

U. S. AVOIDED HUMILIATION NO HAND IN BALKANS SETTLEMENT.

Has Gained in Prestige and Policy by Silence in European Crisis.

[Copyright, 1909, by the Brentwood Company.] To-morrow exactly six months will have elapsed since Prince Ferdinand proclaimed himself Czar of Bulgaria, this action on his part being coincident with the announcement by Emperor Francis Joseph of his decision to transform his military and administrative occupation of the nominally Turkish provinces of Herzegovina and Bosnia, which had lasted for thirty years, into a formal annexation. They have been a very eventful six months. Much has taken place during that period. Austria, after having ever since the downfall of the great Chancellor Prince Metternich, more than sixty years ago, occupied a back seat in the concert of Europe, has resumed her place in the very front rank, while Germany, which last year was looked upon as having been isolated by the diplomacy of Great Britain and as being no longer of much account, has once more become the dominant factor in European affairs, the centre of political gravity having been restored to Berlin.

A notable feature of the situation is that two of the great powers which were expected to play a very important role have had no voice whatsoever in the recent crisis in the Balkans which has so completely altered the balance of power in Europe. After the showing made by the United States at the international congress of Algiers it had been taken for granted that this country would take a strong hand in all great international controversies instead of remaining aloof, as had been its practice until the war of 1898 with Spain. Japan, too, had intimated that she would have something to say as a great power in European affairs, and had given notice that she expected to be consulted with regard to any agreement affecting the status of Turkey and to the modification of the existing laws governing the passage of the Dardanelles.

But Czar Ferdinand has transformed Bulgaria from a vassal state of the Porte into an independent sovereignty, adding the Turkish province of Eastern Roumelia, which he already administered in the name of the Sultan as the latter's Governor General, to his now fledgling kingdom; while Austria, in the same way incorporated the Ottoman provinces of Herzegovina and Bosnia into her empire, without asking any one's leave. Neither the United States nor Japan was considered in the matter, and the change in the map of Europe has been made and ratified without either of them being consulted. Of course, it may be argued that since neither the United States nor Japan was a party to the treaty of Berlin, of which the last shreds have now disappeared, they could not expect to be allowed any voice in the matter. But the alterations which have taken place in the European situation affect this country to a much more important degree than the Moorish convention negotiated at the international congress of Algiers, while the virtual acceptance by the great powers of Europe of the cynical principle that treaties are binding only so long as suits the convenience of one or another of the parties thereto shows a condition of things that this nation cannot afford to view with indifference.

GAINS IN PRESTIGE.

This being the case, the question will naturally be asked as to whether it would not have been well for the American government to have made its voice heard and its weight felt in the European crisis of which the first chapter has just been brought to a conclusion through the reluctant acceptance by Russia, Great Britain and France of Austria's annexation of Herzegovina and Bosnia, without compensation of any kind to Serbia. But on due consideration the United States may be congratulated upon having refrained from taking any action. She has gained thereby alike in prestige and in policy. It is infinitely better for her honor and reputation as a great power that she should have become a party to what is, at the best, a violation of the most sacred treaty engagements and of solemn international pledges. Russia, France and England have just been compelled to submit to the coup d'etat of Austria, supported as was the last named by Germany, after having proclaimed to the world that Emperor Francis Joseph would be compelled to answer for his act of spoliation to a congress of great powers, which would insist upon compensation to Serbia and to the Sultan.

By holding her hand the United States has been spared the humiliation suffered by these powers at the hands of Germany and Austria, which refused to accept of any conference, excepting on terms so preposterous as to render its gathering wholly useless. The people of this great Republic have, therefore, every reason to be satisfied with the policy of abstention pursued by their government at Washington with regard to the European crisis during the last six months.

