LADY SURMA IS LIKELY TO BE PRESIDENT OF PEOPLE WHOSE LIBERTY SHE SECURED

Woman Who Persuaded British to Grant Independence to Assyrians in Line for Office of Chief Executive. Education Obtained Under Guidance of English Includes Accomplishments as Linguist.

THE first woman president of the world is expected to be Lady Surma, who is in line for the presidency of Assyria. Great Britain recently assigned a territory containing 80,000 square miles in the mountains of Kurdistan to the Assyrian people. Lady Surma obtained this concession from the British government when she acted as ambassador to London. She is an accomplished linguist and has been thoroughly educated under the guidance of British tutors. Her brother, Mar Chinon, patrician of the Assyrians, was murdered.

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Mrs. C. C. Calhoun, prominent society woman of Washington, D. C., is head of the $1,000,000 project for a national woman's foundation to be in Washington. The historic old Dean estate has been selected as the home of the foundation and there Mrs. Calhoun was hostess at a garden party recently. One of the distinguished guests at the affair was Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, wife of the vice-president.

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Among the beautiful women who are prominent in diplomatic circles in the national capital is Madam Virginia Ferand, the sister of the wife of the Guatemalan minister to the United States. Madam Ferand spent the past winter and spring in the capital, and her visit there has been so pleasant that she has decided to remain indefinitely with her sister at the legation.

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Mrs. John W. Harreld is one of the new additions to congressional circles in Washington. Her husband is a new senator from Oklahoma. Although Mrs. Harreld has spent a comparatively short time in the capital, she is already known as a charming hostess and has many friends.

PASTOR DRAWS MORAL FROM LIFE OF BEE AND CONDEMNS SUPER-EFFICIENCY AS AIM

Blind Devotion to Hive Declared Bad if Set Up For Emulation of Human Beings—Honey-Maker Declared to Show Evil of Material Attainment as Chief End.

BY W. G. ELIOT JR.,

Text: "Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone; in whom all the buildings fitly framed together groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord; in whom ye also are builded together for a habitation of God through the spirit."

THIS text has all my sermon in it, but for the moment it will seem remote enough from any immediate application. For my subject is "Bee and Man Compared and Contrasted."

I do not know how it may be with others, but for myself, nothing in all animate nature so fills my mind with wonder as the life of the honey bee. Nor am I thinking necessarily of the less familiarly known facts. The things most familiarly known hold their own for mystery with the most recent results of scientific research.

Have you ever found yourself on some still warm day in June lying in pensive mood in the shade of an apple tree, resting in the sweet sounds of brooks and birds "and the murmuring of innumerable bees?" Then it is in the moment when perhaps your vagrant meditations have been wandering farthest from the immediate environment of sight and sound that your attention will be suddenly arrested and commanded by the arrival before your very eyes of one of these "innumerable bees" springing out of the vague and drowsy hum into a very wide awake and individual reality.

Nectar Is Sought.

The little worker has come to seek the nectar from a flower only a few feet from your face. She has alighted on a clover blossom near enough to be seen clearly. With eager restlessness she plunges into one after other of the separate flowers of the clover heads. She does not lose a moment in her task. There is nothing but the swiftest efficiency. If you know her story, you know that she is literally working herself to death. As she passes from your sight back into the murmur that faintly fills the air around, her wings move so fast as to be invisible. But this swift and pauseless motion of the wings will carry her, when her body is duly laden with her desired freight, in a straight line through perhaps a mile or more of wood and meadow, by orchard and tilled fields, back to her own hive.

Her hive may be one of 100 others in the apiary; but she will fly in a direct line and unerringly to its narrow entrance. She will crowd her way past the guardian bees who would not permit her to enter were she a stranger, past the ventilation bees faithfully fanning their wings at the hive's entrance, and move rapidly into the far recesses of the little house.

Duty Known Clearly.

She knows precisely where to go in spite of the darkness and the surrounding throng—perhaps to carry food to the future queen, perhaps to feed the nymphs with bee-bread, perhaps to deposit the last drop of honey in a honey cell and sting it before sealing it. At home one moment in the air and sun and open spaces of the great world, with wings and bodies glinting as if partners of the sun beams, and with such motion from hive to flower and back again as makes her a fit companion to the wind; and then in the next moment equally at home in the total darkness of the close, warm, crowded interior of the hive.

