DRIFT FROM RELIGION AND MORALITY IS HELD TO BE DESTRUCTIVE

Alliance With Wickedness by Man or Nation Means Danger to Foundations of Life and Paves Way for Inevitable Retribution That Cannot Be Evaded Under Divine Laws.

BY REV. EDWARD CONSTANT.
Pastor of the Highland Congregational Church.

"Cry aloud, spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins."—Isaiah lviii:1.

IT is a sorry day for any man or nation when that man or that nation weakens in morality or drifts from the principles of religion. That means danger to the foundations of life. To temporize with evil is nothing short of disastrous. A truce with the devil is always a symptom of feebleness and cowardice. When an individual strikes an alliance with wickedness he does so at his own peril. We cannot escape the results of our own folly. Reason itself laughs at the attempt. Certainly we cannot place a dark screen between ourselves and God. He has endowed us with that power of freedom whereby we can break any law in the universe, but he permits no one to violate a moral law with impunity. It may be true, as the ancients put it, that

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The mills of the gods grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small.

No men had a clearer conception of that truth than the prophets of the Old Testament. Their teachings were always wholesome. They surrounded themselves with a clear and healthy atmosphere and were the creators of pure and lofty sentiment. Had the leaders and people of their day paid good heed to those prophets the history of Israel might have been written in different language.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the message of the Hebrew prophets. You can no more do it than you can exaggerate the influence of the great orations of men like John Bright or Daniel Webster or overvalue the words of men like Ruskin or Emerson. They were men of rugged character, natural gifts, rare genius, immense courage and spiritual power coupled with a glowing passion in the service of God. They stood as the exponents of the thought of God, were pioneers of the rights of the people and were often mediators betwixt the oppressor and the oppressed. In their work they combined the offices of teacher, preacher and reformer as well as guardianship of the public welfare.

That was long prior to the day of the open forum and the public press. By their speech those men in their day did the work which is largely done by the best type of journalism. Public sentiment was not organized as with us. Folk had to be reached by other means. The work of education and the stimulation of public conscience was for the most part done by human voice. Those who stood upon the watch towers, who espied political dangers or social perils, who discerned the trend of the times, detected the coming crisis and sought to guide in the emergency, were the men of the prophetical class. They were among the few who had the vision and noted the drift. They were the seers.

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Those commanding figures of the Old Testament age were often saviors of the people. Never a crisis dawned but what those men appeared upon the scene. In the hour of danger their voice gave the warning. In times of famine, pestilence or invasion the form of the prophet was seen briskly moving through the land. His message quickened a slumbering patriotism and led to a revival of religion. His words kindled enthusiasm in the popular heart. His voice made kings tremble and breathed defiance to wicked men. Saul shook with fear in the presence of Samuel. Nathan brought to David a sense of humiliation and the very mention of Elijah caused the cheek of Ahab to blanch in fear. There was no currying favor with the wealthy or the great. The prophet was not to be silenced by bribes, neither was he the paid mouthpiece of a party. Such proceeding would have been a sacrifice of honor or the prostitution of his office. He stood for faith and duty, clean and honorable dealing. He was nothing if he did not proclaim the supremacy of conscience in affairs both public and private. To that end he would spare not.

No wonder such a character was regarded with the feeling of awe and was looked upon as an authority. He was no reed shaken with the wind. He was firm and decided, a man of deep conviction, void of the arts of diplomacy. His message was too plain and direct for anyone to mistake its import. He was blunt and honest, not afraid "to speak right out in meeting." Things were called by their right name. Sin was sin, not simply a mistake or accident, but something dark, sinister and repulsive, bearing the stamp of the curse divine. And those men did not hesitate to say so.

Who will say that we have not need of the same kind of men today? An inoculation of the virus of the old Hebrew prophets into the life of today might prove a cure for the ills of the body social. It is not for us to shake our heads and say that we are of different stuff and an improvement upon the old Hebrew or Puritan type of character. No life has the true ring if not marked with that spirit of righteousness which was so prominent in the Puritan character. We know something of the castigation John the Baptist gave to Herod and the courage which was behind it. Time has not taken off the sharpness of speech used by Savonarola in his preachings in Florence. The boldness of John Knox, who, with stamping foot and waving hand, rebuked Mary of Scotland, will not be easily forgotten, nor will the stinging words in which Latimer dared to speak to Henry VIII of England. Ever memorable will be Beecher's denunciation of slavery from his pulpit in Brooklyn as well as the burning words he hurled at the selfish cotton brokers in England. The righteous speech of such men stirred to action. They were not afraid of making wounds or exposing foul or abominable practices. Such were not given to saying pleasant things to tickle the ears of their auditors. That is a trick of the sycophant. The profligacy of high places or the corruptions of royal courts came in for censure as keen as that given to the deviltry of the baser elements.

