At

WHAT BOOKS TO READ

TO GET THEM.

The Luxury of a Library-Read Your Favorite Books Many Times-The Bible as a Literary Work-The Book Lover Per Se Cares Little for Bindings-If You Wish to Be Keen-Edged, Read the Newspapers -Newspapers Give Us Things to Talk About-They Make Our Boys and Girls Politically Intelligent.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER. (Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.) Plenty of people never buy books. They would think it extravagant to do They buy mowing machines and patent reapers, steam yachts and automobiles, and their wives spend money for rugs and divans and new paper and paint, for satins and laces gloves, fans and all the pomps and vanities, but for books.

They depend on accident. School premiums, and holiday presents, have fitted out many a home library. In a country house, rich in adornment, standing in the midst of gardens and parks, I have seen a meager stock of books, all belonging to the flotsam and jetsam of yesterday; not to an immortal yesterday, either, but the ephemeral and the useless, to the books that ought to be sent to the rubbish-heap.

"Where do you get your reading matter?" I asked the housemistress wondering much at the strange and miscellaneous character of the ac cumulations.

"Oh, John buys a novel now and then on the railway, and visitors often leave books they are done with. We don't invest in books. They are heavy things if one moves, and hard pack, and nobody ever reads a book the second time. You can't turn books into cash, as you can diamonds and horses."

There spoke the spirit of the toiler who had grown to wealth from poverty and to whom culture was unknown. You couldn't turn books into cash, and you wouldn't read them a second time. The ideal of utility did not make a library a desirable asset. But one does read books the second

time, and the third, and the fourth, if one is a book-lover. If one sets the right valuation on books, one would rather have them in the house than any other plenishing. Mahogany tables and chairs are very well if you can afford them, and fine china is very dear to the housekeeper's heart, but a pine board and a bench will answer for necessities, if the family prefer literature to other luxuries.

In the simplest of homes, where the yearly income to bring up a half-dozen boys and girls fell under a thousand dollars, there was plain fare on a plain table; there were bare floors, and in summer the children ran barefooted, but there was an abundance of material to read. New books were added every quarter to the volumes already on the shelves, and those volumes included history, poetry, biogra-phy and essays; travel, too, and scientific research. From that home the sons and daughters have gone to take high places in the world; one a professor, another an editor, another a lawyer, another a surgeon. Their trend for life was given in the sweet humanities of their home, and though poor, they were gently bred.

What Books to Choose.

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If somebody gave me carte blanche to select his books, and he had none to begin with, I should revel in the enterprise. I take it for granted that at the basis of English culture is the English Bible. If you speak English, you know that the richest vocabulary, the finest treasury of style, and the highest system of ethics in the world are in that familiar book. No American home should be without it, and no American father and mother should venture to train children in ignorance

in applied science, has brought the ends of the earth close and tied the ribbons in a bow-knot. We talk over Korea and Manchuria, the probable DO NOT DEPEND UPON ACCIDENT and the possible outcome of great wars, the course of diplomacy, the great struggles of Titanic nations at our breakfast tables. Not to read the newspaper is to

telegraphy, the latest forward stride

have no opinions, to be ill-informed, to be boorish. Men who are really broad-minded read several papers. They want to hear both sides. Complaint is often made that the newspa-pers tell too much; that they do not respect privacy; that they are un-scrupulous in the search for news. But the news of the day interests every one, and the newspapers make us all one big family, with kindly feel-ings for our kith and kin. They flash a searchlight on crime; they awaken sympathy for distress; they give us

things to talk about. In choosing reading for the home, take in, as our British cousins say, as many good newspapers as you can. Our boys and girls have a first-hand privilege to be well-taught in politics. How shall they be politically intelligent, or decently patriotic, if they are forced to read borrowed newspapers, or go without that essential of mental culture?

