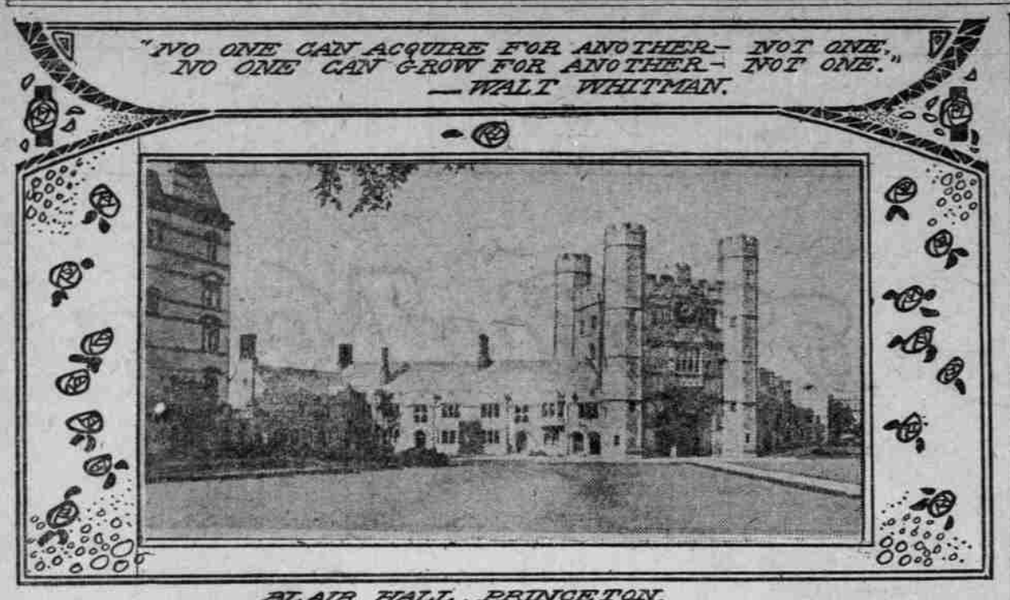


BLAIR HALL, PRINCETON.

**The Golden Rose**, by Amelie Rives. Price, $1.25. Harper & Brothers, New York city.

Near the edge of a leafy lane and bordering on an orchard where birds sang joyously in the Summer sunshine, lived a colony of roses whose nodding heads gave a perfume which was described as "the breath of the Lord." And the woman who ruled over these roses was what the world cruelly calls an old maid.

Day after day she lived for her roses and seemed content to lead the flower-life. She and her little maid servant said in their innocence: "Surely this is heaven. There's no man to bother us."

But in the fullness of time the woman of the garden began to long for more human society and one morning she horrified her maid-of-all-work by placing a man's hat on the tiny rack in the hallway of her house and a man's walking stick in the umbrella stand. "The hat and walking cane will give a certain respectability and completeness to the house," the flower woman told her little maid. The serpent had entered its Eden.

This is exactly the awkward situation in which the heroine of "The Golden Rose finds herself. She believes in a new psychology of love that can have no physical fulfillment, forgetting that we are creatures of passion, flesh and blood. It is written in Genesis: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh." But in the telling of her story Amelie Rives—who is also known as the Princess Troubetzkoy, the author of "The Quick and the Dead"—has written a delicate, poetic fancy that holds the patient breathless with intensity. One moment the book is chaste ice, and the next flaming fire. Its beauty of language in depicting ecstatic passion lifts it from common ground to ether. Dull words glow with the divine fire of poetry. Really the best and sanest story bearing the name of Amelie Rives as author.

The central figure in this psychology of love is Mrs. Meraud Cabell, a young widow who has endured the misery of an unhappy marriage. To her companion, Miss Anice Mayo, the widow confesses:

> How strange, after all I've been through! Yet it's there—the girl feeling, I mean. I'm like a rose cut back to the roots. I'm all fresh little twigs and leaves and buds—oh, but it's different. This peace—that I should ever know peace. That I should have given up all thought of love—the great love between man and woman I mean—and yet be happy—golden happy. My kind of love doesn't exist in this world. In some other, yes—I know that. I remember it. But here? No . . . . I tell you it doesn't exist on this earth. Men don't want it; some women, maybe. What does love on this earth lead to? Always the same end and it is an end. It ends all the beauty, all the dream, all the mystery. Why, what men call love on this earth—it's just a hungriness. My kind of love is a thirst. . . . What people call the fulfillment of love means love's death. "Under every flower is coiled a serpent"—that is it. Under every flower of that human love is coiled a serpent. I was in love with "him" and in that love were all the dreams that you ever dreamed. Now I am awake.