Some of those men of prophetic spirit of former ages, rugged and fierce in their demeanor, may not have been of the most lovely disposition and they may have been hard to live with, but it will be a bad day for society when such men become an extinct species of the race.

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We shall always find the servants of God in every age, ready to denounce the wrong, championing the cause of justice, refusing to spare the guilty and overthrowing the popular idol despite the howling of the mob or the threats of a class. But you will also find those who are unable to put up a bold front. There are those who are too timid to take a decided stand lest their prospects might be injured. Your trimmer is soft spoken and deficient in backbone, careful not to offend this clique or that ring. With swelling pride men will at times utter their platitudes or indulge in generalities about social or industrial questions, but they fail to get to the point, while their wonderful verbosity leaves you in a maze from which you see no way out. Talk is the cheapest and most abundant thing in the world. The antics of vaporizing individuals get us nowhere.

The call is for men of independent mind who have an opinion and stick to it and who do not hesitate to stand up and tell his satanic majesty he is a creature with a sooty face even though his pockets be lined with gold and his hands filled with bonds of the richest corporation. Manhood unimpeachable and unsaleable is of the highest value. Policy-mongering is a poor piece of business. Honesty and truth are qualities which endure. It is folly to say that business and religion will not mix. No contract, undertaking or deal can be right which ignores the primary element of religion. That element is honesty.

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Society in many of its customs puts a premium upon sincerity. It tries to please the eye of the ornamental. It draws some richly embroidered curtain over the case which contains the skeleton, like in some ancient mansions the secret door is hidden by some magnificent piece of tapestry. The modern ear is so sensitive that you must be very careful not to say anything which will in the least jar upon that delicate organ, so instead of some plain Saxon word a French phrase must be used which will not sound quite so vulgar. Still you cannot make many home thrusts in a foreign tongue. There is a strength in some short, old-fashioned word used by our grandfathers which you will find nowhere else.

But we are living in an hour of niceness and fastidiousness. It looks as if we would rather be entertained by elegancy of speech than edified by profound thinking. We are so afraid of the indelicate! If you prophesy, it must be of smooth things. You are requested to stand up and say your piece in evening dress, with well-starched collar and cuffs and in gentle tones or you may disturb the nerves of quiet people. As of old, so now, the prophet to please society must say "peace, peace, when there is no peace." The man with a message, however, will not descend to the level of mere entertainer. He will not be a sort of fancy pastry cook or confectioner, producing just such delectable dishes as will suit the palates of his refined hearers. He who undertakes to flay the devil with ungloved hands horrifies by the course he takes. He is put down as rash, indiscreet, wanting in propriety, just the very thing Ahab and his Jezebel thought of Elijah and some people said of Jesus. If one, knowingly makes a false statement for the purpose of deception, call it a lie. People will know what you mean, but they may not understand a word like fabrication.

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It may be said that the requirements of this late day do not call for men of the Elijah type. Perhaps not. He was shaggy and stern, the man of the storm and tempest, eyes aflame with the fire of the wilderness. But the Elijah spirit, devotion to truth and righteousness, is never out of date. That is needed as much in this century as at any time. We must have the men who will not bow the knee to Baal or worship mammon. We are in some matters centuries ahead of Bible characters, but varied forms of evil are still rampant. The world has not so come under the influence of divine grace that the only passion in the souls of men is that of eternal love. The old animal instinct continues with us. The vices and weaknesses of the men of old are found in their latest children of today. The new age when all will be sweet and pure and true is still a dream. We are praying yet for the coming of the kingdom beautiful. We await the coming with palpitating hearts and cry how long, O Lord!

We perceive dark shadows fall athwart the path of life. There is a brute force, also a paganism, surviving in the midst of our civilization. We carry with us traits of savage ancestry. Conditions suggest the fear that the world is relapsing into barbarism. We have had nigh upon 20 centuries of Christianity and voices are asking what has your Christianity done for us? Sight of the great cities suggests the question whether God reigns or mammon. We are suffering from something more than a slight social disturbance. Appearances are rather suggestive of what we may call a moral earthquake. So many of our plans for the amelioration of living conditions lie in ruins. To use the language of one of the Old Testament writers, we have built our walls with "untempered mortar." People have been drinking from poisoned wells. No soul can be healthy and strong who breathes nothing but a vitiated atmosphere. How can we sit at ease in the midst of the existing state of affairs?

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Now, do not put this down as a frenzied preacher's random statement. You can easily verify it. What is happening is not to be wondered at when we consider the experience through which the world has passed. When the war dogs were loosed they called out the spirit of vandalism and passion ran wild and the agents of evil are finding the time profitable for their designs. Free rein is given to extravagance and indulgence. Right under the eyes of the officers of law men are pursuing their nefarious avocations. Pretty girls and promising young men are drawn into the maelstrom of vice and forever disappear in the dark waters. The inventiveness of our latest civilization has lent its aid to further vice and crime. The blessings which science has brought have in some cases been turned into a curse.

