

ly? What are your own besetting faults? You see, I'm ready to hear your whole story."

"Archdeacon Ramsay-Brown!" announced Mary, throwing wide the drawing-room door. Mrs. Titlow gave a great gasp of thankfulness. To her surprise Mrs. Jones rose up and greeted the newcomer with effusion. "My dear archdeacon," she said, "I've been studying the texts, and I understand them all. It's just as you said—the rich and poor are brothers and sisters, and meant to be each other's dearest friends. Look at me and Mrs. Titlow. We love each other dearly. And we've organized our society—"

"Yes, yes, I know," said the archdeacon. Then, with a movement of apology to Mrs. Titlow, he led the representative of the Needle's Eye society apart and spoke to her earnestly for a few minutes. "You really think so, doctor?" said Mrs. Jones, aloud, at last.

"I really do. You know you must not force your friendship upon your richer sisters. They might think you were inclined to patronize them."

"All right," said Mrs. Jones. "Then I'll say good-by to Mrs. Titlow for the present. But remember, dear, that I want to be your friend, and if you find yourself in need of charity don't hesitate to send for me."

The archdeacon showed the visitor to the door and returned. "A sad case," he said, in pitying tone; "a truly sad case. Of course you saw that she was crazy. I'll have her sent to the asylum on Blackwell's island to-morrow."

THE OLD ANTHEM.

For The Public.

"Make a bright, new Christmas anthem—"

That was how the message came,
In a kindly, pleading letter,

Signed by many a well-loved name.

'Twas my classmates' choral union

In the dear old church at home;

Vainly o'er this task I pondered

For the new words would not come.

From the past a line came floating:

"Hark! the herald angels sing."

It was but the chastened echo

Of a young heart's triumph ring.

So, when dawned the blessed Christmas,

And my friends were gathered round,

Though no new song pealed its greeting,

Each and all a lesson found:

That the old words keep their beauty

And their mystic power to cheer,

When we read their truest meaning,

Searching deeper, year by year.

So we sang that grand old anthem,

And lived o'er our youth again—

"Glory, glory in the highest!

Peace on earth, good will to men."

MARY McNABB JOHNSTON.

Many a man thinks that it is goodness that keeps him from crime, when it is only his full stomach. On

half allowance he would be as ugly and as knavish as anybody. Don't mistake potatoes for principle.—Carlyle.

The following explanation from a little book put out by the Bureau of Associated Charities of Chicago, seems appropriate for publication in connection with our story, "Mrs. Titlow's Visitor," to be found on another page:

A friendly visitor is exactly what the name implies. In a spirit of genuine friendship the visitor goes to a family in "hard lines." The visit is not made for the purpose of doling out aims. It is made because the visitor has a heart full of sympathy for distress, and desires to make life happier and more useful. Naturally some visitors are not successful. Many are. The idea is undeniably good. The Bureau has organized and is directing an army of about 600 friendly visitors.
—Public of Dec. 24, 1898.

What becomes of pins, pens and needles? A doctor of a curious turn made up his mind to find out. From experiments made in his garden he remarked that pins, little by little, fall into dust. Hairpins, which he watched for 154 days, were worn away with rust by that time. Brass pins only last a very short time. For highly-polished pins it requires nearly a year and a half for their dissolution, while for polished needles nearly two years and a half are taken. Steel pens disappear after 15 months, while their wooden holders are still intact.—Manchester Guardian.

BOOKS

CHILDREN'S STORIES.

Bolton Hall, whose fables have introduced him so favorably as an ingenious and entertaining, as well as thoughtful writer, has ventured into the field of juvenile literature. He enters with a delightful collection of children's stories under the title of "Monkey Shines." Although these stories (New York: A. Wessels Company. Price \$1.00) are described on the title page as "little stories for little children," the foreword appreciates them better when it intimates that they are interesting to all children from three years up to sixty.

Mr. Hall has never done better work than this. It is not too much to say that "Monkey Shines" is equal to the best books of the children's story class.

These stories have morals, as all stories ought to have. The story without a moral isn't worth either the reading or the writing. That doesn't mean, to be sure, that the moral must be pointed and labeled. It means that the story must be faithful to some phase of human life, for every phase of human life has its moral. While Mr. Hall's children's stories have morals, he remembers what

so many writers of moral "juveniles" forget, that it is just as offensive to thrust the moral of a child's story down the throat of the child as to thrust the moral of a novel down the throat of the adult. "To explain the moral," says Mr. Hall, "is to make a child hate the story;" and he never does explain it.

But it is there, and no child will hate the stories for it. They are stories of real life, full of incident and vital with character. The scenes are every-day scenes—the commonplaces which to children and grown-ups alike are interesting above all things else when the pen of an artist portrays them.

