BOOKS

Characters and Events of Roman History, From Caesar to Nero. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Price, $2.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City, and the J. K. Gill Company, Portland.

The reading world has scarcely recovered from its astonishment—and also gratification—caused by an amused knowledge of Professor Ferrero's highly original but often caustic interpretation of many of the principal events in the history of ancient Rome, views which recently appeared, bearing our author's name, in four volumes entitled, "The Greatness and Decline of Rome." So many alleged errors in what is accepted as correct history were brought to light in these volumes, that even the book-learned gasped at the audacity of this new Daniel come to judgment.

It will be recalled that Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, recently invited Professor Ferrero to visit this country and that Professor Abbott Lawrence Lowell asked the distinguished historian to deliver a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute in Boston, Mass. These lectures were read in different centers of the Eastern States, and what was then spoken now appears in this book of 275 pages. "It is a work necessarily made up of detached studies, which, however, are bound together by a central, unifying thought," is Professor Ferrero's modest introduction. The sentence is significant, but is almost misleading, for it does not prepare the reader for the literary treat to follow. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the book is the great historical masterpiece of a lifetime.

The subject is treated under these eight heads:

"Corruption" is ancient Rome, and its counterpart in modern history.
The history and legend of Antony and Cleopatra.
The development of Gaul.
Nero.
Julia and Tiberius.
Wine in Roman history.
Social development of the Roman Empire.
Roman history in modern education.

One central thought arrests attention throughout the volume: Since the voluptuous Orient could not meet and was crushed on battlefields by sordid, economic, hard fighting Rome in the glorious days when it meant something to be a Roman—the Orient waited patiently until its luxury, its love of ease and comfort sapped the vitality of the once-robust Roman fighter and opened the path to barbarians who sacked Rome at their pleasure, and smashed into fragments that once proud empire. At the same time, we are reminded that much of the far-famed corruption and Roman luxury has been romantic and exaggerated:

We need not denude ourselves. Rome, even in the time of its greatest splendor, was poor in comfort when compared with the world. Even in the second century after Christ, when it stood as metropolis at the head of an immense empire, Rome was smaller, less wealthy, less imposing, than a great metropolis of Europe or of America. The palaces of the Caesars on the Palatine are a grandiose ruin that stirs the artist and makes the philosopher think; but if one sets himself to measure them, to conjecture from the remains the proportions of the entire edifices, he does not conjure up buildings that rival large modern constructions. The palace of Tiberius, for example, rose above a street only two meters wide—less than seven feet—an alley like those where today in Italian cities live only the most miserable inhabitants. We have pictured to ourselves the imperial banquets of ancient Rome as functions of unheard-of splendor. If Nero or Elagabalus could come to life and see the dining-room of a great hotel in Paris or New York—resplendent with light, with crystal, with silver—he would admire it as far more beautiful than the halls in which he gave his imperial feasts. Think how poor were the ancients in artificial light! They had few wines. They knew neither tea nor coffee nor cocoa; neither tobacco, nor the innumerable liqueurs of which we make use. In face of our habits, they were always Spartan, even when they wasted, because they lacked the means to squander.

We are told that another lesson comes to us from old Rome—that opulent families after a few generations are gradually impoverished; they decay and disappear, and from the multitudinous poor arise new families, creating the new elite which continues under differing forms the doings and traditions of the old. Romans "in the brave old days of old" suffered from that "restless condition that we define by the word 'nervousness.'" In speaking, rather irreverently, of the beauty of Cleopatra, Ferrero writes: "In these coin-portraits, we do not see the countenance of a Venus, delicate, gracious, smiling, nor even the fine and sensuous beauty of a Marquise de Pompadour, but a face fleshy and as the French would say, 'bouffie'; the nose, a powerful aquiline; the face of a woman on in years, ambitious, imperious, one which recalls that of Maria Theresa."

One is relieved to know that Cleopatra is not accused, at this late day, of having a snub-nose. The impression is given that Antony, who saw her alive, could better decide than we who see her portraits half effaced by the centuries. "In a certain sense, the legend of Antony and Cleopatra is chiefly an anti-feminist legend, intended to reinforce in the state the power of the masculine principle, to demonstrate how dangerous it may be to leave to women the government of public affairs, or follow their counsel in political business." Antony is pictured as being a mere follower of Caesar, a follower who used Cleopatra as a mere pawn in the great game of making a conquest of Persia. Great was the Oriental peril that threatened in the last century of the Roman Republic to wipe out Rome. What miraculous force saved it? Ferrero answers: Gaul.