These are things which are made apparent to us all. Our daily journals are mirrors of contemporary life. The history they record of the passing hours makes us uneasy. The exposure of the plague spots of modern life makes us shudder. We wonder where we are drifting. As a nation we have gathered into our vaults the gold of the world. To the starving and suffering of some other countries we seem to be proud and self-satisfied. In the matter of wealth we stand where no other nation has ever stood. Riches though will not compensate for certain things. This is the greatest testing time America has ever had. It is possible that she can stand the test and come out of the ordeal purified and ennobled, while there is the possibility of the test being succeeded by moral degeneracy.

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But the preacher's word must not be that of denunciation alone. He must warn, urge and entreat, but he must have a message which meets the case and satisfies the better instincts. If you turn to the book of the old prophet you will find reproof and condemnation. There was no sparing the rod. Still you will find more. Across the blackness of the page there shines the white light of God. The expressions which come from the yearning heart of eternal love are more powerful by far than words of condemnation. There is an element of healing in love which you find in nothing else. Even outraged love seeks to woo and win. The true servants of God approach us not with bitterness of feeling, but rather with a wounded affection. They may tear away the mask from the face of him who endeavors to pose as a son of God when in his heart is the spirit of evil, but the effort is to destroy the mask and save the wearer. They are not the flames of wrath we behold, but rather the purifying fires of love. The introduction is not to a God-forsaken world, but one of sorrow and sin, in which the angels of redemption are passing to and fro. The very gleam of their presence revives the spark of a flickering life. Out of the fury of the storm and its consequent wreckage man may emerge sore and wounded, but he may also come from it a saved child of God.

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That, then, is where the aid of religion counts. The old prophet had his gospel and so have we. A message which merely censures, upbraids, and pours forth blistering words of condemnation, making us outcasts from the presence of God, a message which stresses dark and evil found in men and not the good which may be found in all, that message, no matter by whom delivered, is no gospel.

There is a way which leads out of the evil which is around us. It is little use to describe the malady and warn of the peril unless you can present a remedy. That remedy we have. The ills of today are not incurable. The remedy has never failed when it has been properly tried. It may be had for the asking. So, while we sound the trumpet note of warning, as did the prophet, we will not fail to point to him who brings the remedy, Christ Jesus, the anointed of God and the savior of men.

BOOKS

By Joseph Macguren.

The Folly of Nations, by Frederick Palmer. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City.

It may safely be assumed that Colonel Palmer knows war, for in the past 25 years he has seen all the big wars of any importance, as a newspaper worker and soldier. He says he is tired of war and writes this book not only to give his opinions at length in this direction but to propose that before starting any more wars the nations will see the futility of war. His book is gossipy and informing.

The concrete advice of Colonel Palmer is that the recent world war has shown war to be so wasteful—with its gas attacks, shell shocks and wasted men—that war is a waste of life and happiness, and therefore peace and sensible agreement with one's adversary are preferable. "The covenant was a start; the league exists; its international court is established. We are not yet ready for a constitution of the United States of Internationalism, but we may be ready for Magna Charta of Internationalism. We may depend upon the jurists to formulate rules that will keep step with the advance of public opinion." (p. 406.)

According to our author, the causes and emotions which lead to war are: Fear, language, race, habits and customs, economic, physical, courage, power, glamor, false patriotism, rough justice, rivalry.

Here are striking observations:

"We may think of Napoleon in the zenith of war-won grandeur at Austerlitz; Nelson at Trafalgar; the gleam of the bayonets of Pickett's charge; the flashing sabers and fluttering lace of Louis XIV's household cavalry; polished armor, grim battleships in orderly movement, their decks cleared for action; the jousting of airplanes in the heavens as their machine guns rattle; decorations, and enemy battle flags in glass cases. We see the officer in gold braid, and the awkward recruit bursting from the drab cocoon of constructive labor into the blue and scarlet of war. We taste the 'salt of life,' which has more tang and aroma than all the spices of the east. We hear the drums beating; the clear definite note of the bugle; the crowds cheering as the troops march away to 'death or glory,' envied by all men and blessed by the moistly shining exaltation in the eyes of women.

"The day comes when the war is over, and the troops return home. They have left the dead behind them. The dead are silent; their relatives, honored for their sacrifice, must rejoice in the nation's triumph. Each one of the dead had thought that he would be among the lucky ones to return; he would have had his thrill in facing death, and survive. If the dead could come to life long enough to say whether they would prefer to have their thrills and go back to the unknown, or they would live without the thrills, what would be their choice?