This was the mental condition of Mrs. Cabell before she makes the acquaintance—in the second chapter—of Steven Gordon Trafford, a young man of 30, a sort of cousin of hers who called suddenly at her house, saying that he is an historian and wishes to write a history of that part of Virginia where Mrs. Cabell's estate is located. The property is known as the Kingsweather estate. It had been a royal grant to the Cabells and had never been bought or sold. Its first owner had named it in honor of Charles II, who had been "le beau temps" for the Cabell family. Very little is mentioned in the novel about Mrs. Cabell's departed husband—out of sight, out of mind. On page 55 is a reference to Mr. Cabell having been appointed Minister to England.

Mrs. Cabell is silly in her simplicity. She has a glowing, dazzling pallor, and when she blushes—instead of blushing red, as any other woman would—this creature of pure ice blushes "a dazzling flame—white." Her physician, Dr. Robert Dundas, had warned her that she was subject to heart disease. She loves animals so much that she can't imagine eating them.

"Why should I," she asks, "munch little pieces of my sister the hen, or my brother the lamb, as St. Francis would have said?" She believes in reincarnation and thinks we have all lived before—often—and shall live again on this earth "until we conquer once for all; until we reach the end of that 'ancient, narrow path, stretching far away, as hard to tread as the edge of a razor.'" She likes Trafford because he is what she calls "pure" and "clean of mind and body. Pure as the 'Knights of the Grail' understand purity."

It ultimately dawned on her that Trafford lived 12 miles away, and as she suddenly discovered that she was lonely, she invited him to be the guest of herself and Miss Mayo. Trafford and Meraud have many talks in a charming garden that is an exotic dream. Dr. Dundas, however, makes fun of Widow Meraud's theory of platonic affection, and says:

> Do you think that because she looks and feels and acts like an angel that Meraud is an angel? She's a human being, I can tell you, in the most beautiful sense of the word. That heart of hers, weak or strong, pumps red, human blood—and it's as big as the world and has the needs of the world. Do you think that nature will let such a being as that continue to live proudly—without any throes or interruptions, the ascetic, bookbound, solitary, unnatural—yes, unnatural life that she has been leading here for five years?

Of course when Mrs. Cabell and Trafford discovered that they loved each other, their lovemaking wasn't of the common sort. It suggested angels' wings and icebergs. "When you look at me like that," she said to him, "as you are looking now, I seem to be about to remember something—to remember you. I think—long ago—somewhere, it was the same—no, not quite the same—there, it has gone now, but I've felt it once or twice before. I wonder what that place was? I wonder what we were doing together that long, long while ago?" Like a flash, the two know that they love each other and they walk forward "into the warm dark, hand locked in hand, like two bewildered children fleeing from some vague shape in a fearful house." Trafford kisses her and she speaks of having "hurt him" and of the love that has been "desecrated." But she is sure she can never marry him, and that she will never marry again. Trafford assures her that there is no passion in his love for her and swears it is more of the spirit than of the flesh. She answers:

> Listen and I will tell you what it is, you have done for me. I had a dear and wonderful friend once and when she lay dying she said many beautiful things. . . . and among them: "Always the painted apple, never the golden rose." I said: "Genevieve, who said that? Rossetti?" And she smiled and said, "No, Genevieve." And a little while after she died. And then, later, when—when I had—lived more, I felt that I knew what she meant. But, oh! tonight you have given me the golden rose.

Such bliss could not last. Trafford finds that, according to a promise he had made to a friend, he must pass the Winter in India, and the lovers part for the time being, vowing to live on each other's letters, and swearing eternal devotion.

Then human frailty crept in. Away from Meraud's physical presence, Trafford found that he was human enough to let his love slacken for so ethereal a being.

Months later, he suddenly returns to New York and the lovers accidentally meet on electric-blazing Broadway. The fair widow instinctively knows that the love-light has died in Trafofrds' eyes:

> And a sort of wild pity came over her for him—only for him, the pity we feel for some one who has loved fair colors and all the lovely pageantry of form, and who has been stricken suddenly with blindness. For she knew in that moment that the wonder, the splendor of a great passion had dimmed into the commonplace for him, had flickered and died down and left him in the grayness of every day. The mystery of her nature had lost its allurement as of the land beyond the lightning and only a chill void inclosed him.

It is a relief to know that this oddly-assorted couple part. There is nothing so vulgar as the hint of even a tragedy. They just pass. They typify an American Beauty rose which has been transplanted from its native earth and suddenly buried in a bed of concrete.

**A History of the United States and Its People.** By Professor Elroy McKendree Avery. Volume IV. Illustrated. The Burrows Brothers Company, Cleveland, O.

This, the fourth volume of an historical series promising to conclude with the 15th, groups the causes and complaints which eventually led to the American Revolution. In the third volume, the author traced the continued and intensifying conflict between prerogative and popular rights in the English colonies in this country; and in the present volume, enough is shown to demonstrate that the American Revolution was in the people's blood, and that the iniquitous stamp act and George III were only irritants that hastened the birth of the Republic.

Appropriately enough, on opening this handsome volume one meets with a portrait of Benjamin Franklin, a reproduction from the original painting by Joseph Sifrede Duplessis, in the Corocoran Art Gallery, Washington, D. C., and the Franklin signature is from an autograph letter in the library of Congress.

