WOMEN'S CLUBS

Edited by MRS. SARAH A. EVANS

WOMEN'S WORK

A Woman Who Has Honor in All Countries.

The life of a reformer may be a very prosaic one, but occasionally one stumbles on a romance of such deep interest that it forever more stands out a a bright spot in the stony, beaten path that he has willed, because of a divine call, his feet shall tread. One of these that has stirred the pulses of the temperance reformers is the story of the life and character of Isabelle, Lady Henry Somerset. Born in the shadow of Malvern heights, the eldest daughter and heir of the earl and countess of Somers, Isabelle was noted for her beauty; accomplished and brilliant, unusually gentle and sweet, she would have won her way in society even had not her wealth and birth entitled her to distinction. A favorite at court, petted, flattered and beloved, a less noble nature than hers would have been spoiled. Isabelle married at the age of 21 Lord Henry Somerset, second son of the duke of Beaufort, and two years later her only son was born. What her life might have been if shut in alone to the developing power of this joy, we cannot tell. We cannot but believe that the ministry of pain contributed much to the perfecting of this most wonderful character. A sorrow so great that it swept over her life like a cyclone, so awful that its details may not be given, so shocking that her face, though still holding its great beauty, bears the marks of heart agony and long vigils of tears, came to her. Left alone with her guardianship and care of her son and the great estate, there came to her an awakening to what life really meant. Her heartstrings caught the refrain of heavenly music, and with all her life attuned to its harmony she went out to a strong new existence.

There was much work ready made to her hand. In East London alone nearly 300,000 tenants were transformed at once from sources of revenue to objects of most earnest solicitude and care. As soon as she began to study their needs she learned what a large part intoxicants played in the misery and poverty that was the lot of so many. On Eastnor Castle grounds she signed a total abstinence pledge with a large group of the tenants, and began in sober earnest to fight this enemy of her people. Studying the growth and history of reforms, she learned of the Woman's Christian Temperance union, which was then in its youth, and of Miss Willard, its great leader. Desiring to know more of it, she opened up a correspondence with Miss Willard and so began that most noted and tender friendship between these two great women.

Later on Lady Henry left her great stone castle with its beauty, wealth and historic associations, to cross the ocean, as she explained it, to meet and know Miss Willard. Their meeting was a unique one. Here all social caste was forgotten, and these two women—both every inch a queen and every inch a woman—met and clasped hands in that friendship that lasted until Miss Willard laid down life's labors to take up heaven's triumphs. Each one strong, separately both were stronger still, because of this rare comradeship.

It meant more yet; an alliance of the English speaking women and later the women of the world in the work of home protection. Lady Henry has for many years been the president of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance union, and is beloved and trusted by her comrades. We are some times accused of toadyism because we love this leader so. But this scribe can assure the reader that there is no trace of this in the relations the women hold with her. Lady Henry would be the very last woman to permit it. I recall standing in the vestibule of the Art institute in Chicago in 1893 at the world's W. C. T. U. convention held there, talking with her, when a woman passed who evidently had never caught the spirit of the sisterhood of women. She hesitated a moment and then, as if performing an act of devotion, she took Lady Henry's hand and kissed it in the most deferential way. A gentle flush came to our leader's face, and she leaned over and kissed the woman on the cheek. This is but one of many incidents to prove the really true bond of comradeship that bound her to us.

The readers of The Journal have had an outline of one of Lady Henry's most noted charities in the Duxhurst farm—a home for women drunkards. Here large numbers of that most pitiful class are really and permanently reformed.

The "fresh air" work for London's poor, largely little children, beginning with her own tenants, is another great hearted philanthropy that has received her generous support. No sorrow appeals to her in vain. No sinner is fallen too low for her to reach down to him, no pollution too black to win her pitying touch.

Miss Willard once said: "The men of England have their Shaftsbury, but the time will come when the world will know that the women of England have their Somerset." She is, however, too large a character to belong to England. The world is better because she has lived, and Isabella Somerset belongs to the women of the world.

