CORY'S DAILY CARTOON.

NOVEMBER'S IDOL.

THIS IS WHAT WE ARE EXPECTED TO ADMIRE FOR THE REST OF THE MONTH.

TALMAGE'S SATURDAY SERMON, *The Spicery of Religion.*

YOU know that all theologians agree in making Solomon a type of Christ, and in making the Queen of Sheba a type of every truth-seeker; and I shall take the responsibility of saying that all the spikenard and cassia and frankincense which the Queen of Sheba brought to King Solomon is mightily suggestive of the sweet spices of our holy religion. Christianity is not a collection of sharp technicalities and angular facts and chronological tables and dry statistics.

Our religion is compared to frankincense and to cassia, but never to nightshade. It is a bundle of myrrh. It is a dash of holy light. It is a sparkle of cool fountains. It is an opening of opaline gates. It is a collection of spices. Would God that we were as wise in taking spices to our Divine King as Queen Balkis was wise in taking spices to the earthly Solomon.

The fact is that the duties and cares of this life, coming to us from time to time, are stupid often and inane and intolerable. Here are men who have been planning, selling, bartering, climbing, pounding, hammering for twenty years, forty years, fifty years. One great, long drudgery has their life been. Their face anxious, their feelings benumbed, their days monotonous. What is necessary to brighten up that man's life and to sweeten that acid disposition and to put sparkle into the man's pirfits? The spicery of our holy religion.

Why, if between the losses of life

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

there dashed a gleam of an eternal gain, if between the betrayals of life there came the gleam of the undying friendship of Christ; if in dull times in business we found ministering spirits flying to and fro in our office and store and shop, every-day life, instead of being a stupid monotone, would be a glorious inspiration, penduluming between calm satisfaction and high rapture.

How any woman keeps house without the religion of Christ to help her is a mystery to me. To have to spend the greater part of one's life, as many women do, in planning for the meals, and stitching garments that will soon be rent again, and deploring breakages, and supervising tardy subordinates, and driving off dust that will soon again settle, and doing the same thing day in and day out, and year in and year out, until the hair silvers, and the back stoops, and the spectacles crawl to the eyes, and the grave opens under the thin sole of the shoe—oh, it is a long monotony! But when Christ comes to the drawing-room and comes to the kitchen and comes to the nursery and comes to the dwelling, then how cheery become all womanly duties!

She is never alone now. Martha gets through fretting and joins Mary at the feet of Jesus. All day long Deborah sings because she can help Lapidoth; Hannah, because she can make a coat for young Samuel; Miriam, because she can watch her infant brother; Rachel, because she can help her father water the stock; the widow of Sarepta, because the cruse of oil is being replenished. O women! having in your pantry a nest of boxes containing all kinds of condiments, why have you not tried in your heart and life the spicery of our holy religion? "Martha! Martha! thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER *Answers Questions of Unhappy Wives.*

The Old Complaint.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am married five years, yet don't own our home yet. I pay $1 a week on $50 worth of furniture. My husband has not got steady work and I wish I could know where to go and get $100 to pay for my home. My heart would be at ease.

HEART-BROKEN LADY.

I AM sorry I cannot be of use to this "heart-broken" lady. Very few of us are owners of our own homes, and my impression is that a good many of the readers of this department are like myself—obliged to work for every day's bread and butter.

I do not know where this little woman can get money, except through the ordinary money-lenders.

If the husband is well and strong and competent and willing there is plenty of work to be found in New York City.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Never in my recollection has it been so easy for really energetic, conscientious workers.

A Wife's Pitiful Plight.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I married five years ago. We have a cozy little home and a daughter two years old. I am fairly good-looking, young, accomplished and keep house well.

My husband used to be very neat in appearance. Now he rarely blackens his boots or brushes his clothes. He hardly ever takes a bath unless I coax him. He seldom stays at home. He drinks some. I have bought books for him to read in order to improve his mind, but it did no good. I feel that I need a companion and some one to sympathize with me. I believe I am losing all love for him. He has already lost my respect, for he has struck me. What shall I do?