"We have changed fashions in glamor considerably since man began walking upright. It is quite different among head-hunting savages from in the welcoming of a new member of the French academy or in the conferring of degrees by a university; quite different in the snake dances of the Indians of the southwest than in an evening of grand opera. Why should it be when human nature does not change?

"Strolling one day in Paris, that city of monuments, I was struck by the beauty, simple power and thoughtful repose of a statue which I saw in the distance when I turned a street corner. I hastened my steps to ascertain in whose honor it had been erected. The statue was to Pasteur, who might have made a poor drill sergeant, though I am sure that he would have shared with other Frenchmen the courage of his race if he had had to go to war.

"It occurred to me that if I were a Frenchman I should thrill whenever I passed that statue, with the thought: 'Pasteur was a Frenchman. I am a Frenchman, too.' I thrilled as it was in the pride that I was a fellow human being with him. Towering over the Pasteur statue was the dome of Napoleon's tomb. Napoleon had to his credit the deaths of hundreds of thousands of soldiers. His glamor was the genius for matchless combination and led men to follow him to their death. Draped over his sarcophagus are the time-worn flags which were won by the heroism of his men in the days of swift marches and quick decisions. At St. Helena, when he spoke of the future beyond the grave, he visualized himself, Frederick the Great, Caesar, Alexander and other famous commanders comparing notes upon their tactics and the magnitude of their armies.

"Pasteur had to his credit the saving of hundreds of thousands of lives. His glamor was that of the laboratory; his uniform his working gown, which was stained by chemicals. The trophies of his victories, instead of battle flags, were of the gay colors of the playthings in the nursery, which broken-hearted parents did not have to put away in the garrets after a funeral, but which the sick child was to enjoy again when Pasteur's magic had made him well again. If Pasteur contemplated what he should prefer to do in Valhalla, it surely was to exchange notes with Aesculapius, Harvey and Jenner and other immortals of the healing art.

"Why should not the adults of the world whose lives Pasteur saved raise a higher statue to him in Paris than the veterans of the war to Foch?"

Yes, but it was not Pasteur who stopped the recent German military menace to enslave France and also the rest of the world. It was Foch and his men—including Americans. Colonel Palmer's book is a beautiful series of views in favor of peace.

Fish Cookery, by Evelene Spencer and John N. Cobb. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Evelene Spencer, fish cookery expert for the United States bureau of fisheries, and John N. Cobb, director, college of fisheries, University of Washington, Seattle, Wash., are associate authors of this educative, excellent book of 364 pages. A professional cook to whom "Fish Cookery" was shown said, after she had looked at the book: "It is the very thing a housewife needs. It is one of the sensible presents that a husband should buy this Christmas for his wife."

Mrs. Spencer is well known and esteemed in this city, where she was recently engaged as a food demonstrator in stores. At the present time she is with her husband at their ranch near Hood River, Or.

The reason why this book is especially valuable is the authoritative information it contains regarding almost every kind of edible fish and other aquatic animals, some of which information has never or rarely appeared in the average cook book—such as squid, octopus, shark, whales, porpoises, etc.

—Bushnell Photo.

Mrs. Evelene Spencer, associate author of "Fish Cookery."

It is stated that the University of Washington is one of the first colleges in this country to introduce a course of training in fisheries, and that another notable one is located in Japan.

Mr. Cobb is a distinguished expert in his line, and he wrote much of the fishery work for the United States bureau of fishieries, of which he was a member for many years.

The "Spencer" method is a new way of cooking fish. It is not the first time that the "cook's" name has been given to the cooked product. It is stated that Bechamel sauce took its name from its originator, the marquis of Bechamel.

The associate authors have gone thoroughly into sauces, more so than in most cookery books. Not so long ago it was reported that famous European chefs jealously guarded the secrets of the sauces they made, so much so that celebrated sauces were made at night when all the help had gone—so that these sauces could be known only to a few favored ones.

In "Fish Cookery" the authors have stripped the so-called mystery from the making of prized sauces—so that all housewives and others can benefit accordingly.

The chapter on "Flavor and Seasoning" can be read with much profit by housewives — especially young housewives, cookery students, etc., because in it is shown how to produce flavor in cooked fish.

The book contains 600 recipes for the preparation of fish, shellfish and other aquatic animals, including fish soups, salads and entrees, with accompanying sauces, seasonings, dressings and forcemeats.

The dedication of the book is made thus: "Dedicated to the women of the United States, who, during the world war, assisted so willingly in the 'eat more fish' campaign."

A notable lesson is the "Hot Oven or Spencer Method," pp. 24-27.

It is stated that 98 per cent of whale meat is digestible, and that "it looks just like round steak and tastes like beef, with a slightly gamy flavor of venison. It contains 4 per cent more protein than beef."