ADA WALLACE UNRUH.

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Historical Event Most Momentous of 1904.

In the discussion at the Woman's club Friday of what the year 1904 had done for Oregon, the Oregon history department responded by reading the following letter from Senator Fulton:

"My reasons for believing the congressional appropriation in aid of the Lewis and Clark event the most momentous event in the history of Oregon during 1904, briefly stated, are:

First—The Lewis and Clark expedition is the most striking, interesting and historically important event in the history of the northwest, or Oregon country, and therefore we propose to commemorate its centennial anniversary by a fitting celebration, actuated thereto by high patriotic purposes. The same sentiment that moved us to undertake the celebration urges us to make it of a character comporting with the importance and dignity of the event.

Second—While our primary purpose is to commemorate the great historic event, it is proper that we take advantage of the occasion to exploit the resources and advantages of the Pacific coast, not only in respect to its wealth of minerals, the fertility of its soil, the abundance of its timber, its fisheries, but, as well, its proximity to the orient, and consequent importance as a factor in developing trade therewith.

Third—Without national recognition and national aid, the exposition would not have ranked above the ordinary state fair. It would have attracted little if any attention beyond the boundaries of the original "Oregon country." As it is, the exposition is widely known, and promises to be one of the most attractive and interesting ever held. It will be participated in by many foreign countries and by most of the states of the Union. It will attract to the Pacific coast next year mighty throngs of tourists, and consequently the northwest will thereafter be known and appreciated as it could not otherwise have been for many years. Being known and appreciated the tide of desirable immigration will overflow the country. Hence, I believe the appropriation in question, which carried with it national recognition and provided for national participation, was, for us, the most momentous event of 1904.

Sincerely yours,
C. W. FULTON.

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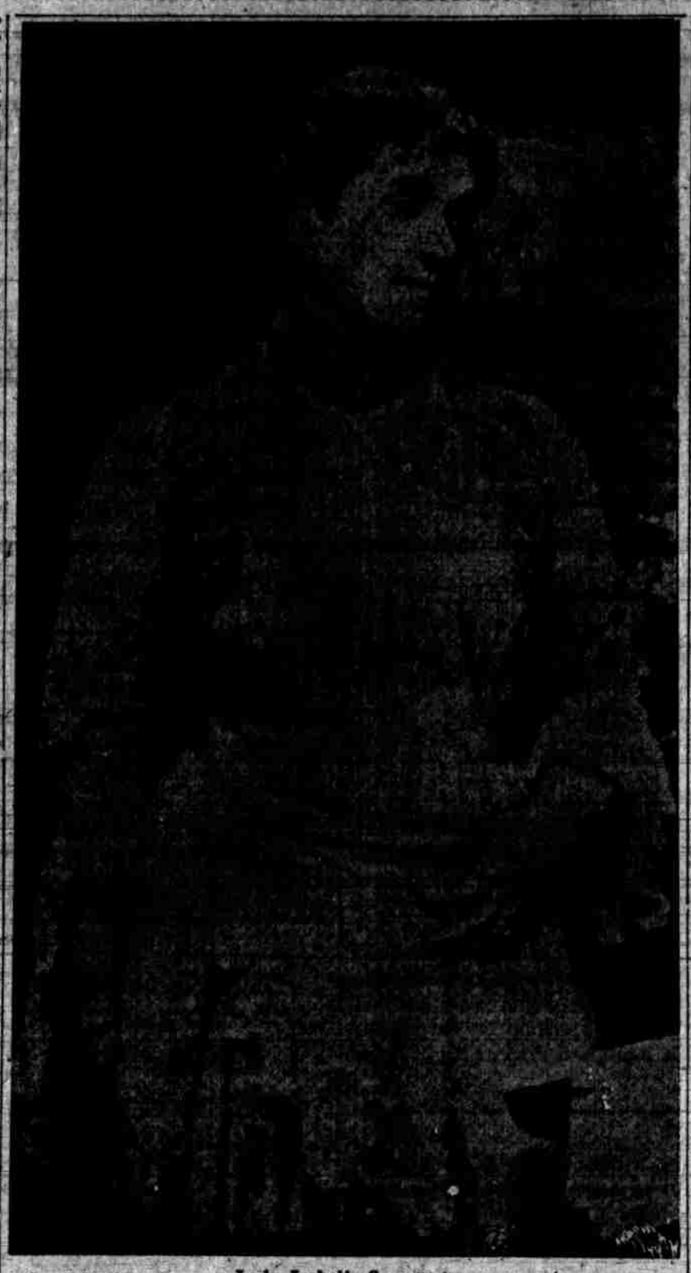
The Name Sacajawea Becoming Very Popular.

