THE HOTEL CLERK ON THE REFORM WAVE IBY _ IIR NI INTOLISIA (SIOIBIBA)

MIDDLE-AGED gentleman, who had Southern earmarks, inscribed his name and title on the register of the Hotel St. Reckless, turned his hand luggage over to Hops, the head bellboy, and disappeared in the direction of the men's cafe.

'Bout four minutes from now and I bet that there old guy'll be cuttin' down the available supply of our private stock of Bourbon," suggested the House Detective.

"No, he won't," said the Hotel Clerk; "if he was from Michigan or New Hampshire your guess might come true. But you're putting the reverse English on the wrong side of your imagination this time. Our elderly friend yonder no doubt feels the need of a little stimulant after his trip up from Louisville, so he'll be taking a milk and vichy. If he's inclined to go to extremes he may tell the barkcep make it pretty strong of the milk.

He's a true Southern gentleman." "Sure he is," said the puzzled House Detective, "that's wot I judged from the first jump. Wot would be be wantin' with milk when he could get the real nine-year-old pink provender?

"What would he be wanting with milk?" echoed the Hotel Clerk. "Don't you know that a great wave of temperance reform is sweeping over the once Sunny Southland? Yes, sir, Larry, a great wave of prohibition has reared itself to the majestic heights of the everlasting pyramids and is now moving onward and upward across the soil of dear old Dixle with its foam-crested breakers seeking, like the fretful porcupine, for whom they may devour, and its mighty talons tempering the wind its mighty taions tempering the wind to the shorn lamb as they penetrate immovably into the verdant soil of the ever-shifting sea of public opinion, while its purpose, towering aloft like the redwood of the Sterra Slopes, is gathering force even as does the irre-sistible cyclone of the Western prairie, which stands forth film and faithful which stands forth, firm and faithful, a veritable beacon light throwing the handwriting on the wall across the torrid sands of the political Sahara and settled. corris sance of the pointer's sanara and calling aloud in the clarion voice of the silent promptings of an awakened conscience to the storm-tossed mari-ners, laboring through the morasses of despair which adorn even the sunniest of human landscapes, that the real Balm of Gilead may be had at the

"I know

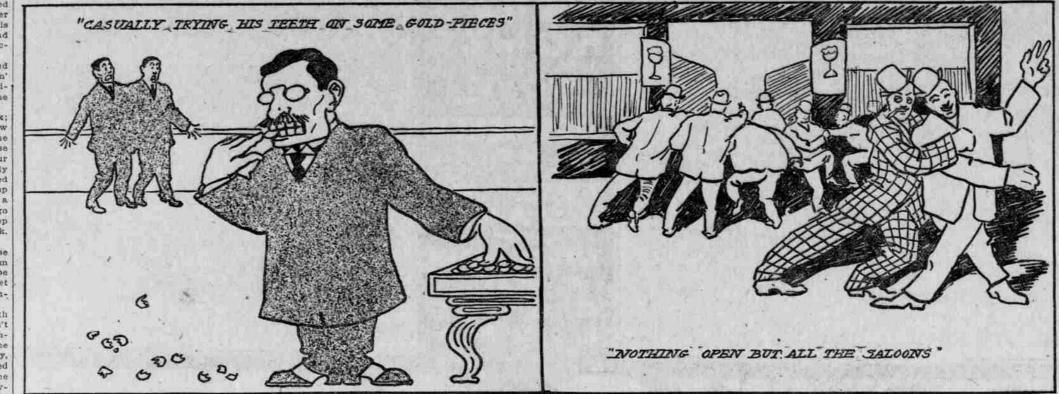
And the old

Shall hold for you Bright cups of gold Filled high with Love and plenty.

For 'tis with years

As 'tis with you-There is no old, There is no new-Love is at sixty As at twenty!"