Nero is described as being fat and short sighted, a voluptuary who counted on the display of fleshly pleasure on an immense scale as being the correct antidote to hold in check, internal revolution and discontent of the masses.

It has been suggested by old historians that Agrippina, Nero's mother, to remove Britannicus from the hope of succession, persuaded Claudius to adopt Nero as his heir, and that she subsequently poisoned Claudius. "No," writes Ferrero. He says that if we can judge from Tacitus' account, Claudius died probably from gastro-enteritis. Agrippina, when Nero became Emperor at 17, is described as being the real ruler of Rome, while Nero studied singing, and bought pictures, statues, bronzes and beautiful slaves. When his mother thwarted his desire to get a new wife and builded up a political machine of her own, Nero had her killed. He tried to have her drowned, but failed to count on her ability as a swimmer. Did Nero burn Rome? Hardly, Ferrero thinks and favors the impression that the fire might have been accidental. The last estimate is that Nero is "half-insane, half-criminal."

Ancient Rome, it is stated, ought to live daily in the mind of the new social classes that lead onward; ought to irradiate its immortal light on the new worlds that arise from the deeps of the modern age, on pain of undergoing a new destruction more calamitous than that caused by the hordes of Alaric. "In a certain sense it might be said that America is today politically, more than Europe, the true heir of Rome; that the new world is nearer—by apparent paradox—to ancient Rome than is Europe. The Republic, the human state considered as the common property of all—the great political creation of ancient Rome—is reborn here in America, after having died out in Europe. If there had been no Rome; if Rome had wholly perished in the great barbarian catastrophe . . . there would today be no Republic in North America."

Ferrero does not think that we Americans are superior to Europe in as many things as we think, "but a superiority I do recognize, great and for me at least, indisputable in the political institutions with which you govern yourselves."

The translation into English is the work of Frances Lance Ferrero.

Marriage a la Mode. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $1.20. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City, and the J. K. Gill Company, Portland.

Not so very long ago, I think it was in Squeedunk on the road to Four-Corners, a smart but half-educated young man created a sensation by reading in one brief half hour before the local literary society a paper entitled: "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." The applause is described as having been tremendous.

Americans have suffered in the past by impetuous foreigners who, after a hurried visit to the Atlantic Coast cities of this country, hasten to Europe and there write their "impressions" of the United States. Mrs. Humphry Wahr, Englishwoman, and honored as the author of such really meritorious novels as "Robert Elsmere," "The History of David Grieve" and "The Testing of Diana Mallory," is the newest of these tourist-critics, who seek to vilify America. In her latest novel, "Marriage a la Mode," she is unfair in describing the unnecessary horrors of American divorce. Her Daphne Floyd, afterward Mrs. Roger Barnes, divorcee, is not a typical American young woman, or even a credit to her sex. She is underbred, low, a crazy firebrand whose only claim to notice from the mud under which she wallowed, was that she possessed more inherited money than was good for her. A liberal dose of ice-water baths ought to have cooled her hot blood. Her husband, a fortune-hunter who married her not for love, but for her money, is described as being an aristocratic Englishman—aristocratic because he neither worked nor did his fathers before him. Englishman? Rather a jelly-fish, and a poor specimen at that. Mrs. Ward ought really to pay another visit, say, this time of three weeks' duration, to this country before she again caricatures us.

Of course, the novel is clever and entertaining, clever with that talent which is Mrs. Humphry Ward's. Her hero, Roger Barnes, is compelled by family misfortunes to come to America and "marry money." He can't work and earn it—oh no! That would be too common. Somebody says that a man who marries money earns it before he dies. Miss Daphne Floyd, of Spanish and Irish blood, crosses the fortune-hunter's path. Barnes is at first led to believe that this American girl is a poor music teacher and is unaware that she is wealthy:

Young Barnes looked at her with embarrassment. What a queer, hot-tempered girl! Yet there was something in her which attracted him. She was graceful even in her impatience. Her slender neck, and the dark head upon it, her little figure in the white muslin, her dainty arms and hands—these points in her delighted an honest eye, quite accustomed to appraise the charms of women. But, by George! she took herself seriously—this little music teacher. The air of willful command about her, the sharpness with which she had just rebuked him, amazed and challenged him.

