



THE MOST PERFECT MODE IN the world has known is one of the expressions of praise given to the art of the Mikado's people for their unique taste and skill in building homes, palaces and temples by Ralph Adams Cram in his new book, "Impressions of Japanese Architecture and the Allied Arts." The author is a member of the Society of Arts, London, a fellow of the American Institute of Architects and a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. Of the ten papers which go to make up this volume, and which he speaks of as "the esthetic voice of Japanese civilization," five are now published for the first time, the others appeared in English and American architectural journals and in the Churchman of New York. It is a handsome and finely illustrated book.

The book would be interesting just as an exposition of the merits of an art that is so alien to us it is hard for us to understand it; it is perhaps more interesting and certainly more useful from the fact that by this expert's comparisons of Japanese with our Western art he helps teach us the lessons to be learned from it, and by pointing out Oriental excellences will aid to perfect our own; and, thirdly, it will have a more universal interest, albeit maybe a merely speculative and esthetic one, in that it explains the oriental conception of Karma in relation to art—what the power of art owes to Karma, and how that thing, so utterly inexplicable to us Westerners, namely, the mystery of taste in things artistic, is an easily solved riddle to the intellect steeped in Buddhism—by virtue of his belief in Karma.

In regard to the first of these three interests: The author's first paper is on "The Genius of Japanese Art." He tells us how hard it is to put into a few phrases the essence of the esthetic manifestations of a great people, and rather than attempt that he calls attention to the fact that after all our Western winnowing we can never reduce Japanese art to a table of formulae "as is our wont with the art of our own West." The roads between the two methods of art diverged in the immemorial past. There is a something, he says, between Europe and Asia besides a difference of tongues, and explicit comprehension does not follow the mastery of grammar and vocabulary. "There is an utter antagonism of ideals and methods."

He tells us that Greek and Japanese art are closely akin; "each represents the exquisite perfection in every minutest detail of a primary conception neither notably exalted nor highly evolved, yet the result is, in plain words, final perfection." Japanese art, he says, is not only intrinsically precious, but infinitely valuable as a record of sociological and spiritual development. It is the early architecture of Japan that he admires most—that which received its stimulus from the introduction of Buddhism, and the coming of the skilled architects and other workmen, and priests, sculptors and scholars from Korea. "When the revelation of Buddhism burst on the people of Japan an entire race rose suddenly into splendid action." It is the thus spiritually inspired and characteristically Oriental art that he admires in Japan to-day, and for the modern tendency he has only apathy and reprehension. The period of good architecture, as far as he can see, is over in Japan. "The native attack on Buddhism two centuries ago was the beginning of the end, the restoration of Shinto was its continuation, and the acceptance of Western civilization was its consummation."

Although he mentions the great difficulty of our understanding the genius of Japanese art, he does not mean it is impossible to judge it by Western standards. When these standards are "universal and neither local nor special, Japanese art stands the test as well as that of our own race."

As for the second interest, the lessons that we can learn from Japanese art, just a few indicative ones may be mentioned here. Cram's high praise of Japanese domestic interiors is suggestive on that line. He says from the moment one slips off one's shoes "passes into soft light and repose." The period of good architecture, as far as he can see, is over in Japan. "The native attack on Buddhism two centuries ago was the beginning of the end, the restoration of Shinto was its continuation, and the acceptance of Western civilization was its consummation."

"Aunt Eleanor turned sharply, lifting her eyebrows. Her own grandchild was a mystery to her."  
"Mrs. Van Twiller is seldom offended by this brown-haired niece of Major Clendinning, with her rosy cheeks, her pretty, pointed teeth and her ever varying points of interest. She understands her, as she does most of us, whatever our mood."  
"Purity," she said gently, "is hard to define, because, like most principles, the greater we grow in knowledge of it, the greater and farther from us a complete knowledge of that principle becomes. But the purity of an idea seems to me to be the idea of the thing as God first conceived it."  
(James Pott & Co., New York. \$1.50.)

