Short Reviews of Some of the New Books

A Little Garrison.

"Is another Jena coming?" asks Wolf Von Schierbrand, who has translated Lieutenant Gilse's book into English. And after one has read the book he understands why the question is asked. If conditions in the German army to-day are as this writer has depicted them then is the empire rotten at the core. Newspaper readers all over the world have heard something of the history of "A Little Garrison." Its author was an officer in the German army. He wrote a novel of army life as he saw it, and for this he was deprived of his commission, given a prison sentence and expelled from the service. As a matter of justice, he should have been decorated. The German press pronounces the book to be a conservative estimate of conditions. Why was not the Kaiser grateful at having this offensive sore exposed? This question is also answered in the book; the Kaiser—always referred to as "H. M."—is himself in a large measure to blame. And so the army is getting worse and worse; the best officers are resigning their commissions in disgust. Drunkenness, frightful immorality; an utter lack of common honesty; shocking cruelty and injustice to subordinates; a "Council of Honor," which fosters a dishonorable duelling code—all these are parts of the daily life of "A Little Garrison." It is easy to see why the book made such a sensation in Germany and Austria. If such a story were written of the American army the whole country would stand aghast. The reader experiences a feeling of satisfaction in the knowledge that the author has made a fortune from his work. He has earned it by his fearless honesty.

The plot cannot be touched on here. It is rather rambling and disconnected; rather a series of shocking pictures than a well-rounded novel. The unity it possesses is in the uniformity of the bad conditions exposed. And the characters come to the ends expected—disgrace, desertion, dishonor and suicide. The book possesses little value from a literary standpoint—the translator confesses that he has been obliged to trim, expurgate and revise to a large extent. But it will not be read for its style or its art; only for what it is—a bold exposition of the truth. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Confessions of Marguerite.

Marguerite did not like Wisconsin, where she was brought up. She did not like it because she was educated and refined and artistic and had a temperament. Country ways jarred on her delicate sensibilities. So she went to Chicago. And there her troubles began in real earnest, for Chicago is a bad, wicked city which discourages art, laughs at education, crushes one's temperament and dulls the edge of refinement. So Marguerite grew to hate Chicago, and she wrote a book of confessions in which she poured out page after page of bitter invective on the unfortunate city. But one cannot blame her, for she certainly did have a hard time. An old newspaper man persecuted her, a lot of rude persons tried to marry her; she came near to starvation on many occasions; she went on the stage and failed. Then she went back to Wisconsin and married a farmer and wrote "Confessions."

Marguerite is anonymous. Perhaps the public will never know who wrote this "Story of a Young Girl's Heart"—that is the sub-title; perhaps the authorship will always be wrapped in mystery, like Junius and other great unknowns. But the opinion is offered here and now that Opie Read helped write it. The conversations are just the same impossible sort that he writes when he is at his worst. The rest of the book is not as good as Opie Read. It is crude as it can possibly be, it has no unity, no finish, no logic, no apparent purpose. Though perhaps it was written as a warning to young women who wish to go to Chicago. Really the author is very bitter about Chicago. Indianapolis, too, comes in for a "roast;" the play in which the heroine appears draws a very small house in this city, and the newspapers speak unkindly of it. If Marguerite's acting was anything like her writing, Indianapolis is to be congratulated on its taste. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

Sylvia's Husband.

Nobody can write more charmingly of the "Smart Set," or instill more interest and action into their uninteresting, inactive lives than Mrs. Burton Harrison. She seems equally at home in London and New York, or—as in the present story—on an Irish estate. But her Irish estate might be a South African farm, a Montana ranch or a Nova Zembla ice pack with only the change of a word here and there; this same Smart Set is the soul and body of the tale. And it is well that the shoemaker sticks to her last, for an agreeable story is the result. There is more or less scandal, several awful cads, male and female; a few positive villains; three or four "beastly bounders," as they say in London town; and several very nice people indeed. Sylvia is a sweet and lovable heroine. She falls in love with a man who has a past—an inconvenient thing in novels, though it stays obligingly buried sometimes in real life, they say. At any rate, Sylvia's enemies, male and female, rake up this past and make all manner of trouble and heartbreak. But it comes out all right in the end; Sylvia's husband is vindicated, she herself triumphs over all her foes, and a pathetic, manly subordinate hero has the melancholy satisfaction of clearing all the clouds from the life of the woman he has loved in vain. This man, Vail by name, is a very decent sort of man, and reminds one of John Drew in "The Second in Command." He comes in for a consolation prize, though he is really the most deserving and sensible character in the entire outfit. Burton Harrison writes readable light summer fiction of the kind that is entertaining when read and doesn't remain in the memory over night. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Rescued from Fiery Death.