A perfect wealth of valuable maps, reproductions of historical documents, portraits, etc., delights the student, and he instinctively feels that such information and especially the liberal, scholarly interpretation of history, are met with nowhere else. "Avery" is the open door.

For instance, the illustrations include:

> Letter to Sir William Pepperrell, from the Massachusetts General Court, dated December 24, 1745, congratulating him on the capture of Louisburg; Massachusetts three-penny bill, 1690; manuscript declaration of war against the Penobscot and other Indians by Governor Benning Wentworth, of New Hampshire, 1745; the royal arms, probably painted about 1724; seal of King's College, 1754 to 1775; crown on flagstaff of King's College (Columbia University); seal of Princeton University; title page of "Poor Richard's Almanac," 1753; manuscript of Indian treaty, 1745; relics of Maryland Palatines; view of Baltimore, Md., 1752; North Carolina nine-shilling proclamation money; facsimile of one of the lead plates buried by Celeron de Blenville; silver bowl presented at Government House, Washington; plan of Fort Duquesne; signatures of the members of the Albany, N. Y. convention, 1754; page from Braddock's order book, in Washington's handwriting; view of Fort Niagara; plan of the battle of Lake George; seal of Nova Scotia at the time of George II; uniform of a French soldier, 1755, in colors; view of Louisburg during the seige of 1758; Forbes' order appointing Washington president of a general court martial, the taking of Quebec; portrait of James Wolfe; house in which Montcalm died; "Montreal Taken" medal, 1760; George III; facsimile map of Detroit River, 1749; redoubt at Pittsburg; medal presented to Indian chiefs at the treaty of 1764, after the Pontiac conspiracy, etc.

The special historical period treated belongs to the colonial times of 1745-1764. The volume, of 397 pages, bears the marks of scholarship, accuracy, and wise discrimination, and at the top of each page is the year about which the historian writes. This plan saves confusion. Nothing is so exasperating to the reader as to meet with histories which mention a jumble of different months and force one to go back several pages to hunt for the year in which the events referred to happened. Professor Avery's history is free from this. It leads, and is a remarkable witness to the life work of its author.

**Physical Geography**, by Dr. M. F. Maury and Dr. Frederic William Simonds. Illustrated. $1.20. The American Book Company, New York City.

A generation of teachers has stamped approval on the Maury-Physical Geography, and mainly because of the advances in recent years of physiographic science. Professor Simonds, head of the department of geology in the University of Texas, has thoroughly modernized the text of the book, revising and to a large extent rewriting the entire work. It is, so to speak, brought up to date. For instance, the picture opposite the title pape represents the eruption of Vesuvius in April, 1906. The illustrations are unusually good.

**Poems**, by Robert Underwood Johnson. The Century Company, New York City.

Many of the poems gathered together in this volume have been favorites since they originally appeared in magazines, and it is a pleasure to have them in a permanent collection. The verses are marked by brightness, quaint sentiment and ringing optimism, although Mr. Johnson sometimes criticises life and leaves you wondering. His style is of the scholarly, American type, that leaves an impression for good.

Mr. Johnson's book of poems is issued by the Century Company, on the completion of his 35th year of service with the magazine now known and universally admired as the Century, and he has been its associate editof since 1881. It is also notable that his first poem, "To Ralph Waldo Emerson, on the Death of Garfield," was the last accepted by Dr. J. G. Holland for the magazine.

The poems I like best in this collection are: "An English Mother," "The Welcome of Our Tears," "Dewey at Manila," "Hands Across the Sea," "Apostrophe to Greece," "An Irish Love Song" and "On a Candidate Accused of Youth." These latter verses are written with prophetic fire, and describe the Theodore Roosevelt of the year 1886. I give two of the three verses, to present an idea of Mr. Johnson's earlier literary style:

> "Too young," do they call him? Who say it? Not they
> Who have felt his hard stroke in the civic affray,
> When elders, whom veteran fighters had taught
> Till they knew all the rules by which battles are fought,
> Fumbled weakly with weapons his foresight had sought.
>
> * * *
>
> Yea, the strength of the arm is the strength of its use,
> Not its years; and when fighting is on, better choose
> Not the rust-eaten sword from the library wall,
> But the new blade that leaps in its sheath at the call.
> Ask the foe by which weapon he fears most to fall!

**The City of Delight**, by Elizabeth Miller. The Bobs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

It is A. D. 70. Titus and his legions storming the holy City of Jerusalem. Mailed Jews and Romans in blazing brass, as they rush into the fight that was to decide the fate of the historic empire whose history is entwined with the names of Moses, David, Solomon and the Nazarene—these are the principal word pictures of this kaleidoscopic novel, notable among literary wares of the Spring.

Its canvas is huge and intensity of situation striking, while the novelist only errs in want of concentration. The splendor of Orientalism faverably impresses the reader, who is led on and on, by the sweep of a powerful imagination. The story ought to specially appeal to Sunday school folks, in addition to the hardened novel expert.

