Daily Notes of a Trip Around the World. By E. W. Howe. Two volumes. Illustrated. Crane & Company, Topeka, Kan.

Fairly sizzling with shrewd observation, homespun wisdom, crisp humor and what is known to the American newspaper profession as Atchison Globe personally. For Mr. Howe is the well-known editor of that newspaper, and to read these two volumes of his in which he describes a memorable trip around the world, participated in by himself and daughter, Miss Matel Howe, one seems to be again enjoying the Atchison Globe. There is only one Atchison Globe, and may it and its esteemed editor ever bask in prosperity. May the years deal gently with them, for in this corporation age such humorists can't be spared.

Probably no such informal, original books of travel and observation as these have been published for oh! ever so long. Mr. Howe takes you at the start by the hand and into his confidence. You feel, although you personally don't know the man, that Mr. Howe is your friend and that the tour is a personally conducted one and that you are in it. It's like the unexplainable delight of experiencing a foreign trip without leaving home. Mr. Howe can rest assured that his volumes, so modestly written and filled with human interest, are as beneficial to jaded readers as a pure breath from a forest of pine. The illustrations are of lively interest, because many of them show the redoubtable author-editor in a variety of poses and moods. The general story is wisely broken up by what a printer would call "ems." The world is all the better for such a laughmaker as Howe. Occasionally he is a "shocker," for, being boss of his newspaper, he writes these letters to his home readers with daring fearlessness and without wriggling doubt that some stern editor will blue-pencil his copy. So he speaks out, regardless of fear or favor, and freely criticises some of his fellow-travelers, with the same unconscious humor he displays when discussing folks around home.

Editor Howes' memorable trip around the world began October 26, 1905, and ended March 10, 1906. He traveled about 31,000 miles, and says that, although he was a passenger on one dozen different steamships and on railroad trains in 11 different countries, he neither suffered accident nor delay. The cost of the trip was about $3500. He and Miss Howe visited Hawaii, Japan, China, the Philippines, Straits Settlements, Malay Peninsula, Ceylon, India, Arabia, Egypt, Palestine, Italy, Switzerland, France, England and Ireland. It is comforting to know that, wherever the tourists went, they found English spoken, good hotels, travelling easy, and conditions, in the main, pleasant.

On the journey to San Francisco Mr. Howe seems to have taken a dislike to certain missionaries, for he writes:

Imagine spending a night and a day in a small room with five noisy and impudent children. That's what I am doing. The missionary has no notion that his children are a nuisance. Neither has his wife. Last night, after I had gone to bed, the missionary, having coaxed the children to bed, proceeded to amuse himself by telling the conductor about his "work" in China. On this sleeper there is a Japanese woman, with two little girls. Her children are splendidly behaved and under control. As soon as the missionary civilizes the Chinese he will probably try to civilize the Japanese.

In all seriousness, the missionary's family is a thousand years behind the Japanese family. If the missionary will civilize his own children he will never be missed in China. Yet, think of the tired, hard-working people who have been bullyragged to give money with which to send this missionary to China! There is another man on this car who has a suspicious look—I think he is a missionary also. He is a thin, cadaverous man; so thin, indeed, that the bows of the spectacles he wears wrap twice around his ears. He is smooth-faced, and watery-eyed, and his teeth are wide apart in front.

At San Francisco the tourists were met by Eugene Howe, son of the editor of that name. "As this is a sort of letter home, I suppose no one will object if I say that Eugene is a fine young man," writes Eugene's father. "He is only 19 years old, and for a year past has been a reporter on The Portland Oregonian, the leading paper of the Northwest coast. A boy of 19 who can hold a job like that is all right. My son Jim is at Honolulu, having just resigned a good position on the San Francisco Chronicle to accept a better one at Honolulu. These boys of mine have done so well that I shall be compelled to take chloroform to keep from talking about them."