Mark Twain tells in "Huckleberry Finn" of a rural poetess whose specialty was obituary verses. She was never dilatory about writing them, but when a neighbor died she was "on hand with her 'tribute' before the body was cold.' Well, here is a book that has been made with the same indecent haste. It is a novel whose central incident is the Iroquois Theater disaster. This fact alone should be sufficient to account for any lack of serious criticism. The book is a thick volume with many grewsome photographs and horribly executed cuts, and the tone of its contents can be judged from the title page. Here it is in full: "Rescued from a Fiery Death; a Powerful Narrative of the Iroquois Theater Disaster. By Wesley A. Starger. Mighty Flames Graphically Portrayed. A Triumph of Love and Devotion Over Fire and Smoke. Vivid Pen Pictures, Realistically Depicting Deeds of Heroism. Helpless Victims Rescued from a Terrible Doom. Thirty-five Full-page Pictures. True to Life."

But this is not all! The final chapters work in a description of the Baltimore fire as well—the presses must have been stopped while it was written. At any rate, it did net get on the title page, which is a pity. Laird & Lee, Chicago, are the publishers, and they are to be congratulated, together with the talented author, on a new speed record in modern fiction.

The Close of the Day.

Frank Hamilton Spearman, one of the popular novelists and newspaper writers of the day, has, in "The Close of the Day," mixed an interesting combination of business and stage life, spiced with love. Chicago and New York are the scenes. The principal characters are George Durant, a coffee merchant, and Katharine Sims, an actress. Durant's suppers to stage people are the cause of gossip that associates his name with women, but he loves only one, Katharine, who comes to him while he is on his deathbed. The story is bright, dramatic at times, and has a pathetic ending. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Facts About Peat.

This book is a substitute for a former work by the same author—J. H. Leavitt—which is now out of print, the plates having been destroyed by fire. It has been largely rewritten, with much more recent information on the subject. There has been an awakening of interest in peat fuel during the last year, which will make this little volume of interest to a large number of people. The chapters cover an immense amount of information about how peat is made, where it is found, the peat coke, and so on. It is a timely, valuable and interesting work. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Among the Publishers.

D. Appleton & Co. will have ready for publication about April 1 a new novel by John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) entitled "The Vineyard."

The Century Company will publish March 16 "My Airships," by Santos-Dumont. The book will be illustrated with seventy-five photographs and diagrams.

Messrs. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York, have issued a beautiful illustrated edition of the old morality play, "Everyman." A most artistic cover shows Miss Matthison in the title role of Everyman.

Mr. J. Wesley Johnston, author of a number of books, has written a new novel entitled "The Mystery of Miriam," which will be published in a few days by Herbert B. Turner & Co., of Boston. The story is said to be absorbing, dealing with the lives of financial magnates of the present day.

A. C. McClurg & Co. published on March 12 a book of essays and lectures by the late Thomas J. Hudson, entitled "The Evolution of the Soul." The volume is along the lines of Dr. Hudson's famous "Law of Psychic Phenomena" and "Law of Mental Medicine," and will round out the hundred-thousandth of his published works.

An edition of "The Virginian" with a number of stage pictures will appear early next month. Mr. Wister's novel will also, by the way, inaugurate the Macmillan series of novels in paper covers, which promises to be one of the largest publishing enterprises of the year. This series, which will include "Richard Carvel" and other well-known books, will be sold for 25 cents each.

On March 5, four weeks after the publication of Angus Hamilton's "Korea" in its original $4 form, the Scribners put on the market a dollar and a half edition. This unusual procedure was the result of a demand out of all precedent for that kind of a book. The $4 "Korea" had sold completely out a few days after its appearance, and from every side arose the call for the book in cheaper form. The interest in the war caused a desire for information about this little-known country.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish this week the following books: "Memoirs of Henry Villard," the eminent German-American journalist and financier, who died in 1900; "The Horse-Leech's Daughters," by Margaret D. Jackson, a novel of the extravagant life in the American metropolis; a revised and very much enlarged edition of the "History of Maryland," by William Hand Browne; Dr. Rolfe's "Satchel Guide," carefully revised to date, and the three final volumes in the Riverside edition of Bret Harte's complete works.

