EACH MAN IS CONSIDERED TO HAVE GODHOOD IN HIS OWN HEART

Text Declared to Imply That if Humanity Is Examined Closely Enough, Something Infinitely Divine Will Be Found, Even Though Partly Obliterated by Passions of World—Righteous Held to Hold Place.

BY DR. CHARLES MacCAUGHEY,
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1 John, 3:2—"Beloved, now are we the sons of God."

THIS is a statement of tremendous import and far-reaching significance. If we could realize all the implications contained in this declaration our lives would be happier and our hearts richer than they are now, for the logic of this statement is that there is something within every man that relates him to God. The writer is saying that if you examine humanity close enough and long enough you will find something there that is infinitely divine and worth while. The divine likeness may be marred and all but obliterated, but it is there. As the old hymn puts it:

Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that are broken may vibrate once more.

Eugene Field sings beautifully of the shell he found on the top of a mountain. Perhaps it had been flung there centuries before by some prehistoric upheaval, but when he placed it to his ear it seemed to sing of the sea:

Upon a mountain height, far from the sea,
I found a shell,
And to my listening ear the lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

Men and women are like that. You may find them far away from God and truth and righteousness, but if you press your ear close enough to their hearts you will find that away down in the crypt and abyss of every man's soul there is something faintly a music like unto the music that God set ringing there at the dawn of his creation. We are the sons of God.

Divinity Found in All.

And if that be true, and it is true, this declaration contains the further intimation that the divinity that is within us, rightly understood and interpreted, may serve, at least to some degree, as a revelation of God himself. Jesus said something that is highly significant in this connection. He said, "The son can do nothing of himself but what he seeth the father do." We have thought of that statement as referring only to him who uttered it, but we may say, with all reverence, that in a very real sense it refers to all men.

The best and highest and holiest that is in the life of any son of God must have first of all been in the heart of the father. I am not saying that man measures God, for that would be absurd, but I am saying that man is the grain of sand and God is the mountain; that man is the water drop and God is the illimitable ocean, and that while these are parted by measureless spaces, yet in a very real sense the grain of sand does throw some light upon the mountain and the water drop analyzed does to some faint degree explain the ocean.

And I do say that when man comes to a realization of the best and richest and holiest that is within him he may, through that which is within himself, get some faint inkling of the transcendent riches of the nature of God. How is a man to ever know God in any degree? The answer we make to that question will determine your happiness and mine more than anything else in the world. For the thing that relates itself most closely to your happiness is not the sort of food you eat nor the clothes you wear nor the house in which you live nor any other material thing. The thing that lies closest to your happiness is your conception of God. No man, whatever comforts he may possess, can ever be truly happy if he has the wrong idea of God.

And how are we to get the right idea of God? Someone says that we are to get it from Christ, for he is in the express image of God, and he is the one who said "He that hath seen me hath seen the father." That is gloriously and eternally true, and must forever be the theme of any preaching that is worthy of the name.

Many See Dimly.

Thank God for the revelation of himself made in Christ, for all hungry hearted humanity. But to many, Jesus is a dim and far off historic figure. This should not be true, but it is pitiably true. To many comes the longing for some very immediate, personal and intimate glimpse of the everlasting father, and the implication of this text seems to be that there is such a glimpse of God to be found in that best and highest something that is within ourselves.

This fact that our own best natures may serve, in however limited a degree, as a revelation of God, is of great value in many ways. It is of value in proving the personality of God. The fact that God is a person is the central truth in our religion, and it is the truth that needs most often to be restaked. The old-fashioned atheism that flatly denied the existence of God, is dead forever.

Atheist Held Extinct.

It has been laughed out of the world by the laughter of universal derision and scorn. Even in the most remote village there no longer lives the bold and loud voiced citizen who used to sit on the drygoods box and argue that there is no God. He is as extinct as the dodo. But in the place of that old-time atheism there has come a modern atheism that is infinitely more subtle and more dangerous than its predecessor. This new atheism says that there is no question about the existence of God, but that he is not a person.

In the place of a personal God, that is, a God who can think, and know, and will, and love, this new atheism has substituted a vague, formless, indefinite something, called force, or law, or first cause, or divine principle, or some other hazy and impersonal name. Now this is absolutely fatal to religion as we understand religion.

God Made Impersonal.

It thrusts God entirely out of the moral realm, and makes all personal relationship with him impossible. As far as I am concerned, if God is not a person, then I care not one whit whether or not there be any God. If he is merely a force like gravitation or electricity, or a law like the conservation of energy, if when in the moments of deepest personal need I lift up my hands and cry aloud, there is no strong hand stretched down to grasp mine, and no ear to hear my cry and no mind to comprehend my need, then there is no God so far as I am concerned. I can think of no disaster that could overtake the ordinary man, that would be more complete and terrifying, than to rob him of his belief in a personal God.