JERSEY.

I DO not believe a woman should continue to live with a man after he has struck her. Added to this gross insult, your husband's personal habits are such that no self-respecting woman from my point of view could sustain the relation of a wife to him. At the same time let me give you a bit of advice. "Two wrongs never made a right."

Do not accept the attentions of another man so long as you are your husband's wife and under his protection. Seek diversions in other channels, where there will be no danger for you and where no one can criticise your conduct.

Personally I do not see how you can have any affection for a man who struck you unless he was intoxicated or insane at the time.

The Lazy Man.

A man who is lazy is about as useless as an alarm clock that doesn't alarm.

THE MUSE OF PROGRESS.

SUCCESS is like a load of hay;
One has to climb to get on top,
And then if he attempts to ride
With idle legs hung o'er the side,
There comes a jolt, a clutch, a
stilt—
And down he goes, kerflop!

The World.

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A GREAT LOVE-LETTER, WRITTEN BY A GREAT MAN.

To give you a glance at the man you will be reading about if you read the "Life of Henry George," just issued by his son Harry, here is a letter which he wrote to his wife on the twenty-third anniversary of their marriage and left where she would find it as soon as she awakened:

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT LOVE-LETTERS.

It is twenty-three years ago to-night since we were married—I only a month or two older than our Harry and you not much older than our Jen. For twenty-three years we have been closer to each other than to any one else in the world, and I think we esteem each other more and love each other better than when we first began.

We are not rich—so poor just now, in fact, that all I can give you on this anniversary is a little love-letter. But there is no one we can afford to envy, and in each other's love we have what no wealth could compensate for. And so let us go on, true and loving, trusting in Him to carry us further who has brought us so far with so little to regret.

For twenty-three years you have been mine and I have been yours. And, though twenty-three years your husband, I am more than ever your lover.

This love-letter, as priceless a gift as ever lover laid in the lap of the woman he loved, suggests the whole story of this workingman and descendant of workingmen in all his relations with his fellow-beings.

When you read his life you will read a very plain story of privation and struggle, the surroundings for the most part humble; you will read a story of incessant toil with no great rewards in dollars, of a routine of family life and public life marked by no dramatic incidents. But, if you really admire manhood—the true, the just, the simple, the brave—if you are trying in your way and according to your light to lead such a life, then you will draw inspiration from every page of this book.

A KNIGHT WHO WAS THE FLOWER OF CHIVALRY.

Here is another little quotation:

One day as his wife sat close beside him in a low chair he said:

"What do you most admire in a man?"

"Courage," the wife answered.

"But why courage?"

"Because it is *the* manly quality."

"But courage might seem to go with physique—and I am a small man. How do you find this courage in me?"

"I do not mean physical courage," the wife replied, "but moral courage; the courage that impels a man who sees his duty to follow it, though it means to make sacrifices; to stand up against the world."

That is the key to Henry George—courage—a courage that never calculated the cost but only the duty. You may or may not admire what Henry George taught. You may or may not think his public life a success. But admire the man you must, and concede his greatness you must, and be inspired by his example you must.

We all remember the last time that Duty came and looked him squarely in the eyes. He was recovering from a severe illness. He said to his doctor:

THE LAST SUPREME ACT OF COURAGE.

"Tell me, if I accept, what is the worst that can happen to me?"

"You have a right to be told," said the doctor. "It will most probably prove fatal."

"You mean it may kill me?"

"Most probably, yes."

"Dr. Kelly says the same thing, only more positively. But I have got to die. How can I die better than serving humanity? Besides, so dying will do more for the cause than anything I am likely to be able to do in the rest of my life."

And he drew that brightest of bright swords and donned that helmet whose plumes are the whitest and stateliest, rushed into the front of the battle and there died for The Cause. That cause, as his life story shows on every page, was not the economic theory which won him his first fame, but the great fundamental truth of the grandeur of moral courage which changed his fame into immortality.