Mr. Alden says in London Letter: "Among recent American novels which are having a good sale here should be mentioned Mrs. Anna Katherine Green's 'Filagree Ball.' I read it the other day, and certainly it is a very ingenious story of its kind. Personally, I do not care for detective stories, even when they are written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, but Mrs. Green is exceedingly clever in concocting a plot and in concealing the denouement until the end." "The Filigree Ball" was published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis.

McClure, Phillips & Co. announce a long list of novels for spring publication. Among their more serious books they announce a new volume by Charles Wagner; "Trusts of To-day," by Gilbert Holland Montague; "The Shame of the Cities," by Lincoln Steffens; "Human Work," by Charlotte Perkins Gilman; "Making a Home," by E. P. Powell; "Russian Literature," by Prince Kropotkin, and in the "Contemporary Men of Letters" series, "Charles Dudley Warner," by Mrs. James T. Fields, "William Butler Yeats and the Irish Literary Revival," by Horatio Sheafe Krans.

Harper & Bros. have in preparation the seventieth edition of Charles H. Haswell's world-famous "Mechanics' and Engineers' Pocket Book." Hundreds of thousands of copies of this standard book have now been sold. Mr. Haswell, now in his ninety-sixth year, is still in active life in New York, and makes occasional calls upon his publishers at Franklin square. He carries himself erect, is always as carefully dressed as any young man in town, and usually wears a carnation or other flower in his buttonhole. Mr. Haswell's receipt for longevity is to take plenty of exercise, drink no ice water, use no condiments on food and be very moderate in the use of alcohol. Mr. Haswell is the man who gave up smoking at the age of ninety-one "as a matter of principle." He says it was a hard struggle to do it.

Current Periodicals.

In Brush and Pencil (Chicago) for February is a paper on "Some American Bookbinders," by Esther Griffin White, of Richmond, Ind.

Ida Husted Harper has a paper in the March number of the North American Review on "Woman Suffrage; Its Advantage to the State."

"A Provident Woman" is the title of the entertaining novelette in the March number of Lippincott. Eight short stories make up the remaining fiction of the number.

The World's Work will publish a large war number for April covering the whole range of the momentous struggle between Russia and Japan. It will be fully illustrated with maps and pictures.

A very interesting article on book plates, by Frank Choteau Brown, appears in the March number of the Craftsman (Syracuse, N. Y.) The opening article of the number is an illustrated study of the work of Auguste Rodin, the French sculptor. The third design for a "Craftsman's" house is given, also plans for cottages.

A portrait of Emerson, which forms the frontispiece of the Lamp (Scribner's) has some striking and admirable characteristics and seems to represent the man better than most published portraits have done. It is a reproduction from a drawing by George T. Tobin.

The current number of the Literary Collector (Greenwich, Conn.) contains a sympathetic biographical sketch of George William Curtis. There is a chapter of "Notes on Whistler" and some "Memories of James Luckington, Bookseller."

The name of Harold MacGrath's new novel of comedy adventure has been changed to "The Man on the Box." The first installment will appear in the April number of the Reader Magazine. The story is being illustrated by Harrison Fisher.

Mr. Howells's serial, "The Son of Royal Langbrith," now running in the North American Review, is likely to rank among his best. A feature of it is a study of a victim of the morphine habit. Pictures of young girl life show, too, the sympathetic insight of the author.

Impressions Quarterly, the beautifully-printed little magazine issued by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, Cal., affords a number of young writers opportunity for the expression of poetic thought in prose and verse, and some of it is worth the setting in which the publisher puts it.

Israel Zangwill will contribute to The Reader, beginning with the April number, a series of short essays entitled "Without Prejudice." These essays, he says, will be "the play of a free mind on all subjects treated in a literary way." Some years ago Mr. Zangwill published a volume of essays with the same title.

John Fox, jr., the author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," who was a war correspondent during the Santiago campaign, has arrived in Japan and will represent Scribner's Magazine exclusively during the Russo-Japanese war. It is expected that every number of Scribner's Magazine will contain one of Mr. Fox's graphic descriptions.

