BROTHERHOOD OF CHRISTIANITY IS ONLY ANTISEPTIC FOR WAR

Eternal International Truth Held to Show That Kindness Reacts Upon Doer and This Axiom Travels Down From National Policies Through Path Leading to Individuals and Home.

BY DR. CHARLES MacCAUGHEY.
New Pastor of Centenary-Wilbur Methodist Episcopal Church.

Judges 12:6—"Then said they unto him, 'Say Now Shibboleth,' and he said 'Sibboleth' because he could not frame to pronounce it right."

THIS is the record of one of the remarkable events so plentiful in the history of Israel. The drama of the early history of the Jewish race is set on a stage across which sweep all the nations of the ancient world, and the story abounds in thrilling situations. In the incident from which I have taken this text, the dramatis personae are the Ammonites, the Gileadites and the tribe of Ephraim. The Ammonites were one of the original races of ancient Canaan, who inhabited the rough and mountainous country to the east of the Jewish settlements. They were a constant menace and scourge to the Jewish tribes, and because the Gileadites were their immediate neighbors they suffered the most from the robber raids of these untamed brigands.

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Gilead was suffering the perils of those whose political borders adjoin bad national neighbors. But moral border lines are even more perilous than political boundaries. I know that in this sophisticated age it is considered quite the proper thing not to be too good. One is apt to be considered narrow and provincial unless his life somewhere borders on some questionable custom or evil habit. I want to be old-fashioned enough tonight to say that such a view of life is not sophistication but folly. No man can hope to live in spiritual peace or moral prosperity if his life borders on the edge of self, and the fringe of sin. I heard of a pilot who navigated a dangerous channel. Someone said to him, "I suppose you know where every rock and shoal and bar is in this channel," and the pilot responded, "I know something better than that—I know where the rocks and shoals and bars are not."

There is a false philosophy going the rounds these days that a man must be a bit of a devil to get the most out of life, and that even a churchman should imitate the eight disciples who sat outside the gate of the garden that dreadful night and were as much in touch with Judas as they were with Jesus. That view of life is false. If you want a pure heart, and a peaceful conscience and a prosperous life, find your way into the very heart of the country, and build your homestead close under the shadow of Mount Zion, belted round with the hills of God.

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The record says that when the Ammonites made their foray on the unsuspecting Gileadites, the latter turned for assistance to their brethren of the tribe of Ephraim, whose territory adjoined theirs on the west, just across the Jordan river. They had every reason to expect aid from the Ephraimites because Gilead was the buffer state between Ammon and Ephraim, just as Belgium is the buffer state between Germany and France.

Self-interest should have prompted Ephraim to extend aid to Gilead, because a weakened or defeated Gilead exposed their own borders to the constant threat of invasion. However, Ephraim just at that time was under the influence of statesmen who advocated a policy of national isolation and warned the people against participating in "entangling alliances," so that the Ephraimites refused to assist in the defense of their kinsmen of Gilead.

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I am surprised that there was no prophet in Ephraim big enough and clear-brained enough to rise up and rebuke his people for their folly and provincialism. It seems strange that there was no statesman in that day who could see that the hopes of all the tribes of Israel were bound up in a bundle together, and that the defeat of one meant irreparable injury to all. Then I would like to have the spirit of that ancient prophet, had there been such a one, walk through the nations of the world today and teach us the same lesson—that God hath made of one flesh all the nations of the earth; someone, speaking of the solidarity of the human race, that an Athabasca Indian cannot whip his squaw without the heart of the world shuddering beneath his blows. That is probably an hyperbole, but it contains the glimmer of a very vital truth.

The thing that makes war so infinitely hideous is that no matter who seems to be victorious, the whole race is vanquished. The red blood that gushes from the torn bodies of our enemies is drained from our own hearts. The world is a very little place and no man can be indifferent to anything that transpires in it.

San Francisco burns down and London and Glasgow suffer financial prostration because of it. Some years ago the kaiser and the czar were to have met somewhere in the North sea. On the appointed day it was discovered that the uniform to be worn by one of them had been mislaid, and the meeting was postponed for two days. The rumor went out that there had been a misunderstanding that might lead to war. There was a financial panic on the exchanges of Europe and thousands of persons were ruined.

Somewhere in northern Asia, in some foul hut, a new disease germ was born. Men called it influenza, and it circled the globe, digging millions of graves in Portland, and Paris, and Yokohama, and every city and hamlet in the world.