Where are we to find the conclusive argument that God is a person? My text seems to say that we may find it in ourselves. The implication seems to be that personality in God is a necessary condition to personality in man. The theory that denies that God is a person, must, if it is consistent, deny that man is a person. That is, of course, what the materialistic school exactly does.

Man Considered Material.

According to these thinkers man is merely a combination of chemicals, and everything about him that we call spiritual may be explained through material causes. Herbert Spencer believed that natural organic conditions are the determining factors in ethics, and went so far as to suggest that the chemical constituents of the blood would probably explain every action and condition to which we attach a moral significance. If that is true, it follows, of course, that the preacher of the future will not be a preacher, for why should men be preached to if they are not free moral agents, and if their conduct is determined by the chemicals in their blood?

The preacher of the future will be a chemist. He will have an office downtown with shelves covered with bottles. Into this office will come the sinners of the community. Here is a noted thief, and the preacher-chemist of the future takes a drop of his blood, analyzes it, discovers what chemical is lacking, injects the necessary ingredient into his blood and the thief goes out to lead an honest life forever more.

Argument Held Logical.

Ridiculous? No, perfectly logical if men are the products of merely material forces. But we know that we are not the products of material forces. We are persons. We can think and choose and love and reason and will. We know that we are persons with every attribute and power of personality. What light does this throw on the personality of God? It throws every light. Is it possible that he has endowed us with these high attributes of personality that he does not possess? That would be to invert every process of reason. That would be to say that the water drop is richer than the ocean and that the grain of sand outmeasures the mountain. The son can do nothing of himself but what he seeth the father do.

This fact that the best that is within us may serve as an interpretation of God is of value in understanding the incarnation. The doctrine of God manifest in the flesh must forever be a mystery to the finite mind, and yet we may get at least a faint glimpse and inkling of that which lay behind the coming of our Christ.

He said that it was love that brought him among men, "for God so loved the world that he gave his only begotton son." And when Jesus spoke of love he spoke of something that we can understand, for we have felt it and seen its effects. I suppose that if we were to sit down and reason as to what is the highest form of human love we would agree that it is the love of a good mother for her child. I venture to say that it is the divinest thing this side of heaven, and that when our eyes have looked on a mother bending over her first-born child, we have seen the holiest sight that we shall ever see until we behold him "who loved us and washed us in his own blood."

A pastor was telling me of the death of a noble woman of his congregation. He said that when she was apparently dead she astonished them all by rousing herself, it seemed, from death itself, so that she might once more comfort her lamenting daughter.

Incarnation Is Discussed.

I can well believe it, so miraculously and unbelievably divine, so stronger than death is the love of a mother's heart. But if that mother really came back from death because of her love, is that not what God did on a great scale in the incarnation? Did he not hear the cry of his lost and sin-cursed children until the tragedy of it broke his father heart? And he laid aside the robes of his omnipotence and unlatched the sandals of his majesty and came down and lived among men that he might comfort them and succor them and lead them back to God and home.

Is it incredible that the God who placed such deathless love in the hearts of mothers should himself possess it and not only possess it but in as much greater degree as the far-sweeping arc of the ocean outruns the tiny circle of the water drop?

I want you to think of the best and holiest love that you have ever known. Let your mind run back until it rests on that glorious thing, and then I want you to know that wonderful as that love seems to you it is but a grain of sand nestling at the foot of that mountain called the love of God.

Great Are Sympathetic.

The light that is shed by our own natures on the love of God is also shed upon his sympathy. The truly great men of the world have all been men of the tenderest sympathy. Burns wept over the wreck of the nest of a field mouse, Millet received inspiration for "The Angelus" from the sight of two bowed peasants, Woodsworth saw the new-born child "trailing clouds of glory, from God who is our home," Paine wept out "Home Sweet Home" after he had seen a workingman coming home to his cottage in a foreign land.

Is it likely that God gave to Burns and to Millet and to Paine and to all the princes of sympathy everywhere some high compassion that he himself lacks? No, "Now are we the sons of God" and all that we have or ever had of good, lives eternally in him.

BOOKS

By Joseph MacQueen

The Great Secret, by Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Bernard Miall. The Century Co., New York City.

"Do not look to find in this volume a history of occultism or a methodical monograph on the subject. To such a work, one would need to devote whole volumes which would of necessity be filled with a great measure of that very rubbish which I would wish alone all to spare the reader."

Such is the common-sense warning written in the first page of this strange book of a great poetic seer. It is a book that repays much study and cannot be dismissed at one reading.