The novelette in Ainslee's for April is "The Inn of the Long Year," by S. Carleton. Other well-known contributors are Edgar Saltus, Kate Masterson, Beatrice Hanscom, Justus Miles Forman, Richard Le Gallienne, Sarah Guernsey Bradley, Ashton Hilliers, Cosmo Hamilton, Alice Duer Miller, Joseph C. Lincoln, Owen Oliver and Elizabeth Knight Tompkins.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is busily engaged with preparations for the marriage of her younger daughter, to occur on March 21. After the wedding she hopes to leave England at once for Italy, where she will be able to work uninterruptedly on the completion of her new novel, which will follow Mary Johnston's brilliant serial, "Sir Mortimer," in Harper's Magazine.

"How to Get Strong" is the title of an amusing contribution in Everybody's Magazine for March, burlesquing the active and passive methods advocated by their respective champions—the active being physical exercise, the passive, foods of various sorts. "A Study of the Czar," by Arnold White, affords an interesting glimpse of the personality of Russia's ruler. A feature of the number is a series of excellent drawings by Vernon Howe Bailey of buildings and scenes in Boston. Everybody's offers a good variety of well-prepared matter and is one of the best of the 10-cent magazines.

The Atlantic Monthly, always full of good reading, is more than commonly entertaining this month. Not that any one reader would care for all its contents, perhaps, but the variety of the contributions offers something for many tastes. There is a paper for the lover of landscape beauty on "The Abuses of Public Advertising;" "Race Factions in Labor Unions" will interest the sociologist; "The Small Business as a School of Manhood" should be suggestive to the father of sons; Thomas Wentworth Higginson contributes a pleasant essay on "Books Unread;" Lafcadio Hearn offers a poetical story, and Agnes Repplier—like Hearn, too long missed from these pages—has a graceful essay with Italian beggars for its theme. Two or three stories, a number of poems of good quality, book reviews and "The Contributors' Club" make up the number.

March Outing has such a variety of interesting articles that any lover of outdoor life, no matter what his particular taste, will find something to please. There are stories of travel and adventure and of fishing and shooting, well-prepared articles on athletics, college and military; two love tales, with golf and riding to the hounds as their bases, and miscellaneous matter covering a wide field. "Where Romance Lingers," written by Leonidas Hubbard, jr., throws light on the methods of the Hudson Bay Company and the trappers who work for it. "Storm-wrapped on Mount McKinley," by Robert Dunn, tells of efforts to scale the towering Alaskan peak. "The Blue-grass Country" is an accurate sketch of scenes in Kentucky. In "The Freeman Shod with Steel" Vance Thompson gives incidents of an afternoon's skating in a park near Paris. Outing's illustrations are a feature.

In the North American Review for March is a spirited protest by Wong-Kai-Kah, Chinese commissioner to the St. Louis fair, against the restrictions placed by the United States on the admission of even high-class Chinamen to this country and especially the rules covering the admission of all persons having charge of Chinese exhibits. He points out that merchants all over China were eagerly preparing their exhibits—this being the first time an official display by China has been promised for any fair—when rules were promulgated by this government which are an insult to all exhibitors who come here in good faith. He says these rules are so vague in their specifications that no man can be sure that he is complying with them all. In other words, the United States is preparing to treat like criminals Chinese exhibitors who come here in good faith. He makes it plain that the trade of this country with China is sure to be injured by this outrageous treatment and by other forms of injustice practiced toward his countrymen. The article should be brought to the attention of Congress.

STORY OF THE MUFF.

Once Its Color Betokened the Rank of the Wearer.

Philadelphia Record.

"Do you know that the color of a muff once betokened the rank of the wearer?" said a furrier the other day, as he stroked a beautiful sealskin muff. "In the days of Charles IX no lady could have worn this fur, for black was decreed by the King to be the badge of the common people and the court followers were restricted to the colors.

"Muffs have gone through more styles than it would seem possible to invent for such a simple article of convenience. It has been long and narrow, like a sheaf, and, again, large and round. At the beginning of last century the test of size was to try the muff in a flour barrel. If it went in without much trouble then that muff was too small to be really fashionable. At the present day almost anything is proper, but those enormous cylinders would certainly draw much attention. One of the most curious styles was that of Louis XIV, called the 'chieus mauchons' because they were made to convey little dogs in.

