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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1904.

Southern Politics.

According to the New Orleans Picayune, "national expansion, a stronger navy and centralized government was the core of a ringing speech delivered by Governor Blanchard at a banquet recently given by the National Wholesale Druggists' Association in the St. Charles Hotel." We are further informed by the same newspaper that such an utterance by a Democratic governor has been rarely heard. "That an epoch in the history of the Democratic party in Louisiana occurred with Governor Blanchard's address," adds the Picayune, "was the opinion of prominent legal gentlemen who attended the banquet, and who freely expressed their belief afterwards. For twelve minutes after the Governor had sat down, the cheering was continuous and overwhelming, and had to be finally quieted by forcible use of the chairman's gavel."

With such political convictions, why should not Governor Blanchard and his followers have voted for President Roosevelt in the recent contest, and why should they not cast their lot with the Republican party? It is certain that they are in harmony with the President and his party, if the expressions in the extract which we have quoted from the New Orleans Picayune are fairly representative of their views. If these men lived at the North they would undoubtedly be Republicans, and they are affiliating with the Democratic party only because of their sectional environment.

How long will these restraining influences be effective? It cannot always be that intelligent, independent, self-asserting men in the South will affiliate with one national political party when they are at heart in sympathy with the principles and policies of another national party. Sooner or later there must come a new alignment, and for our part we care not how soon it comes. The Times-Dispatch is in thoough accord with the true principles of Democracy, and so long as there is a party which represents those principles we shall give it our support; but we believe in the greatest possible liberty of thought and action, and we desire to see conditions in the South such as to allow every man to vote as he thinks. Hence it is that we have urged the abolition of the Fifteenth Amendment. With the negro voter, the threat of him eliminated from our politics, there would be an entirely new alignment of Southern voters and their political independence achieved. It would be of enormous benefit to the South, politically speaking, if there were two strong, respectable parties in all the Southern States, and only under such conditions will the South become an important factor in the politics of the nation.

A Lesson From Russia.

The Democrats of Russia are demanding a voice in the affairs of government. They are opposed to centralization; they are opposed to taxation without representation; they are opposed to one-man rule; they are opposed to "administrative arbitrariness."

They are in favor of a government of the people, by the people, for the people; they are in favor of the unrestricted expression of public opinion, of freedom of conscience and speech and of the press, and also freedom of meeting and association. They hold that "self-reliance is the chief condition of the proper and successful development of the political and economic life of a country" and therefore they are in favor of the greatest possible liberty to the individual consistent with good government, law and order. They are in favor of equal rights and opportunities to all and special rights and opportunities to none; that every man may have the same rights that every other man has to improve his condition and pursue happiness.

To state it all in a sentence they are asking for themselves those "inalienable rights," which the Democrats of the United States enjoy, and there is a lesson in this plea of the Russian Democrats for the Democrats of the United States. We are enjoying the blessings which they so eagerly desire, and by contrasting our situation with theirs we should have a keener appreciation of our blessings, and we should be all the more careful and diligent in maintaining them. They are ours by inheritance. They have come to us through the blood and sacrifice of our forefathers, and we are apt to take them for granted. But it is always to be remembered that these blessings will remain to us only so long as we ourselves maintain them. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Fixing Prices by Law.

The Central Labor Union of Boston recently voted in favor of a legislative commission which should regulate the prices of all food-stuffs, light and fuel.

It would be a fine thing if we could regulate all such things by legislation—the money supply, the price of commodities and so on. It would be delightful if we could by legislative enactment give everybody plenty of money and reduce the cost of living one half. But unfortunately there are natural laws of trade which are higher than any of the laws of man and can no more be changed by legislative enactment than can be changed by such means the flow of the tides, the blowing of the winds, the falling of the rains or any other natural phenomenon.

There is another point for the Central Labor Union of Boston to consider. If it be adopted as a policy of government that the prices of commodities be regulated by law, would we not commit ourselves indirectly at least to the principle that the price of labor should be regulated by law, and that no man should receive more than a certain stipend for a day's work?

All such proposals carried to their logical end lead inevitably to absurdities and absurd conclusions imply absurd promises.

It may be mentioned in conclusion that the Boston Transcript recalls to mind in this connection that this is the third time that such a proposition as that proposed by the Central Labor Union has been made, and that in the two previous instances the power to fix the prces of commodities was actually placed in the hands of government.

