

MARSHAL HENKEL'S PIG TALE

REPORT OF THE DOINGS OF AN OMNIVOROUS SUID.

The Beastie Goes Everywhere and Eats Everything, Including Government-Supplied Radishes—But a Terrific Fate is Near at Hand for the Animal.

Now that the Standard Oil and tobacco trust officials are rounded up and every-thing that anybody is abroad or in hiding United States Marshal Henkel has gone back to nature and Ronkonkoma, Ronkonkoma like other towns not in Jersey county on Long Island. There Dame Nature reigns in primeval simplicity—she is wont to do this at certain places on Long Island at the season of the year—and the marshal, the marshall, and ten embryo marshals and marshals are prime favorites with that old lady.

The marshal especially has made a hit with the fickle dowager and the story of his conquest has to do with radishes and a pig. They were radishes, because the seeds forwarded by the marshal's Congressman was plainly labeled "radishes." They must be radishes, as they weren't potatoes or beets. The marshal knows a beet when he sees it, even a dead one, and a beet doesn't have white tassels any more than potatoes do.

The pig has been busy with the radish bed. He probably knew that the seeds didn't cost the marshal anything, and like a good Federal pig he is thriving on Federal patronage.

Query: Would he be so keen about driving if he knew that the marshal was going to give a pig roast to the William Henkel Republican Association this fall? Answer: It is just as well that he doesn't know for what could be more fitting for a political pig roast than a political pig fattened on Federal radishes?

The marshal has not confessed that he is a human curiosity, but he is plainly worried about the trend of the pig's thoughts. And that pig possesses almost human intelligence and something more than human curiosity. He has investigated most things above and below the surface of the earth round Ronkonkoma. Whether he can be found this side of Montauk Light or whether he is on the other side is so reckless as to vouch for, but everybody knows "everybody" is meant the William Henkel Republican Association—is hoping for the best.

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William, that pig was out again to-day, is a daily greeting now too monotonous to be amusing. The marshal takes it seriously. He has to get up to see that the pig is in his chair in his office. Suddenly he is jumped up and ran breathlessly to Commissioner Shields's office.

"Get an injunction against the [word omitted] pig. If he don't stay in the [word omitted] pen then send two deputy marshals to get him and cut his [word omitted] throat."

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NO BIG MONEY IN OLD HOME WEEK

Boston Visitors Strong on Patriotism, but Not Heavy Spenders.

Boston, Aug. 2.—A little leopold to-day in the strenuous festivities of Old Home Week, despite the fact that it was "woman's day," afforded an opportunity for a little "morning after" reflection. The question "Has Old Home Week been a failure?" was passed around as a welcome substitute for "Is it hot enough for you?"

Officially the answer has been in the affirmative, for Boston and its big and busy harbor have not made a profit from the advertising, but among the individual tradesmen, who spent big money in competitive decorations for the occasion, there is an opinion to the contrary.

In the fact that great crowds have thronged the city throughout the week and that the attention of the historic buildings and sites, reviving their memory of epoch making events in the country's history and stirring latent patriotism, has been a success, and this would seem to be the most praiseworthy result.

The Seagoers.

Sailing to-day by the Red Star liner Vaderland, for Dover and Antwerp: The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Anderson, Mrs. Charles E. DeWitt, Mrs. G. and Mrs. Winfield S. Edgerly, Dr. Maurice F. Egan, American Minister to Denmark; Edward E. Field, Mrs. Albert Gambrill, Lieut. C. R. Mayo, Capt. and Mrs. R. E. L. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Panozas, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henry Phelps, Capt. and Mrs. George H. Shelton and Major and Mrs. C. DeW. Wilcox.

Passengers by the Atlantic Transport liner Minneapolis, off for London: Mr. and Mrs. George W. Aizer, Park Benjamin, Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Cooper, Walter C. Jones, H. H. Lowndes, Mr. and Mrs. John M. McClintock, Mr. Admira and Mrs. Stephen Rand, Mrs. Harriet E. Ridgway, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Trimble, Mrs. M. E. Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wilcox, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Wilcox, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Wilcox.

By the American liner St. Paul, off to-day for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Southampton: Mrs. Robert Osborn, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Osborn, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Nelson, Mrs. Mary Crittenden Percy, George W. Morris, Major and Mrs. Charles McCawley, Mrs. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Byrne and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor.