Maeterlinck had gathered into one great garner pearls of wisdom concerning the origin, the plan, the purpose of the universe; the destiny of the earth and man; the nature of divinity, and the great problems of ethics. In his search after truth our author has gone back to the Hindus, Brahmans, Buddhists, Egyptians, Chaldeans and Greeks, the Gnostics and neo-Platonists, the cabalists, even the alchemists, the modern occultists and metaphysicians. Toward the end of his book, Maeterlinck says that to understand the creation, to tell us whence it comes and whither it goes—one would have to be its author.

"The great secret, the only secret, is that all things are secret," proceeds Maeterlinck. "Let us at least learn in the school of our mysterious ancestors to make allowance as they did for the unknowable and to search only for what is there; that is, the certainty that all things are God, that all things exist in him and should end in happiness."

A Short History of American Literature, edited by William Peterfield Trent and others. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

Based upon the "Cambridge History of American Literature," and edited by William Peterfield Trent, John Erskine, Stuart P. Sherman and Carl Van Doren, this book is rich in message, intellect and inspiration. The pages are 428, with index.

We read of the books and lives of Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin, Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, James Fenimore Cooper, Edgar Allan Poe, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Thoreau, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Melville, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lincoln, Whitman, Mark Twain, Howells, Henry James, Lanier, Joel Chandler Harris, Prescott, Francis Parkman, Henry Ward Beecher, Phillips Brooks, William James and others.

The actual authors of these sketches have been chosen with wisdom and good fortune. They have done their work well.

New Light on Living, by Dr. Axel Emil Gibson. Dr. Gibson, Los Angeles, Cal.

A wonderful authoritative book on mother nature, health, habits and the wise selection a man should make in the choice and use of his food if he wants to keep in good health. Sometimes reformers arise to denounce our use of common salt, and speak of the harm it creates. Dr. Gibson takes the sensible middle view, and testifies to the moderate use of salt as an oxydizing agent and as a cell restorative. The use of fruit is lauded and the evil of badly mixed diets pointed out.

Thoughtful chapters are: An analysis of forced water drinking; the "unfired" food theory; pepper and salt—friends or enemies? salt treatment as a cure for cancer and tuberculosis; the great fruit indiscrimination, and self-directed evolution.

The Exemplary Theater, by Harley Granville-Barker. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Such a cultivated observer as St. John Ervine says in the London Observer newspaper that this is "the most thoughtful book on the theater that has been published in England for a long time." The message is written intelligently, with the critical sense ever present.

It is argued that the ideal theater is neither to be built with hands nor planned on paper. It will be an intimate part of the people's life, and no one will mark the boundaries of its influence.

Contents are: "The Author's Prejudices, and Others," "The Educational Basis," "The Plan of the Theater as School," "The Theater as Playhouse," "The Production of a Play" and "Some Current Difficulties."

Eight Comedies For Little Theater, by Percival Wilde. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Few writers have written more enjoyably for the Little theater movement than Mr. Wilde, and his plays are generally clever and amusing. This book of 178 pages, with notes, contains eight of his charming comedies.

The Ship, by St. John G. Ervine. The Macmillan company, New York city.

There is a humanity, a wistful tenderness in this three-act play of the present that takes hold of the imagination and keeps it until the last, the 94th, page is finished.

There are eight persons in the recital. John Thurlow, a rich shipbuilder, has the largest shipbuilding yard in the world, and his one dream in life is that his son Jack, a soldier who had seen army service in France, should be "the" Thurlow in the shipyard. Curiously enough, Jack wants to be a farmer.

Jack is an unconscious poet and idealist. He has seen so much of what he calls the "muck" of war that he thinks the clean, virgin aspect of nature—ground and water—is better when not soiled in trade, in commerce. His grandmother, old Mrs. Thurlow, as the book calls her, secretly approves of Jack's pacifist ideas. Mr. Thurlow, senior, is angry when Jack refuses to re-enter the Thurlow shipyard, and he bribes Captain Cornelius, who is fond of whisky, to persuade Jack to resume shipbuilding.

Jack wins his desire, and becomes a farmer, apparently with his grandmother's money. Mr. Thurlow, senior, completes his strange new steamship, an oil-burner, and without funnels. He says that a Thurlow must be on board of her on her first trip, and just then he becomes ill.

Yielding to his father's entreaties, Jack proceeds to sea on board the strange-looking ship which has been designed by his father.

The conclusion is an artistic bit of literary work.

The Crystal Coffin, by Maurice Rostand. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York City.

Translated from the French by Alys Eyre Macklin, this novel is written by the elder son of the great Edward Rostand, creator of the famous "Cyrano de Bergerac" and other plays of moment. He is descended on his mother's side from illustrious literary people.

—Bain, N. Y.

Maurice Maeterlinck, author of "The Great Secret."