### Volume Makes Plea for Family Life

"Heart's Haven," by Katherine Evans Blake, is a study of the Rappite religious communists. The appeal of the romance is that the natural instincts of family affection are not to be put down in favor of the ascetic theories of any religious sect, nor are families to be broken up or prevented because of any social schemes to attain thereby a complete equality of conditions. The little valley of "Harmonie," as it was called, where the communists settled, did not prove wholly harmonious, nor did the home the enthusiasts hoped to find there become a true "heart's haven." The value of the book will be to preach the beauty of the doctrine that family life is the natural



A FARMHOUSE FROM IMPRESSIONS OF JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE

### "Mrs. Van Twiller" in Second Edition

That very wholesome book, "Mrs. Van Twiller's Salon," by Lillie Hamilton French, issued a few months ago, has pleased so well that the publishers propose a second edition is in general demand throughout the country. It is very pleasant light reading with which to amuse an idle hour or two. The people who meet at Mrs. Van Twiller's are interesting, and as for herself, she is delightful. George Leake, whom the author represents as telling the story, says of the hostess of the salon: "Then, too, I hoped that Aunt Eleanor would go upstairs and to my lady, for I, too, was tired, and the only joy of that is the happiness of getting rested again. I know of no place in the world where this happiness is so complete as before Mrs. Van Twiller's fire when she is alone with you."

The salon is a fine old professor who always has the wise and kind word to say and who, "generous in all things, was never so generous as when changing his mind," a Miss Van Aulic who always had tendency to color the commonplaces, a Mrs. Clyde, "who is always careful, even at Mrs. Van Twiller's, about what will give her too intimate an air with those with whom she converses," and "for all the superb poise of her head, she has, when she speaks, the look of a child who is venturing on dangerous ground"; an artist named "Brushes," who steps back and with half-closed eyes watches people; and a very likely young woman whom they call "the major's niece," who sometimes so frankly wants to know things that the more worldly wise ones have to somewhat unfrankly dodge the issue raised by her questions. These people discuss brightly very various questions. Some pretty love stories run through the records of conversations. One of these love affairs accomplishes quite a change in the kind of light that shines from the eyes of one of the characters, Brushes, from being critical it becomes appealing. Another one is Leake's, the pain of which was that for long he suffered from a case of misplaced jealousy. The nature of the love which the old professor bore for one of the ladies is what will keep the reader guessing nearly all the way through; but in the end the puzzle is romantically explained.

A paragraph in the book gives a combing criticism on a certain type of lovers and of invalids: "Lovers (my friend, Mr. Sedgwick, does not yet realize) have some of the lessons of invalids to learn. Too much fussars out sympathy, and centers the attention on personal idiosyncrasies rather than on the source of pain or possibility of remedy. The art of pleasing is certainly not Mr. Sedgwick's."

One of the best passages Lillie Hamilton French favors us with is in the chapter called "The Major's Niece on Purity." That very frank young woman imperatively asked of the men and women who had been discussing some subject in the salon: "What do you mean by purity, anyway? I'm so sick of the word. Half the people when they use it never make you feel purity at all."

It took the masterful power of Father Rapp, as he was called, to finally break the spirit of this mother and make an obedient convert of her. Then for long she was under the dominance of the spiritual leaders, and even though the other women to submit to the strict rules and crush down their instincts of wifehood and motherhood. She lived almost as a nun, completely

separated from her child and her husband. Then her second rebellion came. She tried to call her husband back to her in the old sense of real lover, made by appointment with him to meet her in secret, and, as the ascetic Rappites expressed it, tempted him. In the violent windstorm of that night the woman was killed by the falling timber of the community's pleasure park. The superstitious Rappites believed that she was struck dead by the judgment of heaven's wrath.

### Origin of Masonry

Whitaker & Ray Company of San Francisco publish a little book called "The Origin of Masonry," by J. G. Swinnerton, who, in 1886, was directed by the then master of the Morning Star Lodge to investigate the subject. This recent publication embodies the answer which was made in the form of three addresses to the brethren.