"It is rather curious, however," remarks the Transcript, "that the first regulation of the prices of goods in Massachusetts was brought about by the exactions of labor, and that the colony, in 1630, decided it necessary to fix a scale of wages of the workmen in useful trades and occupations whom it had brought here in large numbers. The next year these restraints were removed and the workman and his employer were left to agree on terms. But in 1633 wages were again limited. Trouble ensued, and the General Court, finding the problem too complicated, bestowed the power on the towns. The pressure for labor led to higher prices, and in 1641 the General Court demanded an abatement of wages. In 1633 the General Court even went further and provided what prices were to be paid for commodities. These attempts at special legislation, however, resulted only in trouble, and after a few years either the laws were repealed or they became a dead letter.

"For the next hundred and fifty years the people of Boston worried along with wages agreed upon between employer and employes and prices of goods fixed by the law of supply and demand. But in the stormy times of the Revolution, with the depreciated currency, the pseudo-economists again resorted to legislation. With the fall of the currency, the prices of commodities were enhanced to a remarkable degree. Accordingly the act of the State 'Against Monopoly and Forestalling' was passed. In 1779 a convention met at Concord and fixed prices, and another was held in the same year at Faneuil Hall. Samuel Adams presiding, at which the prices, both of labor and goods, were determined upon. By 1780 people had come to generally ignore the fixed list of prices, a hundred dollars in gold in August 18, 1780, being sufficient to purchase $4,000 in the continental money. On the 19th of August, 1781, prices of labor and of merchandise were again 'fixed' at a meeting of the freeholders of Boston, but they failed to stay fixed, and it was not until the war was over that prices came back to normal."

Surely there is no new thing under the sun. All sorts of efforts have been made to regulate the universe by legislative enactment, but nature pays no more attention to them than the angry sea paid to a puffed-up commander of old who ordered it to be whipped into subjection.

Roosevelt and the South.

The Birmingham Commercial Club, having been notified that President Roosevelt will probably visit that city during March next on a tour through the South, will bring up the question at the next meeting with a view to raising a fund for the entertainment of the President and of sending a delegation to Washington to accompany him on his trip. The City Council and Board of Trade will be asked to co-operate in the movement.

It is also announced that the directors of the Chamber of Commerce of Nashville recently adopted a resolution directing the appointment of a committee to request the co-operation of State and city officials and business organizations in an effort to have President Roosevelt include that city in his Southern itinerary.

Mr. Roosevelt has been elected President of the United States, and it is manifest from these statements and from the expression of the Southern press that the Southern people recognize Mr. Roosevelt as President of the whole country, without regard to section, and that they will meet him more than half way in any friendly overtures he may make to them.

Compulsory Education.

We have received the following communication:

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—We notice in your very interesting query columns of 23d that thirty-six States and Territories have compulsory education laws. Why are the solid South not of that number? Is not this the great cause of the evil of illiteracy in our dear Southland? Is there no remedy? May God save the Commonwealth.

Your obedient servant,

LUTHER B. VAUGHAN.

The Times-Dispatch does not believe in compulsory education, but we admit that there is much to be said in favor of it, and as an independent proposition we are inclined to think that most of the Southern States would adopt it. But the ever-present negro question stands in the way. If a Southern State should adopt compulsory education the law would necessarily apply to negro children as well as to white children, and while the Southern people have been paying and are paying large sums of money to educate the colored race, a law compelling negro children to attend school might be embarrassing.

The question is often asked, why do we not have some of the first-class shows at the Academy of Music in this city that go to Richmond? The answer is, we do have some of them—indeed, a good many of them. But if the query means, as we suspect it does, a complaint that we do not have all of the good shows that go to Richmond, and even to Norfolk, the querist can easily find a complete and a convincing answer by going to the Academy of Music any night when there is a first-class attraction there—as, for instance, last Wednesday night, when Quincey Adams Sawyer was there—and taking even a casual inventory of the audience in attendance and of the box office receipts.—Petersburg Index-Appeal.

There's an object lesson for you. Every now and then some citizen of thise place or that is heard to remark, "Why cannot we have as good a newspaper as they have in W. or in B. or in N. Y.?" The answer is simple. The people of any community will get as good a newspaper as they are willing to pay for. If they will only supply the patronage, the publisher will do the rest.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Roanoke-Chowan-Times, of Rich Square, N. C., wants to know "what has become of those party leaders who went to the St. Louis Convention to crush Bryan and all he stood for, who were tired of being defeated?"

We do not know what has become of them. But they were in evidence on election day, and voted to a man for the Democratic nominees. Can our contemporary say as much for all the followers of Mr. Bryan?

"In the great bank of eternity," said Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi, in his Thanksgiving proclamation, "I believe the greatest credit will be given to him who has contributed most to the sum of human joy; who has planted a flower in the fainting heart of despair and kissed it with the sunshine of hope, and who has painted the pallid cheek of care with the rose of health and happiness."