"Fish Cookery" has been loaned for review, through the kindness of a friend.

Marlborough and the Rise of the British Army, by C. T. Atkinson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

There is much for the present-day reader to grasp in examining the record of John Churchill, the first and great duke of Marlborough, because, although he lived so long ago, he still is one of the brilliant figures in English history, and great army leader that he was, he made a good deal of history by his extensive military operations.

There is much new matter in this life of Marlborough, due to new evidence found in the recent publications of the historical manuscripts commission and elsewhere, which throws new light on some of the great soldier's actions.

Chapter heads are: The early years; under Turenne; under James II; the revolution; Flanders and Ireland; Marlborough and William of Orange; the first campaigns; the march to the Danube; Blenheim; German princes and Dutch deputies; Ramillies; the year of disappointment; Oudenarde; Lille; negotiations; Malplaquet; the fall of the whigs; and the peace of Utrecht.

It seems that this book was begun by the author and well on its way to conclusion when the big war of 1914 broke out and the publication was suspended. Mr. Atkinson then served in the English army until his demobilization in the summer of 1919, when the book was completed. Pages are 546, with index.

Great Singers of the Art of Singing, by James Francis Coake. Illustrated. Theo. Pressor Co., Philadelphia.

A delightful, friendly and informing book for all singers. It consists of 304 pages and is the personal gift of the author.

Mr. Coake has many Portland friends who esteem him highly. He was in this city about one year ago as conductor of an orchestra and gave successful concerts with that body of instrumentalists and singers, in the public auditorium.

There are in this book 28 talks or articles on just the subjects to interest singers; and famous singers are selected as texts of the vocal truths enumerated. The book really is a series of personal study talks with the most renowned opera, concert and oratorio singers and stars of our times.

Such talks include: "What the American Girl Should Know About an Operatic Career," Frances Alda; "Self Help in Voice Study," Charles Dalmores; "How a Great Master Coached Opera Sings," Emma Eames; "What Must I Go Through to Become a Prima Donna?" Geraldine Farrar; "Secrets of Bel Canto," Bernice de Pasquali and "How I Regained a Lost Voice," Evan Williams.

The book essentially is for serious vocal students.

Spending the Family Income, by S. Agnes Donham. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Miss Donham formerly was instructor in household management, Garland school of homemaking, Boston. In this helpful book of hers, Miss Donham says a budget is a necessity in the household, and that living by a carefully made budget means using such intelligence in the spending of one's income that first the necessities and then those desires which are most worthy, are obtained.

Some chapter heads are: the income; standards for saving, shelter, food, clothing, operating expenses and development; distribution of income; household accounting; the individual income, and that of the child; student's income; the time budget; lists and inventories; and questions for discussion.

This is a wise little book for any household, and contains good advice worth following.

Poems: Second Series, by J. C. Squire. George H. Doran Co., New York city.

Sterling, rousing verse, 34 poems in all. Mr. Squire is called one of the most cultured men of letters in England today. The present collection of these Squire poems is other than those printed in the first series written between 1905 and 1918. A notably good poem is entitled "The Rugger Match," meaning the description of a match of Rugby football.

The Complete Dog Book, by Dr. William A. Bruette. Illustrated. Stewart, Kidd Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dr. Bruette is recognized as an authority of international reputation on dogs, their condition in health and disease. His book is an admirable one, one of the best of its kind published and presents in an entertaining manner the history, general characteristics, peculiarities and particular sphere of usefulness of all the breeds of dogs recognized by the American Kennel club.

Particular care is given to the buying of puppies. Numerous valuable prescriptions are given that have proved to be reliable in combatting various diseases in dogs. Professional and amateur dog fanciers and owners will find much to interest them and told in an understanding way.

Greetings and a Message to the Dear Children, by Augusta E. Stetson. Illustrated in colors. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

This is a book with an unusual, metaphysical, healing message, and designed specially for children at Christmas tide. It is printed on thick, creamy paper and is emphatically a work of art, typographically and artistically.

The author, Mrs. Stetson, built a church at Ninety-sixth street and Central Park West, New York city, a church and congregation that are well known and esteemed in the religious world.

The book consists of 33 pages and is practically an account of Mrs. Stetson's life and religious experiences from childhood up to the present. Love is the one principal, ever-present truth taught in the message. Selected verses from the Bible are presented, along with selections from the writings of Mary Baker Eddy. The frontispiece contains "Love's Lullaby,"—words and music of a hymn for childhood, and composed by Mrs. Stetson. Both words and music are excellent, and are easily learned.

The illustrations are by Isabel L. Whitney and are well done. One illustration represents George Washington, as master of Alexandria lodge, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons. Washington is pictured leading a procession of children. This interesting picture is from an old print. The book measures 10½ inches by 9¾ inches.