On the tenth day out on the Pacific Ocean Mr. Howe writes with charming abandon: "I am conscious that these letters are becoming pretty dull. When they become more tiresome than reprint—that is, time copy cut from other papers—it will be the duty of the managing editor to throw them away. I know it would require a good deal of nerve for the managing editor to kill the old man's stuff, but the necessary permission is hereby granted." Further on he confesses that he may be a harsh critic in literary matters, because he believes that not one book in 100 is readable.

It doesn't matter whether he describes life on the ocean wave or on storied ground, Mr. Howe continues to entertain. He thinks that Jerusalem is the dirtiest city he visited; that no other city equals Paris, and that no other hotels equal the French; and that London is the greatest city in the world.

No doubt you would expect Mr. Howe to rave over Naples and its music, but he doesn't.

"The cheapest thing in Naples is music. Tonight our party of five occupied a box at the finest opera-house in Europe, and the charge was $5. The opera was 'La Tosca,' but we were all tired and sleepy and left after the first act, although there were 74 men in the orchestra."

On the homeward stretch Mr. Howe evolves this philosophy: "A woman should not only weigh less than her husband, but she should be younger, shorter, more patient, more polite and more forgiving."

How much more patriotic an American Mr. Howe became when he again landed on these shores! Of New York he writes: "In New York, in going up town on an errand, I used the underground railway, and it seemed to me to be the most wonderful thing I had ever seen; four tracks and trains whizzing by all the time. . . . Every man who lives in this blessed country has reason to go to his front door every morning and cheer because he is an American. If you don't know it, I do."

It must have been with a Praise-the-Lord-for-all-his-goodness feeling that Mr. Howe finally "struck" Atchison. He says in closing:

When I go to heaven I shall think to myself: "This isn't so much; I had a better time when I returned to Atchison after an absence of nearly five months." Some more of my friends had sent flowers and after I had admired them I thought: "The best thing about it all is that big, wide bed of mine." For months and months I had been sleeping in narrow steamship beds, and in hotel beds "made up" after a fashion I do not admire. . . . But it was the same old bed.

The Lady of the Mount. By Frederic S. Isham. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Told with a sweep and a vigor recalling Mr. Isham's earlier novel, "Under the Rose." The present novel is a tale of Old France, just before the Revolution, in which the plain people sent three words bounding over the world: "Liberty, equality, fraternity." The picture on the book cover represents a girl of that aristocratic age, with proud, patrician features, hair of dull-red gold and holding a horsewhip in her uplifted right hand. She is the Comtesse Elise, daughter of the Governor of the Mount. The latter great rock stood some distance from the shore in a vast bay on the northwestern coast of France, and to the left lay the dense Desaurac forest. The Mount had been for centuries a monastery and fortress of the monks, but at the time of Louis XVI it had become a stronghold of the government, strongly ruled by one of its most inexorable nobles.

Both the Governor of the Mount and the Seigneur Desaurac were sultors for the hand of Claire, only daughter of the Comtesse de la Mart, but the Governor won. Desaurac, who was gifted with a long pedigree and little of this world's goods, married a peasant girl, by whom he had one son, Andre, and, becoming morose, the father sailed for America, where he died on the field of battle for the American Republic.

The Comtesse Elise and Andre, otherwise known as the Black Seigneur, are the principal personages in the novel, which turns out to be a romantic, well-told story of finely sustained interest. The character construction is fashioned with boldness. The Governor, haughty and aristocratic; the Comtesse, wilful and yet alluring; young Desaurac, half-pirate, semi-revolutionist, and possessing the ubiquitous quality of appearing at the most unexpected moments; the Marquis de Beauvillers, a picture in Vandyke lace, and soldiers and sailors to measure. The book does not get exciting until the news comes that the revolutionists of Paris have stormed the Bastille, and then the country people, who have been cruelly ill-used by the Governor of the Mount, retaliate by storming his stronghold, under the leadership of Desaurac. This is the picture:

Again that cry. "The Bastille of the North, we too will take our Bastille," dominated the clashing of arms and the tumult of strife. For what seemed an interminable period the Governor's daughter saw through flashes of light men struggling, striking. The Governor walked toward the great stairway leading up to the open space near the church. To his startled gaze the rock, like an ant hill disturbed, seemed swarming with life. Even as he peered down, new relays of men poured upward from dark byways to the reinforcement of those already gathered at the portals, and, for the first time, his confidence, bred of contempt for the commonalty, became slightly shaken.