This strange, gifted story is told in prose that reads like poetry. The scenes are mostly in France, and the persons in the recital are aristocratic French people. The hero was born in 1892, and he is pictured as an idealist decadent, and also a neurotic. The book is filled, at first, with society adventures and experience. Then comes the world war of 1914.

The hero confesses that he does not have the strong soul of a soldier and consequently does not go to war. His father, to shame his elegant son, becomes a French soldier and dies from his wounds. The son continues to dodge army service—and then comes a hint of tragedy.

A Vagrant Tune, by Bryan T. Holland. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Exceptionally quiet and placid in style and finely written, this story of sentiment is one to remember with keen pleasure, and its old-fashioned charm lingers gratefully in the mind of the reader long after the book is closed. It is the pleasant romance of an old-fashioned couple who sincerely love each other. The gentle heroine is Miss Lavender and she and her maid Euphemia carry on much of the action. The scenes are set in rural England.

Mr. Holland is a grandson of Mrs. Gaskell, the author of "Cranford."

Love's Crooked Path, by Wilfrid Robert Smith. W. R. Smith, Myrtle Point, Or.

Skillfully written and presenting a variety of panoramic scenes in the far north, this story of 264 pages is the romance of a stenographer in the Alaskan wilds. Gold discoveries, personal adventures and sentiment are attractively presented.

The Dingbat of Arcady, by Marguerite Wilkinson. The MacMillan Co., New York City.

"I have seen the utter blueness of the St. Lawrence under a sunny sky. I have seen the Brule rushing headlong through Wisconsin, yellow-brown in the spring. I have seen the placid 'Isis' near 'Folly Bridge' in Oxford, and the dark, menacing grandeur of the Columbia. But the little Lewis river which we entered when we had crossed the Columbia, has as much character of its own as any greater stream that I know. The cloudy sage-green of its waters I have seen nowhere else."

Such is one especially interesting quotation from this delightful book on vacation land. The author and her husband had their home in New York state and planned to spend three summer months in the open. He was a school teacher and they had little money. They were then living in the west, and decided to spend their vacation floating down a river. They chose the Willamette river in Oregon.

The trip began at Albany, Or., where pine lumber was bought to build a boat 14 feet long and 2½ feet wide. Then began an easy, glorious trip floating down the Willamette for seven weeks. They called the vacation boat "The Dingbat of Arcady." While Jim worked the oars, the boat began to leak, and husband and wife were philosophers enough to take off their shoes and stockings and make the best of it.

The tourists sensed the beauties of nature and the delights of swimming. They enjoyed the river near Oregon City and fell in love with the Clackamas river and Portland has this mention:

"We had to pass Portland and her suburbs before we could go on into the Columbia and find wild country again. The river was busy and industrial. Large boats cut through the waters, leaving big waves in their wake. No good camper is happy under such conditions. We made all the speed we could to get past." St. Helens and Astoria get appreciative mention.

Other trips were made in the region of San Diego, Cal., harbor, and in the neighborhood the travelers had several enjoyable fishing trips.

The pilgrims changed in New York to an auto and traveling in England and Scotland used a motorcycle combination called the "Rover Chug-Chug."

The American Party System, by Charles Edward Merriam. The Macmillan company, New York city.

Professor Merriam of the department of political science in the University of Chicago bases what is contained in this valuable book of 439 pages on some 25 years of observation and study of the party system in this country, first-hand study of the party system in England, Germany, France and Italy, and also on experiences gained while serving for six years as a member of the Chicago city council.

He writes constructively, yet critically and with informing power. He analyzes the American political party system with an account of the structure, process and significance of the political party, and shows what the function of that party is in the community.

Naturally, a good deal of our author's observations concern politics in eastern states, but passing approval and review are given of such new measures as the initiative, referendum, etc.

Thoughtful chapters are those on the composition and organization of the party, the spoils system and the party and the selection of official personnel.

The Times' History of the War, Volumes 21 and 22. Illustrated. The Times Newspaper, Printing House Square, London, England.

These two handsome volumes, each measuring 12 inches by eight inches, complete an admirable, exhaustive history of the great world war, largely compiled from official documents and not obtainable elsewhere.

Volume 21 begins with the chapter entitled "The Navy's Work Completed" and ends with the 317th and last chapter on "The Break-up of Turkey." Attractively written descriptions of the end of the war and after it, are furnished in the space of 472 pages. Volume 22 contains the general index of the whole work.

Carpenter's New Geographical Readers—Europe and South America, by Frank G. Carpenter. Litt. D. Illustrated. The American Book company, New York city.

For years Carpenter's Geographical readers have occupied important places in teaching geography in our schools. It is an uncommon pleasure to meet with these two new volumes, brought up to date, modernized, improved, attractive in message, and printed in clear type on excellent paper, with carefully arranged indices. "Europe" contains 595 pages and "South America" 399 pages.