The delight of it all is in the telling. The language is simple and adapted to immaturity, yet not childish; and the atmosphere of the real is always present. "Willie's uncle went down to Florida," one of the stories begins, and then comes this crisp and unique explanation of going to Florida: "When you go to Florida you sail out of New York and turn to the right, and go by the side of the sea as far south as you can get in the United States. There it is warm, even in winter time, so that oranges get ripe down there." What a picture of coastwise sailing, with orange orchards at the end, and a map between!

The author's insinuating method of emphasizing a moral is often picturesque, and must be effective. When the little Dutch boy has proved his truthfulness under a severe test, his story closes with the remark: "After that, I think if Hanschen had said that a trolley car chased him upstairs, the people would have said: 'I don't see how that could be, but if Hanschen said it, it must be true.'"

Mr. Hall is fortunate in his illustrator, Leon Foster Jones; and also in being able to preface his book with an introduction by the late Bishop Huntington, probably one of the last things from the pen of that kindly man. He is more than fortunate in having infused his stories with a warm feeling of fatherly affection. This is due doubtless to the fact that Mr. Hall invented the stories from time to time for the entertainment and moral development of his own children.

JOHN CHINAMAN.

Some weeks ago, being moved by the spirit of honest appreciation, I attempted (p. 414) to give some idea of the scope and value of "The Letters from a Chinese Official." By the combined strength of internal evidence and external testimony, I was led to believe and strongly assert that the author must be a Chinaman, born and bred, and to give praise to "the scholarly Oriental who can thus grasp and express the very essence of a life and condition so vastly different from his own."

After more thorough investigation, based upon less dubious testimony, it has been found that neither personal con-

viction nor borrowed evidence was to be trusted—that, in fact, what seems to be strong internal proof of the book's Eastern origin, is really but a manifestation of the skill and acumen of the author—who proves to be an Englishman.

This being an acknowledged fact, there seems to me no inconsistency in wheeling about to laud the scholarly Englishman who can thus grasp and express the very essence of a life and condition so vastly different from his own. The book loses not one whit of its vigor, nor is the message it bears in the slightest degree less convincing or condemning. Instead of a Chinaman pleading his country's cause, we have an Englishman—wary of the slight eternally cast upon "The Heathen Chinese"—taking upon himself the task of proving China's right to live her own life, while suggesting with courteous vehemence that the Anglo-Saxon world look at home.

The man who has conceived and accomplished this most praiseworthy task is a Cambridge professor, G. Lowes Dickinson, of King's College. Well known among Englishmen of letters, he is also mentally and ethically willing and able to think of man as man—regardless of his abiding place on the earth.

It is interesting to know that the book was published in London a year or so ago under the title of "Letters from

John Chinaman." In consideration of the attitude of the United States toward the Chinese, it is enlightening to note the title adopted by the American publisher. Verily the American doth dearly love an official!

MARY HEATH LEE.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

—The Life Within Life; a popular setting forth of Swedenborg's doctrine of degrees. By Charles H. Mann, Eikhart, Ind. Washington, D. C. New Church Educational Association. To be reviewed.

—"Last Hours of Sheridan's Cavalry." A reprint of war memoranda. By Henry Edwin Tremain, late Brevet Brigadier General, Major and Aide-de-Camp, United States Volunteers. New York: Bonnell, Silver & Bowers. To be reviewed.

—"Genesis of the Social Conscience; the Relation Between the Establishment of Christianity in Europe and the Social Question." By H. S. Nash, professor in the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge. New York: The Macmillan Company. To be reviewed.

—"Surgical Emergencies:—The Surgery of the Abdomen: Part I.—Appendicitis and Other Diseases About the Appendix." By Bayard Holmes, B. S., M. D., professor of surgery in the University of Illinois, professor of clinical surgery in the American Medical Missionary College, Chicago; attending surgeon the Chicago Baptist Hospital. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

PAMPHLETS.

Dr. W. E. Macklin, a medical missionary to China, of the Disciples' church, has contributed to the China branch of the Royal Asiatic society a most interesting paper on the great Chinese philosopher Mencius, who died some

300 years before the Christian era. The paper, reproduced in pamphlet, is recorded in the 33rd volume of the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society. This pamphlet is especially interesting, because Mr. Macklin takes occasion in it to describe Mencius as an ancient Oriental Adam Smith, Thomas Jefferson, Herbert Spencer, Patrick Edward Dove and Henry George, all in one. "I don't mean to claim," he writes, "that Mencius's democracy is as well developed as that of Spencer or Jefferson, that his free trade is as well elaborated as that of Adam Smith, or that his management of the land question is as clear and well defined as that of Spencer, Dove and George; I only claim that the principles of democracy, free trade and equity with regard to land are there, and can be compared with our present ideas as Chinese gunpowder and the compass can be compared with the modern article." In support of this claim come very interesting facts about Mencius are brought to light by Dr. Macklin.

PERIODICALS.

Frank Vierth's "Why" (Cedar Rapids, Ia.), devotes a large part of the October number, the appearance of which has been somewhat delayed, to a lecture by John Z. White on the "Conservatism of the Single Tax," coupled with an account of Mr. White's lectur-

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