It is, however, but the first act upon which the curtain may be said to have been rung down through the acceptance by Great Britain, France and Russia of the intolerable conditions imposed upon them by Vienna and her ally at Berlin. The atmosphere, far from having been cleared by the submission of the Franco-Russo-British coalition to Austria and Germany, is more storm-laden even than last fall, or during the early spring of this year. The English and the French are filled with deep resentment—a resentment all the more profound, as they feel that they are not prepared at the present time to enforce their views or to give expression to their sentiments by means of arms. They have likewise begun to recriminate against each other—England on the subject of the naval weakness of France and the latter regarding the chaotic and disorganized state of the British army.

In France people are likewise sarcastic about the value of an ally such as Russia, which, while forever borrowing French money, can never be relied upon to support France when the latter finds herself at odds with foreign powers. In fact, the French people, who are comparatively indifferent to what goes on in the Balkans, and who have found the alliance with Russia and the entente cordiale with England of little use in moments of crises, are now turning their faces in the direction of Germany, especially since the recent understanding between Paris and Berlin on the subject of Morocco and about a number of other matters still more important, but not yet disclosed. In Russia the indignation among all classes is intense, and the Foreign Minister, Iswolsky, formerly attached to the Russian Embassy at Washington, and on record as having been "turned down" by the Union Club of New York as undesirable when up for election, being called upon to resign his office for having permitted himself to be mated at every move on the political chess-board by the Austrian Foreign Minister, Baron von Aehrenthal.

The thoughtful and well educated lieges of the Czar realize perfectly well that Russia is neither economically nor militarily prepared at the

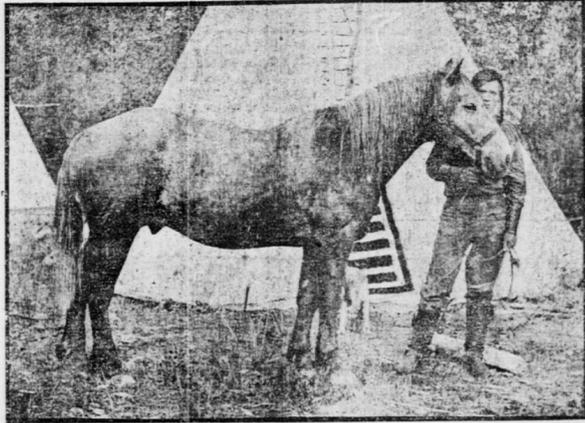


GROUP OF YOUNG INDIAN MEN AND MAIDENS WHO WERE GRADUATED FROM THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL THE OTHER DAY.

present moment to take up arms against an Austro-German combination. But they insist that Iswolsky might at least have handed the matter in such a manner as to have saved the face of Russia, and to have saved Russia from being compelled by something very much akin to an Austro-German ultimatum to give her sanction to the coup d'etat of Baron von Aehrenthal. They feel that the Czar's government will be considered throughout the Slav world as having sacrificed Slav interests and deserted the Slav cause at a most critical juncture. And this sentiment will be exploited for all it is worth by Pan-Slav agitators throughout the length and breadth not only of the vast dominions of the Czar, but in all the Southeast of Europe, and even in Herzegovina and Bosnia, where the overwhelming majority of the people are Slavs.

It is because of the conviction that stormy times are at hand, and that though the impending European war has been postponed for a time by the agreement just effected between Austria and Germany, on the one side, and Russia, England and France, on the other—the terms thereof have envenomed the situation and rendered the eventual conflict more certain than ever—that England is so perturbed at the present moment on the subject of her army and of her fleet. The people in the United Kingdom are bordering on hysteria and are so wrought up that it is doubtful whether they would experience much surprise if to-morrow Guy Du Maurier's crude play, "An Englishman's Home," were to become an accomplished fact and a German invasion were to take place. No one, either in Germany or in England, any longer denies that the two nations are busily engaged in arming against each other; and, inasmuch as neither can maintain the present pace in building \$15,000,000 Dreadnoughts by the dozen without bringing about the national bankruptcy predicted last week in the House of Commons by ex-Premier Balfour, it naturally follows that the war will come sooner rather than later.