"I am very sorry if I misunderstood you," he said, a little on his dignity; "but I thought you——"

"You thought I sympathized with Mrs. Verrier? So I do; though of course I am awfully sorry that such a dreadful thing happened. But you will find, Mr. Barnes, that American girls——" The color rushed into her small olive cheeks. "Well, we know all about the old ideas, and we know also too well that there's only one life, and we don't mean to have that one spoilt. The old notions of marriage—your English notions," cried the girl, facing him—"make it tyranny! Why should people stay together when they see it's a mistake? We say everybody shall have their chance. And not one chance only, but more than one. People find out in marriage what they couldn't find out before, and so——"

"You let them chuck it just when they're tired of it?" laughed Barnes. "And what about the——"

"The chilren?" said Miss Floyd calmly. "Well, of course, that has to be very carefully considered. But how can it do children any good to live in an unhappy home?"

"Had Mrs. Verrier any children?"

"Yes, one little girl."

"I suppose she meant to keep her?"

"Why, of course."

"And the father didn't care?"

"Well, I believe he did," said Daphne unwillingly. "Yes, that was very sad. He was quite devoted to her."

"And you think that's all right?" Barnes looked at his companion, smiling.

"Well, of course, it was a pity," she said, with fresh impatience; "I admit it was a pity. But then, why did she ever marry him? That was the horrible mistake."

"I suppose she thought she liked him."

"Oh, it was he who was so desperately in love with her.

"He plagued her into doing it."

"Poor devil!" said Barnes heartily.

The Mr. Verrier referred to, because he and his wife lived unhappily and divorce was advised, committed suicide by jumping over Niagara Falls. A reception is described at the White House, where Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft and Mr. Root appear.

Young Mr. Barnes finds that Miss Floyd has money, so he sells himself to her and they are married. They go to England, where they live under his ancestral roof, and family discord is stirred up by a former love affair of Barnes, too much mother-in-law and exaggerated jealousy, which almost amounted to insanity, of the young wife. At this stage of his existence, Barnes behaved so much like a fool that it is a wonder how any woman could love him. But he loves his little daughter, Beatty.

Daphne determines on divorce, and hurries to this country, where she takes up her residence in a state where divorce is easy and gains her "liberty." That is to say: In America she is not Roger Barnes' wife. In England she is. Beatty dies. Poor, weak-spirited Roger takes to drink and dissipation, on receiving the news of the divorce, and becomes afflicted with tuberculosis. His early death is hinted at. Daphne's conscience awakens and she hurries to England to see him:

"Don't cry so," he said, calmly. "It's done. We can't help it. And don't make yourself too unhappy about me. I've had awful times. When I was ill in New York—it was like hell. The pain was devilish, and I wasn't used to being alone, and nobody caring a damn, and everybody believing me a cad and a bully. But I got over that. It was Beatty's death that hit me so hard, and that I wasn't there. It's that somehow. I can't get over—that you did it—that you could have had the heart. It would always come between us. No, we're better apart. But I'll tell you something to comfort you. I've given up that girl, as I've told you, and I've given up drink. Herbert won't believe it, but he'll find it is so. And I don't mean to die before my time. I'm going out to Switzerland directly. I'll do all the correct things. You see, when a man knows he's going to die, well," he turned away, "he gets uncommonly curious as to what's going to come next."

He walked up and down a few turns. Daphne watched him.

"I'm not pious—I never was. But after all, the religious people profess to know something about it, and nobody else does. Just supposing it were true?"

He stopped short, looking at her. She understood perfectly that he had Beatty in his mind.

"Well, anyhow, I'm going to live decently for the rest of my time—and die decently. I'm not going to throw away chances. And don't trouble yourself about money. There's enough left to carry me through. Good-bye Daphne!" He held out his hand to her.

She took it, still dumbly weeping. He looked at her with pity.

"Yes, I know, you didn't understand what you were doing. But you see, Daphne, marriage is——" he sought rather painfully for his words, "it's a big thing. If it doesn't make us, it ruins us; I didn't marry you for the best of reasons, but I was very fond of you—honor bright! I loved you in my way, I should have loved you more and more. I should have been a decent fellow if you'd stuck to me. I had all sorts of plans; you might have taught me anything. I was a fool about Chloe Fairmile, but there was nothing in it, you know there wasn't. And now it's all rooted up and done with. Women like to think such things can be mended, but they can't—they can't, indeed. It would be foolish to try."