The heroine was "tall and slender, supple and alive. About her hips was knotted a silken scarf of red and white and green, with long, undulant fringes that added to the lithe grace in her movements. Under it was a glistening garment of silver tissue that reached to the small ankles laced about by the ribbons of white sandals. In those full, tender lips, in the slope of those black, silken brows, in the sparkling behind the dusky, slumbrous eyes, there was all the fire and generosity and limitless charm that should make her lover's world a place of delight and perfume and music."

Quite a different picture from our modern, chewing-gum girl.

Two ward pictures of the Emperor Titus arrest attention, the first being as a shepherd boy sees the haughty Roman, on a Syrian plain:

> "It was a young face, tanned by the sun of Alexandria, but bright with an emanation of light that somehow was made tangible by his teeth as he talked and the sparkle of his lively eyes. For a soldier exposed to the open air and the ruffian life of the camp, and burdened with the grave task of subduing a desperate nation, he was free from disfigurements. His brows were knitted as if to give his full soft eyes protection, and the frown, with the laughing cut of his youthful lips, lent a most quizzical expression that was entirely winning. In countenance and figure he was handsome, refined and thoroughly Roman. The little shepherd was won to him instantly. Without knowing that the world from one border to the other had already named this charming young Roman the Darling of Mankind, the little shepherd, had his lips been shaped to poetry, would have called him that."

The other picture of Titus, as he appeared to Jews, gazing at him from Jerusalem's walls:

> "There a solitary horseman rode. Not a scale of armor was upon his horse; not a weapon, not even a shield depended from his harness. His head was uncovered and a sheeny purple fillet showed in the tumbled, dusty black hair. There was no guard on the hand that held the bridle; the cloak that floated from his shoulders was white wool; the tunic was the simple light garment that soldiers usually wear under armor; the shoes alone were manlike. If seemed that the young Roman had stripped off his helmet, breastplate and greaves to ride less encumbered or to appear less warlike. But the Jews who looked at him understood. Here was Titus come in peace!"

Better descriptive writing is met with in three paragraphs which deal with the siege of Jerusalem and the ultimate victory of Titus:

> "She saw the ascending streets of Zion and the tall fortifications mounting the heights within the city's limits. There she saw the flash of swords, swung afar off, spears brandished and the running hither and thither of defenders on the wall. Below she saw the remote constricted passages between rows of desolate houses, moving with people, sounding with clamor. There she saw combats, terrible scenes of frenzy, deaths and unnamable horrors; starvelings gnawing their nails; shadows of infants pressed to hollow bosoms; old men too weak to walk that went on hands and knees; young men and young women in rags that failed to cover them, and wandering skeletons screaming Woe!
>
> "Meanwhile huge stones mounted over the walls and fell within the city; three great towers planted beyond the walls, out of range of the Jewish engines and equipped with superior machines, were steadily devastating the entire quarter near which they were erected. Here two-thirds of the forces of Jerusalem were concentrated in a vain effort to resist the dire inroads of these effective engines. Here, the Maccabee and his Gibborim stood shoulder to shoulder with the Idumeans and fanatics of Simon and John, and here the half-mad defenders weakened at last to the fact that only divine interference could save the city against Rome.
>
> "On the south and the east, conflagrations roared and crackled, where burning oil had been scattered over some remaining structures near the walls. When a great ram began its thunder somewhere near the Sheep Gate, there came a hollow booming noise of deafening volume from the charnel pits outside the walls, and a black cloud of incredible depth soared up into the skies."

**Just Friends**, by Mary Ives Todd. Calkins & Company, New York City.

Time now looks more kindly on the memory of the English-American, Thomas Paine, once called atheist, and by many thinkers he is revered as having possessed the giant intellect that started the popular agitation culminating in the American Revolution. He fought under Washington, and was the friend of liberty as he saw it, and of women and animals. A legend remains that Paine wrote a part of the Declaration of Independence—a statement which has been as often denied as affirmed. It is noteworthy also that Paine's will closed with these words: "I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my creator—God."

This book of 150 pages purports to be largely an exposition af Paines rather loose ideas concerning the laxity of the marriage relation, and the telling is often weakly sentimental, approaching to absurdity. At other times poetic ideas appear clothed in beauty of sentiment, and interest deepens to read to the last what the author is to evolve to end her plea. The book is largely conversational—carried on by a hoary old sinner, Mr. Smith, who once unhappily married a woman and then—because of "liberty"—without the formality of divorcing his wife, lived with another woman until she died; and a Mrs. Wells, one of the numerous runaway wives of a Mormon elder.

The talks between these two apostles of freak love take place in Italy, and every time Mr. Smith makes an heroic speech he usually stands beside a statue. Mr. Smith and Mrs. Wells tell each other of their "past," over which chloride of lime ought mercifully to be spread, and, although they love each other, they agree that they will be "just friends." For which the reader is thankful.