As an illustration of the strained relations between the two nations I may mention a fact which has escaped general attention, namely, that the revelations in the House of Commons of the extraordinary Dreadnought building in Germany, which was not even known to the general public in Germany, and had been kept strictly secret, were immediately followed by extensive arrests at Berlin of alleged spies, some of them English, others Germans, and of people suspected of having sold information to British agents. At the same time strict orders were given to the military authorities of Alsace-Lorraine to forbid English officers of the army or navy from visiting the Reichsland without special permits granted by the Berlin War Department. Any of King Edward's officers found in Alsace-Lorraine without permits are liable to immediate expulsion, lucky indeed if they escape imprisonment. Then, too, in every German town and in every German village, from the



BEN SPOTTED HORSE'S FIVE-YEAR-OLD STALLION. One of the prize winners at the last industrial fair of the Crow Indians and his owner.



MODEL OF A FARM MADE BY INDIAN BOYS. Exhibited at the last industrial fair of the Crow Indians.

shores of the Baltic to those of Lake Constance, and from the Rhine to the Vistula, popular subscriptions are being solicited by the Navy League, in money boxes fashioned in the shape of an ironclad, most of them adorned with the inscription "For the Great Day"—that is to say, for the day on which the German fleet is to destroy both England's navy and Great Britain's maritime supremacy.

HOW WAR MAY COME.

Just how the war will come it is impossible to state. In fact there are a hundred different ways in which the fire may be started, which when once begun is certain to prove a conflagration of unparalleled magnitude. What will be the attitude of the United States in such an event? That is a question which is occupying the English mind at the present moment, and the action of this government in holding aloof from the recent crisis in connection with the Balkans has served to render speculation on the subject more lively than ever, not only in England, but also on the Continent. Japan is bound to England by ties of alliance. But in the first place this alliance is popular in neither country, and, moreover, its operation is strictly limited to Asia, and, unless there are some secret clauses not as yet revealed, does not extend to Europe or to America. Moreover, the Japanese government is in such financial straits that it has been compelled, through lack of revenue and diminution of credit both at home and abroad, to abandon the greater part of the public works and enterprises that had been planned, and likewise the enlargement and rearmament of its naval and military forces.

The United States, on the other hand, is a land of boundless wealth and of vast military and naval possibilities. Its support would weigh heavily in the balance in any European conflict. That its friendship will now be sought even more than ever by the great powers of Europe immediately affected by the present atmosphere of impending storms is a foregone conclusion. Many influences are at work on both sides of the ocean to sway its policy in the matter. If there are millions of citizens of this republic who look upon Great Britain and Ireland as "the Old Country," there are other millions again who entertain a similar affection toward the Vaterland—that is, the land of their fathers. But superior to these sentimental considerations are those as to whether the United States is likely to be politically and economically benefited or injured by the destruction and disruption of the British Empire. That is the question which must weigh before all others with the government at Washington, and under the circumstances it may be hoped that it may continue to display the same levelheaded statesmanship, powers of reserve and of presence of which it has given evidence during the six months which have elapsed since the beginning of the Balkan crisis. EX-ATTACHE.

"Bishops are above discipline, I believe." "Oh, no! They are nearly all of them married." —Brownings.

SECRETARY CHARLES NAGEL PRAISES THE LAWYERS

Doing Much for Commercial Peace of the Land, He Declares.

By James B. Morrow.

Obviously a dreamer, Charles Nagel, the new Secretary of Commerce and Labor, is also a man of manifold action—dynamic, dramatic and intense. "Sometimes I go to church," he said to me, mingling the mechanics of orthodoxy and regularity with the elements of poetry and mysticism, "and sometimes I walk under the trees on a Sunday morning."

