

BACHELORS and MAIDS FOR LEAGUES TOMMY TOOD He Writes Interestingly to His Uncle Jack

Rival Campaigns of Celibacy and Connubial Bliss Which Are Being Waged With Vigor in the Land of Sunshine and Poetry

ROME, Feb. 27.—In Italy certain doctrines are making considerable progress, which show that Italian and American ideas on matrimony are diametrically opposed: In Italy it is the men who combine to resist all temptation to marry, while the women have formed an association to compel their men friends to marry them by the use of moral force. In America, if I am not mistaken, it is mere man who is given the go-by, while he, poor thing, yearns for a wife.

The bachelors of the north of Italy, as it is there that single masculine bliss is particularly appreciated, have formed themselves into a society with many branches, and have just held their fifth annual congress this time at Padua. The life of the society, however, dates back centuries, when it first took some time for the novel idea to sink into the masculine mind with all its vast consequences, from the responsibility, more or less, of liberty, gaiety and no certain lectures! This has appeared so thoroughly to the bachelors in the north of Italy, that the bears of the society now number 490, but alas! there is a rift within the lute, no matter how opposed they may be to the duties of a married man, and the ladies do not seem inclined to encourage admitters who have no serious intentions.

Money But Not Good Looks.

The society was founded by a certain Antonio Trelussa, whose pitiful story caused all true bachelors' blood to boil. Trelussa, who, by the way, is not handsome, but possessed of some money, was engaged to a pretty peasant girl below him in station, and the wedding day was fixed. In fact, the what-should-have-been happy day dawned, and Trelussa was awakened by some one thumping on his door. He hurried into the street and opened the door to find but a bundle, which, when opened, was found to contain the not very lavish gifts which he and his bridegroom had received. A letter was pinned to the bundle, and when opened, was found to contain the following: "The society of bachelors, for the protection of the sex. But as can easily be understood there are many who have no better luck in making money, and they hanker after the sweets of feminine companionship, but—without its responsibilities."

This fact was productive of considerable dismay in the congress held at Padua the other day, the older members reproaching the younger for having strayed from the strict letter of the club rules which forbid platonic friendships with "perfidious women." The gay young bachelors contended that if they did not marry, they would be made within their rights, and called upon all to combine to fight a bill which is to be introduced in parliament obliging unmarried men to support and maintain women whose reputations they have injured.

Bachelors Tremble.

This is indeed a drastic measure, which makes bachelors, even outside those which have "combined," tremble in their shoes. But there is hope for them yet; in Italy there is a long step between a contemplated and an accomplished bill, and very many slips between the cup and the lip, especially when the content of the laws are as bitter as all that. The bachelors may find ways of "approaching" the deputies of their several districts, and moral suasion is a potent weapon, and so to go a long way. The congress thus decided to use every influence in their power to oppose such legislation, and the sitting members have solemnly promised to conduct themselves with more discretion.

The Padua congress also agreed to establish a fund to be used in whatever way may seem best to prevent members of the Society of Bachelors who develop matrimonial tendencies from taking the final plunge. The man who shows signs of succumbing to Cupid will, after this, be reasoned with, and he "comes in" to enable him to go where his charmer cannot follow, even to emigrate, especially to America, where several of the society's members already live. But the fund will have to be very carefully doled out, as otherwise what is to prevent a bachelor who desires to marry, from being induced from pretending to be in love, and then allowing himself to be persuaded to make himself scarce?

Maids Seek Husbands.

While the bachelors of northern Italy are combining to protect themselves against the eternal feminine, the maids of southern Italy are doing the same to protect their matrimonial interests. A club in full swing in Rome is a type of others farther south, and, as will be seen, holds its masculine captives with a firm hand. The spider and the fly are not in it.

The Roman club is called the "Good Hope," and has really justified its name. The ladies in their organization have again proved the superiority of the feminine mind over the masculine, and that they understand human nature much better. The bachelors are sternly kept away from the softer sex, and are prohibited from transgressing and consequently forbidden fruit seems sweet, while the maids have made pleasure and amorous intercourse the object of the ostensible object of their club, most astutely arguing that the men are easier caught in their hour of weakness than in their hour of sorts, etc., among the members, the girls refusing their company outside the club, so that the men who want



to associate with them must come in. The president is Assunta Beasi, who is about 22 years old and she is aided of others farther south, and, as will be seen, holds its masculine captives with a firm hand. The spider and the fly are not in it.

