ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

In Woman's Realm.

Now that you have inspected all the things that Santa Claus has brought you, you may be in a mood to stop and think for a moment what he has brought to this declining century—the old man who has but one more Christmas to his credit. Of course, we cannot estimate his presents in land and coin, for what Santa has given him in one country he must have taken from him in another. Only those things can be counted, which, if they do not enrich the century the world over, their presentation to him in one place at least does not leave him desolate in another.

With this understanding it will not take long to count the century's gifts. In fact, there is but one thing which can be given him at all—and that is justice. Even this has been given to him little by little, so that its increase has hardly been noticed. Yet Santa Claus has persisted and the reflective mind will discover that justice is gaining faster than charity. Yes, perhaps at the expense of it. Charity is growing into disrepute; justice matured in kindness, is growing in favor. The waxing of one means the waning of the other. When justice becomes universal charity will become extinct.

It seems as if the century's Christmas gift this year was a keener recognition of the injustice of charity. Perhaps the most discriminating treatment of the qualities is given by Washington Gladden in the Independent. He says:

Those who are deemed objects of charity are often heard protesting that they want no charity—that they want only justice. What they mean is that they want no charity which is not based on justice—especially that they hate the charity which is a substitute for justice. There are multitudes who would rather dispense charity than render justice; not a few who are building up gigantic fortunes by monumental injustice, and who are using small portions of the money thus gained to purchase great reputations for themselves as philanthropists. This kind of charity any man has a divine right to hate.

One of the subtlest forms of egoism is sometimes connected with the dispensation of what is known as charity. The bestower of alms, of bounties, of tips, often feels himself entitled to indulge a secret feeling of superiority to the recipient. Sometimes he evidently expects a certain homage. Is not the giver by nature superior to the receiver? To be lords and ladies bountiful is sweet incense to some souls. But how does this affect the personality of the receiver? Does it not lower his self-respect? Is not the attitude of dependence which he is expected to assume something of the nature of slavery? The transaction is one in which his primal right,

HIS RIGHT TO BE A MAN,

is not clearly recognized, and it thus involves an element of injustice. We cannot be said to treat a man justly, in the highest sense of that word, when we have any dealings with him in which his manhood is in any sense impaired. The first and deepest requirement of perfect justice is that these high qualities be preserved unimpaired in every man. The charity which lacks this element of justice is a spurious and mischievous thing.

Nor does the fact that the recipient of your bounty is willing to humiliate himself before you for the sake of getting it give you any excuse for permitting him to do so. It is rather a reason why you should refuse the dole which pauperizes, even though the refusal may cost both you and him considerable discomfort. If he does not value his own rights of manhood, that is no reason why you should abet him in renouncing them; it is the strongest reason why you should assert them for him, and decline to treat him as any other than a self-respecting man. The first step in a career of degradation is often taken when a man permits himself to subsist, as a dependent,

ON PUBLIC OR PRIVATE CHARITY.

How many thousands of men and women and children we are thus starting every year on the road to ruin! It is so much easier to give alms than to give the kind of assistance that saves manhood! It is so much easier to ruin men by a slipshod and spurious charity than by a justice which is jealous of their dearest rights to restrain them from the slippery paths that lead to perdition! Much the larger part of what we call private charity is pure gratuity for which the recipient is not expected to make any return. It is not the wicked alone whose tender mercies are cruelties!

EMPLOYMENT NOT ALMS.

No able-bodied man or woman ought ever to be compelled to receive alms from the public treasury. If the state or city owes these able-bodied people anything it is not alms, it is employment. The state or city must not degrade its citizens when they are unfortunate by making paupers of them. The city or the state may refuse to do anything for the relief of able-bodied persons. It may take the ground that the dangers connected with the bestowment of aid upon the unemployed are so grave that it cannot safely make any provision except for the helpless; that those who are temporarily out of work must depend on private charity. This may be the wise and humane policy. But if the state or the municipality does undertake to relieve such persons the relief should take the form of employment and not of gratuity. These able-bodied men and women ought to be permitted to eat their own bread. The public authorities must find ways of employing them. And a stone-pile is not enough. There ought to be several kinds of work open to men and women of this class. Genteel and easy jobs need not be furnished; the work may well be of the least attractive character, and the wages certainly no larger than are earned in ordinary trades, but it should be honest and useful work in which the worker may feel that he is rendering to the community a fair equivalent for what he is receiving. How to manage these is the problem of statesmanship.

THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS.

How the Mistletoe Acted as an Antiseptic to the Poison of Kisses.