Wear old hats and patched boots if you must, walk and save car fares, do without dessert after meals, but subscribe for good newspapers, read them thoroughly and discuss them in the family circle. So shall you lay foundation stones for wise building and future success.

CASUALTY ROLL OF PEACE.

The Modern Man's Chances of Injury or Death by Accident.

The ordinary citizen who works for his bread and has a family to support takes it for granted that, when his time arrives, he will die in his bed. Why not, indeed, when the accidents of existence have been re duced to a minimum by the expedients of a humane and ingenious civilization? People do not perish nowa-days, or get hurt, by many of the chances which formerly threatened the safety, and even the survival, of the individual. Each person is safe guarded by the entire community which is organized to defend its n. bers against harm of every imaginable kind

Nevertheless, and in spite of this flattering view of the advantages of our modern civilization, says Pearson's Magazine, a study of the facts in the case shows that the actual state of This, affairs is far less satisfactory. to begin with, is the mechanical age, and with modern improvements have arrived hundreds of hitherto-unknown contrivances for killing and maiming. The railroads of this country alone kill 3,200 employes every year, and se riously injure 40,000 more. Machinery claims more victims annually than fell in any battle of our civil war. The civilization of which we are so proud may be in some respects humane, but it is undeniably murderous.

How surprising it seems to learn that each year one man out of every seven meets with a disabling accident! Women are not nearly so much exposed to mischances, for obvious reasons, and not more than one out of every 12 persons of the gentler sex suffers a like misfortune in a twelve-But it appears that, if you month. are an everyday citizen of voting age, you have only six chances out of seven of getting through the coming year without being disabled in one way or another. You have one chance in 2,200 of being killed during that pe-

Nearly one-half of all disabling ac cidents happen incidentally in busi-ness occupations. Hence, it is well worth while to take this question into consideration when picking out a vocation. The safest of all employments, oddly enough, seems to be that of the commercial traveler—a fact proved by the circumstance that he is regarded by all insurance companies as the best possible risk, standing at the

A Christmas Genius



indifferently while still in that attitude, "give me some Christmas money, will you? I got to have some, you know."

His father, the senior Boggs. looked at him severely. "How much d'ye want?" he inquired. 'Bout ten dollars," responded the

youth. 'What!" yelled the old man, "ten dollars? A boy like you? Never! Here, take this and run along. That's all you can have."

He handed out a silver dollar Boggs, junior, bit it to see if it was good, expectorated upon it slightly for luck, and secreted it somewhere in his clothes. Then, with a vicious kick at the legs of the table he made his exit. Five minutes later he stood in Cooper's Alley interviewing a bosom friend his, whose euphonious name was Mickey Flynn.

Mickey Flynn was clothed in rags from head to foot, he was the real thing in the rag line. "Say, sport," began Mr. Boggs genially. "I'm doin" a turn, understand. I want yer clothes. How'll you trade?

Mickey surveyed the clothes worn by the youthful Boggs with a critical air, "Gee! Quince!" he returned. "I'll rade. Yours is as good as new. Sure! Here goes!"

It was a cold, bleak day. Half an hour later a ragged, shivering urchin stood alone, with staring eyes and gaping mouth, drinking in all the glory of new sleds as they were effectively displayed in the windows of a department store. "Gee, it's rotten cold!" exclaimed

this youngster to himself. "Wonder how long I got to keep this up?'

Not long, for at that moment a carriage drawn by a pair of richly caparisoned horses drew up at the curb. At the window of the carriage appeared the face of a woman of wealth. The footman jumped down, and in response to her signal approached the boy. The boy, holding his rags together, followed the footman to the carriage. He looked with wistful, soulful eyes in the eyes of the woman.

" he thought to himself as he 'Gee! looked at her. For he knew her. She was Mrs. John Y. Pierson, a friend of his mother's and a woman well known for her charitable deeds. But she did not know him. She was saying some thing about Santa Claus.

