BOOKS

By Richard V. Haller

Indiscretions of Lady Susan, by Lady Susan Townley. D. Appleton & Co., New York city.

Whether or not Lady Susan Townley has written her autobiography as a justification for her and her husband and a denial of the accusation placed against her as an excuse for limiting her husband's promotions in the British diplomatic service matters little. Their joint justification has been quite adequate, and the only thing that would indicate such a purpose is the title of the book. "Indiscretions" is rather a misleading word, inasmuch as the indiscreet element is decidedly limited.

The usual compliments to a commendable autobiography can be paid in this case. It is entertaining, interesting, informative and sprightly. It belongs to that class of books which are good both because of their content and the manner in which they are written.

In the last quarter of a century Lady Townley has accompanied her husband to posts on three continents. She has graced with her presence nearly every recognized and civilized court in Europe, as well as Washington and Buenos Aires, Pekin, Constantinople, Teheran, Chili, Palestine and Japan, and during her career as the wife of a diplomat has met every person of importance worth meeting.

A biography to be worth reading must contain these close-up views of the great, must have a close focus on important events and must offer a freshness of treatment. The books of the year include an extraordinary amount of biography and autobiography; too much, some critics are bold enough to say, and while the majority are worth-while, there is a growing feeling that this branch of writing is being overdone.

In view of this feeling it is well to state that this book is distinctly different, written from a different view. A woman's position as the wife of a diplomat or statesman is far different from the position of her husband. Her observation powers are attuned to different things, and her reactions from her observations are also different.

American readers will naturally be most interested in what Lady Townley has to say concerning America. If these readers have imbibed the various criticisms of America which other and more famous English writers have laid down, a mild degree of disappointment will result. Lady Townley mentions at some length the characteristic American desire to hurry, and tells how abominable our sleeping cars are. She is indirectly distressed about the poor American husbands who hang onto their wives as they would cling to the tail of a social comet while being swept through the milky way of society. She says his haven is the counting house and the club and in these two places he should stay as much as his wife will let him. But she is one Britisher who lauds the American press, and in that respect she is unusual. She describes with some levity the confusion of American hostesses in deciding whether she was to be treated as the daughter of an earl or the wife of an ambassador, and while most of the chapter is devoted to the woman's side of American life, she yet takes opportunity to comment on politics as she and her husband saw and felt them.

Not only because of its fresh viewpoint, but also because of the many different scenes and settings in which the Townley's were placed, each well described and commented upon, is the book worth reading.

—Photo by Appleton.

Lady Susan Townley, whose autobiography, "Indiscretions of Lady Susan," is not very indiscreet.

Child Training, by Angelo Patri. D. Appleton & Co., New York city.

Until the last decade, it might readily be said, child psychology was mostly a matter of study and scarcely ever of application. What little use it was put to was, to all practicable purposes, negligent. In view of the new light which has been thrown upon the problem of raising children, it must seem that before this illumination occurred children were the most ill-treated creatures in the world, and the wonder is that even a small percentage lived up to the expectations of fond mothers and became presidents of the United States or large banks and railroads.

A glance through the sound and splendidly brief chapters of Mr. Patri's book makes the wonder grow. It is not often that the content will give cause for dispute by any fair-minded persons, and this is because of the author's method in explaining some of the common mistakes and in offering wise counsel in matters which do not ordinarily receive any extensive degree of thought. There is very little psychology apparent in his writing except to those who recognize it. He presents his topic in each chapter in the simplest form and never fails to make his point perfectly obvious.

Custom has made the use of fear in disciplining children very common. It is on the surface quite effective, but Mr. Patri wisely points out just how fear ruins digestion and plants in their minds childish superstitions which are not outgrown for years and often influence the mature person.

He also has something to say about dispelling natural childish fears, as in regard to bears. The best way to overcome a child's belief that a bear will not catch him on his way to bed is to buy him a toy bear. The place of sympathy in a child's heart, the good resulting from breeding confidence into children, the causes for reluctance in going to bed, the effect of proper and improper awakening on the disposition, table manners abstractly acquired, breathing, pets and cruelty; these are some of the topics discussed.

The articles, one on each subject, have appeared daily in a New York newspaper for several years, and their incorporation into book form with new grouping as to age and environment is an idea entirely commendable. The author is an authority of national repute on children, and his instructions are worth heeding. Children will be a great deal better off, especially the younger ones, if books of such merit as this are followed in rearing them.

Moonlight Schools, by Cora Wilson Stewart. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York city.

Two different kinds of wonder will result from reading this book, providing the reader is the ordinary layman. One is that such illiteracy can exist as is described, and the other is that it can be and is being overcome by the so-called moonlight schools. The book is a history of the movement to overcome adult illiteracy by the institution of night schools for that purpose. Its author, Cora Wilson Stewart, was the author of the first bill ever presented, and has been the leader of the movement.

