

But it seems to us fully as good a word as "plunder." Perhaps "memento," or "keepsake" would find more favor.—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Goodsoil (answering ring)—What is it, little girl?

Mary—Please, ma'am, we've lost our kitty. She left yesterday, and we're hunting her. We want to know if you've seen a cat by the name of Minerva go by your house.—Puck.

"Yes, I consider my life a failure."

"O Henry, how sad! Why should you say that?"

"I spend all my time making money enough to buy food and clothes, and the food disagrees with me and my clothes don't fit."—Life.

BOOK NOTICES.

Aubrey's "Rise and Growth of the English Nation" seems to me the best history of any people ever written. It is, as it professes on the title page, a history of and for the people. It is the only history I know of which makes its central theme that which is of course the supreme theme, namely, the struggle for popular rights and social justice.

In the nature of things those who have written the great "literary" histories have not been men who stood in intelligent sympathy with the great movements of the masses. This author does clearly understand such movements, and sees their supreme importance in historical development. And yet I think his claim for the book is correct, that "it is written in no partisan or sectarian spirit." If it be partisan, it is so on the side that has hitherto had no partisan in works of such scope.

The general histories and school histories are for the most part utterly worthless in dealing with social problems, and the larger histories either subordinate these problems to descriptions of wars, courts, and the husks of constitutions, or else deal with them from the point of view of the privileged classes. Such histories have put into the minds of children and grown people entirely erroneous opinions in regard to some of the greatest events and heroes of history. They have made us think of such men as John Ball, for example, as a sort of insane crank, instead of holding him up as a hero to be revered for his fearless and unselfish support of the rights of the people. Even the books that venture to give some praise to such leaders do so in a half-hearted manner.

I believe that the following words of Aubrey have a wider application than for the particular period of which he speaks. I will give this quotation which I happen to strike, as it illustrates my point and shows his attitude. After reading the pages that lead to the passage no one can judge his words as too severe:

The charges against John Ball, of being an incendiary preacher and a mad fanatic, are absolutely devoid of foundation. They were recklessly made by hireling scribes who sold their facile pens to the ruling classes. The story of men like John Ball, Wat Tyler, Jack Cade and others who became the mouthpiece of the mute, suffering, helpless and oppressed multitude, has been told by men who had no sympathy with popular rights. Their evidence is un-

trustworthy, being tainted by prejudice and hatred.

It is well that the "multitude" have found a mouthpiece in the author of an able and complete English history. Green's is a great history, far superior to its predecessors; but even Green fails to give due weight to the "one increasing purpose" of popular rights, which should form the basis of every history.

My only acquaintance with Aubrey's history is in a three-volume edition published by Appleton & Co., in 1896. It is because the work has not received in the ordinary literary periodicals the welcome it seems to me to deserve, that I express this opinion of the value of the book, an opinion formed in the first reading several years ago and recently confirmed by a second reading.

JAMES H. DILLARD.

"Poems of the New Time" (New York: The Alliance Publishing company) is a volume of verse by Miles Menander Dawson, the subjects of which are of wide range and the general sentiment socialist. It is sincere but not poetic.

MAGAZINES.

—In "The International Socialist Review" for June, Herman Whittaker explains certain misconceptions of Marx by his disciples, and Emile Vinck tells the story of socialism in Belgium, while Ernest H. Crosby contributes a poem on the dangers of "reverence."

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