It is plain from this that the poetic Governor of Mississippi has not yet cut his hair.

At the time when Richmond turned down Mr. Carnegie's generous offer, the Landmark expressed the opinion that a mistake had been made. Norfolk is certainly fortunate in having accepted the gift he proffered. By the way, the lot was donated not by "Mr." Selden, but by the daughters of the late Dr. Selden as a memorial to their father, who took a great interest in the Norfolk library as long as he lived.—Norfolk Landmark.

The Landmark's opinion coincided with our own. Richmond has made a mistake in not accepting Mr. Carnegie's offer But the offer is still open, and the mistake may be corrected.

It is said that in his forthcoming message to Congress, the President will ignore the negro problem and say nothing about the tariff. Then, in the name of common sense, what will the man talk about?

"If the South expects to again furnish a President or a Vice-President, it must have two parties and be doubtful," says the Boston Transcript. True, very true; and just as true of New England as of the South.

Thirteen killed and two hundred and ninety-six wounded are the foot-ball casualties for the season. Foot-ball will have to be radically reformed or abolished.

There are only four more working days of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and then what will St. Louis do to keep itself in the head lines?

Kuropatkin officially announces that there will be no more fighting this winter. What, fixing to run again?

There are some few signs that the Jefferson Hotel will be rebuilt by the time the Panama canal is finished.

Happy is the man who has 'possum and sweet 'taters to fall back on after so much Thanksgiving turkey.

Kuropatkin, Kuroki, Oyama and all those Manchurian heroes, seem to be enjoying a well earned rest.

The leap year remnant counter is now exhibiting for the benefit of old bachelor customers.

Suppose the Baltic fleet shall reach Port Arthur on time, what will it do to help the cause?

And there were no turkeys of the Job variety seen on Virginia tables Thursday.

What is left of the turkey generation will now go into training for Christmas festivities.

Personal and General.

Rear Admiral T. F. Jewell, recently detached as commander of the European squadron, and Mrs. Jewell have gone to Florence, and from thence will go to Rome, where they will spend the winter.

Dr. Charles A. Eastman, the educated Sioux Indian, has finished his allotment role of the Sioux and has grouped the tribe under appropriate family names. He was commissioned to do this work by President Roosevelt.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, now chairman of the Lighthouse Board, has been designated by the Navy Department to command the North Atlantic fleet upon the retirement of Rear Admiral A. S. Barker in March next.

Professor Henry S. Graves, dean of the Forest School of Yale, has been commissioned by the Bureau of Forestry of the Department of Agriculture to make a visit of inspection to the Philippine Islands. He will make a careful and scientific study of the forests.

Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter, the author, is one of the best known and most successful photographers of birds in the United States. She has waded through swamps, risked quicksands, climbed lofty trees and forded swift rivers in danger of her life in her pursuit after camera game. She lives in a fourteen-room log cabin in Geneva, Indiana.

Fruit of the Palm.

Drake's Palmetto Wine, a tonic, laxative, unfailing specific from pure juice of the wonderful Palmetto fruit. Gives immediate relief and absolutely permanent cure in all cases of Catarrh, Stomach Troubles, Flatulency, Constipation, Congested Kidneys and Inflammation of Bladder. Seventy-five cents at Drug Stores for a large bottle, usual dollar size, but a trial bottle will be sent free and prepaid to every reader of this paper who writes for it. A letter or postal card addressed to Drake Formula Company, Drake Building, Chicago, Ill., is the only expense to secure a trial of Drake's Palmetto Wine. One small dose a day cures to stay cured. Owens & Minor Drug Company, Distributing Agents.

THE LATEST BOOKS UNDER BRIEF REVIEW

ADAM SMITH. By Francis W. Hirst. 236 pages, seventy-five cents. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Mr. Hirst's excellent little biography of Adam Smith is published as a unit in Mr. John Morley's well known English Men of Letters Series. Adam Smith's life has already been so minutely told, first by Dugald Stewart in 1793, and again in 1896 by Mr. John Rae, that any further biography of the great economist would at first sight appear to be supererogatory, but we are reminded that the discovery and publication in 1896 of Smith's "Lectures on Justice, Police, Revenue and Arms," delivered in 1762-1763, and undoubtedly foreshadowing his later and greatest work, has furnished new and most important materials.

Smith was born in 1723 in the "lang toun" of Kirkcaldy, attended the Burgh School of Kirkcaldy, and at thirteen matriculated at the University of Glasgow. At school he quickly made a name for himself through "his passion for books and by the extraordinary powers of his memory." In the rising mart of Glasgow the young man's mind first turned toward economic matters, and from the lips of his master, Hutcheson, possibly the greatest philosopher of his day, "he heard that fruitful formula which his own philosophy was to interpret and develop, 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number.'"