"The muff when first introduced was the exclusive property of the nobility and originated in Venice. These muffs were very small and consisted of a single piece of velvet, brocade or silk, lined with fur, and the openings fastened with rick jewels. Such arrangements came in during the early part of the seventeenth century, but in the previous century the ladies frequently carried a piece of rich fur, which they used either as a muff or a neckpiece.

"The muff reached its highest point in the reign of Louis XV, when the productions were exquisite. Then fashion declared for a cloth muff instead of fur and the furriers made a great uproar. They petitioned the Pope to excommunicate the wearer of a cloth muff, but to no purpose. Finally some ingenious merchant bribed the headsman to carry a cloth muff on execution day. The women shrank from such association and the fur won the day. We now associate the muff only with cold weather, but in the old days it was a regular part of woman's dress and was carried in all weather. As late as 1830 a muff and a straw bonnet were not deemed incongruous."

Boston-Antwerp Line Abandoned.

BOSTON, March 13.—Announcement was made to-night in shipping circles of the discontinuance of the Puritan line of steamships, plying between Boston and Antwerp. While the Puritan line goes out of existence, the business between Antwerp and this port will be continued by other steamers than those that have heretofore been on the route.

THE ENTICING COCKTAIL.

As a Substitute for Exercise It Is Not a Success.

March Outing.

The young men who come down to the great city each autumn from the colleges may not have been members of any of their college teams although they have dabbled in the fun and work of them all. They can pull a tolerable oar, perhaps, fill up, on a pinch, an empty place on a scrub eleven, or oblige a friend by helping to pace him over a four or five mile cross country jog. In short, for four years of their lives they have grown as accustomed to shaking out their dusty brains and logy muscles with a couple of hours' exercise in the late afternoon before dinner time as they have to taking the dinner itself. The practice has assumed almost the dignity of a rite. And to be deprived of it, suddenly and without any available substitute, as the majority of such young men believe themselves to be when they are shut up on the somewhat isolated island of Manhattan, comes hard—comes very hard, indeed.

One may ride in the park, perhaps—an agreeable and enlivening diversion—attended only with the difficulty that keeping a horse in New York is about as expensive as keeping one's self, while the riding of hired horses is a practice attended with as serious burdens to the impecunious as that of frequenting the parquet seats of the Broadway theaters. A walk uptown from the downtown office is a substitute for exercise to which many who do not lean to the amusements already mentioned find themselves reduced at last. A walk of three or four miles is, to be sure, a certain sort of exercise, and there is no doubt that it is extremely wearying, but to anyone of the most sluggish temperaments the benefits of a hurried tramp over hard pavements in the noise of the late afternoon, and through at least a good many of the scenes among which one has worked during the day, are somewhat to be doubted. Even those who affect it regularly are likely, it may be observed, to find a cocktail somewhat of a necessity before dinner—if only to wash the dust from one's throat and the noise of the street from one's ears. There are many who gradually allow this cocktail habit to take the place of their old habit of late afternoon exercise, and who seem to be satisfied that the temporary glow with which they sit down to dinner is a very tolerable substitute for that acquired by methods somewhat less effete. I am not prepared to enter forensically into this delicate subject, but I am informed by the more enlightened of observers that this practice is analogous to metonomy, which rhetorics define as the substitution of the sign for the thing signified.

To The Women

Who study the hygienic interests of their families, there is no subject of greater importance than that of the bread problem—what the methods of making and how baked are questions which have become of greatest importance from a health standpoint.

Uneeda Biscuit

solved the problem of how to get a bread food at once wholesome and palatable. **Uneeda Biscuit** contain all the nutriment of the wheat, made in the cleanest bakeries in the world; by most skillful bakers. Sold in air-tight packages—always fresh, always ready for use.

5¢

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

LARGE CONGREGATION IS ADDRESSED BY DR. GRAY

Evangelist Directs His Remarks to the Two Religious Classes at Presbyterian Church.

MEETINGS TO CONTINUE

"This evening I shall address Christians as Christians, but I shall also have those who are not Christians in mind. I want to show the Christians their exact standing in the world of Christ." This was the opening paragraph of the sermon of the Rev. Dr. James M. Gray in his fourth revival service at the First Presbyterian Church last evening. Continuing, Dr. Gray said:

"In Tokio there was formerly a custom when any foreigner came to stay any length of time in the city he had to hire what was called a substitute, a man who stood responsible for him in case he disobeyed any laws. This man had to pay the penalty, even if the penalty was death.