Fate, which had struck him sharply in the capture of his daughter and the enforced negotiations leading to the release of one he would have dealt with after his own fashion, now gripped him closer. What did it portend? Whence came all these people? Not all of them from the immediate neighborhood! Voices, among the assailants, had called out in what was surely the Parisian dialect of the rabble; here to propagate the revolution; extend the circle of flame! And they had seen that arms were not wanting! Muskets, pikes, swords, must have been kept concealed for some time in the town at the base of the Mount or on the shore.

Unlike most novels depicting such a time of blood, the author does not delight in describing carnage and there cannot be said to be much love-making in the pages. But the union of sentiment and romance is skilfully worked out to a satisfactory close. Several attractive illustrations are by Lester Ralph.

Federal Usurpation, by Franklin Pierce. $1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

Written in a clear and simple style, not necessarily hostile to President Roosevelt, yet objecting to his general pronouncement that the power of the Federal Government should be increased "through executive action * * * and through judicial interpretation and construction of law."

Mr. Pierce, who is a New York lawyer, says that while his book is a plea for the sacredness of the United States Constitution, he does not mean that the latter document, framed 120 years ago, is well suited to the needs of existing government. He advises that its rigid provisions, its system of checks and balances, as an obstacle to popular government, should be radically changed by amendment, but never by construction or usurpation. At the same time, Mr. Pierce forgets to give the President credit for the vital agitation he has started to mould popular opinion by which necessary amendments to the constitution may be secured.

Mr. Pierce writes with the practiced east of a lawyer, arguments and facts are his weapons, not personalities. He attacks party lines, and says that politics as a trade has been the curse of our country since the Civil War and will continue to be until a new line of men with new ideas of their duties to their countrymen, are heard in the House of Representatives. He complains that Congress yearly passes 3000 or 4000 statutes, and that state legislatures add about 25,000 pages additional. The only way, it is pointed out, to keep government free is for each individual to presume that government is in the wrong, for "that presumption will keep it upon its good behaviour."

It is considered that one change which would bring salutory results is to make the President's term of office seven years instead of four, and to take away the right of re-election. As may be guessed, Mr. Pierce is in favor of the referendum and the election by popular vote of United States Senators.

Delight, by Gertrude Smith. Illustrated. 50 cents. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

It is a true remark that every religion which has lived has produced a literature, and it is therefore fitting that Christian Science should produce a notable Christian Science story of juvenile fiction.

This little book extends to 221 pages and principally concerns a Mrs. Allen, who adopted a 6-year-old crippled girl from the Children's Home. At that time the little girl's name was Ennie, but was changed by her new friends to Delight. On the fifth printed page we find that two years have elapsed and that Delight, through the aid of Christian Science, is a physically strong child, able to romp and play. Some of her sayings are:

"Perfect love casteth out fear. What are false gods? Why, all naughty thoughts, and sick thoughts, and medicine bottles."

Delight is really a wonderful child and so sweet on every occasion that it's a wonder she wasn't mistaken for sugar, and eaten! She is just the angelic child to live within the pages of a book. She has a pet peacock named Arnold Berkeley and once she succeeds in converting a clergyman of another denomination to Christian Sience. The book is not without its charm, as a beautiful study in soul-life. It is sure of a large sale.

Retrieval at Panama, by Lindon W. Bates. Illustrated. The Technical Literature Company, New York City.

Lindon W. Bates is an engineer of international renown. He is a member of the Societe des Ingenieurs Civils de France; Institute of Naval Architects and Institute of Civils Engineers, Great Britain; Societe Belge des Ingenieurs, Belgium, and Western Society of Engineers, United States. He is also known because of his excellent presentation in smaller books of Panama Canal problems. But this present volume is his Panama monument, so to speak. He is in every way qualified to speak.