Edgar Saltus, in Collier's Weekly, gives the following laconic history of Christmas:

Among the divinities of long ago was Odin, he says. He was god of war. The fourth day of the week was consecrated to him. It still is. In old Norse it was called Odinsdagr. In Anglo-Saxon, Wodensdaeg. In English, Wednesday. Another divinity was Freyja. She was goddess of love. The sixth day of the week was consecrated to her. It still is. In old Norse it was called Freydagr. In Anglo-Saxon, Frigedaeg. In English, Friday. At the great temple of Upsal both were worshiped. In their honor two festivals were held. The first was named Ostara. The second Jul. From Ostara comes Easter. From Jul comes Yule—the early term for Christmas.

To the sanctity of special seasons the early church gave no heed. "Unto the Christian," says St. Chrysostom, "the whole of time is a festival because of the excellence of the things bestowed." But in this, as in other things, the custom appealed. Joy at the birth of Nature was substituted for joy at the birth of Our Lord. To the old rite the church gave a new beauty and a new significance. In beauty and significance it has been expanding ever since.

Ecclesiastically and briefly, such is the history of Christmas. Interconnected with it are two customs—the giving of gifts and the giving of kisses. Students and thinkers of ken derive them both from the Druids. Of the latter we know so little that it is idle to attempt to know less. The only quotable person who enjoyed so much as a bowing acquaintance with them was Caesar. In the story which he has left the mistletoe figures. In the story of every Christmas it ought to figure still.

But just here a loop is needful. The giving of gifts and the giving of kisses are customs old as the hills. Ceremonially considered, the origin of each is religious. Gifts were given to placate and kisses by the way of salutation. The one and the other were essential in the worship of the gods that have gone. Both signified adoration, and it is at once pretty and recondite to note that in Latin, the only language that was made for religion and love, adoration means kissing—ad os portare.

In the Book of Job it is recited that those who worshiped the sun and the moon raised their hands and then touched them with the lips. In the Book of Kings the kissing of idols is noted—a practice, parenthetically, which is noted in Cicero, too. When, later on, in Byzance, the big dolls of paganism were replaced by statutes of the saints, the practice continued. To this, a sect, austere and orthodox, nicknamed the Iconoclasts.

With the Emperor Leo for chief, they went about knocking angels on the head. Presently the Empress Irene appeared and gave them tit for tat. Every one of them whom she could catch she massacred. It is just possible that this terrible lady perceived that the destruction of statues was the destruction of art. Be that as it may, the Beautiful was scared to death and thereafter remained in hiding until handed out again by the enticements of the Renaissance.

Kissing, meanwhile, did not go by favor. The condition of women was entirely subservient. It was not until the Crusades, failing in Islam, had made men conquerors of themselves that in place of the barbarian came the paladin and where the slave had been emerged the queen. Therewith, through subtle gradations, worship became a tender dialogue and manners gentle and refined. In according to woman that which she had never possessed—individuality—the church dowered her with a conscience. In giving her duties it gave her rights; it gave her, too, a charm which civilization had never known and to the world a new conception of beauty.

Under the mistletoe bough that conception, accentuated for drawing room purposes, has occasionally been perfectly realized and very genteelly parodied as well. There an ingenue, pretty as a peach and sometimes quite as witty, inviolate as a vestal yet much better dressed, a girl rendered by precept, example and long educational processes as afraid of a kiss as of a bee, may, unrebuked, unashamed and applauded, surrender the silk of her lips. That which otherwise would precipitate a scandal, the legendary and perhaps antiseptic virtue of the mistletoe transforms into a parlor game. The Druids were great old chaps.

The custom, however, like others, less savorous indeed, yet quite as significant, has, within the memory of the present generation, become obsolescent and promises ultimately to become obsolete. More is the pity, too. It is nicer, no doubt, to kiss unobserved. But when the party of the second part objects—as all decorous young parties of the second part ought to—there was on Christmas and on Christmas eve a good deal of satisfaction in being lawfully authorized to lure her beneath a chandelier and embrace her there nolens volens. It gave a flavor to the plum pudding and has been regarded as an incentive to wedlock.

Every custom has its day. Precisely as the Yule has been forgot and the Saturnalia ceased, so this rite is disappearing. But the giving of gifts remains, and will remain so long as there are children, big or little. For that is not a mere custom. Originally, like kissing, a religious observance, latterly it has developed into a tax. There is modern progress.