"Yes'm," he found himself replying for he was a bit rattled; "yes'm, I've heard of him. In foreign countries,' he added, as though quoting from a book, "he's called sometimes St. Nicho las and sometimes Kriss Kringle. He's the patron saint of children.

And then he stopped, for he had overreached himself. "Why-why," inquired the woman, "do you go school?

"Well, ma'am," he returned, curing his unfortunate slip, "I do when I have clothes to wear and-and when I've had something to eat. I don't know as I can now, though, fer the man wot owns our room is going to put us out-they's only my sister and myself," h added, to round the thing out. The woman looked at the angelic face and the ragged clothes, and then her heart overflowed-and her purse also, which is more to the purpose

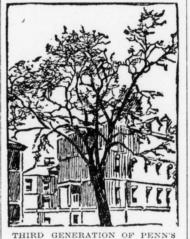
"I can't be bothered going around to his home—a dirty place, likely. Ill just give the money to the boy himself." she thought to herself. "I guess I can trust him." If she had said this aloud, Boggs Junior would have assured her that she could. As it was he took the money, thrust it deep in his pocket, touched his hat, and strode shivering, toward-home? Oh, no merely toward a large shop around the Once there, he examined the orner. bill which the woman had given him It was a ten-dollar one.

FAMOUS TREE'S OFFSPRING Third Generation of William Fenn's

Treaty Elm Still Standing iu Philadelphia.

Philadelphia .- In the grounds of the Pennsylvania hospital, at Eighth and Pine streets, stands an old elm tree which towers high and spreads branches far, yet which suggests the inevitable decay and passing away which is the fate of all mundane Great disapointment was felt things. recently when a slip planted from this tree languished and died, and at tempts are to be made to grow an

other, because the tree has a history



TREATY ELM.

which is described on a brass plate fastened upon its trunk. This plate reads:

"THE TREATY ELM.

"This tree is a direct representative of the great elm of Kensington, under which, it is said, William Penn, the proprietor of Pennsylvania, made his perpetual treaty of amity with the Indians. When the treaty elm destroyed by a storm, March 3, 1810, a scion was transplanted to these grounds, a cutting of which was planted at this spot in 1841 by Charles Roberts, a manager, and William Malin, steward.'

From this it will be seen that the tree bearing the tablet is the third generation of the treaty elm. Historians are not now fully agreed as to just what the treaty itself was, but, while it may have been the conspicuous and sensational affair that early painters and writers have pictured it. there is still no doubt of its importance or that its fame caused much favorable comment throughout the world upon the honesty and faithfulness of the man who made it. The treaty, made in 1683, and the written text of which—if there were any—has never been discovered, is now believed to have been simply a purchase of land from the red men, accompanied by certain agreements, as to territory and friendly trade, which were never violated during Penn's life.

WILL VISIT AMERICA.

Ex-Queen Margherita of Italy to

Tour Country from New York to San Francisco in an Auto.

Rome .-- It is learned that Dowager Queen Margherita of Italy is going to America next year. She will travel incognito and make a tour in an au-tomobile from New York to San Francisco, whence she will take a steamer for Japan.

Dowager Queen Margherita has been suffering from unassuageable grief since the death of King Humbert, five years ago. The qucen in her youth







Created a Good Deal of Surprise and Amusement.

The old Second New York regiment was formed at a time when there was an urgent appeal made to save the city of Washington, writes an old soldier to the National Tribune. Well do I remember how I forsook my contract to drive the horses of a Shumung scow to enter the service and serve under the old flag, and how we left our beds on the scow to sleep on the bare floor of the old fair ground shed; how many of our boys thought good swine meat, bean soup and half a loaf of bakers' bread was a small meal: and afterwards how they would have rejoiced to have been furnished with the old fair ground ration. I was with the regiment about three months.