Sundry Accounts, by Irvin S. Cobb. George H. Doran Co., New York City.

In these ten short stories Mr. Cobb has given full play to the dramatic qualities that mark his delineation of American character. Often his sense of humor breaks in, but the general trend of serious story telling is not weakened thereby. This book shows that Mr. Cobb has become endowed with new power in the delineation of American middle-class folks, worth reading about.

E. H. Harriman: a Biography, by George Kennan. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston.

It is significant that next to the title page of this illuminating biography appears this dedication: "To the memory of E. H. Harriman, whose services to the science of railroading will hardly be reckoned, by those who know what his work was, as less than those rendered by George Stephenson himself.

Mr. Kennan paints human, sympathetic word pictures of Mr. Harriman, the great American railroad king, and depicts him with both virtues and faults, but generally the former.

The biography is completed in two volumes. Contents: Ancestry, boyhood and early life; the boys' club; entrance into the railroad field; Illinois Central and Erie; reorganization of the Union Pacific; reconstruction and re-equipment of the Union Pacific; the expedition to Alaska; Kansas City Southern episode; acquirement and reconstruction of the Southern Pacific; railroad combinations; control of the Burlington; Northern Pacific panic; contests with Senators Clark and Keene; Harriman and the Erie; the contest with Santa Fe; Northern Securities company dissolved; Equitable Life investigation; far-eastern plans; life and work at Arden; changes in the Illinois Central; San Francisco earthquake and fire; the Union Pacific dividend in 1906; the Imperial Valley oasis; the fight with a runaway river; the break with President Roosevelt; investigation of the Harriman lines; reply to accusations; the saving of the Erie; last years; and character and business methods, recollections, estimates and appreciations.

Utah, the Land of Blossoming Valleys, by George Wharton James. The Page Co., Boston.

A sub-title of this attractive, informing book says that this is the story of the desert wastes of Utah, of its huge and fantastic rock formations and of its fertile gardens in the sheltered valleys; a survey of its rapidly developing industries; an account of the origin, development and beliefs of the Mormon church; and chapters on the flora and fauna, and on the scenic wonders that are a heritage to all Americans.

Mr. James fulfills this promise and more, as one gathers from reading these 371 pages. A wonderful mind-picture of Utah comes to the reader, and the book certainly repays study. The book is brightened with a map and 56 plates, of which eight are in color.

Senescence, the Last Half of Life, by G. Stanley Hall, Ph. D., L. L. D. D. Appleton & Co., New York city.

A most wonderful and astonishing book for thoughtful people. Idle ones are warned away.

Dr. Hall presents with marked ability the subjects of old age and death, from many viewpoints, showing how the ignorant and the learned, child, adult and old, ancients and moderns, have thought of these problems.

Chapter heads are: The youth of old age; history of old age; literature by and on the aged; statistics on old age and its care; medical views and treatment of old age; contributions of biology and physiology; report on questionnaire returns; the psychology of death, and conclusions.

Radio Phone Receiving, edited by Erich Hausmann, Sc.D. Illustrated. D. Van Nostrand Co., 8 Warren St., New York.

This practical book on radiophone receiving is different from the usual radio books, because it is written by eight scientists of recognized standing, some of them recognized as being responsible for the great advance of radio. They are also experts who know radio telephony, and are fully able to explain it to students and non-technical audiences.

The nine specialists who write these chapters are: Michael I. Pupin, Alfred N. Goldsmith, Erich Hausmann, Frank E. Canavaciol, John H. Morecroft, Robert D. Gibson, Paul C. Hoernel, Louis A. Hazeltine and John V. L. Hogan.

THE LITERARY PERISCOPE

BY JENNETTE KENNEDY,
Assistant in the Circulation Department, Public Library.

"MANNERS are simply the shoehorn of society. They assist man to fit comfortably into his surroundings—but they are no more a man than his socks are."

"The real hero has courage woven into him, and is as honestly surprised and annoyed at all the people who gush on him for what he has done, as he would be if they played the band because his feet were small." These sentiments are from "Waste Paper Philosophy," by T. P. Cameron Wilson. Captain Wilson fell in action March, 1918.

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As an instance of the glamor with which the magician, Houdini, has surrounded himself, the story is told that when an out-of-town visitor was being shown the buildings around City Hall park recently by one of the New York city officials, the visitor remarked on the statue of Nathan Hale, standing there with his hands tied behind his back.

"Nathan Hale!" exclaimed the astounded official, "Why, I always thought that was a statue of Houdini!"

* * *

"In real life no one acts on the theory that he can have a public opinion on every public question, though this fact is often concealed where a person thinks there is no public question because he has no public opinion."