But if these things are wonderful, how much more wonderful is the perennial miracle of the hive's cycle of life! The mysterious silence and consuming industry of the period when hanging in beautiful festoons the bees secrete the wax and build the comb; the unceasing diligence of the solitary and adulated queen as she passes from cell to cell of the brood-comb laying the myriad eggs and always accompanied by her ever jealous and watchful body guard; the nuptial flight of the new queen pursued from the dark hive into the as yet unvisited altitudes and unexperienced brilliance of the sky and back again never again to fare forth until she leads her swarm of 50,000 or 30,000 the fruit of her ceaselessly fertile body, and sets up a new household to begin again for the one hundred thousandth, or mayhap the millionth time the ancestral cycle of life, the same alternating of light and darkness, loneliness and crowd, sky-flight and brooding and unceasing toil.

Same Law Followed.

Always the same cycle, always the same law:

So work the honey bees.
Creatures that by a rule of nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

In every hive, in every part of the world, whether the most modern improvement of the Langstroth hive or in the commercial bee keeper, or in the hollow tree trunk of wildest jungle; whether today or in Virgil's fields, or on the slopes Hymettus, or in the carcass of the lion that Samson slew—always the same in the essential law and spirit of the hive.

The very symmetry and sameness of the waxen cell and of the bee's body is part of the continuous sameness. If one bee in a hive varied from others the social equilibrium of the hive would be impaired. One wing of a bee must be precisely like the other, or straight and unerring flight would become impossible.

The spirit and law of the hive, the co-operation and efficiency raised to the point of perfection, the climax of social harmony and equilibrium, the equality of bee and bee among the workers, the consenting subordination of all to the queen, the impartial massacre of the drones, the invariable death of the flying king—all is a ceaseless circling and circling within the close circumference of an almost invariable uniformity, wherein all the countless microscopic intricacies of the bee's body and all the toil and sacrifice of the bee's swift-fleeting hours subordinate themselves with a passion like the moth's for the candle to nothing but the perpetuation of the same cycle, the same rounds of birth and work, swarm and massacre, efficiency and sacrifice, and the sameness of rigidly ordered life which made one poet exclaim: "But where's the state beneath the firmament, that doth excel the bees for government?"

And not least noteworthy of all the samenesses that characterize the bee is her patriotism. Her hive is her country and she will defend it with her life.

Patriotism Is Selfish.

According to some moralists she is all the more patriotic in that she has no interest whatever in any other hive in the world, far or near at hand, unless perchance she has an opportunity to rob it. If one hive is invaded by a foreign foe, no other hive will help to repeal the invader. No league of nations among bees! No alliances entangling or otherwise! No alliances to rescue a Belgian or to repel robber kings or kaisers! If a foreigner enters the hive by accident (and she is not likely to do so by any other chance) she is quickly despatched. No immigration laws and no deportation, for it is death to all comers!

For their own hive and no other they live and die; and if you capture a bee, no tenderness of care, no abundance of proper food and nurture, will keep it long alive; for an exile from her country, she dies of loneliness. Not naturalization in a new hive, but death away from her own, is the pathetic sameness for every exiled bee.

Wonder Is Inspired.

Surely your thoughts have been stirred to wonder and amaze when, as we have been imagining, they were suddenly arrested and commanded by the little creature that lighted on the clover blossoms when you lay in revery in the orchard!

And now perhaps you will be pleasantly disappointed if you are expecting me to enter upon a dreary turn of stupid moralizing.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

It is so customary to look upon the bee and tell mankind to go and do likewise, that you may be a bit surprised if I say that the wonderfully fascinating life of the bee should be on the whole not an example for humanity to copy, but an everlasting warning of what humanity should avoid, and a convincing evidence of what humanity has thus far fortunately escaped to a great extent.

Except among angels, social equilibrium means spiritual death. How it may be even among the angels is a speculative theory. How it is among human beings is an attested fact.

Conflict Held Inspirational.