The World's Great Religions and the Religion of the Future, by Alfred W. Martin. D. Appleton & Co., New York city.

Dr. Martin delivered a series of addresses on successive Sunday nights on "The World's Great Religions," before the Society for Ethical Culture of New York, and from these addresses, the message of this book is based. It discusses without rancor or bias Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism and other religions and finds fault now and then.

As for the religion of the future—one for the world, Dr. Martin thinks none of the religions already established will fill the bill, and that a "new" religion in which believers will prefer and live deeds and conduct, before mere creeds, will be universal.

Black Boulder Claim, by Perry Newberry. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

Romantic and attractive, this is the rousing story of the experiences of two boys in the Sierra Nevada mountains in Lassen and Plumas counties, Cal. One boy's father had left him a rich claim, which was hampered by a lack of water. Both boys live in the mountains and hunt and trap. Claim jumpers attack them and a fight results.

The pages are 303. The book measures nine by seven inches and will make a suitable Christmas present for a growing boy, say from 10 to 15 years of age.

Humorous Monologues, by Doris Kenyon. James F. White & Co., New York city.

Doris Kenyon, one of the most successful and talented of younger American actresses, gave much of her time, both during and after the recent world war, to the entertainment of soldiers, by means of amusing monologues. The cream of these talks is contained in these 67 pages, and the little book comes at a holiday season when such treats are in demand. The gem of the collection is "In a Pullman Car." The pieces are for one entertainer.

A Fortnight in Naples, by Andre Maurel. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city.

Profusely illustrated with handsome pictures, this is an eloquent gift book and account of a 15-days' journey through ancient and modern streets, etc., of romantic Naples, Italy. One of the pictures represents a trip up the cable railway at Mount Vesuvius. 385 pages. The translation from the Italian into English is by Helen Gerard. 129 illustrations and 16 maps.

The Green Forest Fairy Book, by Loretta Ellen Brady. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The author of this entertaining series of original fairy tales is at present visiting her sister, Mrs. P. R. Hines, 144 Nineteenth street North, this city.

It is stated that Miss Brady is a trained storyteller who has related her stories to children in schools and other public institutions for several years and also has taught story-telling classes for children.

These charming stories have caught the true spirit of romance and fairy magic. They possess the elements of attractiveness and decided entertainment.

Especially excellent are the stories of Dame Grumble and her curious apple tree; the little tree that never grew up; the beggar princess; kings and queens and peasant folk, and a tale for Halloween.

It Can Be Done: Poems of Inspiration, collected by Joseph Morris and St. Clair Adams. Geo. Sully & Co., New York City.

Nearly 250 selected poems from the works of famous and less famous authors—poems of brightness and cheer. A wonderful presentation of sunshine and laughter, in the medium of print. Two hundred and fifty-two pages.

Jack Heaton, Gold Seeker, by A. Frederick Collins. Fred A. Stokes Co., New York city.

An exciting, well-told story for boys, depicting gold-hunting in Alaska.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

New Paths Through Old Palestine, by Margaret Slattery, illustrated, 126 pages, an eloquent account of a personal trip through the holy land of today. (Pilgrim Press, Boston).

Rural Community Organization, by Augustus W. Hayes, assistant professor of sociology, Tulane university, Louisiana, 124 pages, an expert, informing study of an attempt to arrive at the proper local unit which lends itself to comprehensive community organization, in the work of a distribution of needed public utilities. (University of Chicago Press, Chicago).

The Yellow Quill Girl, by Lotta Rowe Anthony, a good story of woodcraft league camp, for girl readers from 9 to 14 years; Bob Hanson, Scout, by Russell Gordon Carter, a healthy, safe story of boy-scout activities, for boy readers of from 7 to 12 years; A Yankee Girl at Bull Run, by Alice Turner Curtis, a satisfying and clever story of Mary Dean of Boston, who visited her relatives in Virginia and who knew historic Bull Run before and during the first battle in the civil war of that name; Bob Hanson, Tenderfoot, by Russell Gordon Carter, a racy and excellent boy-scout story, for boy readers from seven to 12 years; and Babs at Home, by Alice Ross Calver, a pleasing story of the recent war activities, for girl readers from 10 to 13 years. (Penn Pub. Co., Philadelphia.)

Shrines and Shadows, by John Rollin Stuart, more than 100 poems of power and fine quality, reflecting beauties of nature, lake, etc. (Four Seas Co., Boston).

The Gang, by Joseph Anthony, a rousing, splendid novel, one of the big, realistic ones of the fall, depicting New York street life, its toughs, street fights, among boy-gangs, leadership and formation of boy character. (H. Holt & Co., N. Y.).

Dante, Poet and Apostle, by Professor Ernest H. Wilkins, valuable as a literary study, being lectures delivered at Columbia university, N. Y., and the University of Chicago. (University of Chicago Press).