High-flown ideas abound in the book, which is finely printed and adorned with superior portraits of Thomas Paine, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Paine is spoken of as the "apostle of common sense." What a pity there isn't more of that scarce article in this story!

**The Adventures of Charles Edward**, by Harrison Rhodes. Illustrated. $1.50. Little, Brown & Company, Boston, Mass.

Charles Edward Austin, the idle-rich American young man who lived on papa's money, and who married Lady Angela Farnston, because he had nerve. Have you heard of them? This new edition of a popular society story will prove a fitting medium. It's just the Summer book to take with you on a holiday trip to kill time. The black and white illustrations are by Penrhyn Stanlaws.

J. M. QUENTIN.

## IN LIBRARY AND WORK SHOP.

The half-tone of Blair Hall, Princeton University, New Jersey, shown on this book page is taken from a picture shown in John Corbin's new book, "Which College for the Boy?" recently reviewed in The Oregonian.

* * *

Professor Stevens, of Annapolis, has written "The Story of the Submarines" for an early number of St. Nicholas, to be followed in the next issue by A. W. Rolker's account of "The Under-Seas Sailor and His Boat," both articles to have a number of pictures.

* * *

As president of the British Board of Trade, Winston Churchill, who has only a modest private income, earns a salary of $25,000 per annum. He makes a good deal by his writings and received $40,000 for the biography of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill.

* * *

It is suggested by the Topeka (Kan.) Journal that as a companion book to "A Gentleman From Indiana," it is up to Booth Tarkington or someone else to write one called "A Perfect Lady From Indiana." The reason is considered to be that Mrs. Belle Gunness has furnished the material for a stirring novel of this sort.

* * *

Miss Alice Fletcher, whose little book on "Indian Story and Song," published a short time ago, was the first to popularize the music of the Omahas and other Western tribes, is now a part of her work at the Bureau of Ethnology in Washington, D. C., making a test of the phonograph as a means of securing the most complete record possible of the vanishing melodies of the aborigines.

* * *

Chatto & Windus, London, are now publishers of "The Book of Elizabethan Verse," chosen and edited by William Stanley Braithwaite, the Boston poet, and published in this country by Small, Maynard & Co. The literary critic of The Queen says of it: "This book is as essential to keep in one's reference bookcase as the Golden Treasury itself; it is a regular encyclopedia of the Elizabethans."

* * *

Mrs. Humphry Ward at a women's luncheon in New York said of the literary style of a popular novelist: "It is an insane style. It makes me think of the school girl novelist who wrote: 'He sprang ardently forward, but a look of soft entreaty from one of Pearl's eyes and a glance of warning darted from the other in the direction of her aunt forced him regretfully back into his chair.'"

* * *

While Mrs. Humphry Ward was in America there took place in London the production of the re-dramatized "Marriage of William Ashe." The version was as different from the one produced in America as two versions of the same book could very well be, a notable difference being the much-desired happy ending. The new play was accounted a great success. Mrs. Ward herself collaborated with Miss Margaret Mayo in its dramatization.

* * *

Marion Beveridge Lee has written in "Barselma's Kiss" a strong story of love and hate around the novel idea of a premature burial. It is a question that is agitating medical and legal minds just now to a marked degree. Massachusetts has a bill before the Legislature to enforce a law of practical tests on a body before assigning it to the grave. But, despite her vital, central question, Miss Lee handles the story with a air and vim that are refreshing, and the tale brims over with humor.

* * *

"The Enchanted Castle," a new juvenile story, comes already recommended as being by the author of "The Wouldbegoods," E. Nesbit Bland. It is a pure fairy tale, as full of quaint impossibilities as "Peter Pan." The plot turns upon the discovery of a magic "wishing-ring," and forthwith breathless adventures follow, until all ends happily. "The Enchanted Castle" possesses, in a very high degree, the true child quality and the true dream quality, and the oldsters will enjoy it quite as heartily as will the children.

* * *

American literature has been almost barren of reminiscences of artists, particularly artists of the prevailing school. No man has had a wider circle of friends than Will H. Low, who will soon begin articles on "A Chronicle of Friendships." In which all the charm of student life in Paris will be pictured, not as fiction but as fact, in which the real characters are men like Wyatt Eaton, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Robert Louis Stevenson, Theodore Robinson, and great Frenchmen such as Millet and Carolus-Duran, with many comments on life and art to adorn the pages.

* * *

The new volume by Charles A. Conant just published under the title "The Principles of Banking" is directly in line with the call for books on financial subjects created by the recent disturbance in banks and trust companies. The origin of crises and the management of crises are chapters likewise bearing on banking problems, and based on the author's "The Principles of Money and Banking," from which this new book has been adapted. Mr. Conant has a reputation which is international, and has served on the monetary commissions both of the Philippines and Mexico.