RAN LIKE A FRIGHTENED DEER. when I was mustered out because I was too young. But I had the honor to be the first sentinel to go on post outside the works at Fortress Monroe, and I wore one shirt for three months, and was a pretty ragged looking soldier. I, too, well remember the poor show we made fighting the battle of Big Bethel. One of the men of Company A was a giant, nearly seven feet tall. He was a powerful fellow, and used to pick up us boys and swing us about and say he would smash the rebels right and left. But it was later proven that while his body was big his bravery was small. He seized a gate at the entrance to a lane and carried it as though it was but a feather. As the regiment entered a field through the lane there came a rebel

REACHED THE FLAG.

shell which stunned him. Then there caem another, and the giant turned

and ran away like a frightened deer, and I don't know that he was seen

afterwards.

The Soldier Who Escaped from the Enemy's Lines Never Stopped Until He Grasped Old Glory.

"I heard," said the-doctor to the Chicago Inter Ocean reporter, "a very simple, pathetic little story the other day about a soldier passing through the lines under fire. Comrade Bradish, who related the incident, said that one of the men of his regiment who had been captured escaped from the confederates directly in front and ran at full speed toward the lines of his own regiment. confederates opened a furi-The ous fire on the escaping prisoner and no one expected him to come out of such a rain of bullets alive. But he came on and on in spite of the bullets, and at last leaped over the work of his own company, to be received with cheers.

"He did not stop, however, as the men expected, but ran on to where the flag was placed, and, dropping exhausted, caught the edge of the flag in his hand and kissed it again and He was so wrought up by his tremendous experience that he could not speak, could not reason, but, as he said afterward, instinct led him to the flag, which never seemed to him so radiant and precious as when he fixed his eyes upon it as he raced with the enemy's hullets. He had no sone of comradeship in his distraughtness but saw only the flag and went to it Other soldiers, overwhelmed in battle wounded and dazed, have felt. I know the same wild desire to reach the flag.

ABOUT BEING CAPTURED. Two Thrilling Incidents of the War as Related by Eye Witnesses of Them.

My account of how I was made a prisoner (said a comrade) will be a brief one. The affair was exciting enough; but it began and ended so quickly that I have hardly got over the surprise of it yet. I was a captain on the staff of Gen. Emory, commanding the Nineteenth army corps. On the morning of the 19th of October, 1864, we were roused up before daylight by the heavy firing over on the left. Something was evidently wrong, and we had our horses saddled at once. We occupied, with Sheridan's staff, the stonehouse-the "Hite House," I have since heard it called-in rear of our first division. I was dispatched over to the "pike" to see what the trouble was and report. I did not reach the "pike" immediately; there was a great deal be-tween me and it to prevent, and as for "reporting," I never saw the Nineteenth corps again till the next spring.

The morning was foggy, and it was impossible to see a man at that hour more than a few rods off, but I could see the flashes of the muskets of some of the regiments of our corps, and I met fugitives from the Eighth in large numbers going to the rear. A great noise of shooting, and a yell that was never made by any but southern soldiers, was heard from the left, and I saw enough, besides what these fugitives told me, to be sure that there was an attack and a panic in the Eighth. It would have been well for me if I had been satisfied with what I had thus far discovered. and had gone back to headquarters with the report. I should certainly have found "headquarters in the saddle," and they were never so near to me again that morning. But I wanted to do my whole duty. I was anxious to see the whole trouble with my own eyes, that I might make a faithful report, and on I went.

To avoid the streams of fugitives, I bore well off to the left, intending to reach the pike rather below the line of their hasty retreat. I had not ridden half way to the pike when I came slap on four soldiers. The meeting was so sudden, in the obscurity of the fog, that they seemed to rise out of the ground. At a glance I saw that they wore gray, and that each of them had a musket.

I can see now that if I had acted with the greatest promptness I might have wheeled and galloped back uninjured before a fine aim could have been taken at me; and then again I might have been knocked dead off my horse trying it. I was not quick enough to take the risk I pulled up, and their muskets quickly covered me.

