About Lady Baltimore, and some other books

"No more a Southerner than Northerner" is a keynote senten which Owen Wister, the popular auth of "The Virginian," puts into th mouth of a Northern man who represented as the teller of the stor in his recent novel, "Lady Baltimore "Pray what then?" asks the Southe girl to whom he was talking.

"An American."

This extract, from page 206, quick ly gives you the tone of the book The Southern girl to whom the North ern visitor was trying frankly to e plain his feelings about Mason ar Dixon line divisions was very charm ing and high strung and sectional, an the man admired her. He told he that if his State seceded he woul side with the Union against his ow State. He proceeded: "I shall hel to hand down all the glories and a the sadnesses; Lee's, Lincoln's—every body's." She repressed something sh had been going to reply. He pr ceeded: "If ever I have children th shall know 'Dixie' and 'Yankee Dood by heart and never know the diffe ence."

Thus the Northern young man tempted to explain to the Southe girl his American creed. The girl w pleased. So, also, probably w nearly all Southern people be pleas with the tone of the book, which one of the very best of those whi try to make a good combinatio Southern and Northern story and t hasten into more flourishing bloom the new era of good fellowship between the sections which, in the preceding generation, were so bitterly estranged.

It must be pleasing to any people, since they must inevitably be studied and described and made to see themselves as others see them, to have this presentation done by a broad-minded, kindly, whole-souled fellow, such as Owen Wister shows himself to be by his writing. He gives equal prominence to the virtues and the failings of the Southerners, and even where he condemns it is fully felt by the reader that there is no hate hidden anywhere behind the almost playfully critical lines.

Such kindly fault finding as he has with the South is so well offset by the frank way in which he admits the mistakes of the North that his criticisms seem to reach far up above being sectional and become wholly American. The way he handles the negro question is masterful in its moderation and good sense. Neither bitter negro haters nor cranky negro lovers will get much consolation out of Wister's pages. The book is worth reading, if for no other purpose than to get a comprehension of the way the negro problem looks to this clever author after his study of the South-n people. He means by it to express what the majority of the younger generation of Northern people think on this matter. He makes the Northern young man explain to the Southern girl that the youth of his section greatly modify the extreme views of their elders, just as Southern young people must make playful allowance for the conservatism of their elders of the old regime.

Besides its value as a study of the Southern character and as a reconciler and widener of sympathy and understanding between sections, it is an exceedingly good love story. He does not make the Southern girl marry the Northern man. "Thank God for that," many people will say, for the fiction trick of trying to make a good combination Northern and Southern story by the expedient of marrying the chief characters of the two sections portrayed has been done so often that we are tired of the tune of it. Practically such marital mix-ups may hasten the complete amalgamation of climatic and sectional characteristics into the new era conglomerate "American;" but in a story it is pleasing to have a change from the hackneyed recipe of sectional amity secured by marital union of North and South.

Besides, if we too thoroughly obliterate sectional characteristics in this physical way, our descendants may lose somewhat of value in individuality and picturesqueness. For instance, how much of the charm and interest of this novel of Owen Wister's would vanish if there were no contrasts in the picture of two strong races, both with mingled faults and virtues, both races noble and both kindly in a way, and yet interestingly different by the power of history, heredity and environment, which had molded them into strongly marked individualities of racial type. As we like these contrasts in a book, so we like them in life's realities.

However, without extensive intermarriage in either fiction or reality, there may be brought about by such kindly mutual understanding as is promoted by the spirit manifest in books like this a sort of racial marriage of minds and hearts that will make us more a united people, and that in this sense the author's way of putting it about being no more a Southerner than a Northerner, but "an American," will become a universal feeling that will merge minor differences in a great national family. Of such a union in spirit Owen Wister seems from the tone of his work to be a product. Reading such of his thoughts as he has been pleased to set down, one might almost imagine him to be the son of a Northern man but born of a Southern woman. Putting it thus, "born of a Southern woman," so as best to express what seems of joint kinship to the South and North in the spirit of him would be, were the South telling its appreciation of the portrayal of their character, the most chivalrous way of complimenting his authorship, for whatsoever of those more finely strung chords which the South specially loves to find in one's character, the South, of course, would say must of necessity come from one's mother.