Daphne sank upon a chair and buried her face in her hands. He drew a long and painful breath. "I'm afraid I must go," he said waveringly. "I—I can't stand this any longer. Good-bye, Daphne, good-bye."

She only sobbed, as though her life dissolved in grief. He drew near to her, and as she wept, hidden from him, he laid his hand a moment on her shoulder. Then he took up his hat.

"I'm going now," he said in a low voice. "I shan't come back till you have gone."

The end is in fitting with the mournful tone of the book. I have nothing to say for or against divorce at this time except that divorce is a surgeon required to cure or kill a desperate disease. The allegation against Jews on page 31 should not have been written.

The Shortstop. By Zane Grey. Price, $1.25. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Zane Gray was once a professional ball player for many years, and in this story for boys, and also big boys, he shows that he knows the game. His hero, Chase Alloway, is not an impossible player, but an every day one whom it is a pleasure to read about. The usual baseball hero in fiction is a pitcher, and a star at that. Alloway is a shortstop who worked from the Findlay, Ohio, baseball team to the Detroit, Mich., nine, and was sold to the latter for $1500. The love interest is pleasant. Sure to interest all who love to hear "play ball." Slang to suit.

Waylaid by Wireless. By Edwin Balmer. Illustrated. Price, $1.50. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass.

Dunneston, an Englishman of the "Dick Deadeye" order of conversation; Preston, an American civil engineer caught in a lazy season, and Ethel Varris, pretty, of course, are three characters worth while in a rapid-action novel. It includes trips to romantic English cathedral towns, robberies, by a mysterious unknown, of American tourists, and the use of wireless telegraphy at sea in unfolding the plot. Such is Mr. Balmer's first large story.

Product and Climax. By Simon N. Patten. Price, 50 cents. B. W. Huebsch, New York City.

A helpful academic inquiry into the cause of social unrest, and a statement showing that workers to become better citizens need to live more out of doors and get the benefits of amusement, sports and industry.

JOSEPH M. QUENTIN.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Solitary Farm, by Fergus Hume, $1.25 (Dillingham Co., N. Y.).

The Whirl, by Foxcroft Davis. $1.50 (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

Note—These books were received for review through the courtesy of the J. K. Gill Company, of this city: The Solitary Farm, The Whirl, and The Shortstop.

"There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear,—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,—
There is ever a song somewhere!"
—James Whitcomb Riley.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD,
PROPHETESS AGAINST DIVORCE

GUGLIELMO FERRERO
HISTORIAN

To The Nights

By Gilbert D. Nesbit

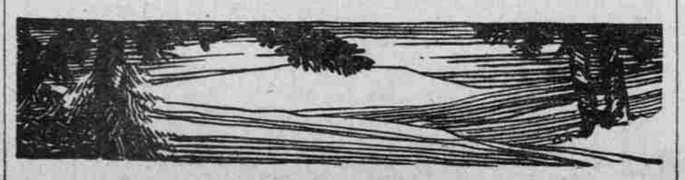
"They shall walk every one in a path."—Joel ii, 8.

The valley is broad and smooth, with flowers either side,
And place of shade and place of sun where one would fain abide;
The valley has the lure of peace, of pleasure and content—
But yonder through the mountain walls by which the vale is pent
There winds another path that climbs by cliff and crag and peak
Until it meets the bending sky, far as the eye may seek.

And it is dark, and it is rough, but it is little worn,
For few the feet of fearless men the mountain path has borne;
It hurries from the drowsy shade, it leaves the meadows green,
It finds the frowning chasm walls that it may creep between—
But it climbs on and on and on, forever reaching high
Until at last it finds the hight that shoulders to the sky.

But we are tired; the valley breathes its song of lazy rest,
And we would not strive on and on until we reach the crest.
For here are birds and honeyed blooms, and here are sun and shade,
And there in misty nothingness the barren summits fade,
But yet the path gleams fair and white against the mountain side—
And who would struggle up and up when here he may abide?

One valley here—but one, a place that drones in full content;
The climbing path tells of the men who struggled as they went,
Who battled on and battled up until they won the way
And found a wondrous land outspread for such brave souls as they.
Our valley of content, in truth, is pleasing to the sight—
A thousand valleys are for him who wins the distant hight.