When Lincoln was assassinated Henry George wrote of him:

He was one of the leaders who march close before the advancing ranks of the people, who direct their steps and speak with their voice. No other system could have produced him; through no crowd of courtiers could such a man have forced his way; his feet would have slipped on the carpets of palace stairs and Grand Chamberlains would have ordered him back.

The life of Henry George is the life of just such a great son of the republic—the apotheosis of the common, simple, honest, manly man, free and fearless. You ought to read this life. If you are large-minded you will get a lift to a still wider horizon. If you are small-minded you may get a glimpse of a paradise which it will do you no harm to admire, even if you don't care to enter.

OF SUCH ARE THE PILLARS OF THE REPUBLIC.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Is This Why Men Grow Gray Earlier than Women?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A reader asks why men grow gray sooner than women do. That question's a cinch. Women sit at home, loafing or natter around calling, drinking tea and gossiping or spending husband's money. Men go out into the world and toil and work and worry and slave and take all the hard knocks. Yet your correspondent asks why they grow gray earlier than women. Why does a suit of clothes wear out sooner on a laboring man's back than in a tailor's window?

PHILOSOPHER.

If This Isn't Encouragement What Is?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would like to ask readers to settle a dispute. Is a person encouraged by a kiss? A claims that if a person is calling on a young lady and is allowed to kiss her he is being encouraged. B says no. Which is right, readers?

BROOKLYN.

Doesn't Want to Help Mamma.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is there any reason why my mother should make me help her with the housework? I am employed six hours a day at an office where I earn $7.50 a week. Mamma thinks I should help her about the house in some of my spare time, but I say I earn my own living and I've got a right to do as I choose. I'd like to hear opinions.

MARIAN E. D.

Slapped Typewriter's Fingers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a typewriter. Last Monday my employer became impatient because I made three errors in a letter, and he slapped my fingers. I am not sure if he did it in anger or in fun. And it worries me considerably to know what I ought to do about it. Who can help me out in this puzzle? I have no parents, so there is nobody I can turn to for advice.

GRACE V., Brooklyn.

A Local Patriot.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wonder if New Yorkers realize how singularly blessed they are? I've been forced to travel for a year and a half in other big American cities, and I can tell you they are all mere provincial villages alongside of New York City. Now that I'm home again I'm shaking hands with myself that Providence cast my lot in Manhattan and not elsewhere.

RETURNED WANDERER.

IN GAY NEW YORK.

By T. E. POWERS.

AT LOBSTER HALL.

THE FAIR ONE—Well, what do you think of THAT for a lobster?

CHORUS OF WILLIEBOYS:
"Why, it's all red!"
"How still it lies! And see, it's got claws."
"It blushes to think of the indigestion it'll cause."
"We used to shoot finer lobsters than that any day up on the farm at Pompton, N. J. I've often shot Welsh rabbits on the wing, too."
"If a chicken lobster lived to grow up do you suppose he'd learn to crow?"
"Looks something like Bryan, doesn't it?"
"They call it a 'broiled live lobster;' but I guess it must be asleep."
"This is better than all the coffee and sinkers that ever came down the pike."

HE KNEW.

Long—Dame Fortune knocks once at every man's door.

Short—It was her daughter, Mis-Fortune, who called on me.

GOING SLOW.

"This here paper sez a messenger boy was run over to-day."

"By a trolley car?"

"No, by a funeral procession that was only a block and a half off!"

NEW INDUSTRY.

Silas—What be yeou doin' with that pig tied out in the road?

Cyrus—Hush! The Ganderbilt's automobile is due along this way. He'll run over the porker and I'll sue for some of his millions.

HANDSOME PARIS GOWN.

This is an elaborate house gown of ecru silk with trimmings of ecru lace, black velvet ribbon and rhinestone buckles.