The title, "Lady Baltimore," as many know by this time, refers not to a lady, but to a cake. It is a kind of cake, and in this particular story it was the cake that caused the whole beautiful love romance that Owen Wister's genius has told for us. "The cake had begun it, the cake had continued it, the cake had brought them together; and in Elizabeth's retrospect now I doubted if she could find the moment when her love for John had awakened; but if with women there ever is such a moment, then, as I have before said, it was when the girl behind the counter looked across at the handsome, blushing boy and felt stirred to help him in his stumbling attempts to be businesslike about that cake."

This young lady, "The Girl Behind the Counter," as the author gives her title in several of his chapter headings, is the feminine character to whose portrayal the author gives most of his attention; and she is pictured for us by the artist when she is at work in the "Woman's Exchange" and "wearing a specimen smile" and having a sharp but polite and good-natured combat of words with the Northern young man who is visiting her Southern town and trying, because of the charm of her, to make her Southern spirit comprehend his "American" creed. She is one of the gold girls that all the world's a-seeking, and readers, North and South alike, will like her.

The chief character, John Mayrant, is a Southern boy born in South Carolina and brought up under the jealous care of a whole family connection of elders, who are proud of their colonial descent and obstinately conservative in their love of the lost Southern cause. As Wister expresses it, the clock of progress stopped for them in the early '60s and they don't see the necessity of moving it forward up to date. Young John has been very well educated and has traveled and seen something of Northern life, and so is less conservative than the beloved elders, who try to keep him tied to their apron strings. Nevertheless his travel and his education have left him still strongly and characteristically Southern in many ways, and so Wister gets his opportunity to describe him as a type in a sort of transition stage-man who laughs playfully at some of the old family prides and prejudices and yet does not see enough of attractiveness in the rapid commercialism of the North to wholly surrender for it the Southern nature to which he was born.

Young John is infatuated with a handsome woman whom Wister makes a witty old Southern lady characterize as a "steel wasp." The South Carolina family bitterly object to having this fiancee of the hero becoming one of them. The crux of the story is John Mayrant's mental struggles as to what is the noble thing for him to do in a tangle of circumstances made very embarrassing by his engagement to the "steel wasp."

At the time he is an employe of the custom-house, and the vexed negro question is subtly brought in by making the time just when the President had appointed a negro as Collector of the Port and thus made the Southern white men subject to the orders and discipline of the negro boss of the custom-house. Mayrant objects to the position, his family are bitterly opposed to his holding it, and one old lady aunt refuses to let him visit her because of it; but John, knowing as a married man he would require the salary to support his wife, feels himself honor-bound to marry at the time set and to keep a position profitable enough to make his bride feel comfortable.

Owen Wister, speaking through the mouth of the Northern visitor and friend of Mayrant, whom he represents as telling the story, frankly confesses, after long consideration of the question, that he himself would not like such a position where he had to "take orders from a negro." To this puzzle as to conduct is soon added another to bother Mayrant, when he finds he does not love the "steel wasp" to whom he is engaged. Once he had been so enamored of her beauty that he told her he would be willing to brown himself in her hair even as the Duke of Clarence did in his cask of favorite Malmsey wine. But his passion passes, and he finds he truly loves a truer woman. The "steel wasp," however, develops into a much more interesting character than the reader will be apt to expect in the first half of the book. Read on expectantly. She is not fine enough to mate with the honest manliness of John Mayrant, but she has passion and courage as well as wonderful sexual attractiveness, and one does not wonder at Mayrant's enslavement to her charms.