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New York No Longer Goes to Seashore

Resort Proprietors Cry "Poor Business"—Gotham Rich Lack Local Pride—School Children Need Dentists. Common-Sense Decision in Coney Island Case.

BY LLOYD F. LONERGAN.

NEW YORK, July 10.—(Special.)—Although New York has had one period of hot weather, warm enough to drive any one to Alaska, the surprising fact remains that practically all of the Summer resort proprietors are complaining of bad business. One excuse for the present conditions is that times are getting better, and more people are going to Europe than ever before in the history of trans-Atlantic travel. Then thousands of well-to-do New Yorkers are headed for Seattle this year, and it means a big loss to our own amusement purveyors.

Up and down the Jersey Coast and through New England the story at the watering places is the same—a mighty dull June and a July that starts badly. When one realizes that the season practically closes on September 1, when the schools reopen, the plight of the resort proprietors can be understood. They have only a few weeks in which to make their money, and a good part of that time has already expired.

Of course Coney Island has its "300,000 pleasure-seekers" every day that it is hot enough for the papers to talk about it, but a Coney Island crowd can best be described as a "large number of people practically devoid of cash." One husky sailor on the Bowery will spend more money in an hour than an average one hundred visitors at Coney Island in a day. The bathing-house people get the bulk of the cash that is spent, and that is in the shape of quarters. Most of the Coney Island frequenters are "rubber-necks," who spend little outside of their carfares.

New York Has No Local Pride.

It is an unpleasant confession, but New York has less local pride than the average Western mining camp. Whenever any big affair comes up, the city always finds it necessary to call upon outsiders for money. The matter of the Bartholdi statue will never be forgotten, and now the Hudson-Fulton celebration, which will take place this Fall, brings our failing to the front again.

The United States Government, the State Legislature and the city government have made liberal appropriations, and the celebration commission pledged itself to raise $500,000, not an excessive sum. It started off gayly with $100,000 from the hotel men, and at the last report the general public had come to time with exactly $33,773.18.

J. P. Morgan gave $10,000, James A. Hearn & Son $5000, and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. $2500, or over half of the total. J. & W. Seligman, bankers, contributed $1500. There were six $1000 gifts, four of $500, and four of $250. Here are a few of the wealthy people who have not chipped in one red cent.

The Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Astors, the Rockefellers, Andrew Carnegie, Charles M. Schwab, E. H. Harriman, James J. Hill, Clarence Mackay, Belle Green, Mrs. Russell Sage, James Gordon Bennett, William Randolph Hearst, Stuyvesant Fish, ex-United States Senators Clark and Platt, the Belmonts and nearly everybody else who is in the social register.

Yes, New York is shy on local pride if it costs anything to gratify it. For it is mighty hard to separate a wealthy Gothamite from his money.

Rockefeller's Pastor Losing Grip.

Speaking of money, Rev. Charles F. Aked, pastor of Rockefeller's church, the Fifth-avenue Baptist, has sailed for Europe. He will only be gone until the first of October, thereby having a vacation which causes the average business man to burn with envy. Dr. Aked is rumored to be "in bad" with his millionaire parishioner, and before he sailed he gravely uttered the following ridiculous nonsense:

If you are not rich yourself, be glad that somebody else is, and you will be astonished at the happiness that will result to yourself.

If you haven't books, pictures, a home and all its delights, be glad that somebody else has.

I know that this is not the world's way, but the world's way is envy. The glow-worm said to the toad, "Why do you spit?" and the toad answered, "Why do you shine?" but that is not human nature, that is toad nature.

If there are others of God's children who are better off than we are, why it is all in the family, and let us rejoice with those that rejoice.

Isn't this lovely reading for the day laborer who makes $10 a week? Many people now understand why the elder Rockefeller, probably the shrewdest man in the world, finds that Dr. Aked is beginning to pall upon him.

Reform for Teeth and Eyes.

Reformers are getting into quite a glow over two new fads, dentistry for school children and eyeglasses to cure criminals. The former crusade is the more impressive, as it is being directed by the Municipal Health Department.

Investigation has developed that only 14 out of 500 school children in Manhattan nave sound teeth. The patients examined for statistics were those children who applied at the Health Department for certificates permitting them to work. They were of various nationalities, from all parts of the city, and fairly representative.