"Retrieval at Panama" is a valuable book of criticism but mingled with American patriotism and optimism. Much of what appears within the pages referred to was originally printed in the New York Press newspaper, but new matter has of course since been added. Much of the explanation is technical but not so scientific as to trap the ordinary reader, what is given so interestingly, just makes him wish for more. In finding reasons for the being of his book, Mr. Bates goes along the well-known path that as our country needs the waterway most pressingly to safe-guard the territories under its flag, the canal work should be placed from a technical viewpoint before our citizens.

J. M. QUENTIN.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

Among new printings are the tenth edition of "My Mamie Rose," the third edition of "Hazel of Heatherland," by Mabel Barnes Grundy, and the fourth edition of "The Appreciation of Pictures," by Russell Sturgis.

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Mrs. Humphry Ward is expected very soon to arrive in this country for a long postponed visit. She will be the guest of Mrs. Frederick W. Whitridge, of New York, who, as the daughter of Matthew Arnold, is her cousin. The visit will be Mrs. Ward's first to America.

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The new edition of W. D. Howell's exquisite story of travel is entitled "Venetian Life," and is embellished by many fine illustrations by E. H. Garrett. One of these illustrations, pictured on today's book page, introduces one to "Palazzi Balbi and Grimani."

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Charles H. Caffin, whose "Child's Guide to Pictures" is being awaited with much interest, is best known as the author of "How to Study Pictures." Mr. Caffin is an Englishman, a graduate of Oxford, but he has been so long identified with American art criticism that this fact is sometimes forgotten.

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Ainslee's for March has a complete novel by Anna A. Rogers, called "The Madonna of the Tea Table," which ought to prove a big success. It is a tale of American Army and Navy people in Japan and contains many striking and absorbing situations welded together with unquestionable skill.

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The sermons of Rev. W. R. Huntington, D. D., rector of Grace Church, New York, entitled "A Good Shepherd and Other Sermons," the title discourse being a memorial of the late Bishop Huntington of Central New York, will soon be reissued in a cheap and popular form, in the series known as Whittaker's Sermon Library.

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It may interest opera-goers and book-lovers to learn that a special souvenir edition of Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande" is in preparation. The book will be profusely illustrated with scenes from Debussy's opera, and will contain a critical introduction by Monrose J. Moses, the dramatic critic.

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Elizabeth Robin's "Come and Find Me," which has been running serially in the Century, is now issued in book form. Miss Robins is at her Winter home in Florida, though usually much of her time is spent in England. "Come and Find Me" will have 11 full-page illustrations by Earnest L. Blumenschein.

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New books received: "Another Fairy Reader," by James Baldwin, 35 cents; and "A Laboratory Manual of Zoology," by Margaret Burnett, 50 cents (American Book Company); "Messages for Home and Life," by Dinsdale T. Young, $1.25; and "Some Little Prayers," by Lucy Rider Meyer, 25 cents (Jennings & Graham).

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A book designed at once to embody the latest idea in building values, and to be at once practical as well as attractive, is entitled "Building a Home," by H. W. Desmond and H. W. Frohne, of the Architectural Record. A special feature of the book will be the illustrations and plans, which are all drawn to the same scale, and are all practical.

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Fugitive poems by Helen Hay Whitney, gathered into a little volume entitled "Gypsy Verses," reveal a delicate fancy and a clear-sighted, poetic imagination. This is her phrasing of "Love and Dawn":

"Down shaking long light pennons in the East—
In love the least
And love the greatest of the morning's woes?
See how the rose
Breaks in a hundred petals down the sky.
Darkness must die,
And in the heart, where flutters sad desire,
Wakes the new fire
Silver and azure of the open day.
So, grief, away!
We will be glad with flagons, drown old pain,
And Dawn shall bring us to her own again."