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have been omitted as no man has yet availed himself of it.

It will have been noticed that the terrors reserved for the culprit who goes back on his plighted word are not specified, and are probably all the more dreadful to the masculine imagination for that reason, as after all what can be done to him other than cast him forth into the outer darkness? This, however, has happened practically only once in the three years since the "Good Hope" has been in existence.

By Wex Jones.

DEAR UNCLE JACK—Grammuther was heer yesterday Shee is ron 2day.

befour shee calm popp Sed 2 muther semmicoin I Wunder iff yur muther thinks we keep A boarding hows so when grammuther was talking off her hat I sed comma du t' think we keep A boarding hows

Beaws popp wants 2 me butt went away kwick & I told popp that shee woodent let me iff shee thawt we kept A boarding hows

muther looked Att popp popp put on his hat & sed comma poo A littel innocent joak

muther shee has went 2 grammuthers 2 try & square itt shee Sed to the funny

tommy

dear unkel jack teacher sed we Shudder on the brink Of the yello perl what? is that I sed the japps Is A war like race shee Sed I will take me up any louder I will enny better fitting bold evins

I pulled A chinks Q 2 day 2 terrify These yello perl

wit' a sailor inn fitting bold evins Flete unkel jack & then u cood send me postals out of Awt them places grammuther A jend a cubbie of shee sed 2 me comma tommy My dear gransun Tel me what yur popp Sed

I sed popp sed semmicoin I Sed rosevelts made A word omitted fool Of himself agen these 2 words omitted— rosevelts made A word omitted—

Shee sed comma ne I mean what hee Sed about mee

I sed popp sed no words was strong enny I sed his feelings so heed say nothing b g

tommy

dear unkel jack teacher asked mee why? Is itt colder inn winter than inn summer

I sed R it? fooling answer thee kwestion shee Sed

WINKELSPIEL ON WINTER SPORTS

(Copyright, 1908, by American-Journal-Examiner.)

MAIN LIEBER LOOEY—Vehaf received your letter from der punch der Lion hotel, and ve vas giat to hear it dot yur heart gets out in der varm sunshine and all nature down dare in Florida has got its peek-a-boo valst on.

Not such is it here yet.

Der thermometer has been down to keno several times since it is der last few days, and ebery time it goes up a leads from keno der snow und der slush becomes out bock companions.

Ve vas all vell at home odd here in der country mit der exception dot der weather is not so bad as it was skating on Bauer Schmidt's pond a cubbie of days ago and came home mit his nose all blooded, mit his kenneckles unpeeled and his trousership clipped from Alpha to Ogdensburg. It seems der vile leedle Max vas doing der Dutch rook backwards, he suddenly decided to fall down, and in doing so he foalish enough to selection a spot alretty occupied by another boy much larger den Max, mit der result dot in der mixup vich followed heefer teeth vich leedle Max prized not so much for der beautu as for der accomplishments got up und left der corner of his face.

Winter is a nice time of der year, Looey, especially for dose who haf money enough to rush off to der tropical zone.

Ve vas all vell at home mit der exception dot yesterday morning at about der hour of aefen py a goot reliable horse your leedle boy and der pussied open our bedroom door und from a sound sleep laked me odd.

It ain't id py der pond no more, hee aboos!

"Vot is it py der pond yet? I responded.

"It is py der lawn offer such a vet her present predicament is thought by Dan's wife and a few others, to be just punishment. One of the best bits of worldly wisdom displayed by the author is her portrayal of the education of Mrs. Hammel and her trial by water. Here the author scores a point in favor of equal suffrage; indeed, next to the question of capital punishment, that of injustice to women and sex discrimination, she brings out most clearly, and does so cleverly by pitting against it the women who have all the want and those that dislike "mannish" women. Each member of the Drayton family, including the colored boy, is excellently well drawn, and each plays an interesting and important part. In fact, the book has no figures for the purpose of filling in. From start to finish it is full of life and color, is strong and tense, and contains, not only a wealth of facts, but a wealth of stimulating thought. The book is neatly bound, is printed in good bold type and contains a colored frontispiece. Robert Griek. Price \$1.50.

