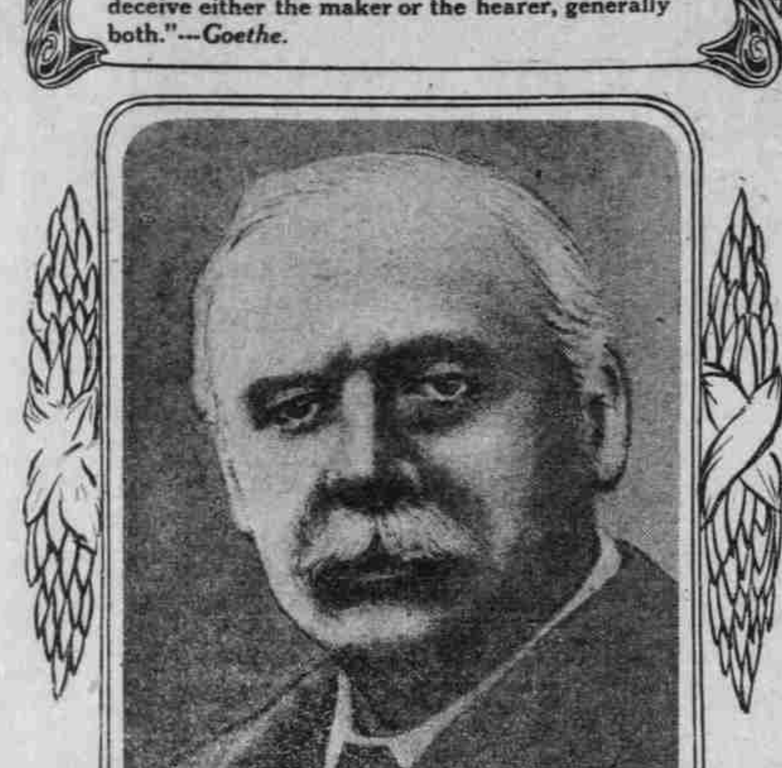
"I am an enemy to long explanations; they deceive either the maker or the hearer, generally both."—*Goethe.*



LORD CROMER
AUTHOR OF "MODERN EGYPT."

Modern Egypt, by Lord Cromer. Two volumes. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York City.

Lord Cromer is probably the greatest living British pro-consul, and for a quarter of a century he showed his ability as virtual ruler of Egypt. Advance sheets of his new book, "Modern Egypt," have arrived, and even a cursory examination shows that it is certain to prove an original reference authority for future historians. A totally new word-picture is given of General "Chinese" Gordon, who was killed at Khartoum by the Mahdi forces.

"Modern Egypt" gives a fairly accurate narrative of the principal events which have occurred in Egypt and the Soudan, since the year 1876, especially reviews conditions surrounding the death of Tewfik Pasha, January 7, 1892, and deals with Soudan history up to the end of last year. Of course, the distinguished author shows the benignant results following British occupation of Egypt.

Lord Cromer hints that General Gordon was unfitted for the work entrusted to him as special British administrator in the far-Soudan. Gordon was generally accepted as a hero, a Christian soldier, and be some as a fanatic. Lord Cromer, who was then Sir Evelyn Baring, British agent and autocrat of Egypt, was supposed to be Gordon's superior officer, but Gordon proved to be a poor subordinate, and he refused to obey orders. Once, in despair, Cromer wrote to the home ministry: "A man who habitually consults the Prophet Isaiah when he is in difficulty, is not apt to obey the orders of anyone." In one day, Cromer received from Gordon 20 dispatches, each one sweeping and imperative, and several messages contradictory in substance.

Gordon had received implicit instructions to evacuate the Soudan, but when he reached there he began to look upon himself as a father-protector, and a waiting policy was pursued. He wrote in his journal: "If any emissary or letter comes up here, ordering me to come down, I will not obey it, but will stay here and fall with the town and run all the risks." No wonder that the Gladstone government began to suffer from nervous prostration.

After the lapse of years, Lord Cromer thus writes in retrospect:

> I have no hesitation in saying that General Gordon cannot be considered to have tried to do his duty unless a very strained and mistaken view be taken of what his duty was. He appears to me to have set up for himself a certain standard of duty without any deliberate thought of the means by which his objects were to be accomplished or of the consequences that would probably ensue. As a matter of public morality, I cannot think that General Gordon's process of reasoning is defensible. The duty of a public servant in his position was to sink his personal opinions and to consider the wishes and true interests of the government and the nation which he was called upon to serve.