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We are all bound up in a bundle together and there can be no "splendid isolation" and no talk of avoiding "entangling alliances." That is the strategy of the idea behind foreign missions. It says that life cannot be safe anywhere until it is safe everywhere, and sets itself to the task of establishing safe standards of conduct throughout the entire world. The modern Ephraimite who refuses to support missions should not complain of the cost of war, for Christianity is the only antiseptic for war, because it establishes that atmosphere of comity and brotherhood in which war cannot germinate. It is eternally true internationally that acts of kindness react upon the doer. When Italy was struggling for her freedom, England of all the great European nations was friendly and sympathetic. It was that tradition of friendship that more than anything else brought Italy into the entente during the world war. It was so with France and the United States. The one act of our government, after the Boxer rebellion, in returning part of the indemnity paid by China at that time, inspired such confidence in our country on the part of the Chinese that a hint from our president that we would welcome the entrance of China into the war on the side of the allies was all that was sufficient to get its co-operation. A hundred years of peace between America and Canada is eloquent testimony that courtesy and neighborliness are more potent weapons in the preservation of international amity than forts and fleets.

The selfish policy of Ephraim, "each nation for itself, and the devil take the hindmost," has had its day, but its day is drawing to a close and more and more that idea is being discredited in international affairs. Lowell is the prophet of the new day when he says:

True freedom is to share
All the bonds our brethers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to set others free.

* * *

The same thing is true in our personal relationships. An old proverb says "There is a double wage for a helpful heart." Kind deeds sow seeds that bring a kindly harvest. Kind words awaken kind echoes. That is what Tennyson meant when he said, speaking of the bugle call:

O love, they die on yon rich sky,
They faint on hill and field and river,
Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow forever and forever.

I heard the other day of a woman who talked herself to death in the Grand canyon, trying to have the last word with the famous echo. I am sure that is a slander on the women, but it still remains true that the echo has the last word, whether it be in acoustics or life. The man whose religion is to look out for Number One finds in time that the shell of his own selfishness closes about him, trapping him in the tomb of a fearful isolation. But the man who takes time to plant a flower on another's pathway finds himself comforted by a fragrance that is wafted along his own. I like the spirit of that song that says:

In a world where sorrow ever will be known,
Where are found the needy and the sad and lone,
How much joy and comfort we can all bestow
If we scatter sunshine everywhere we go.

* * *

This ancient story tells us that when the Ephraimites refused to help Gilead against Ammon, the Gileadites, in desperation, led by their intrepid Jephtha, went against the enemy, completely routed and defeated them and returned home laden with abundant spoil. Then a very human thing happened. The Ephraimites, chagrined at their own stupid failure to participate in a victorious cause, said to the people of Gilead, "Why did ye not ask us to go with thee, when ye went up to fight against Ammon? Now we will burn thine house upon thee with fire!"

We can understand these Ephraimites very well, because we have them with us until this day, and we have suffered because of them many a time. They are in this church and in this city. If some daring Jepthah in the church proposes a project that requires courage and hard work and risk, these modern sons of Ephraim remain smugly noncommittal until the undertaking is an assured success, but when that happens they are noisily insistent on securing a prominent place in the enterprise. There are some very prominent Ephraimites in the city of Portland tonight who are maintaining a discreet silence regarding the proposed fair. It is not quite clear to them yet whether those who are promoting the fair are fools or patriots, but when it becomes evident that they are not fools but very real patriots, the foremost ranks of the procession will become congested with a sudden influx of these children of Ephraim.

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The curtain now lifts on the last act of this ancient drama. The insolence of the Ephraimites has met a grim rebuke from the swords of Gilead. The fugitive survivors, anxious to cross the Jordan to their own country, are met at the fords by Jepthah's sentinels.

"Art thou an Ephraimite?" is the question put to each one, and if he says "No," "Say now Shibboleth (river)," say the guardians of the fords. And the fugitive betrays his nationality, for he says "Sibboleth"—he could not frame to pronounce it right. In the emergency he betrayed his racial inheritance.

How significant an illustration that is of life's unconscious betrayals. It is in the unguarded moment that the real man stands out, when the veneer is off and the mask is down. We go on day after day, building, building an edifice of character; weaving, weaving the warp and woof of the sort of men and women we are. People associate with us and form opinions of us, sometimes right and sometimes wrong. Then comes the emergency, and as one flash of lightning will photograph a whole landscape, so one emergent moment can blaze with all-revealing intensity. They say that if you want to know what sort of person a man really is, go camping with him, far from civilization, and in the hour when he is irritated with fatigue and inconveniences, he will stand forth as he really is, whether a true man or a sham.

Be that as it may, I know that life has a habit of confronting us in unexpected moments and saying, "Say now 'Shibboleth,'" and that hour is a poor time to begin to learn how to pronounce it right. I have many a time stood by the bedside of men who were dying, and I have often been appalled by the revelations that came from their muttered incoherencies. I have heard them talk in that solemn hour of money and women and tobacco and wheat—terrible proof that the soul had learned a vocabulary fraught with fearful betrayal as these men stood at the fords of the river.