Poor little Sacajawea in her roseiest dreams of becoming "like white people" never could have seen in prophetic vision half the fame she is receiving. Several men are contesting for the honor of having dug her name from the archives of the expedition, and suggesting it for honorable recognition, but there is no doubt that in making her one of the heroines of "The Conquest," Mrs. Dye brought her life and services before the public more forcibly than ever before, and in a manner to inspire a great desire to do her honor. This desire has taken several forms; first and foremost of which is the association that will erect a $7,000 bronze statue on the Lewis and Clark fair grounds; but all over the land the name, unpronounceable as it is, has become one to conjure with. A tall mountain peak in Montana will rear its everlasting snow-crowned head in memory of the heroine of the Lewis and Clark party.



Lady Isabelle Somerset.

Clubs, reading circles, yachts and social parties have adopted "that noble name and brave," and are finding it good to work under and think upon. The latest organization to do her honor is a suffrage society of Minnesota. In giving an account of it the Woman's Journal says:

"Mrs. Farmer has organized her club at the neighborhood house in West St. Paul as a result of her work among the women of that ward in instructing them about registration and manner of voting for free text books. This club has been named the Sacajawea after the Indian woman who assisted the Lewis and Clark expedition. The women in this club are most of them mothers of large families, and Mrs. Farmer writes that they are especially interested in the coguardianship laws."

Nothing could be more appropriate, for did she not lead the van of advanced thought, and point the way to a higher civilization, while her lord and master reaped the privileges and emoluments. This Minnesota club will undoubtedly consider it a privilege to give material assistance to the statue erected in honor of its patron saint.

Since reporting last week a progressive woman of Portland has sent the association her check for $10. May many more of Portland's women receive a like inspiration. This contribution sums up Oregons entire contribution for the week.

From other states the association has to acknowledge contributions from the following:

Dansville, N. J., Mt. Ary, Pa., Cleburn, Tex., Washburn, Wis., Peckville, Pa., Anaconda, Mont., N. Attleboro, Mass., St. Albans, W. Va., Greensburg, W. Va., Philadelphia, Pa., Jerome, Ariz., Petersburg, Va.

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Nathan Said "Behold Thou Art the Man."

Several letters have been addressed to the editor since last week, besides a number of personal inquiries as to the identity of "K. G.," who wrote out such a tell-tale set of New Year's resolutions and allowed them to be picked up on Morrison street.

One bristling little woman, all curls, feathers and fur, bustled into our sanctorum to tell us "she never carried a chip on her shoulder and if that was the way she was to be written up just because she complained when her name was left out of the newspaper, when she really was a delegate, she would just resign from the 'Wimodausis,' at once."

"I always loved harmony," chirped a sweet voiced little belligerent, as she buzzed into the ear of the editor, who was trying to do a literary "stunt" on the late peace conference at the Marquam. "I care nothing for anybody's backyard, and I haven't any windows on that side of my house to be shattered, and I will just tell K. G.—for I know the horrid thing—that when I tried to injure somebody it wasn't to help myself along—it was for harmony—it's the best word I know to conjure with." But this last clause slipped out and so did the little woman that insists upon "harmony if she has to fight and pray for it."