The author represents the young Northerner who tells the story to become quite in love with the little Carolina town, Port Royal, which is the scene of the novel. One of the chief excellencies of the book is the skill with which the conversations are managed. The story, to a large extent, tells itself in conversations.

An unusually good summing up of the negro question can be found on page 168, where Wister represents the Northern man as saying, after he had made a study of the Southern town and the Southern people in it:

"Philanthropy does not walk always hand in hand with wisdom. * * * Moreover, I am friend to not many superlatives and have perceived no saying to be more true than the one that extremes meet: they meet indeed, and folly is their meeting place. Nor could I say in the case of the negro which folly were the more ridiculous—that which expects a race which has lived no one knows how many thousand years in mental nakedness * * * should put on suddenly the white man's intelligence, or that other folly which declares we can do nothing for the African, as if Hampton had not already wrought excellent things for him."

(The Macmillan Company, New York.)

"She was still surveying me with the specimen expression"

from "LADY BALTIMORE" by OWEN WISTER

BOOKS CONCERNING RECENT DISASTER

Two little books vividly describing with words and pictures the disaster to San Francisco by fire and earthquake have been published by Laird & Lee of Chicago. One of them is called "Glimpses of the San Francisco Disaster," and contains 116 pictures of scenes showing the ruin wrought by the two forms of destruction. Some show the effect of the quake before the fire reached the buildings, some the beginning and progress of the fire and some the desolation after all was over. Some of these pictures were taken as early as 6 o'clock on the morning of the calamity, or just three-quarters of an hour after the rude wakeup. They are printed on heavy enameled paper, 5½ by 7½. Some of the pictures show the destruction in the neighboring towns—San Jose, Santa Rosa, Palo Alto and the Leland Stanford Jr. University.

The other book is called "The Doomed City" and is written by Frank Thompson Searight, one of the refugees, who went through the cataclysm with his eyes and ears very attentively open for what was picturesque in the experience. It correctly has the subtitle of "a thrilling tale," and if it were possible for such a lurid event to be too luridly written up the little book is open to that charge.

The author confesses that no words are adequate to express the sensations experienced in such a calamity and to describe the unusual scenes, but he tried to put into it whatsoever power and passion he could summon.

Perhaps by making some slight corrections in a future edition the little volume may serve as a quite authentic part of the history of that fearful time. One of the needed corrections is on page 63. It is in a chapter of "Scenes and strange experiences," and is concerning a report made to the author by one who was an eye-witness of the ouebreak of the great fire. He says: "The Call building, at the corner of Third and Market streets, as I passed, I saw to be more than a foot out of plumb, and hanging over the street like the leaning tower of Pisa." Now, as a matter of fact, The Call building maintained its plumb so completely that the picture of it, now published to all the world as it stands straight and unshaken amid the miles of ruins around it, is the best and biggest advertisement ever made, and, perhaps, for a century to come the biggest advertisement possible to be made of the power of properly built steel-frame skyscrapers to withstand earthquake shocks and fires.

The book has a large number of pictures showing earthquake and fire effects. At the close of it there is a chapter called "the cause of it all," wherein are given by Professor Larkin of the Mount Lowe (Cal.) Observatory a number of theories about the reason of the occurrence of temblors.

The book has a useful appendix, giving dates and figures of other great disasters, some brevities about the unique greatness of San Francisco and California, and a short list of the meaning and pronunciations of Spanish and Indian names of places as used in California.

(The Doomed City, 186 pages, paper 25 cents, cloth 50 cents; Glimpses of the San Francisco Disaster, paper 25 cents, cloth 75 cents. Laird & Lee, Chicago.)