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In her book, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Mrs. Wiggin says of Miranda Sawyer:

"Poor Miranda Sawyer, hovering on the verge of the great beyond. No divine visions floated across her tired brain—nothing but petty cares and sordid anxieties. Not all at once can the soul talk with God, be he ever so near. If the heavenly language never has been learned, quick as is the spiritual sense in seizing on the facts it needs, then the poor soul must use the words and phrases it has lived on and grown into day by day. Poor Miranda. Held fast in the narrow walls of her own nature. Blind in the presence of revelation, because she had never used her spiritual eyes. Deaf to angelic voices, because she had never used her spiritual ears."

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A great many persons think of Christianity as a sort of magic formula to be used in the emergencies of life. It is not that. It is an attitude and atmosphere of the soul that fits us for the emergencies of life, as well as its everyday occurrences.

Just before I came to Portland I participated in a memorial service held in a little town of eastern Washington, in honor of a woman who was lost on the Alaska off Blunt's Reef, last August. For thirty years this woman had never been beyond the confines of her own county. She had a beautiful home and lived a peculiarly cultured and protected life, devoted to her family and her church. No rough nor discordant note had ever penetrated her life. After all that time she decided to travel to Los Angeles, to visit her daughter, and she took with her little Betty Jean, her grandchild. They were asleep in their berth when the Alaska crashed on the reef. Betty was saved, and she said: "It was dark and they said we were going to sink. People were crying, and I was afraid and I wanted to cry, but grandma was not afraid. She put my clothes on me and then put a big blanket around me and tied me into a life preserver. Then she kissed me and put me into a boat and said, 'Don't be afraid Betty Jean, for God will take of you.' But there was not time for grandma to get into the boat, and I never saw her again." In the crash and terror of midnight shipwreck, life said to that splendid woman, "Say now Shibboleth." Gloriously and triumphantly she met the emergency. She had learned to pronounce it right.

BOOKS

By Joseph Macqueen.

Life and Letters of Henry Lee Higginson by Bliss Perry. Illustrations. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston.

It must be of notable interest in this city to the many people who have at heart the present and future condition and prosperity of the Portland symphony orchestra to read such a frank and educative memoir of the late Major Higginson—good citizen, brave soldier in the civil war, sterling Boston merchant, founder of the Boston symphony orchestra and public benefactor generally.

The book is of 577 pages and is enriched by many personal letters written by Major Higginson and from his friends. The latter are among the famous men and women of this country. Mr. Perry's style of writing is polished, dignified and informing.

Although Mr. Higginson's life was mostly spent in and around Boston—and Boston somehow has been and is associated with him—it is curious to note that he was born in New York city November 18, 1834. His father was in a small commission business in New York and had failed in the commercial panic of 1837. George Higginson, father of the subject of this memoir, took his wife and young family to Boston, where he engaged in commercial business on India wharf. The family went to live in a small house in Chauncey place, then a delightful residence section, where rich people and those of moderate means lived happily together. The neighborhood is now part of a busy modern business street.

When Major Higginson was 18 years old and away from home he wrote as follows to his father: "If you ask who is the family it is pretty hard to answer, but there certainly is a sort of combined influence which is produced from no one person or particular persons, which is very healthy and sound and beneficial, but which needs something new. Boston is not the world, nor Bostonians always right. I'm a New Yorker, thank heaven, and I believe I have always had my eyes open to the fact that Boston was but a dot on this earth. I hope you will not think me bitter or ungrateful, or that I'm set up in these ideas by anyone else. Very far from it. I must be allowed my own opinions, and one of them is that the family might be improved, though it is about the best I know."

The Higginson family, because of moderate means, had to live economically.

"We had meat—chiefly corned beef—about five times in the week at dinner, had no butter, never saw an egg, had plenty of potatoes and baked apples and milk."

Sent to the Boston Latin school, young Higginson did fairly well with his studies, but soon suffered so much from colds and headaches that he went home on many occasions.

"While at the Latin school I got two prizes, being prompted thereto by my desire to please my mother, who was elated with my success; but I cannot remember that I ever cared about it myself."

The boy's mother died in August, 1849, of tuberculosis, when her son Henry was 15 years old. The Higginsons had been rooted in the hard Massachusetts soil for nine generations.

"It had bred clergymen, seamen, soldiers, administrators and merchants; a prolific, generous, stubborn race, not slow to wrath, and honest as the sunlight."

It seems the Higginsons belonged to a sort of Boston clan, and allied with them were other families whom they called cousins—Cabots, Lees, Jacksons, Lowells, Channings, Perkinses, Tyngs, Storrows, Putnams, Morses, Paines and others.