The interest it inspires is such that it can be forgiven its qualities of morbidness and sentimentality. The very subject is morbid and depressing, yet if ever a subject was justified in being frankly sentimental, the work for adult illiterates is that one. It is peculiarly pathetic and at the same time inspiring to read of men and women over 50 years of age, all of them fathers and mothers, tramping to the schoolhouse along dark roads and there struggling, often with palsied fingers, to master the craft of writing. More pathetic still are the facsimiles of their first simple letters, written in a cramped script, strange combination of the staggering handwriting of children and the curlicue script of the aged.

If only a few had been so taught in but one moonlight school, and entirely as an experiment, Mrs. Stewart's book would have been interesting. It is surprising that the work, first taken up in Kentucky mountain communities, has made its influence felt throughout the whole country and has inspired concerted action on the part of state officials in several states.

There is but one shadow to overspread the effect of the book, and it is so abstract that it casts no gloom. A close study of some of the photographic reproductions reveals rather discouraging phrenological symptoms. Those who believe that the exterior of a head has something to do with the interior will not fail to perceive that many of the subjects of the schools may be illiterates because of other than environmental reasons. This fact, however, should not react to the detriment of the book or to the cause for which it was written. Every student of education should know something of moonlight schools, and this volume presents their history.

Timothy Tubby's Journal, by Timothy Tubby. The George H. Doran company, New York city.

If this book is supposed to be a satire on the kind of junk which English writers deal out in the way of American impressions, what they saw and what they thought, and what they thought they saw, while in America; if it is aimed at such writers, then at least its purpose is commendable, and also it might be said that it is just as asinine and absurd as the Britishers' books of American impressions generally are. But if it is supposed to be funny, both the effort and the result are the saddest things that have been placed upon the book shelves of the dying year.

Ostensibly the book is supposed to be funny; at least it was written to provoke laughter, but inasmuch as it is really the journal of Timothy Tubby, the eminent British novelist, while in America, and contains such utter absurdities in the way of impressions and accounts of American customs; inasmuch as it is as absurd in the comedy line as the usual British writer's impressions are in serious literature it may have been made purposely absurd. But America has not been aroused to such a pitch of indignation by the lack of understanding on the part of British writers to appreciate with any depth a whole book pointing out in the flattest kind of humor the errors of those writers.

To get anywhere such a book must be worth reading for itself alone, and not because it is written with a detached purpose. "Timothy Tubby's Journal" is perhaps the worst satire of the year; at least the worst that has crossed this desk. The blurb calls it a gay and rollicking satire. It is just about as gay and rollicking as Mr. Tubby, who has the mind and imagination of a baby elephant and behaves very much like one in public.

The book reminds you of a stupid party, where every drink of prohibition liquor is taken with the hope that it will prove the turning point and provide sufficient stimulant to turn gloom into gaiety; where every drink is a bitter disappointment, both during and after. Turn the pages of this vapid journal, one by one, and each is turned with the hope that the author will soon, after so much preparation and warming up, begin to scintillate. Each page, unto the last, is a disappointment. Once every so often Timothy almost breaks through, but not quite. It is impossible to quote because the points are too long-drawn out.

Casanova's Homecoming, by Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Thomas Seltzer, New York city.

A novel to be successful in its purpose must grapple with some vital phase of life; rather a flat epigram. This final chapter in Casanova's life, an appendix to his famous memoirs, is a novel in form and in novelistic fashion rounds out the memoirs which did not complete his life. Neither the publisher or the author vouches for the authenticity of the story, and doubtless it is pure fiction, but as such it is a masterpiece, and for those who enjoy naughty books it will prove quite, quite satisfactory. It is not as naughty as the memoirs, nor as disgusting, although it contains both qualities.

"Casanova's Homecoming" is disgusting only because it deals with a disgusting phase of life, voluptuous old age; a phase which Byron aptly describes in a single line, "Rank with that leprosy of lust." But besides being disgusting it is pathetic. It presents the gallant Casanova at the age of 53 years, when every former charm save his mentality had left him. It is sad to see this victor of a thousand conquests of feminine hearts, fail in his tactics during one last campaign and win only by stealth and bribery of Marcolina's lover. And when his infamy is discovered, "Cassanova knew how she saw him, . . . A yellow, evil face, deeply lined, with thin lips and staring eyes—a face three times worse than that of yesterday because of the excesses of the night, the ghastly dream of the morning and the terrible awakening. And what he read in Marcolina's countenance was not what he would a thousand times rather have read there; it was not thief, libertine, villain. He read only something which crushed him to earth more ignominiously than could any terms of abuse; he read the word which to him was the most dreadful judgment upon him—old man."

Then Casanova slinks off to his beloved Venice, which he had been allowed to re-enter after his long exile because of his consent to become a police spy that he might better wreak his revenge in the bitterness of his empty years. Casanova ends his days as he deserves, unfaithful to ideal and principal to the very grave.

