

prets. He is not human; he has no pity. The spirit of caste stifles all sympathy within him. I refer only to upright magistrates."

"Most of them are upright," said M. Goubin.

"Most of them are upright," assented M. Bergeret, "if we refer to common righteousness and morality. But is it enough to be simply an upright man in order to exercise without error or abuse the monstrous power of punishment? The good judge ought to unite simple rectitude with the philisophic spirit. That is a good deal to ask of a man who is intent on his career and anxious for promotion. Not to mention the fact that if he shows a moral sense superior to that of his time he will become odious in the eyes of his colleagues and arouse universal indignation. For, all morality which is not our own, we class as immorality. All those who have brought a little new goodness into the world have earned the contempt of upright men. Precisely that has happened to President Magnaud. Here are his decisions collected in a little volume. When they were pronounced, austere magistrates and virtuous legislators were indignant. The decisions are marked by a profound philosophy and delicate feeling. They betray a most elevated mind and tender soul. They are full of pity; they are human; they are just. It was the opinion of the bench that President Magnaud did not have the judicial mind, and the friends of M. Meline accused him of not having enough respect for property. It is true that the 'whereases' on which his judgments rest are singular, for every line betrays an independent mind and a generous heart." M. Bergeret, taking a little volume from the table, turned the leaves and read:

Probity and delicacy are virtues much easier to practice when one does not lack anything, than when one is destitute.

That which cannot be averted ought not to be punished.

In order justly to appreciate the crime of the indigent, the judge ought, momentarily, to forget the comfort which he enjoys, so that he may put himself as nearly as possible in the unfortunate place of the destitute.

The care of the judge in his interpretation of the law ought not to be limited to the special case which is submitted to him, but should extend to the consequences, good or bad, which his decision might produce in a general way.

"And I have cited almost at random," added M. Bergeret, closing the book. "They are living words reflecting a noble soul."

Mr. Carnegie's gift of \$1,500,000 to put up a building for The Hague Court

of Arbitration to sit in is indeed warming.

At the time of the Homestead imbroglio (Judge Gray instructs us that strikes are not war) Mr. Carnegie got himself talked about some by his reluctance to arbitrate.

But if he had arbitrated, the chances are he would have been beaten and forced to raise wages, and if he had raised wages, who may say that he would nevertheless have this \$1,500,000 about his clothes?

Time is never in a better business than when it is vindicating the purposes of great and good men.—Life.

"David B. Hill doesn't seem to be so conspicuous as he used to be."

"No; he ought to petition the New York legislature to change his name to Valley." G. T. E.

When it was proposed to create yet more public offices, the stupid masses were made suspicious.

"There is no work for more offices!" protested the masses.

But fortunately constructive statesmen were not lacking.

"More offices," explained these, "will necessitate the erection of additional public buildings, which means a graft for about everybody."

Now the masses changed their tune and filled the air with paeans of thanksgiving, in that there was somebody at hand to tell them what was what.—Puck.

"Don't you think three-cent street car fares would pay?"

"Oh, I don't know as to that; but if they were legalized it would be gross injustice to the shoe dealers."

G. T. E.

I'm glad the sky is painted blue,
And the earth is painted green,
With such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between.
—Unknown.

The Englishman, the Russian and the American rushed into one another's arms. "We are brothers!" they exclaimed.

The Boer, the Finn and the Filipino wondered—not because of the assertion—they wondered that for once the gentlemen had spoken the truth.

G. T. E.

BOOKS

THE LOST ART OF READING.

If a reader has not lost this art, he will find exceeding delight in this book (The Lost Art of Reading, by Gerald Stanley Lee, Putnam's Sons, \$1.75). He will like to own it and keep it near, that he may, at any time, and especial-

ly when depressed by the literary rush, take it up for ten minutes or an hour or longer. After he has got into fairly intimate acquaintance with the scope and spirit of it, he will not care much at what page it falls open; he will like to browse about in it anywhere. It will be a very good test for him whether he has lost the art of reading—as expounded by the author. For if he has, then the chances are that he will be utterly unable to get on with it. No hustler need apply.

The pity is that those who need it most may most likely find it hard reading.

I would enjoin upon the intending reader not to give up too soon, not to be deterred by certain mannerisms in the table of contents or in the very first section, and not to be discouraged by the thought that he has lost the art until he has read—at least to midway page five. There he will come upon the following:

"One almost wonders sometimes, why it is that the sun keeps on year after year and day after day turning the globe around and around, heating it and lighting it and keeping things growing on it, when, after all, when all is said and done (crowded with wonder and with things to live with, as it is), it is a comparatively empty globe. No one seems to be using it very much, or paying very much attention to it, or getting very much out of it. There are never more than a few men on it at a time, who can be said to be really living on it. They are engaged in getting a living and in hoping that they are going to live sometime. They are also going to read sometime."