In Great Britain, it is currently said by one faction that the Gladstone government "left Gordon to his fate," and by another that the government was delayed by divided counsel of military advisers, until it became too late to take action. When those over the water absorb Lord Cromer's new book, well—some typewriting machines will be made to hum. Lord Cromer's skill as a great pro-consul will be conceded, but his conclusions will be received with mingled incredulity and complacency. Liberals and Conservatives will be divided into even more diverse camps than usual.

Across Wildest Africa, by A. Henry Savage Landor. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City.

So cleverly and amusingly written is this book of foreign observation, that one is often puzzled whether Mr. Landor, in his descriptions of exalted personages, does not hand out liberal doses of sarcasm. It takes close reading to judge where his seriousness ends and fun begins.

This is true of 900 pages of remarkably clear type, in which Mr. Landor shines as a raconteur. He began his eventful journey at Djiberti in Franch Somaliland, and finished it at Cape Verdi. And he also made a number of side trips, including Somaliland, Abyssinia, the Bahr-el-Ghazal, the Miab-Miama and roamed among the cannibals of the Congo and the queer races of the Shari and the Cameroons.

Once in an Abyssinian village, Landor has an odd adventure with an admiring mother and her soiled baby.

> No sooner had we arrived than an old woman came into my camp with two large bags of barley, a load of firewood, two gourds, one of fresh, the other of curdled milk, and one large jar of native wine, the whole of which she presented to me.
>
> "I have no husband," said she; "no father. No one to whom to give all this. I have only this little child. So I give all to you."
>
> "Pray not the child," I hastily replied. "But I will take the wine, the milk, and the barley."
>
> On my rewarding the lady with brand new silver dollars, her eyes gleamed with joy, and she expressed her gratitude by throwing herself down to kiss my feet and then my hands. The latter she kissed first upon the knuckles, then under the palm. Her little child was, after much shaking, made to imitate the good woman's example. The end of it all was that the infant was further persuaded to throw his arms round my neck, and he kissed me on both cheeks with quite unusual fervor. The child had a dirty face. The old lady returned to my camp many times to express again her gratitude—she—said—but I took great care to keep mother and baby at a distance.

But the most comical word pictures of all are met with when our author gives his experiences with King Menelik of Abyssinia:

> Menelik was extremely jovial and polite to me, undoubtedly because of Sir John's introduction, and also I think, perhaps, because I assured the Emperor that I wished nothing from him. I wanted no concessions, no decorations; nor did I come to buy or sell anything. It must have been rather a relief for Menelik, as the majority of foreigners who visit him worry him considerably, trying to obtain something or other.
>
> It was arranged that the next morning I should go and call again and he would give me a sitting for the portrait. He would then put on his regal robes for me and a huge gold, jeweled crown, a sort of gigantic mitre.
>
> "Oh, I do so hate putting it on," said the Emperor jokingly. "It is so heavy and it hurts my head. I much prefer my felt hat."
>
> "Can you paint my portrait in 15 minutes?" said Menelik to me, "and can I wear my crown and cloak only for one minute, as the cloak is hot and the crown is heavy. And can I talk to Sir John while you are painting me?"
>
> When the crown and cloak were produced I was really sorry for the Emperor, and there and then agreed to his terms. Then I was sorry for myself, as, indeed, it meant painting under difficulty. I would try, anyhow, and see what I could do. The Emperor promised to let us know the next morning at what time he would sit.
>
> We had kept the Emperor waiting half an hour, but Menelik was gracious in his manner, and again expounded what a nuisance it was to have to dress up in his official robe.
>
> When it came to the crown, Menelik exclaimed, childlike, "Feel the weight of it," and he handed the regal emblem first to Sir John and then to me, all the time laughing heartily. "The last time I wore it, it gave me a terrible headache for several days. That is what comes of being an Emperor," he soliloquized.
>
> In fact, when the crown was placed upon his head, Menelik made an excruciating grimace, as if it caused him intense pain.
>
> "Mind you, only for one minute by the watch," he ejaculated as he was half smothered under the heavy golden jewelry.
>
> I took two lightning sketches of him and then hastened to take several photographic negatives, in order to have a record of the detail, as so many and complicated were the jewels upon his headgear and so uncommonly elaborate the ornamentations upon his yellow robe—not to speak of the European decorations of all sorts covering his entire chest—that it would have been quite impossible for any man to draw all that detail, which has to be reproduced with accuracy in a picture, in so short a time.