By the Hamburg-American liner President Lincoln, which sails to-day for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Hamburg: Mr. and Mrs. William Bookstaver, Grosvenor, Mrs. and Mrs. W. H. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. M. Goss, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald de Raven, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wilcox, Dr. and Mrs. George Henry Palmer and Baron and Baroness von Rumohr.

Sailing by the North German Lloyd steamer Koenig Albert, for the Mediterranean: Mr. and Mrs. Morris Butler, Prof. and Mrs. C. S. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Havens, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Swain and Dr. Frank S. Mallock.

By the Cunarder Umbria, for Queenstown and Liverpool: Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wharton, Mrs. and Mrs. William Devine, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Holland and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Norton.

Sailing by the Anchor liner Furness, for Glasgow: Richard C. Addy, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Burlingame, Dr. W. C. Gilley and William Hope.

Shenandoah Club's Outing on Monday. The Shenandoah Club, the Tammany organization of the new Twenty-first Assembly district, of which Magistrate James J. Walsh is leader, is planning a big outing for Monday next and more than 2,000 tickets have been sold. The steamer Tolchester will take the excursionists to Witzel's Grove at College Point, leaving the foot of West 14th street at 9 A. M. Big Tom Foley will be in command of the boat.

Prima Donna for San Carlo Company. Henry Russell called yesterday that he had engaged as third prima donna of the San Carlo Company Miss Bronsonia of Brussels, Belgium. She is a French lyric soprano, replacing Miss Derynne, who has been engaged for the Metropolitan. Her husband and Alice Nielsen will be the other prima donna.

FILLED A SULTAN'S TEETH.

Moroccan Ruler a Patient of Dr. F. B. Bostwick, Who is Visiting in America.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., August 2.—Dr. Frank B. Bostwick, son-in-law of Charles W. Eoff of Crescent avenue, arrived in Plainfield yesterday. He expects to have a good visit in the county, but he can't tell how long it will be, for he is subject to call whenever any member of the royal family of Morocco is troubled with the toothache. Dr. Bostwick's career has been eventful since he was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania several years ago. For a while he was a dentist at the court of Spain as assistant to Dr. Florestan Aquilar. Then he branched out and got the Sultan of Morocco on his list of clients.

In speaking of the Sultan's kingdom, Dr. Bostwick says: "When a man is troubled with a tooth there is only one thing to do—have the tooth pulled. This is done by the barber. That trade man has none of the 'painless appliances' known to this country. The patient is placed on his back on the floor. The barber crouches over him, holding the man's head between his knees. Attendants hold his arms and legs. The barber gets a good grip on the painful tooth with a clumsy pair of forceps, the attendants hold fast and the barber pulls. The tooth always comes out."

"Now, the Sultan won't stand for this sort of thing," said Dr. Bostwick, "neither will any of the members of the royal family; so I went to the Sultan and made a deal. Fortunately, the teeth of the Easterners are hard and as a rule perfect, so there is but little treatment necessary. The Moorish men are good fellows, but the women of that country endure any amount of pain without a murmur."

Dr. Bostwick went to Fez, where the Sultan's palace is located, to make the trip from Tangier by mule in nine days, stopping off at Alcazar Zebir, a walled city, on the way. He travelled with a retinue, for what could be more fitting for a political pig roast than a political pig fattened on Federal radishes?

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BISHOP POTTER AT CHAUTAUQU.

Criticizes the Church for Its Indifference to the Needs of the Masses.

CHAUTAUQU, N. Y., Aug. 2.—Bishop Henry C. Potter of New York in an address on "The Relation of the Church to Social Unrest" at the Chautauqu Assembly to-day passed caustic criticism on the church for its indifference to the needs of the masses. The church, he asserted, has been afraid to get into sympathy with the people and their needs.

"There is no more righteous arraignment of the church of our time," said Bishop Potter, "than its indifference to the social conditions of the classes made up of less favored men and women down in the gutter. The church has justly been severely criticized for its lack of interest in the mental, moral and physical upbuilding of the masses. The task of the church is to translate the mind of Christ, first by sympathy, then by generation of mechanical devices, to the elimination of the personality of the workman, however clever in its material results, is a trend to be afraid of. It makes the workman a bondman to machinery."

In our ecclesiastical history we have been intimidated from translating our sympathy for fear of dropping into what has been called the "socialist" trap. But what is the institutional church but the means of bringing the church into profound sympathy with human life, then the founder of our religion infinitely enlarged. But what is the church? Christ found the hungry He fed them. When He saw the diseased He healed them. When He found the blind He made them to see. Not only so, but He did the things of Himself, how often He illustrated the principles of the New Testament with His own hands.