One clew to the long and slow process of human history, as we are able to trace it through words and customs and actions that have left their traces from periods antedating by thousands and thousands of years any conscious written history, is found in the fact so often repeated as to indicate a recognizable law, that man's inborn capacity for thinking, for ideas, for comparison of one thing with another, for admiration and emulation, for creative invention, for political and other social organization, and so for all real progress, have been called into effective action by such experiences as led one group out from its own locality and community into conflict with others, to conquer or to be conquered.

The fundamental realities of hunger, of over-supply or under-supply of food, of increasing or surplus population; congestion and conflict at those mountain passes where escaping tribes met and fought; those highways of competitive trade where differences of custom and thought could be observed; those defensive organizations and royal leaderships that first attached property rights to the soil and conceived of a political unit in terms of territorial boundaries; the conflicts of nascent nations; and as time went on the domination of one people over another; all those incidents and episodes and epics of early history which made war and all violent competitions by no means unmixed evils—these have all been factors that have called out the creative thought and effort of such human beings as had the capacity for such reaction, and have enabled humanity at rare intervals to break through the social equilibrium, to escape from the fixed and interminable sameness through cycle after cycle of birth and death in seemingly meaningless round, due to a selfish and passionately effective mania for the earthly perpetuity of a self-centered and world-hostile hive.

Supreme Task Outlined.

The very progress of mankind incident to the response of his native genius to these factors of change and conflict has led to the achievements of applied science and co-operative activity that have finally made war cost more than it is worth. But even so, that the world may not stagnate, that it may not degenerate into social equilibrium upon an animal level, it will be better to continue to have wars until we can put into practice a really effective spiritual substitute for war.

That is the supreme task of the coming years!—so to organize the world, so to inform and educate the human mind, that all the good that has hitherto been rightly attributed to the forces that broke up group isolations and the self-centered social equilibrium of custom-hardened groups, shall be got through friendly intercommunication, through legitimate commerce, through education, especially through spiritual education, the world over.

War's Worth Told.

The great war, or if necessary any greater future war, if such future war shall not destroy civilization altogether, will have been worth the price if it shall print its lesson so clearly and declare its meaning so persistently and convincingly that as if by one increasing impulse the world's center of gravity shall shift from selfishness to good will, from isolated envies and suspicions to general trustworthiness.

If you and I in our personal lives desire to be our best (and who in his best moments does not so desire?) is it not true that we also must seek a life of spiritual growth in freedom? Ought we to submit to the tyranny of any low-level social equilibrium? Shall our toil and sacrifice issue from the blind momentum of mere creature instinct unconscious of any possibility beyond the physical cycle of the earth-bound and isolated hive? On the other hand, shall it be the false freedom of the robber bee? No freedom is so fatal, so treacherous, so cruelly enslaving, as any freedom which through insanity of spirit and delusions of the moral consciousness assumes that our own personal affinities, our own eager desires, should be set uppermost in the hierarchy of our motives, or be permitted to outrage the sacred fidelities and plighted loyalties and divine covenants of life.

Spiritual Growth Need.

But spiritual growth and true freedom—that is what we must seek if we wish to be our best. We must live lives obedient to the "beloved community," wherein no soul is stranger or foreigner, but fellow-citizen with the innumerable company of the righteous from all nations who serve God day and night in his temple.

It is not the mechanical routine in the fixed cycle of the hive which every man should copy, mysterious and wonderful as it is, nor on the other hand the reckless and disordered tyranny and treachery of moral anarchy, but the spiritual liberty of children of God and fellow-citizens consciously and voluntarily working in a spiritual society and striving for an unattained but wholly possible spiritual idea, which Wordsworth had in mind when he sang of the "Character of the Happy Warrior."

