THE EDUCATION OF THE MODERN BOY

With an Introduction by DAVID M. LITTLE, formerly Assistant Dean of Harvard College.

Contains Chapters by the Headmasters of six leading Preparatory Schools

HOME INFLUENCE
By ALFRED E. STEARNS of Phillips-Andover Academy

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE
By SAMUEL S. DRURY, of St. Paul's School

ACADEMIC INFLUENCE
By ENDICOTT PEABODY of Groton School

ATHLETIC INFLUENCE
By R. HEBER HOWE, JR., of Belmont Hill School

MEETING THE COLLEGE ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS
By W. L. W. FIELD of Milton Academy

THE FUTURE TREND OF THE PRIVATE SCHOOL
By WILLIAM G. THAYER of St. Mark's School

$3.00 Net *By mail, $3.15*

SMALL MAYNARD AND COMPANY - BOSTON

"The Private Library for the Discriminating Few"

READ WITHOUT BUYING

Rare, Scarce, Out-of-Print Books; Limited, Privately Printed, and Subscription Editions; Reprints and Translations of Famous Classics; and Contemporary, Esoteric Items.

Members in thirty States have access to an interesting collection of unique books, largely selected by themselves, which is growing rapidly. We invite the interest of readers of discriminating tastes, who wish to avoid the heavy investment necessitated by personal ownership of such a library.

When writing for information and lists of books, kindly state occupation or profession.

Esoterika Biblion Society, Inc.
45 West 45th Street, New York City

150 years after

The man of whom Balzac wrote, "His figure rises as colossal as those of St. John, Pythagoras and Moses,"

Emanuel Swedenborg

has been honored by men of all generations since his time. Among them

Carlyle **Ralph Waldo Emerson**
Whittier **Phillips Brooks**
Bishop Vincent **Edward Everett Hale**

HENRY JAMES wrote: "Emanuel Swedenborg had the sanest and most far reaching intellect this age has known."

JULIAN HAWTHORNE said: "The whole secret of human nature is in his books."

Have you read any of Swedenborg's Works?

Write today for special offer of his books. Your name and address on a postal will be sufficient.

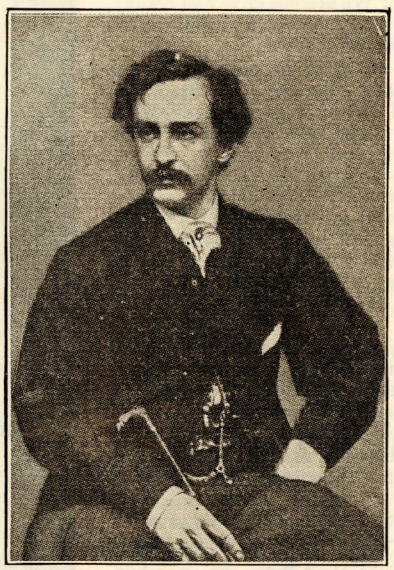
AMERICAN SWEDENBORG PRINTING AND PUBLISHING SOCIETY
Room 300, 16 East 41st St., New York City

BOOKS

SEMI-FICTION

*Living Dead Man**

One December evening through which the 19th Century was creeping at last to its grave, a silver-haired gentleman of broken but distinguished appearance made his way from the Grand Avenue Hotel of Enid, Okla., to the corner drug-store. He purchased lilac perfume and headache powders, enough to keep his head steady on "a long trip." Next day the hotel porter



ASSASSIN BOOTH
. . . pursued by an empty noose

thought he heard a groan through the locked door of the old gentleman's chamber. The door was burst in time for a doctor and two others to hear a stertorous voice say: "I am—am—John Wilkes—Booth. I killed—killed—Abraham—Lincoln—the—best—best—"

After a paroxysm the dying man went on: "Two—two others know It—Mrs.—Harper — Bates—they—know—" And there was, they say, one last whisper: "Mother." Bottled lilacs scented the room.

Mrs. Harper, a minister's wife, was brought. "Poor Mr. George," she said. Yes, he had told her he was Booth, one night when he was at death's door in El Reno, Okla. He had wished lilacs near his coffin. He had mentioned a Texan named Bates. Yes, the addressee of the letter they had found in George's pockets was that Texan, Finis L. Bates.