Some Fish and Some Fishing, by Frank Gray Griswold, with 32 illustrations from photographs, 251 pages, a delightful book for a man and a schoolboy, being the author's 40 years' experience in fishing for almost every kind of fish that swims in American waters. (John Lane Co., N. Y.).

Two Slaterns and a King, by Edna St. Vincent Millay, a meritorious play, consisting of four characters, with paper covers, 18 pages. (Stewart, Kidd Co., Cincinnati).

Chivalry, by James Branch Cabell, a reprint of an epic, splendid book, consisting of a series of tales of various times, each with a keynote of the chivalrous attitude. (Robert M. McBride & Co., N. Y.).

The Bible as it is; something to think about for the man who dares, by Wilfrid Robert Smith. ("Platinum Bill") 180 pages, paper covers. (W. R. Smith, Myrtle Point, Or.).

THE LITERARY PERISCOPE

BY JENNETTE KENNEDY.
Assistant in Circulation Department, Library Association.

THE STORY is told of a meeting between H. G. Wells and the clever critic H. L. Mencken. At a gathering where Mr. Wells was introduced to the man with the very sharp pencil, he said: "Ah, Mr. Mencken, you are the man who buried me last year." "Yes," replied the dauntless writer, "but I exhumed you last week."

* * *

In a little volume called "Orientations of Ho-Hen," T. K. Hedrick, a columnist on the Chicago Daily News has used Japanese forms of expressing views on life and the times. They are meditative, humorous, or ironical, as the writer's mood dictates. For instance: "If history were written from the inscriptions on tombs it would be a record of one continuous golden age."

And again:

"The monkeys, having established a dictatorship in the jungle, decreed that all animals must sleep suspended by the tail in trees. It went pretty hard with the elephants."

* * *

Don Marquis suggests as a blanket title for a whole crop of literature about the war, "Now It Can Be Sold."

* * *

"The Gay Cockade," by Temple Bailey is described as "one of the books that all ages can read and enjoy. Fourteen stories of youth, clean-cut, dramatic and vivid. Full of courage, kindliness, beauty and laughter and the best sort of romance, by a writer who has mastered the threefold art of the short story—"make them cry, make them laugh, make them wait."

* * *

A novelty in books on dancing is a new one by Helen Frost—"The Clog Dance Book." There are 14 of the well-known clogs, "On the Railroad," "Captain Jinks," "Dixie," and others. The steps are presented very clearly, and are especially prepared for teachers of the dance.

* * *

In "A Hundred Years in the Highlands," Osgood Hanbury Mackenzie has "pieced out" the century by adding his uncle's diaries to his own reminiscences of over three-score-and-ten years. The customs, history, out-of-door life, traditions of the west coast highlands are presented through the life of a gentle family of that locality.

* * *

A new novel by Alice Duer Miller, "Manslaughter," has for its theme the conflict of a headstrong, high-spirited girl with the law after she has committed manslaughter by exceeding the speed limit in driving her motor car.

* * *

"What Patricia Heard From Tokio" is the title of a new series of letters on Japan by the author of the charming and popular little book, "The Lady of the Decoration." The new work begins in the Christmas number of Harper's Magazine, and is as sprightly in tone as the earlier novel. She says: "A Japanese street car, on the average, is more like a bandbox on roller-skates than a public conveyance for public service." "Did I ever give you a recipe for a Japanese house? A tubful of plaster, a cartful of straw, some few beams and a fishing pole or so; a little time and skillful hands. Behold! a dwelling place where convenience does sacrifice at beauty's altar." She says a sign over a pile of tanned rabbit skins reads: "Ladies furs, made from your skins or mine."

* * *

The old mystery of the disappearance of the lost dauphin, Louis XVII of France, has been revived again in a volume by George Lenotre called, "The Dauphin." The material for the work, having been collected from the original documents, and most authentic sources, presents the facts relating to the unhappy prince, as far as they are known.

* * *

One of the stories Hermann Hagedorn tells is his account of Roosevelt's four years in Dakota, "Roosevelt in the Bad Lands," is of 'Hell-Roaring Bill Jones' who deserted his friends of violence and crime because he 'liked Old Four-Eyed Roosevelter.' This book is announced as one "to quicken the slowest pulse."

* * *

Maud River's novel on India, "Far to Seek," with its charming Indian princess and her Anglo-Indian sons and daughters, has been compared in its colorful and gorgeous background to an old cashmere scarf.