The bee can contribute its unconscious part to the music of a summer day, but cannot draw from the violin the notes that answer to the hopes and fears of humanity and the pathos of the human heart. The bee can work with a continuity and precision that would satiate an efficiency expert, but cannot write an Odyssey or preach a Sermon on the Mount. The bee can take its blind turn at death with all other creatures, but cannot say, "Father, forgive them." The bee can perpetuate the almost mechanical law of the hive, but cannot create a new social order on higher levels learned from conflict and defeat. The bee can die for its country, but cannot share the larger vision of Edith Cavell, who knew that "Patriotism is not enough"; nor write of her:

Room 'mid the martyrs for a deathless name!
Till yesterday, in her how few could know
Black war's white angel, succoring friend and foe—
Whose pure heart harbored neither hate nor blame
When need or pity made its sovereign
Today she is the world's: its poignant woe,
We thought had been outwept, again doth flow
In tenderest tears that multiply her fame.

Oh, something there is in us yet, more bright
Than Rouen's hungry flames—that could consume
Jeanne's slender limbs but not her spirit's might.
Fate still has noble colors in her loom.
One lonely woman's courage in the night
Has sealed the savage Hohenzollern's doom.

Higher Aims Outlined.

The bee can hum and seek honey in the clover, and work and die—but it cannot lie under an apple tree on a June day and meditate upon the problems of life and the ways of the Divine Spirit, and consciously and devoutly and with tender humility and solemn resolve bow the soul before the great sacrament of life, of conscience, of faithful friendship, of truth and sacrifice, of home and heaven.

THE LITERARY PERISCOPE

BY MISS JENNETTE KENNEDY,
Assistant in the Circulation Department Library Association of Portland.

"DISGRACE! We cannot endure this scandal!" shouted a furiously angry Bulgarian during a performance in Vienna, at the Schonbrunn theater, of George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," under the title "Heroes." The furore arose during the first act, when the disturber of the scene began a violent protest to the audience.

The services of the police were required to remove several angry Bulgarians and interruptions continued through the second act, as well as encounters betwene the Viennese, who like Mr. Shaw's play, and the Bulgarians, who resented this one. Who would have thought that "The Chocolate Soldier," for the text is based on "Arms and the Man," could ever have created any feeling but merriment?

* * *

This story of an "imported ghost" is told by the London Morning Post, says the Living Age:

"An American visitor was giving the other day some examples of the extraordinary speed and completeness with which the process of Americanization is carried out, even in the case of extreme alien types. Perhaps the most extraordinary instances occurred in the newly erected mansion, built in the style of an E-shaped Elizabethan manor, of a Chicago multi-millionaire. He decided to import a ghost to heighten the illusion of antiquity, and, after a prolonged search and the expenditure of a considerable sum of money, a satisfactory specimen was picked up in Devonshire and shipped to Chicago in cold storage. It walked by daylight and had every appearance, both as regards garb and figure, of having just missed the sailing of the Mayflower. The millionaire and his friends, some of the best people of Chicago, were delighted with its old-world looks and solemn deportment. On the third day, unfortunately, it was seen eating a doughnut.

* * *

Does the following sketch of William Marion Reedy, made by Francis Hackett in his collection of essays, "The Invisible Censor," not suggest, as much as any one may illustrate, a fairly general conception of a "typical, broad-minded American?" "Mr. Reedy is the sort of human being who can combine Edgar Lee Masters and Vachell Lindsay, single tax and spiritualism, Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt. He knows brewers and minor poets and automobile salesmen and building contractors and traffic cops and publishers, and he is genuinely himself with all of them. He finds the common denominator in machine politicians and hyperacid reformers, and without turning a hair he moves from tropical to arctic in conversation. He is at home with Celtic fairies and the atomic theory, with frenzied finance and St. Francis. If he had a Pantheon, and I believe he has, it must be a good deal like a Union depot, with gods coming in and departing on every train, and he himself holding a glorious reception at the information booth. I am sure he can still see the silver lining to W. J. Bryan and the presidential timber in Leonard Wood. He does not make fun of Chautauqua. He can drink Bevo. He has a good word for Freude. He has nothing against Victorianism. And yet he is a man."

* * *

A Kathlemet myth supplies material for one of the eleven narrative poems in Amy Lowell's new collection, "Legends." The poem is entitled "Many Swans From North America," and the legend is that Many Swans begged a great shining disk as a gift from The-One-Who-Walks-All-Over-the-Sky. The disk by bursting into flames slew every human being that Many Swans encountered; he was ready to end his own life through grief, but at last the Sun Mother in pity took back her gift.