G. B McCUTCHEON'S COWARDICE COURT

Even though you know in sober reason that such incidents as those described in George Barr McCutcheon's story, "Cowardice Court," could never happen, you become interested in the playful thing which the light and easy touch of the famous author of "Beverly of Graustark" has created for the mere amusement of an idle hour. It is a pretty little book illustrated in colors by Harrison Fisher. It is a story of trespassing told in seven chapters, in the first of which a young man trespasses, and in the next a young woman trespasses, and then a dog, and then the truth trespasses, and, fifth, a superlatively pretty one, in which Dan Cupid trespasses, and then a ghost, and last the author trespasses. It is an original and very playful variation on that time-honored foundation for a story—a family feud mixed up with a love affair.

"THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER," FROM OWEN WISTER'S NEW NOVEL, "LADY BALTIMORE."

The principal persons concerned are: Lord Cecil Bazelhurst, husband to a rich wife who has bought an estate in the Adirondacks and prefers living there to preside over her lord's ancestral home in England; his wife, who is a very proud and vindictive person; Randolph Shaw, a big, handsome American bachelor, who owns the estate adjoining that recently bought by the Bazelhursts; Penelope Drake, a charming English girl, sister to Lord Bazelhurst; Bonaparte, a big dog owned and loved by bachelor Shaw; a French Count and an English Duke who make up the house party at the Bazelhurst villa; and Tompkins, servant of the Bazelhursts.

As Penelope expresses it, Randolph Shaw is a real man, and it is thus expressed to contrast him favorably with Bazelhurst, the Count and the Duke, who are the imitation men whose cowardice gives the tale its title. Hard feeling comes into the hearts of the Bazelhursts toward Shaw because they coveted his land, which was richer, higher up and more commanding in its views. They had negotiated to buy it, but Shaw had been beforehand in getting the pick of the ground and he refused to sell out to the persistent requests of Bazelhurst's agents. So when the English family came to live on their Adirondack estate they start a feud with Shaw because while fishing he trespasses a few feet over his land line into the estate of his jealous and angry neighbors. Lord Bazelhurst, who is five feet four and as small in his mind as in person, gives orders to his hired men to throw Shaw in the river if they ever see him across the line again. When they try it and fail, Shaw, who is an athlete, douses his assailants in the river, and then when they are about to drown he magnanimously rescues them. So the fun begins and the feud is on in earnest. Lord Cecil Bazelhurst and his visiting friends, the Count and the Duke, consider Shaw a cad and they resolve to call him to account, but they are all three afraid of the bold and good-natured American, though they talk very brave and try very hard to keep up an appearance of such courage as befits their dignities and titles. It is a comedy of cowardice, and McCutcheon lightly disports himself in making these three cowardly, would-be brave men seem absurd in the eyes of his readers, and he makes some very laughable situations.

The mingling of the pretty part with the ridiculous begins when Penelope takes a liking to the trespassing neighbor, and in frolic mood trespasses on his ground just to see what would come of the adventure. Shaw, who has sworn to retaliate on his enemies by sternly preventing them from coming on his land, takes Penelope's horse by the bridle and leads him and her back to her brother's side of the line as if she had been a child. That scene is prettily pictured by the artist. Penelope says: "So you are putting me off your place? Oh, how lovely!" Thus the flirtation begins. Between Penelope and Shaw it is just playing at feud, and they call the border line "the frontier," and they meet there many times in a merry war of words. These encounters, by the skillful strategy of Dan Cupid, eventuate, via a mild friendship to warm up the emotions, in a romantic love. Unfortunately the feud is not taken as fun by the lord and lady, and the hate they bear their neighbor increases to such a mean pitch that Bazelhurst orders his men to shoot the fine dog, Bonaparte, if he trespasses over the border line. The first pathetic scene, one excellently well drawn, comes when this friendly dog is shot and killed and Penelope finds the big man, Shaw, seated on a log in the deep woods and weeping like a child over the blood-spattered body of his dead pet. Then she pities her neighbor, grieves for the dog, and becomes ashamed of her brother for his cruel and insulting orders. Shaw gives way to his rage then, and declares that if fight is what his neighbors want fight they shall have.