* * *

There will be brought out in a few days a new Western novel, "The Jaymakers." John A. Martin, of Pueblo, Colo., is the author. The story deals with the "boom days" on the plains, when men staked out and fought for towns on the prairies just as they stake out and fight for mines in the mountains. The author knows his types thoroughly and so graphically has he caught the atmosphere surrounding them that one can almost hear the clink of the boot-spur and the singing hiss of the lasseo, as well as the drawling, musical suavity of voice, associated with these grim, picturesque men.

* * *

Fred M. White, the author of "The Crimson Blind," etc., is stated to be the most popular writer of serial stories in England today. His American audience is steadily growing larger, and there will be many eager readers for his new novel, "The Five Knots." The latter describes the attempts of two Malays to procure a vast, hidden treasure from a wealthy London shipowner, and their strange practices upon him by means of the "blue terror" and a string with five knots. This story has great originality in plot, and is unusually fertile in interesting and unique situations.

* * *

Jesse W. Weik, one of the co-authors of Herndon & Weik's "Life of Lincoln," has written for the June Century the story of Lincoln's vote for Vice-President in the Philadelphia convention of 1856, quoting a hitherto unpublished letter of W. B. Archer, the man who, it appears, is entitled to the credit of first suggesting Mr. Lincoln for the office. Mr. Lincoln was not in Philadelphia at the time, but was in Illinois following Judge Davis around the circuit, and Mr. Weik quotes him as saying, rather ungrammatically, when told that he had received 110 votes for Vice-President: "Surely it ain't me; there's another great man named Lincoln down in Massachusetts. I reckon it's him."

* * *

Mary Austin is a writer who is becoming known for a gift for clever phrasing which is not of the "smart" order, but rather simple, and of a sort ordinarily heard among people one meets. "Santa Lucia" owes much of the discussion which rather suddenly followed its recent publication by the Harpers to the quality of saying wise things briskly. "An unsuitable marriage is like a mended teacup. It can be put together so it looks well from the outside, but it never holds tea," says one woman, sagely. "A wonderful woman to talk to," remarks another character, plainly a man. "I don't suppose she understands half I say when I get going about my work, but I understand it better myself afterward."

* * *

Referring to the recent noteworthy article in Harper's, in which Miss Caroline Ticknor showed that George Washington was a direct descendant of King Edward I., of England, a correspondent of the same magazine, in an interesting letter printed in the current issue, asserts that Washington was a direct descendant of still another King—Henry I., of France. The line of descent is through John de Sutton, Baron of Dudley and son of John de Sutton and Margery de Somerl, heiress of Barony of Dudley. This Margery de Somerl was a direct descendant of Lady Isabel, wife of the Earl of Millent and Leicester and daughter of Hugh the Great, Count de Valmandois, who was son of Henry I., King of France, and his wife Anne of Russia.

* * *

The Bible as a standard for the correct use of words has been urged upon readers by Professor Lounsbury, of Yale, writing in the June Harper's. "Make up your mind," says Professor Lounsbury, "that the Bible is a guide to be followed grammatically as much as it is morally. The language of our version belongs to the 16th century. It, therefore, naturally contains expressions which, though proper at that time, are not in accord with the common usage of our day. When it was originally translated, "which" was generally the relative pronoun referring to persons. Hence, we say, "Our Father which art in heaven." More than this, the subtle distinction found in the employment of "shall" and "will" had not then become established in the language. But these do not affect the correctness of its procedure in regard to expressions still met with everywhere. In such cases accept the authority without question, and conform your practice to it."

* * *

The Popular Magazine for June opens with a complete novel, "My Lord of the Pillagers," by Francis Lynde, author of "The Taming of Red Butte Western," etc. It is filled with rapidly shifting scenes and intensely dramatic situations. The main interest lies in the efforts of the hero to prevent the despoliation of forest reserves by an organized band of lumber thieves. "How It Happened," Ballplayer," by W. B. M. Ferguson, is the unvarnished account of the supposed formation of the greatest baseball nine the world has ever known. In "$1000 Worth of Violets," Charles Prescott Fuller tells of a man who came to New York with plenty of money and nothing to do. He wanted adventure. He found it. Ralph D. Paine's great serial, "The Wild Man of Jersey," gets even funnier as it proceeds. Mr. Paine is well known from his stories in Scribners' and other leading periodicals. "No Margin," by Harold C. Burr, is the inside story of a little Wall street game.

* * *

Few more dramatically thought out situations could be imagined than that which Frederick A. Ray so graphically pictures in one chapter of his latest book, "The Devil Worshipper." It is a love scene, played under the protecting base of a huge bronze idol, by a Christian maid and man, while the shouts of the devil worshippers ring in their ears as they pay homage to this their god. Around them are the smoking ruins and awful devastation of the city; the conflagration gradually creeping upon them, announced by the volumes of sulphur and flame-tongued smoke, belched forth from the crater of the burning Mount Pelee. Mr. Ray is probably the first author to lay a heart drama in such an unique setting, and, needless to say, has done the task well. "The Devil Worshipper" handles besides, as its title would imply, one of the most novel and interesting sects of occultism. A description of the rites of "Satanism" during the burning of Martinique is marvelously written.