* * *

An epitaph to John Reed and other members of the organization producing the Provincetown plays who have died since its beginning is contained in the introduction by Hutchins Hapgood to a new collection of the most successful Provincetown plays.

* * *

Two stories which illustrate the human side of the late Cecil Rhodes are told by his biographer, Basil Williams: "One night his friend Grey, sleeping soundly after a hard day's ride, awoke with a start to find Rhodes, clad only in a flannel shirt, leaning over him and shaking him. 'Wake up, Grey, wake up!' 'Eh, what's the matter? Is the tent on fire?' sleepily murmured Grey. 'No, no: but I just wanted to ask you, have you ever thought how lucky you are to have been born an Englishman, when there are so many millions who were not born Englishmen?'

After the raid he could not forgive the desertion of his old friends. "What is the good of friends to me when I am right?" he said. "I want them when I am wrong."

* * *

"There was a lot of everything—the word 'shortage' is not American," says W. L. George in His "Hail, Columbia." Other epigrammatic observations are: "America is definitely a woman's country—but only two or three times have I seen a man give up his seat to a woman." "The true America is in the middle west, and Columbus discovered nothing at all except another Europe."

* * *

"Think of a stock broker sitting down of an evening to the love tale of a stock broker," scoffs Alice Brown in an attempt to prove that people prefer books about life vastly different from their own, and therefore the stock broker would naturally choose "rural fields and pastures green" and a dialect which he cannot possibly understand. But do people always want contrast? A reporter, casting about for a new phase of the pugilist, Jack Dempsey, wrote his impressions of his literary taste under the title "Dempsey's Five-Foot Shelf." One of the books included was "The Spoilers," by Rex Beach. Is not that the one which contains the "big fight?" The most persistent readers of sea stories are men who go to sea. No, it is not impossible to imagine a stock broker liking a stock broker story!

* * *

"Hail to thee, blythe grocer," is the parody on Shelley's "Skylark," found in "Parodies for Housekeepers," by Constance and Burgess Johnson. One verse reads:

A pale purple grouch of
Rage will dim my sight,
When I read your voucher
For the check I write
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear
Thy shrill delight.

BOOKS

BY JOSEPH MACQUEEN

Local Government in the United States, by Herman G. James. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

Herman G. James, Ph. D., professor of government in the University of Texas, is the author of this painstaking, excellent and informing study of our local American government, a study extending to 482 pages and presented in optimistic fashion.

The general message is national in character and breathes confidence in the present and future of local government all over the United States.

At the same time the book is critical and meant primarily for the citizen who, however interested he may be in the development of the city of his nativity or choice, is handicapped by a lack of knowledge as to the standards of government by which a city government may be measured. The point is made plain that each individual as a voter is responsible for the government of his city and that he owes a duty to himself to vote intelligently and to choose public officials wisely.

The book has these special divisions: The growth of municipal functions; public safety; public health; public education; public morals; social welfare; city planning; public works; public utilities; municipal ownership; municipal finance—revenues; municipal finance—indebtedness, budget and accounting.

The earlier portions of the book include brief studies of the local government systems of England and France, the sources for our own and for non-Anglo-Saxon countries respectively. Local institutions in this country are traced from colonial times down and succeeding chapters discuss in detail the government of cities, counties and minor civil divisions. Finally, striking developments of the present day, the problems now pressing for solution and tendencies foreshadowing the future are discussed.

The initiative and referendum are described, but at no great length, and the system in Oregon is not specified particularly.

Under the head of Oregon, early local government is presented, with a half page devoted to mention of the Oregon provisional government in 1841, the early dual government of Great Britain and the United States and the establishment of territorial government in 1849.

Here are valuable paragraphs worth special notice:

Popular control of the elective officials, assisted by the application of the short ballot principle, and such instruments of control as the initiative, referendum, recall and non-partisan ballots; scientific accounting, purchase and budget procedure; and an adequate measure of state administrative control, may serve to bring such counties as are populous enough to carry on the necessary governmental operations, up to the level of the best of our city administrations. The less populous counties, especially those where the population per square mile is small, would seem clearly to be suited rather for districts of state administration than for organization as local government corporations.