R22r



can gather from the accounts of the [mangled survivors, she started in Texas. Texas, Larry, used to be a state where a man was apt to catch his death if he Asia Minor. left off his heavy hardware too early in the Spring. Many a man out there con tracted a fatal attack by swapping his Winter-weight Colts for the lighter and

Oklahoma has voted out the Demon Rum, thus compelling the white populace to re-sort to the favorite beverage of the Five Clvillized Tribes-carmine writing fluid, with pepper sauce and chewing tobacco stirred in. Tm ashamed to tell you what the uncivilized tribes fancy in the way of a beverage. In Alabama the Legislature has said the liquor traffic must go and it is-in large towns like Montgomery and Birmingham it's going fine. Saloon towns in Tanaces are on for every that less protective pocket derringer before the weather and the Spring elections 'go "These times, if a man says 'dash it' on a train passing through Texas they drag him off and sentence him to ten days at a Presbyterian prayer meeting. If he is caught with poker chips in his possession they make him cat them, after

tory which still remains damp is only about twice as large as the combined areas of England, Ireland, Scotland, the Baleric Isles and part of Germany and Asia Alinor. "From Texas the wave worked north and past. Georgia went dry the first of the year, and already has all the symp-toms of the Great American Desert. Oklahoma has voted out the Demon Rum.

despair which adorn even the sunniest in the company of Texas Rangers take bin for target practice. So a termingham it's going fine. Saloon gone dry until now behind the Y. M. C. A. building towns in Tennessee gratteman often has to the above address. "Or words to that effect. As near as I local option that at this time the terri-

historic Bluggress state there are only about 3000 places where you can get it legally and only about 30,000 where you

munifies have a law which prohibits a man from drinking his bottled goods within one hundred yards of the place where he bought it. He knows when he gets to the yard limit by the number of the pared limit by the number of the pared limit by the number of the place of the place

"Works comin" over them. Southerners,-anyway?" asked the House Detective. and now we've got something on our gold (Copyright, 1967, H. H. McClure Co.)

miner. Dr. Long, the well-known nature

faker, was sitting in his cosy library kill-ing timber wolves when he first saw one

faker, was sittling in his cosy ibrary kill-ing timber wolves when he first saw one of the new tenners. 'And this here angel-whitewasher with the overalls and the hair on its toos is what that person Roosevelt calls an eagle,' he remarked to Ernest Scion-Thompson-Thompson-Se-ton-And-Repeat, who was lying in am-bush behind the instand waiting for a buil moose to creep out of the 'Mis-Mos' volume of the encyclopedia. And the two of them laid down the trusty fountain pens with which they had been destroy-ing the big game and burst into wild peals of demonine laughter. "It's only been a few weeks since we ourselves were reforming the New York Sunday. It was a hot reform while it insted, being conducted by a few of those esteemed parties who believe in making earth so unattractive that everybody'll be onverted so they can go nomewhere cise when they die. 'The present way of ob-serving the Sabbath doesn't suit us at all.' said these gentlemen. 'The idea of 1000,000 ordinary persons trying to over-ride the express, desires of 80 or 90 of us'l It's a crying shame.' And accord-ingly they cried about it until they got a Judge to say that in his humble opinion McIntyre & Heath and a troupe of per-forming walrusses did not constitute a sacred concert for Sunday afternoon in the strict sense of the word; and so just for that we had a couple of Sundays here in New York that were like Philadelphia is the rest of the week. For two whole sundays there were nothing open in this great city except all the saloons and the faces of its yawning inhabitants. "After which the Sunday reform wave passed out to sea and was next seen try-ing to be like a runaway horse. It tries to get away from something it don't like and it destroys everything else down the

That all the New Years

berefat a The Garden of Allah, by Robert Hickens.

-- SELECTED.

Thirty-two illustrations, \$2.50. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York City.

od his tailor to make that suit for him, and when the curate returned the next morning to restore the ten pounds he had found in one of the pockets, Carstares assured him that when he took the coat he had a right to have everything that was in it. Or old the Of old-time sermons:

The sermons had grown very much since the 16th century and were of interminable length and corresponding weariness. When a man got a text, he would hardly let it go, but continued from week to week upon the same subject. He was also in the custom of giving out a huge catalogue of heads. I myself counted 72 in one sermon of Brakine's. Erskine's.

