THE JUST AND THE UNJUST

By Vaughan Kester
Author of The Prodigal Judge

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"Perhaps I can raise a thousand dollars. I don't know why I should think I can, but I'm willing to try; I'm willing to say I'll try——"

Gilmore shook his head.

"I've told you what you got to do, Marsh, and I mean every damn word I say — understand that? I'm going to have my money or I'm going to have the fun of smashing you."

"Listen to me, Andy!" began Langham desperately.

"Why take me into your confidence?" asked the gambler coldly.

"What will you gain by ruining me?" repeated Langham fiercely.

The gambler only grinned.

"I am always willing to spend money on my pleasures; and besides when those notes turn up, your father or some one else will have to come across."

Langham was silent. He was staring out across the empty snow-strewn Square at the lights in Archibald McBride's windows.

"Remember," said Gilmore, moving toward the door. "I'll talk to you when you've got $2,000."

"Damn you, where do you think I'll get it?" cried Langham.

"I'm not good at guessing," laughed Gilmore.

He turned without another word or look and left the room. His footsteps echoed loudly in the hall and on the stairs, and then there was silence in the building. Langham was again looking out across the Square at the lights in Archibald McBride's windows.

CHAPTER IV.

ADVENTURE IN EARNEST.

Mr. Shrimplin had made his way through a number of back streets without adventure of any sort, and as the night and the storm closed swiftly in about him, the shapes of himself, his cart and of wild Bill disappeared, and there remained to mark his progress only the hissing sputtering flame, that flared spectrally six feet in air as the little lamplighter drove in and out of shabby unfrequented streets and alleys.

It had grown steadily colder with the approach of night, and the wind had risen. The streets seemed deserted, and Mr. Shrimplin, being as he was of a somewhat fanciful turn of mind, could almost imagine himself and Bill the only living things astir in all the town.

He reached Water street, the western boundary of that part of Mount Hope known as the flats. He jogged past Maxy Schaffer's Railroad Hotel at the corner of Front street, which flung the wicked radiance of its barroom windows along the shining railroad track where it crossed the creek on the new iron bridge, and keeping on down Water street with its smoky tenements, entered an outlying district, where the lamps were far apart and where red and blue and green switch light blinked at him out of the storm.

It was nearly 6 o'clock when he at last wheeled into the Square; here only three gasoline burners—survivors of the old regime—held their own against the fast encroaching gas lamp.

He lighted the one in Division street and was ready to turn and traverse the north side of the Square to the second lamp which stood a block away at the corner of High street. He was drawing Bill's head about—Bill being smitten with a sudden desire to go directly home, leaving the night's work unfinished—when the muffled figure of a man appeared in the street in front of him. The inch or more of snow that now covered the pavement had deadened the sound of his steps, while the eddying flakes had made possible his near approach unseen. As he came rapidly into the red glare of Mr. Shrimplin's hissing torch that hero was exceeding well pleased to recognize a friendly gaze.

"How are you, Mr. North!" he said, and John North halted suddenly.

"Oh, it's you, Shrimp! A nasty night, isn't it?"

"It's the suffering human limit!" rejoined Mr. Shrimplin with feeling.

As he spoke the town bell rang the hour; unconsciously, perhaps, the two men paused until the last reverberating stroke had spent itself in the snowy distance.

"Six o'clock," observed Mr. Shrimplin.

"Good night, Shrimp," replied North irrelevantly.

He turned away and an instant later was engulfed in the wintry night.

Having at last pointed Bill's head in the right direction Mr. Shrimplin drove that trusty beast up to the lamp-post on the corner of High street, when suddenly and for no apparent reason Bill settled back in the shafts and exhibited unmistakable, though humiliating symptoms of fright.

"Go on, you," cried Mr. Shrimplin, slapping bravely with both the lines, but his voice was far from steady, for suppose Bill should abandon the rectitude of a lifetime and begin to kick.

"Go on, you!" repeated Mr. Shrimplin and slapped the lines again, but less vigorously, for by this time Bill was unquestionably backing away from the curb.

