HOME OR THE STAGE---WHICH?

SOME FOOTLIGHT EPIGRAMS

Every woman has in her being a distinct strain of domesticity.—Mrs. Mina Gleason.

To every married woman the husband should be supreme.—Miss Marie Drofnah.

All creation, men and women alike, desires the unobtainable.—Miss Izetta Jewel.

Home and love are all there is in the world.—Miss Anna Lichter.

IZETTA JEWEL

ANNA LICHTER

MINA CROLIUS GLEASON

What Miss Jewel Thinks.

Brainy, brilliant women, whether professional or not, are to life as a cocktail to a dinner—they add spice.

There are no average men, so why can they be expected to appreciate the average woman?

Brilliant women make the best wives, and the best wives make the best homes.

Man is a pendulous being; he swings this way and that, yet home is always the center of oscillation.

Miss Lichter Says.

Vanity is a form of insanity.

All of us crave the domestic life—but some of us do not know it.

Anyone who would devote her life to a career in preference to domesticity would never be successful in either.

The home is never uncertain, but a career is too often so.

Men love the domestic woman; they are but enamored of the other kind.

Love is life, and no woman ever loved a career, for it is but the satisfying of one's vanity.

MARIE DROFNAH

Miss Drofnah Asserts:

Children are troublesome comforts, and to a true mother the more troublesome they are, the more comfort.

Women are not the enigmas man believe them to be; they make puzzles of themselves because they know that successful matrimony is merely a guessing game.

Love and let love is the law of happiness, the secret of successful and permanent sex relationship, the solution of that phase of the sex problem which most seriously affects the contentment and happiness of woman.

Is a home all there is worth while in life for a woman?

It is—declares Miss Margaret Illington, the famous actress and wife of Daniel Frohman. She says: "Home and the love of a husband are all that count in life. I want warm, human ties—I am sick of the theatre.

Do men appreciate the stay-at-home woman?

"No, no" says Mrs. Leslie Carter. "They love the gleam of eyes, the sparkle of wine and the fascination of a big, brilliant, brainy woman."

Should a woman sacrifice a career for a life of domesticity? Which will she usually choose—the career or the home? Are mothers greater than the greatest genius that ever lived?

Marie Drofnah, leading woman with her husband, Charles B. Hanford, now appearing at the Heilig; Miss Izetta Jewel and Mrs. Mina Gleason of the Bungalow Stock company, and Miss Anna Lichter, operatic singer, appearing at the Orpheum, have answered these questions in special articles written for the Sunday Journal:

Loves Domesticity.

By Mrs. Mina Gleason of the Baker Stock Company.

Every woman has hidden in her being a distinct strain of domesticity. Women of the stage are women nevertheless, and long and crave with a wild passion akin to ferocity for a fireplace—with husband and the kiddies about it. Its home then, but otherwise it is just a fireplace.

Love and a longing for the home which love should create—and which real love does create—are awfully inconvenient when one has a career—but what woman wouldn't give up anything just to tuck the little ones in bed?

Woman can't but know that the maternal instinct in her is predominant over everything and the glamour of a career somehow seems faded and indistinct and dulled when you take the little fellows in your arms and press their little warm cheeks against your own and kiss them and kiss them on their little wet, puckered lips. Somehow there is nothing worth while but the hugs and kisses and pressure of the soft, round little body against your own. Applause of thousands was never so sweet in a mother's ears as the first halting speeches of her babe.

You mothers know—you know, for you have tasted of the sweetnesses of maternity—of the eternal, wildly unreasoning, fiercely intense passions which all women have for children—for little ones of their own. It is the one great, grand, sweet passion that can not be fought against. True motherly love is the grandest thing in all the world.

Man may be fascinated for a time by brilliance and wit in other women, but in the end he will always go back to the mother of his children. It makes no difference whether plutocrat or pauper, the mother is the most wonderful woman on earth.