The church should take active steps to cure the physical, mental as well as the religious ills of the people. The church's neglect of this vital work cannot be remedied too soon. It has neglected its most important function. But what is the cause of social unrest is the monstrous profusion and extravagance which I am inclined to consider the worst note in our American civilization. From what wealth cannot be too scathingly condemned.

"Twenty-five years ago, during Tweed's administration, when men in the Mayor's office wore diamonds, from what conditions were bad, but to-day things are worse instead of better. I become more and more convinced that the impatience of the masses is not due to any abuse of wealth than from any other cause. Is it any wonder that the average worker in the tenements becomes wrought up at what he considers the great injustice of society when he sees wealth spent lavishly around him while he struggles in misery?"

LINCOLN-ROOSEVELT LEAGUE.

Movement in California to Swing the State to Roosevelt.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 2.—Politicians to-day were discussing the formation of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League yesterday in Oakland. On its face this league was formed by the Republicans from various counties for the purpose of opposing the Southern Pacific company's control of State politics, but the remarkable features of it were that the delegates comprised many of the most corrupt political tricksters in the State and that Francis J. Heney, a lifelong Democrat, was one of the principal speakers and appeared as the personal representative of Rudolph Spreckels.

Heney made an eloquent address, declaring that although he had been a Democrat he was now a Republican. He urged the delegates to join any movement to oust the monopolists. After his speech he was openly discussed by many delegates as the strongest candidate for Governor in the coming election in prosecuting the San Francisco grafters.

Among those prominent in the new league are Senator Devin of Vallejo, Mr. J. H. McLaughlin, Mr. L. G. Gates of Los Angeles and Charles H. Rowell of Fresno. At least half the delegates were country editors. Shrewd politicians see in this league a movement to swing the State to Roosevelt.

News of Plays and Players.

The cast for "Classmates," in which Robert Edson will open at the Hudson Theatre on August 29, is now complete. The principal players are Katherine McIntyre, Maude Granger, Marjorie Wood, Frank McIntyre, Sydney Alinworth, Wallace Eddinger, Edmund Dresser, George Rowman and Clay Boyd.

NEW BOOKS

Adventures and Observations of Betty.

The young woman considered in Winifred James's story of "Bachelor Betty" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) went away by herself from her home in Australia to England and at the end of her journey set up house-keeping and entered upon the business of literary creation in a London flat. She purports to be her own historian. In an engaging manner, with abundant vivacity and humor, she relates her experiences. She called to Colombo and through the Red Sea and the Mediterranean and the Bay of Biscay. Her fellow passengers in the second cabin amused her, and she has the art, by means of anecdote and comment, to make them amuse us. For instance, there were two—a Bradford man on his way home after years of compensating industry in the Queensland pearl fisheries, and a milliner bound for Manchester—who seemed to be engaged. Between courses at dinner they had a conversation. The milliner recorded: "Opposite, the pearl fisher's brother, a middle aged man with black hair and gray mutton chop whiskers, sits joggling with a knife and a plateful of peas. By the time the cabinet pudding is despatched the milliner's head is on the pearl fisher's shoulder. I look at the brother; he takes no notice; so I suppose the family approves of the alliance. Nobody else minds, and I'm sure I don't. But it's funny; cabinet pudding never made me feel like that." That is detail, and it is as detailed that Robinson Crusoe was able to make his book so remarkably interesting.

After some experience of tropical weather, and forewarned of the intense torridities of the Red Sea, Betty tried at Colombo to buy a pair of pin curls, which are an artificial creation and decoration having the singular quality of staying curled precisely as well at the equator as at the North Cape. She already owned a toupee, but it was unsatisfactory. She had to get it made, and get it to look as if it "belonged." It was, she declares, "a wretch." In Colombo she and her friend Mrs. Heriot went out together to get the pin curls. In Ceylon some sorts of shopping are not as easy as they are in other parts of the world. The two ladies made application to a native barber. Betty had brought her toupee along. She unwrapped it and showed it to the barber. This was fatal. She had meant to use it as a basis merely in explaining the pin curls. The barber pretended to understand. His face lighted up with a most intelligent illumination. "I know, laydee," he said. "You come with me." He stepped into the street. He was in possession of the toupee. He walked away quickly, the ladies following. It was not easy, we are told, to keep up with him as he sped nimbly through the traffic. By way of encouragement he kept turning around and smiling, at the same time waving the naked toupee above his head. The experience was embarrassing. "People had still to look," Betty says at this point. "The sight of two flushed, shamefaced women chasing wildly down the principal street of an Oriental town after a fleet footed Cingalese who had apparently absconded with the hair of one of them was enough to hold up anything." We should say as much. It was like a North American Indian making off with his symbol of victory. Betty adds that she longed to abandon the chase, but the thought of the Red Sea temperature without pin curls kept her running. She argued, alas! with herself as she continued. "After all," she says, "it couldn't go on forever. Ceylon was only an island, and we would have to come to the sea sooner or later." The fight with the barber had, indeed, an end, but no compensation. It terminated at a shop where they kept "switches." Betty says that she had no more use for a switch than she had for a torpedo. She bought a bottle of perfume.