Continued delicate health meant that young Higginson was educated largely by private tutors. He went to Harvard university for a few months, but had to give up because of his health. For several years thereafter he seems to have been a gentleman of leisure, traveling in company with friends over portions of Europe, supported by his father's bounty. The musical life of Vienna, Dresden and several other European cities appealed to him much. At one time he thought of becoming a professional musician, and he worked hard at harmony. He attended many orchestral concerts, heard many famous singers, and writes extensively of these experiences in letters to his father.

In 1850 a legacy of about $13,000 left Major Higginson was devoted principally to musical pursuits in Europe. In Rome he met several Americans, among them W. W. Story, and he wrote thus to his father:

"I am continually surprised to find how little men are—that is, that they amount to no more—indeed, hardly so much as the young men whom I have so constantly seen. It may be that when of settled employment, whatever it may be, put their whole strength into their work and have none to spare for ordinary occasions, for everyday life, which is wrong. Mr. Story is a man of considerable talents and of great industry, but of no genius, so I believe. His theory is that there is no difference in will than in ability to do, and that a man can with industry do anything. On this theory he has acted, and it rests with the world to decide whether he has succeeded. He is a sculptor, a good draftsman, writes poetry, is skilled in belles-lettres and in music, is very kind and good-natured, very vain, honest and true in intention though he exaggerates for the sake of a joke far too much, is rather prejudiced. He is a good fellow and a very pleasant man and acquaintance."

When our Higginson was studying music in Europe his father wrote to him: "Will your knowledge and devotion to music enable you to look upon it as a profession, or to render rich service of good to society?" It is significant that Major Higginson's decision to found the Boston symphony orchestra came just 22 years later, in the year 1881.

But the agitation preceding the civil war drew young Higginson back to his Boston and he engaged there in a commission business in a small way. He was a consistent abolitionist. He hated slavery and was a strong federalist. When war broke out he helped to organize the 2d Massachusetts regiment and was commissioned a lieutenant. Transferred soon to the cavalry, where he developed as a fairly seasoned soldier, he took part in several battles, but ultimately, in June, 1863, was wounded so severely in the face and spine that his further military service became impossible. He was then a major.

The end of the civil war found Major Higginson eager for business, although he confessed privately that accounts "always bothered him." Once he wrote to his father "In what form should I keep my account? Which side is Dr. and which Cr.?" After unprofitable speculations in oil and cotton Major Higginson returned to Boston and his good fortune began January 1, 1868, when he became a

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The late Henry Lee Higginson, featured in a new biography. The photo is dated 1905.

partner in the well known financial house of Lee, Higginson & Co., where he remained a member of the firm until his death, 50 years later.

Quincy Shaw and Alexander Agassiz—the latter a great scientific man—were both brothers-in-law of Major Higginson and were interested in the then unknown Calumet and Hecla copper mines. Naturally, these men preferred to do their business with the firm of Lee, Higginson & Co. At one time the shares were offered at $5 each and the Higginsons and their family connections in spite of many discouragements and heroic struggles at Lake Superior, invested heavily in these properties. As all the world knows now Calumet and Hecla have since proved to be gold mines, practically speaking, and one of the investors who grew to be a very rich man was Major Higginson.

Then came Major Higginson's dream to found a great symphony orchestra for the cause of musical education and the public good. He saw that the kind of orchestra he visioned, 70 men and a conductor, could not be supported by money derived from the sale of tickets at the box office, and that the deficit of such an orchestra would possibly be about $20,000 yearly. He insisted upon "one conductor and only one."

The most interesting chapter in the book is page 10, which has this significant heading: "The Symphony Orchestra of 1881-1914." The account of the rise of what followed, the famous Boston Symphony orchestra, is told by our biographer in modest condensed fashion. Major Higginson said openly that he would work along State street—Boston's financial center—for money to finance this orchestra. It is estimated that in the 33 years in which he was the orchestra's financial supporter, out of his own money he paid away for the cause more than $1,000,000 (p. 463).

Major Higginson's experiences with the various conductors of the Boston Symphony orchestra are narrated—Henschel, Gericke, Nikisch, Paur, Fiedler and the much-talked-about Dr. Muck.

Major Higginson wrote in the beginning that he thought the conductor should be engaged for eight months, or a year, or less; "that the salary would be $8000; the conductor to have the entire management of the concerts, and that the conductor should 'hire or fire' musicians, as he should see fit; that the conductor should make up programmes. Of course, this will be done with my assistance, if I can help him. He has sole power in all these matters."