If necessary I believe that the majority of women on the stage would sacrifice a career, or prospects of a career, for a life at home. But genius can not be combined with domesticity. The two will not hitch. A genius is abnormal. God made him not for a life of domesticity, but meant that he should be sacrificed on the altar of the public good.

I would like to write a great book telling how much I love and respect the true mother. I think perhaps I could make some men grow to realize the sweetnesses of motherhood, the intensity of the sweetness of the pains, the joys, the sorrows, the troubles and the cares. They are all sweet when one is a mother.

Men and Women Fickle.

By Miss Izetta Jewel, Leading Woman, Baker Stock Company.

All creation, men and women alike, desire the unattainable. Therefore, all women of the profession of mummers, long for the comfort, the quiet and the restfulness of the home—the homey atmosphere, even if it has to be squeezed into a hall room and a gas stove.

Everyone wants to own something. Most women, in fact, want to own everything in sight, but uppermost is a desire to own a home of their own, where they can do a little cooking and a little fixing, a little sewing, now and then, a little darning, perhaps, and a little—little, remember—scrubbing.

Did you ever just want to get down and scrub, scrub, scrub—for the love of scrubbing—a little?

Yet, if leading a home life meant to the majority of actresses the complete renunciation of a career, few would choose it. One's career means more than anything—if one has a career.

God endows some women with supreme talents and does not intend that they should be buried in a dishpan. Would you have Maude Adams spend the rest of her days rubbing the dust off the furniture and feeding the house cat? Yet I know she would make an ideal wife.

How would Sarah Bernhardt appear in the role of a perfect and dutiful housewife, taking the morning's morning from the milkman and sweeping off the front porch in a Mother Hubbard? They would both be committing a crime to attempt to settle down with John as a simple minded, housewifely mouse.

Women are women—just women, nothing else—all over the world. Great numbers of men are attracted for a time by women of the stage because they have seen them in attractive roles. When they meet them they find that they are just women—that way down in their hearts they have the women's longing for home. The bright lights go out and pall, and there remains just the women as they really are, to attract the men.

Do men admire and appreciate brainy women more than just wives? They most certainly do! To keep a man attracted and in love one usually has to keep him guessing and amused. This the average housewife cannot do, and though the brainy woman can, it is awfully hard on her.

But man is a queer creature. He loves opposites. He loves nearly everything, while every woman's love is confined to a small circle. And it keeps a woman hopping to know which way to turn.

If a woman has more than ordinary talents for acting, she should act. If she can link her career with domesticity she should do it every time; if she has a career before her, and cannot, she should follow her career. Every woman must work out her own salvation.

Husband All Supreme.

By Marie Drofnah, leading woman with her husband, Charles B. Hanford at the Heilig.

To every married woman the husband should be all in all, supreme in her regard, first in her affection, highest in her esteem. To rear his children she should look upon him as capable of no real bad and of all good. She must sacrifice everything for him and his children. Real love is bitter sweet and to appreciate the sweet, woman must taste of the bitter.

There is not much in this life of ours but love—the love one bears for the husband and the children, and for that which they constitute, the home.

I quite agree with Miss Illington that there is nothing like home; but to a married woman there can not be a home without the husband. Miss Illington has given up a husband for a fireplace which she would call home. Does home depend upon environment? Permanency of habitat means much, but is it essential?

My husband makes my home for me. He makes it for me in a Pullman coach, a dingy dressing room on the stage, and a different hotel three or four times a week. And every husband will make his wife a home if she will let him.

We all have obligations and duties paramount to everything else. A woman's obligation to her husband and to her children is the greatest thing in her life. Does the mere matter of wanting a permanent "home" alter one's obligations to her husband?

The separation of the profession and domestic life is usually not necessary. The happiest hours in my life have been spent at work with my husband. But if it should be a choice between my "career" and my husband, there would be no "career."

I have no respect for a woman who would sacrifice her husband and children for the cravings of ambition. Such a woman is unreal. Every real woman loves and longs and just wants to be loved.

