SHOWING US HOW TO RADIATE

VESTA LA VIESTA UNFOLDS HER SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

She's Been Roaming the Ethereal Whitherwards and Descends to a Studio Lecture Before a Few Common Souls—A Low Browed Intruder Squelched Promptly.

Madame Vesta La Viesta (on the level she said that isn't her actual name, but a nom de plume or something) addressed yesterday afternoon an audience consisting of Prof. Charles Abercrombie, a girl in lavender, a girl in pumpkin pie brown broadcloth, two reporters and a sad eyed floss in mauve trousers on "How to Cure Oneself and Be Wealthy, Healthy and Happy" in the interior of her studio at 1947 Broadway. Madame had had hopes that "a multitude" would be among those present, she said, to hear her first lecture in our midst, and as she said it she gazed wistfully toward the girl in lavender near the door. Now, as a matter of fact, the lavender girl wasn't a multitude, nor yet a host, but she was sure some crowd.

Madame Vesta La Viesta has just completed a sort of astral Cook's tour from planet to planet, and she spent at least a day or two on each sphere in the heavenly solar plexus. In her party were thirty-one souls, many of whom are unknown to her in the flesh, but as the body is but the material covering of the astral or ethereal ego of æsthetic transcendental whitherwards—as Senator Tom Grady might say—what's the difference? Besides, yesterday was Christmas eve, when one gets away with anything.

But to resume: A press agent whose letter paper says positively that his name is E. A. Dime, Special Correspondent, sent out to the newspapers the dope about Mme. Vesta La Viesta's first lecture. Every Tuesday and Thursday hereafter madame is going to open up on the whitherwards and do a lot of free curing for folks who have "false beliefs." Lumbago is a false belief, and so is pip in the case of hens, or a toothache in humans or a gum boil or ostentatious corns. You merely believe you have these ailments, whereas as a matter of fact you only imagine them.

Mme. Vesta's lecture was on the schedule for 3 o'clock P. M., but as the audience was slow in getting into the Morris chairs the talk didn't get under way until 3:15 o'clock. Prof. Abercrombie came in first and put every one at the press table and the lavender girl at their ease by tearing off a couple of songs. La Viesta, a matronly looking person in Alice blue with lace at the throat and wrists, sat near L. U. E. languidly for her cue.

"Prof. Abercrombie brought out the 'Merry Widow,' you know," remarked madame by way of introduction. "Miss Ethel Jackson was once a student of his. Now, I might say that I am sorry there isn't a larger audience here for my first lecture," continued the gifted woman, "but really the multitude doesn't make any difference. The spirit is everything." And madame gazed gratefully toward the lavender girl who overhung the Morris chair like the meringue on a lemon pie.

The professor, who is a fat, gray haired gent in a butterfly tie and artistic pants and vest, started off with a dainty morceau called "Little Irish Girl," which he said was written by a German. Then he said he would sing a little one of his very own called "College Love." Madame and the sad eyed floss and the reporters and the lavender girl lent earnest attention as the discover of the "Merry Widow" sang again and again:

> Don't wander in Arcady,
> But single out the lady
> And make her a proposal just like this:
> "I hope it will not perplex you—
> I desire to annex you
> And seal it with an antiseptic kiss."

All the while the professor was singing he lent art to the rendition, smiling, chuckling and making ever such funny faces.

"If it's too warm in here——" began Mme. Vesta tentatively after the professor retired from the piano.

"It is a warm day, isn't it, especially for December," suggested the girl in lavender. So somebody opened a window. And then Mme. Vesta got every one spellbound with her opening sentence.

"Friends, I'll give you a little talk," she began. Well, it came like a thunderclap from the blue. No one had expected this announcement, and the hush was ostentatious.

"Now, I am asked what is the good of this life," said madame, getting her stride. "If we walk in the dark, why not have lights?" she asked. "The X-ray corresponds to clairvoyance. Wireless telegraphy corresponds to telepathy. It is true that mental messages can be sent. I can do it now, and have done it often. Sometimes the recipients of the messages are not aware of the mental despatch, but it is sent just the same.