But more remarkable relations are given concerning Menelik's diplomatic moments, and his comic-opera assumption of one-man power:

> This is practically what happens every minute of the day at the palace: Menelik, with his head bandaged in a white sash, as it is called, a sort of silk kerchief, and with a cheap French felt hat with a large brim, far back upon his skull, is pondering with some foreign minister over some political problem of great importance to his country, let us say, the projected railway between the sea and Adis-Ababa. The Emperor is deeply absorbed in thought.
>
> Enters a servant, who whispers in the Emperor's ear, regardless of the presence of the foreign representative of a great European country:
>
> "Your Majesty, the carpenter wants some more nails to mend the veranda."
>
> "Here are the keys. Give him 20 nails," says the Emperor. "If he needs more, come again to tell me."
>
> The Emperor is again in deep thought. Intruder number two comes up and whispers that a mule has escaped from the palace.
>
> The Emperor jumps down from his throne—a high packing case covered with Oriental carpets—slips quickly into the shoes which he had discarded, and, hastens to his telescope, scanning the country all round with it, in order to see whether the missing animal can be detected from the hills near Adis-Ababa.
>
> No signs being apparent of the Emperor's wish to resume the conversation about the railway—the escaped mule being much more important to him than all the railways in the world—the foreign minister vainly attempts to drive the Emperor again to his throne. Attention is called to the interrupted discussion. The Emperor on his side endeavors to induce the minister to come and look for the mule.

The Measure of the Rule, by Robert Barr. $1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

Playful and almost kittenish. Mr. Barr pictures the life of Thomas Prentiss, country born and bred, who settles in a university town, where he ultimately hopes to emerge as civil engineer, but instead becomes a student in a normal college.

Strange and sometimes overdrawn adventures follow, but everything is told with such original humor that there can be no room for fault-finding. Surely, Prentiss' fellow students, including one Sam McCurdy, were often needlessly exasperating. Here is a college picture:

> Above the tall trees rose the taller Norman tower of University College, strong and staunch in solid stone; square and battlemented with its round turret in the corner, like a military castle set up on the battleground, where savagery and ignorance had urged its intellectual warfare with civilization and enlightenment. There stood before me the most magnificent structure I had ever seen; the center of a landscape almost blinding white, with the moonlight shining full upon this noble edifice. I fancy I was enthralled with the same emotion that agitates a devout pilgrim when from the hills he sees for the first time, the dome of St. Peter's in Rome.

Just as the reader begins to wonder when the inevitable love story should appear, the vision of Tom's girl, Miss Aline Arbuthnot, flits before the canvas, and new interest begins. Tom and Aline are co-eds at the same college, and they go to get married at Center-street Church. The minister says: "Therefore, if any man can show just cause why they may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

"I object," said a voice, that of one John Brent, and the point was made that the marriage would be illegal, as the girl was between 17 and 18 years old, and did not have her father's consent to her marriage. So the ceremony was postponed.

Prentiss is a man of moods. He goes to Paris, where he paints a wonderful picture, "The Interruption," the head being that of his lost Aline. The story has a romantic and happy ending, the title being coined from a text in the New Testament. The heading over the first chapter is the familiar couplet from "Address to an Egyptian Mummy":

> Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
> By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade.

Outline of Music History, by Clarence G. Hamilton. $1.50. Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass.

The author is associate professor of music at Wellesley College, Massachusetts, and has designed this interesting volume both for the general reader and class work, to meet the demand for a concise survey of the entire field of musical development, presented in the light of recent research.

Too long has the historic, serious side of music been encrusted with fable and myth, and it is time that known facts were arranged in logical sequence. This, Mr. Hamilton has done. The subject-matter is taught step by step, and from the music of primitive and savage peoples the path winds to medieval music, epoch of vocal counterpoint, development of monophony, Bach, Handel and Gluck; perfection of the sonata form; the transition to the romantic style; great nineteenth-century romanticists; opera in the nineteenth century, and other nineteenth-century composers, and the music of the present day. In the latter department this remark is made: "Wagner's music, once regarded as the ultima thule of radicalism, now appears mild compared with the ventures of exuberant present-day fancy—ventures, moreover, against which the conservative elements are compelled by public opinion to wage a losing fight. . . .' Never were radical tendencies so pronounced or so tolerated as at present."

Paper and printing are superior, and the book is enriched with many illustrations of musical instruments and musicians.

History of the Lumber Industry of America, by James Elliott Defebaugh. Volume 2. The American Lumberman, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Defebaugh is the editor of the American Lumberman, a publication that is accepted as an authority in the trade, and what he says here can be viewed from the expert's standpoint. The first volume, which has already been spoken of in these columns, was devoted to the general aspect of the timber trade and to timber in Eastern Canada, and this, the second volume of the series, begins the history of the lumber industry of this country, its special text being, "White Pine."