Man as a lover per se is a failure; woman is a distinct success. As a sex, men make better husbands than lovers, and it is a wise woman who will remember that the worth of the husband is to be measured in inverse ratio to the skill and finesse of the lover.

Woman, with her wild imaginings, in the mystic season of her maidenhood creates the ideal lover who would woo and win her after the manner and fashion of such a lover as never lived, or will never live. Imagine her chagrin and disappointment when she discovers that the rarest and best of lovers are mere clowns—and that the best husbands most incomprehensibly bungle and bluster in their lovemaking. Young women especially expect too much of men as lovers. And they thus blight many a good potential husband. All my life I have told girls to be more practical in their lovemakings than in the baking of bread.

Home and Love.

By Miss Anna Lichter, Operatic Singer at the Orpheum.

Home and love are all there are in the world. The faintest flicker of the flames in the old fireplace will ever outglow the glare of the calcium light and the brilliancy of the footlight flare.

Home will ever be home, sweet home to every human being on this earth, and we will love it above all things—though many of us will not make the admission. Broadly, home is the mother and the child—someone to love and be loved.

We are all domesticated animals. Some of us realize it; many put off the realization until too late. The white lights may appeal for a time, but in the end we drift slowly but surely back to the old fireside and the old, old incomparable satisfaction of the home.

You ask why we people of the stage carry with us pets—dogs, cats and birds. There is but one answer—but one natural answer: We want some one to love, and some one to really love us.

Bandy legged, ugly little Fido is to the chorus girl like a straw to a drowning man. Love she must, but oftentimes she has no home and no one upon whom to lavish that which burns in the heart of every woman. She starves and craves and longs with a fierceness that cannot be quenched, for love and home—and Fido really loves her in his canine way.

Nature intended women for the rearing of children, and nature must eventually triumph over every human impulse and inclination. A career without a home is unnatural. Any woman who would sacrifice home for a career is either abnormal or insane. Some women can link the two, but this is unusual. The stage, or any career, is nothing but a direct appeal to vanity, and vanity and domesticity refuse usually to go hand in hand.

All the world and everything in it is good. Mother's old gray shawl will always be to everyone far more attractive than the gayest tinsel ever made. The kiddies at home will make one forget any career. Mrs. Leslie Carter says that home is uncertain. It is not home that is uncertain; it is the career that is all too uncertain.

"Do men love and appreciate the little domestic, homestaying mouse as they do a brilliant, brainy professional woman" Mrs. Carter asks. I'll answer by saying that they do, every time. The laughter and the lights and the glamour are their hearts' desires" for a short time. And then they go back to the little women and the kiddies with a love and appreciation grown twofold.

Variety may be the spice of life, but the base from which all things of life spring—all pleasures and joys—is love and the home. Every woman and every man knows it.

I have always admired Margaret Illington; now I love her. Yet she has not been brave. True; she has sacrificed a wonderful career for the so-called commonplaces of home and stockings to darn, but she is justified in doing so. She is doing "what every woman knows" she would do if she could.

HYPNOTISM AS AN ANESTHETIC

Certain New York Surgeons Believe Feasibility Is Established.

New York, Feb. 20.—A test in the Hebrew hospital has convinced the physicians who witnessed it that it will be possible in the future to perform minor operations and affect cures by means of hypnotism or psycho-therapy, as it is known among physicians. Members of the medical profession have often wondered if hypnotism could not be used in place of an anesthetic. It was fully proved that it could, and that a patient so treated would suffer no pain under treatment when once thrown into the cataleptic state by a hypnotist.

The test was made by Dr. Alfred J. Fox of 164 West One Hundred and Thirty-second street, Manhattan, who was brought to the hospital by Dr. Henry Aronson of 364 Twelfth street, Brooklyn. The subject of the test was John Murphy of 472 Lexington avenue, who has been a suffered from chronic rheumatism for some time. He had the most agonizing pains in his left leg and could scarcely walk.