Christmas, too, has altered. In Catholic communities the ceremonies connected with it are beautiful in their poetry and elevation still. In utilitarian centers the spirit that stets verneint has converted it into a legal holiday. Centuries ago, at the approach of the Saturnalia, the rich of Rome went forth to their manors in the country and their villas on the sea. Today, at the same season, the rich of New York do likewise.

That is not progress. Christmas should represent more than a delassement and a change of air. Of all feasts it is the most inspiring. In significance it is emblematic, in suggestiveness unexcelled. Whoso studies its meaning learns the inutility of blame and approval, of hope and fear; learns, too, that there is about us something higher than our will, that we are ruled, not rulers, and that yet, when conjecture has ceased and the insoluble no longer perplexes, when wonderment is dispersed and the end is come, that then, afar and beyond, somewhere to pleasure us, there may be landscapes the color of emerald, where gifts are free, where kisses are eternal, where the mistletoe is perennial and where dreams come true.

CLUB CORNER.

The Globe wishes to impress upon the women of the Northwest that, while it strives to make all its columns meet the wants of both men and women in the line of news and information, this particular column is devoted exclusively to the interests of women. These are days when not only club women and women in public life are doing some serious thinking, but when the thoroughly domestic woman looks from her home upon the trend of social, industrial and educational affairs with an increasing thoughtfulness and growing convictions. The world has seen no reform whose origin cannot be traced to scattered expressions of individual opinion. It is such opinions which The Globe aims to make effective by securing them fair and serious expression. Signatures will be withheld from print if it is so requested, but we want the views as well as the news of what is being done and what ought to and can be done by club women and non-club women to improve the condition of the home, the school and the industrial life.

We should especially urge that where women, whether members of clubs or not, have tried any experiment in connection with their particular line of work they would describe the results for this column, as nothing is so instructive, encouraging and inspiring as example. Comparisons are always helpful, and we are therefore anxious that clubs should submit notes on their progress. To facilitate this work club programmes are valuable.

* * *

Among the resolutions recommended by the committee on resolutions at the Denver biennial was the following: "Resolved, That the federation commends the spirit in which the clubs adopted the educational recommendations of the last biennial convention, and records its approval of the thorough and effective work reported from all parts of our country in establishing kindergartens and manual training classes; in improving the sanitary conditions of the public schools; in forming leagues of good citizenship among our children; in establishing collegiate scholarships; in opening free libraries, and in bringing into a new and closer relationship the home and school." That this is no fleeting interest, Midland Monthly thinks, is evidenced by the fact that the programmes of the many state federation meetings held this autumn show that the work of these organizations is increasing along educational and philanthropic lines. Art, music and literature are by no means neglected; and the reports of individual clubs in nearly every state show that study programmes are each year more systematically and carefully arranged, and carried out with greater regard for thoroughness; but the active work of the federations through standing committees is very largely an endeavor to arouse increased interest in educational matters from the kindergarten to the university, to encourage the formation of public libraries and similar work.

* * *

The Italian and Polish people of Buffalo, N. Y., will be instructed this winter by free stereopticon lectures on American history, conducted under the auspices of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The lectures are to be written by prominent women of the chapter, and, after having been translated into Polish and Italian, will be delivered by well known citizens of Italian and Polish descent.

THREE OLD SAWS.

If the world seems cold to you
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,
Go build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut however slight;
Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorner brother.

If the world's a vale of tears
Smile till rainbows span it!
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river!

—Lucy Larcom.

WORK OF WOMEN.

Those who are watching the progress of woman suffrage in the far West will hear with interest the announcement that in Idaho, Mrs. Clara Campbell (Rep.) and Mrs. Hattie Noble (Dem.) were elected members of the legislature, and that to Miss Parmeal French the votes gave the office of superintendent of public instruction.

* * *

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst has bought Prosper d'Epinay's marble bust of Joanne d'Arc, her intention being to present it to the Washington museum, after it has been publicly exhibited in this city for a short time.

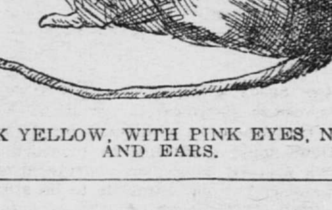
* * *

Clara Barton, president of the Red Cross, is writing a book giving a full history of that society and its work in the recent war, answering charges made against it and its officers. The volume will be sold by subscription by the American Red Cross association.

A MOUSE CLUB.

An Organization Formed for the Breeding of Fancy Rodents.

