dee-liberately, an' strictly between our two selves. So in the end I growed up to it."

"I see," said the young school-teacher. "You mean that when he thought you were developing a cancer on your character, he whetted a secret knife and tried to cut it out."

"Yas!" Uncle Buck replied, "just that way, without chloroform. Some people hated him like pizen. But I think he did me as much good as all my schoolin'."

"Beyond a doubt," returned the school-teacher. "And I wouldn't forget my experience of today for a term in a college." He looked at his hands, and laughed heartily. "It's really worth the price, Uncle Buck! But I see now why this neighborhood is somewhat afraid of you. I've been told that you were an old pirate."

"So I am," said the frontiersman, benignantly. "And I've tried ter make many a cock-sure young feller walk the plank, too."

"Then you fish him out," answered the young man. "You are an educational crank of a reformer. Tomorrow I want a chip from that oak I gnawed at, and you might make me a present of that axe I misused."

"Ye spoilt it anyhow," said the old man gently and sweetly. "Cuttin' aige worn out. But never mind. It's done ye good."

A few weeks later, as they worked in her garden, Auntie Wright said to the teacher: "Buck jest swears by you. Says ye can't be fooled; says the hull neighborhood notices how ye've taken hold here; says ye don't need no more of his doctrine."

The school-teacher went on trimming roses, and smiled back at the kindly old woman. He was very well aware that Uncle Buck's little dose of reform medicine was good for the system.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

NEWTON D. BAKER.

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Tom Johnson's Heir.

"Libertas est potestas faciendi id quod jure licet!" spouted the Honorable Theodore Burton when he was running for Mayor of Cleveland a time ago, the occasion being a campaign speech in the mill district. And on the election day shortly thereafter the Ohioans to whom the Honorable Theodore was appealing for their votes went to the polls and put the boots of their free and untrammeled and non-classical suffrages to Mr. Burton in a sad—not to say irreverent—manner; holding, as was said, that they didn't care for such a scholarly guy for mayor of the town.

"Lex citius tolerare vult privatum damnum quam publicum malum!" declaimed the Honorable Newton D. Baker when he was running for Mayor of Cleveland just recently. And on the election day shortly thereafter the same citizens who had rebuked Mr. Burton for his Latinity upheld Mr. Baker for his, and gave him about eighteen thousand majority; holding, as was said, that it might be a pretty good thing to have one of them "lit'ry" gents as mayor after all.

There may be a Cleveland, Ohio, moral to this, but I don't know what it is, unless I might suggest weakly that erudition may erudiate for one and eradicate for another, which is about what happened. Of course the Honorable Theodore Burton, now a Senator, is a most learned person. Though it is not true, as has been held, that he is the author of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, he certainly looks the part—and did so especially after they trampled on him in that election when he tried to be classical with the boys in the mills.

Now, on the other hand, the Honorable Newton Diehl Baker is some scholarly also. With a full knowledge of Mayor Gaynor's predilections for Epictetus, I make bold to say this new Mayor of Cleveland knows more about literature than any other mayor now in captivity. He is as literary as a five-foot shelf of books. Back him into a corner at any time and ask him sternly, "What book has had the greatest influence on your life?" and he will reply unhesitatingly: "Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe." And, nevertheless, they elected him mayor by eighteen thousand! I suppose if it had been Locke on the Human Understanding he would have been elected by thirty thousand!

The Wisdom of Newton D.

Little Newton read Doctor Draper's airy nothings on the aforesaid topic at the age of sixteen—when he might have been fishing or swimming or playing ball. Nor is that all. Draper was simply pie to him at that age, for he was the reading kid of Martinsburg, West Virginia. At the age of twenty, as we are informed, he had plowed through about all the English literature there was available at that time. That was twenty years ago, of course, before some of us had done much writing; but he took cognizance of what there was.

Selecting Milton as a convenient base, he paraded right straight back to Chaucer; and then, returning to Milton, he leaped forward avidly to George R. Sims. He knows all about John Heywood, and Thomas Tusser, and John Lyly, and all those old boys—and he can play ring-around-a-rosy with Shakespeare in all editions. His familiarity with such English literature and such other literature—including what this country has to offer—is alarming but not contagious.