It is noted that the wonderful virgin forests which once stretched from the St. Croix River of Maine to the Red River of the North have almost been finished and that there survive only the remnants of these great resources in scattered groups of trees or in decimated woodlands, which stand as reminders of once great, magnificent forests of an extent and of value to man never excelled, if equaled. A hope is entertained by Mr. Defebaugh that as a result of man's careful and scientific work, a century hence there may be other great and valuable white pine forests covering portions of the areas now almost denuded.

The volume now under examination and review begins with the early timber trade of New England, and passes along to discuss Maine, early lumber days, logging methods, Penobscot, Western and Eastern districts, spruce and hardwoods, and lumber inspection; lumber in Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The list of illustrations includes portraits of celebrated lumber pioneers, and views of lumber growths. One of the notable pictures represents the second growth of Adirondack white pine, showing trees 50 to 60 years old. That's what we shall be doing some day, in this Oregon of ours.

Business Meeting Manual, by Clarence A. Palmer. In cloth, 25 cents. Palmer, 507 Virginia avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

It is true that many ambitious books are sold which pretend to give all the information necessary to the business-like conduct of public meetings, but then these same books are often so bulky that they are not kept around when wanted. This is not a fault noticed in this convenient little volume of 56 pages, with its handy reference department arranged at the end. The book can easily be accommodated in one's pocket, and its advice, if need be, quietly secured, while one's opponents are erroneously arguing out of order. It is a clearly-stated, condensed compendium of parliamentary rules concerning motions, debates and decorum in public discussion.

Folks Back Home, by Eugene Wood. The McClure Co., New York City.

Thirteen stories, reprinted, dealing with home scenes in Central Ohio, the same types of character being noticed as those which appeared in Mr. Wood's first book, "Back Home." The present collection is skillfully arranged in the way of contrast, the best work evidently being done in that demure love story, "The Seal of the Covenant."

J. M. QUENTIN.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

Mr. Howell's new novel is "Fennel and Rue."

* * *

M. Brunetiere's library sold for 43,531 francs.

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A handbook is announced by Frank Weitenkampf on "How to Appreciate Prints." The author is the chief of the print department of the New York Library.

* * *

Mrs. Mary Wilkins-Freeman recently visited San Francisco, where she was enthusiastically hailed as the author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." That's novel was written by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs. Such is fame.

* * *

Miss Alice Calhoun Haines' "Luck of the Dudley Grahams" is already going into a second edition. Libraries seem to be taking kindly to this inspiring story for young folks relating the experiences of a plucky and cheerful family.

* * *

A new book by J. M. Barrie is a literary event to be greeted with interest. The new volume promised and said to be on the way is a sequel to "The Little White Bird," published five years ago, and will be called "When Wendy Grew Up."

* * *

Maxwell Gray, the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," is an English woman whose name is M. G. Tuttiett. Her latest story, "The Great Refusal," was published in 1906, and a forthcoming novel will be "The Suspicions of Ermengarde."

* * *

A new translation is announced of a book by the Abbe Felix Klein, author of "In the Land of the Strenuous Life." The book is "An American Student in France" and is written along the lines of the author's volume on America. It is expected next month.

* * *

Professor Frederick Starr has in press a work describing the life and customs of the Indian tribes of Southern Mexico, a region of Mexico hitherto untouched by travel authors. "In Indian Mexico" will contain 160 illustrations from photographs taken by the author on his several explorations.

* * *

Mayor Johnson's new novel, "Lewis Rand," which will be ready for the early Summer, is a novel of Virginia in the days of Thomas Jefferson. An interesting feature of the book will be the story of the dramatic contest for supremacy between the party of Jefferson and the Federalist party, headed by Alexander Hamilton.

* * *

A uniform edition of ten volumes by W. J. Locke will be issued this Spring by his American publishers. Those who have seen the draft of his new story speak of it in enthusiastic terms, declaring it to be every whit as charming as "The Beloved Vagabond," moreover, having a greater general appeal. The title is not yet announced.

* * *

Elinor Glyn, the English novelist and author of "Three Weeks," "The Visits of Elizabeth," etc., announces a book of witticisms which will be published soon under the title, "The Sayings of Grandmamma." Next month Edward H. Cooper's new novel, "The Marquis and Pamela," dealing with English sporting society, may be expected.

* * *

A book of importance to students of criminology is promised in "The Young Malefactor," a study of juvenile punishment by Thomas Travis, Ph. D., which is now in the presses for speedy issuance. Judge Ben B. Lindsey, perhaps the best-known authority on children's courts in America, contributes an introduction, paying generous tribute to the investigator's work.

* * *

"A Life of Alice Freeman Palmer," by George Herbert Palmer, is to be published with portraits. Mrs. Palmer was the president of Wellesley College before her marriage, the dean of the woman's department of Chicago University in the early days of its existence when problems were numerous and difficult, and she was one of the leading educators of the country.