There were never so many clubs but that there was a chance for a new one. The interest in cat clubs and dog clubs pales before the enthusiasm aroused over the mouse club, which was founded in England three years ago. Over a third of the members are women who manifest something very much like a craze for high-bred rodents.



DARK YELLOW, WITH PINK EYES, NOSE AND EARS.

CHINESE MICE.

The prices vary from $3 to $22. The Chinese mice are small and rather delicately shaded. The waltzing mice of Japan have a curious habit of bending their heads forward and at the same time whirling about in rhythmical motion.

The so-called singing mice have a clear, melodious whistle, and the spiny mice get their name from hairs scatters sparsely over the back, which, at every movement of the lithe body, are erected like the fur on a dog's neck, and quiver faintly. These mice are also called Egyptian, and are still quite rare. There are two varieties of different colors, the hunter spiny being fawn, and the Cauis a bluish gray. A further peculiarity of the species is that they do not jump like an ordinary mouse, but rather like a grasshopper, and are agile and hard to catch.

Scientific breeding has not much changed the structure or form of the types, says the Sun, but a marked change has been made in the colors. There are what are termed standard or solid colors, the highest prized of these being black, a deep lustrous raven hue, with feet and tail to match.

A FINE SPECIMEN OF JAPANESE MOUSE.

MOUSE COLOR, WITH PINK NOSE AND EARS.

The mouse as a pet is advocated because of its size, its quiet habits, its great affection and its low cost, while if good stock is secured to start with and carefully bred, there is money to be made. The idea that the little animals smell strongly is erroneous, and if properly fed they have no more odor than a cat, and not nearly so much as an unwisely meat-fed dog. Their food should be almost entirely oats, with somtimes a little bread and milk, or fresh vegetables. Cheese under no circumstances must be given. Milk is the regular drink. The homes can be made of almost any box, although the fancy has so far advanced that regular artistic hutches may be bought, These are about eighteen inches square, with lid tops and two false bottoms, which are covered with a hard enamel and fitted to run like shelves an inch or so over the true bottom of the cage. These trays are strewn with fresh sawdust and are removed each day for scrubbing, and if pospossible, a sun bath. Thus treated there is no odor. The chief ailments of mice are skin diseases; congestion of the lungs from damp boxes or a cold snap, from which they very seldom recover, and for which the only treatment is a little brandy given on the tip of the finger; fits from fright or shock, cured by a few drops of sherry in their food for four or five days, and asthma. Properly kept and fed, they will seldom be found ailing.

They show great affection for their owners, following them around, coming when called, and losing no chance to climb up the clothes to the face or neck, where they nestle down close to the skin with a faint purr of delight.

A United States National Mouse club is now being formed.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

THE CHRISTMAS SUPPLY OF LITERATURE IS STILL FAR FROM EXHAUSTED

"AVE ROMA IMMORTALIS"

Marion Crawford's Studies From the Chronicles of Rome—Novels of Terror and Character Drawing—Books for Young People—Story of Adventure—New Contribution to American Types in Literature.

Marion Crawford is without doubt prepared as is no other man to write a history of Rome—a guide to the eternal city's monuments and heroes. Reared in Rome from his early childhood, fairly saturated in tradition and record, the atmosphere he breathed made the writing of such a book a part of his appointed task. To the work of a historian he brought this life-long education and the trained insight of the novelist, the instinct for recognizing romance in any disguise that is part of the story teller's equipment, the visualizing power without which the people and events of history remain altogether things of the past, and a literary style formed by much writing.

The story of Rome is much too large for even the two portly volumes into which Mr. Crawford seeks to crush it—one is never for a minute unconscious while one reads of a "tight-fit" sensation; indeed, one is never quite satisfied with the amount of space devoted to one after another important monument or man or deed, and not a few things of importance are crowded out entirely. It is hardly just to criticise the limitations of a work like this simply because it is not all-inclusive, when, as it stands, it is a book desirable in so many ways. As a guide to the eternal city the favored mortals who sojourn there will use this work, but it will find its largest public among those who are forced to see Rome through the eyes of the luckier ones.

The text is handsomely illustrated with photogravures of the things of note in Rome. All of these reproductions are interesting and some of them are unusual.

The work appears in two tasteful and substantial volumes. The subject of the work, however, should have suggested a more artistic and suitable cover design than the naturalistic reproduction of St. Peter's. Is Rome so poor in pure ornament as this would indicate?

"Ave Roma Immortalis, Studies From the Chronicles of Rome," by Francis Marion Crawford, $6. The Macmillan company, New York. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

* * *

"Latitude 19 Degrees."