Scholarly? Why, say, when he was at that

Dayton convention a year or so ago, where they tried to make the convention indorse somebody for Senator the Tom Johnson folks didn't want indorsed, he sat silently in his seat reading Browning, undisturbed by the turmoil about him. Then, when it came his turn, he placed a mark carefully in the book, laid the book on his chair, and went up on the stage and produced a speech that made the anti-Johnson folks weep bitter tears because they had nobody to get back at him! Then he returned to his seat and his book, and resumed his study of the immortal if somewhat obscure lines he was reading.

He is the scholar in politics; and, as you might say, there is some politics in the scholar. Martinsburg tradition has it that at the early but intellectual age of ten he played hooky from school, for the first and only time in his life, to go and hear a noted lawyer of those parts sum up a case in court. He was so impressed with this lawyer's declamation of Portia's speech in the Merchant of Venice—you know: "The quality of mercy is not strained"—that country lawyers always pull when they have a bad case, he straightway resolved on two things: first, to be a lawyer; and, second, to be a literary lawyer and have a good stock of goods to show to juries.

He was admitted to the bar, and went back to Martinsburg and formed a partnership with the man who made the eloquent speech. So far as Baker was concerned there wasn't much practice for him. He had a few small cases, and devoted his time to re-reading books he had read between the ages of ten and sixteen, including the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire and other similar brochures. William L. Wilson, who gave his name to a tariff bill, was a West Virginian and knew Baker's father. He wrote to young Baker to come to Washington to see him shortly after President Cleveland had made Wilson Postmaster-General.

Baker thought Mr. Wilson wanted to give him some Government reports and similar works to help him make a showing of books in his office, and he took two suitcases to bring back the books. Much to his astonishment Wilson asked him to be his secretary—and he accepted the place.

Wilson knew Tom Johnson; and one time when Baker was going out to Cleveland he gave Baker a letter of introduction. Baker presented the letter, which Johnson read and threw away, Baker attaining nothing but a "How are you?"

After Wilson retired Baker went back to Martinsburg and practiced for a time, but he had his mind set on Cleveland; and presently he went out there and opened a law office. It wasn't long before Baker and Tom Johnson were good friends, for Baker was a smart young fellow, and Johnson had the faculty of attracting smart young fellows to himself. Baker remembered the letter of introduction, but Johnson didn't; and Baker never reminded him of it.

Johnson went booming along in Ohio politics and Baker came to be one of his official family. Likely as not, Baker was as close to Johnson as anyone. Anyhow Johnson had made him city solicitor, and he was a good one.

The Three-Cent Campaigns.

After Johnson was beaten in his last attempt to be mayor, and was sick and about ready to die, he told a few of his friends Baker would be the man to nominate for mayor, as a sort of heir to his policies. Johnson and Baker never talked about this, but Baker was nominated. Johnson had been the protagonist of three-cent street-car fares, and Baker followed with three-cent electric light as the chief issue in his campaign. Inasmuch as the electric light company was getting six or seven cents a watt or kilowatt—or tarrididdle, or whatever it is—the attitude of that public utilities corporation toward Mr. Baker can easily be pictured in the mind's eye. Baker won. He will be mayor after January first.

Occasionally a boy mayor has flashed across a municipal horizon and then winked out. However boyish any of these mayors have been, none of them looked so boyish as Baker. He is forty years old, but looks anywhere between eighteen and twenty-four, depending on how he has his hair combed. Instead of referring to him as a boy mayor, some rude person, unacquainted with his maturity, may take a look at him and call him the child mayor. When he was running a man came in to see him.

"I want to see Baker," said the man.

"I am Baker."

"Well, my boy, your father is running for mayor, and I want to do something for him."

And episodes like this were of daily occurrence. The only way Baker can arrive at an appearance of the venerable wisdom required in the office of the Mayor of Cleveland is to grow a long gray beard.

Baker holds to a good many of the political and economic convictions of Tom Johnson. He is a singletaxer, for example, but not so rabid about it as Johnson was. He is for public ownership of public utilities and has made a start with a municipal lighting plant, which was a part of his campaign. He is a good lawyer, and as an orator he has them all looking in the dictionary to see what his words mean. He is what is called a polished orator, but he gets away with it—as witness the Latin he handed to the rolling-mill men, where Mr. Burton lost in a similar adventure. He can talk for four hours or fourteen and never make a slip in diction or boggle a quotation or an allusion; and he is familiarly known as Newton Spiel Baker instead of Newton Diehl Baker. He doesn't care for money and is indifferent to fame

and averse to publicity. Hence probably he will not like this piece when it is "called to his attention"—which will undoubtedly help some.