This is one of the statements made in Walter Lippmann's clever analysis called "Public Opinion."

* * *

A Spanish proverb—"He who is willing accomplishes more than he who is able," is one given in "A Dictionary of Spanish Idioms," by Leonard Williams, a volume recently published. The Spanish expression for sleeping out of doors is a pretty one which means "To sleep in the bed with the green curtains."

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The author of "Margey Wins the Game," John V. A. Weaver, announced recently that he was embarking on a book of prose pieces "in the American language."

* * *

"There's nothing sadder to eye or heart than a very mobile thing made unmovable."

* * *

"Robin," the sequel to Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Head of the House of Coombe," is due for July publication and the readers who enjoy, "the exquisite perfection of her heroines equaled only by the total depravity of her villains," as someone has said, will be interested in following further the life story of Robin and Donal.

* * *

The "best sellers" of last year are having their successors this fall, but no one can predict whether or not the second crop will prove to have a wide appeal.

"Main Street," by Sinclair Lewis, is to be succeeded by "Babbitt"—a fall publication.

Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria" is to be followed by a work dealing with personalities and literary themes under the title, "Books and Characters, French and English."

Irving Bacheller's "Man for the Ages" will be succeeded by another historical study—"In the Days of Poor Richard."

A greater novel than "If Winter Comes" is the promise of A. S. M. Hutchinson's forthcoming work, to be published September 1—"This Freedom." The title is said to be taken from the dramatic conversation of Paul in the book of Acts, where the lines read: "Then the chief captain came and said unto him, 'Tell me, art thou a Roman?' He said, 'Yea.' And the chief captain answered, 'With a great sum obtained I this freedom.' And Paul said, 'But I was free born.'"

* * *

Desmond MacCarthy, of whose judgment I am always trustful, has said that the hall-mark of Bohemianism is a tendency to use things for purposes to which they are not adapted. You are a Bohemian, says Mr. MacCarthy, if you would gladly use a razor for buttering your toast at breakfast, and "you aren't if you wouldn't," quotes Max Beerbohm in "And Even Now"—in the essay "In Homes Unblest."

* * *

The Browning society of Florence, Italy, is going to preserve Casa Guida, the Florentine home of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, as a memorial to the two poets. An attempt will be made to restore as far as possible furniture, pictures, statuary, so that their apartments will resemble as closely as may be the appearance they were when the Brownings lived there—surrounded by objects of beauty and interest.

In the spring number of "Voices," a new magazine of poetry published in Boston, Portland has the distinction of being represented by three poets—Hazel Hall, whose charming verse has already won acknowledgement and praise from critics, has a poem, "April Again." A young writer of verse who is personally well known to many people in Portland is Dorothy Collins, who publishes two poems in this issue, "Inevitable" and "Return." The latter poem follows:

The moonlight flickers pale upon the beach;
Gray scarves of shadow lie below the dune.
A drift-log, flung beyond the water's reach,
Rots slowly here, dull and white as the moon.

The waves are cold and I can swim no longer;
The sand is chill with night and wet with dew;
But I must rest until my will is stronger
And can shut out the memory of you.

Have you forgotten how we two together
Flung out defiance to the stars above?
Raced with our shadows, blew upon a feather,
And danced beneath it, mad with youth and love?

I also might forget, did not the sea
Forever sing our lost ecstasy.

The third Portlander is Joseph Andrew Galahad, whose "Requiescat" begins:

"I shall build me a house
On the western side
Of a mountain,
Where the last long shade
Of a lean, tall tree
Shall fall across my door.

Auction Bridge

HERE are other hands showing the expediency of a trump lead by the adversary:

♥ K J 4
♣ 6 4
♦ K Q 7 5 2
♠ 8 7 6

♥ 10 9 5
♣ Q 10 9 5
♦ 9 8 6
♠ K J 4

Y
A B
Z

♥ A Q 8 2
♣ A K 7
♦ J 10 4 3
♠ 3 2

♥ 7 6 3
♣ J 8 3 2
♦ A
♠ A Q 10 9 5

Z, the dealer holds the bid at spades. A leads his fourth best club, and, if correctly played, the hand will go as follows:

Trick.	A	Y	B	Z
1.....	5♣	4♣	K♣*	2♣
2.....	J♣*	6♣	3♣	5♣
3.....	10♥	J♥	Q♥*	3♥
4.....	K♣*	7♣	2♣	9♣
5.....	4♣	8♣	2♥	10♣*
6.....	6♦	2♦	3♦	A♦*
7.....	5♥	K♥	A♥*	6♥
8.....	9♣	6♣	A♣*	3♣
9.....	10♣*	4♥	7♣	8♣
10.....	Q♣*	5♦	8♥	J♣
11.....	9♥*	7♦	4♦	7♥
12.....	8♦	Q♦	10♦	Q♣*
13.....	9♦	K♦	J♦	A♣*

*Denotes winner of trick.