Smith entered Oxford at a time when the University was "a muddy reservoir of sloth, ignorance and luxury," and the narrow spirit exhibited by the Balliol authorities in confiscating the young man's copy of Hume's "Treatise of Human Nature," as being objectionable and pernicious reading, made a profound and painful impression upon him. Two years after leaving Oxford, in the winter of 1748-1749, Smith's opportunity to make a place for himself in the public eye came with the invitation to deliver a course of extension lectures in Edinburg on the subject of English literature. These lectures created so favorable an opinion of the young Oxford graduate that in 1750, a vacancy occurring in the chair of logic at Glasgow, "Adam Smith's candidature proved very acceptable, and he was unanimously appointed by the Senate. In October of the following year, Craigie, the Glasgow professor of ethics, fell ill, and a few months later Smith was appointed to the chair he was to adorn for the next twelve years. It was not until 1759, or in the seventh year of his professorship, that Smith completed and published the first of his two chief works, "The Theory of Moral Sentiments."

In 1776, when he was forty-three years old, Smith gave to the world his epoch-making work, entitled "An Inquiry Into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations," a volume which, as has been indicated, was based upon his earlier lectures on Justice and Police, from the Glasgow chair. The book was published on the 9th of March, in two sumptuous quarto volumes. The price was thirty-six shillings, and the first edition, probably of a thousand copies, was sold out in six months. For a work of this sort, at such a price, the publishers, Strahan & Cadell, evidently had ample cause to congratulate themselves. Smith is said to have received £500 for the first edition, and in addition had the satisfaction of seeing his work well received by his friends and the critics generally. "What an excellent book!" exclaimed Gibbon, the historian; "an extensive science in a single book, and the most profound ideas expressed in the most perspicuous language." "Gibbon's judgement," observes Mr. Hirst, "has been confirmed by the tribunals of time, and the world places 'The Wealth of Nations in the small library of masterpieces that receives, as the years roll by, so surprisingly few accessions."

Mr. Hirst's volume is lucidly written and interesting, and considering its small compass, singularly comprehensive.

THE SEA-WOLF. By Jack London. 366 pages. $1.50. The MacMillan Company, New York; Bell Book and Stationery Company, Richmond, Va.

"The Sea-Wolf" is a story of no little savage and rugged power. With reference to the two leading characters depicted in it, it is a study in rather violent contrasts. On the one hand, we have the tremendous figure of the captain of the Sealer, Wolf Larsen, superhumanly strong in mind and will, inhumanly cruel and exhibiting a passion for Browning and Spencer. On the other, there is Humphrey Van Weyden famous litterateur and critic, superintellectually; and a physical coward, with a past consisting of thirty-five years in a library chair, and muscles like a woman's. It was a ferry-boat collision that brought the incongrous pair suddenly together on the deck of Larsen's boat, which had chanced to pick up the dripping man of letters, and in the first conversation recorded between them, Mr. Van Weyden, or Hump, as he was thereafter familiarly known, found himself engaged, despite his own rather frantic desires in the matter, as cabin-boy on "The Ghost," and "heading away into the southwest, into the great and lonely Pacific waste."

If Van Weyden's first impression of his new and superimposed captain was that he was rough to the point of brutality, it was not long before he came to the conclusion that he was a monster, a perfect prodigy of cruelty. Scenes of horrible violence, set forth with a sure and graphic pen, follow rapidly on each other's heels. Van Weyden was promptly so utterly unnerved by the unaccustomed and repellent life on the Ghost that even Thomas Mugridge, the miserable Cockney cook, could frighten him into his piteous sprint for his skin's sake. At this time Larsen had a fondness for his cabin-boy's conversation, and through all the blood and misery and bestiality he used to send now and then for Van Weyden, as being his only intellectual peer aboard, and compel him calmly to harangue and controversy upon matters of metaphysics. One of the most striking of Larsen's violences, though very far from being the worst, was when, to show Van Weyden that for all his (Van Weyden's) theories about the beauty and truth of immortality he was yet very far from being ready to die, he caught the "Dean of American Letters" by the throat, and slowly choked the life out of him, carrying on a runing monologue the while as to how Hump's real self was feeling about it all. In time, Hump came to, and Larsen gave him permission to rise from the floor, where he had fallen, and sit on a chair. "And toy that I was of this monster," the wretched man relates, "the discussion of Omar and the Preacher was resumed. We sat up half the night over it."