"The Victorian Age in History. Justly McCarty's work, 'A Short History of Our Own Times' has been revised and brought to date with special reference to the years extending from 1870 to the present day. It is in that some of the days occurred at home and abroad during that time have been among the most thrilling in our history. The author's style is clear and the record of them as contained in this present volume is accurate on the one hand, and suggestive, clear and vivid on the other. The author is a master of a vigorous, yet smooth and lucid, style and he is especially happy in the portrayal of various statesmen, reformers, authors, and other whose lives figure prominently in the times of which he writes.

"The Victorian Age in History" is a book that deserves a place also as literature, and in its present form recommends itself to those who like a condensed narrative of our own times, and who desire many volumes or much shelf space, Harper & Brothers.

"Through the Magic Door," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.—This is an introduction to literature for younger readers, and will be published by the McClure company. The author has been in a genial, leisurely fashion, given an account of his own literary tastes and experiences, and can be seen, for example, how "Sherlock Holmes" has read Poe, how the author of "The White Company" has read Charles Reade, how the author of "Sir Nigel" has read Scott and Dumas, and last, but not least, how the author of "The Hound of the Baskin's" has familiarized himself with the history and records of the old English prize ring.

Everybody—almost—will want to know the possibilities of a happy and profitable living on a single acre of irrigated land, and in the March Century is told the interesting and suggestive story of what one man—a broken-down city worker—is accomplishing in Washington. In this issue, too, NEW YORK writes on "Experiences with Railway Rates and Rebates," and Henry B. Hersey, United States weather bureau inspector, describes enthusiastically his "Explorations in the Sky." Of rarely unusual biographical interest are the account of "The Latest Work" of an "Agriculturist" by his son, and the second of Helen Keller's essays, "Sense and Sensibility," even more of an "Agriculturist" than the first of this wonderful young woman's wonderful gifts.

There will be widespread interest in "Gifts of the Gods," an authoritative presentation of Emmanuel Church's experiments in practical religion, by the associate director of the church's campaign for the moral treatment of nervous disorders.

Domesticated Prairie Chickens.
From the Indianapolis News.

Lemuel Andrews, near this place, has a flock of prairie chickens on his farm that has become practically domesticated.

Some of the older birds have been on the farm for five years, during which time they have increased in numbers from a dozen to more than 150 birds. Andrews permits hunting on his farm, and during the last five years not a chicken has been killed, not even by himself.

There must be good and sufficient reasons why these things are right or wrong, and when once the reason is established this very reason will protect the love of any child for birds, trees or flowers, and the care and protection follow. It is right along this line of procedure this book works. Its first chapters give a pleasant description of the life and growth of a country boy; his first fishing, his adventure in sports, his notice of the signs of nature, his comradeship with the birds and all creatures of the wood, and with it all that strong invigorating atmosphere of wholesome country living. The boy's life is so full of interest that the reader knows nothing about it. In reading the first chapter one almost feels that Whittier's "Barred Boy" reduced to prose.

Later, the book specializes and takes up the various kinds of birds, dwelling briefly on many that are familiar to every one. It takes no unusual keenness to discover the fact that the author of this book has been born and reared in the country, and that he is now a resident of the city. It has never entirely succeeded in brushing from him the glow and enthusiasm of the forests and the tenants of their trees, and his enthusiasm shows on every page of the book. There are some very pretty color illustrations, and the book is published by L. C. Page & Co. Price \$1.50.