A very dignified letter, written on heavy cream paper with a deep hemstitched border, says:

"Madam: I have discovered the identity of K. G., for I saw her peaking at my new hardwood floor, which I don't propose to give up to anybody. Not being on speaking terms with her, will you kindly inform her that I have subscribed to the statute of Sacajawea, but don't know what that has to do with my floor and the statute of limitation."

"I have an appetite for power, indeed! I accuse people of running things!" and the irate Amazon almost lost her grenadier plume in bobbing a contradiction to one or two of "K. G.'s" resolutions which she was perfectly sure were meant for her.

"Conscience doth make cowards of us all," it also ruffles us the wrong way occasionally, but there is no surer way of declaring one's guilt than by making a personal matter out of a general charge. Its the worst kind of a "give away."

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A Woman Commander For the Salvation Army.

With the coming of a woman to take command of the hosts of the Salvation Army, in America, it is hoped some of the spirit of system and order, so pronounced in the Booth family, will be brought to bear upon its work, which has been quite conspicuous for its absence, at least around and about Portland. As has been said times without number, the Salvation Army reaches a class no other sect or organized charity can ever touch; it has grown to be a world power, though its methods are seriously called into question by students of sociology and the most advance ideas of philanthropy. This, however, admits of a question and they may be as nearly right as their critics, but that some of their customs do not place women in the position to command respect, admits of none.

No law or requirement of God or man would justify any woman standing in the pouring rain a whole day over an old papier-mache turkey for a few pennies that might be dropped in to give a poor, hungry soul a dinner. If these poor hungry souls worked half as hard as this over-zealous woman they would have earned their dinners without ruining the health of some woman who, more likely than not, has children needing her services at home. Speaking alone for Portland the lack of system in other respects calls for condemnation along other lines. People living within a radius of 20 miles of the city always go to town before Christmas, and it is just this class that cannot resist the leanness of that gaping turkey and give freely toward its stuffing, so do not enjoy the importunities of the collectors who scour the country adjacent to Portland for days and weeks before every holiday.

In one case just beyond the suburbs every member of a large family had contributed to "stuff the turkey," but the collector was so persistent that a promise had to be given that either a chicken, pastry or some fruit would be forthcoming when he appeared a week later; which he did promptly, with his wagon "loaded to the gunwales" with loot from the neighborhood, among which were 12 squawking chickens tied on behind. He was hardly out of sight when another, in full uniform of the Salvation Army, appeared to levy on the sympathies of the country housewife.

The suggestion did present itself at last that the uniform was not hard to copy and as neither had any certificate of authority from headquarters to make such collections it left room at least to question if it was all diverted to legitimate purposes. As the most remote military post is governed from headquarters it is to be expected that with Commander Eva Booth at the helm some radical changes will be effected, at least so far as the health of the women subject to her command are concerned and the protection of housewives from too much importuning.

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Teachers' Association Studies Art Again This Year.

The Teachers' association is one of the finest organizations of women in the city. It is in no way connected with school work, but is organized wholly for study. Under its auspices some of the best lectures on literary subjects ever given in the city have been conducted. The meetings are held in the library building the first and third Saturday of every month at 7:30 p. m.

For the past two years the club has devoted its time to the study of art, principally the old masters, and will continue along the same lines this year. At the next meeting, January 21, the following will be given:

"Titian and His Times," Mrs. Ralph Wilber; "His Religious Pictures," Miss Barnes; "His Allegorical Subjects," Miss Richmond; "His Portraits and His Place Among Great Portrait Painters," Miss McConaughy.

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Educational Display at St. Louis Was Very Meagre.

Without doubt the elaborate report of W. H. Wehrung, superintendent of Oregon's exhibit at St. Louis, will be hailed with pleasure and gratification by a large majority of Oregon's citizens, and when the quantity of prunes, the shiney big apples, the huge salmon and the fat cattle are contemplated and the 353 prizes counted up, Oregon will feel it has "done itself proud." In her product of food stuffs no doubt she has, but the report shows a lamentable weakness where Oregon should have cause to feel proudest.