We wish that Mr. London had read an inner meaning into the strange composite of the Wolf's abnormal personality, and had pointed him toward a clear and definite end. As it is, the conclusion of the story is rather disappointing, particularly with regard to the insignificant disposition of the Wolf, who is virtually abandoned.

It is something of a strain on the credulity of the reader to find that the young lady the Ghost picked up in an open boat in mid-ocean should turn out to be the young poetess whom Hump had always admired—Maude Brewster, otherwise "The American Mrs. Meynell," and the author of one of "the four supreme sonnets by women in the English language." And the subsequent love story, for the sake of which the Wolf is practically shelved, lacks much of the fresh vigor that is so distinguished a feature of all the first part of the book.

Taken all in all, however, it is a fine story, pulsing with vigorous life, and will be found of unusual and absorbing interest.

YOUR LOVING NELL. From the letters of the late Mrs. Nelly Gore; 231 pages, $1. Funk, Wagnalls and Company, New York.

The present day fondness for the publishing of all sorts of private correspondence breaks out a little unnecessarily and a little painfully, it seems to us, in the publication of the letters of the late Mrs. Nelly Gore, a young American woman who went to Paris to study the piano under Laschetisky, and who met with a sudden and tragical end. The not especially tactful introduction, after recalling the circumstances of her death, reminds us that death by "accidental discharge of a revolver" was the accepted verdict, and that Mrs. Gore's character was warmly defended by no less a person than her divorced husband, and stood quite clear of any aspersions. The letters, without particular value. The publisher's reliance has no doubt been largely placed upon the "personal interest" aspect of the book, a point of view which might be regarded as rather regrettable. Mrs. Gore's preparatory work under Professor Moszkowski was still under way at the time of her death, and she never came under the personal instructon of Leschetisky. An appendix, however, contains some of the great teacher's lessons and exercises.

GUTHRIE OF THE TIMES. By Joseph A. Altsheler; 338 pages, $1.50. Doubleday, Page and Company.

This is a more or less conventional, but on the whole, entertaining story of politics, love and newspaper life, the scene being laid in a certain State described by the author as being "of both the South and the West, and not wholly of either." The account of the family feud between the Pikes and the Diggers leads us to the conjecture that the State may be Kentucky. Guthrie's strong point was his unswerving sense of duty and his honesty, which neither money could buy nor the wishes of his friends in any way sway. The touchstone was the question of whether he shold or should not send certain dispatches to his paper—dispatches that one or the other of the people of the story, for good reasons of their own, wanted to have suppressed. Most of the tale is concerned with the charges of dishonesty and bribe-taking against Speaker Carton, of the House, of which Guthrie contrives to clear him in the most sensational and thorough way. Guthrie has not impressed us as being remarkably attractive, but his ability and straightforward incorruptibility wafted him suddenly into high places, and before the story comes to an end we read how the people rose up and roared for him. In the flow of his well earned happiness the hand of Clarice Ransome was the sweet crowning of the cup.

NANCY'S COUNTRY CHRISTMAS. By Eleanor Hoyt; 224 page; $1.50. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; Miller & Rhoads, Richmond.

"Nancy" has already made herself familiar to a larger or smaller number of readers through Miss Hoyt's earlier volume setting forth her sundry misdemeanors. Only about half of the stories in Miss Hoyt's newest book, however, have to do with that young lady. The first one tells how Nancy, bound for a Christmas in the country, got off at the wrong station, was kissed by a perfectly lovely, but perfectly strange, young gentleman, and was compelled by circumstances to spend a jolly Christmas day with him. Another, which it would be exaggeration to call a story, tells of the visit of a young red-haired girl to Oklahoma, including what she said to Tom Bailey, gambler and Harvard graduate, and what Tom Bailey said to her. A third describes, very conventionally and tamely, how a lover's quarrel was made up over a broken automobile. "A Visiting Peer," while not strikingly original, we have liked somewhat better. Curiously enough, it contains a shoe-polishing episode, almost identical with a scene in another story we recall having read in a magazine, from the pen of a different author. The tales all have a modern setting, and are usually what might be called "society" stories. Many of them have already received the stamp of magazine approval, but we have not found them striking for cleverness, force or originality.

A YOUNG MAN IN A HURRY. By Robert W. Chambers; 283 pages; $1.50. Harper & Bros., New York; Bell Book & Stationery Co., Richmond.

Mr. Robert W. Chambers is without doubt one of the cleverest of the younger writers in America to-day, and his abilities are nowhere more conspicuous than in the difficult field of the short story. He has, first of all, an imagination so fertile as to yield him always something new in the way of a plot, and to the telling of his plot he has the talent to bring humor, artistic feeling, sentiment and a real grace of style. In his manner of selecting a plot and of handling it he is distinguished by a sort of willful whimsicality which is strongly individual, and which we find quite alluring. His dialogue is always bright, frequently witty, never trite and inconsequential.