* * *

Discussing E. Phillips Oppenheim and his position as a writer of sensational novels, Dr. Richard Burton remarks in the current issue of the Book News Monthly: "The truth is, Mr. Oppenheim is mindful of the fundamental facts of human nature; his tales have a genuine psychologic interest. Then, too, they are very well written, and they display an easy acquaintance with the great world, whether that of national or international relations, or of fashionable society. The writer seems equally at home in sketching a king or a criminal. And, again, there is now and then a serious note of social sympathy in his work, a humanitarian tendency, which dignifies the popular elements that obviously there; exciting fable, dramatic situations, mystery, suspense. It is the union of these qualities which lifts Oppenheim's narratives above the tawdry shilling shocker, while, at the same time, they retain its virtues. Above all else, his fiction stands for story for story's sake—a good thing in these days of fictional invertebrates. He has taken to heart Anthony Trollope's remark that in his first book he had a story to tell; whereas thereafter, becoming a professional novel-maker, he had to tell a story. Oppenheim always has a story to tell, and tells it with the cunning of a true craftsman. Buying one of his stories you may be sure of one thing—it will chain your attention. A typical tale of his will not turn out a lesson in disguise, leaving the novel-reader in the state of disgust."

IF THE FIGHT CONTINUES THERE WILL BE NOTHING LEFT TO FIGHT OVER.

Hot Fight On for Prohibition in Kentucky

VIGOROUS EDITORIAL FROM THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL AGAINST THE "MACHINATIONS OF THE DEVIL INCARNATE."

There is an actual fight over prohibition in Kentucky (think of such a thing in Kentucky!) or the Louisville Courier-Journal would not publish editorials of the length and energy of the following, which is taken from that paper of February 21.

BEFORE the present General Assembly at Frankfort proceeds to pass a law which, to meet the requirement of the extremists, should be entitled, "An act to recreate Kentucky in the image of Maine and Kansas, and to abridge the liberty of its citizens," its members—and especially those of them who are so blatant in proclaiming themselves Democrats—would do well to consider that the public opinion which will preside over the next state election will not represent the snap-judgment of hysteria, but will be an enlightened public opinion, availing itself of the horrid example of Georgia and other states south of us, which have tried prohibition to find it only a scheme of spoliation and delusion, uniting bogus religion with rotten politics, and replacing conditions that admittedly need reform by conditions tenfold worse.

But a few days ago the Courier-Journal cited the pastor of Grace Episcopal Church, of Long Island City, as saying that he felt it to be his duty, as a minister and a citizen, to do all in his power to support a return to the license system, after two years of "dry." He claimed to advocate license on moral grounds, and asserted that the "no-license plan did not remove the evil of intemperance, but exaggerated that evil and added to it many other worse evils, proving a prolific breeder of perjury, lawlessness and hypocrisy, all kinds of vile and poisonous concoctions being dispensed by irresponsible and disreputable persons."

"Prohibition," says Boyd Winchester with admirable precision, "may close the saloons, but the favored classes can dring at will in their homes and clubs, while the multitude must resort to cellars, 'blind tigers,' 'secret joints' and hidden places generally, where adulteration and extortion prevail; the difference being that drinking will go on with unabated fervor, though under mean, furtive and demoralizing circumstances. Any form of prohibition or restriction bears most heavily upon the poorer classes, the rich being always able to secure whatever potations they wish. No one can question the sincerity of Mr. Gladstone as to temperance, but when urged to join in a temperance propagandism in 1864, he wrote: 'How can I, who drank good wine and bitter beer all my life, in a comfortable room and among friends, coolly stand up and advise hard-working fellow-creatures to take the pledge?'"

There is not a thoughtful, right-thinking man in the world who does not know that this is the truth, and bound, in the nature of man and the case, to be the truth.

Cardinal Gibbons is the latest authority, and a very great authority he is, to be quoted to the same effect. The good Cardinal is firmly of the opinion that prohibition does not prohibit. His idea that laws which are sure to be broken are bad laws, begetting disrespect for all law, cannot be successfully controverted. Only those who are very ignorant and unreflecting, or else victimized by emotional insanity, can think otherwise.