After Dr. Fox had thrown him into the hypnotic state, he told Murphy to hold up his crippled leg, and the patient did so, not seeming to suffer the least pain, although a minute before he had been groaning. Dr. Fox showed the witnessing physicians that he had perfect control over Murphy, and he even thrust the point of a pin through the patient's ear without causing him to wince.

After various tests had been made, Dr. Fox awakened Murphy, and to the surprise of everybody the man seemed to suffer no more pain in his crippled leg. He stated that the pangs had vanished and that he was not aware of anything that had been done by Dr. Fox. The physical deformity of the limb, of course, still remained, but the shooting pains troubled him no more.

Believes Test Genuine.

"I am fully convinced that the test was genuine in every way," said Dr. Aronson this afternoon. "The patient did not appear to suffer in the least when the pin was thrust through his ear and it was evident to all of us that Dr. Fox had him under perfect control all the time, the patient obeying all of his commands implicitly.

"The test was made to find out if it were possible to throw a person into such a state as to be impervious to pain in order that an operation might be performed. It resulted so satisfactorily that I expect to perform an operation shortly upon a patient under the hypnotic influence. I am certain that the result will be satisfactory. Of course it will be only a minor operation."

The attention of Dr. Aronson was called to the case of a patient operated upon several years ago for appendicitis while hypnotized, and who subsequently said that he experienced all of the terrible pain but was unable to give any indication of it.

"I have no knowledge of the case you refer to," said Dr. Aronson, "but it was certainly evident from the test made yesterday that no pain was felt by Murphy, if his own words are to be believed."

THOUSANDS TO PETS: NARY BEAN TO HUBBY

Hartford, Conn., Feb. 20.—The will of Mrs. Mary B. Snow, who died in this city on January 19, has been offered in the probate court. To the husband is given only what the law provides. The residue of the estate, which is valued at about $50,000, is left for the care and maintenance of Mrs. Snow's horses and dogs. The will was drawn in 1900. At that time Mrs. Snow owned 30 dogs and seven horses, and it was her intention that her estate should be used entirely for the care of these animals.

A trust fund of $32,000 is set aside for the care of the horses, which are to be turned over to William Putnam of Boston. He is to pay James Moriarity, Mrs. Snow's coachman, $1500 a year as long as any horse survives, and $900 annually after the last one dies. The sum of $10,000 is left to Miss Phila C. Miller of Orange, Mass., to be used in caring for the dogs. At the death of the last dog the sum will go to Miss Miller. All but one of the horses have died since the will was drawn, and only 10 dogs are now alive.

Mrs. Snow was the daughter of P. B. Francis of Brattleboro, Vt., and in early life was married to Dr. Henry P. Duclos, who was connected with the Hartford Life and Annuity Insurance company. In the early part of last year she brought suit for divorce against Dr. Snow. He contested the suit and the court decided in his favor. Mrs. Snow gave notice of an appeal to the supreme court, and the record of the case was being prepared for the printer when the clerk of the court learned that Mrs. Snow had died on January 19. It is expected Dr. Snow will contest the will.

WHITE MAN'S BOOZE: WHITE MAN'S CURE

Minneapolis, Feb. 20.—Twenty Sisseton Indians have left the Keeley Institute to return to their reservation in South Dakota.

The white man taught these Indians to drink whiskey, so they came to the white man to cure them of the whiskey habit.

The Indians are the sons and grandsons of chiefs who used to fight the white man instead of fighting his firewater. All who are left of the Sisseton tribe seem to have taken the bottle as their totem. For, lo, these many moons they have been coming, by twos or threes or fours, to Minneapolis, seeking the "medicine needle," entirely willing to be "jabbed" in the arm.

These 20 were the only ones of the tribe's aristocracy who had not taken the treatment and, they say, they hope they are cured.