There is a scene in Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield's novel of which one of the characters remarks: "I tell you, my boy, hell is a garden party to it—a garden party, I tell you," and, although the phrase is rather forcible language, it describes adequately to our mind the whole book, in which adventures and excitements, horrors and splendors are heaped up to a point unequaled in any novel of the kind which we can now call to mind. This is the ordinary book of adventure raised to the Nth power, and it follows as a matter of course that the people who appreciate Max Pemberton and Guy Boothby and S. Levett-Yates will do this and more also for Mrs. Crowninshield, whose book is incomparably superior in every way to those issuing from the pens of these popular writers.

"Latitude 19 Degrees" is the story of the adventures of part of a ship's crew, including the captain's niece, shipwrecked on the coast of Hayti about 1821, the immediate cause of their troubles being an attack by a pirate ship. It is hardly possible to have more different kinds of wild excitement and danger than the captain, the mate, Cynthia, the bos'n and the minion are exposed to. Beginning with centipedes, poison plants and mysterious voodoo charms, we progress to caves, secret passages, mysterious brown figures that come and go, skeletons that stalk about of their own accord, hidden treasure and a pirates' orgy in their great banqueting hall which is warranted to stir the blood of the most hardened sensation seeker. Some people may prefer the voodoo orgy, which is described later, but our own choice for thrilling qualities is by all odds in favor of the pirates. Then there is the capture by the slaves of King Christophe and the experiences in his palace, and many more incidents, all of which possess marked dynamic qualities.

The reader, having enjoyed the excitement to the utmost, is led into making reflections upon the way in which one romance of adventure differs from another in glory. Very, very few writers in any field have Mrs. Crowninshield's visualizing faculty, upon which depends so much of the effectiveness of her tale. She sees and describes the details of each scene until the picture is as vivid in the reader's mind as in the writer's. And she depicts character simply and lucidly. The personages of the story are extraordinarily real for puppets of this description. They hold the interest throughout. There is life, vivacity, "go" in the book. One feels that it was not written with a leaden pen nor because the writer had so much copy to turn out daily, but that it was done with interest and affection. The habitual reader of this kind of fiction is to be congratulated upon the entrance of Mrs. Crowninshield into this province of literature.

"Latitude 19 Deg.," by Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. $1.50. New York. D. Appleton & Co. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

* * *

"David Harum."

This story is a distinct contribution to American types as exploited in literature. Since Bayard Taylor's "Hannah Thurston" we can recall no important novel dealing with the life and manners of central New York. "David Harum" has to do with this rich and little-exploited part of the country, and the leading character is a shrewd, yet kindly country banker, whose observations on life and events make up the body of the book. David Harum is the kind of man whose literary portrayal is a feat by itself, so difficult is it to catch and fix the detail of a personality in whose life there are few events. His biographer, whose untimely death came too soon to permit him the satisfaction of knowing that his first book achieved recognition, has performed a hard task skillfully and made us know and love the plain man who concealed many merits under a repellant exterior. There is a younger man, a protege of the country banker, and two fragments of a love story in the book, but it cannot be said that either the younger man or his fragmentary romance are of any great importance. Romance, in fact, is relegated in the book to very much the position it occupies in every-day life. Incidentally, it may be remarked that this is a touch of realism which even Mr. Howells has never dared attempt.

David's rough-and-ready wisdom is often epigrammatic in its character. For example:

"My experience is," said David, dryly, "that most men's hearts is located ruther closeter to their britches pockets than they are to their breast pockets." "A little too much is jus' right." "They say a reasonable amount o' fleas is good for a dog—keeps him from broodin' over bein' a dog, mebbe." There are many other less quotable bits of wisdom, and David's management of men, especially in the matter of horse trades, is always instructive. He was a notable horse trader and went one Sunday morning to inspect a horse whose owner had conscientious scruples against doing business on Sunday, but allowed David to look at the animal.

"I looked the critter over an' made up my mind about what he was wuth to me, an' went back an' got in an' drove into the yard an' turned round an' drew up agin 'longside the stoop. 'Lizer looked up at me in an askin' kind o' way, but didn't say nothin'. 'I s'pose,' I says, 'that you wouldn't want me to say anything more to ye an' I might's well jog along back.' 'Wa'al,' he says, 'I can't very well help hearin' ye, kin I, if you got anythin' to say?'