When Things Were Doing. By C. A. Steele. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. A dream of the coming Co-operative Commonweaith of America under Social-ist auspices is here plotured, the first chapter describing the Honorable Will-iam Tempest, of New York City, gsiting the influence of Roman punch. Chapter two gravely heralds the dawn of Socialistic supremacy, the invention of flying machines, submarine boats, etc. Revolution, but mostly of a peaceful kind, breaks out in this country and throughout Europe, and money and bonds lose their value. This country is known as Altruria and the first President of the new commonwealth is Mr. Tempest, temporary headquarters of the new govthe new commonwealth is Mr. Tempest, temporary headquarters of the new gov-ernment having been established in City

On page 246 the new Portland, Or., is described: Hall, New York

Works could not over them. Southermore, and now worke got something on our good on the southermore does not be so

Once, a young man born of a Russian father and an English mother found himself in the French country of North Africa, and wondered where he could find peace that passes all understanding. orgetting that it is not meant for this arth. Was it on the desert, in the earth earth. Was it on the desert, in the crowded city, or on the restless ocean? His father was a freethinker and his mother a Catholic. Religion beckened to this young man, and he beckene a Trappist monk in the monastery of El-Trappist monk in the monastery of hi-Largani, near Tunis, and took certain yows-one of them cellbacy-which cut him off from the world. For 20 years this monk's soul slept within him, but the world watched him

with and, out the world watched him with coverous eye and said: Aha! we will get him yet. Wait." He did not know the meaning of human love for a woman, or any of the eternal passions. But one day the devil gripped him hard degree and said: "Come, sexless one, from your stided cage. Be a man. Flee for knowl-edge to the desert, which is the Garden Allah.

poor fool, the monk cut off his So, poor feel, the monk cut off his beard, secured worldly clothes, and fled to the desert wates of Beni-Mora, where he assumed his personality of Borls An-drovsky. Now, faite so willed it that a sweet temptation was placed in his way. Miss Domini Enfliden, an Englishwoman of aristocratic birth, 32 years old, rich, and beautiful, proved to be the web de-signed to catch the monk. "She was a strong, active woman, with long limbs and well-knit musclos, a clever fencer, a tireless swimmer, a fine horsewoman. But tonight she felt almost neurollo. like one of the weak or dissipated sister-hood for whom 'rest cures' are invented hood for whom 'rest cures' are invented and by whom bland doctors live." Miss Enfilden also arrived at Beni-Mora, in is written from a pronounced Socialistic standpoint, and one of its chief achieve-ments is to exait Eugene V. Debs to an search of a new sensation and principally to learn how to "understand herself," in

The solitude of the desert, Ah! why did not a merciful Provi-dence so shape events that these two souls should not clash? Why were they not suddenly stricken with liness and covery hurried to points far re-7 Love is like the starting of a noved? fire-once it flames, it consumes. And the woman and the runaway monk met. He carefully guarded his secret, and though he began as an uncouth boor to her, he ended by loving her and she him.

And they were married! With feverish haste, the ex-monk urged his bride farther into the desert, hoping that its silence would swallow up his secret. He became moody and surly to all, until a French officer recognized him. Then the miserable man confessed to his wife the deception of which he had been guilty. Now, if Mrs. Androvsky had been other than a devout Catholic: him. if she had been a Mormon, or belonged it she had been a addition, or belonged to any other church-the chances are that she and her, husband would probably have passed the remainder of their lives as exporters of dates in the Algerian des-ert, and defied what is vaguely known as he world.