Schnitzler has written a great book; a powerful novel almost worthy of a place on the shelf of memoirs which inspired it. It is dramatic, correctly interpretive of the heated Italian temperament he has had to deal with, descriptive of 18th century life and intensely interesting. If it is disgusting, it is so because it is written on a disgusting subject, and tells the story it is supposed to tell. The translation is rather free, but the book loses nothing thereby.

Love Conquers All, by Robert C. Benchley. Henry Holt & Co., New York city.

Mr. Benchley might have contributed a great service to mankind if he could only make all his readers take him seriously, or if he could reach the people he writes about. If he reaches only a small percentage of them and if he reforms or converts a small percentage of that percentage, he will have done a great deal. But he writes to a class that would be hard to reform—those who watch and do not play.

One of his chapters contains a full set of instructions for the chronic watcher of bridge games. This is very complete. It provides first of all some suggestions as to the conversation between the players and he or they who intend to watch preliminary to the game. It takes up the correct expressions as the spectator stalks around the table looking at each hand, and tells how to cough down a player's neck, adding a few hints about the proper tunes to whistle between the teeth or to drum on the back of a player's chair with the fingers.

Another valuable code revealed is the best procedure to use while sitting on the back fence encouraging your neighbor while he prepares and plants his garden. One suggestion is to help him count the rocks and stones as he picks them up. Another is to discuss the likelihood of a crop failure on account of poor soil. Mr. Benchley also tells how to watch a baseball game, and he approaches very close to real humor when he offers instructions on watching a game of chess.

Not all of his chapters are dedicated to the great game of watching. He offers father some advice on carrying on while the family is away and permits himself to expose his own ideas on how a bullfight could be conducted in Madison Square garden. Railroad committees and the tariff problem are two of his targets shot at in a more serious mood as regards humor.

Speaking of humor, Mr. Benchley's book is intended to be such. His themes and his ideas should meet with almost universal approval, but some of his humor is almost flat and some of it is slapstick. Mr. Benchley obviously has been reading O. Henry, and any student of both authors is apt to get some idea of why the O. Henry influence, alleged to be so heavy on contemporary American literature, should be regretted. O. Henry, say the critics—or most of them—is all right, but his influence is to be feared.

All told, "Love Conquers All" is intended to be amusing and is moderately so. It should be neither universally condemned nor acclaimed.

Phantom, by Gerhart Hauptmann. (Translated from the German by Bayard Quincy Morgan.) B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York city.

While the literati will praise a very unique book, the greater portion of us ordinary readers will tilt back our rockers and ask what it is all about. The smaller portion will give up without asking. Just as the Germans were the first people to conceive the idea of everlasting love and to place love on the ideal basis which makes it a pillar of civilization, while the idea of temporary affection and romance came from the romance people, so do the Germans lead in literary expressions of ecstatic and frenzied adoration.

Gerhart Hauptmann's new novel, "Phantom," is both unique and a masterpiece so far as literature is concerned. In its emotional qualities it corresponds peculiarly to those writings of Balzac on Swedenborgian subjects, and contains a fervor quite similar to Lamartine's "Raphael," although not so chaste. But it is not so comprehensible or quite so worthy of appreciation as either of these books. Nevertheless it is a thoroughly fine piece of work.

Gerhart Hauptmann has augmented his powers as a novelist by some understanding of the psychiatrist. He tells in the first person the story of Lorenze Lubota, a young lawyer's clerk, crippled, ugly and insignificant physically, and a man ordinarily doomed to remain obscure all his days. Lubota sees from his window a golden-haired child, the daughter of a wealthy tradesman, and this girl he makes his ideal of beauty and of love. His passion for her, repressed and never revealed, causes him to become deranged. He sacrifices his whole code of morals, his family obligations. Everything he does is right in his eyes so long as it is done for the love he bears the golden-haired girl. He drifts into evil ways. He swindles a rich aunt and becomes the companion of a notorious crook. A faint resemblance to his ideal causes him to become enmeshed in an affair with a creature of the demi-monde. His connection with a murder finally earns him a long prison term and in solitary confinement he is able to right his mind and cleanse his soul.

"Phantom" is typically an European story. We Americans never soar to such heights of idealism and emotion. It is sharply and at the same time sympathetically written. It is an expression of derangement similar to DeQuincy's "Confessions of an Opium Eater." As a study the book bears reading.

From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon, by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Ll. D. D. Appleton & Co., New York city.

Perhaps the route signified by the names of the three cities in the title is suggestive of more historic lore and inspiration for legend than any other stretch of country on the face of the earth. The recent upheaval will be only another in a long list of turmoils which have taken place in ages past. The history made in the last eight years makes the title alluring and at first glance impossible, but the trip as made by the author is one which anyone might make, although few could endow it with his appreciation.

To the student, who is conversant with the long and eventful past of the near east, the storied belt, which connects the Bosphorus with the Persian gulf, has been the theater of more and greater changes in humanity's development than any other portion of the earth's surface. It has witnessed civilization after civilization and each era has left its marks and its monuments.