"Be done! Be done!" expostulated Mr. Shrimplin, but he gave over slapping the lines, for why irritate Bill in his present uncertain mood? "Want I should get out and lead you?" asked Mr. Shrimplin, putting aside with one hand the blankets in which he was wrapped. "You're a game old codger, ain't you? I guess you ain't aware you've growed up!"

While he was still speaking he slipped to the ground and worked his way hand over hand up the lines to Bill's bit. Bill was now comfortably located on his haunches, but evidently still dissatisfied for he continued to back vigorously, drawing the protesting little lamplighter after him. When he had put perhaps 20 feet between himself and the lamp-post Bill achieved his usual upright attitude and his countenance assumed its habitual contemplative expression, the haunted look faded from his sagacious eye and his flaming nostrils resumed their normal benevolent expression. Taking note of these swift changes, it occurred to Mr. Shrimplin that rather than risk a repetition of his recent experience he would so far sacrifice his official dignity as to go on foot to the lamp-post. Bill would probably stand where he was, indefinitely, standing being one of his most valued accomplishments. The lamplighter took up his torch which he had put aside in the struggle with Bill and walked to the curb.

And here Mr. Shrimplin noticed that which had not before caught his attention. McBride's store was apparently open, for the bracketed oil lamps that hung at regular intervals the full length of the long, narrow room, were all alight.

Mr. Shrimplin, whose moods were likely to be critical and censorious, realized that there was something personally offensive in the fact that Archibald McBride had chosen to disregard a holiday which his fellow-merchants had so very generally observed.

"And him, I may say, just rotten rich!" he thought.

Mr. Shrimplin further discovered that though the lamps were lit they were burning low, and he concluded that they had been lighted in the early dusk of the winter afternoon and that McBride, for reasons of economy, had deferred turning them up until it should be quite dark.

"Well, I'm a poor man, but I couldn't think of them things like he does!" reflected Mr. Shrimplin; and then even before he had ceased to pride himself on his superior liberality, he made still another discovery, and this, that the store door stood wide open to the night.

"Well," thought Mr. Shrimplin, "maybe he's saving oil, but he's wasting fuel."

Approaching the door he peered in. The store was empty, Archibald McBride was nowhere visible. Evidently the door had been open some little time, for he could see where the snow, driven by the strong wind, had formed a miniature snowdrift just beyond the threshold.

"Either he's stepped out and the door's blowed open," muttered Mr. Shrimplin, "or he's in his back office and some customer went out without latching it."

He paused irresolutely, then he put his hand on the knob of the door to close it, and paused again. With his taste for fictitious horrors, usually indulged in, however, by his own warm fireside, he found the present time and place slightly disquieting; and then Bill's singular and erratic behavior had rather weakened his nerve. From under knitted brows he gazed into the room. The storm rattled the shuttered windows above his head, the dingy sign creaked on its rusty fastenings, and with each fresh gust the bracketed lamps rocked gently to and fro, and as they rocked their trembling shadows slid back and forth along the walls. The very air of the place was inhospitable, forbidding, and Mr. Shrimplin was strongly inclined to close the door and beat a hasty retreat.

Still peirng down the narrow room with its sagging shelves and littered counters, he crossed the threshold. Now he could see the office, a space partitioned off at the rear of the building and having a glass front that gave into the store itself. Here, as he knew, stood Mr. McBride's big iron safe, and here was the high desk, his heavy ledgers—row after row of them; these histories of commerce covered almost the entire period during which men had bought and sold in Mount Hope.

A faint light burned beyond the dirty glass partition, but the tall meager form of the old merchant was nowhere visible. Mr. Shrimplin advanced yet farther into the room and urged by his sense of duty and his public spirit, he directed his steps toward the office, treading softly as one who fears to come upon the unexpected. Once he paused, and addressing the empty air, broke the heavy silence:

"Oh, Mr. McBride, your door's open!"

The room echoed to his words.

"Well," carped Mr. Shrimplin, "I don't see as it's any of my business to attend to his business!" But the very sound of his voice must have given him courage, for now he stepped forward, briskly.