Dental surgeons have reached the conclusion that unless a successful campaign is conducted there will not be enough dentists to keep pace with the demands of the future. The examination developed that among 486 children there were 2808 unsound teeth, most of which could be saved by proper treatment. But only 25 of the patients had ever had any dental treatment other than extraction.

The Children's Aid Society has offered to equip dental clinics in 15 industrial schools, and the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities has agreed to pay for the treatment of Brooklyn children whose parents are unable to provide funds. The Board of Education has also decided to discuss the subject.

Bad Sight Makes Criminals.

Dr. William M. Richards, of West Ninety-seventh street, is responsible for the second crusade. His idea is that, if you want to reform a criminal, clap a pair of glasses on him, for the chances are that defective vision has impaired his moral views.

In compiling his statistics, and in the search for subjects, Dr. Richards has visited the District Attorney's office, several police courts, the Elmira Reformatory, the Magdalen Home and various other institutions. At the Elmira Reformatory he found that most of the boys were suffering from abnormal vision; that in the majority of cases poor eyesight had led to truancy, truancy to bad companionship and that to crime. At the Magdalen Home he fitted glasses to 20 inmates, and every one of these, he said, found work on getting out, and kept it.

The physician is now trying his scheme on some 200 second offenders, burglars, hold-up men and grafters, and hopes to make them desirable citizens. It is certainly an interesting experiment. It is safe to assume that the average criminal would welcome eyeglasses as a substitute for handcuffs.

Wail From Governor's Island.

There are loud wails from Governor's Island these days because of the astonishing fact that at this Army post, the headquarters of the Department of the East, there are more prisoners than there are soldiers available for immediate service. In exact figures there are at the present date 316 men undergoing punishment and 310 soldiers ready for duty.

The facts were brought to light by union workmen, who complain that much of the labor which they should perform is now being done by military prisoners under sentence. They also allege that, in violation of the law, Government prisoners have been rented out to contractors who have the work of improvement of the island in charge, but this is denied by the Army officials.

The prisoners at the island are serving terms ranging from 18 months to 20 years. And one soldier keeps guard over as many as 40 of these men. This probably explains why there have been numerous escapes of late.

Common Sense From Judge.

Generally the decision of a Supreme Court justice is unintelligible to a layman, and he wonders what it is all about. But Justice Kelly, of Brooklyn, handed down a decree the other day which was a marvel. The proprietors of Luna Park had asked for an injunction to prevent the police from interfering with their Sunday shows. The justice promptly prohibited any interference until October, when the season is over, but stipulates that the management must be ready to defend the issue in court.

In his decision, which sounds more like common sense and plain English than anything that has been heard from the bench in many years, Justice Kelly says:

I find that in the case of Luna Park the enterprise has been in existence for some seven years. There is not the slightest suggestion that there is anything indecent, immoral, or improper about the amusements or recreations indulged in at this particular place.

For seven years the Mayor of the City of New York has granted a license to this park under which it operated on Sunday. At the beginning of this Summer season, for the first time in the history of the place, owing to the rigorous opposition of some of the citizens insisting on a strict interpretation of the Sunday law, he refused to issue a license save for six days.

Sunday is the day upon which the largest throngs visit the shows and attractions. It is alleged, and not denied, that on the strength of the city's license and express authorization the plaintiff and his associates have invested $1,000,000 in the business.

The enterprise is conducted this year in the same way as in the past seven years. To shut it down summarily on Sunday means ruin and demoralization to the enterprise and interferes with what I think is the innocent recreation and enjoyment of its patrons. The injury caused by the injunction is trivial; the injury caused by refusing it, if it is hereafter decided that the Mayor is wrong in his position, is incalculable and irremediable.

Lament of Marty Keese.

Marty Keese, the veteran custodian of the City Hall, who passed away the other day, was one of the last relics of the old New York. A volunteer fireman in the days when they were the heroes of the city, a filibusterer under General Walker, a zouave in the war times, and one who was present when Colonel Ellsworth was killed in the opening days of the war, and the Deputy Sheriff who arrested Boss Tweed, were a few of the incidents in his eventful life. And yet his last 30 years were passed peacefully as a caretaker of the municipal building.

Marty Keese was one of those who hated to see New York grow up. Every pleasant evening, until his health failed, you could find him on the City Hall steps talking over old days with his cronies.