The Rev. M. Zahm writes not as a traveler, but as a student, and he writes for those who have a sincere desire to know something of the country he covers. This does not mean that he has failed to endow his book with charm, for it is a most charming bit of travel description, but it contains a combination of the scholar and the traveler, which adds knowledge to the charm if the reader will only absorb it.

Small wonder it is that the Danube possesses such a degree of fame. The river and all the gems of history which crowd its banks are made alive by the author's mastery of English and his intimate acquaintance with its banks. Rev. Zahm does not confine himself to what he saw on this specific excursion, taken as it was on various river boats, but he adds to his vision all his learning. As in all other chapters he tells briefly and engagingly the whole historical significance from the time of Alexander to the present. The Euxine and the Bosphorus follow the Danube, the Tigris, the Hellespont, Bagdad, a motor trip through the Garden of Eden, Babylon, the paths of the Crusaders; all are dealt with as though the author had lived in each place and loved it all his life.

For the reader addicted to travel stories, history or current comment, too much praise cannot be meted out for the book. A travel book must combine these elements to be appreciated. It means nothing to see a cathedral or a temple if the meaning of its beauty is not understood, and a river regardless of the scenic splendor of its banks remains very much a river unless something of its beauty is known. In this case a panorama of the whole life of a place is offered and when the book is completed and its remarkable scope is realized, the real wonder is that one volume contains it and one man wrote it.

The Firebrand of the Indies, by E. K. Seth-Smith. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. (MacMillan), New York City.

Considering that the purpose of the book is to promote Christian knowledge and that the specific purpose is to provide information in sugar-coated form of the life of Francis Xavier, a certain vagueness and a tendency to sketch will be noticeable to those who are at all familiar with the life of Ffancis Xavier. As a matter of fact, the story is too obviously propaganda and there has been sacrificed a great deal of material that would have added intensely to the interest in order to make it so.

There is, nevertheless, a good bit of beauty in the early part of the story which concerns the struggles at the University of Paris of Loyola, Xavier and Don Pedro, describing the stern, austere lives they led, and the sufferings they underwent in their religious fervor. The description, too, of this early Latin quarter, only then in the 15th century becoming famous for its student life, is good; quite in contrast with descriptions of life and places which fill pages later in the book.

Seemingly, it would have been well to have made this so-called romance more of a romance, or more of an adventure book. Francis Xavier found both romance and adventure a-plenty in his work in Africa, Asia, the Indies and the orient, but the author has allowed the religious side of his writing to almost completely enshroud other qualities. There might easily have been a more suitable combination which would have served the real purpose of the book to better extent.

The Log-Cabin Lady, an anonymous autobiography. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

American history offers several notable examples of the rise from a log-cabin birthplace to prominence in state affairs or phenomenal business success. These are the achievements of men and they exemplify the real American spirit. The trick seems to be turned by a combination of good brain and good energy, wisely applied.

But the step from the backwoods to the front rank of social, political or commercial prominence is a vastly different thing for a woman. A man is known or becomes known for what he does, while it is a woman's fortune, or perhaps misfortune, to be judged for what she is. A backwoodsman can continue to eat with his knife or wear mittens in the midst of attained dictatorship, and get by with it to some extent, providing he is delivering the goods in his work. A woman, on whose shoulders must fall the responsibility of maintaining the social reputation of the family, a factor which is bound to react to the man, is judged by a far stricter set of standards, even in democratic America.

Consequently this anonymous account of the trials of a girl born in a homestead cabin, who never saw a table napkin until she was 14 years old, and was the wife af a diplomat at 21 years, is interesting and strikes a sympathetic cord even in spite of sme close approaches to absurdity and what may, unreasonably, be termed an un-American attitude. In the first place, to make her load the heavier, the woman married a man of family, thoroughly informed on social custom and usage, and was thus placed at greater disadvantage and denied the comfort of working side by side with her husband.

The story is mostly the account of her blunders during the early years of her married life; how she accompanied her snobbish mother-in-law to the carriage, how she blundered at table, how the servants reproved her by looks, how she attempted to shake hands with Queen Victoria when presented at court and innumerable other mistakes of trifling or serious nature. Fortunately she shows no shame over her birth or her lack of breeding and is never disloyal to her antecedents. Her only emotion is the humiliation which she brought upon herself and her husband.

Chiefly the trouble with the book is that it is not applicable to very many women, and a comparatively small proportion are ever faced by the critical situations which this woman had to meet.

1492, by Mary Johnson. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

Several volumes published during the present season have indicated a revival of the historical novel. While none of them has been placed on the lists of best sellers, one or two have achieved wide circulation and have proved a general taste on the part of the public for that kind of reading. Mary Johnson's romance, woven around the voyage of Columbus, should and probably will make these tendencies even more pronounced.