"One must have a bit of the solar plexus sense of quickening, however, so to speak, before these phenomena may be brought about. Paderewski has this quickening and, to a certain extent, so has Anna Held. For twelve years I have had it and for twelve years I have practised healing. Then I went into the silence for two years. Right here in New York often I have had to stay in the silence for twenty-four hours at a time. While in the silence I can heal a whole audience.

"Disease is a belief—merely a belief. My method of healing is to liberate people from the bands of belief. We cannot, alas! be well at all times, nor can we be in a harmonious and nice working order. But we can make ourselves so in a few minutes. Also we are all geometrical figures in space," continued madame as she riveted with her eyes the lavender girl, who was plain and solid geometry combined in one course, "I am a Cosmologist and Planetary Explorer. I've visited all the planets. Cosmology enables each soul to go to other planets to free themselves from beliefs or what not and to fly in space. That may seem to be a remarkable statement, but it is true. The cosmologist absorbs birdlike qualities and can glide through space like a fish in the sea."

From madame's earnestness it looked now that before the afternoon was finished everybody in the room would sail right home without touching even the high spots—even the lavender girl. First madame told why the common or garden variety of, say, life insurance agents or shoe clerks have to pay subway fares instead of flying to work from Harlem in fifteen minutes.

"First of all I must tell you what to do," said Vesta. "To begin with, please remember that those who do not believe in God have had their aspirations frostbitten. Every prejudice is a limitation, and limitations must be eliminated from the mental consciences. If I'm talking too fast for you reporters please let me know. As we lapse into the silence the soul expands. This expansion process, by the way, is very painful. It is cosmology that joins one to the universal qualities, the qualities that Columbus had and which made him a man of far vision."

This statement naturally suggested to Mme. Vesta the idea that "finance is a delusion." As a matter of fact during her complete investigations of sociological, paleontological, anthropological (grand words for space writers) and politico-economical conditions on the far few planets she has visited Mme. Vesta failed to find a single far sphere where money is used at all. Except on earth everybody in the universe lives on the brotherhood of man. Up on Mars the people are slightly different physically, but not so much that you would remark it. But the Martians are the deuce for vibrations. Everything they do, madame insists, is by their pronounced vibratory qualities. The Martians can go right through doors, and there is one tunnel through Mars that is just for souls.

On the other hand, want is a mere belief. There's nothing to it. The way to get rid of the inconvenience, the seeming inconvenience, of want is—to quote Mme. Vesta—"to let it evaporate into the nowhere and melt into the astral ethers." Radiance is the grand stunt if you would avoid want and things like that which are disagreeable. Madame pointed out quite logically how when one grows happy smiles radiate from the face. The happier one grows, she said, the more radiance exudes from one's countenance. If you only grow quite happy enough you may get all lit up, in fact.

In conclusion: "Astrology has to do with the human embodying qualities. In Mars vibration issues. I've observed while on the planet, from the inhabitant's head and shoulders. In Saturn children spring into being right out of the ground. Now if you are ready, I suggest that we all lapse into the silence for a few minutes."

Madame sank back into her particular Morris chair and took a long lapse. As she murmured and murmured soft nothings everybody tried to lapse. But in the middle of the silence the sadeyed floss leaned back too far and knocked over a new umbrella that was resting against a Rogers group. It was very distressing.

Then a lowbrowed person who had wandered in for the finale—the lecture was quite free—said he'd like to know, just between man and man, whether, just supposing, he'd caught his leg in the elevator door while coming up to the studio (the man didn't have the decency to say limb) and had busted it till the bone stuck out, just as man to man could the bust be cured by lapsing into the silence and him dripping blood all over the rug? It was disgusting.

But Mme. Vesta had her answer for the old, lowbrowed stew. Not only could the limb be healed, but often, she said, she had seen upper limbs that previously had been amputated restored. The sometime owners of the upper amputated limbs didn't know it, but when they had had pictures taken the astral or transcendental limb had come out in the negative.

Since completing her Cook's tour of the planets Mme. Vesta says she has "been in the silence with the influxes." Often the influence of the influxes are very severe and trying. Furthermore, the sun is coated with pumice stone underlaid with bands of steel many miles in thickness. The sun, she noticed, is not hot; and as Mme. Vesta spent some time there she should know more about it than a lot of scoffers who never have been further west than Aurora, Ind., in their lives. We get heat from the sun, she admits, but this heat comes altogether "from the interstellar spaces."