As we read along we remark that Betty's was not a popular success. This "bachelor" employed a charwoman in her London flat. One morning the charwoman looked cold and pinched and Betty gave her two fingers of whiskey. Betty reports: "She drank it neat, and came in five minutes after to tell me that she had a chest like driven snow, legs of alabaster and a political grievance against Mr. Balfour." Now, leaving Mr. Balfour out of the consideration, it is not likely that this charwoman told the truth. What she said cannot be held to describe a charwoman faithfully. A work of the imagination, as we must believe, it leaves nothing to the imagination. A little further along we remark another instance of hardihood on the part of Betty. She has been telling how full of emotion she was on first seeing the King and how an American lady threw cold water on her in that fervid moment. Forgetting grammar and the inevitability of embarrassment on the part of her readers she writes: "Those sort of people give me the same ashamed feeling I get when I have my filthy old slippers on my feet. I was sitting on Collins street at 5 in the afternoon with nothing on but a baby's vest." After Betty thought of it or not, this is as painful in the eye of modesty as the charwoman's vision after two fingers. Really "those sort" of dreams ought to be restricted to Betty's bedchamber and to the soft darkness so well qualified to veil the blushes that must attend them.

We pass, though it must be for no more than a very brief consideration, to less disturbing matters in Betty's vivacious book. It grieved us at page 25 to find Betty saying of Mrs. Mainwaring that she "smiled." Whatever the future may be generous enough to do with it, "entuse" is not yet a good and welcome word. Any sensitive blue pencil would cover it with obliterating blueness instantly. Like another McGinty would it be swallowed up in the blue. But even as Betty grieved us she made us smile. Only two inches away, after speaking warmly and disapprovingly of the disposition of the powerful nations to grab and rule among the weaker peoples, she observes: "We make me tired." This is admirable—so gently and contemptuously eliminating. Still Betty is patriotic, and we think she cherishes the imperial spirit. She has a chapter about the King which would please and flatter him if he should read it. The American lady with whom she argued the question of desirableness as between Kings and Presidents was plainly outclassed. One of the things the American lady said was: "It is not our custom to allow our Presidents more than five years of office. We do not know how she happened to think of the number five. It is quite possible that the things Betty said had stirred her up a good deal and that she made use of the first number that came into her head. Betty was merciful at this point. She made no withering comment. She nobly overlooked the American lady's curious selection of this unfamiliar number. She passed it by—saying nothing whatever about it.

Betty in London went to see somebody who in five minutes made Betty laugh at the same time that tears caught in her throat, and made Betty want to smother that her hands with her heart and hands. "You dear," Betty had never set eyes on this compelling personality before, and now this had happened. Who was it? It was Ellen Terry, and we were glad that

It was not the leading gentleman. The "wall" compeller in the story accounted for this. He was the "England" of the Youngest Man and the Oldest Man were among Betty's callers at the flat. The Oldest Man was 35; and a belated decadent. He posed. He purported to be used up and unhappy. He said to Betty, as though it was likely to impress her favorably, that he adored lunatics and worshipped cripples and criminals. It is not necessary to bother ourselves with him or his kind, departed or still lingering, and we pass him by.

The Youngest Man was 44 and in health. Betty writes of him: "He is a dear thing, with close cropped hair growing gray on the temples, still, calm eyes, a mouth the beauty of which he is wise not to obscure under a mustache, and the heart of a school-boy." Betty thought that he was going to marry his cousin, and she was unhappy. "I shall go and see the doctor again," she writes. "He may be able to give me something in both the hands. I'll make me more anxious to be alive than I am at present."