The editor of the Courier-Journal received a letter not long ago from a good, Christian woman in Central Kentucky, who was fairly horror-stricken that the paper, which she said she had held next after her Bible, should "oppose temperance." She was able to see but one side of it. She only saw the drink habit with its devilish machinations; the saloon with its easy seductions; both to be extirpated by a statute, which would not, in our opinion, reach either, whilst entailing peculiar evils of its own; smuggling, adulteration, extortion, perjury.

We do not need to go to Maine for the proof. Right at our own door, just across the Kentucky line at Knoxville, in Tennessee, they have tried a castiron prohibition ordinance long enough to test its evil fruitage. Thence, as from all other places where the crazy plan has been tried, comes the same old story: the business of the town seriously crippled by the new law; more than 100 vacant storehouses placed on the market, affecting the prices of all real estate; the city taxes to be raised. Yet alcoholic liquors are readily obtained by persons who want to buy them, and an order for liquor from Middlesboro was recently filled by a Knoxville agent with decision and dispatch, encountering nowhere the least hindrance.

If there were any variation in this experience, the prohibition people might talk. There is none. In Maine, in Iowa, in Kansas, the sole effect of prohibition enactments has been, first, to get the prohibition question into religion and then into politics, and, finally, to make it the agent of universal corruption.

The red-nosed angel who plays prohibition in public six days in the week and gets drunk in secret over Sunday is a familiar figure in those states where the drink issue, fomented in the churches, has got into politics. "Honest liberty," says Milton, "is the greatest foe to dishonest license." It is so easy for vice to affect virtue—for the Devil to quote Scripture—and to palm off fraud on impressionable people for truth. True courage, true integrity, the spirit of true patriotism and religion are first expelled by intolerance from the churches, and then the hue and cry for bogus religion is taken up by the red-nosed angels of politics, and upon it are rung all the changes which pharisaism and perfidy know so well how to ring, in order to catch the ear of the unthinking.

Members of the General Assembly should take into consideration the fact that half measures will not suffice. The Anti-Saloon League announces that "it is ready without a moment of delay to lead a movement which shall prevent the saloon from doing business on a single foot of soil and on any day of the week anywhere in this grand old commonwealth." The Kentucky conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church declares: "Eternal and unrelenting warfare against the saloon; it is war to the death for local prohibition, state prohibition, National prohibition, and for the use of alcohol as a beverage to be prohibited by state and National legislation." The recent prohibition candidate for Governor took the position that: "If the liquor traffic is a good thing, it should not be prohibited by local option in a limited territory; if it is a bad thing (which he believed) it certainly should be prohibited in the State of Kentucky and throughout our Nation."

This means the confiscation of a hundred millions of property values and the increase of taxation everywhere.

The Legislature must go the whole hog or nothing. To satisfy the prohibitionist, they must make Kentucky even as Maine, and Kansas, and Georgia. They may not at that rate get the prohibition vote. It is Tom Watson, in Georgia, who is likely to carry off the usufruct of the dishonest statute, not the fool Democrats who enacted it.

Boyd Winchester used to be considered a pretty good Democrat. That he is not only a Democrat still, but retains his intellectual vitality and convictions as well, is attested by his contemporary writing. Through the following shines the spirit of Jefferson himself.

Opposition to sumptuary laws has long been a tenet of the Democratic party. It is a Democratic axiom that the best-governed people are those least governed; that the science of legislation is the science of touching as lightly as possible the freedom of the citizen in his individual, domestic and personal life. The mania for regulating everywhere does not spring from a democratic root. It is characteristically monarchical to oversee all, to intermeddle with all, like an Argus with a hundred eyes and a Briareus with a hundred hands. The royal conception of government is that of a felt presence in the daily life of every citizen, directing his manner of life. This monarchical idea has been defined by writers on government from Aristotle down, and it postulates a sovereign power standing at the side of every citizen to see that he behaves. This is the direct opposite of the Republican dream and idea. The security of individual rights, the rights to life, liberty, property and the pursuit of happiness, and arbitrary restrictions, are "a contradiction in terms, a blasphemy in religion, a wickedness in politics." Providence has given to every sane human being a degree of reason necessary to direct himself in the affairs which interest him exclusively. On this grand principle civil and political society rests, and it has been the object of all the struggles against arbitrary power, temporal and spiritual, civil and political, military and ecclesiastical, in every age. There can be no question more important and vital to the existence of civil liberty. It is the question of centuries, over and about which men have fought and suffered and died, until out of the dark and dreary struggle the great truth was established that "the only freedom which deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others or impede their efforts to obtain it."