"But," interrupted the sad eyed floss in the mauve trousers, "the sun is cold, so you just said previous."

Carefully, slowly, Madame explained again all about the issuance of heat not from the sun but from the interstellar spaces and nebulous interstices. The man in the mauve pants tried to get it but he couldn't. Madame didn't say so, but it was evident that the poor fellow unconsciously suffers from the belief that he is a dub. The explanation of the interstellar spaces and nebulus interstices was gone over for some time, and in concluding her first lecture Madame also spoke of several other things.

THE SANTA CLAUS POST OFFICE

Sees to It That 3,500 or So Confiding Children Get Real Answers.

Perhaps no branch of the General Post Office was busier yesterday than the Waldorf annex to the dead letter department. This particular annex, known as the Santa Claus station, which is under the direction of the philanthropic committee of the City Federation of Women's Clubs (Mrs. Clarence Burns, chairman), has received in the last few days about 2,200 letters addressed to Santa Claus, and by 8 o'clock last night had answered every one

Mrs. Burns interrupted the twenty-five different things she was doing yesterday long enough to explain the "system" of it all.

"When the letters reached us," she said, "we divided them into four classes, which we characterized roughly as 'very needy,' 'doubtful,' on account of the neighborhood from which they came being too prosperous; 'out of town' and without address.'

"To the 500 out of town writers, some of whom lived as far away as Utah, California and Maine, we sent Santa Claus postcards like this."

"This" represented a brilliantly attired saint looking over a fence at an ecstatic little girl, whose costume was equally cheerful.

"Seven hundred of the needy letters," continued Mrs. Burns, "were taken by individuals who have since notified us that they have sent suitable answers to the senders. The Knickerbocker Relief Club took fifty, and the others we are answering from this station.

"The committee has received about $1,500 in money, $500 of which was given by one man, who stipulated that it should not be spent on toys, but should be kept for the purchase of goods and clothing after Christmas.

"We have arranged with several of the department stores to deliver goods for us at the last minute. One of them has agreed to take goods to "Hell's Kitchen," and three or four others to specified districts of the East Side. One has promised to attend to Brooklyn. The letters have been correspondingly sorted.

"One of the automobile companies has loaned us a machine for the day, and we are getting inestimable comfort out of that."

"Have you given out any toys here?" asked the reporter.

"A few—a great many children have come here under the impression that they would see Santa Claus, or at the very least a tree laden with presents, and so we gave them some of these rubber toys which some one sent us this morning."

Wealthy men and women have inspected the Santa Claus station, wept over some of the more pathetic letters and contributed liberally.

"The result of it all," concluded Mrs. Burns, "is that at least 3,500 children will have received letters direct from Santa Claus."

Many letters to Santa Claus got to the Post Office too late to go to the sub-station. Many had no stamps and several had trading stamps on them.

CHRISTMAS ON LONG ISLAND.

A Hunt and a Pigeon Shoot Will Vary the Celebrations on the Estates.

MEADOW BROOK, L. I., Dec. 25.—Many of the members of the Meadow Brook colony with homes in Long Island are planning to celebrate a country Christmas.

Since the middle and last of November nearly all the country places in Hempstead, Westbury, East Williston, Roslyn and the Wheatley Hills section have been closed and their owners gone to town for the winter. Many of them will be reopened to-morrow, however, and will be the scenes of much merrymaking. Many guests will motor out from town and owing to favorable weather conditions a hunt will be held from the Meadow Brook Club.

The Rockaway Hunt Club at Cedarhurst has arranged a pigeon shoot and a special programme has been planned by the various hosts and hostesses throughout the island. In the evening the guests of the day will entertain their country house friends at box parties and dinners in town.

A Gentle Xmas Hint From the Clerks.

The members of the Bayonne Retail Clerks Association issued cards to all customers yesterday which were decorated with holly and bore this inscription:

> I have a very nice cravat
> This year, so please don't give me that.

The members declared that they were obliged to take some action to put a stop to women customers deluging them with neckties as Christmas presents. They said that about nine of every ten ties they got were red.