On his right was a showcase in which was displayed a varied assortment of knives, cutlery, and revolvers with shiny silver or nickel mountings; then the showcase gave place to a long pine counter, and at the far end of this was a pair of scales. Near the scales on a low iron standard rested an oil lamp, but this lamp was not lighted nor were the lamps in the bracket that hung immediately above the scales, for behind the counter at this point was a door, the upper half glass, that opened on a small yard which, in turn, was inclosed by a series of low sheds where the old merchant stored heavy castings, bar-iron and the like. Mr. Shrimplin was shrewdly aware that it was one of McBride's small economies not to light the lamps by that door so long as he could see to read the figures on the scales without their artificial aid.

To be Continued Tomorrow.

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BY MAY MANTON

7778 Child's Tucked and Plain Guimpes, 2 to 6 years.

PLAIN GUIMPE TO BE MADE WITH SQUARE OR HIGH NECK.

Simple, dainty little guimpes are worn with so many dresses that there is always a place for a new one. Here are two, one plain and one tucked, but both pretty as can be and both simple. The plain guimpe can be made with either square or high neck and the tucked guimpe can be finished with a little frill of lace at the neck or with a standing collar and both can be made with either long or short sleeves. Fine lawns and batistes are the materials most used for guimpes, and there is nothing better for trimming than the German Val. lace that lasts as long as the material itself. Hand work is always pretty and dainty and between the groups of tucks could be used tiny little vines embroidered on the material. There are only shoulder and under-arm seams and both guimpes are closed at the back with buttons and button-holes.

For the 4-year size, either guimpe will require 1⅝ yards of material 27, 1¼ yards 36 or 1 yard 44 inches wide, with 1¾ yards of insertion to trim the tucked guimpe as illustrated.

The pattern of the guimpes 7778 is cut in sizes for girls of 2, 4 and 6 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Pattern Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

PATTERN NO. 7778.

UPON RECEIPT OF 10c. THE PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE AMERICAN will send the above-mentioned Pattern, as per directions given below to

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No..... Street.....

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Measurement—Waist..... Bust.....

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CAUTION.—Be careful to give correct number and size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. When miss' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

All orders for patterns, accompanied with 10c. for each, must be addressed to Pattern Department, Baltimore American, Baltimore, Maryland.

FEMININE CHAT AND CHATTER

GOSSIP AND ADVICE FOR THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Proper Airing of Bedrooms—First Open Windows Top and Bottom. Take Off Bedclothes One by One and Put on Chair Near Window. Turn Mattress and Shake Pillows. Should Air One Hour.

In airing a bedroom, first open the windows, top and bottom. Take off the top clothes, one by one, and place on two chairs, with the seats turned toward the foot of the bed. Beat and shake pillows and place near the window. Remove lower clothes, one by one, and spread. Turn mattress so that the air has free access to every part by arching it on its two ends, or if it is in two parts, set up each part to air.

Spread night dresses near the window. If possible, leave the door open to flush the room with air. At least one hour's airing is necessary; each members of the house should attend to this before leaving his or her bedroom.

When ready to make the bed brush the mattress and dust the bedstead. Turn the mattress from side to side and top to foot on alternate days, so as to equalize pressure and wear. Tuck in the under blanket free from wrinkles. Place the nuder sheet in the same way, if a bolster case is used, otherwise roll the sheet around it. Place the bolster and pillow in position with the hems turned downward.

If one side of the bed is near a wall put the end of the pillow where the fastening comes toward the wall. Put the top sheet on wrong side out, with a good margin at the top. The narrow hem of the sheets and the marking of the blankets come to the foot of the bed. Tuck in the blankets, leaving the margin and the doubled fold at the foot. Fold the extra length of sheet at the top over the blankets.

Put the counterpane on carefully, so that it hangs evenly and smoothly.

KITCHEN KINKS.

For absorbing odors when cooking cabbage, ham, onions or anything which has a strong odor, put a small pan of vinegar on the stove and there will be no scent of cooking.

