

amusements comes under the category of obnoxious religious lawmaking, which is so hostile to our American traditions.

The attempt to enforce such legislation is merely a masked and indirect recognition of religious beliefs and prejudices. We do not, to be sure, openly and boldly say: You must act in accordance with our beliefs, but we say: You must act in accordance with the feelings and habits which are the direct result of our beliefs. We do not declare a thing a nuisance because it fails to agree with our religious tenets; but we declare it so because it does not harmonize with the sensibilities nurtured by our tenets.

Nuisances and disturbances of the peace, to be sure, are not to be tolerated; but religious beliefs and sensibilities ought not to determine what are nuisances and disturbances of the peace. The decision, in such matters, ought to be made on purely human, common, universal grounds. Continual, sleep-disturbing noises, disgusting sights, offensive smells, and the like, ought not to be tolerated, because they are repugnant to mankind at large, without regard to their religious doctrines. When, however, a radical anti-papist assails the odor of incense as an unmistakable stench, we have reason to believe that his religious convictions have bribed his sense of smell.

A clear and unmistakable criterion of what is agreeable or repugnant to the unprejudiced, purely human man, it seems to me, is afforded by the extra holidays referred to. What is allowable on them should also be allowable on the seventh day of the week. What is not a nuisance or disturbance of the peace on them should not be so considered on the Sabbath. Human sensibilities are not keener on the seventh day of the week than on the 30th day of May, and what will not shock them at the graves of our soldier heroes ought not to be regarded as offensive at any other time. Let us not confine our admiration and reverence for the patriots of the revolution to the Fourth of July, but also grant them a thought every Sunday. Let us remain true to our traditions of country and race; let us apply the same broad principles of tolerance that were used by the makers of the constitution, and treat our fellow men with plain Anglo-Saxon fairness and justice.—Albert Gehring, in the Cleveland Press of Dec. 5.

College Professor—Now, Mr. Skimmitt, if an irresistible force should meet an immovable body, what would happen?

Mr. Skimmitt—Why—er—probably Bishop Potter and Mark Hanna would volunteer their services in the interests of arbitration.—Puck.

"Don't you think," asked the timid customer, "that you've got the price of beef too high?"

"No, I don't think," said the patient butcher. "What's the use when there's a dressed beef trust to do all the thinking?"—Indianapolis News.

Parke—What's the matter with your wife? She looks fagged out and tells me she hasn't slept decently for weeks.

Lane—She is forming a Don't Worry club.—Life.

#### MAYNARD'S "WALT WHITMAN."

There was never such a time as ours for writing books about books—books about the Bible, about Shakespeare, about Goethe, about Dante—their name is legion. One sometimes fears we may be reading more in the books about books than we are in the great originals themselves.

Yet there is a place for these books of elucidation and interpretation, if they will lead us to the direct communion with the masters, where the real inspiration is to be found. We may read a library on Homer, get all manner of views of him, learn all available facts about contemporary conditions, even get some reflected enthusiasm for his genius, yet after all, for ourselves, we shall know more of Homer and get more from him by reading twenty pages of the Iliad than by reading any number of critical essays.

As an introduction to a great, original author, we have rarely seen a better book than this on Whitman (Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago). In twelve chapters the author has brought forward the salient points in Whitman's doctrine of life, and has illustrated these points by copious quotations. What she has had to say by way of interpretation has been said simply and clearly.

The chapter on "The Eternal Self" strikes us as especially satisfactory. Whitman's "assurance of personal immortality," she says, "is so absolute that he announces the tenets of this faith with the oracular diction of prophet and priest."

You are not thrown to the winds—you gather certainly and safely around yourself, Yourself! Yourself! Yourself, forever and ever!

He is as insistent as Wordsworth's little maid, who would have her way in saying "we are seven," although two were in the churchyard laid. He sees the mystery, but what is not mysterious?

I know it is wonderful—but Come! I should like to hear you tell me what there is in yourself that is not just as wonderful.

And I should like to hear the name of anything between First-Day morning and Seventh-Day night That is not just as wonderful.

Whitman's wide-reaching, out-of-doors, democracy is of course known to all who know him at all. It is, as the author says, "the pivotal point of his enthusiasms." As to the poet's attitude toward political democracy, the author well says: "A government in which laws and officials are minimized and always directly subservient to the will of the people is the only form of social organization which Whitman can tolerate except as an evolutionary stepping stone." One of the marks of his greatest city, it will be remembered is—

Where outside authority enters always after precedence of inside authority.

The tenth chapter, dealing with Whitman's Democracy, and the last two on America and Comradeship, give an admirable presentation of the poet's splendid hopes for the triumph of democratic ideals and brotherhood. We may not share all his brawny ruggedness, we may feel that his hurrahs are sometimes too loud, we may miss in his descriptions certain pleasant features of refinement, which democracy shall one day claim, but surely no one can read Whitman without having his narrowness enlarged and his enthusiasm kindled for the "love of comrades."

J. H. DILLARD.

#### "IN THE COURT OF HISTORY."

Stately, judicial, circumstantial, merciless, appalling, is the indictment which Goldwin Smith has drawn (Toronto: Wm. Tyrrell & Co.) against the tory ministry and the jingo press and mob of Great Britain, in his "Apology for Canadians who were opposed to the South African war." In form only a modest essay, it embodies all that need be known and all that posterity will care to know about that gigantic conspiracy to hurl the powers of an empire against the patriotism of a pastoral people, whose land was wanted by imperial plutocrats. While almost devoid of incident, this little book of 71 pages marshals the great and conceded facts of that conspiracy in irresistible array.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

—"In Many Keys; a Book of Verse." By John Wilson Bengough, author of "Mottley," "Verses Grave and Gay," etc. Toronto: William Briggs. To be reviewed.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

The Shoe Workers' Journal (Boston) for December considers briefly the question of incorporating trades unions and makes a striking and convincing argument against it.

The handsome Christmas edition of the Seattle Mail and Herald contains an interesting illustrated article on "pathfinding to Puget sound," by George L. Cotterill, a civil engineer of the Pacific coast, who is also a well-known democratic Democrat. As the party candidate for Congress last Fall he ran 2,000 votes ahead of his ticket, which goes to show that in his district Democracy loses nothing by being democratic.

The Brooklyn Eagle has undertaken a work which might be useful to the public and profitable to newspapers if generally imitated. It proposes providing a