This new collection of his stories stretches over his magazine work for some years back and does not contain by any means all of the best stories he has recently written. A good deal of Mr. Chambers's best work, work that is most distinctive and most peculiarly his own, has appeared only within the past few months in various periodicals. The ten tales included in "A Young Man in a Hurry," however, are all original, fresh and interesting, and will all well repay a reading.

THE MAN ON THE BOX. By Harold McGrath; 361 pages, $1.50. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Bell Book and Stationery Company, Richmond.

Those who have a fondness for light comedy, and won't quarrel if it should prove to be very light indeed, and should strain verisimilitude to the bursting point, can find an hour's pleasant entertainment in Mr. Harold McGrath's latest production. Lieutenant Robert Warburton, resigned, aged thirty, but deporting himself like nineteen, decides that it would be a great lark to dress up in the coachman's clothes, mount the "box" on his sister's coupe and give the ladies a swift, dark, reckless ride and a lovely scare. Of course, the playful lieutenant gets the wrong carriage, and equally of course it turns out to be the carriage of the beautiful young lady that had set Warburton's heart beating on the ocean steamer. After such an introduction, punctuated by a jovial, pseudo-fraternal kiss, we simply decline to believe that the young lady would ever have engaged the lieutenant as her groom, yet that is just what, for the purposes of the story-teller, she now proceeds to do. The subsequent events will readily suggest themselves to the mind of the ingenious reader. The story is written in a rambling, old-fashioned style, marked by frequent confidential interludes between author and reader. This is mildly agreeable, and there is no gainsaying Mr. McGrath's cleverness.

LAST HOURS OF SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY. By Henry Edward Tremain; 563 pages; $1.50. Bonnell, Silver & Bowers, New York.

This volume contains a reprint of the late Brevet Brigadier-General H. E. Tremaine's war memoranda, for the most part hastily jotted down on the spot, concerning Grant's eleven days' campaign around Richmond at the close of the war. Gen. Tremain was aide-de-camp to Gen. Crook and was an eye-witness and participant in the events which he here records, and his notes have the value and weight that always attach to personal knowledge and observation. The hasty memoranda were revised and prepared for the press by Major-General J. Watts De Peyster, and were published a number of years ago in pamphlet form, and also, at least partly, in a New England journal. The closing chapter, written thirty-five years later, contains a description of the battle of Appomattox, compiled from official reports.

A JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF CHRISTMAS. By Owen Wister; 93 pages; $2. Harper & Bros., Nw York; Bell Book & Stationery Co., Richmond.

The journey in search of Christmas was the celebrated Lin McLean's. Lin letters home from Vienna and Paris, though sufficiently readable, are, with the possible exception of the few dealing with Cheyenne at Christmas time with a brace of boon companions, strictly on pleasure bent and not troubled with a frugal mind. In Cheyenne everybody had the Christmas spirit stamped all over him, and Lin, feeling himself a rank outsider, lost interest in his promised revelry, and moved by a restless impulse, boards the train for Denver. There he ran upon a little lad whose antecedents and history set him straight on the road for Lin's heart, and together these two, the cow-puncher and the street boy, proceeded to find the Christmas that they searched. The story is rather conventional in plot and execution, and is not up to Mr. Wister's best work. Its handsome dress, however, and the author's wide popularity, make it a pleasing and appropriate gift book.

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Have your cake, muffins, and tea biscuit home-made. They will be fresher, cleaner, more tasty and wholesome.

Royal Baking Powder helps the house wife to produce at home, quickly and economically, fine and tasty cake, the raised hot-biscuit, puddings, the frosted layer-cake, crisp cookies, crullers, crusts and muffins, with which the ready-made food found at the bake-shop or grocery does not compare.

Royal is the greatest of bake-day helps.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Old Jamestown.

In the extensive review of Mr. Samuel H. Yonge's valuable book on "The Site of Old Jamestowne," 1607-1697," which appeared in our columns on November 19th, we omitted to state the price of this volume. The book is published in cloth, with illustrations from photographs, maps, plans, etc., and sells for $1.00 per copy. It may be had of Mr. W. O. Stanard, corresponding secretary and librarian of the Virginia Historical Society, at 702 East Franklin Street, City, or of the Bell Book & Stationery Co.

Books for Boys and Girls.