In 1917, when agitation began in Providence, R. I., Boston and other towns, to request Dr. Muck to play the "Star Spangled Banner" at concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Major Higginson thought the patriotic question "did not belong in the programmes." He was then "a weary, perplexed old man of 83, who was simply trying, as always, to discover his duty and to do it" (p. 486). In a conference with Major Higginson, Dr. Muck said he would play the "Star Spangled Banner," and it is recorded that he did so. But, the biographer intimates, the objection to Dr. Muck was political and due to war-causes. Dr. Muck offered to resign his position. It seems that several abusive letters about this matter reached Major Higginson, and that some were indecent (p. 488).

On page 491 it is related that the unpleasantness at the time, and the false charges of disloyalty made against him, made Major Higginson come to the conviction that all further pleasure in the orchestra was destroyed so far as he was concerned (p. 491).

Early in 1918, Major Higginson decided that as he was tired of the clamor against the orchestra, Dr. Muck and himself, he would resign. He notified Dr. Muck in March, 1918, that his engagement with the orchestra would terminate May 4; and March 25 Dr. Muck was arrested and interned as a public enemy. A Mr. Schmidt, a German, completed the season as conductor, and the original orchestra ceased to be, so far as Major Higginson's liberal connection with it was concerned, May 4, 1918.

Major Higginson's relatives and friends insisted upon his taking a rest, and for a short time he did so. But he continued his activities, particularly in letter writing, as a supporter of the entente allies, in the world war.

Unable to recover from troubles incident to age, and also from weakness from a surgical operation, Major Higginson died within four days of reaching his 85th birthday.

Such is the public and musical record of a noted American who left his impress for good symphony music in this country, but who bluntly stated (April 27, 1914) his conviction—formed 60 years previously—that he had "no talent for music" (p. 291).

The Cruise of the Dream Ship, by Ralph Stock. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

Illustrated from photographs and with line drawings by Lynn Bogue Hunt, this is a fascinating narrative of a voyage in a 41-foot Norwegian-built auxiliary cutter of 23 tons register—a voyage (on a captal of $500) that included trips to the British Indies, the Marquesas islands, Tahiti, Savage island and other far-away spots in the South seas. A suitable gift book for the holiday season and told by a former English soldier in the big war.

March On, by George Madden Martin. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

A sterling American novel of love and sacrifice in the recent war period through which this country has just experienced. The heroine is Lucy Wing, a southern girl, and she emerges as one with high ideals and ambitions. One word-picture that has outstanding force in the recital is a thrilling description of Armistice day in New York in 1918.

Wound Stripes, by Bertha Lippincott Coles. J. B. Lippincott company, Philadelphia.

Written with fine sentiment and good taste, these 187 pages contain five admirable "after-the-war" romance stories. The book is dedicated not only to those American soldiers killed in battle, but to those American soldiers who were wounded or are otherwise disabled and have to "carry on" bravely.

Children's Games for All Seasons, by Teresa M. Bruck. Illustrated. Stanton & Van Vliet Co., Chicago.

With attractive pictures—some in color—this is a book of 119 pages that will bring joy to children. It's an admirable book of games and fun.

More That Must Be Told, by Sir Philip Gibbs. Harper & Bros., New York City.

Written with that realism and sweep of action that make anything he writes interesting, this is a powerfully presented message on the social changes that have taken place in Europe since the armistice in November, 1918—changes that have grown out of conditions caused by the late world war. Occasionally Sir Philip writes in pessimistic fashion, but he digs at the social truth as he sees it and presents social scenes in words that burn.

Chapter heads are: Leaders of the old tradition; Ideals of the humorists; the need of the spirit; the new Germany; the price of victory in France; the social revolution in English life; the warning of Austria; the truth about Ireland; the United States and world peace, and the chance of youth.

Present and coming economic death is a condition we must face, says our author, and he is sure in more than one European nation general starvation impends. In England some relief may come, it is stated, by an exodus from the overcrowded towns to agricultural pursuits on the farms.

Harvard's Military Record in the World War, edited by Frederick S. Mead. The Harvard Alumni association, Boston, Mass.

A sterling record of splendid and patriotic Americanism, and worth keeping, not only as a book of reference, but as a record of what the men of one American university—Harvard, near Boston—did in helping subdue Germany and autocracy in the recent world war.

The book extends to 1142 pages and is a presentation of "Harvard men in the armies and navies of the United States and the nations associated with this country in the world war." The message so presented contains the service records of 11,319 men, including 371 men whose names are on the roll of honor.

Naturally, the editor, who has done his work well, does not pretend the record to be complete, and it is rather a compilation of the reports sent in at the request of the Harvard war office, by the men themselves, or by their families. Errors or omissions may have crept in, but all care, no doubt, has been exercised to prevent their appearance. Editors of such a mass of material are, after all, human beings, and human beings are not perfect machines of never-failing and everlasting accuracy.