In the pretty chapter entitled, "In which Cupid trespasses," Penelope, who has so bitterly quarreled with her sister-in-law that it is intolerable for her to remain an hour longer at the home of the Bazelhursts, starts out with a lantern on a stormy night to go by Shaw's house and ask him to protect her and arrange for her immediate return to England. The poor girl is very much overwrought by the heat of the quarrel, and added to that excitement the violence of the stormy night gets her almost bewildered as to what it is best for her to do in the complication of circumstances. As she nears Shaw's house she becomes abashed and afraid to meet him because for the first time she begins to realize that he is something more than a friend and that she loves him.

Her heart beat faster and the sudden glow in her cheek was not from the exercise. Somehow, out there alone in the wilderness, the most amazing feeling of tenderness sped on ahead to Randolph Shaw. She tried to put it from her, but it grew and grew. Then she blushed deep within herself and her eyes grew tender with the memory of those stolen, reprehensible hours along the frontier. Something within her breast cried out for those shining, gone-by moments, something seemed to close down on her throat, something flooded her eyes with a softness that rolled up from her entire being. Their line! Their insurmountable barrier! An absurd yet ineffable longing to fall down and kiss that line came over her with compelling force.

Her head grew light with the thought of those moments when their horses stood with their muzzles together as if kissing by proxy—the flush grew deeper, though her blood went cold and she trembled. * * * It was as though some one had whispered the truth into her ear and she was beginning to believe.

(Dodd, Mead & Co.: New York.)

VOLUME OPPOSES STOCK GAMBLING

"The Economic Ruin of the World" is the somewhat startling title of a recently published English book by Charles W. Smith, who with vehemence crusader's spirit would start an international crusade against gambling in "options" and "futures." The full title of his work is "International and Financial Gambling in Options and Futures (Marches a Terme): The Economic Ruin of the World." The author has had forty-four years' experience in studying and reporting the larger financial affairs of the world; he was for twenty-one years editor of Whitaker, Whitehead & Co.'s "Trade and Financial Circular," is the author of various books on financial gambling and claims to be acknowledged as one of the world's experts on these subjects. The aim of his book is to arouse such strong public sentiment against this form of gambling as will result in an international conference that will plan restrictive legislation to put a stop to the evil.

Although some cautious observers could with plausibility say that Mr. Smith rides his idea very hard as a hobby, nevertheless he puts up a very strong argument, backed by abundant figures, that the chief cause of the world's economic ills is this disturbance of the world's markets in real commodities by gambling financiers speculating in the future prices of imaginary commodities. Judging by the treatment his insistent urging of his hobby has met from some British statesmen it might be inferred that these statesmen regard Mr. Smith's objection to option gambling as hysterical. The King of Italy, though, through his ministers, treats his views and communications with more distinguished consideration, and evidently agrees with them in the main. For a glimpse of the opinion of the British statesman, Lord Balfour, we may take this quotation which he uses approvingly from Emery:

"It is the universal testimony of those who speak and write on the subject that under the system prices are steadied and are steadier than they used to be, while the grower reaps an advantage by being able to sell his produce, and therefore to know his position much earlier and with much more certainty than would otherwise be the case."

His Lordship adds: "It must be obvious to every one who gives consideration to the subject that neither dealings in futures nor any similar transaction can overrule the law of supply and demand."

It has been the lifetime desire and work of the author of this book to combat this view of the harmlessness of stock gambling. He claims to speak with the authority of nearly half a century's experience in editing the reports of the world's markets, and he says that the other principal experts on the subject coincide with his views that the gamblers in stocks and futures dominate the world's markets and are the cause of financial panics. This form of speculation, he is of the opinion, does a great injury to all honest capital and labor. It is, he says, a disgrace to Western civilization that it is not condemned as are the other forms of gambling, and such restrictive legislation passed and enforced against it as will put a stop to the injury to agriculture and commerce of the world as is caused by it. The three countries which he calls the gambling countries—the great gambling countries—are England, France and the United States. The chief center of this stock gambling is in the United States, and he blames England for not having any laws against gambling in this form, although gambling is recognized as a great evil in its other modes of operation.