There would seem to be no justification for smaller areas of local government than the county except for the urban communities. These should be entrusted with the satisfaction of their own community needs and in the care of the more sizeable ones at least, say those from 10,000 to 15,000 up, be wholly distinct from the jurisdiction of the county.

Much of this advice is applicable to conditions of dual local government existing in Multnomah County, Oregon.

Jist Huntin', by Ozark Ripley. Illustrated. Stewart & Kidd Co., Cincinnati, O.

Mr. Ripley is recognized as an expert on fishing and guns for the "Adventure" magazine; is contributing editor of "Sporting Goods Journal" and feature writer for "American Field" and other outdoor publications.

Mr. Ripley has passed a quarter of a century in the big out of doors, and a friend thus writes of him: "Ozark loves dogs, he knows more about hunting dogs and their training than any other man I know, and every dog I have ever known loved Ozark. A man who loves dogs and is loved by dogs always rings true. He is a friend always, and one that you can count on to the last shot."

In this book of stories, consisting of 192 pages, the human, lovable quality of the man-author strikes the observant reader. That quality shines in all of these 21 different stories of forest, field and stream, and the breath of the open and love of domestic animals are ever visioned. Dixie Carroll, a hunting authority, writes an excellent introduction.

The chapter heads are: In the days of my youth; setter against pointer; a day with the longhills; in the chicken country; hunting squirrels with Mizzowra; my ducking pond in the hills; after Canadian honkers; in the lair of the small-mouths; "just 'possums;" with White River elk; my pet, the woodcock; no feud; southern bear hunting; the giant gobbler of Gun Bluff; hunting ducks on a swift waterway; hunting whitetails with Josh; the hillbilly's guest; the white wolf; vacant collars; Raoul and my New Brunswick moose; and Strongfang of the swamps.

Two of the more remarkable stories are "The White Wolf" and "Strongfang." In the former, the hunter hears of a strange white wolf that enters farm yards and kills calves, chickens, etc., and escapes

Mary Roberts Rinehart, author of "Sight Unseen" and "The Confession" stories of the occult.

unscathed. It was supposed that the home of this white wolf was in the near-by swamps, and one night the hunter, accompanied by his Irish setter Chlo, started in pursuit. Usually Chlo was a dog of courage and liked fight, but the hunter noted on this occasion that Chlo was scared, and that she uttered a low, whining note.

Wolves began to run around hunter and dog, and suddenly in the moonlight the hunter saw, for the first time in his search, a white wolf. It sat and uttered three ear-splitting, blood-curdling howls. The hunter aimed at the wolf's breast and fired. The white wolf leaped, snapped twice at vacancy and died. Investigation showed that the wolf really was not white, but had been subject to mange, and from head to tail was destitute of hair.

The hero of the story "Strongfang" is the black wolf of that name, a fierce, blood-thirsty animal. He is at first pictured in all his vigor and splendid strength, and his disregard for all enemies except man. He finds a female mate, and he and she trot together. Strongfang is boss of the swamp, for had he not killed all rivals? His mate licks him with fond pride.

Suddenly, as Strongfang walked across a carpet of sodden cane, his right paw stepped into—a big iron trap. He was a prisoner. When the female saw his peril, she drew away from him, emitted a whine of dismay and fled to safety to seek another mate.

All day long Strongfang tugged at the gripping terror, but in vain. The vise-like jaws held him fast. As night approached he saw that he must act as his own surgeon and his teeth began. Hopping away on three legs, he sought rest in a thicket and next afternoon he saw Peter La Fonge, a pallid little trapper, carrying a few rusty traps. He walked toward the trap where Strongfang had been caught and with his ax knocked loose the fastening of the trap. Then he became aware of a wolf's paw imprisoned there. The paw fell out and in disgust the trapper flung away the severed member.

The trapper's act filled Strongfang with rage. So here was the human being who was responsible for the loss of the paw. Oho—revenge!

Strongfang went back to his tribe, but was coldly received. His late mate had a new lover and the two mocked him. Was not Strongfang now a weakling? He now lived on squirrels, decaying fish and turtles, etc.