To clean strainers and sieves rub with coarse salt and then pour boiling water through them.

To prevent a ladder from slipping paste pieces of old rubber over each support; this will protect the floors and avert many a fall.

If cheese is wrapped in a cloth moistened with vinegar it will neither dry nor mold.

When a dish is to be set directly on ice place a rubber fruit jar ring under it to prevent it from slipping off.

To remove scorch spots wet the scorched portion with clear water and sprinkle with borax. It will remove the scorch and leave no stain and may be used on the most delicate fabrics.

Home-made sanitary duster. Dip a piece of soft black cotton cloth in thin melted paraffin and let dry. This will hold the dust so it will not scatter again.

A quick way to bake sweet potatoes: Before placing in the oven allow the potatoes to stand in very hot water for 15 minutes; this will save considerable time in baking.

To prevent odor from lamps. Soak new lamp wicks thoroughly in vinegar, then allow them to become perfectly dry before using and they will never have an odor when the lamp is turned low or blown out.

A practical use for old stockings. After the soles of your stockings are worn out cut the feet off and use the legs to protect your sleeves while busy in the kitchen; it will save lots of unnecessary washing.

Cure for sick headache. Squeeze the juice of a half lemon into a cup of coffee or tea and drink without sugar.

DAUGHTER AND MOTHER.

The daughter who comes home from boarding school is often a disappointment to her mother. She is inclined to be critical and make remarks about the old-fashioned furniture, her mother's gowns and other things in a manner that hurts. She seems discontented with the old life, and the mother is at a loss to know what is to be done.

But the situation should not be taken too seriously. Although the girl seems very self-assured, very confident of herself and her abilities, she has not gone far enough to realize how little she knows. She must be led by affection, led by tact and gentleness. If she wants to make changes in the home life, well, listen to her, you mothers, and permit her to make the changes if they are reasonable ones. It will give her occupation, and possibly the new ideas she brings will mean something to you, too. Get her to help you in the house and accept some of her plans—yes, even give her the leadership, if you con, and she will soon begin to see wherein she is lacking and will come to you for advice. Let her see that you feel she has come to years of discretion, and that you can trust her, and treat her as a friend and companion.

Mother and daughter too often drift apart by reason of the former's want of tact and the latter's impatience at restraint. There should be recognized duty on both sides, and that duty should be regarded as a pleasure.

GRACEFUL DRAPERIES.

The touch of the Oriental that is noticed in the spring styles requires that a fabric be used which lends itself readily to graceful drapery. One particularly adaptable material is etamine, which is more popular this spring than it has been for several seasons. The robes of hand-drawn etamine are truly beautiful. The drawnwork appears in bands of graduated widths, forming a very handsome border for the robe. A narrow band of drawnwork is done along the opposite edge of the material to be used for the smaller trimmings. These etamines come in all the vivid shades that are to be so much used.

Among the silks, fleur de soie, a new form of taffeta with an extremely soft finish, falls in the most graceful lines. It comes in very new and unusual tones, in both plain and figured surfaces. The floral designs that appear on many of these new silks seem somewhat stiff at first sight, but one soon realizes how very well suited they are to the period costumes so affected by our best-gowned women. Some of the new patterns now in vogue are exact copies of some of those used in France at the time of the Empire.

FOR THE TEA TABLE.

A woman who has lived abroad for many years, where they make a cup of tea as carefully as they make a cake, says the lemon should never be cut until it is to be used. Have a small sharp knife on the table and cut each slice as desired, never cutting a dishful of lemons to stand for an hour or even a few minutes.

A good tid-bit for the tea table can be made with triscuit and marmalade. Break each piece in two, making thus two small squares, put a row of Neufachatel cheese around the edge and a drop of orange or tangerine marmalade in the center. This makes just the right sized wafer and has a luscious flavor.

Instead of lemon in the tea, try a Maraschino cherry and a teaspoonful of the wine that comes with them. Or another flavor that may be used in tea is rum. This is called Russian tea. One uses no sugar or cream or lemon and just a teaspoonful of rum.