Maxine Elliott's Play To-night.

Miss Maxine Elliott's production of her new play, "Under the Greenwood Tree," will take place to-night at the Garrick Theatre. Dallas Cairns will have the rôle which Charles Cherry has had to relinquish temporarily owing to a sprained ankle. It is hoped that Mr. Cherry will be able to make his appearance by next Monday at the latest.

PETER PAN IS HOME AGAIN

AND HOOK AND WENDY AND SMEE AND THE CLOCK.

A Great Welcome to Miss Adams and the Darling Play at the Empire—Peter Isn't a Day Older, and Reports That All the Fairies Are Well and Happy.

A Merry Christmas to everybody! *Peter Pan* is back in town—came last night, and put up at the Empire Theatre—expressly to let every one know that he's just as young as he ever was, and has no intention of growing a day older, no, not for all the thimbles in the world; that it's quite warm and cosey up in the treetops, thank you; and that as for Santa Claus being dead, well, you should just have seen the preparations he made this year, without discrimination of race or color (nothing narrow about him in mind or body!), to give the Kiddies a treat this morning.

Peter knows, because *Tinker Bell* has a friend—a girl friend, of course—who helps Santa by keeping the jingle in his sleighbells sweet and tuned. She told *Tinker* and *Tinker* told *Peter*. And if you'll go to the Empire *Peter* will tell you. Believe in fairies? *Peter, Peter*, how could you doubt us? Can you doubt us after your welcome last night? There was the "Toy Maker of Nuremberg," you say? Yes, that's true; but some of us are a bit ashamed. And we believe in you, anyhow. Welcome back, dear *Peter*. Here's eternal youth to you, and mistletoe in every treetop!

The last of a big, joyous, expectant, happy audience, as large as the house would hold, on the worst theatrical evening of the year, was rustling to its seats last night as *Nana* hung the pajamas in front of the fire and turned on the hot water in the tub. Ernest Lawford, when he entered in his first and last act character of *Tapa*, was made welcome, and when Miss Adams came in at the window there was an outbreak of applause. *Tinker Bell* danced madly all over the walls and ceiling in sheer delight. And *Peter* bowed and bowed and looked very happy indeed and very boyish and just as dear as ever.

From then on the appearance of every familiar scene and every familiar character was a signal for rustles and murmurs of recognition and welcome. Ernest Lawford, transformed to the terrible *Hook; Smee*, the boys, the crocodile, all came as some of the sweet familiar things we love—the things that age cannot wither nor custom stale. And when *Peter* pleaded for *Tinker's* life and cried to the audience, "Oh, say you believe in fairies!" there was the old responsive thrill, the old desire to shout "I do!" the handclapping and waving of handkerchiefs. Yes, "Peter Pan" is already an institution. We've got to have him every Christmas. Mr. Frohman might as well understand that first as last. If he doesn't give *Peter* to us we shall rise in our might and stuff the whole of *Hook's* rich, damp cake down his throat. And then, mother or no mother, he'll die, and everybody will agree that it served him right, just!

The mermaid scene is not played this year, doubtless because it made the evening so long and arduous for Miss Adams. The drama has been restored to its original form, save that *Smee's* sewing machine, a bit of business which occurred to that infant, Mr. Barrie, while he was walking along the street in Manchester, is kept. *Smee* interrupts the sublimities of *Hook*, his chief, with the click of the needle and the scream of torn linen, as he first began to do in Boston last fall, with convulsively comic effect; and in the fight with the pirates one of the boys flies up the rigging with astonishing and superhuman alacrity. Also Miss Adams has added a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders in her duel with *Hook* that set the house into roars. Such things are important to chronicle—for they are in "Peter Pan."

My sakes! But the Darling children, *John* and *Michael*, have grown a bit this summer. Miss Morris still plays *Wendy*, but the others will have to yield place before very long or graduate into Pirates. *Michael* Martha McGraw is getting to be such a big boy that she's beginning to look quite a girl. Thomas McGrath is still the mother hunting *Smee* and the crocodile is as terrible as ever.

Little Virginia Smith plays *Liza*. As she is the author of the play she deserves a whole line to herself. She shall have it. She is the best author on Broadway!