Many another sea-faring tale has been acclaimed and praised for the romance it provided, yet school history and the circumstances which confronted Columbus seemed dry, historical facts, not given to much coloring. As a matter of fact, the whole story of the discovery of America and the struggles of Christopher Columbus, both before and during the voyage, is pure, unadulterated romance, and it is good to learn that such an able novelist as Mary Johnson has taken up the tasks and done justice to it.

"Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-two" is another story written in the first person, the narrator being Jayme de Marchena. This man had a Jewish grandmother, with whom he spent several years of his early youth. Later he studied and made his own philosophy of religion, a philosophy somewhat broader than the Catholicism which prevailed in Spain during the 15th century. Consequently he lived in danger of becoming a victim of the inquisition, and to conceal himself, changed his name to Juan Lepe and sought friends who took part in the seige of Granada.

Romance is not slighted in any phase of the story. At Granada Juan Lepe is actually in the presence of Ferdinand and Isabel. His pursuers are close at every turn and the royal consent to Columbus to embark on the voyage in search of the eastern coast of the Indies comes as a veritable Godsend. He is included in the crew and becomes the trusted friend of the great discoverer. He takes part in all the adventures which befell the voyagers in America, and the whole story of the trip is told in a way to grip the imagination and exalt the bare facts.

The book is historically correct, and besides the entertainment it supplies, provides a wealth of information which is apt to escape the casual reader of history. It ranks with many fine stories of sea adventure and will take its place with them in literature.

PROOFS OF GOD'S EXISTENCE DECLARED VISIBLY SET FORTH IN NATURE'S WORKS

Pastor of East Side Church Cites Facts to Show That Self-existent First Cause Is Necessarily Author of Universe, Despite Efforts of Philosophers to Uphold Materialism.

"A WISE FOOL."

The first sermon written by Rev. W. S. Crockett, pastor of the East Side Christian church, when he was a sophomore in college.

Psalms 14:1.

SOME would have us believe that the praying humanity of all history and tradition has been deluded; that he who has furnished the great motives for benevolence, and has made men fear to do evil, is a child of a fanciful superstition, and they have strained every mental nerve to overthrow the throne of the universe.

While their professed philosophy would deny an infinity, their very finite limitations should be remembered: they are held by a law, not understood, to a world which does not give up its secrets below the deepest gorges; and, although one sense has liberty to pass beyond, even this is limited by man's own weakness; moreover, even the greatest minds among men, using a lens to aid their feeble sense to see a strange system of stars, which, perhaps, comes by chance within the range of their vision, must write it down, to hold for them a place in memory.

Task Is Difficult.

As we remember the great and oftimes impossible task of him who would establish a negative concerning human events, we are constrained to ask with what eye does he see and with what mind does he comprehend all possible forms of substance, who is competent to assure us that there is no overruling being? A peculiar form of theological argument, formerly in vogue, declared that when there is one indication of divinity upon the earth, the entire universe must be unanimous, to prove it delusive; man cannot search the universe; hence, atheism can never be established.

While perhaps this argument has its hidden fallacies, it is servicable in that it suggests that atheism can never become a certain negation. It can never rise above the level of the basest skepticism.

Skepticism Brings Despair.

Yet, what shall we say of extreme skepticism? Though its conclusions be terrific for the very awfulness of the despair which it brings, still does truth compel the concession that it is armed with the elements of the probable, at least of the possible, with which to hold for itself a place by the side of the theoretical? The maturest conclusions of human thought answer "no," and, out from the recesses of the most common soul there comes an intuition, armed and inspired, to drive back from rational speculation into absurdity this intruder which would rudely annihilate man's only immortal hope, his sublimest aspiration. For what could be more absurd than negative contemplation on grounds already covered by the certainty of intuition? And no assertion is more worthy of the category of the intuitional than that a cause is responsible for the condition of all things, the result of changes and of moves.

Nature's Wonders Told.

And that most of the phenomena of human observation are events is proven by every scientific apparatus, from the telescope which sweeps the arc of the heavens to the microscope which introduces to us the smallest amoeba, thousands of which may inhabit a drop of water.

And even in their small compass of observation, they behold a chain of events "confederate and linked together" that leads them on to deity. Not novices, but most skillful scientists have passed through nature's vale, and have busied themselves with the pointing out of the evidences of design; and at least some of the events which have been indicated cannot be explained by the mere "taking advantage of conditions." And when evidences of design are clearly proven, the resulting theological argument is very potent. This is the course usually taken to arrive at a conclusion of an intelligent personal cause.

Mind Basis of Argument.