* * *

Longmans, Green & Co. will shortly issue volume 2, "Authority, Ecclesiastical and Biblical," of Professor F. J. Hall's ten-volume treatise on dogmatic theology. "The Inquisition: A Critical and Historical Study of the Coercive Power of the Church," is another early Spring book, written by the Abbe Vacandard and translated from the French for English readers by Rev. Bertrand L. Conway.

* * *

The publication is announced of "A History and Description of Italian Majolica," by M. L. Solon, with numerous illustrations in color and black and white, and a preface by William Burton. In this work the veteran artist and critic deals with the whole subject historically from the "origin" and earlier stages of Italian pottery to the prime of Maestro Giorgio and the decadence of the 18th century.

* * *

Next week may be expected a new volume by Rufus F. Zogbaum, the war correspondent, entitled "The Junior Officer of the Watch." It deals with the present-day service in the United States Navy, and has been illustrated by Mr. Zogbaum himself. Another late Winter book will be "The Thinking Machine on the Case," by Jacques Futrelle, in which are given the further adventures of "The Thinking Machine," otherwise known as Professor F. X. Van Dusen.

* * *

The following appears in that sedate Boston periodical, The Christian Register, apropos of "Alice-for-short" by William De-Morgan, whose "Somehow Good" has just appeared: "A suburbanite has been beguiling his half hour in the cars lately by reading 'Alice' in installments. 'I see you are interested in De-Morgan,' said a friend to him the other day. 'They tell me that the English department at Harvard is booming that man now.' 'Yes,' answered the other rather regretfully, 'so my boy was saying last night; but, nevertheless, it's a mighty good story.' ".

* * *

Nathaniel Lord Britton's "North American Trees" and Professor Vernon L. Kellogg's "American Insects" will be issued in a few days. Mr. Britton, who is director of the New York botanical garden, has been assisted in his work by J. A. Shafer. Their book attempts to help the reader to identify the trees (by their foliage, fruit and flowers) that grow independently of cultivation in North America. Two other nature books, "Fish Stories," by Dr. D. S. Jordan and Charles F. Holder, and Professor V. L. Kellogg's "Insect Stories," will be brought out probably next month.

* * *

Following the recent reorganization and change in the management of the New England Magazine, the first number of the magazine under the new management has been issued. It commemorates the 150th anniversary of the founding of the magazine. The president of the new company is Bertrand L. Chapman, and the editor of the magazine is Rhey T. Snodgrass. It is announced that hereafter the magazine will be devoted more than ever to matters of New England.

* * *

A biographical work to make its appearance soon is to be issued with the title, "George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham." The author is Philip Gibbs, and he has taken much pains to make his book of not only historical, but personal interest. He tells in a breezy, bright manner the story of the career of the favorite of two kings of Great Britain and also includes brief descriptions of the lives of Villiers' contemporaries. The work is based on the latest researches.

* * *

The vitality of Gertrude Atherton's best work is attested by the fact that in response to a persistent demand, a new edition of "The Californians" has just been published. This story, which some of Mrs. Atherton's admirers have held to be the best she has ever written, forms an important link in the chain of books in which she has depicted the complete social and political place in the series of three books, of which "Rezanov" is the first, and the recently published "Ancestors" the last.

* * *

There has just been brought out the second volume, containing parts IV and V, of the "Itinerary" of John Leland, edited by Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith. The first volume, containing Parts I-III, was published nearly a year ago. Leland was one of the 16th century scholars and travelers who have preserved for us in their books such remarkable pictures of the life of their times. His tour of England and Wales covers the period of about 1535-43, and is accompanied by a detailed map showing his wanderings.

* * *

Perhaps the many young friends that Mrs. Carroll Watson Rankin has made through her "Dandelion Cottage" would be nervous if they knew that out in Marquette, Mich., where she lives, the snow is 12 feet in the streets, so that the snow-plow horses cannot get over it. Mrs. Rankin's fortitude under these circumstances reminds one of Mr. Kipling's limerick:

"There was a young man of Quebec
Was stuck in the snow to his neck;
When they said 'are you frizz.'
He said 'yes I is.
But we don't think this cold in Quebec.'"

* * *

That the new novel by Frank Danby, "The Heart of a Child," should be an interesting piece of work almost goes without saying. Critics have often quarreled with her choice of subject, and resented her inclination to deal with forbidden themes, but they have never denied the power and grip of her stories. A realist as to methods, she has the imagination that creates types of character, and the important personages in her "Doctor Phillips" or "Pigs in Clover," will not soon be forgotten by those who have once made their acquaintance. "The Heart of a Child" is a picture of stage life that will be eagerly read, and—it seems safe to predict—long remembered as a true document concerning the life of our day.

