the cause from the common thought and the common interests of the time, even if these are superficial. We envy no cause the more than dubious advantage of being wrapped in the insulating folds of some liliputian third party.

In this youth of our cause, during this period of 25 years, so brief in the life of any cause that is fundamental in character and enduring in its possibilities—even in this brief period, he who looks with an intelligent eye may easily see that the cause which originated in "Progress and Poverty" has made normal progress. It resembles not the pith of the multitudinous elder stalk, which withers in the very season of its birth, but the strong heart of the giant oak, which endures and serves while successive generations of men pass away.

THE UNIVERSAL TARGET.

Speak kindly to the millionaire;
Perhaps he does his best.
Don't try to drive him to despair
With rude, unfeeling jest.
Don't laugh at portraits which display
His face with comic leer,
And when he gives his wealth away
Don't take it with a sneer.

Speak kindly to the millionaire,
He has a right to live
And feel the sun and breathe the air
And keep his coin or give.
You may be rich yourself, you see,
Before your life is through;
Speak kindly, and remember he
Is human, just like you.

—Washington Star.

BOOKS

STORY OF A BOOM TOWN.

If boom towns and the general phenomena they exhibit are characteristic features of American life, and who would dispute it, then Herbert Quick has written one of the few truly American novels. The title suggests the spirit of the story—"Aladdin & Co., a Romance of Yankee Magic" (New York: Henry Holt & Company. Price, $1.50); and the reader quickly discovers that the author has studied not only the subject of boom towns, which holds his story together, but also the varieties of human nature which the boom craze develops. His opportunities for such study at first hand have been excellent, as may be supposed when it is known that Herbert Quick is none other than J. Herbert Quick, of Sioux City, that boomiest of boom towns in its day, of which Mr. Quick was an early inhabitant and where he has served as mayor.

There is an abundance of food for serious thought in Mr. Quick's novel, but he never once presents it in a didactic manner. He leaves his readers to draw the impressive moral of the story, as the thoughtful ones among them might were they to experience what Mr. Quick's characters experienced. Some of those characters evidently did infer the moral, but Mr. Quick does not say so. From first page to last he never forgets that he is writing no treatise to instruct, nor any sermon to admonish, but a wholesome story to entertain. And he has succeeded in his purpose. There is not a heavy page in the book. The narrative flows like a stream.

It is not without a love plot, but this is subordinate to the main line of the story. Love experiences are pretty much the same everywhere, and it is not this universal experience that Mr. Quick aims to portray, except as an indispensable part of human life in boom towns as elsewhere. The boom town is his theme; and so his story is concerned principally with business exploitation and exploiters, land speculation and speculators, commercial journalism and journalists, and gum-shoe politics. There are touches, too, of high finance, which bring the boom town of the story into interesting and faithfully pictured relations with the railroad monarchs and bond syndicates of New York and their confederates of Chicago.

The fundamental conceit of the story, which comes to the surface here and there as the narration proceeds, furnishes ample opportunity for delicate bits of satire, and Mr. Quick takes frequent advantage of it. The principal characters, schoolmates in their boyhood, amuse themselves by speaking of their boom venture as if it were the realization of their boyhood dreams of romantic piracy. This conceit is cleverly sustained throughout. For example, and these are only two of many, the chapter in which the supposititious narrator enters into partnership with his old school chum for booming the village of Lattimore, is entitled: "I Go Aboard and We Unfurl the Jolly Roger," and that in which the inevitable crash is foreseen with its army of confiding and ruined investors, is described as "Relating to the Disposition of the Captives."

One of the strong minor characters in Mr. Quick's book is Gen. Lattimore, a level-headed survivor of the civil war, who belonged to "a sort of ancient and exclusive caste" in the town—and how familiar that caste is everywhere!—"which prided themselves on having become rich by the only dignified and purely automatic mode, that of sitting heroically still and allowing their lands to rise in value." Gen. Lattimore was a "knocker." He predicted the inevitable crash from the start. On one occasion this was what he said:

"You don't seem to see it, but you are straining every nerve merely to shift people from many places to one and then to exploit them. You wind your coils about an inert mass, you set the dynamo of your power of organization at work, and the inert mass becomes a great magnet. People come flying to it from the four quarters of the earth, and the first-comers levy tribute upon them, as the price of standing room on the magnet. . . . Not only that, but people begin forestalling the standing room so as to make it scarcer. They gamble on the power of the magnet, and the length of time it will draw. They buy to-day and sell to-morrow; or cast up what they imagine they might sell for, and call the increase profit. Then comes the time when the magnet ceases to draw, or the forestallers, having in their greed grasped more than they can keep, offer too much for the falling market, and all at once the thing stops, and the dervish-dance ends in coma, in cold forms and still hands, in misery and extinction."

But an admonition like that could have no effect upon the boomers in the hey-day of "the most prosperous times" the town had ever seen. They talked lightly of the wise old general, and one of them cynically spoke of him in confidence to another as playing "in the role of Cassandra," and so the financial dervish-dance ended in the coma of hard times.

PAMPHLETS.

Commemorative exercises, especially those in celebration of the birthday of the "Father of His Country," the more especially if under the auspices of a Union League Club, are not well calculated to make interesting reading in pamphlet form. An exception is the report of the exercises in commemoration of the birthday of Washington held under the auspices of the Union League Club of Chicago, Feruary 22, 1904. This is an exception because it contains two interesting and instructive speeches. One is the speech of Mr. Elihu Root, formerly secretary of war, in which at length and with much moral stress he argues regarding the Panama question that the sovereignty of little nations which you can conquer is a limited sovereignty if they possess something you want. The other is a delightfully refreshing speech to school children by Mrs. Marion Foster Washburne. It is exactly the kind of speech that school children would welcome, because while appealing directly to the youthful mind, it is absolutely free from childishness. In the elemental simplicity of its moral tone, Mrs. Washburne's speech is in wholesome contrast with the sophisticated subtlety of Mr. Root's.

PERIODICALS.

The New York Independent, of May 19, reads Capt. Mahan a lesson on modesty anent the captain's recent defense of battleships in the Sun. "With modern ships," says the writer, "he has had no practical