The first two chapters discuss how the order did not originate. This is interestingly done as a method of clearing the ground for the author's conclusion. The summing up of the first address is: "I conclude therefore 1. Freemasonry was not founded by Jacques de Molay while a prisoner in Paris; 2. It was not a revival or a continuation of the suppressed Order of Knights Templar, and has no relation to it in any way; 3. It did not originate from the building of the Strasburg Cathedral."

In the second lecture the prevalent idea of its being a modernized order of Rosicrucians is emphatically dismissed. The notion that Masonry did come from this Order of the Rosy Cross is said to have been derived for the Century dictionary. Swinnerton is glad to report he finds no foundation for this, as he feels a fine scorn for the Rosicrucians.

He investigates the probability of the Masons being a descent from the Eleusinians, and while he acknowledges he would be glad to trace the relation, he does not find it positively. As he puts it on page 40 it would not, however, be historically safe to deny it. Some of the best pages of the book are about the city of Eleusis and the Eleusinian mysteries.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that Masonry had its origin "in the necessities of the human race," and the obelisks of Egypt are supposed to give evidence of very ancient origin of the brotherhood that bequeathed its principles to modern Freemasonry; from centuries before the time of Solomon.

(Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco. 75 cents.)

### Lumber Industry on This Continent

The editor of the American Lumberman, James Elliott DeFebaugh, has written an elaborate four-volume "History of the Lumber Industry in America," of which the first volume is now out from the publishers. It is a much needed addition to our industrial history and it can be depended upon that it speaks with authority—as the American Lumberman is the leading publication of its kind. Nearly half of the first volume is taken up with Canada. The portion concerning the United States covers such subjects as forest resources, public land policy, forestry and forestry reserves, tariff legislation, lumber production and foreign trade.

The portion of the present volume which will probably prove of most consultative value as coming from an expert in that line of business is the one that takes up the subject of our forest resources. That is, of course, one of the big economic questions of the day; to what extent are we being recklessly spendthrift in the cutting away of our great forests.

The author gives his reasons for a tentative estimate of the standing timber in the United States somewhat higher than is given by other authorities; but while he is not dogmatic in his statements he makes out a case which leads to the belief that the forest resources of the present are not being conserved as they should be.

Through the experience of European countries the author enters into costly experiments in forest planting. In four volumes, bound in half leather, cloth sides, gold stampings, gilt top, 500 pages. American Lumberman, Chicago, publisher; \$3.50 a volume.)

### "Who's Who" Appears With More Names

The new edition, namely, the fourth of "Who's Who in America," is out, and although no more than 1000 names are added, it contains 366 more names. Since the inception of this work in 1899-1900 the number of names have increased from 862 to 12,212. In the preparation of such a book the work of selection is equalled in difficulty by the task of elimination. These thousands are selected out of the eighty millions, not because they are the best, but because they are the best known. If anybody notices some one who is left out whom he thinks ought to be in, or any name in that he thinks ought to be left out, then the editor requests for the real or apparent error the same leniency which was asked by the Nevada saloon-keeper, who put up the sign: "Patrons are requested not to shove at the piano player; he's doing his best."

The work is certainly a wonderful piece of condensation as a "biographical dictionary of notable living men and women of the United States." It was established in 1899 by Albert Nelson Marquis, and is now edited by John W. Leonard. While it is especially a brief biography of the living, the present volume holds those recently deceased in their right alphabetical place, with a short reference to the former volumes of "Who's Who." This is a valuable addition. To give the address of all those living was a difficult feat. The chief feature wherein the present volume excels its predecessors is in the more complete balance between the various classes of the notables. The commercial, financial and industrial people are better represented.