* * *

No one is likely to stand up for the absolute linguistic inspiration of our translation of the Bible. There are unquestionably grammatical faults in it, though the number of these is far fewer than is often asserted, remarks Professor Lounsbury in Harper's. The place in our version where particular error is found is in those passages of the gospels where Christ is represented as asking the opinion of his disciples as to the view entertained of him by people in general and by themselves in particular. "Whom do men say that I am?" is the question as it appears in Matthew. This may be taken as the representative of all the six instances of the occurrence of the construction. Its employment was due to no inadvertence. It is essentially the same in the account as found in each of the first three gospels. The difference never be made if one simple fact were kept in mind: The very "to be" takes the same case after it as before it. If one of the finite tenses be used, both the subject and the subject predicate are necessarily in the nominative. If it be the infinitive which is employed, it is the accusative that must appear in both instances, or, to adopt English grammatical terminology, the objective. No one would think of asking such a question as "Whom am I?" Yet it is a thing of this very sort which is done in the passage quoted from Matthew; and it is done because the two subjects had been separated by an intervening verb. On the other hand, it would have been grammatically correct, even if rather unusual, to put the question in this form: "Whom do men say me to be?"

* * *

"I know with certainty that in dying I shall be happy and that I shall enter a world more real," said Tolstoi recently in summing up his anticipation of death to a friend who congratulated him upon his approaching 80th birthday. Elsewhere, as quoted in Helen Philbrook Patten's "Intimations of Immortality," an anthology of the comments of thinkers of ancient and modern times on the subject of life after death, the Russian philosopher has said: "Men who have renounced their individual happiness never doubt their immortality. Christ knew that he would continue to live after death because he had already entered into the true life which cannot cease. He lived even then in the rays of that other center of life toward which he was advancing, and he saw them reflected on those who stood around him. And this every man who renounces his own good beholds; he passes in this life into a new relation with the world for which there is no death, and this experience gives him an immovable faith in the stability, immortality and eternal growth of truth."

* * *

John Macy, author of the latest biography of Edgar Allan Poe, says frankly that as a result of several years' study of the life of the poet and story-teller, he has come to have a certain aversion for Poe's character, not because he was a good fellow, but because he wasn't. Poe, in his opinion, was neither a dipsomaniac nor a victim of nicotinism. Upon his nervous temperament stimulants had a marked effect, but the amount of painstaking literary work which he did proves him to have been pretty sober. His real faults of character, those of the selfish, unlovable man, are a clear indication of his disposition. In one of the letters of Sarah Helen Whitman, one of Poe's biographers, which we recently saw in New York, in which she speaks of their friendship during "the most interest epoch of his life," and says: "I have seen him in many moods and phases, these lonesome latter years which were coldly merging into the monumental leaves of his death. I have seen him sullen and moody under a sense of insult and imaginary wrong. I have never seen in him the faintest indication of savagery and cowardly fear and brutality." The sullenness and moodiness, in Mr. Macy's judgment, would have disqualified Poe for membership in any self-respecting club of literary men.

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## THE FATAL EGG; or, A WOEFUL WOOING

CHAPTER VI.

Meantime there was joy and evil congratulation among the low-browed financiers and burly capitalists who made the United States unsafe in the romantic period of our tale.

Through all their dens and lairs had gone the news of the President's unsuccessful hunt for the railroad rebate. Many toasts were drunk in the secret boozing kens of predatory wealth to the Dukess of Arfenarf.

In the White House there was deep dejection. Day after day the President galloped a few hundred miles to search for the trail. Evening after evening he returned foiled. The Secretary of War was worn to the shadow of a sky scraper and the United States Senate was considering the desperate expedient of becoming speechless!

In the midst of this frightful crisis, a card was delivered to the Count of Loeb. "Tell the caller it was my mistake," he said mechanically. Then his eye allt on the name!

With trembling legs he ran to the Throne Room and uttered the single word "Saved!" The President dropped a congressman on the floor and sprang up.

At this terrible moment the door opened and disclosed the forms of peerless Susan Endive, the Lady Chauffeur and Willie Colander the beautiful Vest Model!

Behind them came the Secretary of State rolling a barrel marked "Eggs."

Hastily Susan Endive broke open the head and out stepped, haughty and beautiful as ever, the Dukess of Arfenarf!

Sneering copiously, she looked at the pale, determined faces around her. Too clearly she saw that she could expect no mercy! Reaching into her bosom she drew forth the railroad rebate and threw it at the President's feet.

"Take it!" she cried in a tone of cold hauteur. "But the Dukess of Arfenarf knows how to escape your vengeance!"

She drew forth an egg and before they could stop her, she had sucked it. "There!" she said. "The secret of the nitro-glycerine hens shall perish with me!"

She jumped into the air and came down with what all present recognized as the well-known dull thud. The next moment the sound of a terrible explosion was heard.