The author does not tell us why nearly all of us have to be engaged all the time in getting a living and can only hope to live sometime; but he does tell us with wonderful insight and cleverness how the modern rush to gain life is destroying the good and beautiful things that make it worth living. It is especially the literary rush—the rush for quick-raising culture and get-there education—with which he deals.

With all its lightness of style and play of delicate satire, it is a serious book. It is a book that the American public at the present stage of our game of life would do well to ponder. There are certain sets of people that ought surely to take it to heart—such as teachers and librarians and all promoters of organized knowledge. It is perhaps the author's central point of attack, where he satirizes and tells the truth about the deadening effects of so much organization and machinery in the modern processes of promoting education. In crisp but pleasant humor and in good form, he pleads for freer spirit, and protests against subjecting every earthly and heavenly thing to science and system.

As to the subject announced in the

book's inadequate title, the author's conclusion is: "There is but one way to recover the lost art of reading. It is to recover the lost art of living." Now he owes us a book which shall tell the specific causes of the lack of the art of living, which shall tell us why we are so wholly absorbed in making livings instead of having time for living.

It seems to me that his word "recover" is unfortunate. It is too limited. We want not only a recovery of the art of living for the few, who seem once to have known it better than any of us in these days know it, but we want, and for the salvation of democracy must have, more chance for all of us to learn this art. There are many, very many who are longing for this chance.

"The poor, the poor, the poor they stand Wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand Against the inward-opening door That pressure tightens evermore: They sigh a monstrous foul-air sigh For the outside leagues of liberty, Where Art, sweet lark, translates the sky Into a heavenly melody."

With this thought of Lanier, and remembering the presence and inevitable demands of democracy, let Mr. Lee give us another book. If he will trace the relation of the art of living to modern social conditions, and will face the problem with the same brave candor

and philosophic insight which he has shown in his present volume, he will, I believe, perform a great service.

J. H. DILLARD.

PERIODICALS.

The Booklovers Magazine, a publication that improves with every issue, opens for June with a rare collection of portraits and signed biographies of men of the time who are about passing from the stage. It is rich, also, in other matter, including a set of unique Napoleonic prints.

Trumbull White's "The Red Book" (Chicago), the second number of which, the number for June, is just out, is distinctively a short story magazine. Fourteen stories in this number, each complete, suggest the attractiveness of the magazine for an idle hour on the cars or in a hammock.

It can hardly be said that Everybody's Magazine is much improved by its change of publishers. There is more of a hustling tone in its announcements, which are disagreeably lacking in dignity, and are almost as much "too personally familiar" as street car advertisements, or as some Y. M. C. A. circulars unfortunately are. The editor promises that "there will be a lot of rattling good fiction." The most interesting feature of the June number is the autobiography of a member of congress, which is well worth reading, both as a study of politics and as a study of human nature.

McClure's for June is attractive without and within. The light-blue cover is very pleasing and summer-looking. The leading article by John La Farge on the "Barbizon School" is the most important art paper that has appeared for some time. It is so because the writer is not only an artist but a great man. Speaking of Delacroix he says: "Another form of the insuccess attending merit is the fact that he was unable to attain the prize he steadily competed for in the Beaux Arts. At the very moment when he exhibited that 'Dante and

Virgil,' one of the famous paintings of the world, he was the last in the competition, obtaining only the number sixty." Miss Tarbell contributes the eighth chapter of her Standard Oil History, and these two articles, together with lighter matter, make up a more than usually interesting number.

J. H. D.

The May number of the Nineteenth Century opens with a vigorous attack upon the Irish land bill, in which all manner of ill results are predicted. There is a very interesting paper on the Social Democratic party in Germany, showing an inevitable conflict of some kind between this party and the Emperor. "The position," says the writer, "promises to shortly become a critical one." Mr. Birrell's essay on the Carlyles, apropos of the recent publication of additional letters, is, of course, most delightful. An article on the New Zealand elections discusses several issues in that interesting country. Speaking of the election itself, the writer says that they "were marked throughout the colony by the utmost good order and decorum. . . . The new spirit of orderliness on election-day is to some extent attributable to a wise provision of the law by which all bars are closed from noon till 7 P. M. on the day of the polling; but it is mainly the result of the entry of women into politics." J. H. D.

Gen. Wm. H. Carter, U. S. A., has an article in Scribner's Magazine for June on the War Department. While confessing that "the Department has not come unscathed from the wordy conflict," he writes with great enthusiasm of the recent achievements of the army, whose "heroes of the swamp and jungle" will some day stand with those of Yorktown, Molino del Rey, and the Wilderness. "The extension of American commerce," he says, "is following in the trail of war, and all our people are participating in its practical results. . . . American diplomacy, backed by our highly civilized and intelligent troops, has become a synonym for fair dealing and unswerving honesty." It would be highly entertaining to have a series of

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