She was so lonely in her flat that she bought a toy elephant for company. The Youngest Man called one evening when matters had come to be pretty bad. He was tolerant of the toy elephant. He dandled it in a pleasant manner on his knee. Betty had put on her silk stockings—articles of wear that always shot her through with a strong electrical feeling. Presently, "I could not resist the temptation," she writes, "to pick up and touched his face and his hair. I felt his lips on my mouth, and I closed my eyes." Betty had written and read a novel, but now she was not thinking of it. Nor of the elephant.

An entertaining, amusing story. It should fit in agreeably at the vacation reading hours.

England in the Kaiser's Clutch.

Dick Mordan wanted the army and the navy abolished. He thought that war was played out and that it was time for Englishmen to quit bothering about empire and to turn their attention to domestic matters. What he understood socialism to be seemed to him about the thing that England wanted. How wrong he was and how right he was, the country contained enough cherishing the sort of class that he entertained may be learned in Mr. A. J. Dawson's highly patriotic story of "The Message" (Dana Estes & Co., Boston).

A good many pages of the story are employed in representing the work of the Little Englanders. Dick came to London and as a newspaper reporter pitched into the venerable and still lingering notion of the desirableness of a strong government. He did this in the enthusiasm of his young heart and for the noblest of all motives. He was in love with Sylvia Wheeler, who was a High Church devotee and the daughter of a Throgmorton street Imperialist and money maker. When this explicit man asked him to desist from calling any more his grief was not very profound, nor was he broken hearted when Sylvia herself dropped him, after a brief period of clandestine intercourse, because he persisted in making long oral and epistolary attacks upon her religion. For the easy sake of himself, the country contained enough cherishing the sort of class that he entertained may be learned in Mr. A. J. Dawson's highly patriotic story of "The Message" (Dana Estes & Co., Boston).

The nineteenth century tried hard to undo the mischief wrought at Babel. As the acceptance of one established language seemed hopeless various ingenious persons concocted auxiliary languages which were taken up by enthusiasts, sometimes by large numbers. Volapuk had its day, and so by no means extinct, and latest of all Esperanto has come into fashion—in some parts of the continent of Europe at least—and has its journals and literature and societies. Hopeful pioneers have introduced it into the United States. Within a year The SUN noticed an admirably clear little grammar by one of its professors, and recently the North American Review has taken it up. That publication now issues two books, a pamphlet, "Elementary Lessons in Esperanto," and an edition of Major-General George Cox's "A Grammar and Commentary on the International Language Esperanto."

The language has merits of simplicity and method in its construction; the framework can be seen easily, and the grammatical elements which cause difficulty in most languages can be overcome quickly. The selection of roots seems at first glance to favor the Latin languages greatly, and we fancy that in Latin countries it will find the readiest acceptance. Whether, however, an artificial language can take serious hold anywhere is a question that experience must settle; that of the past is certainly not favorable. Even a "simplified" spelling has made little way against custom.

For those who care to tackle the fascination of Esperanto with either utility or amusement in mind, the "Elementary Lessons" of the North American Review will be the best introduction. They give clear directions. Gen. Cox's "Grammar" is far more complete, and the reader who has been comforted by the British Esperanto Association and shows an unusual understanding of grammatical difficulties. We regret to see that even the simple and unmistakable pronunciation is beginning to present shades and distinctions such as cause trouble in the established languages.

Esperanto. In writing the life of the late Postmaster-General Henry Clay Payne (Burdick and Allen, Milwaukee) Mr. William W. Wight makes a valuable contribution to contemporary history. The biography is intended chiefly for Mr. Payne's many friends, and therefore controversial matters are touched upon only lightly. The life is interesting in itself as the story of a typical American, and it includes, however, more than personal importance: Mr. Payne's administration of the Milwaukee post office and his removal; his management of the street railways and receivership of the Northern Pacific; his political activity in the Republican national committee, and the investigation of the Post Office Department when he was made Postmaster-General.