"Sichi (bad) Indian once; hope washti (good) Indian now," said Sitting Bear earnestly.

The physicians of the institute could not discover that whiskey affects the red man differently from the white. The learned doctors, after close study, decided that when a man, red or white, is drunk, he is an "Indian"—often on the warpath, too.

The British navy includes 26 armored ships exceeding 23 knots in speed, in addition to 16 unarmored ones. Three of the former are rated at better than 24 knots, and three of the latter at 25.

New Method of Reducing Fat

A news item from Paris informs us that the American method of producing a slim, trim figure, is meeting with astonishing success. This system, which has made such a wonderful impression over there, must be the Marmola Prescription Tablet method of reducing fat. It is safe to say that we have nothing better for this purpose in this country. Anything that will reduce the excess flesh a pound a day without injury to the stomach, the causing of wrinkles, the help of exercising or dieting, or interference with one's meals is a mighty important and useful addition to civilization's necessities. Just such a catalog of good results, however, follow the use of these pleasant, harmless and economical little fat reducers. We say economical, because Marmola Prescription Tablets (made in accordance with the famous prescription) can be obtained of any druggist or the makers, the Marmola Co., Detroit, Mich., for 75 cents the large case, which is a decidedly economical price considering the number of tablets each case contains.

NEW BOOKS

AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

Clara E. Laughlin, Author of "The Death of Lincoln," "The Evolution of a Girl," "When Joy Begins."

"COMRADES," by Thomas Dixon Jr.—Few books since the civil war have created a more profound sensation than the previous works of Thomas Dixon Jr. "The Clansman," deriving its greatest notoriety, and if, perhaps not popularity, certainly its great army of readers, through the negroes of the country objecting, even to the extent of legal proceedings to its presentation on the stage. Like "The Leopard's Spots," it is a frightful arraignment of political conditions which are directly responsible for many of the atrocities in the south since the war. Both books strike directly at the taproot and lay bare, with the skill of the surgeon and the brutality almost of the savage, the very vitals of our body politic. With this same force and vigor the author lays hold of a newer and more menacing danger and treats it with the same strong unrelenting hand.

In "Comrades," he holds up to public gaze the fabric of socialism as it presents its alluring front to the gullible, the emotional, the youth and the riffraff of humanity.

The story opens at the palatial home of Colonel Worth, near San Francisco, who reads in the same issue of the morning paper an account of Dewey's victory in Manila bay and a notice for a roaring Socialist meeting that evening. The colonel, being a veteran of the civil war, is more wrought up over the disloyalty of the Socialists than over the joy of national success and gives expression to it in an explosion of oratory, which is taken rather good humoredly by his handsome, lazy son, Norman, and his ward Elena, who is also the young man's fiance. Norman was fresh from the university, where he had been captain of his football team and the leader of athletics, with a handsome physique, plenty of money and a good natured, winsome disposition, and above all, just at the age when enthusiasm was held in bounds for want of opportunity to break loose. As a joke upon his father more than for any other reason, he proposed to Elena to go to the Socialist meeting that evening, and after some remonstrance on her part, the two threaded their way through the slums and found themselves in "high seats in the synagogue" where the red flag ruled supreme. That Norman Worth, the young millionaire, was in the audience was not long in communicating itself to the speakers, who trimmed their sail accordingly. A beautiful young girl, Barbara, the adopted daughter of Wolf and his affinity wife, carried the audience by storm, landing Norman among the wreckage. Then began putting into practice the theories of socialism as taught by Wolf, for nothing short of this would satisfy the enthusiasm of Norman. Elena at once withdrew to the exclusiveness in which she was reared and drops out of the story, except that before doing so, she is the intermediary between father and son and makes it financially possible for the young man to try his Utopian scheme.

The island of Ventura is bought and 2000 Socialists go out on the first chartered ship. Every condition upon the island is ideal, no handicap is given at the start, and there a typical band of Socialists begin to put into practice the theories that have sounded so rosetate from the rostrum, and grandiloquent from the street corner.