Pete began to be aware that on different occasions a wolf was tracking him and thought it queer. One winter's day, as the snow was falling, Pete walked toward his traps and he carried a short ax. Strongfang saw that he did not carry a gun. Now was his chance. The trapper happened to slip in the mud and just then the wolf leaped. The ax fell from Pete's grip and the wolf's teeth began. The fetid breath of the wolf sickened Pete. He yelled for assistance but none came. He drew his clasp knife and, pressing the spring, the long blade flew open. The wolf proudly surveyed his work. He gave a cry of victory.

With his last strength Pete plunged the blade into the wolf's heart. Man and beast died together and their bodies lay side by side.

The New Japanese Peril, by Sidney Osborne. The MacMillan Co., New York City.

Mr. Osborne is remembered for the clarity of his views expressed in previous books on the political aspect of the Japanese question.

This new book, on the same subject, views Japan as a competitor of America and advises that America ought to be ready for eventualities.

The Russian Revolution, by Edward Alsworth Ross, LL. D. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York City.

Our author is professor of sociology in the University of Wisconsin and he was on a tour of Russia when, from March, 1917, to January, 1918, the Russian revolution was accomplished. The provisional government of Kerensky was then destroyed and the soviet republic came into being.

Professor Ross was therefore in a position to note recent Russian events as they passed before them and he now recounts these startling, history-making experiences in this book of 302 pages. He writes with clarity and dramatic force. He describes men and women, good and otherwise.

Will Power and Work, by Jules Payot. Ph. D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York City.

Our author is president of a great French university and has reached eminence outside his university duties in educational, intellectual pursuits. The translator of Dr. Payot's message, Richard Duffy, writes a preface of 14 pages.

This boof of 422 pages covers the whole subject of the theory and practice of self-culture in a manner that will make a strong appeal to those who would increase their mental efficiency and power of accomplishment. Our author shows that we have within ourselves a two-fold instrument, will power and work, the intellectual magic wand with which those humble, persevering toilers we know as "great men" were able to conjure up the marvels of achievement that assured them a full and rounded life and, incidentally, the fame that marks them for our respect and emulation.

Here one learns how to read systematically and intelligently, how to build up a dependable memory, how to obtain control of that strangely uncertain instrument, the will, and how to supplement the lack or rightly assimilate the surplus of education that fate has decbed for us. As a clear, sympathetic and authoritative guide to true wisdom and strength of character this book will be a boon to all interested.

Creative Revolution, by Eden and Cedar Paul. Thomas Seltser, New York city.

It is a part of one's education, in order to distinguish good from evil in social affairs of the mass and also to find arguments how to refute an opponent, if one reads such a book as this.

It is a study in what is called "communist ergatocracy" and discusses the two schools of action: two labor movements and two social movements.

Chapter heads are: Communist Ergatocracy, Socialism Through Social Solidarity, Socialism Through the Class Struggles, The Shop Stewards' Movement, Historical Significance of the Great War, The Russian Revolution, The Third International, The Dictatorship of the Proletariat, The Iron Law of Oligarchy, Socialism Through Parliament or Soviet, Creative Revolution, Freedom.

Clerambault, by Romain Rolland. Henry Holt & Co., New York City.

A translation from the French by Katherine Miller, this book, dated Paris, May, 1920, is the poem story of a protest against "that butchery called war."

The principal hero is Sergeant Clerambault, of the French army. In July and August, 1914, members of the Clerembault family are warm patriots for France and spoke of young Clerembault as a hero when he enlisted. Then when news came that he is missing or killed in battle, his father becomes an extreme pacifist, and talks against all war as something which should not be allowed.

Our author is a French pacifist, who has suffered much for his opinions.

The Two Worlds of Attraction, by Anne Abbott. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston.

Our author states that she began in November, 1919, to receive from the other world automatic writing from her mother who had died years previously. This book, of 183 pages, relates what these messages are. The teaching is metaphysical and reverent.

A Flower of Monterey, by Katherine B. Hamill. The Page Co., Boston.

With pretty illustrations in full color by Jessie Gillespie and Edmund H. Garret, this novel of old days when Spain ruled in California has much romance and tender sentiment to commend it.

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