

keep still. It's your pie. You'll have the time of your life."

Lewis laughed. "Possibly I'll get as far as a coat of alabastine on the inside walls," he replied. But Scott, as he went off, laughed back, "I shall send your wife half a dozen new roses whenever The Regal is put in shape."

A few days later Scott met Morden, who had "struck a new gait," was really taking hold, and proudly showed some definite results.

"Wish I was on a stock ranch," he said.

"That's easy, if you can keep sober long enough."

"I used to. Might do it again. Love to handle horses."

"That's it. You are liable to hurt horses and train them wrong, if you take a single drink."

"Never thought of it that way. Looks reasonable. Might have to take a night-cap when I go to bed."

"Not much harm in that, if you never take two," said Scott. "It's the social drinking, and having weeks to waste in a saloon, that has knocked you out."

"I hate to stay in a house," Morden replied.

"Look here," was Scott's sudden suggestion. "You go to Lewis. He's a fine fellow, and he owns plenty of vacant lots. You can borrow one to raise vegetables on for your family and for sale. Tell him I sent you. Pitch into that lot whenever you haven't horses in hand. Keeps you out of the saloons. Makes your women folks happy."

Morden replied: "I planted Lima beans once; I know which side to put down."

"That's more than most people do," laughed Scott. "Go along and make your talk; buy a spade this afternoon, when I pay your commission."

A week later Scott was through with his work in Oro; he had sold lots of trees, and had shipped off a dozen young horses. He went up to The Regal, now in the throes of a complete renovation, and had supper with the Morden family. The tall girl, who so reminded him of Malvina, lit his pipe afterwards. He felt perfectly at home; he said, "My dear," to her, and then blushed furiously, hoping that no one had noticed.

Mrs. Morden's lips trembled, as she looked across the room after supper, to where Scott was sitting. She was saying under her breath: "God bless him forever, and all such good men as he is. God bless his Malvina."

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



Any explanation is good enough for grass, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven. But only one explanation is good enough for the beauty of grass. It is the explanation that springs to the lips of every good savage, of every good poet and, I may add, of every good theologian. It is a God.—G. K. Chesterton.

BOOKS

"BEYOND WAR."

Beyond War: A Chapter in the Natural History of Man. By Vernon L. Kellogg. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1 net.

Man may not be wholly but he is largely a biological being, subject to the laws that govern the rest of the animal kingdom, and largely determined in his conduct by the evolutionary struggle of life toward fuller expression. Hence to the economic and political arguments against war, of a thinker such as Norman Angell, must be added the biological arguments if the pacifist's case is to be complete.

Professor Kellogg of Stanford presents this argument in the form of a brief evolutionary history of man, showing how fighting plays an ever lessening part, and an ever more injurious part, in his life as he becomes civilized.

The book is a small one, but it is closely reasoned and its author has succeeded in putting a pretty solid biological platform under the idea of the brotherhood of man.

Incidentally Professor Kellogg mentions the Egyptian king Akhnaton, who had a vision of peace among men, and who, only the other day, was severely censured for it by no less a person than Mr. T. Roosevelt, who writes for *The Outlook*. "He, like others," says Mr. Kellogg, "was seeing forward, and the time was not come for the vision's realization. The time has come now, and hence it is so much more of a pity that one of the foremost warrior figures of our country, a man who has himself been a forward spirit in so many phases of humanity's advance, should reveal himself so backward a spirit in that phase of human progress in which the early Egyptian king was so advanced. . . . Mr. Roosevelt makes special text of the immediate result of Akhnaton's visionariness as a horrible warning to the similarly minded mock humanitarians of today. But in the very words of this critic is Akhnaton praised! 'With the best of intentions and in the loftiest spirit' Akhnaton failed to make Egypt greater in terms of mailed might or territorial aggrandizement; for that is what is meant by 'wrought incalculable harm to his native land,' which are the actual words that complete the quotation."

LLEWELLYN JONES.



Tourist (at Irish hotel): "You seem tired, Pat?"
Waiter: "Yiss, Sorr. Up very early this morn-
ing—half-past six!"

Tourist: "I don't call half-past six early!"
Waiter (quickly): "Well, half-past folve, thin."—
London Punch.