"I was proud of the high buildings when they first began," he said one night to a group of newspaper men, "but now when I get old enough to have sense, I am sorry they ever put them up. Before they built the skyscrapers, the light and air could get in at the park trees, and that's why I felt so much friskier then—the air was better. Now the big buildings seem to crowd down on me more and more each day, as I come back from the funeral of one of the boys."

These were the very words he used, for one of the crowd took them down in shorthand. They should give a good idea of Keese, who had a stormy boyhood, an adventurous manhood, and then drifted along to a peaceful old age, without losing any of his faculties or having cause to worry about the future. Truly an ideal existence, when you come to think about it.

On the day of the funeral the flag on the City Hall hung at half mast. Such a tribute has never been paid to a janitor before. Probably it never will be again.

Invalid's Strange Sorrow.

Bellevue Hospital is designed for emergency cases, and the intention of the city officials is that long-term invalids should be removed to the institutions on Blackwells Island. But time and again the rules have been suspended, generally when the complaints of patients are of scientific interest. So the numbers grew and grew until the other day General Superintendent W. H. Smith decided to have a "house-cleaning" and many veterans were transferred.

The senior of the lot was John O'Neil, admitted on September 20, 1894, suffering from locomotor ataxia. For several years he made himself popular with the doctors about the hospital by cleaning instruments and doing other odd jobs, but for the last few years he has been unable to use his arms freely. He wept when they transferred him to the almshouse on Blackwells Island. Think of being so friendless and poverty-stricken as to cry because you are forced out of a charity ward in a hospital.

Human Fat $8 a Pound.

Miss Kitty Plunkett took an anti-fat cure, and lost 200 pounds. She isn't a bit grateful because she really didn't mean to take it, so she sued for $100 a pound, or, in other words, for $20,000. The jury has given her $1600, and the case is now being fought out in the higher courts of New Jersey.

Miss Plunkett weighed 600 pounds last October when she went to Elizabeth, N. J., for a professional engagement as a "plump lady," to be polite. She tried to board a trolley car, it started too promptly and she was thrown off, incidentally wrecking half a block of perfectly good asphalt pavement.

The woman says that the "treatment" wrecked her nervous system and spoiled her attractiveness as a freak, although it failed to reduce her to normal proportions. In consequence she cannot exhibit herself in museums or earn cash at general housework, but is just betwixt and between.

Lawyers for the railroad company allege that the accident was due to Miss Plunkett's carelessness, and intimated that his clients were licensed to carry human beings and had no desire to transport freight.

The $1600 decision apparently means that the jury sets a value of $8 on a pound of flesh, although this comes too late to be used as a precedent in the famous Shylock case, reported at length by one William Shakespeare.

The Crops.

The cotton crop progresses,
And there are indications
The corn crop can't be beat;
But others quite outstripping,
And blooming as the rose,
Within the Senate Chamber
The talk crop grows and grows.

We long for weeds to choke it,
For we would see it die;
For rust to overtake it,
Or else the Hessian fly.
We yearn to see boll weevils
Upon its substance sup,
And pray for burning weather
To parch and dry it up.
—Exchange.

Books Added to Library

The following books may be examined at the Public Library during this week and will be ready for circulation Monday, July 19:

BIOGRAPHY.

Joan of Arc—The maid of France; being the story of the life and death of Jeanne d'Arc; by Andrew Lang. 1908.
Nelson—Life of Nelson; by Robert Southey. 1907.
Poe—The home life of Poe; by S. A. Weiss. 1907.
Smith—Sydney Smith; by G. W. E. Russell. 1905.

BOOKS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Almquist—Noveller.
Bazin—De toute son ame.
Cain—Promenades dans Paris. 2 v.
Ebers—Die schwestern.
France—Les opinions de M. Jerome Coignard.
Kaarsberg—Sort og Redt.
Kontopoulos—Nectatol pliria Hellene-Agglikoi dialogoi.
Meyer—Dar hellige.
Rollo (pseud.)—Svenskerne pas Norderhov.
Sainte-Beuve—Portraits de femmes.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

Dunning—Today in Palestine. 1907.
Friedlander—Roman life and manners under the early empire. n. d.
Johnston—From Peking to Mandalay; a journey from north China to Burma. 1908.
Jones—Shamrock-land; a ramble through Ireland. 1909.
Perkins—A book of joys; the story of a New England Summer. 1907.

FINE ARTS.