"There are few states in the Union whose schools have a higher grade or better average, and the report of her educational exhibit takes up less than half the space of prunes, cows or fish.

"Art seems to have found no place in the Oregon exhibit—and from the report very little education either—but why is another matter. Oregon has an artist, Miss Francesca Grothjean, who was the pupil of Courtois, Girard, Paul J. Blanc and several others of equal note, the friend of the Bretons and Puvis de Chavannes; her pictures have been hung in the salons of the Champs Elysees, and the Champs du Mars, receiving good places and never having been "skyed." She has received distinguished honors for her work in New York and abroad.

Professor Ives, who was in charge of the St. Louis art exhibit, having seen Miss Grothjean's work in New York wrote and asked her to exhibit at St. Louis, but her pictures were refused transporation along with the prunes, apples and fat cattle, and Oregon fails to show that educationally, artistically and esthetically she not only stands the equal but superior of many states, which is quite as much of an inducement to many to become residents of the state, as the products of the soil are.

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Emily Warren Succeeds Horace Lyman.

It is a matter of pride and gratification to the women of the state that a woman and one so altogether worthy as Miss Emily Warren of Astoria has been appointed to succeed the late Horace Lyman as county superintendent of Clatsop county. This is a just recognition of Miss Warren's valuable services as a teacher in the public schools of Astoria, and no better appointment could have been made.

Miss Warren has long been a club woman and served last year as a member of the educational committee. We wish Miss Warren might be farther honored by being given a place on the educational committee of the Lewis and Clark fair.

With the many women teachers in the state and their necessarily closer and more intimate acquaintance with the work they seem almost indispensable to an efficient committee or a comprehensive representation of the educational work of the state.

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Charlotte Perkins Gilman Retires From Woman's Journal.

It is a matter of deep regret to the many readers of The Woman's Journal of Boston that Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman has retired from it. For the past year Mrs. Gilman has edited a page which has done much to popularize the Journal and this feature will be sadly missed.

If Mrs. Gilman possesses anything, it is individuality, and she does possess many other rare qualities. Her opinions are most pronounced and she gives utterance to them without fear or favor. The large majority of women do not readily subscribe to her views, but even in disagreeing, they never fail to appreciate and be benefited by her fresh and original ideas on economics, particularly those pertaining to women.

A great treat is in store for those who have never heard, her and only know her through her books, as she will occupy a prominent place on the Chautauqua program next summer.

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Domestic Science Subject of Alpha Club.

The Alpha club of Baker City gave one of the most delightful afternoons in the history of the club, at the last meeting which was held at the home of Mrs. Stolty. Domestic science was the topic for the afternoon and roll call was answered to by "a helpful household hint."

Mrs. Samuel White gave a very excellent paper on "The Nutritive Value of Foods" and Mrs. Ellis gave a short talk on "What must be done and what left undone." Both papers received hearty applause and called out interesting discussion. Mrs. Stolty then gave a practical demonstration in salad making, after which the ladies taking part in the program served refreshments.

GOSSIP OF SOME CURRENT BOOKS

"GETTING Acquainted With the Trees"—By J. Horace McFarland. Nothing in all nature appeals to the lovers of nature as do the trees. There is a weirdness, a touch of the human, as well as a whispering of the Infinite, in every tree that will stir the heart and compel to reverence all those who walk among them. There is something akin to man, too, in their very nature, and like man they reflect back just what we chose to give them. If we disregard them, they do not intrude themselves or their habits upon us; if we give them love and admiration they enrich us without money and without price. But to receive this we cannot entirely look at them from a scientific standpoint, much less can we estimate them commercially; we must do what Mr. McFarland has done, and what his book so sweetly, so gently teaches us to do—"get acquainted with them," just as we would acquaint ourselves with our friends and our neighbors.