* * *

In commenting on Owen Wister's recent attempt to "unfreeze" George Washington in "The Seven Ages of Washington," the veteran, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, records an interesting episode in his own early literary life. Nearly 50 years ago, he says, "I was myself appointed as a member of a committee which was to edit a series of unpublished letters of his (Washington's). I was the junior member of the committee—but with all modesty, I said at the first meeting that I would not serve as one of the editors unless the letters were to be published as we found them—'swear words and all.' To my great satisfaction the chairman said with serious earnestness, 'I think Mr. Hale is right. I think the time has come when we can tell the truth about Washington.'" Dr. Hale says of Mr. Wister that he "is always entertaining, and when he is writing a book he always says what he thinks himself, and does not let anyone else do his thinking for him"—no slight praise from a man of Dr. Hale's great experience and knowledge.

* * *

One of the fruits of the Irish literary renaissance has been a renewed interest in Irish history, which will be further stimulated by a volume of "Studies in Irish History," by Mrs. J. R. Green. Readers of Mrs. Green's "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century," need not be told that she is a worthy disciple of the school of historical writers in which her husband was a leader. In her new book she will discuss such topics as "The Growth of Irish Commerce," "Irish Learning," "The National Education," "The Destruction of Irish Learning," and "The New Learning." In these studies she will show, what a few scholars have long known, that for many centuries the Irish were one of the most highly civilized people of Europe, and led the world in scholarship and the arts.

THE CONQUERING OF SKINNY.

"AW-DON'T YOU MIND IT TEACHER *** YOU JEST GO AHEAD."

WILLIAM RHODES, more familiarly known as "Skinny," was, by right of his prowess as a fighter, the natural leader of the larger boys at District No. 1 School. These boys had, in the dim past, borne the unenviable reputation of being bad, and at first sight of the new teacher they all felt a sudden secret determination to revert to their former degeneracy. Why they had so felt was rather a mystery, since they had, for two terms past, been properly docile and law-abiding under the rigid discipline of a young six-foot farmer of the neighborhood, whose methods of pedagogy were none the less effective because original.

Perhaps it was Miss Powers' appearance, timid and shrinking as if she were not quite sure of her right to be there at all, which had aroused the latent bully that is sleeping somewhere in the heart of every son of woman. Save for her large and expressive dark eyes, there was little indeed about the new teacher to inspire admiration. She lacked the perfectly meritless attraction of youth; she was extremely thin and small, with dark circles under the eyes, and she had a strange habit of stopping suddenly when half-way across the room and putting her hand to her heart.

"Like a chicken with the pip," Peleg Anderson was quoted as saying, when asked at home how the new teacher looked.

For the first few days Miss Powers apparently ignored the attempts of the older boys to create a disturbance; however, she went about her work in a nervous manner as if treading upon the rim of a smoking crater, expecting an explosion momentarily.

It came suddenly when Skinny Rhodes called out loud in study hour to his right and left-hand henchmen, that Farmer Bailey, their erstwhile instructor, was passing in his new wagon, and the trio left their seats simultaneously to wave to him a noisy greeting from a window.

Miss Powers had no alternative but to reprimand such contempt of authority, and she further added just before midday dismissal that if a repetition of the morning's disorder occurred that afternoon, she should invite those three boys to remain after school and receive punishment.

The disturbance continued with increasing boldness throughout the next session, and at recess the leaders in the riot held a colloquy.

"Gee, ain't she jest easy!" laughed Skinny derisively.

"What yer goin' to do when she keeps us in after school, Skinny?" asked Johnny Meaders. "Yer goin' to walk up and hold out yer hand like a little man? Oh, Lordy!" Johnny was compelled to roll over and over in order to extinguish his mirth.

"I'm not even goin' to stay after school," spoke up Skinny, his dark eyes flashing grandly. "I'm not goin' to notice her—no more'n if she was a fly!"

"Say, that's great! We'll jest hike out when the rest go and not pay no attention to her. She can't do nothin'—less'n it is to cry." This from Peleg Anderson, who always seconded Skinny.

"Hi, there, fellers!" someone called to them from across the grounds, where a ball game was in its initial stage, and Skinny darted within the schoolhouse for his own ball. It was surely in his desk—farther back, perhaps, Skinny thought, as he rested his chin upon the top while he stretched his arm over the under surface to the extreme limits. He had about given it up and decided to go out and accuse light-fingered Jared Slocum of its theft and offer to fight him on the score, when the teacher crossed the room to his side.

She stopped as if to speak to Skinny, laying her hand for a moment upon the rough worn surface of the desk near where his chin rested, and then—that motion again, as if in sudden pain—and she passed on without a word.