Caffin—The appreciation of the drama. 1908.
Eaton—The American stage of today. 1908.
Gunnison—Hinds and Noble's new dialogues. 1906.
Pearson—The twentieth century standard puzzle book. 1907.
Pritchard—Photographic studies of Europe. 1882.

HISTORY.

Buttles—The Queens of Egypt. 1908.

SOCIOLOGY.

Arnold-Forster—English socialism of today; its teaching and its aims. 1908.
Bray—The town child. 1907.
Callahan—Cuba and international relations; a historical study in American diplomacy. 1899.
Wells—Socialism and the family. 1908.

LITERATURE.

Dunbar—When Malindy sings; poems. 1906.
Fenne—The science and art of elocution; with a collection of nearly one hundred and fifty literary gems for reading and speaking. 1878.
Hamilton—The materials and methods of fiction. 1908.
Humphrey, comp.—The poetic old-world; a little book for tourists. 1908.
Kavanaugh—New speeches, dialogues and recitations. 1884.
Hovey—Holy Grail; and other fragments; being the uncompleted parts of the Authurian dramas. 1907.
Lovejoy, comp.—Nature in verse. 1895.
Tarkington & Wilson—The man from home. 1908.

PHILOSOPHY.

Riddell—The new man, 1908.

RELIGION.

Littlefield—Hand-work in the Sunday school. 1908.
Pastor—History of the popes. v. 5-6. 1906.

SCIENCE.

Hale—The study of stellar evolution. 1908.
Hutchinson—Our country home; how we transformed a Wisconsin woodland. 1908.

LANGUAGES.

Leonard—Grammar and its reasons. 1908.

USEFUL ARTS.

Aikens—Hospital housekeeping. 1906.
American school of correspondence at Armour institute of technology.—Practical lessons in electricity. 1905.
Brannt—India rubber, gutta-percha and balata. 1900.
Coburn—The book of alfalfa; its history and cultivation. 1908.
Dondlinger—The book of wheat; an economic history and practical manual of the wheat industry. 1908.
Franklin & Esty—The elements of electrical engineering. Ed. 3. 1909.
Harrison—The book of the honey bee. 1903.
Hill—A cook book for nurses. 1907.
Hodson—How to become a trained nurse. 1906.
Levitt—The woman and the car; a handbook for all women who motor. 1909.
Newsholme—The prevention of tuberculosis. 1908.

BOOKS ADDED TO REFERENCE DEPARTMENT.

Bentley & Conyngton—Corporate finance and accounting. 1908.
Cundall—History of British water color painting. 1908.
Idaho—State inspector of mines. Annual reports of the mining industry. 1907-08.
New York City—Bureau of municipal research. Collecting water revenues. 1909.
New York City—Bureau of municipal research. Memorandum of matters relating to New York City's debt. 1908.
New York City—Bureau of municipal research. New York City's debt. 1909.
Society for psychical research. Proceedings. v. 8-22. 1892-1908.

BOOKS ADDED TO CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Buxton—Stories of early England.
Forsyth—Story of the soldier.
Haaren & Poland—Famous men of the Middle Ages.
Imlach—Story of Columbus.
Morris—Home life in all lands.
Plummer—Roy and Ray in Canada.
Plympton—Wanglasset.
Smith—The beautiful story of Doris and Julie.
Stoddard—Boys of Bunker academy.
Wiggin—Pinafore palace.

S.S.S. CURES SKIN DISEASES

The cause of all skin diseases can be traced to some humor or acid in the blood; the cuticle is always healthy where the circulation is free from impurities. When the blood is infected with acrid or unhealthy matter it cannot perform its natural work of nourishing the skin, regulating its temperature and preserving its normal softness, pliability and healthfulness. Instead it irritates and inflames the delicate fibres and tissues around the pores and glands and produces some of the many forms of skin disease. The itching and stinging so often accompanying skin affections are produced by the deposit from the blood of the acrid humors with which it is filled, into the sensitive membranous flesh lying just beneath the outer covering, and surrounding the countless nerves, pores and glands. This explains why scratching the outer skin affords no relief from the itching and burning. S. S. S. cures Skin Diseases of every character by purifying the blood. It goes down into the circulation and removes the humors or acids which are causing the trouble, builds up the weak, acrid blood, and permanently cures every variety of skin affection. Local applications can only soothe; they never cure because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. goes right into the circulation, reaches the trouble and cures it by removing the cause. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice free to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.