The author makes no pretense of furnishing a book on forestry, neither does he use technical or unintelligible botanical terms to puzzle the lay reader. He says in his "foreword": "They record the growth of my own interest and information, as I have recently observed and enjoyed the trees among which I had walked unseeing far too many years. . . . Driven out from my desk by weariness sometimes—and as often, I confess, by a rasped temper I fain would hide from display—I have never failed to find rest and peace and much to see and love among the common and familiar trees, to which I hope these mere hints of some of their features, not always seen, may send others who also need their silent and beneficent message."

The book treats of the maples, the oak, pines, apples, willows and poplars, elms and the tulip, nut-bearing and some miscellaneous trees, with a botanical index in the back. There is an individuality and an originality about the way Mr. McFarland handles his subjects that makes his work wholly unlike a study of trees and causes the impression to grow that one is really "getting acquainted with the trees," with out taxing the mind or worrying the memory, and yet learning it in a never-to-be-forgotten manner.

Mr. McFarland, however, writes principally of the trees of the east and south, and has not become acquainted with some of the finest traits of character his trees possess, when found in western soil—as, for instance, in his beautiful description of the dogwood, he speaks of it as "Holding out its spring flag of truce from arduous weather and its autumn store of sustenance for our feathered friends," but in no place speaks of its second blossoming which makes our Oregon fall woods glorious.

Of the apple tree he says: "The fully set fruiting branch of an apple tree, in health and vigor, properly nurtured and protected against fungous disease by modern spraying, is a thing of beauty in its form and coloring." He then draws some beautiful pictures of the different varieties of apples as they hang upon the trees, but fails to mention the varieties that have made Hood River famous the world over, and without having seen which the real beauty of an apple tree cannot be conceived. These are only localisms, however, which in no way detract from the book, whose wealth of information and chaste, poetic diction makes it a rare treat to read.

Mr. McFarland has not exhausted his resources with his pen, for his camera has proclaimed his handiwork, whereby he has illustrated his book with 234 most beautiful pictures. Some are in shadow tints photographed across the text, while others stand out clear and bold of full-page size, but all so perfect and distinct one can almost trace the veining of the leaves. The book is bound in delicate green, with a majestic American elm (in winter) in darker tints spreading its branches across the cover. It is printed on heavy, enduring paper, and is altogether one of the very handsome books of the year. The Macmillan company. Price $1.50.

"The Prisoner of Mademoiselle"—By Charles G. D. Roberts. This is a pretty, if rather improbable, love story. We have heard it called "a story of love and war." If it is, love gets the lion's share, and it would be hard to tell where the war came in unless it is because the hero, "Lieutenant Zachary Cowles," is an officer of the navy from Plymouth colony, and the heroine is the niece of one of the governors of a French province during some of the troubles between England and France. The lieutenant after a night of perilous adventure in an open boat, along the coast of Acadie, finally lands and almost immediately becomes the prisoner, through his own carelessness, of "Mademoiselle Anne."

The lady gets herself in some very uncomfortable positions by having to protect the life of her prisoner, as he has surrendered to her his sword, and the rules of honorable warfare exact it. It is almost on the eve of her marriage with a French officer she detests, but to whom her uncle has betrothed her. The whole story covers but three days of time, but is long enough to have her change the hiding place of her prisoner several times, at imminent peril of discovery, to make prisoner and captor fall desperately in love with each other and while working out their salvation another love affair, of no mean proportions, suddenly develops, all culminating in a midnight ride, an obliging priest at the other end, a double wedding while the irate uncle and whilom lover slept the sleep of the just.

Mr. Roberts just has things happen as if they were "made to order," and one's imagination is not taxed by wondering how it will turn out; nor does one have to wait while the story drags out to interminable lengths, though the writer does turn aside ever and anon to give some pretty picture of nature's haunts, or the adventure of bird or beast. But along this line the author is always irresistible and can be easily forgiven from turning out of the path of the story to sketch in some bit of nature's handiwork, even to the extent of carrying his hero and heroine way past the climax of the story, while he paddles them through the breakers and over the shoals of one of Acadie's wild and picturesque streams.