The one, and only, excuse put up for items of inaccuracy or incompleteness is that many males and females (but especially the latter) are reticent about the date of their birth. The blame for this is definitely fixed upon the famous Dr. Osler of the awful Oslerian scare. Who would have believed the terrorism of the reign of Oslerism would extend even unto those who are ranked as who's who in Amer-

### Brief Essays That Deal With Prayer

A little book of 175 pages, called "The True Doctrine of Prayer," is written in the form of brief consecutively connected essays about that act of entreaty to the Supreme in which the author firmly believes, not only as to its subjective but also its objective effect. It is by Lester Chamberlain, the president of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States. In the foreword by Dr. Huntington of Grace Church, New York, it is said: "Gladness and relief, not in proportion to the rate in which we lose faith in prayer. It is impossible to serve happily a God with whom we are not on speaking terms."

The exposition of the power of prayer and the finding of its true doctrine is based on a study of the "Lord's prayer," which Christ taught his disciples. This is taken as the norm, and no prayer is deemed a true prayer which does not conform to its ideal. So it is argued that all true prayer is answered; for it is to be remembered that in that prayer we ask before all else that God's name be hallowed and that his will be done.

Speaking of the prayer for forgiveness, the author says: "Forgiveness is so profoundly ethical that it cannot be consummated save as the ethical conditions are actually supplied. No one can really forgive his debtors unless those debtors repent."

He quotes with approval the rabbinical saying "In prayer a man should always unite himself with the community." This he has no strenuous approval; civic righteousness should surely approve of that. It gets its Christian sanction from Jesus, having taught us to say "Our Father," not "My Father," when we pray.

In illustrating one of his points about the right spirit of praying he tells a story of a Scotch lad who was set to tend the sheep while the rest of the family went to church. He wanted to pray even as they in the house of worship, but he had no book to read; he had to do it by heart, and he just prayed the alphabet, and asked God to arrange the letters into the right words.

Talking about that well-worn objection to prayer, namely, that the universe is governed by fixed and unchangeable law, he contends that "there is no decree older than the decree of prayer."

He finds some excuse for the feelings of some men which hold them back from prayer; but he has no tolerance for "apathy to which the soul consents." And no soul, he says, can truly pray unless he loves God. He claims that as touching prayer no man lives to himself alone. "No man has a right to disqualify himself for the resultant loss to his own soul. He is also answerable for holy interests beyond his merely personal realm."

He teaches the doctrine of ceaseless prayer, namely, that prayer is a state, as character is a state. He well explains that prayer is something more than simple asking, or a mere appeal to power.

Finally, I will quote you Henry Fuller's unique, one-suit prayer: "Lord, grant me one suit, which is this: Deny me all suits which are bad for me."  
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(Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco. 75 cents.)

### Basketry, Modeling and Paper Weaving

Quite a list of collaborators contributed to make a good thing of the little book on "Basketry, Clay and Paper Weaving," which is published by Whitaker & Ray of this city. The authors are Arthur Henry Chamberlain, A.M., Ella V. Dobie, Jane Langley and Harry D. Gaylor. It is on 16 page paper and the illustrations, showing how the work is passed through the various processes and giving samples showing the beauty of the finished product, are very clear. In the foreword to the teacher, it is explained: "This work herein presented is based upon the experience of a considerable number of years, a distinct effort was begun in the summer school of Throop Polytechnic Institute in 1900—an effort looking toward a partial solution of the problems of the forms of handicraft desirable for the elementary school to be administered by the regular teacher." "In every instance the work has been actually performed by the children."  
(Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco. 50 cents.)

### Gossip of Authors and Their Books

The many friends and admirers of our famous short story teller, Jack London, may get a good laugh by reading the following bit of news from the East, showing how this athletic writer and adventurer literally, if not literally, "got it in the neck" from the down

East Yankees. The story of the amusing circumstance was published in the Boston Transcript:  
"There are censors of literature, it comes, even in Connecticut. Word comes by telegraph from Derby Neck that the works of Jack London are to be withdrawn from circulation and that the ban is advised to all lovers of magazines that print his articles and stories. As Jack London publicly announces he is an anarchist," say the authorities, "the Derby Neck Library has ordered his works withdrawn from circulation and the censors of the country to cease buying his books or magazines that publish his stories." Poor Jack London!"