A VEGETABLE PARTY.

Invitations for a vegetable party were sent on the backs of old seed packets, and each girl was told to wear something representing a vegetable. The young men later found their partners for supper by guessing the vegetable represented. The house was brilliantly decorated with strings of peppers, on tops, etc., and it was amusing if not beautiful. The centerpiece was a huge cabbage hollowed out and filled with a mass of green onions and red geraniums. A wreath of round red radishes twined around this.

Little contest books, ornamented with painted vegetables having faces, were given the guests, and prizes were given for correct answers to the questions within. The answer to each was the name of a vegetable.

ROAST OF ROUND STEAK.

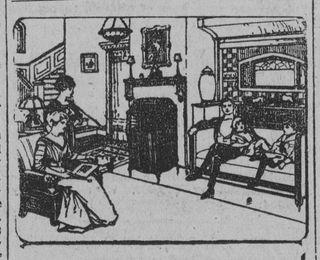
Put a thick round of steak in a short-handled frying pan, spread a layer of sliced onion over it. Dredge with salt, pepper and flour and over it lay thin slices of bacon. Put in a hot oven 20 minutes, being careful not to let the bacon burn. At the end of that time add enough boiling water to cover over the beef. Cover the frying pan loosely and cook slowly 3 hours, adding more water as necessary. When the steak is done lift onto a warm platter, put the frying pan on the stove and thicken the gravy with one teaspoon flour mixed with cold water. Season with salt and pepper, boil a few minutes, strain and pour over the meat.

SALT PORK SCRAMBLE.

Soak a pound of salt pork to freshen it. Drain it, cut it into pieces about an inch square; fry these in hot fat, move them about that they may be equally cooked. When they are almost done enough stir in with them from six to twelve well-beaten eggs, beat all quickly together. When the eggs are set turn the mixture upon a hot dish and send baked potatoes to table with it. If the pork gives out a good deal of fat while it is being fried, pour this off before dishing the meat. Time, a quarter of an hour; sufficient for four or five persons.

PINEAPPLE SHERBET.

One can grated pineapple, 2 cups sugar, 2 quarts water, juice of two lemons, 2 tablespoons gelatin; heat pineapple, sugar and water to boiling, pour onto gelatin which has been softened in one-half cup cold water; add lemon juice, cool and freeze.



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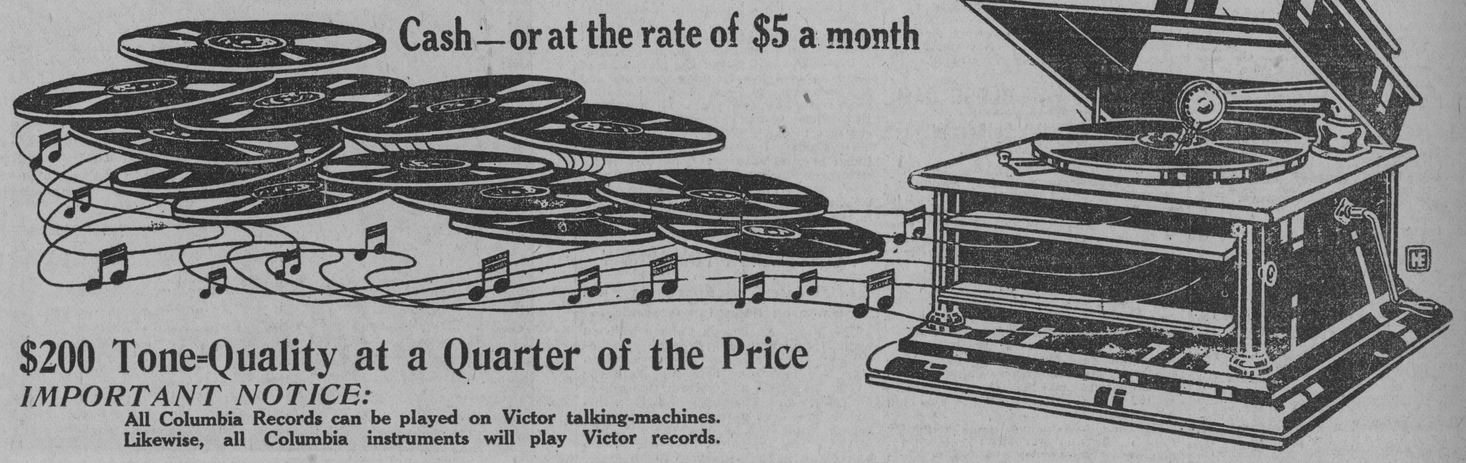

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SOME NEW BOOKS

The Story of a Great Canal.