* * *

A sea-going author like William McFee has other obstacles with which to deal besides publishers and public. The story is told that on board ship one night recently he was awakened by a violent sea which shipped a hundred tons or so of water, and then pitched, "flinging all the water on the after deck spang up against his cabin bulkhead." Mr. McFee relates that in the mixup which followed on his cabin floor, a boxwood rule, a pair of slippers, Shaw's "Back to Methuselah," three sandwiches and a teapot, Scott's "Voyages to the Antarctic," an orange, a fountain pen, a can of tobacco, and Chapter Nine of his forthcoming novel, "Command," were sailing merrily about in a little sea of their own. The author made a dive for his precious manuscript, letting Shaw go, and though in a state of "pulp" it dried out satisfactorily on the Intermediate Cylinder cover.

* * *

Some of the comments of the English press on Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria" are of interest:

"A masterpiece that will influence the art of biography."—New Statesman, London.

"The gods conspired that Victoria and Strachey should immortalize one another. Victoria will now be remembered as a character, where she might have been a mere name as a queen."—Today's Magazine, London.

* * *

"Spanking Manners," the title of one of the essays in Heywood Broun's "Seeing Things at Night" (the clever title of a volume by a dramatic critic), presumably about plays is, "no review of a Laurette Taylor production but an engaging piece on the beating of babies," as Alexander Woicott puts it. "What we have here, then, is a book as miscellaneous as a diary or a scrapbasket, yet as personal as a tooth-brush," goes on Mr. Woicott, who has certainly taken a liking to "Seeing Things at Night."

* * *

In Mr. Lansing's "Peace Negotiations" we had a study of the treaty itself. Now he has a new volume on the personality of that congress called "The Big Four and Others of the Peace Conference." It is a penetrating book, sincere in tone, and with the earlier volume makes quite a complete record of those days in Paris.

* * *

It is said that P. G. Wodehouse, himself a master in the art of writing in a vein of light comedy, telegraphed Denis Mackail recently: "I have not enjoyed a book for years as much as 'Romance to the Rescue.' The most delightful set of characters I have ever come across."

FARM CONFERENCE URGED

Resolution Will Be Offered Next Month at Alberta Meeting.

CALGARY, Alta., Dec. 17.—The calling of an international agricultural conference will be urged in a resolution which is to be offered at the convention of the United Farmers of Alberta here next month according to officers of the organization.

The international conference is urged for the discussion of vital questions relating to international agricultural trade and tariffs.

All farmers' organizations throughout the world would be invited to attend, the cost to be met by a levy on each organization represented. The resolution, according to officials, calls upon the Canadian Council of Agriculture to make arrangements for the meeting.

WHITMAN GETS RELICS

Wood Cut of Missionary and Brass Cannon Given Museum.

WALLA WALLA, Wash., Dec. 17.—A wood cut of the Rev. Henry Harmon Spaulding, associated with Dr. Marcus Whitman in the Christianizing of the old Oregon territory, and a portion of a brass howitzer used in subduing the Indians following the massacre of the Whitman party, are two cherished relics recently donated to the museum of Whitman college.

The Rev. Mr. Spaulding arrived in Oregon in 1836 with the Whitman party, but left the Wailatpu mission to start a school at the present site of Lapwai, Idaho.

The portion of the howitzer was found on the Keylor ranch near Whitman, Wash., station. It was presented to the museum by Gilbert Blue. The piece is credited with valiant service against the rebellious tribes responsible for the murder of Dr. Whitman. According to government records, the howitzer blew up while in action in 1848, killing two men.

Idaho Land Being Reclaimed.

BONNERS FERRY, Idaho, Dec. 17.—Work is being continued this winter on drainage operations which eventually will reclaim 4000 acres of farm land just west of here. The work was started last August and probably will not be completed before next summer, it was said. Two large lakes, Fry's and Mirror, are to be drained through Fish creek to the Kootenai river.

MANY JOBLESS GET WORK

Spokane Free Employment Bureau Places 1260 in November.

SPOKANE, Wash., Dec. 17.—Spokane's city free employment bureau secured positions for 923 men and 340 women during the month of November, according to the report of the city labor agent. Each job cost the city an average of 38½ cents.

A register is kept of married men in need of work. Each married man is given a number when he registers at the employment bureau. The jobs are then given out in rotation, provided the holder of the low number is in the office at the time the job is open. If the low man is not there, the next lowest present gets the place. The bureau investigates when it has any reason to doubt that an applicant for work is not married. After a man loses his turn once he must wait until all the numbers out are called before he gets a turn again.

Apples Hauled Over Mountains.

SPOKANE, Wash., Dec. 17.—Eight carloads of Washington apples recently were transported across a range of mountains, a distance of 33 miles, to the nearest railroad station. The work required 31 working days and was accomplished with motor trucks. The apples were produced on an 882-acre ranch at Hunters, Wash., bordering the Columbia river. The pass across the Huckleberry range, which had to be crossed, is about 5000 feet high, it is said. Twenty-four trucks were used.

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