Mr. Howard R. Caine has told a wholesome and stirring tale for boys in "The White Crystals" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston; $1.50), which details the adventures that befell a city lad who went to spend a year recuperating on his uncle's truck farm in New York State. The main plot turns upon the discovery that there were valuable salt deposits on the farm lands, and the shrewd way in which the little city boy outwits the two rascally surveyors who first discovered the secret. The salt lands remained in Uncle Kimball's possession, the mortgage on the farm was lifted and prosperity looms large ahead. Bears, wild-cats, Indians, bob-sled races, narrow escapes from death by drowning, and other episodes of thrilling tendency play an accompanying part, and are a sure safeguard against flagging interest. But the biggest thing that happened to the city boy, in his own estimation, was when, on the very last page of the story, he threw his country cousin in a "vissle." A good story and a safe book in every way to put into the hands of youthful readers.

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Combatants in spite of themselves were Ned Sanderson and his tutor, Oldenham Crapes, in Mr. W. H. Shelton's story of the Civil War, "The Three Prisoners" (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York; $1.25); what happened to them, in a general way, the title sufficiently indicates; the third prisoner being one Teddy Guggan, coachman in happier days to the Sanderson family. The story recounts how they came to be captured and how they subsequently managed to escape, and there are plenty of exciting things happening by the way. The author tells us that the incidents here set forth are actually war experiences. This is an interesting fact in itself, but we are not sure that it adds anything to the interest of the story as a story.

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Mr. Kirk Munroe's wide circle of young readers gives him an unusual opportunity to do educative work among those who will before very long be the men of the nation, and in "The Blue Dragon" (Harpers, New York; Bell, Book & Stationery Co., Richmond; $1.25), he has taken advantage of this opportunity, with a view creating a more favorable sentiment toward the Chinese in this country. Mr. Munroe tells us that while traveling in China he met so many men of intelligence, liberal education and personal charm, that he became interested in their cause and determined to help it. His story of young Chinese Jo and what he had to put up with here and abroad will make a decided impression on the minds of the reader, whether young or old. The opening chapters of the story take place in a Connecticut village, where poor Jo is subjected to a steady stream of annoyance, insult and petty attack at the hands of the rough young factory employes there. Later the scene shifts to China, where Jo and his young American friend take a prominent and lively part in the operations of the foreign soldiers against the armies of the Empress. "The Blue Dragon" is, like all Mr. Munroe's tales, a fine and dashing story, and this one abounds more than usual with matter that informs and educates.

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Captain Ralph Bonehill needs an introduction to American youth, who will now learn with pleasure that this trusted friend writer has started a series of camp and out-door life and general adventure. The first of those to be published, "The Island Camp" (A. S. Barnes & Company, New York, $1.25), leaves nothing to be desired. Our only criticism upon it would be the purely utilitarian one that Captain Ralph in his opening story, appears to have used up practically all the adventures that could possibly happen. However, we don't doubt he has a lot more up his sleeve, which don't occur to us at the moment, and certainly it is not our lookout if he is giving us too much for our money. Bears, Indians and wild-cats maintain their old-time popularity and prestige, and find their due places in these pages. Along with the story the author has given his readers some practical nature study, and a good idea of what the forest is like in winter-time. The story of the young hunters of Lakeport is one that should appeal to every right-minded boy.

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Mr. Thomas J. L. McManus, who lived within a mile of Harper's Ferry at the time of John Brown's famous raid, and was in the mountain schoolhouse when it was captured by the raiders, has written an interesting story, based on his recollection of that time in "The Boy and the Outlaws" (Grafton Press, New York, $1.50). The outlaw in question was a young fugitive in Utah, who bore a hand in the raid, and upon whose head a large price had consequently been set. The boy, however, does not betray him, but determines to protect him, and this determination furnishes the mainspring of the plot. Mr. McManus writes in a sprightly manner with a plentiful vein of humor which, though possibly over the heads of youthful readers, will be appreciated by adults, into whose hands the volume falls. From the beginning of the war, Harper's Ferry was under martial law, and the frequent transitions from one flag to another, with the constant presence of soldiers offers abundant background for his lively tale. The purpose gives a few extracts from a diary kept by the author at that time, which are very much like, and not a whit less humorous than Judge Henry Shute's compositions along this same line.

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Mr. George Bird Grinnell's intimate knowledge of the American Indian and the Wild West, upon which subjects he is a foremost authority, put him in possession of much information of the sort that appeals very strongly to boys. Mr. Grinnell has just added to his already long string of juvenile adventure books a new story called "Jack in the Rockies" (Stokes, New York; Bell Book and Stationery Company, here), the scene of which distinguishes it from the majority of the other boys' stories recently published. "Jack" describes a boy's adventures while traveling with a pack train across the continental divide, and introduces us to the wonders of Yellowstone Park, a buffalo and elk hunt, the big horn and the grizzly, a chase after horse thieves, and to many other things indigent to that wild country. Mr. Grinnell's book should interest the boy, as being a story dealing with rather different things from what he usually reads about, and containing practical information of value to him.