The Americans in Panama. By William R. Scott. Published by the Statler Publishing Company, of New York.

In this story of the cleaving of a continent the author has been content to let the facts to speak for themselves. They contain their own romance, and they provide their own color, and they supply their own interest. So that the reader will not find any effort at mere literary effect, as might be the case if the theme needed embellishment of a descriptive interest in order to assure the book a reading.

What Mr. Scott has done is this: He has prepared a volume that gives the facts without any technicality in language; he has collected and arranged these facts with absolute logical precision. He has made the story of the building of the canal one of sequence and order. He has studied proportions and has not given an overbalanced effect to his account, as is the case with so many Panama Canal stories. So that the book is not only interesting, it is illuminating. It is the kind of a book to place in the hands of the youth, while it is fully abreast of the needs of the mature student of the subject. Popular to the best degree, it is in no sense popular in writing down the subject of the bare bones.

Presently the canal will be opened for traffic and some such work will be turned to as invaluable. It is a text book of a lofty form of American enterprise. It is a guide book through the sinuosities of diplomatic and practical preparation for the work of construction. It is a book for ideals of heroic endeavor and is a wholly creditable piece of literary achievement.

The volume contains 22 short chapters, and this divides the subject with the best ends of convenience. It contains illustrations and maps that are wisely selected and prepared. It contains a list of Panama chronology that recites the story of discovery from the first discovery of Panama to the date of the San Franciscan Exposition in 1915. So that, in all respects, it must be accounted a volume of wide serviceability.

The Impossible Boy.

The Impossible Boy. By Nina Wilcox Putnam. Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

The Impossible Boy is both a tale of the open road and rushing, rollicking novel of big, breezy, bustling New York. Gipsies and artists, society folk, reckless Bohemians, bold conspirators and one performing bear in particular (for there are several more or less important Bruins in the story) unite to keep things pacing down the road to Arcady. From the carefree, airy life of the wandering gipsies along the highway you are carried to the strangest, gayest spot in Gotham's, fascinating Bohemia, where life knows no rules and is confined by no logical standards. It's an escapade, a joyous adventure to live in this wonderful world that Nina Wilcox Putnam has created in this captivating novel.

Pedro, a little gipsy lad, is the central figure. Answering the call of the genius, with his performing bear, Mr. Jones, shuffling along behind him, he sets out for New York. No sooner does he strike the flagstones of the busy metropolis than excitement reigns supreme. In less than no time he is heralded as a celebrity. He becomes the center of not one, but two holding romances. With the inevitable Jones, he is fairly hurled into the seething center of a daring, bubbling, boiling revolutionary scheme.

Adventures follow adventures in rapid succession. The element of suspense grows and grows. More intense becomes the love story with every chapter, more urgent the excitement with every page. You are carried up, up, up and on, on, on and then—like lightning out of a clear sky—wholly without warning, though deliciously startling—comes the wonderful denouement—the revelation of Pedro's real identity.

The Coming Mexico.

The Coming Mexico. By Joseph King Goodrich. Illustrations from photographs. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

In this work the author does not presume to give his opinion of the political future of Mexico, for the experience of others deter him. It was thought that if the people should depart from the path of peace which Diaz had blazed so clearly for them the United States would intervene and possibly annex Mexico. But that which was pronounced impossible has come about, and the Republic of Mexico has for over a year been in a state of turmoil which has caused the United States government great anxiety and compelled it to expend large sums in safeguarding our frontier. That these conditions should be is something that everyone who has faith in the possibilities that are spread before a peaceful, progressive Mexico must regret deeply. The opportunities for actual, personal investigation have not been so extensive as the author could wish, yet the not inconsiderable knowledge gained has given a certain ability to sift the evidence of others. The combination of personal knowledge and adaptation justifies the expression of great confidence in The Coming Mexico.