A night from the United States to a foreign country while yet a boy, a ride to St. Louis, ever since his home, in an immigrant train, the reading of a little book which opened to him a notable career as a lawyer, an unchanging conviction that it is every citizen's duty to be an energetic politician, a refusal to accept pay from the Standard Oil Company for labor performed, a picturesque service as a deputy sheriff during a strike of workmen and the management of Mr. Taft's campaign in the West epitomize a part of Mr. Nagel's life and reveal his instincts and character. The unique facts of his personal history turn biography into the charm and surprise of good fiction.

"You were born in Texas," I said to him. "Why do you live in Missouri?" "You have called up a singular story," he answered. "My father, a physician and a graduate of the University of Berlin, and my mother, the daughter and granddaughter of clergymen in Prussia, settled in Colorado County, Tex., among a community of other Germans. There had been oppression at home. Coming to America, actuated by the motives of the Puritans, my parents went into the wilds, where government would have little chance to find them. It was eleven years old at the beginning of the war between the North and the South, my father was a Union man. Confederate soldiers came to our house and ate peaches and hickory nuts and joked with my father about his Union sentiments. We were not afraid of them. There were other dangerous men, however, in the neighborhood. We lived in considerable terror until November, 1862. My mother one evening told me that my father and I were to leave the country next day. I was fourteen years of age, and as tall as a man. Boys were being conscripted by the Confederate authorities, and my parents were sure I would be compelled to enter the army.

"My father and I travelled alone. The weather was cold, but we dared not build a fire. We suffered from hunger and had to sleep on the bare ground. When we arrived in San Antonio we went to the house of Mr. Urban, the richest man in Texas. Although a Confederate sympathizer, he was a German and was grateful to my father. He hid us in his house for several days, and then my father went through the form of an official examination. He told the authorities, at the suggestion of Mr. Urban, that he was on his way to Mexico to buy quinine. The story was palpably untrue, but we were permitted to go. We travelled south and east toward the city of Monterey. Robbers and Indians infested the country. We proceeded, therefore, with great caution, and were not allowed fires. A northern swept down upon us sud-

denly. My father and I crept under a huge raw hide. The sand soon covered us, but we almost perished.

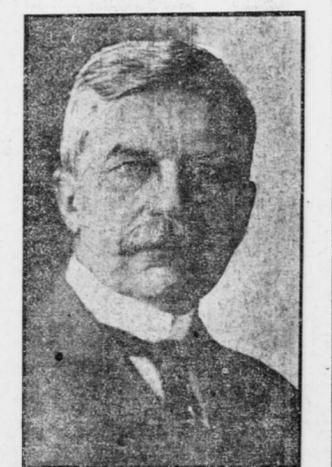
"The Christmas holidays were spent in Monterey. We lived in an old warehouse, warming our hands over a little fire which we built in a soap box half full of sand. Federal soldiers were at Brownsville, across the river. I rowed over one morning and visited their camp. When I peered into the open tent of General E. J. Davis, the officer in command, he asked if I were hungry.

"I am the lanky and hungry boy you fed at Brownsville," I told him. "Will you," I asked, "give me a ticket to the convention?" "I sat in a reserved seat and saw Roscoe Conkling, Eugene Hale, William P. Frye, George F. Hoar, Benjamin Harrison, Emory A. Storrs, Chester A. Arthur and John A. Logan. Moreover," I heard James A. Garfield speak.

"My father and myself left Matamoros for New York on a small sailing ship. We were at sea for twenty-one days. Our journey to the West was made in an immigrant train. We arrived in St. Louis on February 3, 1864, with a carpet bag and \$14. My father began to practise his profession in a poor quarter of the city, inhabited by Germans, Jews, Irish and Bohemians. He had all his life been a doctor, and he was very busy. He had no time to do, but his fees were small, and in very many instances he received no fees at all. My mother soon came to us. At first I attended a cheap private school. My education was ragged, and I did not speak English very well. Ultimately, my father took me to the principal of the high school. I was admitted simply because I was a refugee, but my teachers helped me at their homes at night, and I was graduated when I was eighteen years old. In the mean time I collected my father's accounts, visiting alleys, cellars and garrets, and learning much about the poor, whom I found, on the whole, to be honest, phlegmatic and generous.