However, it would seem that this end may be attained more certainly, with premises less open to attack, by an application of the principles of the cosmological argument—which is based upon the simple tracing of "effects back to their causes"—to the greatest of all events, the mind. It is objected that the affirmation of mind does not meet with universal assent? True, yet there are other extremists who would have us believe that matter is immaterial; but as Johnson has said, "All conclusions of reason enforce the immateriality of mind, and all notices of sense and investigations of science concur to prove the unconsciousness of matter." The mind, though having the disadvantage of a natural training to make its conclusions and judgments with reference to the laws and phenomena of sensible objects, if by this early training is not so prejudiced as to be wholly unqualified to make judgments concerning itself, can consciously distinguish itself from matter over which it is sovereign. Moreover, it may claim for itself a distinct reality by the distinguishing characteristics of its attributes.

Mind Is Self-Active.

Mind is self-active, matter has no power in itself to move. This self-active substance recognizes itself by consciousness. Would it not be absurd to suppose that consciousnes is inherent in matter in any form? And it could not be produced by any change in the structure or activity of matter, for whatever may be the form or condition of matter, clearly, it is only matter still.

If materialism be true, then, clearly, there are some new avenues of investigation opened up to science. It should search for the peculiar properties of the vegetation of Ohio and Virginia, which made Grant and Lee such plucky, determined men of genius, that beneath their footsteps the north and south trembled. It should seek to discover the valuable varieties of barley and wheat that grew along the bank of Avon, which enabled Shakespeare to ascend to the fountain head of human character to paint in the truest colors the feelings and motives he saw there. We speak reverently, it should tell us what filled the soul of the Christ until it seemed like some mighty ocean of sympathy, that bordered on every shore of human suffering.

Memory Despair of Materialism.

However, before it does all this, it might tell us what property of matter could recall and recognize past sensations and thoughts. Oh memory is the despair of materialism! By the acknowledged possession of this attribute alone, the mind may positively maintain for itself the dignity of a distinct being.

Now, the separate position of mind in matter fulfills all the demands of a definition of an effect, and, as we remember that a cause, to be a cause at all, must be sufficient, we are led to exclaim: How great in efficiency must be that cause, which we call our God, as to all the entities of the mind, intelligence, feeling, determination, personality! What wonder that some have imagined that he must be greater than these?

This conclusion embodies that which is said to be the terror of atheism, a moral cause, the author of moral consciousness. He has created within me the ability to say, "I ought." Must I not answer to him if I do that I ought not?

Self-Sufficient Cause Needed.

Now, a moment's further reflection is sufficient to convince us that there remains but one alternative from an eternally, self-sufficient intelligent first cause—an eternal regress of sufficient causes, which a liberal thinker recently affirmed to be possible.

It would seem that such a proposition not only involves an absurdity, but also does violence to man's mental nature. It implies a universe of receding causes, and assigns to blind chance the stupendous task of bringing them together in order and symmetry. That a rational mind could regard this order as anything short of an effect seems incredible. And then, who has been able to contemplate such an infinite series of sustaining, finite causes?—a chain which is long enough to be suspended at last upon its own links! The apparent impossibility of such an infinite series immediately bewilders us. On the other hand, the mind is so constituted that it rests as naturally in a self-sufficient, intelligent, first cause, as a wearied dove turns to the dove-cote, making atheism, that cold, barren disbelief, unnatural to man.

Inherent in human nature, there is a feeling that there is at least a place for a very ready conception of a God, in whom man has always trusted, having faith in help from such a source. This idea, while sometimes vague, and very general, is both universal and historical. From the degraded denizens of "darkest Africa," man's conception of God has risen higher and higher, until it has been developed upon the very summit of civilization itself.

Historical? Man's conception of God has been the mold of all history. It has furnished inspiration for the most heroic of human enterprise, the most sublime of human achievement, the most moral of human conduct. You may turn to antiquity, and ask Rome, who influenced her people to conquer the rest of Italy and the world, and for generations to terrify insurrection by hurling vast armies across the earth, and she will answer Mars—God.

Greek Beliefs Cited.

You may ask the ancient Greeks what conception helped to crown their race with the most versatile minds of all times—Pericles, Socrates, Aristotle, Phidias, Demosthenes, Sophocles—oh! where would we stop if we were to enumerate all the jewels of this crown—and greatly inspired these minds to think out problems to enlighten future ages and to bequeath them models in literature and art? And in the voice of modern scholarship, she will answer, Apollo—God.

There stands as the central figure of history one whose influence is predominant in modern civilization. The people of his birth, the most despised of all nations, crucified him for pretentious blasphemy, but today he is worshiped in every nation under the sun; and the earth is dotted with institutions of learning and of charity, dedicated to his memory.

World Corruption Avoided.

The moral corruption and political rottenness of the age in which he lived makes it offensive in history, yet his own character was so untainted that men everywhere regard it as an ideal, and it is not without evidence that those who worship him claim that the tendency of his influence in history has been to lure men on to a purer society, and to more humane civil and international laws.

Coming to a race whose history and traditions held in memory a Paradise—lost; and standing in the midst of hardship, misery and despair, he taught men through him to aspire to a paradise—regained. He was a Jew of 19 centuries ago, Jesus Christ—God.