BOOKS, AUTHORS, MAGAZINES, *New Literature Lightly Discussed.*

Once upon a time there was a large young man who always wore nice high collars and never needed a shave. And he wrote lots of lovely stories. And all the men in those stories always wore nice high collars and never needed a shave; and all the heroin's bore the label "Drawn by C. D. Gibson." And there were lots of cut glass and silver, and liveried footmen and high-grade conversation running through the stories. And every girl in the United States, from Pasadena, Cal., to Pompton, N. J., bought those stories and read them, and, having read them, proceeded to call down Charlie because he didn't always wear nice high collars and sometimes needed a shave, and because in moments of poverty he sometimes lunched at Dennett's, instead of regaling himself at "the club." And each of these girls had the large young man's picture on her dressing-table, with a bunch of violets in front of it. And the publishers and the photographers and the violet-sellers all grew very, very rich, so well by they could go to Coney Island every other Sunday and could ride both ways between the flat and the office. And then—and THEN—children the large young man went and got married to a girl! And then what do you suppose happened? Why, the sale of that large young man's books began right away to decline alarmingly. And no one can guess why. And he had to go clear away to South Africa and write things about his Brother Boer (things which an unkind English nobleman said were not true, at that). And the moral of this story is: It is wiser for large young men to wear high collars and shave every day than to get married.

* * *

There is always room for one more. That is if it is the right sort of one. And the flood of Knickerbockered, strange-oathed, back-number-centuried historical novels that has deluged a harmless, peaceful community for the past few years has just received a worthy re-enforcement in "The House of Egremont," by Molly Elliott Seawell (Scribner's). The story, by itself, is not great, but Miss Seawell has the rare power of clothing in interest every line she writes. This narrative of the days of William of Orange has a certain old-world charm and is worth reading.

* * *

The antithesis of the Novel of the Past is the Novel of the Future. And the latter's chief exponent is H. G. Wells, who has at various times plunged us into the horrors of a Martian war, placed the whole world under the rule of one sleeping man and taken other unwarrantable liberties with posterity. Repenting, perhaps, of his misdeeds, he has now written "Love and Mr. Lewisham" (without apologies to John Oliver Hobbes). It is a love story of the present day. After reading it one begins to understand why Mr. Wells has heretofore dabbled only in futurities.

* * *

In mid-October, when the reading public is reflecting on Hallowe'en, out rush the November magazines, fronted by pictures of turkeys and other Thanksgiving accessories, and containing stories of how John returned home on Thanksgiving morning just in time to pay the mortgage on the dear old farm and reap an earthly reward in the shape of indigestion that noon. In mid-November, as we are beginning to think tenderly of Thanksgiving, behold the special Christmas number of the magazine, with the cover design of a hyper-inflated plum pudding surrounded by its victims, who are suffering the throes of a family reunion. In mid-December, just as we are solving the problem of buying $193 worth of Christmas presents with $1.45, enter the New Year's issue of the magazines, with their frontispieces of an aged man, with white whiskers and a blanket, undergoing disrespectful treatment at the hands of a robust and insufficiently clad urchin. Under the picture is some such startlingly original line as "Ring Out the Old; Ring in the New." Custom has rendered us callous to this particular breed of idiocy. But, seriously, why not publish the Thanksgiving number in November, and the Christmas issue in December? Is there any real objection to a little sanity—even in a 10-cent magazine?

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

THE HALL OF FAME.

Brief Biographies of the Men Whose Names Are First Chosen.

24—JAMES KENT.

JAMES KENT

BORN in Philippi, N. Y., July 31, 1763. Was graduated at Yale, 1781. Admitted to bar 1787. Member of Legislature, 1790 and 1792. Accepted Professorship of Law at Columbia College 1793.

Elected Recorder of New York 1797. Was a puisne Judge of Supreme Court of New York 1798-1804. Chief Justice 1804-14.

Appointed Chancellor of New York 1814.

Died in New York City, Dec. 12, 1847.

Was one of the fathers of American jurisprudence, and author of legal commentaries which rank among the foremost law books of the age.

Monday a short biographical sketch of Joseph Story will be printed with portrait.