The drastic prohibitionist, who is the lineal descendant of Cotton Mather, the true disciple of Philip of Spain, a natural believer in the Inquisition and the stake, will none of such reasoning. He wants to make his neighbor as himself, and, unless his neighbor yields, he wants to kill him. His is not the idea at all that the saloon shall obey the law; it is that liquor shall cease to be used or even exist.

Laws to regulate the sale of intoxicants and increase the responsibility of liquor dealers, with a judicious and rational license system and a reasonable restriction, are wiser and more effective and more likely to be observed and enforced whenever public sentiment approves them, than any prohibitory enactment. Local option laws, unlike prohibitory laws, do not confuse the wholly different issues of saloon regulation and personal abstinence, and do not impose upon communities laws which public opinion will not suffer to be enforced. Local option, constantly growing more carefully restrictive and stringent in supervision, aims, whenever practicable, to draw the line between that part of the traffic which public safety requires to be prohibited and that part which, if evil at all, is too remotely and indirectly so, to warrant an interference with individual rights. This policy trusts every community to handle its own saloon problem, regulating the sale of liquor according to its own desires and needs; and the result has been as agreed by all who know the facts, an average of effective and impartial law enforcement far above anything that could be looked for or has been reached under statutory or constitutional prohibition.

The Courier-Journal offers local option, each civil district to be its own judge, as the alternative, and it believes that an infinitely better agent of real temperance than any other.

We do not expect that the illiterates of the chain-gang of reptiles and varmints which ten years of machine politics has raised up in Kentucky will see either the truth or the force of the axiom, "equality for all—exclusive privilege for none"; but ambitious politicians ought to see it. The fight is on, and it will be a fight to a finish. Believing as it does, the Courier-Journal will support no man for office who equivocates upon a principle which ought to be as dear to manly hearts as the Constitution of the United States itself, as the Christian religion itself—but it will oppose him relentlessly wherever he appears and by whatever name he calls himself—its one purpose being to reseue Kentucky from the rule and reign of perfidy and pharisaism and to save it from the fate of Maine, Kansas and Georgia, a triology of states in which scoundrelism masquerades as a statesman, and the devil stalks abroad at high noon incarnate and unresisted.

LEGENDS ON AMERICAN COINS

"E Pluribus Unum" Has Been Used by Our Government Ever Since 1792; New Jersey First Adopted It.

THE use of the motto "In God We Trust" on American coins is less than half a century old, but the legend "E Pluribus Unum" has done duty upon nearly every United States coin issued since the establishment of the Mint in 1793, and even goes back to the days when individual states struck their own coins.

The origin of the legend is rather uncertain. There is evidence that it did not originate in the Colonies, nor was it brought into being, as many have supposed, by the conditions which existed in this country in the latter half of the eighteenth century. It seems to have been derived from a foreign source.

The motto "E Pluribus Unum" is found on the title page of an English publication, the Gentleman's Magazine, about 1690. It was first used in America on the copper cent dated 1786, issued by the State of New Jersey and known as the Nova Caesarea cent.

In 1786 a law was passed by the Legislature of New Jersey for coining copper cents, which were to be made "in the state, of such device and impression as should be directed by the Justices of the Supreme Court, or any of them." Whether the justices had anything to do with the selection of the motto is not quite certain. They seem to have taken very little interest in the matter and left the design to the first New Jersey mintmaster, Walter Mould, a coiner at Birmingham, England, who had emigrated to America and set up his plant at Morristown.

The motto was borne by all the many varieties of cents struck by Mould and other coiners in the state during the three years of coinage—1786, 1787 and 1788.