Other Books. Access to the unpublished papers of the O'Kelly family has led Mr. Theodore Andrea Cook in "Eloise and O'Kelly" (E. P. Dutton and Company), to write a history of the much famous of the O'Kellys and of his own. It is an elaborately gotten up small quarto, beautifully printed. The author had the opportunity of writing a story that would interest all lovers of sport and of setting right many disputed matters. He is unable to refrain from digressions of all sorts, however, and he changes from elaborate proofs to mere assertions of opinion so perplexingly that intimate knowledge of the history of the turf will be needed to pick out what is valuable in his account. In determining the genuineness of the nine extant hoofs of Eloise, for instance, his proof for the one in the possession of the Jockey Club is very full, but he accepts a note from the King's secretary as establishing that the hoof King Edward has is all right. About Eloise's short racing career there is little to be said, but the important stud history is needlessly confused and the jumps from the eighteenth century to the present day must bewilder even those who have been puzzled at their fingers' ends. His endeavor to rehabilitate Mr. O'Kelly's reputation makes the reader sorry for O'Kelly. Much of the matter is of no interest save in mentioning royalty and the nobility, but there are many amusing sporting anecdotes and bits of antiquarian lore and useful tables scattered about in unexpected places that make the book worth looking into.

Dog owners and dog lovers will derive much assistance from A. J. Bennett's "The Dog's Medical Dictionary" (George L. Tilton and Sons, E. P. Dutton and Company). Here are catalogued alphabetically all the ills that dogs are heirs to, with the remedy for each and clear directions as to what is to be done. The book will not make it needless to call in a veterinary, but in cases where one is not to be had in time it enables the master to help his dog with some intelligence. The author uses little technical language and a great deal of common sense.

A little volume of unusual cooking receipts comes from A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, "Joe Tilden's Recipes for Epicures." They have been gathered from the friends of a noted California gourmet, G. C. M. G., Fortification: Its Past Achievement, Recent Development and Future Progress," appears in a second revised edition (E. P. Dutton and Company). The interesting historical part remains unchanged save for the inclusion of the lessons of the Boer War and of Port Arthur. The rest is wholly recast. The author's idea of fortification involves the whole defence of the country, and a third of the volume is devoted to battleships and what they may be in an anti-aircraft language as possible so that laymen may understand it.

Another book on Japan, Mr. W. Petrie Wagon writes "The Future of Japan" (E. P. Dutton and Company), from a philosophical point of view. He tells us that "Bushido as a code of conduct in an exigent national emergency is wholly admirable, as the world has seen. As a philosophy or religion it is foolishness." After describing existing and past conditions in Japan through his own spectacles, he comes to the conclusion that Japan must, as many Western Christian in order to fit in with Western civilization.

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Postmaster-General Payne. In writing the life of the late Postmaster-General Henry Clay Payne (Burdick and Allen, Milwaukee) Mr. William W. Wight makes a valuable contribution to contemporary history. The biography is intended chiefly for Mr. Payne's many friends, and therefore controversial matters are touched upon only lightly. The life is interesting in itself as the story of a typical American, and it includes, however, more than personal importance: Mr. Payne's administration of the Milwaukee post office and his removal; his management of the street railways and receivership of the Northern Pacific; his political activity in the Republican national committee, and the investigation of the Post Office Department when he was made Postmaster-General.

Other Books. Access to the unpublished papers of the O'Kelly family has led Mr. Theodore Andrea Cook in "Eloise and O'Kelly" (E. P. Dutton and Company), to write a history of the much famous of the O'Kellys and of his own. It is an elaborately gotten up small quarto, beautifully printed. The author had the opportunity of writing a story that would interest all lovers of sport and of setting right many disputed matters. He is unable to refrain from digressions of all sorts, however, and he changes from elaborate proofs to mere assertions of opinion so perplexingly that intimate knowledge of the history of the turf will be needed to pick out what is valuable in his account. In determining the genuineness of the nine extant hoofs of Eloise, for instance, his proof for the one in the possession of the Jockey Club is very full, but he accepts a note from the King's secretary as establishing that the hoof King Edward has is all right. About Eloise's short racing career there is little to be said, but the important stud history is needlessly confused and the jumps from the eighteenth century to the present day must bewilder even those who have been puzzled at their fingers' ends. His endeavor to rehabilitate Mr. O'Kelly's reputation makes the reader sorry for O'Kelly. Much of the matter is of no interest save in mentioning royalty and the nobility, but there are many amusing sporting anecdotes and bits of antiquarian lore and useful tables scattered about in unexpected places that make the book worth looking into.

Dog owners and dog lovers will derive much assistance from A. J. Bennett's "The Dog's Medical Dictionary" (George L. Tilton and Sons, E. P. Dutton and Company). Here are catalogued alphabetically all the ills that dogs are heirs to, with the remedy for each and clear directions as to what is to be done. The book will not make it needless to call in a veterinary, but in cases where one is not to be had in time it enables the master to help his dog with some intelligence. The author uses little technical language and a great deal of common sense.

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