"Record of service is in each case given chronologically, followed by the engagements taken part in, and distinctions won. If a man died after leaving the service but not from disability clearly incurred in service, the date and place of his death are stated.

The editor gives credit to Major-General Leonard Wood, M. D., '84, and LL.D., '79, and also to the late beloved Theodore Roosevelt, '80, "for arousing this country to prepare for the world war. The nation owes them a debt of gratitude for their foresight."

Songs of a Man Who Failed, by Henry Clinton Parkhurst. The Woodruff Press, Lincoln, Neb.

There is pathetic interest in this book of 376 pages, containing 303 pages of Mr. Parkhurst's poems and 69 pages of his prose writings.

It seems that Mr. Parkhurst, an honored veteran of the civil war of 1861-65, is now 77 years old and for the greater part of his life has been writing poetry. He complains of a legacy of hard luck and personal misfortunes, and states that three times accidents happened through which he lost books of his own poems, representing his labor for many years. He complains also that famous authors have unblushingly used his poetry as their own, and gives instances of this. He writes that he does not print this book for gain, but that he prints it as a gladiator fights to the end—"because it is his nature to do so."

The best poem, for sterling dramatic ability, is "Judith," and it extends to 23 pages. Other of Mr. Parkhurst's poems reflect the civil war and the world war just passed, and have a brave ring to them. Others depict beauty of nature, philosophy, common sense, observation, morals, etc. All are worth reading.

Nobody's Man, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Told in an interesting fashion and with a powerfully drawn plot that commands the reader's attention, this is an up-to-date English novel, told by a novel-wizard. It visions political life in England and the birth of a new force, the democratic party.

Andrew Tallente, after losing his seat in the English parliament, has a fracas with his secretary, Hon. Anthony Palliser. The latter, Mr. Tallente suspects, had an intrigue with Mrs. Tallente, who had stolen valuable political papers from her husband. Standing near a cliff, Tallente strikes his secretary and Palliser falls to the shore below. On investigation no trace of him can be found and the police wish to arrest Tallente for murder.

A daring love story runs through the recital.

A Penny Whistle, by Bert Leston Taylor. A. Knopf, New York city.

In a short preface, Franklin P. Adams says:

"When Bert Leston Taylor died last March at the bottom of the column 'A Line-o'-Type-or-Two,' in the Chicago Tribune, which he created 20 years ago, and which he stopped conducting only a week before his death—a sense of acute and personal loss was felt by more readers than could be felt by the taking away of any other writer in American journalism. He was about to issue these verses, his best, to his notion, of the past eight years. The title and the sequence of the poems are his also. The best of B. L. T.'s verse means that no better light verse has ever been printed." The late Mr. Taylor was born in 1866, and died in Chicago.

It is not possible, in the present crowded condition of the columns of The Oregonian, to quote any of these sterling poems at length, all of which ring true. The commendation of Mr. Adams as to his friend's verse is true. The world has lost a gifted poet in the death of this American, in his 55th year.

The Drama of the Forests, by Arthur Heming. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

Illustrated by the author with reproductions from a series of his paintings owned by the Royal Ontario museum, this is a series of romantic and picturesque adventures describing a young artist's trip during a winter spent in the Canadian north woods with one of the famous old Indian trappers of the Hudson's Bay company. Wood lore of Indians and bears, the joy of tramping in snowshoes over virgin snow and the warmth of the wigwam fire at night—lend charm to the book.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Good Night Stories, by Laura Rountree Smith, illustrated, 120 pages, 18 short stories for children, and told with entertaining skill, from a new angle (Stanton & Van Vliet Co., Chicago).

The Glorious Hope, by Jane Burr, a cleverly-told novel for nature girls, depicting New York city life and featuring artists, sculptors, actors, etc. (Thomas Seltzer, N. Y.).

Famous Leaders of Industry, by Edwin Wildman, 28 admirably written short chapters, featuring the careers of 28 men who have won fame and founded businesses, and who stand out as the architects of their own advancement; and, Wild Wings, by Margaret R. Piper, a good New England novel for growing girls (The Page Co., Boston).

The Price of Honor, by Anne Arrington Tyson, a novel of love and marriage (Four Seas Co., Boston).

The Harp of Life, by J. Hartley Manners, a play in three acts, splendidly fashioned, sensing the love for a 19-year-old youth by a good woman and also a bad one—a study of two kinds of love; and The Young Enchanted, by Hugh Walpole, a fine and interesting novel describing life in London, England, in the year 1920 (Doran Co., N. Y.).