Christmas eve is a bad night for the theatres, and perhaps that may be taken as excuse for not hissing *Hook* when he came before the curtain. For Miss Adams, especially after the fourth act, there was a perfect panic (or, if you insist, a Peter-panic) of applause. But nobody hissed *Hook*. Yet Mr. Lawford has not lost his cunning. Wait till the matinées. He will come into his own yet.

PLENTY OF FREE DINNERS.

Thousands to Be Fed by the Salvation Army, Big Tim and Others.

There will be plenty of dinners for the poor to-day in spite of the fact that money is tight, in fact so many organizations are planning to provide free turkey that there should be plenty to supply the demand.

No big dinner will be given by the Salvation Army in Madison Square Garden this year. Instead about 10,000 basket dinners will be distributed from seven branches in this borough and Brooklyn. Each basket will contain enough food for five persons and will be made up of a five pound chicken, a can of soup, potatoes, bread, tea, coffee and apples. In addition 3,500 bundles of toys will be given to poor children and clothes to the needy.

The Volunteers of America began their distribution of dinner baskets and clothing yesterday, when families of prisoners were cared for. This is the work in which Mrs. Ballington Booth takes particular interest. More baskets will be given to the poor by the Volunteers to-day from the old headquarters in Cooper Square.

At 11 o'clock the doors of the Big Tim Sullivan Association at 207 Bowery will be opened and the Bowery will eat in relays at Big Tim's expense. Little Tim will be head waiter and the others who are proud to help shuffle and deal out the dishes will include George Kraus, Larry Mulligan, Little Joe Dunn, Johnny White, who won't be present in his official capacity as referee; Col. Michael Padden, Simon Steingut, Mayor of Second Avenue; Justice-elect Tommy Dinnean, Maurice B. Blumenthal and all the rest except Louie Zeltner, who sent regrets. They're ready to serve 7,000, and if more come they won't be disappointed.

The Bowery Mission will provide a free dinner, but not until 8 P. M. For many years William M. Fliess gave a dinner to newsboys at the Brace Memorial Lodging House, at 14 New Chambers street. Mr. Fliess is now dead and his son will continue the dinner this year in memory of his father. The time is 7 o'clock in the evening. The Home for Friendless Boys, at 113 East 116th street, promises a dinner to all needy boys who apply, and the boys and girls of the Horace Mann School have arranged to distribute baskets to poor families.

Mrs. Butler Duncan will take a lot of Long Island City newsboys to the Hippodrome to-night.

Col. Dady's Brother Gets a Job.

Sheriff-elect Alfred T. Hobley of Brooklyn has appointed ex-Senator George A. Owens and Timothy Dady, a brother of Col. Michael J. Dady, as deputy sheriffs. John Elliott, a reporter on the Brooklyn *Times*, has been selected as Mr Hobley's private secretary.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

According to the London *Book Monthly*, the six best selling books in England during the last month were:

"From the Niger to the Nile," "Passages from the Past by the Duke of Argyll," "Letters of Dr. John Brown," "Through the Magic Door"—chats about the books which have most interested him—by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; "The Broken Road," by Mason, and "Ancestors," by Gertrude Atherton.

Mrs. Bearne's researches among the chronicles of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries have resulted in a new history of "A Sister of Marie Antoinette; the Life Story of Maria Carolina, Queen of Naples."

The "Letters of Dr. John Brown," edited by his son and D. W. Forrest, D. D., will interest those who care for the author of "Rab and His Friends." A busy Edinburgh doctor, he went his breezy way through life with a remarkable capacity for friendship. His fame, as Stevenson plaintively said, was won with such careless ease, and by another critic he is called "since Scott the most lovable of allwriters." In Ruskin's words, he was "a good Scotchman of the old classic breed"; or to take another simile from the same source, "a Holbein with Carpaccio tenderness." There are some three hundred of the letters, and at the end a number of letters from Ruskin, Thackeray, Mark Twain, Oliver Wendell Holmes, R. H. Hutton, Lord Cockburn and Dean Stanley. Of Ruskin Dr. Brown says "I am sure he has wings under his flannel jacket." Dickens he pronounces "a child of genius, but only a child." He dislikes Disraeli, thought Longfellow "a sort of male Mrs. Hemans," was never quite sure about Browning, and said that George Eliot made him "uncomfortable." Stevenson he finds "a new liquor, fresh and aromatic."