"'Wa'al,' I says, 'the hoss ain't exactly what I expected to find, nor jest what I'm lookin' fer; but I don't say I wouldn't a' made a deal with ye if the price had been right and it hadn't been Sunday.' So I gathered up the lines and took out the whip, an' made all the motions to go, an' then I kind o' stopped an' says, 'I don't want you to go agin your princ'ples nor the law an' gosp'l on my account, but the' can't be no harm in s'posin' a case, can the'?' No, he allowed that s'posin' wan't jest the same as doin'. 'Wa'al,' says I, 'now s'posin' I'd come up here yestidy an' looked your horse over an' said, what price do you put on him? What do you s'pose you'd a' said?'

"'Wa'al,' said he, 'puttin' it that way, I s'pose I'd a' said one-seventy.'

"'Yes,' I says, 'an' then agin if I'd said he wan't worth that money to me, not bein' jest what I wanted—an' so he ain't—but that I'd give one-forty, cash, what do you s'pose you'd a' said?'

"'Wa'al,' says he, givin' a hitch, 'of course, I don't know jest what I would hav' said, but I guess I'd a' said if you'll make it one-fifty you c'n have the hoss.'"

"David Harum," by Edward Noyes Wescott. $1.50. D. Appleton & Co. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

* * *

Gibson Again.

R. H. Russell sends out another elaborate volume in the series of drawings by C. D. Gibson, called "Sketches and Cartoons." The book is both broad and wide, the drawings are printed on heavy paper and sumptuously bound in Japan vellum. There are eighty-four full-page drawings, quite as good as, if not better than Mr. Gibson's usual late work—other criticism of these drawings is unnecessary, for every one possibly interested in gift giving of this sort knows perfectly well what eighty-four Gibson drawings, handsomely printed and bound, will amount to, and is also pronounced in his own opinion as to whether it will be worth while. Yet it is but just to say that the present volume surpasses in many ways those of other seasons. There is an edition de luxe of this book, consisting of 250 first impressions, each copy numbered and signed by Mr. Gibson, together with artist's proofs.

"Sketches and Cartoons," by C. D. Gibson. Bound in vellum, $5; edition de luxe, $10. R. H. Russell, New York. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

* * *

The French Revolution.

Mrs. Latimer has compiled a book of considerable importance to all readers interested in the most dramatic period of French history. "My Scrap Book of the French Revolution" furnishes material not otherwise accessible to the public without considerable special research—reminiscences, anecdotes and reports found largely in old papers and magazines or in hitherto untranslated old French documents. A part of the book consists in the account of the revolution from 1791 to 1799, written at the time by an eyewitness, Mr. Thomas Martin Griffith. Thirty-five portraits add considerable interest to the text.

"My Scrap Book of the French Revolution," by Elizabeth Wormley Latimer. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

* * *

A Book for Girls.

"An Independent Daughter" is a book for girls, by Amy E. Blanchard. To say this is to say that it is a bright, interesting and thoroughly wholesome story, neither priggish nor sentimental. For Miss Blanchard is by nature in sympathy with young life, and views the world from its point of view. If anything were necessary to add to the desirability of this spirited story, the really charming illustrations of Alice Barton Stephens would furnish it. The binding is tasteful and suitable, and the book in all ways appropriate for a gift to a young girl.

"An Independent Daughter," by Amy E. Blanchard. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

* * *

A Revolutionary Story.

"Under the Rattlesnake Flag" is E. H. Costello's contribution to juvenile literature for Christmas of 1898. As its name indicates, it is a historical novel of the American Revolution, and deals with stirring adventures in the colonial navy. Mr. Costello seems to find the sea his natural element, and describes sea fights quite as if he had been raised among them. The book has eight full pictures by Steeple Davis.

"Under the Rattlesnake Flag," by E. H. Costello. Dana, Estes & Co. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

* * *

Books for Little Ones.

"The Sambo Book" is a story for very little folks. It is most uniquely printed in large black type on heavy dull gray paper and is cleverly bound in broad covers of the same gray and black, combined with dull red. The story itself is about a little Maryland darkey whose good fortune brings into a wreck from whence he is taken into a comfortable home, where his tropical imagination has a chance to develop to the utmost.

"The Sambo Book," by B. Isaac Coale Jr. William & Wilkin Co. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

* * *

"Ruth and Her Grandfather" is another story for very small children. It is the story of the joys and trials of a little girl who shares all her experiences and imaginings with her grandfather. The type is very large and simple and the pictures attractive.

"Ruth and Her Grandfather," by Todd (Warren T. Kellogg). Pictures by Edward B. Edwards. A. S. Barnes & Co. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

* * *

A day book tastefully bound is arranged by Theodora W. Woolsey. It is called "From Day to Day" and consists of passages from the Bible for every day in the year, in English, French, German and Italian.