The Dukess of Arfenarf had exploded!

The rest of our simple tale is easily told. Armed with the railroad rebate, the government captured the gangs of financiers and exiled the ring-leaders to Philadelphia for life.

Terror-stricken at this fearful punishment the others gave up their ill-gotten gains and became honest, a disease which soon proved fatal to most of them.

Peerless Susan Endive and Willie Colander were married with imperial pomp in the White House and after a quiet honeymoon trip around the world in three battleships and a cruiser squadron, took up their residence in New York.

One of the prettiest sights in the Metropolis is to see Mr. and Mrs. Colander, almost completely covered with diamonds, speed down Fifth Avenue in their Smellolene touring car, while behind them are fourteen little automobiles each containing a Colander.

(*THE END.*)

Mrs. Colander

## Colonel Baker Matchless Orator

Continued From Page 5.

In considering and portraying the delights and charms of peace, he was not surpassed, but Senator Baker showed that those who then were clamoring for this boon had precipitated war by firing upon the flag of their country, and were now trampling that flag under foot. He depicted the evils that must come from a divided country, in one-half of which the flag under whose folds we had gained so much glory would be excluded, and declared that an inglorious peace would be far more disastrous than the horrors of war, however much in blood and treasure it might cost.

The passage which most struck me, and which impressed me to such a degree that it can never be effaced from my memory, was what follows. It now seems prophetic.

After exclaiming, "Do not make peace until the glory of the American flag shall be its own defense," he continued: "I have heard it said that there was a time in Ireland—I believe it to be a myth, but it is said that there was a time in Ireland—when a virgin, alone, unguarded, could go through all its length and breadth with a crown upon her head and golden vase in her hand, and no man disturbed her chastity or robbed her of her treasure."

After drawing this picture of respect and devotion and reverence, the orator appeared to rise to a great height, his whole frame quivering with emotion and in tones that seemed to me would ring through that Senate chamber for all time, he continued: "I shall not consent to make peace until the time when a little drummer boy shall be able to carry the flag of the United States in every city and in every wilderness wherever it once floated, and the enthusiasm, the submission and the profound reverence of every man, woman and child who gazes upon its stars."

I never saw Senator Baker afterwards. At the head of his command in the thick of the fight he fell only a short time after at Ball's Bluff. I shall always remember him as I saw and heard him there in the Senate, self-poised, majestic, sublime, and I shall never cease to be grateful that I have been permitted to live to see the return of the peace he predicted, the "peace which passeth understanding," not evanescent nor ephemeral, but permanent, under whose benign influence the whole great Nation has united as never before.

## Books Added to Library

The following books at the Public Library will go into circulation June 1.

**Biography.**

Allingham.—Diary; ed. by H. Allingham and D. Radford. 1908.

McLoughlin.—Dr. John McLoughlin, the Father of Oregon; by E. V. O'Hara. 1908.

Tuttle.—Reminiscences of a missionary bishop. 1906.

**Description and Travel.**

Jarrold.—Highways and byways in Kent. 1907.

Paine.—The greater America. 1907.

**Fiction.**

Beach.—The barrier.
Dawson.—A prophet in Babylon.
Hall.—The inward light.
Pyle.—Rejected of men.
Ward.—Light of the world.

**Fine Arts.**

Bach.—Piano compositions; ed. by Ebenezer Prout. 1907.

Beck.—Art principles in portrait photography; composition, treatment of backgrounds and the processes involved in manipulating the plate. 1907.

Bugbee.—Successful entertainments. 1907.

Gibson.—The romance of modern photography; its discovery and its achievements. 1906.

Holme, ed.—The gardens of England. 1907.

Long.—Medals of the British navy and how they were won. 1895.

Paderewski.—Ignaz Jan Paderewski; by E. A. Baughan. 1908.

**Science.**

Coulter.—A text-book of botany for secondary schools. 1907.

Johnson.—The theory and practice of surveying. Ed. 16. rev. 1907.

Macdougal.—Elementary plant physiology. 1906.

Marshall & Greenly.—Flying machines. n. d.

**History.**

Ady.—History of Milan under the Sforza. 1907.

Markham.—History of Peru. 1892.

Widney.—Race life of the Aryan peoples. 1907.

**Literature.**

Booth.—A practical guide for authors in their relations with publishers and printers. 1907.

Haslam.—Lonewood corner; a countryman's horisons. 1907.

Jones.—Rebellious Susan; a comedy in three acts. 1905.

Lucas, ed.—The gentlest art; a choice of letters by entertaining hands. 1907.

Murray.—Rise of the Greek epic; being a course of lectures delivered at Harvard University. 1907.

**Philosophy.**

Baldwin.—Thought and things. v. 2. 1909.

Harrison.—The philosophy of common sense. 1907.

**Sociology.**

Madison.—Writings. v. 7. 1908.

Muirhead.—Historical introduction to the private law of Rome. 