"Did you begin to study law immediately after your graduation?" "No; I and a young friend, now a physician, spent six months in Europe, mostly on foot. My father desired me to visit his old home and get acquainted with my relatives. On my return to St. Louis I read and studied in a haphazard way for almost a year. My father, of course, wanted me to be a physician, but I had no taste for medicine. I had seen picture galleries in Germany, and really felt called to be an artist. Indeed, I had tried to draw pictures in Texas. It was understood finally that I was to be a clerk in a commercial establishment. "A young lawyer, whom I knew, talked to me of Dickens, Thackeray and Scott. I bought a book for 60 cents entitled 'British Eloquence,' and on reading the speeches of Pitt, Burke, Erskine, Macaulay and others, began to look for a place in some law office. My lawyer friend said I was a dreamer, but he gave me good advice. I studied in two offices. The son of my first preceptor was afterward my partner. Mrs. Nagel is the daughter of my second preceptor. I was graduated at the St. Louis Law School at the age of twenty-three.

"I was ready for the bar, but my father and mother returned to Germany, and I accompanied



CHARLES NAGEL. The new Secretary of Commerce and Labor. (Copyright, 1909, by Harris & Ewing.)

them. My father took lectures in medicine for a year at his old university, and I took lectures in law. I slept in an abandoned kitchen on an iron bed, heard concerts by military bands, visited art galleries every day, and listened to Mommsen, who lectured on ancient history, and to Gneist, the great German authority on the common law. When I hung out my shingle in St. Louis I was \$50 in debt. "What were your experiences the first year?" "A man dislikes to talk about the days when he rarely had 25 cents in his pocket with which to pay for his luncheon. Still, I got along. My friends thought I was visionary, and they were lacking in confidence. The thought of Nagel being a lawyer made them laugh. However, I wasn't personally known to every one in St. Louis, and in a short time I had a good business. My firm has always been successful, but not in the way I have recently read about it in the newspapers. We never accepted employment from a large corporation when it prevented us from engaging in general practice or deprived us of the liberty of conducting our own affairs. "Is it true that you have been the attorney of the Standard Oil Company?" "We were asked by the Waters-Pierce Oil Company to ascertain in what way, if any, that company was not complying with the laws of Missouri. We did some business in that connection, and were given to understand we should be in control of the litigation growing out of the suit brought against the company by Herbert S. Hadley, Attorney Gen-

eral of the state. When we learned that we were not to be in control we attempted to withdraw from the case. I was interested, as a lawyer, in the questions involved, and should have liked to manage the case for the defendants. However, other and perhaps better counsel was followed. In the end we were asked to send a bill for our services. We made no bill and we received no money. Our fees from first to last in work for which we charged amounted possibly to \$500."

"The practice of lawyers has changed in many ways," I said, "since you first came to the bar?" "I used to be in court nearly all the time. Recently I have not gone there more than twice a year. Lawyers now adjust disputes whenever they can, but of course they must be ready and willing to fight when it is necessary. The men of my profession are doing more for the commercial peace and the ethical education of the country than will ever be known. Like physicians, their mouths are closed. They dare not tell how many cases they decide to accept on any terms, nor can they complain when their advice is disregarded. An important client of my own—once employed several thousand men—once impatiently turned to me and said: 'To hear you talk, we are in danger of a rope and lampost.'

"Figuratively, you are," I replied. "You are in no danger personally, but you and others like you are seriously jeopardizing the property interests of the country."

"Business men," Mr. Nagel went on to say, "have done many unwise things because of their inability to see or to understand the citizen in the street. They once seemed to be running the government; it now looks as if they were running away from the government. The real leaders of the bar in the United States, comprehending the trend of public opinion, are safeguarding the legitimate rights of property and are promoting justice, morality and patriotism. They are lawyers, but they never forget that they are Americans, nor are they ever unmindful of their obligations as sworn officers of the courts."