Empery.

Empery. By Samuel A. White. Frontispiece in colors by Thornton D. Skidmore. Published by the Outing Publishing Co., New York.

This is a story of love and battle in Rupert's Land. The rivalry between the old Hudson Bay Company and the Northwest Fur Company culminated in several pitched battles for supremacy, and the feud was intensified by the attempt of Ferguson, of the Northwest Company, to abduct Desiree, the widow of Lazard, and beloved by Dunvegan, the factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. While waiting for the arrival of a priest to marry them, Ferguson keeps Desiree a prisoner in the block house, but she keeps him at a distance by threatening to fire the kegs of powder stored there. But Dunvegan arrives in time to defeat these plans and carries off Desiree and Ferguson and his men are blown up by the firing of the powder.

The Cat's Elegy.

The Cat's Elegy. By Gelett Burgess and Burges Johnson. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Perhans no form of humorous writing is more delightful than the well turned parody. Among the latest of such productions to claim public attention is The Cat's Elegy, by Gelett Burgess and Burges Johnson. The initial stanza runs:

The tea bell tolls for Nell to pass the tray,
The glowing cook winds slowly up the clock,
The ashman homeward wends his weary way
And leaves a trail of cinders round the block.

The stanzas of this elegy are inclosed in a decorative design whose author is evidently no stranger to the cat of humble urban extraction.

Their Choice.

Their Choice. A novel by Henrietta Dana Skinner. Published by Benziger Bros., New York.

How to write a love story new in plot, details and development is the test of literary genius. Mrs. Skinner has accomplished it. The title but faintly indicates the originality of style and of plot which makes her story so fascinating a contribution to literature and which cannot fail to hold the reader in a delightful uncertainty of interest and enjoyment.

The story is written with the sure and certain touch of a master of fiction; the scenes stand out with the vivid reality of life at first hand—and craftsmanship is not lacking in the subtle distinctions of character so necessary to the making of a book worth while.

Mental Disorders.

The Psychological Origin of Mental Disorders. By Paul Dubois. Authorized translation by Edward G. Richards. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

Dr. Dubois is well known in this country as the author of the Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders, The Influence of the Mind on the Body, etc. Like all of his previous writings, the present book is characterized by intelligent and careful discrimination, underlying which is a pervasive humanitarian spirit. The mind of Dr. Duobis is ever scientific, philosophic and philanthropic, and he is also a master of literary art. His works appeal alike to the specialist and the general reader.

Auction Pinochle.

The Game of Auction Pinochle. Rules and Regulations. By A. P. George. Published by Sturgis & Walton Company, New York.

Few card games have so caught public attention and have become so popular in a short space of time as auction pinochle. The reasons for this are numerous, and an analysis shows that it is not only natural that this game should have gained so many adherents, but it is evident that the game has come to stay and to retain its popularity amongst card-players for all time.

Healing Influences.

Healing Influences. By Leander Edmund Whipple. Published by the American School of Metaphysics, New York.

The main object of this book is to call closer attention of thoughtful people to the relation that exists between the human mind and conditions of trouble in daily life, and particularly to study some what those kinds and qualities of thinking that bear direct relation to both the cause and care of disease, both physical and mental. One aim has been to so explain some of the natural operations of the mind that each intelligent reader may test the principles described by means of his own thinking.

Needs of a Nation.

The Increasing Needs of a Nation. By J. Abbott Cantrill, M. D. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.

This is a collection of essays which argue that the endearments of a nation should always be taken into consideration by all that the nation does in the after years of its history, and if the existing conditions demand an enlargement of its scope, then that enlargement should be conducted on the original lines formulated by that nation at its inception, and thus prevent a possibility of internal disruption.

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