The author notes that their Majesties the Emperors of Russia, Germany and Austria have recognized the evils of gambling in "futures," and that consequently laws against them are in force in their respective countries, and he urges upon President Roosevelt and King Edward VII to use their influence to have similar laws passed in Great Britain and the United States. He is anxious to have these two countries act in the matter, for he says that they are most prominent as hotbeds of these international gambling operations. Right here this English author makes a critical comment on our form of government. He is enthusiastic about Roosevelt's strenuous efforts to reform the abuse in the financial world, but he thinks that owing to the mechanism of our government Roosevelt is virtually in the hands of the Senate. "A split, therefore, between the Senate and the President spells the paralysis of the Government, and American history has had many such examples."

Speaking of the dishonesty of such operations he says that there is no question of their being considered by the honest men of England as being gambling, and he quotes the words of a British Judge in summing up a case about them, when he pointed out, in reference to the technical wording of a "future" contract, "which, though for a certain reason, saved them from being gambling in law, they were in effect as much gambling as if they were done on the Stock Exchange, at Monte Carlo, or in the betting ring at a race-course." There are more than three hundred pages of this market expert's contention against the curse of this form of gambling which is indulged in by the great financiers of the world, but a summing up of his opinion may perhaps be had in this: "They constitute a form of gambling at the expense of a third and helpless party, and thus indirectly stab millions of people behind their backs. They are gradually causing ruin to all leading national industries. They are affecting the prosperity as well as the honor of governments, and indeed of the nations themselves."

(P. S. King & Son: Orchard House, Westminster, London. 5 shillings.)

GOSSIP OF BOOKS AND THE AUTHORS

A book of more than present day interest, to be issued this month, is "The City That Was, A Requiem of Old San Francisco," by Will Irwin (B. W. Huebsch, New York). This appeared originally as an article in the Sun, three days after the earthquake devastated San Francisco, and it aroused so much favorable comment that the edition containing it was speedily exhausted. In preparing the book none of the snap and brightness which characterized it in its original form was sacrificed, yet the marks of its hurried writing—for a copy boy stood at Mr. Irwin's elbow—were deleted. The story, expanded and revised, neatly bound in boards, will be offered at 50 cents, net. That Mr. Irwin is thoroughly competent to picture the real San Francisco goes without saying. He is one of the bright school of younger writers typical of the spirit of California. The author has just left the staff of the Sun to assume the managing editorship of "McClure's Magazine."—From B. W. Hoebsch, New York.

* * *

Here at last (in Owen Lister's "Lady Baltimore") we have the South as her lovers know her. Could anything in the world be more welcome? Time after time has this dear Southland of ours had her faults exaggerated, and time after time has she been praised so extravangtly that the portrait [illegible] was anything but true to life. Never has she been pictured with faults and perfections given equal prominence, and with certain almost indescribable peculiarities handled so sympathetically as to call for a simultaneous smile and tear from those who know best the original thus depicted. —Augusta, Ga., Herald.

* * *

And what a hero! John Myrant is a creation as lovable in his way and as fine a type as "The Virginian." In John is found the combination of honor, courage, moral and physical, and perfect manners that makes a gentleman the world over. The narrative of his love and life must stand with the masterpieces that form only too short a procession in fictitious histories. * * * It is true that none but a true gentleman can portray the heart and motive and manner of the gentleman, and that such are either in or out of the author's profession. * * * In style "Lady Baltimore" is unaffectedly distinguished; in conception it is so natural that its real impression can only be received by actual reading.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

* * *

Two things were shown in the case of the Chronicle building; one was the danger of leaving a single column unprotected in the new part, and in the old part it was shown that cast-iron columns should have no place in first-class fireproof buildings.—Fireproof Magazine.