An observing critic writing of the constant feuds and bickerings in the so-called peaceful country villages pronounces the placid country life "really a welter of enmities and jealousies." "As to the origins of these, they are often too obscure to be traced," he says, "but those that are known seem trivial enough." City people have, he claims, in the midst of more stirring events acquired a truer sense of proportion. He also calls attention to the fact "that when Mr. Thomas Hardy had collected in one narrative a sufficient number of harrowing incidents, including betrayal, murder, and sudden death, he laid the scene of his story among a pastoral folk and named it with a last touch of his characteristic irony, 'Far From the Madding Crowd.'"

Mr. W. C. Brownell in a literary appreciation which appears in the January *Scribner's* says: "Hawthorne was so exceptional a writer that he has very generally been esteemed a great one. * * * His works never having been supplanted among us it is hardly surprising that with us they stand where they did. And their style, clear, chaste and correct, is of the preservative order. They form a large constituent portion of our classics—our somewhat slender sheaf of truly classic production." "'The Scarlet Letter' is, in fact, the Puritan 'Faust,'" Mr. Brownell says in conclusion, "and its symbolic and allegorical element, only obtrusive in a detail here and there at most, lifts it out of the ordinary category of realistic romance without—since nothing of importance is sacrificed to it—enfeebling its imaginative reality. The beautiful and profound story is our one prose masterpiece, and it is as difficult to overpraise it as it is to avoid poignantly regretting that Hawthorne failed to recognize its value and learn the lesson it might have taught him."

Among the most interesting of Lady Randolph Churchill's reminiscences in the January *Century* is a description of the visit of the Austrian Empress in Ireland for the hunting season. Arriving at Summerhill from Vienna without a break in the journey, she donned her riding habit in the train and before going into the house was on horseback riding around the schooling course, which by her orders had been made in the park. The boudoir which her host had had fitted up for her at great expense with blue damask pictures and porcelains she converted into a gymnasuim in which to exercise daily before going out hunting. She wore the tightest of habits strapped in every direction, and it was her custom to ride with a large fan, which she held opened between herself and the crowd. She found herself in many a ditch and was a source of much anxiety to her hard riding pilot, although she managed in spite of her dangerous habit and "*haute école*" method of riding to escape any injury

The amount of thought and care expended in the production of holiday editions of decorated books is known to comparatively few of the people who enjoy the results. The parchment paper for the new edition of Henry van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man" was prepared in imitation of old monastery scrolls. The type was patterned from the letters found in some fine old manuscripts of the Roman Vatican Library and the Laurentian Library in Florence. Those who were to set the type were carefully tutored in the pen drawing of ancient letters, their illumination and design, as it prevailed before the invention of printing. The young Italian, Enrico Monetti, who did the illuminating, was brought from the Florentine library to this country for the work.

In an appreciation of Thackeray, published in the current London *Book Monthly*, reference is made to the author's visit to this country and how those who met him "admired his talk and loved him. They pictured him as big, hearty and very human. They didn't find him playing the lion the least little bit, and we may hope he didn't find us playing the spread eagle too much. They pointed out the corner in the Century Club where he used to sit exchanging literary chat, or in Yankee parlance 'swapping stories.' They could tell you years afterward which had been Thackeray's favorite chair, and some had even been so observant of the least trifles about the great man as to know what particular concoction in a club tumbler had been his favorite 'nightcap.'"

Apropos of the fact that Joseph Conrad has been called the disciple of Henry James, it is interesting to recall the fact that Henry James learned his English in America and uses it as his native tongue, while Mr. Conrad's native medium is not English but Polish. Mr. Conrad learned his English from the crew of a sailing vessel, and his occasional reading at the time was chiefly in French. Mr Conrad, like Mr James, is now living in England.