"As soon as the foreigner arrived in the city a police officer approached him and would inquire who stood for him, meaning by this who was responsible for him.

"Jesus Christ is the one who stands for you. He is the one who had to pay the penalty of death for your disobedience of the law of God."

Dr. Gray again spoke of the people bringing their Bibles to church and what good could be accomplished if hundreds of people could be seen on the street cars and on the streets of this city with Bibles in their hands. Mr. Powers sang two solos. The church was crowded. Services will continue every night this week at the same church, and services will be held at the Second Presbyterian Church every afternoon.

EMPEROR WILLIAM IS WELCOMED IN ENGLAND

DOVER, Eng., March 13.—The North German Lloyd steamer Koenig Albert, on its way to the Mediterranean with Emperor William on board, arrived here this afternoon. A large crowd welcomed the Emperor, but as the visit was unofficial, no salute was fired. Sir William Henry Crundell, former mayor of Dover, went on board the Koenig Albert and delivered some dispatches after which the vessel proceeded.

Hymn Before Action.

The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath;
The nations in their harness
Go up against our path!
Ere yet we lose the legions—
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid!

High lust and forward bearing,
Proud heart, rebellious brow—
Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
We seek Thy mercy now:
The sinner that forswore Thee,
The fool that passed Thee by,
Our times are known before Thee—
Lord, grant us strength to die!

For those who kneel beside us
At altars not Thine own,
Who lack the lights that guide us,
Lord, let their faith atone;
If wrong we did to call them,
By honor bound they came;
Let not Thy wrath befall them,
But deal to us the blame.

From panic, pride and terror,
Revenge that knows no rein—
Light haste and lawless error,
Protect us yet again.
Cloak Thou our undeserving,
Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and unswerving
To taste Thy lesser death!

Ah, Mary, pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach and save
The soul that comes to-morrow
Before the God that gave!
Since each was born of woman,
For each at utter need—
True comrade and true foeman,
Madonna, intercede!

E'en now their vanguard gathers,
E'en now we face the fray—
As Thou didst help our fathers,
Help Thou our host to-day!
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
In life, in death made clear—
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, hear!

—Rudyard Kipling.

Don't forget, please, Mrs. Austin's Pancake flour—best of all. At grocers.

DAWN OF RELIGIOUS UNITY IS PRESAGED BY PASTOR

Nonsectarian Worship and Absence of Variant Creeds Is Prophesied in Utterances.

The Rev. Mr. Ramsey, of Louisville, Ky., who exchanged pulpits with the Rev. E. E. Newbert, spoke at All Souls' Unitarian Church yesterday upon the theme of unity and used for his text, "Behold how good and pleasant a thing it is to dwell together in unity."

He ridiculed the stringent relations that have existed in the past between the different sects and congregations, but congratulated the present that such conditions were fast disappearing. He held that the idea of congregations holding aloof from each other was bigotry and narrow-mindedness.

He spoke in part as follows:

"Unity is good and pleasant under all circumstances, but especially good in religion. And yet it is about religion that men have been most divided in the past. They have fought, persecuted and murdered each other about religious opinions.

"Our own age knows more of real religious unity than any previous age.

"The beautiful unity of early Christianity is a myth. The early church was divided into scores of sects. These sects were the outgrowth of intellectual liberty. When the church became allied with the state early in the fourth century, intellectual liberty ended. The creed of Christendom was fixed by arbitrary authority. Protestantism was a revolt against this authority. It was an assertion of liberty of thought and conscience.

"One of the greatest evils of sectarianism is narrow-mindedness. The bigot is a man who has one idea, and who thinks that it is the only idea that exists. He sees one phase of truth and becomes blind to all others. He confounds Christianity with the special doctrines of his sect, he loves his sect more than Christianity, and usually loves himself more than his sect.

"A good Baptist heard me speak recently and said: 'Why, you spoke like a Christian.' She thought Unitarians were infidels. She had never read a Unitarian book or heard a Unitarian sermon.