The author does not make the mistake of establishing false premises and arguing from a warped point of view, nor does he eliminate human nature, he simply takes his group of human animals as they may be found at any average Socialist meeting, where the whole trend of oratory is to break down, without corresponding construction, the institutions of government, and he works out their theories in practical and logical demonstration.

If one has kept in touch with the personnel of the Socialist movement they may meet, somewhat disguised, through the book, some familiar figures; here, for instance, is one who happens to be in the first meeting Norman and Elena attend, who will not be so hard to recognize: "In the front row, packed close against the platform, were a number of famous people—conspicuous among whom was an author whose impassioned stories of coming social upheaval had resulted in fame for himself, and a divorce suit by his first wife. His new wife, the affinity, who caused the disturbance, sat by his side." Then follows a description of several others which have an air of familiarity about them, and who are inimitably described by Mr. Dixon's facile pen. In these personal descriptions the author, at times, brings to bear upon them the keenest wit and broadest humor, as in the instance of the German who insists upon sauerkraut for breakfast and gives his father's record in the civil war to substantiate his claim for consideration and special privileges. Many of the incidents of the book have intense dramatic action, one of which is, when Norman in his young enthusiasm tears down the American flag on his father's lawn the Fourth of July that Cevera's fleet is sunk in Santiago harbor, and hoists the "red flag of liberty," and the righteously indignant colonel mounts the platform and replaces it with Old Glory and sends the rabbling crowd of Socialists hurrying from his premises.

It has been a long time since a book of interesting fiction came to us so pregnant with thoughtful and present day issues as "Comrades," which, of course, takes its name from the title given by the Socialists to each other. It is also a book destined to attract as much unfavorable attention as the author's former works, though its detractors will come from an entirely different source and they will not be actuated by as pure motives or with the same amount of justifiable race pride.

The book is well bound and is illustrated in the striking colors of "blood red" so dear to the Socialist's heart. Doubleday, Page & Co. Price $1.50.

"A Venture in 1777," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Dr. Mitchell's charming stories of revolutionary times are so well known they no longer need critical notice, it being sufficient to call attention to them to secure a multitude of readers. The present story, while full of pleasureable interest for adult readers, is primarily intended for juveniles, as it is the story of three young boys, whose father was a military prisoner in New York, and whose mother was the unwilling hostess of a party of English officers who had, uninvited, taken up their residence with her at Philadelphia in the winter of 1777.

The boys, who are taken for a sleighride by the English officers, are left in the sleigh alone while the rest of the party goes off to make a survey. Knowing that a map that would be of immense value to the army at Valley Forge is in the pocket of one of the fur coats that is left in the sleigh, the oldest boy determines to make the venture of getting it into Washington's hands.

He cleverly contrives to have the horses run away with their heads toward Valley Forge. They are eventually picked up by Captain Allan McLane, and from that time on events of interest follow thick and fast.

In the preface the author gives a brief sketch of the Church Home for Children near Philadelphia, saying "that during a half century 1000 girls have been educated for domestic service. At the age of 8 these girls are placed in carefully selected homes, and for years thereafter their wages, usage and surroundings remain the object of thoughtful inquiry and kindly interest on the part of the managing board." In conclusion Dr. Mitchell says:

"With high appreciation of the women whose dutiful constancy has created and kept up the perfect methods of this most Christian labor. I offer with my admiration and sympathy whatever this little story may win from the pockets of the public." The book itself is a work of art in its dress of coarse yellow linen with quaint embellishment of blue and gold. It is printed on heavy cream paper, with many tinted illustrations and marginal decorations.

The writer, the subject for which the book is written, and the book itself make a trio of attractions that is almost impossible to resist. George W. Jacobs Co. Price $1.00.