They saluted me as a "Yank," ordering me to dismount, promising to "let daylight through" me if I did not, and conveying their wishes to me in other explicit language. They had the con-troversy all their own way, and I yielded without trying to argue the question. I got down, and was taken to the pike. and up it toward Fisher's hill, to a place where many union prisoners had already been collected. The number was swelled to 1,200 by night, and we were started up the valley on the long way to Richmond before Sheridan's cavalry could overtake us.

That (said another comrade) reminds me of what happened in plain sight of our picket line, off on the left, near Hatcher's Run, before that battle had been fought.

Our major was in command of that part of the line. He had come out from the reserve with a sergeant, and took the notion to go beyond the line and see what he could see. It would not have been a wise thing for a horseman to do. They were afoot, and it was positively foolish. But they went-full of big head, to tell the truth.

The country was clear in front, there being nothing but some scattering timber to break the view for perhaps 30 yards. I was one of the pickets, and I watched the major and sergeant as they strolled along out to the front, probably suspecting no danger. We had seen to a picket line, even in daylight, had and their presence never be suspected. What followed I got partly from my own observation and partly from the

of its profound and beautiful pages.

But what books shall you choose for daily reading outside the Bible? Do you like to read people's lives, to tread again in the footprints others have left in the sands of time? Then read the lives of Gen. Gordon. "Chinese Gordon;" of Havelock, of Lord Lawrence, of Sydney Smith, of Queen Elizabeth, of John Knox, of Mary, Queen of Scots; of George Washing Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses Grant, Frances Willard, Edward Burne-Jones; of anybody who was heroic or sturdy or virtuous here and who left a good example for imitation.

On your shelves have the works of George Eliot, of Robert Louis Stevenson, of Thomas Carlyle, of George Meredith, of Balzac, of Guizot, of Meredith, of Balzac, of Guizot, of Shakespeare, and of Sir Walter Scott. Put aside a little money every week and buy one book.

Regarded from the standpoint of dollars and cents, books are not dear. Two dollars buys an ordinary book you can in no other way get so much lasting profit from two dollars. Of course if you want editions de luxe and sumptuous bindings and fine handmade paper, you will pay the price, but the book-lover per se cares more for the reading part than for The meat in the nut is the dress. more to him than the polished shell.

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Read the Newspaper.

Unless you are willing to become hopelessly a back number, to know nothing whatever about the current of events, to be rusty and dull-witted in-stead of keen edged and elever, you will not neglect the newspaper. Lit'ry Landgan (reading)—He was an intelligent an' hard-working man. Downgrade Gleason—Gee! He must

It has become a potential force in ha' had one o' dem dual personalities. our modern civilization. Wireless -- Puck.

top of the "select" class. Indeed, from an insurance standpoint he is so far perferable to anybody else that he may be said almost to constitute a by himself. He is twice as class good a risk as a clergyman.

His Father Was an Athlete. Dr. Dudley, of Abington, tells this tory of his man David and his house-

ceper, who had great confidence in all that David said and did.

One day David was in the barn, do-ing something which caused a visitor "You're quite an athlete, area't you?

"Well, yes," replied David; where upon the housekeeper, who stood near, "Why, I thought you told me aid: that you was Scotch."

"Well," said David, "my mother was Scotch, but my father was athlete. Boston Herald.

Invitation from Home.

This is a cordial invitation from the "home folks" in Georgia to the absent one in Texas:

"Dear William: This is to let you know what you are invited home to spend Thanksgivin' an' Christmas We are mightily in debt an' have five or six mortgages to pay off, an' you are invited to come, an' bring all you can with you, and we'll give you a couple of good dinners."-Atlanta Constitution.

Deduction.

And so Boggs Junior went from store store, always the same poor, shivering, angelic specimen of humanity perfect Christmas carol, an idyll in ags, so to speak. But there was one thing he was careful about. He kept a wary eye on the police.