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Those who have already made the acquaintance of the "Little Colonel" will be glad to hear of the further doings of that winsome Kentucky lass. This time it is the "Little Colonel in Arizona" (L. C. Page and Company, Boston), whose story Miss Johnston tells, and a sweet and pleasant story it is. The Little Colonel" went to Arizona to visit her friends, the young Wares, and had a very jolly time of it at "Ware's Wigwam," as the young people had dubbed their little adobe house This is not a story of perilous adventure, but merely of the simple, ordinary, every-day life of some wealthy-minded and attractive young people. Joyce Ware is a young maiden who will rival the Colonel herself for the favor of the reader. The Little Colonel series is a thoroughly good one, and we hope that it will continue indefinitely.

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In "Joel, a Boy of Galilee," (L. C. Page and Company, Boston, $1.50), Miss Johnston has endeavored to present to young readers a picture of the times of Christ, in much the same way that "Ben Hur" drew a similar picture for adult readers. The book was first published some years ago, and has been widely read. Joel was a Levite lad, whose poor little crooked body was, in the course of the story, made straight by the Master Himself, and who was present and saw with his own eyes many of the miracles. The story is well told, after careful study of the history and customs of that time. It will help to clinch and hold the story of the New Testament more than a good deal of Sunday school.

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As sweet a girl as Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney ever drew is the young heroine of "Biddy's Episodes" (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, $1.50). The story is told by an old maid, Miss Joanna Gainsworth, and she and Biddy, after some preliminary hostilities, become fast friends. Biddy was forever doing unexpected things, but beneath all her foolishness and banter and jollying you always feel that she rings true. And young Dr. Graham Maclyn, whose great trouble was that he was "so thoroughly, so rebukingly polite," in time came to think so too. A sane, wholesome and refreshing story, eminently desirable for a young girl's library, by the most venerable and one of the most popular writers for girls in America.

The December Magazines.

Decidedly the feature of the new Smart Set is the novelette of Washington society by Foxcraft Davis, author of "Despotism and Democracy," entitled "Clavering and His Daughter," which occupies more than half the entire issue. An unusual story, showing much originality and considerable power, is Emma Wolf's "The End of the Story," telling, with a literary setting, how a young man strangely found his unknown father. A young Virginian author, Kenneth Brown, in collaboration with his wife, tells a weird story of East Indian mysticism and occult power in "The Bracelet." Verse in this issue is by Arthur Stanley Riggs, John Vance Cheney, Rosamund Marlott Watson, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and others.

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Pearsons, with its one hundred pages of reading matter and comparatively slender advertising sections, has a tendency to look somewhat attenuated in these days of bulky magazines. However, there is some good reading in the December number. The opening article is an interesting account of senatorial luxury and extravagance, under the suggestive title "The American House of Lords." Another rather notable paper is that on "International Athletics," illustrated by many photographs. Short fiction is represented by another of "The Chronicles of Doc Q.," some of the earlier of which have just been published in book form; a smuggling story by Halliwell Sutcliffe, a nautical story by T. Jenkins Harris and several tales about children.

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Leslie's Monthly for Christmas is a good issue, with plenty of interesting matter to attract the reader. In the first place, there are eight short stories, including the work of George Hibbard, Henry C. Rowland and Holman F. Day. Then there is a good article on "The Invasion of the American Stage," by the well known dramatist and dramatic critic, Franklin Fyles; a vivid account of the battle of Teltz, by "a Japanese officer who took part in the battle"; a physician's story of life and his own work in Labrador; and another installment of the editors' indictment of "The Great Theatrical Syndicate," Ralph Connor's serial story, "The Prospector," continues.

The Christmas Booklovers offers as its most noteworthy feature "A Christmas Message," from Charles Wagner, the exponent of "Simple Life" philosophy, who is now lecturing in this country. Pastor Wagner's contribution is printed in both French and English in parallel columns. The portrait department contains handsome half-tones of a group of distinguished writers, both English and American. Mr. Frederick W. Unger writes interestingly on "The War Correspondent's Future"; Mr. Burris Gahan begins a series on "The Real Australia," and there are a number of other entertaining papers. The single piece of fiction is a short story by Robert Hichens, entitled "The Desert Drum."

More Like It.

It is said that foot-ball produces softening of the brain. We had been laboring under the impression that it was softening of the brain that produces foot-ball.—Augusta Chronicle.