"Our Little Australian Cousins," by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.—It is always a renewed pleasure to receive a new book from this wonderful "Little Cousin" series, which for several years has been issued periodically from the same press. We believe there are few, if any, books now being printed for children that are so wholly acceptable as these. They strongly remind one of the kindergarten method of instructing children, in that they amuse and entertain while imparting knowledge that will last through life.

Up to the present there are 37 books in the series, and all are written along the same general plan, which is to have one or more children visit a distant land and have them come in contact with the children of that land, who instruct them in all the habits, customs, traditions, etc., of that country. In this book Fergus and Jean, a boy and girl of 12 and 8, respectively, were going with their parents from Scotland, and where the father had met with financial reverses to the gold fields of Australia. The father had been to Australia before, and even before they landed at Sydney, their first stopping place, the father began to tell the children interesting and instructive things about the various places they were passing, as for instance, nearing Melbourne, the father tells them: "It was in 1836 that Robert Russell came here to survey the shore near Port Phillip and find out whether boats could go up the river Yana. He felt this to be just the place for a city, planned Melbourne and laid out the streets. It seems strange to think that then the blacks owned all this land, the Wawoorong, Boonoorong and Wautaurong tribes roamed these shores, and that when Russell laid out his city there were native huts standing. The place was called Bear Grass, and in 1837 there were 13 buildings, eight of which were turf huts. Now Melbourne is seven miles square, and the principal street is a mile long." And thus the children (and reader) get much from the father and others, while later on, through rough and thrilling experiences they learn for themselves of the customs and people. This book is fuller of adventure than many of the series, and consequently is more captivating.

Through and through it is good, wholesome reading for children about the ages of the little hero and heroine, Fergus and Jean. The books are all well bound in uniform, heavy buff linen, and the present one is prettily illustrated with tinted pictures. L. C. Page & Co. Price 60 cents.

"The Girl Question," by John W. Harding.—As an attraction for the stage, for which it was first written, this work might find a place, but we doubt it, unless it was in cheap vaudeville, and if once found attractive there it never should have gotten away to parade as literature, even of the yellow shade.

The plot amounts to nothing, and the characters and their actions are so utterly incongruous and unnatural that even as stage people, who are licensed to indulge in absurdities, they would hardly be acceptable. Almost the entire story is told in slang. Now, there are two classes of slang—the slang that eventually, from its aptness and keen edge, grows into good English, and the slang that has no purpose but to vulgarize the people that use it and the people that hear it, and this latter is the class this book belongs to.

The publishers have more than done their part, and it is a pity so much handsome paper and artistic work should be wasted by a book whose circulation must of necessity be very limited. George W. Dillingham company. Price $1.

"The Two Hague Conferences," by William I. Hull.—There is no subject so ever present with us, or so important, as that of universal peace. For years it has been the dream of dreamers, the goal of an ideal millennium, and the vague picture of Christ upon earth, but never really considered within the realm of possibilities until within the past two decades, when the world was startled by a call for a universal peace conference, by the most autocratic ruler of all the nations of the earth, the czar of Russia, then on the eve of war himself.

The conference was to be held away from any of the powerful nations of the earth and The Hague was chosen as the most conducive to success of all the many places considered. Every civilized being upon the earth knows that such a conference was held, and that again in 1907 the second conference was held at the same place, but how few there are who have ever gone into the detail of the work of these conferences or could even name the personnel of the members, the nations represented or the direct issues and results of the conferences. Every act and feature is portent with future possibilities, and should be of vital importance and interest to every one, regardless of race, creed or nationality, and it should be particularly so to Americans, who are even now the greatest world power and will in future be more influenced by these conferences than any nation on earth. And to give this information this book has been most carefully and intelligently prepared by Professor Hull, who is eminently qualified to write upon the subject.

The book is the outgrowth of a resolution adopted at the session of the National Educational association, which was held in Los Angeles something over a year ago. The resolution approved the work of the conferences and recommended a careful study of the matter with a view to giving it proper consideration in the work of instruction. This resolution came to the author when he was in The Hague endeavoring to fulfill the mission of an American journalistic representative at the second peace conference.