BOOKS

"MY STORY."

My Story. By Tom L. Johnson, edited by Elizabeth J. Hauser. New York, B. W. Huebsch. Price, $2.00 net; postage, 20 cts. (Second review.)

Most books that deal with sociological problems and with all kinds of reforms are likely to be uninteresting. Pity it is that it is true, but true it is. A book to be interesting must not only have in it the stuff of fact and thought, but it must have the element of art, which most books on sociology sadly lack. This saving quality of art does not at all mean that the author must consciously and purposely set about being artistic; as a matter of fact he is generally thinking little or nothing about his art, but the art must be there, not only to make the book live, but to make it alive and readable and effective. The art of "Progress and Poverty" is almost as wonderful as its great argument. Henry George probably thought little about rhetoric or grammar, and he occasionally makes a slip from technical rules, even as many of the greatest writers have done, but he was nevertheless an artist with his pen. Hence his books will live, having both the stuff and the style. General Grant, in his Memoirs, told his story simply and straightforwardly, not thinking of style, and yet he hit the high mark, and produced a book which Matthew Arnold, a critic of literature, called America's greatest prose work. It is not easy to say how the thing happens. One striking fact is that it often happens with men of action who have never professed to be bookmen or writers.

I picked up Johnson's "My Story" with the frank expectation of not finding the book very entertaining. I knew it would have some interesting facts and valuable lessons, but I did not expect a book that would entertain, and carry one on, as the saying is, like a novel. Yet this is what it does; it carries one on like an interesting story, which it is. It is more than a sociological story, or an economic story, or a reminiscent story, it is a human story. It is a book which will find more and more readers, not only because of its unique value in giving us a first-hand picture of certain phases of public life peculiar to our time, but because of the fine human element which its writer lets shine through from his noble personality. Anyone who knew Tom Johnson, who had ever looked into his mild and magnificent eyes, ought to have known that it would be so.

From this autobiography the reader will become acquainted with one of the most remarkable men of our day, remarkable for what he did and for what he was, a man intensely practical and as intensely enthusiastic in his faith in what we call the ideals of righteousness and justice, a man of belief and healthy-mindedness. No one has better illustrated Carlyle's saying that "belief is the healthy condition of a man's mind." So healthy-minded was Tom Johnson that nothing could sour his thoughts or embitter his spirit. "How he contrived," says Miss Hauser, "to keep his spirit strong and glad is something one may not hope to comprehend." Was it not his strong faith that solved the riddle? Most of us talk about the power of righteousness and truth, he believed in it. He actually and vividly believed that however great the setbacks, the truth would always win, was always winning, even in its defeats. "If a movement," he says, "is really based upon a principle of right, upon a fundamental truth, nothing injures it. Its progress may be checked but it cannot be permanently stayed. Its enemies aid it in the long run." Read his closing words in this book and his words of good-will and good-cheer throughout all his busy years, and it will be seen that it was this healthy condition of belief which made him free. It was this faith which gradually wrought in his face, and especially in his wonderful eyes, the beautiful look of sweetness and clear brightness, mingled with inevitable sadness, such as is seen in several of Botticelli's madonnas.

I could not keep from thinking, as I read this book, what an education there is in it. Is there any college course which could teach life like this book? What could a young man better do to fit him for life than to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest a book like this, telling in its own simple way the lessons of perseverance, of patience, of the quest of truth, of loyalty to truth, of hopefulness, and greatest of all, the lessons of charity? And not only would the young man find these lessons for character, but he would find here just those practical facts of life in business and politics and in economics which he will have to deal with and ought to know. And he will find here that highest lesson, that in dealing with his fellows the charity which St. Paul preached and Tom Johnson believed in is the supremely practical and only successful course for his life, because it means good-will and the love of justice to all which must inevitably follow. I should not know how to do a better thing for any youth than to put this story into his hands and induce him to read it carefully and thoughtfully. It would go a long way in helping to make a man of him, for it was of the spirit of this man to make men. "The greatest thing our Cleveland movement did," he says, "was to make men."

The book abounds in passages for quotation, but they must be left for the reader's own marking. The closing page of Chapter VII may be com-