But the monk is not a brave Luther. The knell of renunciation strikes, and with infinite courage the renegate monk makes a true confession to the woman he has wronged and goes back for life to his monastery, while she and the son who is born to her retire to an oasis in

BY FRANCIS MILTOU

ILLUSTRATION FROM

THE AUTOMOBILIST ABROAD

and over the seas. It will surely retain its proud position in permanent litera-ture, for no one has written of the des-ert as has Robert Hichens. He cannot sure as has Robert Hichens. He cannot its proud position in permanent litera-ture, for no one has written of the des-

ert as has Robert Hichens. He cannot surpass his work. Its calm, serious beauty huunts one-its silencese, moods, strange humor and tempests. One mo-ment the reader smiles at Batouch and Hadj, and then comes the hushed cry of the "Mueddin" to prayer, three times renewed: "Oh, thou that art covered, arise and magnify thy Lord, anad purify thy clothes, and depart from uncleanli-ness." wrote: "He was hanged before I was born, and I came into the world with the shadow of the scaffold falling across my cradle. This shadow fell also upon my soul and never was lifted." The acquittal of Haywood is mentioned. In chapter 13 a scene is enacted to which

In chapter 13 a scene is enacted in which Harry Orchard agrees with Detective Mc-Farlane for a sum of money to confess to the murder of Governor Steumenberg, im-plicating Jack Simpkins and others, and to decime that be bud This story has already run through 14 ditions. The present volume is of the edition. The present volume is of the edition-de-luxe description, and the pho-tographs taken by Mile. Helene Philippe, who visited the scenes with her camera, preserve desert color to a remarkable plicating Jack Simplins and others, and to declare that he had been hired to do it by the Western Federation of Miners. Page 75 has a panegyric on newspaper reporters, which is amusing, and the "bouquet" finishes with this thought: Enslaved, improvident, elate. He greats the embarrassed gods, nor fears To grasp the iron hand of Fate Or match with Destiny for beers!

Not to have read "The Garden of Al-

lah" means that one has missed an ex-quisite treat. Its one song lingers: No one but God and I Knows what is in my heart." The Scot of the 18th Century; His Religion

The Scarlet Shadow. By Walter Hurt, Price, and His Life, by the late Dr. John Watson. \$1.50. The Appeal to Reason, Girard, A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York City Kan.

Quite a different novel from Haw-

This comes critically yet reverent-ly from one who was a world-wide representative Scot of his generation, better known to the reading world as lan Maclaren. If any one had the thorne's "Scarlet Letter." "The Scarlet Shadow" tells of recent industrial troubles in Colorado-Idaho be-tween the Mineowners' Association and the Western Federation of Miners, the principal murders related being those of the 12 men who ware blown to pleces by right to appreciate the shortcomings and long-goings of the nation indi-cated, he was the man. Many incidents are told about Scotthe 13 men who were blown to pleces by dynamite at Independence, Colo., in June, 1594, and that of Frank Steunenberg, for-mer Governor of Idaho, December 30, 1995. Lurid and blood-thirsty, the novel tish writers and divines, and the whole book forms pleasant and instructive

reading. This about a muscular, country clergyman:

exceedingly high pinnacle. Here and there can be detected blase notes, espe-cially when Mr. Hurt describes Denver lowspaper life. But of course he is en tertaining-he is too experienced a writer not to inject the necessary spice into his dish of words. One of the chief actors in the novel is

This about a muscular, country Clergyman: He aunounced his intention one Sabbath of holding a dist of catechising in the house of a certain small laird who was distinguished for his ferocity and evil liv-ing. When he arrived at the door the own-er asked him what he came for. "I come." said the minister, "to discharge my duty to God, to your conscience and to my own." "I cars nothing for any of the three: out of my house, or I'll turn you out." "If you can," said the minister, and then the minister had what may be called a preliminary "dief" with the laird, who was a very powerful men. When the diet was over the landlord had all he wanted to eat, for he was lying on the foor with a rope round his hands and feet. As the minister pleasantly romarked, "he was now bound over to keep the peace," and then with his captive before him, the minister called in the people of the district and taught them the "Shorter Catechism." from the oldest to the youngest, no man refusing. It is encouraging to know that the laird became a decided Christian, but it is difficult to see what alternative be had under the preaching of his parish minister. One chapter is given to the life of Willing Correctance Purce to be the One of the chief actors in the novel is Tim McFarlane, "manager of the West-ern division of the Thugerton Detective Agency," clearly meant for SuperIntend-ent James McParland, of the Pinkerton Detective Agency. Other noted people who figure in the pages are Harry Or-chard, Charles H. Moyer, William D. Haywood, George A. Pettibone, Clarence Datrow, Bulkeley Wells, Sherman Bell, etc.