In 1787 Ephraim Brasher adopted the legend for the famous New York doubloon, struck in gold, which has since become the highest priced coin in the world, $6200 having been paid for a speciman last Summer at the Stickney sale. On this coin, however, there was a slight variation in the reading of the legend, it being "Unum E Pluribus."

Several varieties of the New York copper cents dated 1787 bore the motto "E Pluribus Unum." It appeared on the "Immune Columbia" series dated 1787, the Kentucy cent dated 1791 and one variety of the Washington cent of the same date.

The early engravers were fond of placing mottoes upon coins, usually in Latin. On the Maryland coins, known as the coinage of Lord Baltimore—shillings, sixpences, groats and pennies—the legend generally used was "Crescite et Multiplicamini" (Increase and Multiply).

The New Hampshire cent fo 1776, said to be the first coin issued by one of the United States, bore the inscription "American Liberty," with the pine tree as one of its chief devices.

The New York cent struck at Newburgh nearly all bore the motto "Inde et Lib" (Independence and Liberty), which inscription was shown by the many varieties of cents struck in the State of Connecticut. One variety of the New York cents bore the inscription "Virt et Lib" (Virtus and Liberty).

A number of the states put out "Immune Columbia," or free Columbia, cents. The reverse die of this piece seems to have been used in conjunction with one of the regular obverse dies used by Vermont, New York and New Jersey. The design represented the Goddess of Liberty seated, upholding with one hand the scales of justice, with the other grasping a flag which falls from a liberty staff, surmounted by a liberty cap.

The inscription on the Massachusetts copper coinage was simply the word "Commonwealth." Rare Massachusetts coin bears the inscription "God Preserves New England." An extremeley rare variety of the Massachusetts copper, dated 1776, contained the legend "Liberty and Virtue" and is supposed to be the first pattern for the Massachusetts cent.

The Carolinas were credited with a coin of the same character as one of the Massachusetts issues, it having the same form of elephant on one side, but the inscription reads, "God Preserve Carolina and the Lords Proprietor." This coin was issued in 1694.

The copper coin known as the Louisiana cent, struck in France as early as 1721 for use in the American colonies, bore the inscription, "Benedictum Sit Nomen Domini" or (Blessed Be the Name of the Lord). This was a favorite inscription with the French engravers and many of the regular French coins of the period contained it.

The first Continental dollar, one of the rarest of American coins, a silver specimen of which sold for $500 some time ago, was dated 1776 and inscribed "American Congress. We Are One." This coin, together with the Fugio cent of later issue, bore the motto, "Mind Your Own Business."

One of the scarcest of the early coins, showing an Indian seated upon a globe and holding a bunch of tobacco in his right hand, and dated 1778, has the inscription, "Non Dependens Status" (Independent of Position).

An extremely rare and interesting copper of the "Confederatio" series shows an Indian standing beside an altar, his right foot upon a crown, arrow and bow in hand, surrounded by the inscription, "Inimica Tyrannis America" (America Hostile to Tyrants).

This coin possesses an added interest for the reason that the reverse was in all probability a working out of a design for a crown, one of the coins in a series suggested by the financier of the Revolution, Robert Morris. Mr. Morris suggested that a gold crown be struck which should bear the design of "an Indian, with his bow in his left hand and in his right hand 13 arrows and his right foot on a crown, the inscription, 'Manus InimicaTyrannis.'" The series were to be of the denominations of quarters, pence, bits, dollars and crowns—ten quarters to make one penny, ten bits to make one dollar and ten dollars to make one crown. A very high value is placed on this coin, and a specimen recently brought $800.

One of the very scarce Washington coins, dated 1786, showing a portrait of the General, had the inscription "Non Vi Virtute Vici." (I conquered by virtue not by force.)

Still another rare copper showed an Indian as the principal design and the inscription "Liber Natus Libertatem Defendo." (Being born free I defend liberty.) This is one variety of the rare series of cents struck for use in New York, and a specimen sold for $85 last Summer.

The Kentucky cent bore the mottoes in English, "Our Cause Is Just" and "Unanimity Is the Strength of Society."

One of the early coins of the American Rose series bore the motto, "Utile Dulci."