"Let us get closer up to each other and find out what we really do believe, and are trying to do. Bigotry belittles and dwarfs a man and cuts him off from human fellowship.

"Turning to the bright side we see some of the hopeful signs of our time. There are certain powerful forces and influences making for unity among the sects."

M. T. H. S. NEWS NOTES.

The Manchus met Friday night at the home of Armin Bohn, 2108 North Senate avenue.

The Tredecimites, a sorority of the June '04 class, will give a spread in the basement on St. Patrick's day.

The girls of the junior and sophomore classes will give a leap year dance at Brenneke's on the Friday night of spring vacation.

Several girls in the senior class, headed by Elsa Leachmann, the captain of the basketball team, intend to form a track team. Mr. Emmerick is heartily in favor of the movement and will give the girls every Friday evening for the present and later two nights in the week.

Exercises were held in the auditorium Friday during the second hour in the morning. The orchestra played several selections, including "The Jolly General," "Zamona," "King Dodo" and "The Tenderfoot." Mr. Emmerich gave a short talk concerning the benefits of physical training relative to the new gymnasium, and stated that in a short time a regular instructor would be obtained to direct the students.

There is a great deal of commotion in the senior classes concerning the place of holding the commencement exercises. On account of the fact that each graduate can obtain only five tickets at English's Opera House, some one suggested that Tomlinson Hall be used, where almost twice that number can be got. The greater number seem to favor the former place on account of the bare appearance of Tomlinson Hall.

Barber's Corpse in His Shop.

Dave Jordan, aged fifty-six years, a negro, was found dead on the floor of his barber shop at 541 South Illinois street yesterday. Death was probably due to a heart affliction.

WAR ON LIQUOR TRAFFIC IS URGED BY A MINISTER

The Rev. Joshua Stansfield Condemns Evils of What He Terms Political Curse.

"It is hard to see God in the great moral conflict with the greatest slavery that has ever darkened the Christian world—the slavery of liquor, more demoralizing and disseminating in its ravages than pestilence, famine or sword. It is all so material and social and worldily, so degrading and debasing; and the sin, if it be a sin, is so peculiar and personal. It is a question of personal rights and habits. It is not like slavery or any thing of the past; it parallels nothing in history. The question seems too political to be religious and it is too personal to be political; how hard indeed to see God in the dreadful problem of the liquor curse of to-day, or in its growing tributary, the tobacco vice."

Thus spoke the Rev. Joshua Stansfield yesterday morning at Meridian-street Methodist Church in a practical sermon on "The Fact of God in Yesterday and To-Day." Dr. Stansfield took his text from Genesis, xxviii, 16—"Lo! God is in this place and I knew it not." Speaking further, he said in part:

"A careful examination of the religious history of the race will show that it has always been easier for men to recognize the divine presence in the past than in the present of their lives. It is probably safe to say of this entire congregation, that whatever the varying interpretations, yet our belief in the presence and power of God in the life of the Hebrew race is unquestioned. It is true we sometimes find ourselves giving a subjective interpretation to voices and events of which the Bible speaks in terms of marked objectivity. But whatever our personal explanations of these Bible facts in detail, we all feel that God was in those days verily present with His own. The canon of Scripture is closed; the old prophets are dead; there is now no law to promulgate, no new spiritual doctrine or revelation to set forth; except, forsooth, it shall be in Utah, and then so immoral as to merit the condemnation of a republic, or in some spiritualistic organization or circle, among classes never yet noted for either mental perspicuity or moral beauty.

"With these exceptions, we know all too little these days of conscious divine disclosures. The divine presence with us is all too largely a thing of the past. Certainly God lives and is in some sense related to the facts of our life, but not as in those old Bible days.

"How easy it is to see God in Lincoln's procalamation freeing four millions of slaves, but in the race question now we can easier see an indigent and offensive negro—a bone to political contention—a menace to social comfort—a bugbear to organized skilled labor—a scapegoat for the white man's brutalities and fiercest passions and, all in all, with his bewildering increase—a menace to the Republic. All this men see to-day, but where is God? We can see Him in the emancipation of thirty years ago, but where is God now? Possibly it is because we fail to see God in the to-day that the whole question is so offensive and ominous.