etc. The one man who works overtime is Richard Walton, who "had grace in his every gesture like the rhythm of a per-fect poem." Walton is first introduced as the star reporter of the Chicago Clarico, "the chief organ of capitalism." sent to report the Idaho industrial con-lict. The story finishes at page 416, and on page 419 Walton faultiesely attired in One chapter is given to the life of William Carstares, Presbyterian, whom Dr. Watson calls "the greatest ecclesi-

astic of the Scots' Kirk." Of this worthy is told a story to show the good nature with which he contended against the Church of England: on page 419 Walton, faultlessly attired in evening dress, takes his own life-leaving behind him a confession in which he stated that he belonged to the terrorist wing of the Russian revolutionary party, and that he gione killed Governor Steu-

against the Church of England: One day an Episcopal elergyman, who was very keen and irreconcilable, received an in-vitation to call upon Carstarse. When he came into his room the principal was in a towering rage-an unusual thing for him-because his tailor had made a sult of clothes which would not it him. He fung them pervisinly about the room, and, at last, studying as it were for the first time the figure of his visitor, declared they were his very sizs, and asked the cursts to accept them, if only as an atonement for this fit of irritation. He did not tell his visitor with the threadbare clothes that he had instructneuberg. His letter also charged that the Independence railroad station was Independence railroad station was we up by agents of the Mincowners' who is born to her retire to an ousis in the Sahara. So runs the plot of "The Garden of Alah." which for roal poetic beauty and glowing pictures of a tropic paradise, re-mains the chief novel of years both here

described: Portland has been regenerated. On the old site has sprung up as if by the magi-cian's wand a dream city which many de-cian's wand as dream city which many de-ciarts the loveliest in all Altruris. If not on earth. The whole Willamette Val-ley and the country to the south have shared in the general metamorphosis, and where—as they formerly had the worst roads in the world, har none—they now have many thousand miles of superior high-ways and houlevards—in a word, they live instead of merely existing to pay taxes. Socialism's beautiful dream noes on to

Socialism's beautiful dream goes on to the extent of 279 pages, when the reader is astonished to suddenly learn that Mr. Tempest had fallen asleep and that all that had happened was an idle vision. The plot shows vivacity and ingenuity coupled with descriptive power, but the style is hurried and cheap.

he Confessions and Antobiography of Harry Orchard, By "himself." Hius-trated. The McClure Company, New York City.

If a man who had lived in some far off country were to suddenly visit this one and for the first time see this at-tractive looking volume with its pretty green cover and name in virgin-white letters, he would be pardoned if he did not connect Harry Orchard with bloodstained crime.

Commencing with "My Early Life in Ontario" to "My Reason for Writing This Book." Orchard's story—whether one believes it or not-is a most remarkable one and forms a striking study in criminology. What he has written in these 255 pages recently ap-peared serially in magazine form. He peared scrially in magazine form. He says that his chief reason for taking the world into his confidence, when he cenfesses his participation in so many murders, is "that it will be the means of stopping this kind of work forever."

J. M. QUENTIN.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

For early publication there is being pre-pared a new edition of Anne Warner's latest humorous story. "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." Its principal feature will be a series of illustrations from photographs of the dramatic version of the story in which May tobson is now starring.

"The Automobilist Abroad," by Francis Milton (Page & Co.), strikes an European atmosphere that is alluring, and is singu-larly free from much of the slang that marks too many auto stories. Mr. Milton has not reached the sublime heights of "A Six Cylinder Courtship"—the best auto yarn of the year—but his book is worth while for all that. . . .