"You were elected to the Legislature of Missouri seven years after beginning your practice in St. Louis?" "When nominated I was in my office. I didn't know I was to be put on the ticket. A lawyer should always be a citizen. My father advised me to take a man's part in politics. 'You believe, I believe,' he said, 'that the South was wrong, but the South believed that it was right. There will be much bitterness in the border State of Missouri, but don't let any of it get into your own heart.' I attended my first political meeting right after I came of age. In thirty minutes the gas was turned off, and I went through a window, into an alley. I have been going to conventions, attending caucuses, watching at the polls, and voting with unbroken regularity ever since.

"In 1898, during the strike of street railway employees, you organized a company of deputy sheriffs?" "At the outset I sympathized with the men. I opposed a suggestion to call on the authorities in Washington because the transportation of mails was being interfered with. Such an appeal, I said, would be interpreted as an attempt to drag the national government into the case by the hair of the head. When bricks began to go through windows and dynamite began to explode and men began to pull women from the cars and tear their clothing, I volunteered my services to the Sheriff

BAD INDIANS FEW COMPARED TO GOOD

WHAT THE LATTER ARE DOING.

Raising Prize Vegetables for Red Man's Fair and Giving English Comic Opera.

Friends of the Indian refuse to be discouraged by last week's outbreak of Crooks and Seminoles in Oklahoma. They say that one uprising after another peaceful years does not prove anything against the red man who has been steadily progressing in the ways of civilization. The groups of intractable aborigines are insignificant compared to those tribesmen who are industrious farmers, mechanics and useful members of society. While Crazy Snake was leading his braves on the warpath the other day, students of the Carlisle Indian School were holding graduating exercises and presenting a three-act comic opera. At the same time the Crooks of Montana were getting ready for spring ploughing, and other red men were engaged in a host of industrial pursuits.

The old theorists said that it was hopeless to expect the aborigine to work at anything, and especially at farming. Major S. G. Reynolds, a young banker who was appointed government agent of the Crow reservation in Montana, disagreed with this view. He had a notion that the Indians could be induced to labor if they were handled properly, and he set about proving the correctness of his notion with a subtlety and finesse equal to that of the savage mind. The agent did not frighten his charges with the red man's ways, as the government wanted. He called them together and told them a beautiful story about the county fair held every year by the white men of the East—horse races, games, prizes for big pumpkins and fat hogs. Plenty fun, he said. Wouldn't the Crows like to have such an annual carnival? The idea was taken up with enthusiasm. The young braves and old bucks went back to their allotted farms and began to raise exhibits for the fair, most happily unconscious that this required work. They thought it was a game. The first fair, held four years ago, was a mild beginning, but the last one, celebrated in October, showed that the Crows have been thoroughly reamed from idleness to agriculture.

The fair ground of the Big Horn River was crowded with four thousand Indians, many of whom had trekked hundreds of miles overland to eat, drink and be merry with their Crow brethren. There were Cheyennes, Sioux, Nez Percés, Blackfeet, Flatheads, and even Indians from the Uinta reservation in Washington. A committee of red farmers managed the agricultural and stock style. Prizes horses, cattle, chickens and other farm products were exhibited, while there were special rewards for the best kept trees and housewifely accomplishments. A fine assortment of "largest vegetables" was shown. The "squaw man," or the husband of an Indian, received a special premium for his agricultural work.

Next to the horse racing and athletic contests, the feature most popular was the nightly dance held in big tents or out in the open, with bucks, squaws and children as enthusiastic dancers. Formerly the Crows did nothing but dance; now the revival of the ancient ceremony is the reward of midsummer diligence. The dance is a social and athletic battle, in which mounted warriors enjoyed themselves in full feathers of battle and temporarily forgot that they were farmers.