Christmas morning at the Boggses All the family and several relatives ongregated about a huge tree in the library. "Where's Quincy?" they all asked

They were soon answered, for immediately there burst into the room a very small boy grappling with a huge pyra mid of paper bundles, which ropped upon the floor. "Here, pop." he began, handing that

gentleman one of the packages, "this is for you, and this for mom, and here's something for the cook, and here's-and so on, ad infinitum. In other cords he was the hero and benefactor of the occasion.

"Why, where did you get the money for all these things?" they gasped Boggs Junior smiled. "Worked for It." he replied.

"You must have worked hard." they suggested. "Naw," he returned, "It wasn't hard work at all. And," he con-thnued, "It'd have been all right if id and an overcoat somewheres in my in-tides. Gee, but it was cold for fair!" This was as near as the family ever got to an explanation.

EX-QUEEN MARGHERITA (Widow of King Humbert of Italy, Who Is Coming to America.)

was considered the most beautiful princess in all Europe. She is the daughter of the late Prince Ferdinando of Savoy, duke of Genoa, and she was married to Humbert, then the prince of Piedmont, on April 22, 1868. During her reign she was idolized by the people of Italy.

The former queen knows French, German, English, Spanish, Italian, of course, and Latin thoroughly. She knows Greek well, and is familiar with the literature of all ages.

The queen rises early and retires She manages with six hours late. sleep, and thrives on it. Her work of charities, patronage, organization and society keeps her constantly busy. She s not at all domestic. She likes driving and out-of-door life generally, but has not much opportunity for in dulgence in these tastes. She likes Germany and the Germans, and is a She likes warm friend of William and his wife

Not Enough Meat for Army.

If Germany were to mobilize her army to-morrow, the Dusseldorf chamher ber of commerce states that there would not be a sufficient quantity meat in the country to feed the army in the field.

Girl Soldiers.

A military company composed of the daughters of Boone county farmers has been organized, with headquarters at Englewood, 11 miles southeast of Columbia Mo. The first public drill took place at a log-rolling at Englewcod, where, in the presence of a crowd of curious visitors from all parts of the country, the girl soldiers gave a strik-ing exhibition, going through the manual of arms like veterans.

Had Words Erased.

The London News calls attention to the fact that when the building that is now Wellington Barracks, Dublin, was a jail it had the words: "Cease to do Evil—Learn to do Well," chisled over the gateway. When it became a bar acks the authorities, perhaps realizing the uselessness of such advice in some cases, had the words removed.

Where Firearms Are Made. The Bosnian is as celebrated in Europe for the firearms, sabers and knives which he manufactures as the inhabitants of Spanish Toledo are for their fineodged blades.

account of the major when he came in. As he and the sergeant approached a low stone wall, being not more than 20 feet from it, three musker; were thrust over it at them and a voice shouted:

Surrender, Yanks, or we'll shoot!" The sergeant at once threw down his

He was captured, of course, and gun. sent to the Libby.

Not so the major.

I know the man pretty well, and I think I can tell what flashed through his mind on that stern hail, and the discovery of what was before him.

It probably occurred to him that he was where he had no business to be: that the months of weary captivity be-fore him would be followed by an offcial inquiry as to what he was doing out there, and that some severe punishment, if not cashiering, awaited his exchange, He resolved to run for it. He must have appreciated the fact that chances were nine to one against him; but the reasons that I have stated made oim desperate.

I saw him whirl and rush for our line. I heard the reports of three muskets together, and they were aimed so low that one of the balls plowed the dirt in front of me.

I saw the major's hat fall from his head. I supposed it was blown off by the wind, in his flight, but I learned better a few months later

We opened fire, of course, to cover his retreat. The confederate scouts got off with the sergeant as a prisoner; we did not dare to leave our posts to pursue. The major was a good deal flustered

when he got in. "By mighty!" he said, "that was a close one,

I think it was. The ball that knocked off his hat had passed through his car. --- American Tribune.