Early this month the Putnams will publich a new volume from the pen of Ell Metchnikoff under the title of "The Pro-longation of Human Life." The book will expound in the light of recent knowledge the contention of the author that human life is not only unnaturally short, but also unnaturally burdened with physical and mental disabilities.

A programme unusually fich in attract-formation of the second se

to take its place in art. As contradicting the general impression that it is only novels which yeach the class of the best sulling books Thomas T. Crowell & Co. point out that the essays and sermons of Dr. J. R. Miller have circuitated in this country and England to the extent of over 1,000,000 copies; that Aana R. B. Lindsay's "What is Worth While" has attained in 10 years a circulation of 230,000 copies, and that a new edition of Raiph Waido Trine's "In Tune With the Infinite" completes the 100,000 record ed that work. F. Marion Crawford has written for the

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then he has young any means of the race. In his trans-Atlantic letter to the New Arry Evening Post, Andrew Lang advises all people who like literary anecdotes of the mid-Victorian age—the age of Carlyie. Thackerny and Dickens—to read in the cur-rent lasse of Blackwood's Magazine the reininiscences of the late Professor Masson. taken down from his dictation by his daughter the usual list of names, some of them for-soften; some like that of Douglas Jerrold belonging to authors now little read, though presently we come to Thackeray, and Pro-fessor Masson's anecdotes confirm his repu-tation for kindness and generosity. One of them gave me 'a great inclination to cry' in how I never saw. Professor Masson, in whom I never saw Professor Masson, is the distor of Macmillan's Magazine. He held for many years the chair of English litera-tion distor of Milton, and, in old age, was the distor of Milton, and, in old sge, was the distor of Milton, and, in old sge, was the distor of Milton, and, in old sge, was the distor of Milton, and in oil age. Was the distor of Macming. '' is a tated that the first of the Register of the Privy council of Scotland, adding prefaces not only useful but amusing.'' is a tated that

culty to contend with, which is the difficulty of distribution A good book, it is taken for granted in the beginning, is not going to sell very widely; the amount, therefore, that is spent upon advertising it has to be much more closely calculated than the amount spent on advertising a sensational novel. To get the worthy book before the eyes of the man that reads just that partic-ular hind of worthy book is a new and often insuperable complication. There are people in the world, for example, who read emay of a more or less serious nature, who ac-tually very much prefer them to a vapid story, and yet, scattered as they are among the novel-readers. Ike needles in a haystack, how are they to be picked out by the pub-lisher as he sits at his dest: Well done, the Parific Monthly for Jan-uary—the New Year has hegun well with 1. · · · · ·

Indicates? At a recent dinner of the Institute of just any just distinction can be made be-tween literature and journalism, except that the one claims immortality and the other does not. "Some books last longer than others," he said, "and some topics last for centuries and centuries, but I do not believe that any books last for all time. To this extent agreement may be had with Mr. Wells-the value of a book cannot be judged meetly according to the time it continues to be read. This first appeal of every au-thor must be to his own generalism, com-ments a writer in the London Daily News, and that generation. If his contem-porates embrace him and posterity de-nounces him, that he may well say, is not backs just that quality to which he ap-profoundly affected one generation alone, then he has profoundly affected the history of the read. Well done, the Pacific Monthly for Jah-uary-the New Year has begun woll with you! An attractive cover grocis the eye, a design by S. H. Reisenberg, ploturing a Navajo warrior beating a war drum. Josquin Miller writes entertainingly on "Tales of Bad Men and Frontiersmen," and says that a truer tille would perhaps be "Infamous Gun-Fighters of California." Whatever the Utile, the suirring word plotures are here of Gun-Fighters of California. What or the title, the siliring word plotures are heave of wild days of the long sec, and what Mr. Miller says is well worth while to us of the younger generation. W F. Balley writes instructively on "The Story of the Central Pacific," and John Fleming Wilson con-tinues hie history-marking serial, "The Last Stand of the Argonauts." The most amus-ing contribution is Agnos Dean Cameron's presentation of "English as She Is Ameri-canized," in which the dominant note is succinet stang, chiefly Western. In passing, it may be noted that the article maker many references to the wealth of Seattle alang. The whole number possess value for Pacific Coast readers, and outsiders as well.