The book will be found particularly useful in carrying out the spirit and intent of the resolution and will be of immense value to teachers who see the necessity of this kind of instruction to pupils. But it will be none the less interesting to those who read for general information. Ginn & Co. Price $1.25.

"In the Strange South Seas" by Beatrice Grimshaw—This is one of the cleverest books of travel of the season, and has but recently been published by the J. B. Lippincott company. It is a record of a two and a half years' journey around the world, the author's time being spent principally in Tahiti, Rarotonga, Penrhyn, Tonga, Samoa, New Zealand and a hundred other islands of the South Pacific. She dwells particularly on the aesthetic aspects of those islands and the economic and social life, quaint customs, amusements, native festivals, religious rites and the like.

Miss Grimshaw has the happy faculty of making friends with her readers on the first page of her book and her descriptions are such as to make the reader who is barred from visiting the South Sea islands feel that his punishment is such as there is no crime to fit. The work is illustrated with 50 full page plates which are chiefly reproductions of the author's own photographs.

"India, It's Life and Its People" by John P. Jones, D. D.—There is always a fascination in the study of the inhabitants of India, in the story of their history, politics or religion, probably because they are antipodal of the west—the farthest removed in thought and life. Because of their secretiveness and their perennial delight in concealment and evasion, it is exceedingly difficult for a man of the west, especially if he be of the Anglo-Saxon type, to appreciate the full significance and the current drift of life and thought among this heterogeneous people. The author of this valuable work shows remarkable insight into the problems and tendencies of the present day India, having spent 10 years in the land of the Vedas, living in constant touch with the people and studying with eagerness their life and thought.

The book is an absorbing story of a people's life; attractively illustrated from photographs collected by the author and fascinating in its portrayal of oriental life and scenes. Macmillan company. Price $1.75.

OLD AGE PENSION LIST IS 600,000

Little as the Pension Is, John Bull Makes It Hard to Get.

(United Press Leased Wire.)

London, Feb. 20.—England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland have 596,038 old age pensioners, according to official figures just made public. Previous statements of the number have been mere estimates and nearly 100,000 too low. A large number of claims are also under consideration. When they have been acted on, estimating again, the total will be about 600,000.

The United Kingdom's population at the last census was 42,000,000, so that about one person in 70 is on the old age pension roll. Inhabitants as much as 70 years old, the lowest pensionable age, number only 1,254,286, however. This means that nearly half the country's population of the required age is poor enough to claim the benefit of the act.

Of the 596,038 pensioners, 539,388 receive the full allowance of $1.20 weekly. To receive this amount it is necessary for the applicant to prove that his private income does not exceed $1.92. Those whose incomes do exceed this amount are pensioned only enough to bring the total up to $3.12 weekly.

Of the 658,248 who have been refused or have not asked pensions, it is not to be presumed that all or even a large proportion have private incomes exceeding $3.12. Anyone who has ever received public relief even to the extent of having a tooth pulled at a public dispensary or has been accidentally injured and carried unconscious into a public hospital is classed as a pauper and is, as such, ineligible. The same applies to anyone ever convicted even of a minor offense, or who has been at any time in his life a permanent resident of a foreign country.

As illustrating the varying degrees of prosperity in different parts of the United Kingdom, 38 per cent of the English and Welsh pensionables are receiving pensions, while in Scotland the percentage is 49 and in Ireland 98.

$20,000,000 COST OF BATTLESHIP CRUISE

Washington, Feb. 20.—In round numbers the cruise of the battleship fleet, when it is finished at Hampton Roads on February 22, will have cost the American people $20,000,000.

That cost is figured on the prices prevailing in the latter part of 1905.

The 16,000 men aboard have spent about $6,400,000—an allowance of $400 for each officer and man, spread over 14 months.

The repair bill, after the ships reach their home ports, is expected to run up to between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000.