding figure. In fact, it may be said that this convention really launched him as a Presidential factor and paved the way for his nomina-tion in Chicago four years later. Lincoln's 6 feet 4 inches of height made

him a marked figure physically, and his fame as a lawyer had attracted general attention to him from members of the bar, many noted lights of this profession being conspicuous at the conven-tion. Moreover, the country was still ringing with his masterful reply to Douglas delivered in 1855, during the

Soughs delivered in 1856, during the campaign to elect Mr. Trumbull to the Senate over General Shields.

Lincoln was mentioned for both Presidency and Vice-Presidency at the Philadelphia convention, which finally selected Fremont to head the ticket, and many prominent leaders felt dissatisfied when Lincoln was passed.

Ent though be failed of companions

achievements of the 18th President. He was born in Kentucky, he found his wife there, and bad he lived, he would undoubtedly have made the effort he always contemplated, to make money reparation to those piantation owners who were ruined by the loss of their slaves.

The Springfield home of Lincoln is a modest dwelling, such as any business man of moderate means would think none too good. It is infinitely inferior to the dwellings of thousands of Lincoln's contemporaries of far less fame. But to Lincoln it was home, the best-loved place in the world. Most of the happiness that for those who knew him intimately say that the burden he bore would have broken a man of lesser physical strength, mental caliber and lofty devotion.

It was not the White House of now that Lincoln knew. The new executive wings, part of the improvements of 1992, had not been added, and the changes in the dwelling part to accommodate the large family of President Roosevelt, were then

largily of President Roosevell, were then not even contemplated.

Not far from the White House stands the New York Avenue Presbytetian Church, where Lincoln worshiped while he was Chief Executive of the Nation. This historic old place of worship is probably the only church of note intimately associated with Lincoln. The edi-fice is in appearance today practically the same as in Lincoln's time, and his pew, when the interior of the structure was when the interior of the structure was renovated some time since, was left undisturbed and is constantly an object of great interest to victors to the National Capitloi. The New York Avenua Presbyterian Church is one of the class churches in Washington Several years ago it celebrated its contennial, at which time Lincoln's intimate connection with the church was given much prominence.

to the voices of the most famous singers of the world.

In that first Republican convention held there in 1856, that saw the beginning of the party that has been dominant with an interval of only eight years since 1869.

Lincoln was a commanding figure. In the course in was given much prominence.

A few blocks from the Executive Manslon are the two buildings directly across the street from each other that saw the sad story of Lincoln's life completed. One is Feord's Theater, the other the lower in which he died.

the house in which he died.

That deed of blood performed there, in that Tenth-avenue structure, only a stone's throw from Pennsylvania avenue, on April 14, 1865, gave the United States

he passed into the Great Beyond.

Appropriately enough the buildings that knew him after death still survive, for in that pathetic progress across the country to Springfield the body lay in state in many statehouses, including the most famous of all, Independence Hall, Philadelphia the grantle of Americani. most famous of all, Independence Hall Philadelphia, the gradle of American lib-

surance that Americans will never per-Lincoln was passed.

But though he falled of nomination, tures associated with his life and death.