"God in the past may be an aid to faith, or may be only an object of belief and wonder; but God in the present is a power for character and for conquest. How easy to hear the song of the angels and to see the Prince of Peace in Bethlehem two thousand years ago, but in the to-day, the now, how different it all is. Christian nations vieing with each other as to the strength of their armaments and field forces, while the new countries and peoples of the world are the grab-bag of Christianized hordes. We worship at the cross, but clamor for a naval equipment and 'peace-footing army' that might do honor to the crescent as our ensign.

"Do we not realize the moral and material significance of the far Eastern war? Certainly we do; and earnestly hope that whatever the cost to Japan or even to the Anglo-Saxon of the world, the so-called Christian Russian, but the really omniverous Bear, may be arrested in his rapacious course. But while this is a great racial struggle for the setback of the Slav it need not be the sustained occasion for inoculating young America with the unionism of war, or conveying the impression that for any one to amount to much these days he must needs smell powder or sniff the sea breezes from the deck of a man-of-war.

"But unless we shall be able to see God, to the consecration of our lives to personal abstinence, and to social and national temperance, it will go ill with the church, with our homes and with our age."

TWO FIERCE CONFLICTS OF JESUS AND THE DEVIL

On Both Occasions the King of Evil Was Easily Vanquished.

REV. PEARSON'S SERMON

"The Final Conflict—Gethsemane," was the interesting subject selected by Rev. M. C. Pearson at the First Friends Church yesterday morning. His text was "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." In part the minister said:

"Jesus Christ met and vanquished Satan on many occasions during his active ministry. But there is a record of two fierce conflicts which have challenged the attention of the Christian world. The first of these was the conflict in the wilderness at the very opening of His active service. That was a fierce struggle with a signal victory for the Son of Man. The second was the conflict in the shadows of Gethsemane where Satan again and for the last time attempted to turn Jesus aside from His true mission. This was the final, the greatest battle of His life. The devil has two ways of turning men from the way of righteousness—the pathway of duty. He first offers a man earthly pleasures, honor, riches, fame which God cannot approve. Failing in this, he urges man to avoid the hardships, the sacrifice, the cross-bearing incident to a life of obedience to God.

"Failing in the wilderness to turn Jesus from His chosen mission, he now appears in Gethsemane and with all the combined forces of hell, attempts to force Jesus to deviate from the line of fidelity and obedience to His mission for the world. After a man has overcome the attractions of pleasure it only remains for him to rise above the instinctive fear of pain, hardship and suffering in order for him to be faithful until the end. This garden scene is at the same time most wonderful and most mysterious. In the darkness and gleom of that eventful night, Jesus seems heavy with sorrow tnd filled with grief. Many things conspired to produce a broken-heartedness of spirit.

"He fully realized his failure to secure the deep, abiding sympathy of His disciples. He was alone, with no one near who understood this last conflict through which He was passing. A joy unshared loses half its glow and the weight of sorrow is threefold heavier if there is none to watch with us. Jesus, being human, yearned for sympathy. Two infants hand in hand will tread the darkness where one would not go alone. The sick one in our house passes the night more pleasantly if some one but holds the hand and watches. In the midst of His grief, He prays the Father to let the cup pass from Him. This could not have been the cup of death, for Jesus was not inferior to man that He should shrink from death. Many martyrs have met death without a shudder. It was not the character of the death, the ignominy of it, from which He shrank. Many men have suffered a worse martyrdom than crucifixion. O there is something mysterious here, a cup is being drained which no one knew but Jesus and His Father. There is something deeper by far than anything conceived by man. It was the bearing of an invisible cross, by which the salvation of the world is being procured. He is making a sacrifice unseen by man. Here, to my mind, is the crisis, the supreme hour in the whole sacrifice which Jesus made for the redemption of mankind.

"How beautiful is the submission of Jesus to His Father's will. No element in man's character outshines a resignation to the will of a divine Providence. So Jesus drank the cup to its bitter dregs, because the Father willed it so."

HARD FIGHT AT SAN PEDRO DE MACORIS

Santo Domingan Rebels Routed and the Government Forces Reoccupy the Town.

SANTO DOMINGO, March 13.—After severe fighting which lasted for two days San Pedro De Macoris has been recaptured by government forces. President Morales returned here last night from San Pedro, leaving Luis Tejera to act as governor of the town.

The rebel leader, Rodriguez, escaped. Many men were killed or wounded on both sides during the fighting. This city is quiet.