"In the First Degree," by Margaret Holmes Bates.—This is one of the most cleverly constructed stories of the present year. It is written for a most proper purpose, and that is to give the public sentiment against capital punishment. But it does not approach this in a straightforward, didactic, or in any manner, but in a refined and artistic way, playing two sets of people and circumstances against each other, and showing the reader how to solve the two equations, while the reader works out the solution by means of both. The inhumanity, injustice, the cruelty and the brutality of the law, however, comprise the whole philosophy of this story, for it has many other things to offer. In fact, than many a fiction-writer's story, it is a masterpiece. First comes the lesson in the Drayton family. The Draytons, father, mother and two sons, are a family of the substantial, cultured class, who had enough of this world's goods to satisfy every want, and who valued the place they had made for themselves in the hearts and homes of Stillwater society. Their social position, as well as their honesty and integrity were above question. When the story opens, Dan, the second son, had but recently gone over to the Philippines and taken him a wife that was a good-looking, devoted, this of the Drayton family. Added to her coarse manner and uncultured personality was a small and petty jealousy which was the dread of the mother, and ambition to be a "swell." This manifested itself when the opportunity was offered Dan to go into politics, and stand for prosecutor-general. Against the wishes of his entire family he allowed himself to become a candidate and was finally elected, which the wife considered her triumph over the whole Drayton family. Underneath the opposition of the Draytons to Dan taking office was the dread of the mother that he might have to prosecute a criminal case and if successful would have been the instrument by which a person would be sent to the gallows. The execution of a woman had at one time been the means of a tragic incident in the Drayton family, and the mother's strong coloring to the story. It so happened that Dan's very first case as prosecutor was against a woman who was the wife of a friend of the family and a sort of early sweetheart of Dan's. She was found guilty of murder by the first jury, but this woman is a strong character, bright, capable and with some very orthodox ideas regarding society, and

New Books

CASTLES AND CHATEAUX OF Old Navarre and the Basque Provinces, by Francis Mitton, with pictures by Blanche McManus.—This is the eighth of a series of books written by Mr. Mitton, all of which, except "Rambles on the Riviera," have taken some feature or province of France for their subject. France, from whatever point of view it is considered, is a country of romance and chivalry, but about Navarre, and poetic legends than perhaps any other of the old provinces of France. In locating and describing this ancient province, the author says, "Henri of Navarre is the chief romantic and historical figure of all the old provinces of the south by the Pyrenean mountains of Spain. He was a Prince of Navarre, and his wife was the daughter of a Basque, because the sovereign of French Navarre and of Béarn, but the romantic central chateau of Pau was such the young prince went up to Paris with pomp and splendor which was envied only to that of Francis I."

The little kingdom of Navarre, the principality of Béarn, and the various castles which surrounded them, from the Mediterranean on the east to the Atlantic on the west, the so intimately connected with the gallant deeds of men and women of those old days that the region known as the Pyrenean provinces of the later monarchy of France stands in a class by itself with regard to the romance and chivalry of feudal days. There is no more charming and appealing in the magnificent chateaux and fortified towns of this region which is quite different from the warmer emotions awakened by the more recent history of France. Each is irresistible. Whether one contemplates the imposing chateau at Pau, or the more delicately conceived cheneceaux; the walled city of Carosse, or the walls and ramparts of Clisson or of Angers; the Roman arena at Nîmes or the Roman Arc de Triomphe at Saintes, there is equal charm and contrast.

And it is of these people of southern France and the gallant types of his Pyrenean provinces that the author has so charmingly depicted, and written of in this book.

After giving a general survey of the country, and a chapter devoted to the feudal France—its People and its Chivalry, the author, on every page, shows familiarity with his subject. While there is a feeling that he is only skimming the top from a great deal of material he has done it thoroughly enough to relieve the book of any shallow or superficial effect.

In such province he takes up, entering into the life of the people, giving their customs, occupations, dress and all those things that go to make up the history of a country quite as much as the affair of state or wars of nations.

For the student of French history, or the tourist who wishes to have a guide book with its beaten path, and make original investigation, one can hardly imagine a more interesting or instructive volume than this, or indeed any of the books Mr. Mitton has written.

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ten, for they take one into the by paths of history and open new vistas of enjoyment to the student-traveler that no conventional guide would ever point to. The illustrations of this volume are excellent, a number of which are in rich coloring, and the book itself is as quaint and beautiful as the stories it contains. L. C. Page & Co. Price \$3.00.