New books resolved: "Fifty-two Memory Hymns," selected by Bishop Henry White Warren, 50 cents; and "Studies in the Early Church," by C. H. Morgan, T. E. Tayler and S. Earl Taylor, 75 cents (Jennings-Graham, Cincinnati).

Graham, Cincinnati). Japanese spinning companies number 43, all of which are working. The monthly out-put of yarn is about 50,000 hales, using 37,-509,000 phunds of raw coiton, consisting 37,-509,000 phunds of raw coiton, consisting 37,-50,000 phunds of raw coiton, consisting 37,-bio,000 phunds of raw coiton, consisting 37,-bio,000 phunds of an area of the second second phunds of American, 9,500,000 pounds of other growths.



The Financier of the Civil War

fidence in the patriotism of his fellow countrymen, Jay Cooke

His Life History in Two Volumes by ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER Just published. All booksellers, \$7.50 net.

GEORGE W. JACOBS & CO., PUNLINNERS, PHILADELPHIN

. Through his genius as a financier and his consaved the Union.

only useful but amusing." The Sir George Trevelyan's "Marginal Motes by Lord Macaulay" it is stated that Macaulay marked books as he read them. "Lord Rossbery, an being presented with a pledged himself that during his lifetime; Ferhaps he keeps other paper-knives for marked the unworthy books as copiously as the worthy. If the books as copiously as the worthy, if the books as copiously as the worthy is in the famous essay on names Montgomery. One of his withins was Miss Anna Seward. "What can she marked he unworthy tooms as some with such ingorance?" Such are some of his margi-nalis in the 'Leiters' of the binmeles, if you pedantry found in company with such ingorance?" Such are some of his margi-nalis in the 'Leiters' of the binmeles, if you ever implacable when a woman was oncerned—even a woman who could de-scribe a country house as an Edenic villa in a bloomy garden." Macaulay read on to is nincle pathog which enabled him to write

of low order." James Riley, author of "Christy of Rath-gin," has many interesting reminiscences of his boyhood in the oid country. Among his earliest recollections is that of Mickey Jun's school. Mickey had a round, builet-shaped head, and a most savage expression, it was a rule of the school that schoolars must study aloud. "I don't see the lips goin," he would say. "Now let yes all at the lessons. Say it out! Spell it out! Shout it out!" Then through the pandemonium that relared could be distinguished. "Who made the wurruid?" "What's an Island?" and "In times one is—" frequently varied by the whaling and resultant walling of mome unlucky urchin. Mr. Riley's descrip-tions of Iraland and her people are given at frat-hand, and with the pen of a master, and give weight and value to this enter-taining novel.

A brief appreciation of Abraham Lincoln by Rohert G. Ingersoll, first copyrighted in 1804, is now issued as a reprint by John Lane Company. It exhibits the famous ora-tor's vigorous, direct and forelible style at its best, and it offers in brief compass an exposition of Lincoln the man of thought

"Memoirs of Monsieur Claude" gives h-night into political bribary of France's Sec-ond Empire. Claude was chief of palice of statis under Napoleon III and he describes the elaborate system of spice with which the Emperor surrounded himself. Their head-quarters was the chamber noire, at the ruleries. Claude says: "The informers plotters, or bravi, who came to get their had a singular way of presenting an order of the sum due. They breathed on the giass of the dobr of the chamber noire, and there wrote their names on the mist left heading this novel check, the cashier of his majesty paid the money, the creditor wiped of the mist with the sleeve of his coat, and no trace remained of the passage of the spy, who was never, at the Tulieries, a personage of low order."

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