During the last score of years there has been an unusual tendency on the part of those most qualified to turn over the pages of history. While many historians have been so skeptical as to attempt to point out flaws in every religious system, yet when they have seen evidences that for thousands of years tribes which have been against tribes and nations which have been against nations, like so many clashing meteors in lawless heavens have been gradually molding into one common mind of peace on earth, good will toward men, have said, surely human history has had a "lawgiver and a guide." They have well agreed that he who has said in his heart "There is no God" has been the fool of all ages.

Conceit Declared Vain.

And how great is his foolishness! He is a prince, an autocrat, who sits enthroned upon the pedestals of his own conceit. In vain do the resplendent effects of nature meet his gaze. To no effect do the astronomers and geologists assure him that all nature's form is a change from a previous condition. Fruitless are any efforts to enter the spiritual realm, to coin new parallel argument.

He is not abashed that the well-nigh universal opinion of men agrees with the sentiments of the great philosopher who thought it less credulous to believe all the fables of the legend and of the Alcoran than to doubt that this universal frame has a mind.

The dark loneliness of an atheistic world, unbroken by one ray of hope, does not move him. This fool persistently mutters in his heart: "There is no God."

THE LITERARY PERISCOPE

By Jeannette Kennedy, Assistant in the Circulation Department, Public Library.

AN unusual book on fireworks is A. St. H. Brock's "Pyrotechnics," a subject on which the author must be well informed, as he states that he belongs to the eighth generation of a pyrotechnical family.

* * *

A posthumous work of the late Lord Bryce's is soon to appear. It consists of notes and impressions written down during the years of his travels about the world, and is called "Memories of Travel."

* * *

A new novel of school life at Eton, "Playing Fields," by Eric Parker, has just been published. It has frequently been compared to "Tom Brown's Schooldays" and usually is preferred to the latter.

* * *

There was at least one nice little return in the way of adventure for Warren H. Miller, who took a 28,000-mile journey to distant lands like Sumatra, Ceylon, Burma and the islands of the Malay archipelago, seeking the unusual. The incident related was of an occasion when a leopard slipped its paw under the tent of Mr. Miller's companion, and snatched his dog out from under the bed.

* * *

The fire-brick business in Chicago suffered the loss of one who was "doing well" in it when Rex Beach turned to story-writing, so his publishers state.

* * *

Few who read the instructive and entertaining books of world travel and descriptions of the various continents by Frank G. Carpenter, know that they are indebted for them to the fact that he was "given up to die" some 35 years ago. If his end was so near, Mr. Carpenter thought, he might as well get the benefit of $2000 he had in the bank and take a trip to Europe and anywhere else he could go before either his funds or vitality were gone. It is reported that the trip proved so interesting he forgot to die. Instead, his fame and fortune were made in his justly celebrated travel letters from all over the world. Mr. Carpenter enjoys writing so much that it is said he once remarked: "I wouldn't walk across the street to view the Garden of Eden, if I weren't going to write about it. If a fellow's obliged to write about what he sees, he's naturally bound to observe twice as much." The interesting fact is stated that Mr. Carpenter's record of publications appearing in leading metropolitan newspapers for 1500 consecutive Sundays is without parallel in the American press.

* * *

In "The Revolt of the Oyster," by Don Marquis, Spot, a philosophical dog appearing in one of the tales, gives the canine viewpoint. He says "what a dog wants is a boy anywhere from about 9 to 16 years old. A boy under 9 hasn't enough sense, as a rule, to be any company for an intelligent dog."

* * *

It is two years since Joseph Conrad's "Rescue" was published, and his admirers will be glad to look forward to a novel, now in press, which deals with a "magnificent old retired pirate of the Mediterranean coast," in the Napoleonic era. The book is entitled "The Rover," and is the 14th novel from Mr. Conrad's pen.

* * *

That "creepy" feeling, which Mr. Eden Philpotts' story, "The Grey Room," aroused with such skill, might fulfill a return engagement through the stimulation of his late mystery novel, "The Red Remaynes." These lines suggest the character of the story: "There's nothing more hateful to me than a murder without the body," says Inspector Damarell, who has to do some unraveling.

* * *

"Our Southern Highlanders," Horace Kephart's book dealing with the southern mountaineers, has been revised and is now appearing with new pictures and other material added.

* * *

A department of Boni & Liveright, publishers, is called the American Viewpoint society. It has planned a series of works on social and political topics closely related to our national life. "We and Our Government," the first volume of the series, has just appeared in print. This survey of our institutions and political organizations is by two professors of government and economics at New York university, Jeremiah Whipple Jenks and Rufus Daniel Smith. The illustrations are by Hanson Booth, and are a feature of the work. Topics to be treated in succeeding volumes, by different authors, are, the history of the United States and our international relations, our natural resources and commerce, our population and the elements composing it, health and sanitation, social relations, progress, literature and education.