One of the stories now being told of Gertrude Atherton, who has recently gone to Europe for the winter, concerns a woman who met the author at a reception given in her honor in San Francisco. As the line was passing along the woman said to her companion: "Oh, do tell me the name of the book she wrote—something or other about family descent," but the friend couldn't recall it. Just as they reached the author of "Ancestors" the woman apparently remembered it, for with a beaming smile she said to the author of "Ancestors," "Oh, Mrs. Atherton, I can't tell you how I loved your 'Forefathers'."

In "The Prolongation of Human Life," a new volume to be published early in the new year, Prof. Metchnikoff expounds at greater length the main thesis of his former book, "The Nature of Man," that human life is not only unnaturally short, but unnaturally burdened with physical and mental disabilities. The legacies received by man from his animal ancestors, he argues, are the prime cause of many of the ills of the human race and the pessimistic trend of so many systems of philosophy and religion. He believes that these traits, which were in harmony with the conditions of the remote past and are so discordant in the present environment, may be counteracted by rational hygiene. He argues that his hope for the prolongation of human life has substantial assurance based upon the certainties of science.

The second volume of "The Cambridge History of English Literature" will be published early in 1908. The complete work will cover the whole course of English literature from Beowolf to the end of the Victorian age. Each chapter will be the work of a writer who is familiar with and is accepted as an authority on his subject. The list of the contributors includes American and Continental as well as English scholars. The purpose of the work is to trace the progress of the English language as a vehicle of English literature, to take note of the influence of foreign literature upon English literature and of the influence of English upon foreign literature, as well as to give a connected account of the successive movements in the development of English literature.

Dr. Angelo Mosso, the anthropologist, has a new book ready for January publication under the title of "The Palaces of Crete and Their Builders." The book is written not for the learned societies and students familiar with dry technical details but for the general reader with a taste for older civilizations. The author was led from researches on the prehistoric Italians to an investigation of the remains in Crete, where the ages of stone and bronze can be studied more thoroughly than in Italy. His new work is an account of the results of the excavations in Crete by the British and Italian schools of archæology.

Mrs. Charles Schäffer, who provided the illustrations for "Alpine Flora of the Canadian Rocky Mountains," is the widow of the late Dr. Charles Schäffer, the Philadelphia scientist, and has spent seventeen summers in original work among the northern flora. She is now arranging to extend her explorations in the Canadian Rockies to a section not visited before by a white woman.

Sir Gilbert Parker recommends a simple method of acquiring the books one would like to possess. "I have often said to myself," he remarked recently to a London audience, "I cannot afford to buy that book. And then I have said again, 'My dear fellow, if you will fast for one day you can buy three of them.' It is a book for a meal.'"

"Thinking, Feeling, Doing," one of the first books on mental science to be written in English for the general reader, has rather an unusual history. It had a sale of more than 20,000 copies when it was first brought out. A large part of it was reproduced without acknowledgment as an independent work by a school principal. A translation was made into Mandarin Chinese by Prof. Headland of Pekin University, but the plates and the manuscript were burned in the Boxer rebellion. A second edition was called for a few years after the first was published, but the author had become involved in extensive researches on the voice and could work only slowly on a revision. The work as it now appears has been largely rewritten. The author was a pupil of Wundt, and the book contains a summary of Wundt's new theory of the feelings.

Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, who is now visiting in America and has been lecturing on "The Book Beautiful," is one of the masters of bookbinding in England, and his Dove's bindery has won high praise both for the beauty and originality of its designs. The Dove's bindery may be recognized by the levant morocco of unusual and beautiful color used in the making up of the books. Mr. Sanderson's designs are carried out in gold or blind tooling with exquisitely cut tools peculiar to his own establishment. The character and style of printing reverts to the days of early printing in Italy, and the handmade paper is a close approach to the fine fabric of the sixteenth century. The Dove Press has issued the English Bible in five folio volumes, Milton's "Paradise Lost," "Emerson's Essays" and, among many other volumes, Mr. Sanderson's lecture on "The Book Beautiful."