One can overlook a very shallow love story, with the plot spread pretty thin, if at the end they have two pages of such exquisite description as he gives when "the infinite miracle of the dawn was wrought before them."

The book is well bound, fine cover design and printed on heavy paper. L. C. Page & Co. J. K. Gill, Portland. Price $1.50.

"Tales and Other Verse"—By Valentine Brown. In the preface the author says: "With this, my fourth volume completed, my verse is placed in book form. The writing and type setting of these volumes covers a period of 20 years. As the author is imperfect, they are imperfect, and without excuse for errors, defects, lack of art and erudition, expressing no opinion, except that Armageddon is the best and Ginsaig the worst of my productions, I give them all to you."

The first is a clever little quatrain with a sturdy sentiment. The latter is the arraignment of the city of "Ginsaig," in a conversation which is supposed to have taken place between the author and an inhabitant of Mars.

If poetry is "one of the fine arts which has for its object the creation of intellectual pleasure," "Ginsaig" falls far short of a poem, but if poetry is "the art of producing illusions of the imagination by means of language," "Ginsaig" has considerable poetic merit. The writer in a prefatory note says: "There is not a breath of burlesque or satire in the entire song," but he is hardly meant to be taken seriously in this, for the city by the Willamette, so thinly disguised in "Ginsaig," is held over the toasting iron of as keen and cutting satire as it has ever been treated to, while some of the "materials of Ginsaig" might recognize themselves in questionable positions without the aid of a magnifying glass.

As a newspaper poem, or on the pages of a local magazine it would be a howling success, but it rather jars the critic to find its cheap play on words, some of its rather unpoetic expression and the airing of municipal conditions bound permanently in a book with so many things which should receive an enduring place in the literature of Oregon. But in a footnote the author says: "I do not believe a reviewer is original," so the want of wholly appreciating the poem may be ours.

In every poem the book contains, Mr. Brown shows himself a devout lover of nature and a keen observer. The wildness of Oregon's rugged scenery appears to him much as it did to Sam Simpson, and many of his shorter poems, as for instance, "Where Ziggas Flows" and "Sunrise in the Cascades," reminds one of the fervent poetic utterances of "Willamette's poet."

The stories, in the first half of the book, contain some fine passages, and, here and there, have a gem of thought polished to brilliancy, but as a whole, neither contain the fine sentiment or enduring qualities of the short poems of the last half, which are mainly tributes to particular natural features of Oregon. Some of the legends creep in and here and there is found a poem of decidedly religious character, notably "The Rending of the Veil," which in its five brief, but beautiful stanzas reflects all the religion any one needs. Mr. Brown is a resident of Portland, and if not a native, certainly was in Oregon during his early days, as his poem, "Nehalem" would give testimony, of and long enough be inspired with a poetic conception of its natural beauties.

It is hoped Mr. Brown will reconsider a determination not to put his book on sale, for it should have a place, and a good place, among Oregon literature.

"The Truants"—By A. E. Mason. This is a society sketch just heavy enough to be interesting and just light enough to be entertaining. A certain air of mystery envelopes the story that touches up the plot; and then the two distinct romances that run through the story, now meeting and mingling and now parting and running their own course, keep up the run of interest which is never allowed to flag. The author in following the career of one of the heroes takes the reader far into the North sea, on a fishing smack and again upon the battle field, and camping grounds of the south where the French foreign legion was contending for its rights upon the borders of Morocco, thus giving the story a wide field of action. This latter part calls to mind Ouida's masterpiece, as it has some features in common with "Under Two Flags."

The principal scenes of "The Truants," however, are laid in London, where amidst the gaieties of society the characters show to best advantage.

"The Truants" are two young married people, who living with a rich but overbearing father become wretchedly unhappy. The husband leaves his wife to seek his own fortune and make a new and pleasanter home for her in another country. During his absence she becomes infatuated with a ballroom admirer. The second hero and heroine here take a hand, and at a deal of personal sacrifice, work and trouble (seldom experienced in real life) guide the wife away from her folly and are instrumental in bringing about a reconciliation between husband and wife.