Z loses his contract by three tricks, and the adversaries score to the value of 150, less honors, or 132.

Had B, upon securing the lead returned his partner's lead instead of adopting the policy of the trump lead, the result would have been vastly different.

E's play decidedly is to lead the trump in the hope to deprive the dummy of the chance to ruff. The fact that he, the dummy, will have to follow suit three times in hearts and five times in diamonds, and therefore will have no opportunity of discarding his one club, enables B to realize that his ace of clubs is in no danger and will undoubtedly make at a later stage. At Trick 2, therefore, he leads the higher of his small trumps, and A secures the trick with jack. As A then remains with the king of trumps once guarded only, it would be exceedingly bad play for him to return the trump lead, though he also sees the importance if possible of depriving dummy of the chance to ruff. His best policy, he reasons, is a lead through dummy's broken strength in hearts, especially as he can lead a card of such value as the 10. This card he accordingly leads, declarant covers with dummy's jack. B wins with queen and at the next trick,

Trick 4, leads another trump. A wins with king, and then as another trump lead will deprive dummy of the chance to ruff and moreover will draw two trumps for one, he unhesitatingly leads his last trump. The fact that he reads his partner with the commanding club and the commanding heart renders his play unusually sound. This trick, as he supposed, goes to declarant, who, seeing his hopes of giving dummy a chance to ruff and also perhaps of making his diamonds entirely dashed, has nothing left but to come out with his lone diamond, the ace, on the forlorn hope the suit may be led later by one of adversaries. This done, he next leads a small heart, which B wins with ace, and then, dummy having been deprived of the chance to ruff clubs, comes out with the command, the ace, and follows with his small club. A securing the trick with the 10-spot and at the next round making his remaining club and then his remaining heart. At

Trick 12 he leads the diamond, but it is quite too late for dummy's diamonds to make, as declarant, having nothing but trumps, is forced to trump. The consequence is that dummy does not take a single trick. Z's bid is entirely sound, but his adversaries hold an unusually strong combination, and correct play on their part renders him completely helpless.

As it is good play on the part of the adversaries to force declarant, but to prevent the dummy hand from trumping, it follows that whenever the adversaries themselves may ruff a suit, or perhaps establish a cross-ruff, it is decidedly to their advantage to do so.

The following aptly illustrates the importance of such policy:

♥ Q J 10
♣ K 5 4
♦ Q 10 5 2
♠ 8 7 2

♥ 7 6 5 4 2
♣ 10 9 6
♦ A K
♠ 9 4 3

A
A B
Z

♥ 9 8 3
♣ A Q J
♦ 9 8 7 6
♠ 10 6 5

♥ A K
♣ 8 7 3 2
♦ J 4 3
♠ A K Q J

Z, the dealer, bids a spade and holds the declaration. A bid on a suit of four cards is generally justifiable (especially if it be a major suit) if the suit contain the tierce major. It is therefore more than ever sound if it contains the quart major—ace, king, queen, jack.

A having but two diamonds, the ace and king, and three small trumps, sees that he can save one or more of them if he can get a ruff in diamonds. In order to indicate to his partner his ability to do this he reverses the usual order of leads when holding ace and king of a suit and first leads ace and follows with king. This is a convention showing he has no more of the suit. If adversaries play correctly throughout, the hand will go as follows:

Trick.	A	Y	B	Z
1.....	A♦*	2♦	5♦	3♦
2.....	K♦*	5♦	7♦	4♦
3.....	10♣	4♣	J♣*	2♣
4.....	3♣*	10♦	8♦	J♦
5.....	9♣	5♣	Q♣*	3♣
6.....	6♣	K♣	A♣*	7♣
7.....	2♥	Q♦	9♦	J♣*
8.....	4♣	2♣	5♣	A♣*
9.....	9♣	7♣	6♣	K♣*
10.....	4♥	8♣	10♣	Q♣*
11.....	5♥	10♥	3♥	8♣*
12.....	6♥	J♥	8♥	A♥*
13.....	7♥	Q♥	9♥	K♥*

*Denotes winner of trick.