"The Captain of Plymouth," a comic opera, presented by eighty-four boys and girls Indians at Carlisle School the other day, revealed the fact that the educated descendant of savages has a keen conception of the white man's humor, and even appreciates the finesse of ultra modern comedy. Among the characters presented were Miles Standish, John Alden, Priscilla, a Puritan elder, Chief Watawamat and "a sextet of Plymouth daisies." A young Indian named Monteville Yuda played the comedy role of Miles Standish with great success, while Michael Babal, the school quartermaster, who was started throughout the country on the gridiron last year, won new laurels as a too modest lover, John Alden. The dignity of the white man's forefathers was upheld in the stern old figure of Elder Brewster, and well opposed to this type was the stately chief of the Pequot Indians.

The Priscilla of Miss Carlisle Greenbrier was not only fetching in looks, but exhibited a soprano voice that soared up to high C with ease. A chorus of lusty lunged youths and maidens, numbering sixty-three, at times rattled overbalanced the school orchestra of seven pieces, but it was mighty good to hear the singing. Several dances made a hit with the Carlisle townfolk who were permitted to witness the show by twelve novelty was the Indian lullaby given by twelve comely Indian squaws, each of whom carried a papoose board containing a life-size Indian doll. The squaws made their entrance on the scene much in the way a crowd of Indian women would walk through their camp, chatting together in their native language and working in the front of the stage, they gradually swung into an odd lullaby while they rocked their papooses. It was a very pretty picture. Every person interested in the production was an Indian, from the scene shifters to the workers in the fly loft gallery of the school theatre.

"But we want to run you for Mayor," he protested. "Never mind politics," I answered, "let's get down to business."

In six hours I reported with seventy-five men, thirty of whom were graduates from universities. It was a company of representatives of the American people, being composed of lawyers, clerks and porters from stores and warehouses. We put on rough rider uniforms, and were armed with riot guns, each of which shot seven bullets with every pull of the trigger and made a noise like thunder. We were on duty twenty-one days and nights, and established our order wherever we were sent. And we didn't have to kill anybody, either.

"I didn't know a platoon from a battalion, but I divided the company into five squads. 'No man,' I said, 'is to fire under any circumstances unless I give the order.' We made the first arrests. I took ten samples from those we had in custody and liberated the rest. I followed the same plan in the police court and saw them sent to the workhouse. When we caught a rioter I examined his hands. I found but one genuine workman.

"I guess you made a mistake," he said. "I think you have," I replied. "Go home, and stay there."

"You are a daisy!" he shouted, as he turned the nearest corner.

"When the trouble was over people said that I was dead politically. I hung a photograph of my company of deputy sheriffs over the desk in my office. "Take it down," my friends pleaded. "It is up to stay," I answered, "along with the pictures of my children."

"Last year, when I was a candidate at the primaries for national committeeman, I polled twice as many votes as my opponent. The following day I was charged with being an enemy of labor, and with being the legal representative of the Standard Oil Company and a brewer. I have been the personal attorney of Adolphus Busch for many years, and he is my friend. My relations with him require no further explanation or defense. Well, my majority at the convention was exactly the same as at the primaries—two to one over my competitor."

"When did you get acquainted with Mr. Taft?" "Eight years ago, I think. When he quit a life position on the United States bench to take up the difficult and uncertain labor of organizing civil government in the Philippines, his patriotism and unselfishness won my unbounded admiration. Again, when he came before the country as a candidate for President he ignored the practice of politicians and took infinite pains clearly to state his views on every public question. I studiously accepted the management of his campaign in the West."

"Have you any facts?" "Pictures and books. If I were rich I would impoverish myself by the size of my art gallery. Once I own a book it never goes out of my possession. I know my books, inside and out; and their backs, as I would look at them and individualize them in my library, make me feel that they, their authors, and myself are the very best of comrades. I wouldn't part with one of them under any circumstances." (Copyright, 1909, by James B. Morrow.)