It is somewhat startling to read in Dr. John Brown's letters the following criticism of George Eliot: "It has been somewhat disgusting, the praise of the naughty, strongheaded Mrs. George." Of "Middlemarch" Dr. Brown says, "There is that taint of sensuality, or rather of sexuality, which was so offensive in 'The Mill on the Floss'—that unexpected gratuitous nastiness which makes you uncomfortable. Her views of life, of God, of all that is deepest and truest in man, are low, miserable, hopeless." Again he writes: "She is full of nasty unwomanly knowledge, which she is always hinting at; she is unwholesome." And finally the striking phrase of the true critic, "She is the maker, not the mother, of her characters."

F. Marion Crawford has recently become the possessor of an important letter written by Beatrice Cenci's father, and he has from this and other unpublished documents written the true story of Beatrice Cenci, which appears in the January *Century*. He calls the story "a great love drama less noble but even more human and surely far more awful than the 'Bride of Lammermoor.'" Shelley, he claims, who is largely responsible for the Cenci legends, derived his information from inaccurate accounts. The real facts "are broader, less sentimental, more natural and more dramatic than the legends that have grown upon them and fed on them, almost smothering them out of sight." As for Guido Reni's portrait, which all deluded tourists contemplate with pity, the artist is known to have been in Spain at the time of Beatrice's trial, and did not begin to paint in Rome until nine years after her death.

NOVELS—Behn, Egan, Smith, Reynolds, Ainsworth, Marryat, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson. PRATT, 161 6th av.

SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON.

Christmas Eve Parties and Dances Among the Diplomats and Officers.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Ffoulke entertained this evening at a small dance to celebrate the Christmas eve for their daughter, Miss Helen Ffoulke.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Lorillard of New York, who have been winter residents of Washington for several years, have leased the winter home here of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Tiffany of New York, who have gone abroad for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Randolph Mason have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Lucy Randolph, to Mr. George Hoxie Moffett. The ceremony is to take place on January 6 in St. Margaret's Episcopal Church.

The Assistant Secretary of War and Mrs. Robert Shaw Oliver will entertain their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Choate, Jr., for the Christmas holidays. They will be hosts at dinner on Friday evening in honor of their guests, and Francis K. Stevens of New York, who is engaged to Miss Elizabeth Oliver, will also be present.

Mrs. James Robert McKee of New York has taken an apartment here and will come to Washington on Thursday with her daughter and son, Miss Mary Lodge McKee and Benjamin Harrison McKee, to spend the rest of the season.

The Ambassador from Austria-Hungary and Baroness Hengelmüller had their Christmas tree celebration for their little daughter this afternoon in the drawing room of the Embassy, when they had for guests many of the children of the members of the diplomatic circle.

Marriages Must Be Registered Now.

Commissioner Thomas Darlington of the Department of Health sent out letters yesterday afternoon to all the city officials, informing them that the new marriage license law which goes into effect on January 1 does not relieve those authorized to perform the marriage ceremony of the legal responsibility of keeping a registry of marriages performed and sending a copy to the Department of Health within ten days.

FIVE HURT ON THE GRAND TRUNK

Chicago Express Hits Yard Engine in Leaving Niagara Falls.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Dec. 24.—Chicago Express 7 on the Grand Trunk Railway, which left here early to-day, crashed into a yard engine. Five passengers were injured. They are W. T. Church, St. Johns, Mich.; H. D. Belcher, Wood street, Chicago; Mrs. M. A. Campbell, Princeton avenue, Chicago; Theodore Ernest, Applegate, Mich.; Mrs. James R. Waite, New York.

All were able to continue their journey.

News of Plays and Players.

In behalf of the George Junior Republic Charles Frohman has arranged for an extra "Peter Pan" matinée by Miss Maude Adams and her company on Thursday, January 2. Friends of the republic have already bought up the entire house.

Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan Company, who come to the Lyric Theatre next Monday night in Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," left yesterday for New Haven, where the first performance of the play will be given this afternoon and evening.

Lewisohn—Seligman.

Miss Rhoda Seligman and Frederick Lewisohn were married yesterday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Seligman, 30 West Fifty-sixth street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Stephen Wise. The bride wore a white satin gown trimmed with point applique lace and a veil of the same lace, caught with orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of white orchids. Mrs. H. P. Henri, her sister, attended her as matron of honor and wore a costume of pink embroidered chiffon and carried a pink begonia muff. Walter L. Cohn assisted his brother as best man.