The characters are well drawn, but one wishes the author had made them more worthy of admiration. The wife (not so very young) is insincere and fickle, easily persuaded to good or bad and never to be trusted. The husband lacks the wisdom and judgment of his years, is foolish and blunders so egregiously one is tempted to wish he might be gotten away with. The second hero and heroine have to furnish wisdom, judgment and good sense for the four of them. "Lionel Calion," the villain, is of the deepest dye, but not quite enough of one to fight when he ought to. The characters are none of them such as one would want to add to their list of friends, but the story of them is well told without any bad effects from the casual acquaintance.

The book has a chaste little cover design and some good illustrations. Harper & Burns. Price, $1.50.

A PROFESSOR'S HARD LUCK

From the New York Sun.

Chillicothe, Ohio.—This is the story of a joke which has caused a good deal of annoyance to its original victim and which is now causing annoyance to others. It started in this wise:

In 1901 Professor Alga Crook, holding the chair of geology and mineralogy at the Northwestern university at Chicago, found occasion to remonstrate with some of his pupils about their behavior. He found fault with them for smoking and chewing tobacco, for swearing, for drinking intoxicating liquor, and above all, for sitting in the dark corners of the campus at night and engaging in kissing bouts with persons of the other sex. Professor Crook is earnest in his manner and he spoke directly and with severity.

His words stung. To get even, some of the students started the report that Professor Crook had said that he himself had never done any of the things he referred to, with especial emphasis upon the last one. The report spread, the newspapers got it, it was printed from end to end of the country, and one morning Professor Crook awoke to find himself famous in an unpleasant way.

The charge was a peculiarly hard one to meet. Nobody would laugh at him for not smoking or drinking or swearing, but kissing is different. When he denied the report, people only laughed. If he had kissed a girl, they wanted specifications. He was between the devil and the deep sea.

Professor Crook was from the outset at a disadvantage. So the report grew and grew, and any contradictions of it published were so worded that they only served to add to the power of the joke. Letters poured in upon him, letters of advice, of encouragement, of condemnation; proposals of marriages; offers to initiate him into the mysteries of the kissing game.

It was hard enough to bear the annoyance caused by the joke directly, but it had other effects. It affected in a measure his prestige as a professor. It is even declared that an offer of advancement which was about to be made to him was held back.

Professor Crook bore up against the storm as well as he could and hoped that it would pass in time. He devoted himself to an important work—the location of the source of the diamonds which have been found from time to time in this country, borne from the north in the glacial drift. His method is simple enough—to gather data about all the existing diamonds, then by following the glacial drift to trace them to their common source, but it will take a long time in the working out.

Gradually the storm subsided. The world forgot about him and turned to other things.

But the other day word went forth that he was engaged to be married, and the kissing story was called up again. This time the annoyance was not confined to him. The young lady to whom he was engaged also suffered. Such questions as when and how Professor Crook kissed her, or if he ever did, and how it felt were sought to be propounded to her. She was pestered for her photograph. How much she has been wounded in this way no one knows but herself, but any sensitive person can imagine.

Professor Crook's father is presiding elder of the Methodist church for this district, and it was while on a visit home last summer that Professor Crook met his betrothed. He is an enthusiastic tennis player and it was at a tournament that the introduction took place.

It was a genuine case of love at first sight and in a few weeks they were engaged. They were married on Wednesday, December 28. It was arranged that the wedding should be an elaborate church one, but the recent death of the bride's sister caused the plan to be changed.

The bride has been instructor of music in the public schools here for some years. She is a very attractive girl and possesses a beautiful contralto voice. Prof. Crook himself is a tall, good looking fellow. He is especially well educated, having rounded out his studies by a three years' course in the universities of Germany.

His life was a very successful one until this joke was sprung upon him. Now, whenever his name is mentioned, some one has this story to tell about him, and in the laugh that follows his merits are sometimes forgotten. But his friends hope that the end has been reached now.