* * *

In the July number of "Harper's Bazar," Mary Stewart Cutting, author of "Little Stories of Married Life," will begin a striking series of "Talks to Wives." Mrs. Cutting has made a special study of matrimonial problems and of feminine psychology. In her first article she will advise the women whose husbands are "close"—a large and pathetic band, as every observant person knows. Mrs. Cutting's conclusions are singularly sane and her suggestions are very original. Later, she is to talk to the wives who are losing their husband's affections, and still later to those who have not been able to keep pace with their husbands, intellectually or socially.—Harper's Literary Gossip.

* * *

Readers of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," "The Trident and the Net," and other works by the same author will be interested to learn that the French Government has just bestowed upon her the gold palm leaves of the Ordre de l'Instruction Publique, which is the grade immediately superior to that of Officer of the Academy. This distinction, rarely granted to women, is conferred in recognition of literary merit, and in this instance may be regarded as the appreciation by the French Government of the efforts of a native of Brittany, living in America, to make known here in an attractive light that most interesting portion of France.—The Interocean, Chicago.

* * *

The fact that Winston Churchill has been for several years the most popular novelist in the United States lends special interest to the announcement by the Macmillan Company of his new novel, "Coniston." Primarily a love story, Mr. Churchill's new book derives part of its interest from politics, but much more from its superb character-drawing. Those who have read it pronounce it by far the most vigorous, attractive and engaging novel that Mr. Churchill has ever written. The volume is freely illustrated from pen drawings by Florence Scovel Shinn.—Macmillan's Literary Notes.

* * *

Hymen.

Winds kiss and twine,
Leaves of the vine!
Birds meet their mates in the blue.
Heart of the rose
Honey-bee knows,
Heart of my heart knows you!

Rising tides reach
Arms to the beach:
Star mates with star in the blue.
Dawn weds the moon,
Sun weds the moon.
Love of my life weds you!
—Marie Van Vorst in June Lippincott's.

* * *

Seven years after the death of Shakespeare, his collected works were published in a large folio volume, now known as "The First Folio Shakespeare." This was in the year 1623. The price at which the volume was originally sold was one pound, but perhaps we ought to take into consideration the fact that at that time money had a value, or purchasing power, at least eight times that which it has at present; Halliwell-Phillips estimates it at from twelve to twenty times its present value. For this circumstance, however, full allowance may be made by multiplying the ultimate result by the proper number.

This folio is regarded as the most valuable printed book in the English language—the last copy that was offered for sale in good condition having brought the record price of nearly $9000, so that it is safe to assume that a perfect copy, in the condition in which it left the publisher's hands, would readily command $10,000.

* * *

A prominent New York lawyer of wide experience says that, in his opinion, ninety-nine out of every hundred of those who make money or inherit it lose it sooner or later.

How many thousands of good, honest men and women there are in this country who have worked very hard and made all sorts of sacrifices of comfort and luxury in order to lay up something for the future and yet have reached middle life or later without having anything to show for it; many of them, indeed, finding themselves without a home or any probability of getting one, without property or a cent of money laid by for sickness, for the inevitable emergency or for their declining years!

For the sake of your home, for the protection of hard earnings, for your peace of mind, your self-respect, your self-confidence, whatever else you do do not neglect a good, solid business training and get it as early in life as possible.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

* * *

The Word of Summer.

BY ELSA BARKER.

Dropping roses from her hand
Came dear Summer down the land,
With her hair a tawny banner
By the breezes fanned.

And she looked and laughed at me
Where I sat all mournfully
Counting over my lost labors,
Near a cypress tree.

And she said: "Oh, why repine?
All these patient works of mine—
Leaves and flowers and fragrant
apples—
I must soon resign.

"Not one blossom will remain!
But do I, like thee, complain?
Nay, I pause and rest a season,
Then begin again."
—From the Metropolitan Magazine (June).