The Heart of Canyon Pass, by Thomas West, in which the hero is a clergyman who is determined to work in a locality that had never known a church or a preacher—with various love problems in the recital (George Sully & Co., N. Y.).

Trouble-the-House, by Kate Jordan, a novel that is a delight, and picturing the development of a distracting heroine called Susy Gilvary, the owner of a fine voice, an ambition to write stories and who often was in love (Little, Brown & Co., Boston).

More About Unknown London, by Walter George Bell, with 16 illustrations, a gossipy, attractively written book, picturing strange and historic nooks in London (John Lane Co., N. Y.).

Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles, by Charles Mayer, with 16 illustrations, fascinating, cleverly-told description of exciting adventures in the Malay peninsula, catching elephants, tigers, snakes and many other kinds of wild beasts for use and exhibition in great circuses and menageries (Duffield & Co., N. Y.).

The Little Garden, by Mrs. Francis King, 94 pages, with about a dozen illustrations, a helpful, educative book describing the planting, planning and treatment of a plot of ground usually to be found in towns and suburbs—a book that will be a treasure next spring and sure to please the children (The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston).

Egg Slicers Make Clever Week End Gifts.

Contrivance Has Two Jaws Which Clip Off Thin Wafers.

ONCE you have possessed one of these clever contraptions for slicing eggs for salad you will never be without one again. And you will see to it that every housewife-friend of yours has one of the clever things. In fact these intriguing slicers are offered now in gift shops—as presents to take to the week-end hostess—the bright metal slicer packed in a little box along with a rhyme which describes the uses of the gift. The slicer has two jaws with thin, sharp bars across and an egg clamped between the jaws emerges in paper-thin slices of white and yellow. Cream cheese, potato, beets and other things may be sliced in the same way to make attractive garnish for salads and other dishes.

"Bloody Sunday" Celebrated.

DUBLIN.—The anniversary of "bloody Sunday" was celebrated, November 20, in many churches by masses for the repose of the souls of the victims. There was a procession which went to Glasnevin cemetery to decorate the graves of those who fell. It was one year ago when military men and auxiliary police were killed during the morning hours and there were reprisals during the afternoon at a football game in Croke park where there were casualties.

THE LITERARY PERISCOPE

BY JEANNETTE KENNEDY,
Assistant in Circulation Department, Public Library.

"THE Home of Fadeless Splendor" is a book on Palestine announced for early publication. George Napier Whittingham is the author, and the volume deals with the author, and the volume deals with present-day mixture of races there, resulting in friction between the established Arabs and the Zionists who have begun to migrate to their long-lost home. The work will be handsomely illustrated, partly in colors and partly from etchings.

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A book of humorous verse by Edward Anthony, which has been compared in style to that of Gilbert & Sullivan, is his "Merry-Go-Roundelays."

* * *

Arthur Train, who enjoys pursuing legal questions from a world of actuality into the realm of fiction, has a new exploit for his Mr. Tutt, attorney and councilor-at-law, in his latest detective story, "The Hermit of Turkey Hollow."

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Julian Street has produced a book of impressions of Japan and her people in his late successful publication, "Mysterious Japan."

* * *

The collection of South sea tales called "Where the Pavement Ends" has had a checkered career in the world of books. They have been described in glowing terms by various writers, one pronouncing them the "finest collection of swiftly-moving, colorful, highly dramatic stories of the South seas that we have ever read." That praise has been granted since the English publication of the stories last spring, and they doubtless deserved it. But a few years ago the same group of stories was published in America under the title "The Red Mark," and they attained but slight recognition and few sales. This is believed now to be due to the fact that the interest in the South seas then was less intense, and not due to any lack of interest in the stories.

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"Chance Encounters" is a volume of shorts tories by Haxwell Struthers Bert, which contains among others "Each in His Own Generation," the story which won the O. Henry prize for the best short story in 1229.

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"Main Street" has its parody in Carolyn Wells' "Ptomaine Street." The central character is Warble Petticoat, and her descent upon Butterfly Center provides incidents for the story, which is told in a spirit of rollicking humor.

* * *

Post-war romances collected under the title "Wound Stripes" are published in a volume of five stories by Bertha Lippincott Coles.

* * *

Dr. E. J. Dillon, the recognized expert on international affairs, has recently published a book on Mexico called "Mexico on the Verge." Her relations to world reconstruction is the theme of the book.

* * *

A book of reminiscences by so young a novelist as Stephen McKenna should have a certain historic interest, for it deals with the men, women and manners of the period just before the war. He calls it "While I Remember," as if to fix the impressions which cover the years between 1890-1914.

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The cartoonist, John McCutcheon, has gently satirized modern life in "The Restless Age," which contains more than 30 cartoons in tint.