"From Day to Day," by Theodora W. Woolsey. $1.25. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. For sale by the St. Paul Book and Stationery company.

Book Notes.

On and after Jan. 1, the Critic will be published for the Critic company by the well known house of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York and London, and will be printed at their Knickerbocker Press. The editorial management of The Critic will remain in the hands of its founders, and it will continue to be as independent and incisive in its utterances in the future as it has been in the past. The alliance between a magazine of the standing of The Critic and a house with the reputation and literary connections possessed by Messrs. Putnam cannot fail to be in many ways advantageous to the readers of the magazine. The Critic enters upon its nineteenth year with every assurance of increased prosperity. With the January number The Critic will be printed in an enlarged and improved form, and the magazine will appear in an entirely new dress of type throughout. Its illustrations will continue to be as interesting as they are unique, and its letter press will maintain the high standard which has been maintained since The Critic was founded, in January, 1881. In short, everything that the combined efforts of one of the leading publishing houses in the United States and the editors of "the first literary journal in America" can do to keep that journal abreast of the times, and to sustain its reputation for ability and impartiality, will be done.

Little, Brown & Co. have added to their long list of Edward Everett Hale's books "A New England Boyhood," "Sybil Knox" and "The New Ohio," formerly published by the Cassell Publishing company; and "Philip Noland's Friends," hitherto issued by Charles Scribner's Sons. They are now issuing a new collected edition of Dr. Hale's Works, brought out under his supervision, and to comprise ten volumes.

Little, Brown & Co. have just published a new one-volume edition of Walton and Cotton's "Angler." It contains the introduction by James Russell Lowell, his last important work.

Lafcadio Hearn's new bok, "Exotics and Retrospectives" (Little, Brown & Co.), contains an account of the ascent of Fujiyama. The narrative is largely made up of notes taken during intervals of the climbing. None of the essays in the volume have appeared in print before.

A new edition of Lilian Whiting's poems, "From Dreamland Sent," with additional verse, will be shortly issued by Little, Brown & Co.

Jeremiah Curtin's new book, "Creation Myths of Primitive America in Relation to the Religious History and Mental Development of Mankind," is nearly ready for publication. It is an important contribution to American folk-lore, and includes twenty long myths taken down word for word by the author from Indians who knew no religion nor language save their own.

The frontispiece of the January Scribner's will be a drawing from life of Theodore Roosevelt by Charles Dana Gibson (whose services hereafter belong exclusively to Life), and it is in Mr. Gibson's most effective manner of portraiture. It is as good a likeness as his famous Du Maurier and Phil May portraits.

Col. Roosevelt's account of "The Rough Riders," which begins in the January Scribner's, although prepared in the heat of the campaign for the governorship, shows no signs of hurry or fatigue. It is filled with humorous characterization of the strangely assorted company of all types of Americans that went into the making of that unique regiment. The clear-cut idea which Col. Roosevelt had in mind in getting up the regiment is revealed in this article, and accounts in great measure for the successes achieved.

The irrepressible reporter was never less repressible than in Cuba last spring. Capt. Sigsbee promised Gen. Blanco that no American newspaper correspondent should be permitted to make any investigation of the Maine. What must have been his amusement, then, when he saw an American correspondent a few days later seated in the boat of the Spaniards' own divers? The captain will narrate this incident in the January Century, and describe his reception of a floral piece, presented to him by the correspondents, through Gen. Lee, on his departure from Havana. He had been able to do so little for the representatives of the press that this testimonial of their regard took him completely by surprise. The possibility of a misconstruction of his motives makes it difficult for him to express his appreciation of their courtesy, he says; but he does it, none the less, and with evident feeling.