But, the sight of that blue-veined, delicate little wrist, which had for one instant lain close under his eyes, stirred to sudden life all the poignancy of a long past boyhood sorrow, and made Skinny harbor queer feelings to which his savage breast had heretofore remained alien. He suddenly had no desire to play ball or, what was stranger, no desire to fight Jared, but went slowly across the room instead, passed out the door in the rear and climbed up into a great oak tree near. On his ascent he had mechanically filled his pockets with acorns and now, lying prone upon a spreading bough, he began shying them one by one at his hat, which had fallen to the ground, the action serving as a sort of accompaniment to his reflections.

Zip! "Mother had been little—like Miss Powers—and her wrists and hands had been delicate and slender, the blue veins plainly showing."

Zip! "Miss Powers was, after all, not a natural enemy, but a little helpless woman—as mother had been."

Zip! "Mother had never had to teach school, but perhaps if she had done so she would have been timid like that. Why, mother had even been afraid of a mouse."

Zip! "Miss Powers was probably not teaching for the fun of it." The thought had never before occurred to Skinny.

Zip! And then aloud, as the bell interrupted his musings: "Aw, chuck it!"

Which goes to show that Skinny was as deep as ever in his problem when he slid to the ground and sullenly formed in line with his grinning companions. So great was his disgust at the general irresponsibility evinced by his fellows that he could not forbear kicking Jared Slocum upon the shins, partly as a relief to his own chaotic mental state and partly in payment for Jared's audible surmise that Skinny was "leary o' the lickin'" in store for him.

Later, about midway of the last session, when Miss Powers' back was turned, Skinny was seen to shoot a note across the room to the farthest aisle, using his ruler as a propeller. Peleg Anderson caught it dexterously, read it through and promptly passed it over to Johnny Meaders.

When dismissal time came Miss Powers, with one hand pressed against her heart in a weak, pitiful way, timidly reminded the three boys that they were to remain.

"She's afraid!" Peleg told himself, but Skinny, with truer judgment, decided promptly: "She's sick that's what—like mother was!" and for the first time in his 13 years wished he might cut and run for very fear—fear of the illness that spelled death to little motherless Skinny.

The pupils passed out, looking back with unbelieving eyes at the boys whose proud boasts they had heard at recess. Not one of them had stirred from his seat.

"You may come forward, boys," the teacher told them, when the others had gone, and with one accord they strode up to her desk.

"I am so—so sorry," she began falteringly. "So sorry to—to—"

"Aw, don't yer mind it, teacher," Peleg Anderson protested, reassuringly, finding his voice before the others. "Lay it on—me first fellers!" holding out a grimy paw. "You needn't be afeard, teacher. You jest go ahead!"

Miss Powers went ahead, but in a manner that singularly belied her name, and which at a less solemn moment must have caused the boys unbounded merriment, such a very mockery of punishment it seemed.

Skinny held out his hand last. While the ruler was descending in gentle thwacks, he said graciously:

"If there's anybody in the school you want licked, teacher, I'll do it fer you. Sam Todd, he needs a lickin' anyways, fer what he called out to you at noon," and as a further conciliation to good feelings Johnny Meaders added impulsively: "My father's Sheriff o' this here county; you needn't be afraid o' nothin'."

There was no mistaking the implied friendliness of all three, and a sudden gush of tears stood in Miss Powers' dark eyes as she desisted out of breath, and answered gratefully:

"No, thank you, William. Thank you, Peleg and Johnny. Oh! I am sure you boys will never cause me any more trouble."

They then filed out slowly, and Miss Powers put on her hat before the little glass which hung over the water pail. "I cannot understand it!" she kept repeating to herself. "I cannot understand it!"

On her way to the door she stooped to pick up a crumpled piece of paper near Johnny Meaders' desk, which, when smoothed out, bore indisputable witness to Skinny's generalship in the sudden termination of hostilities. It ran:

"I am goin' to lick you if you don't stay in and let her. I am a-goin' to stay. She don't stand no show. I seen her rist. they is vains in it. SKINNY."

Miss Powers understood now. "Thank you, little Sir Galahad," she murmured, brokenly, as she thrust the crumpled piece of paper into her bosom.

A CUP OF GOOD COFFEE

A GOOD cup of coffee has more invigorating strength than almost any other beverage; when we rise from slumber, it braces our spirit; when we finish our dinner, it digests our food. Coffee conquers the natural craving for alcohol and subdues its influence. It accelerates the circulation of blood and expels flatulence. More coffee is consumed in the United States than anywhere else, and Americans have become the strongest Nation.