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Following in the footsteps of Joseph Conrad, whose novels are written in English instead of in his native language, the Polish, a young Swiss, John Knittel, has written in English a first novel, also of the sea. The story, "Aaron West," is the story of the struggle between good and evil in a seafaring man.

* * *

"Taking It On High" should be the natural successor of Arnold Bennett's "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," for the publishers describe it as a book on "How to live and work at top speed without wear and tear on nerves and stamina." R. R. Daniels and Bertrand Lyon collaborated in writing it.

* * *

"The Girls" is what Edna Ferber calls her story dealing with a maiden of 76, another one 32 and a third 18½. What age could such a trio interest? Well, it is by Edna Ferber, who has a sense of humor.

* * *

In a "Defense of Superstition" in a recent number of the Living Age, the author, in speaking of the superstitions of actors, says one of them is that it is unlucky to quote "Macbeth"; another one is that to quote the catchword of a forthcoming play in casual conversation during rehearsals is also unlucky. Certain theaters are also declared unlucky, and the actor who appears there suffers depression if he is superstitious. A change of name for the playhouse may bring success.

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When Stephen Leacock was introduced as a speaker on "Education as I See It" at a university meeting, he observed that no applause greeted the chairman's mention of him as a professor of political economy, but prolonged applause greeted a reference to his humorous writings.

* * *

"The White Riband," by F. Tennyson Jesse, has been called "A Ballet in Words."

* * *

Stephen Graham has written a book called "Europe: Whither Bound?" which he himself describes as "a record of what Europe looks like now, a series of true reflections and verbal photographs of swirling humanity at the great congregating places, the capitals." Some of these are Athens, Constantinople, Budapest, Prague, Berlin, Munich, Monte Carlo, Rome, London, Paris and others.

MINERS' UNION 31 YEARS

Strong Labor Organization Faces Possible Nation-Wide Strike.

INDIANAPOLIS.—The United Mine Workers of America is just rounding out the 31st year of its existence. Its leaders believe this will be a memorable year in the history of the organization. This union, one of the strongest of the labor organizations in the United States, is now confronted with the possibility of a nation-wide strike in protest against the decision of United States District Judge A. B. Anderson to enjoin coal operators from continuing the check-off system by which the companies deduct miners' union dues from their wages, turning the money over to local union officials.

The union will complete its 32d year January 20, 1922. It came into existence January 20, 1890, at a meeting held in Columbus, O., two rival organizations deciding at that time to unite under the name which is still in use.

The history of the union movement among the miners of this country starts with a local union organized in the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania in 1849. The union of the miners into the present organization only came about after the numerous difficulties that mark the evolution of the labor movement. Strikes, internal wars and opposition from mine operators are all written in the history of the miners.

Any efforts that the union may make as a national body in the present situation will be directed from the headquarters here. John L. Lewis, president, with members of the international executive board, and William Green, secretary-treasurer, will be in charge of the administration of strike activities, if this course is decided upon.

The membership of the union at the present time is approximately 500,000, this number including miners of the anthracite fields who probably would not be affected by a strike inasmuch as the check-off system, the point at issue in the present controversy, is applied only in the bituminous fields.

Colored Borders Are Not Used on Towels.

Immaculately White Bath Room Is Just Right These Days.

COLORED borders have quite gone out on towels. The white—immaculately white—bathroom is the ideal these days and not even a touch of color is permitted in towels. Colored borders disappeared from damask and huckaback towels some years ago and not even in a hotel towel or the minute affairs you get in Pullman dressing rooms is a hint of color evident.

For some time, however, the bath towel retained its blue or pink border and its initial in a shade to match. Now even the bath towel must be pure, unblemished white. The most desirable bath towels are of linen crash with a deep border in plain weave. Near the edge of the rougher weave which makes the absorbent center of the towel is an oval of plain weave and in this oval is put the hand-embroidered monogram or group of initials that every self-respecting, exclusive towel must boast.

The supply of towels should always be as generous as one's purse will permit. Great piles of beautifully ironed and folded towels bring joy to the heart of a good housewife; and it is well to replenish the towel supply occasionally—whenever you see a good opportunity to pick up two or three fine linen towels at a bargain price. There should be plenty of good-sized linen huckaback towels for ordinary family use; a dozen very large pure damask towels for guest-room use; smaller guest towels of damask to hang in the bathroom for occasional use, and two dozen bath towels of generous size. Never skimp on the size of bath towels. The bigger they are the more distinction will they lend your bathroom.

Overheard in a Restaurant.

Angry Customer—Look here, waiter; I have just found this trousers button in my soup.

Waiter (with a beaming smile)—Oh, thank you, sir. I couldn't think what had become of it.

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