* * *

Brentano's, so long a familiar book house name in New York and Washington, has recently started a London branch, closely affiliated with the other stores, but still a separate corporation.

* * *

An eminent bacteriologist, Paul H. DeKruif, who has been in close contact with the medical profession in his allied scientific work, has written what has been termed "a thunder-and-lightning book that will clear the atmosphere." It is called "Our Medicine Men."

* * *

The first book to come from Hungary in many years, it is said, is "The Old House," by Cecile Tormay, a novel which has already been translated into five languages.

* * *

The story of the seals used by the five American delegates present at the signing of the Versailles treaty is told by Ray Stannard Baker in his late volume called "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement." At the time of the marriage of the president and the present Mrs. Wilson, a group of admirers in California sent a nugget of gold out of which the wedding ring was to be made. It was found that enough gold was left over for another ring and Mrs. Wilson suggested that it be used as a signet ring for the president. The question arose as to what inscription should be used and the president, who is an expert stenographer, wrote out his name, Woodrow Wilson, in stenographic characters which were engraved on the ring and subsequently used at the signature of the Versailles treaty. Mr. Lansing and Mr. White had seal rings with the coat of arms of their families. Colonel House's seal was unusually large and oblong, and bore his name written on it in Persian, by a Persian friend. General Bliss had neither a ring bearing a coat of arms, nor any special inscription, so used his West Point class ring in signing the treaty.

Good Fiction Indorsed by College Professor.

Famous Rule of Emerson Held Too Strict for Modern Day.

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, Dec. 30.—(Special.)—"People will be no better than the books they read." This is a quotation from Bishop Potter, noted American divine. It is nearly an axiom, believes Frederick Berchtold, professor of English language and literature.

"A family with perhaps only a patent medicine almanac and a dream book for a library is preparing its members for a sad old age," says Professor Berchtold. "There is no treasure in life quite so valuable as an abiding love for good books, for they are safe guides in youth and a solace in old age.

"A Homer and a Horace, a Moliere and a Shakespeare, a Scott and a Cooper, a Montaigne and an Emerson, all of these, though old and faded and battered, are priceless possessions, more precious than jewels.

In choosing a book, as in choosing a dictionary, follow the advice of the advertiser and get the best, though not the 'best seller.' Life is short, but of books there are many. No one has time to read all, only to read the best. Of poor books, as a good many modern novels, we can never read too little, but of good books never too much.

"The three famous rules of Emerson—never read any book that is not a year old; never read any but famed books (classics); never read any books but those you like—are for the present-day student rather too rigid. This advice today must be broadened and brightened.

"A child's reading is the most important part of his education," says Professor Berchtold, "and it is what he reads for himself with pleasure rather than what he is made to study as a task, which will give him the bent to his future life. It is a mistaken idea to try to confine the young wholly to the study of science, the continued examination of facts and the consequent curbing of the imagination.

"There are still very good people who would discourage reading of fiction, forgetting the fact that fiction meets an inborn taste in man. Reading fiction is not an evil to be curbed or discouraged—it is a craving in the heart of a man to be educated, purified and guided."

Keen Competition Looked For.

John E. Edgerton in Industrial Digest.)

"In my opinion,' we are entering upon the keenest competition era in all history. The economic advantage which America now has is offset by certain other advantages possessed by our chief competitor nations. Under the discriminating tutelage of mankind's most efficient schoolmaster, misfortune, our European neighbors have learned lessons in suffering, endurance, patience, work, thrift and economy which equip them in an essential manner for a race to the goal of commercial and industrial supremacy.

"To maintain the lead which we now have in that race, we must not only increas our individual efforts, but must resolve to hold our place by a return to the same spirit of thrift, industry and determination by which our forefathers gave us this magnificent land in which to live."

Truth Above All Things.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Is it really cool at the resort you are boosting?"

"I must be truthful."

"Say on."

"We have no skating in August."

Bank Co-operation Sought in Book Campaign.

Ways to Encourage Reading Are Shown in Article.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 30.—The part that banks can play in bringing to the attention of their customers the desirability, pleasure and profit to be gained by reading good books, is shown in an article by J. H. Puelicher, president of the American Bankers' association appearing in the bulletin of the American Library association.

"A list of books on national and international affairs could be placed in the pass book of the business man," said Mr. Puelicher. "A list of books concerning modern accountancy, business law and practice could be given out with the accountant's pass book, while a list on composition and letter writing might be handed the stenographer. At the savings window, lists of books on literature could be distributed and lists of miscellaneous books might be enclosed with the monthly statement.

"The intelligence test during the war showed much illiteracy. It aroused many to serious thought. It made many feel that they had not properly supported the public school systems. It showed that the ills of America were largely economic.

"The fact that the banker and teacher had often co-operated, the teacher in speaking before bankers' conventions, the banker in serving on school boards brought forth the idea—maybe the banker could further aid the teacher.

"The committee on public education of the American Bankers