Julian Ralph, who has been for some years in England, writes for the December Cosmopolitan a very clever analysis of what seems to him the English ideas of a gentleman; and John Brisben Walker attempts to consider the American ideals. We are in the formative stage of American manners, and too much stress can scarcely be given to the dangers of introducing those ideas which are least admirable in the character of our English cousins.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for January is a royal holiday number, and sets a very high standard for the coming year. The feature par excellence is the complete story of the sinking of the Merrimac at the mouth of Santiago harbor, last June, as told in a straightforward, dramatic narrative by Lieut. Hobson's chosen helmsman in that historic exploint—the gallant young Osborn Deignan, from Iowa. Portraits of Hobson and all his gallant crew are given, with no less than thirty graphic illustrations, some of the latter being actual photographs taken on the spot. Helmsman Deignan's narrative, as here published, deserves to take rank in permanent history beside that of Lieut. Hobson himself. This same January number of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly contains, in addition to the story of the Merrimac: the first of a series of articles by the celebrated war correspondent, Thomas R. Dawley Jr., recounting his exciting experiences while "Campaigning with Gomez," in the wilds of Cuba; "In a Klondike Cabin," by Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, who has recently returned from Alaska; the first part of a new California story by Bret Harte, entitled "Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation;" "Women in Politics," by the Marquise Lanza; "Naval Signaling, and Carrier Pigeons," by Joseph C. Goff; "The Orphan of Belleville," a charming and seasonable story by Francois Coppee; "The Edge of the Marsh," a complete short tale by Etta W. Pierce; poems by Edith M. Thomas, Minna Irving, Clinton Scollard, Martha McCulloch-Williams, Susan Archer Weiss, and others; and a varied "Marginalia" department, including contributions by R. K. Munkittrick, James B. Cable, Charles H. Crandle, Isaac W. Eaton, and St. Julien Grimke.—Frank Leslie Publishing House, N. Y.

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BARTERED HIS LAURELS.

War Hero Traded Them for a Little Transient Glory.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Frank A. Kinne, a hero of the late war, threw his laurels away for the sake of fleeting glory on the stage. He now seeks reenlistment as a private in the marine corps, having resigned the commission as lieutenant which he won by gallantry, but finds his way barred.

When the war broke out Kinne was a sergeant in the marine corps and a favorite with officers and men. Early in May he sailed for the South in the First battalion under Col. Huntington on the Panther. When the marines landed in Guantanamo, however, Sergeant Kinne was not with them. He had been transferred to Admiral Sampson's flagship, the New York.

He was on the New York when Cervera's fleet was destroyed by the American warships, and he and several other marines exhibited conspicuous bravery by rescuing Spaniards from the shot-torn cruisers. In August three marine sergeants were promoted and became lieutenants. Among them was Kinne.

When the Spanish prisoners were sent north Lieut. Kinne was one of the officers sent with them. His familiarity with the Spanish tongue had caused him to be selected for this duty. He accompanied his prisoners to Portsmouth, N. H., and after their deportation remained in the garrison there under Lieut. Col. Meade.

He was lionized by Portsmouth society, and the future seemed fair for him until an enterprising theatrical manager arrived in New Hampshire early last month. He had a patriotic play, and was anxious to have as an additional feature a real marine guard in charge of a lieutenant appear upon the stage. He asked Lieut. Col. Meade about the matter, but the garrison commander curtly refused to permit anything of the kind.

The manager then approached Lieut. Kinne, and one night the military and marine officers were chagrined to see the marine guard in full uniform taking part in a theatrical spectacle. The matter was reported to Washington and court martial proceedings were threatened. Lieut. Kinne resigned his commission and the resignation was accepted.

Nothing further was heard of the erstwhile lieutenant until recently, when he appeared at the marine barracks in the Brooklyn navy yard. He told some of his old friends in the ranks that luck was against him and that he was anxious to re-enlist.

A week ago he made application to re-enter the service as a private at the recruiting station in West street. Because of some technicality in his papers Col. Huntington referred the matter to the commandant of the corps in Washington. He has received in reply a message to the effect that Kinne's re-enlistment is not desired.

CURE FOR ALCOHOLISM.

Dr. D'Unger Gives His Famous Secret as a Christmas Present.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—(Special.)—Dr. R. D'Unger, who claims to have been offered $50,000 for his secret for the cure of alcoholism, has given it to the world as a Christmas present. He is seventy-three years old and gives his formuda, he says, with the desire of being of real service to his fellow creatures. It is as follows:

Fluid extract of cinchona rubra, one pint; cinchona sulphas, ten grains; quinidia, 5 grains.

Mix and shake the bottle well before pouring out each dose.

The dose is from one to two teaspoonsful every two or three hours, until the desire for liquor has ceased. Then, for about thirty days, one teaspoonful before each meal.

The cure is brought about in this way: Alcohol is non-cumulative, requiring an increase of dose or more frequent doses. Cinchona is cumulative, requiring a decrease of dose, or less frequent doses. The cumulative action overcomes the effect of the non-cumulative. Taking small doses for thirty days, after the crave for drink has disappeared, secures the antiperiodic property of the remedy, thus preventing a return of the paroxysm for drink.

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