Declarant simply makes his contract. His own hand guaranteed six tricks at the start, and it is only because of skillful play on the part of the adversaries that he makes simply the one trick additional. Here is still another hand showing the value of a ruff on the part of the adversary:

♥ 9 5 4
♣ 7 2
♦ A K Q 9 5
♠ Q J 10

♥ A Q 7 6
♣ 9 8 5
♦ 8 2
♠ A K 5 4

Y
A B
Z

♥ J 10 8
♣ J 6 4
♦ 10 7 6 4 3
♠ 7 6

♥ K 3 2
♣ A K Q 10 3
♦ J
♠ 9 8 3 2

Z bid a club and the hand was played at this declaration. Y, with an apparently established diamond suit and good protection in spades, would have done better to overcall with no trumps rather than allow the hand to be played at the minor suit. Played at no trumps the side would easily have gone game, whether B led his five-card diamond suit or a strengthening heart, provided, in the latter case, A after making his hearts had led fourth best of his four-card spade suit headed by ace and king. Had he, however, at once led out his two commanding spades, declarant would simply have made his contract. It is when the hand is played at the club declaracion that the opportunity offers to the adversaries for skillful play.

Played correctly by them, with clubs as trumps, the hand would go as follows:

Trick.	A	Y	B	Z
1.....	K♣*	10♣	7♣	2♣
2.....	A♣*	J♣	6♣	3♣
3.....	4♣	Q♣	4♣*	8♣
4.....	A♥*	4♥	J♥	K♥
5.....	5♣	7♣	J♣*	9♣
6.....	6♥	5♥	10♥*	2♥
7.....	Q♥*	9♥	8♥	3♥
8.....	7♥	5♦	3♦	3♣*
9.....	5♣	2♣	6♣	A♣*
10.....	8♣	9♦	4♦	K♣*
11.....	9♣	Q♦	6♦	Q♣*
12.....	2♦	K♦*	7♦	J♦
13.....	8♦	A♦	10♦	10♣*

*Denotes winner of trick.

A leads the king of spades, following it with ace, thus showing he has one or more spades left, but denying the queen.

To the first and second leads B makes the echo by reversing the usual form of play and playing first the higher and then the lower of his two spades. This indicates to his partner that he has no more of the suit, and encourages him to lead it a third time that he may trump.

At trick 3, therefore, A leads a small spade, B trumps, and at

Trick 4 leads the jack of hearts. Declarant covers with king and A wins the trick with ace. B's lead of the jack of hearts is particularly to be commended, as it is not only a lead up to weakness, but it being a higher card than any card of the suit held by dummy, it serves the additional purpose of beating the dummy from the start. A lead of this nature places the responsibility of the trick between the leader's partner and the declarant, with the odds in favor of the partner.

Declarant's cover with king proves of no avail and indeed he stands a better chance of winning a trick in the suit by withholding it. As the cards happen to lie, however, whether or not he covers has no effect upon the result. Should he not cover the lead will remain with B and he will then lead the 10 of hearts, which card also would hold the trick. He would next lead his small heart, declarant's king would be forced and would fall to A's ace.

Upon securing the lead at trick 4, A leads another spade in the hope his partner may again win with a trump. The dummy hand also, he notes, is void of spades, but as his highest trump is the 7 he hopes his partner will be able to overtrump, which proves to be the case.

B then leads the 10 of hearts, winning the trick, and at the next trick he leads his remaining heart, which A wins with queen, and then leads the thirteenth heart, such lead being better, he reasons, than the lead of a trump up to declarer's strength, or a diamond, which would throw the lead to the dummy and enable him to make one or more diamond tricks.

The declarant trumps and makes all the remaining tricks. He loses his contract, however, by one trick.

* * *

"Inquirer" submits the following:

In a hand recently played Z, the dealer, passed, also A, and Y bid no trumps. B and Z passed and A bid "two spades." Z, holding protection in spades, went "two no trumps," which held the bid.

B, the player to lead, held the following:

♥ 7 6
♣ J 8 5 4
♦ K Q 10 8 5
♠ 7 6

Should he lead to his partner's bid or his own suit of diamonds?

The lead of the suit one's partner has bid applies, strictly speaking, to a first-round bid. The fact that the suit was not bid at the first opportunity shows that it lacks the essentials to a first-round bid. A secondary bid may be on length only, and the hand if played at the bid might win by sheer force of numbers.

As a general thing, unless one's hand has no lead which promises better, one should not lead to a secondary bid unless himself holding two honors in the suit. To be sure, in this case the lead would be a lead through strength, as Z, by going "two no trumps" over the adverse spade bid shows proection in the suit. However, as B has a good suit of diamonds, his better policy is the lead of his own suit, and as the suit includes three honors, with two in sequence he should lead king.

The same player also asks whether the original bid of a minor suit at a clean score embodies a positive invitation to one's partner to bid no trumps.

By no means save that a minor suit bid at love score should always be changed to a better bid if one's hand justifies it. Such bids do not, however, specify no-trump holdings, nor may they be construed as "no trump invitations." Simply they show four values in the hand; that is all. If the partner, relying upon this inference, feels he can safely name a better bid, he should do so; not otherwise.

The habit of regarding minor suit bids as "invitations to no-trump bids" leads an unthinking part