Louis Alexander Robertson, the San Francisco author, who wrote the poem "By the Western Shore," "Dead Calypso" and the poem called "Weary," is now having his works prepared for publication by A. M. Robertson of this city. One of his ardent admirers, the successful mining prospector and amateur poet Clarence Eddy, who is editor of the Thunder Mountain News, Roosevelt, Idaho, pays this tribute to our local poet:  
TO LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.  
Master of mighty thoughts,  
So fair would give of one's sweetest,  
The wreath that oft too late  
Doth crown the brow;  
So all of love and praise  
That I can give,  
Oh, singer of immortal lays,  
Accept while yet you live.

Nearly every one has the blues once in a while, and some people have it—or them—nearly always. It therefore becomes of curious interest to know what is a good, high-sounding scientific name for this common affliction. It will seem more dignified to many to know that when they feel blue there is something really in the matter with them more than imagination. Let such remember that the name of the ailment is "splanchnic neurasthenia," and notwithstanding the fact that it seems usually to be caused by untoward outward events, such as the failure of a business venture, the unkindness of one's sweetest, the unkindness of one's sweetest, the heart, or the dismaying of an unshiny day, the true origin of the ill is internal and an affair of matter, not of mind, the new thought people to the contrary, notwithstanding. The reason of this splanchnic neurasthenia is the congestion of the intra-abdominal veins due principally to lack of tonicity of the abdominal muscles."

For the explanation and treatment of this disease the California Medical Journal for February mentions very favorably a book by a San Francisco physician, Dr. Albert Abrams, who entitles his book "The Blues." The first edition has been out for some time, but now that the second edition has been reissued it is well to call attention to it, since it has the sanction of the organ of the California Medical College. The blues are awfully bad things to have, and if we can help fight them off by uniting against them the forces of the mind, thought advocates and the regular medical profession, it will be a good work, for the blues are among that class of serious things to which the playful answer to the riddle of the universe—to monism, idealism, materialism or the row between the spirit of Christian Science and the substance of the Materia Medica—to wit, if its mind it's no matter, and if it's matter never mind" cannot successfully be given to drive dull care away. Godspeed to the book if it will send away the blues from our hearts, no matter where they reside the originating cause thereof, be it in head or stomach or in cruel outward circumstance. The California Medical Journal says of the work:  
The object of this book, according to the author, is to trace the causes of the new and heretofore undescribed variety of nerve exhaustion, which he has designated splanchnic neurasthenia, and to show the intra-abdominal veins, due principally to lack of tonicity of the abdominal muscles, is in fact the cause of the trouble. The results are manifested by periods of nerve depression, commonly known as "the blues." The author's reasoning is sound and logical. It is seldom, however, that such a practical treatise on a medical subject is presented in such an eminently readable form.

The resignation of George Burman Foster from the professorship of the philosophy of religion in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago is to be demanded on account of his denial of miracles and his declaration that the evidence in favor of the insufficient. Rev. John Roach Straton, pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Chicago, said yesterday:  
Henry Harland.  
(Died December 21, 1905.)  
BY CHARLOTTE BECKER.  
One who was here in love with life's dead—  
A Pierrot of the pen, whose happy wit  
Gathered its store of fancy exquisite  
In his old gardens, where the sunbeams  
spread.  
Down terraced ways the crowsy lizards tread;  
Through trellised vines, by scarlet flowers  
sprung;  
Or drank from fountains, myrtle garlanded,  
Sparkling with youth, his tales gay, whimsical,  
Enchanted, wise set memory astray.  
Uttered the words of a madman's dance,  
And led—although the leaves of autumn  
fall—  
Through paths of rosemary and lavender,  
That to that far-off country of Romance