"Dr. Ellen," by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.—"Dr. Ellen," even as a book, enters the field not wholly unblamed; for the "woman doctor, whether in fiction or reality, has to overcome just so much prejudice before she can be accepted; and while this particular woman doctor has nothing against her but her sex, no doubt many a cynical reader has cast the book aside on account of its title. The author, however, lays aside that "ghost" of the past and offers "Dr. Ellen" an emergency call, for she is quite worth having and a striking satisfaction that she is no ordinary "doctor woman." Dr. Ellen Roderick is a young woman who, after the death of her husband and child, elected to study medicine, and after the completion of her course took her young sister, Ruth Chantry, into a mountain settlement in the Sierras and there established a satisfactory practice and made herself a power among the mountaineers. At the time the story opens, Ruth was visiting her friend, Christine O'Hara, down at San Rafael, where she met Philip Amsden, a young architect, who had already begun to make a name for himself. Amsden was immediately attracted by Ruth's vivacity, and when she found sympathetic ears she told him how she loathed the mountains, the life she was compelled to live on account of Dr. Ellen's selfishness in staying in the detestable place, and her longing for the things she offered her. When a few months later Amsden made one of a party that went up into the mountains to visit Ruth, he was thoroughly convinced that Ruth was a victim to Dr. Ellen's professional

ambitions, and his acquaintance with Dr. Ellen began with a deeply grounded grievance against her.

When Amsden went to the mountains, Christine O'Hara, and Will Wallace, a worldly wise, calculating society girl, just passing beyond the years of "the young man's love," were the first to influence a girl of Ruth's years and temperament, and throughout the entire book the influence of this young woman has a bearing on the story.

Will Wallace is the wit and mirth of the book, and is almost too "ood and true to have fallen under the spell of Ruth, though he plays no very significant part in the story.

About the time this party arrives in the mountains Dr. Ellen loses a case—a riot against Dr. Ellen. She allows the rather, almost bereft of reason, believes it to be Dr. Ellen's fault, in which opinion he is encouraged by a new village doctor, who has just come to the village and hung out his shingle. Between them they almost incite a riot against Dr. Ellen, and at exactly the right time she meets the case in a strong, convincing and masterly way and vanquishes her enemy. All this the visitors see from various points of view; and while Amsden gets the truest prospect, it is only at the very end that he sees her real character through what he had always supposed was selfishness in her treatment of Ruth.

The plot of the story, while interesting, is not strenuous, but the power of the writer is concentrated in her character portrayal. Every one of her people may be educating all people, both old and young, along the lines of bird protection. To insure protection for any of the handiworks of the Creator, a love for these things must be created. It is not enough to teach, you must, and you must not, do so and so,

nese cook, has his indispensable part to play. But the finest bit of human philosophy in the whole book comes when Dr. Ellen speaks to Amsden about her treatment of Ruth, and for the first time mentions her dead husband and says: "It may be tedious to try to bear her burden for her. I have loved her hate me." She can love other people, but not me. It was the same in my marriage. We were both young, but my husband had always been the center of an adoring family of women—helpless women—and my life had made me more mature. He hated me for it as Ruth does. Oh, I tried so hard not to be! It was like walking with bent knees so as not to seem taller. But it was no use. It was always there, and he couldn't forgive it. He said to me once, 'No man could stay in love with you—you're too perfectly strong.'"

Dr. Ellen was not the first and will not be the last woman who has to pay the penalty for her own weakness, and in this passage the author has given a very keen cut at the economic condition of women and the price she sometimes pays for peace and happiness.

The book has handsome portrait illustrations of Ruth, Christine and Dr. Ellen, and is strikingly bound. The Baker Taylor company. Price \$1.50.

"Tenants of the Trees," by Clarence Hawkins.—There are few subjects of more growing interest than nature study. We find it showing itself in the impetus that is being given to the education of the young, and the recognition that the schools are giving to Arbor day, but more especially is it being manifested through the Audubon societies who are educating all people, both old and young, along the lines of bird protection. To insure protection for any of the handiworks of the Creator, a love for these things must be created. It is not enough to teach, you must, and you must not, do so and so,

his word, all the other members are bound to revenge her.

Rule third. "The aim of the Good Hope society is mutual help. You see the form the assistance is to take is left purposely vague to be brought out more clearly in another rule.

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the young man who fell from grace was hauled up before the entire club and made to give his reasons, but as he pleaded youth (he was only 18), nothing was done except expel him with contempt. Another case befell, but it was patched up within the club. A man transferred his affection, but it was to another member, and as the brother of the faithless one offered to take his place, the peace was not broken, there was merely an amicable settlement.

Thus even the punishment for faithlessness has not been specified; faithless women apparently go unscathed.

CONSTANCE HARRIMAN.

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ANTONIO TRELUSSA FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY OF BACHELORS

BACHELORS CLUB