About a billion pounds, 12 pounds to every inhabitant, are brought here annually; the greater part of these beans, small in size, strong in flavor, comes from Brazil. Consumption of the more expensive Java beans, which are larger but milder, ranks next. Since the Spanish War West Indian beans from Porto Rico and Cuba have become fashionable. President Roosevelt drinks Porto Rico; excellent coffee comes from Bogota.

Coffee originated in Turkey and is still made by Mahommedans in their old-fashioned way. For one good cup, a tablespoon of ground coffee with a teaspoonful of sugar is placed in a small brass kettle and only water enough is added to fill one cup. After this has been boiled and bubbled up twice or thrice over burning charcoal it is poured, grounds and all, into the cup; the grounds are nutritious and apt soon to become palatable. Each cup is made fresh by itself. Before he bids you welcome, indeed, before the Turkish merchant opens his mouth, when you enter, you first must drink and smoke. The Moslem trader will offer his own Tschibouk filled with Persian, the most soothing of all tobaccos; you draw the blue clouds from the broad mouthpiece and puff them into air, the smoke having first passed through a bowl of fresh water and then through a long leathern tube. If his visit was welcome the parting guest will, before he leaves, receive similar attentions.

These coffee taverns in Turkey are generally kept by Armenians, who do not seem bloodthirsty; if they have political ambition, it is veiled by the mantle of Christian devotion. But they are after your plasters and know how to get them. They make the best coffee and tell the best stories; one related at a social gathering how the virtue of coffee was discovered. A sheik noticed, when his horse had munched a seed pod from a tree, where he rested, that the steed became fiery. The sheik took some pods home; they appeared sweet and grateful to his taste. When, after several indifferent experiments, he dried them in the sun and roasted the beans they contained, he found that, when ground to the powder, they made a delicious drink. The beverage not alone quenched his thirst but allayed his hunger. News of his discovery soon spread, and as soon as the quality of the berries was appreciated the cultivation of coffee trees became remunerative.

No coffee has an aroma so fine nor a flavor so delicious as the product of Yemen. This is attributed to a custom Arabians have of allowing the fruit to ripen and of gathering the pods from the ground after they have fallen or been shaken from the trees. Other coffee-growers pick the pods before all the beans mature and are not careful to separate the unripe. Of Arabian beans, the choicest are reserved for the Shah of Persia and the Sultan; the harems of other Moslem dignitaries come in for the next best and nearly the entire balance of the crop is consumed by the people of Turkey. What little is left goes to France and to the United States through the port of Mocha.—The Forum.

REAL PALACES

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room on the first floor isn't big enough for any great crush.

But the living-rooms are fine and big and comfortable. They are fitted with great care and supplied with every comfort and convenience. The apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie are on the second floor, together with a few guest chambers, with the south or garden view. Here, too, are the quarters of Mr. Carnegie's little daughter—playroom, schoolroom, sleeping-room, separate bathroom, quarters for nurse and governess, all within reach of the family—the unity of the home is one of Mr. Carnegie's hobbies. The third story is for guests, chiefly, but there is one novelty, at least. There are two separate hospitals, one for the family and one for the servants. And at the end of the house is an annex for the comfortable housing of the retinue of Carnegie servants.

"Mine is the most modern and roomy house in New York," says Mr. Carnegie. "A grand place would be foreign to our tastes."

For all this, the house rejoices in four elevators, a great $35,000 organ, an automobile garage, and an English billiard-room, and enough machinery to run a hotel. It cost $1,000,000 without the land, which is worth even more.

And it all stands in the name of his little daughter, to whom he gave it as a Christmas gift.

A Winter Wail.

Chicago News.

The register sends up its heat
And nicely warms the room.
But there's a chill about by feet
Worse than they suffer in the street.
My soul is full of gloom.
For by the furnace down below
I surely am undone.
It makes me sick, for coal, you know,
Is eight per ton.

Oh, when into my empty bin
The coal slides down the chute
I shudder at the grating din,
To feed the furnace seems a sin;
No joys my woe dilute.
I'm longing for the gentle Spring,
When warmth is in the sun,
For coal now costs like everything—
It's eight per ton.

I can't enjoy the warmth a bit;
It is quite otherwise.
I shovel coal, but I admit,
I hate to, and don't benefit
By that good exercise.
Yet, here it's cold weather now
And Winter's just begun.
No wonder anguish clouds my brow—
Coal's eight per ton.

Tempus Fugit.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Seems but a day
Has passed away
Since writers had their fling.
And you and I—
How time does fly!—
Were kicking at the Spring.
A year has flown,
Where has it gone?
Life is a fleeting thing.
Soon once again
Will mortal men
Be kicking at the Spring.