When Finis Bates arrived he took incognito to save his friend's body from mob violence. For it was the body of his friend, John St. Helen, beyond peradventure—a hooplike scar over the eye, a neck cicatrice, an old leg fracture, a crooked thumb. And years before, near death in Texas, St. Helen had given Bates proof that only a friend, a lawyer never, could refuse to accept, proof that he was Lincoln's assassin.

After he left Enid, Bates spent $50,000 collecting evidence and affidavits to substantiate this proof. He published *The Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth*, This is that book enlarged; romanticized by the keen, sympathetic author of *The Soul of Ann Rutledge* and *The Soul of Abe Lincoln*.

The story is briefly this: Frustrated by Lee's surrender in a design to kidnap President Lincoln and hold him hostage to end the war, quixotic Booth saw removal of "the cause of the war" as his ultimate duty. He entered the President's box in Ford's Theatre, Good Friday night, 1865, fired coolly, leapt to the stage (fracturing his leg), spurred out of Washington on a dark, wet road. Smuggled in straw on a Negro's wagon piled with household goods, he lost from his pockets some letters, a photograph. The confederate, "Jimmie," who went back for these, had not returned when Booth, hiding at the Garrett home across the Rappahannock, stole off alone, unseen, though a wood where later his field-glasses were picked up. When Lieutenant Colonel Conger and Lieutenant Baker surrounded and fired the Garrett barn that night, it was "Jimmie," not Booth, whose head was shot half off by a disobedient sergeant and upon whose person were found Booth's papers. The identification and disposal of this body were clouded with uncertainty, ambiguity. Prize money on Booth by then totaled $200,000. If the officers, neither of whom had ever seen Booth, had admitted a mistake they would have been disgraced and out of pocket. One of their soldiers swore, in 1922, that he and another had seen a mistake at once. They knew Booth well; were ordered silent.

Mrs. Babcock reconstructs Booth's thoughts, dreams, visions and world-wide wanderings with deep power and clever deduction. He hunts buffalo, drives mules, sees his mother in San Francisco, plays Richard III in Hong Kong, listens to a Yoghi in Singapore, tries to write his life in the Pelew Islands, confesses in Mexico, hides in Cuba, runs a saloon in Texas. He feels a corpse twinned to his living body, flees an empty noose over nightmarish seas and mountains. He has recurrent sight of a gaunt, forgiving spectre whom he comes to love. He hears a Voice, repeating words of his own, his mother's, Bessie Hale's, Lincoln's. "With malice toward none," the Voice says; "with charity for all."

The author of this semi-fictional romance, Mrs. Bernie Smade Babcock, aged 57, able journalist, lives in Little Rock, Ark., a city "posthumously" visited by Booth.

. . .

There lives today (last week he called at the White House) a man

*BOOTH AND THE SPIRIT OF LINCOLN—Bernie Babcock—*Lippincott* ($2).

to whom passages in this book will read strangely indeed.

The story tells of Bessie Hale, whom Booth, brilliant actor and darling of the gods, loved insanely, and who in turn loved Booth, under spring lilacs, "forever and forever." Bessie Hale married years later, but after Booth's departure she lived "a dead woman's life."

There was a ball one night in Washington whither Booth came late. Bessie Hale had dressed especially for him. She was watching, wondering. Meantime she waltzed to dreamy strains with a nice-looking young officer who was also, as many knew, an abject slave to her divinity. This was a tall lad, handsome, courtly. He had begged her hand time and again, receiving her refusals with cheery fortitude. Her parents preferred him to "the player." He used to send her stunning bouquets from the White House conservatory. He was President Lincoln's oldest son, Robert.

This particular evening, matrons saw Booth halt abruptly when he entered the ballroom. He blenched, bit his lips, stood taut.

"This," said one who marked how Booth's blazing eyes fastened upon the broad blue shoulder of Captain Bob Lincoln and the delicious confiding form of Bessie Hale, "this is the fire of passion whipped high."

The book records no conversations between Booth and Captain Bob Lincoln. We are only told that, as the couple waltzed near him, Booth spun on his heel in fury and strode away. Pausing before his friend and confidante, Mrs. Temple, he blazed: "*I am done!* Tell her so; tell her to take her blue-coated son of a nigger-loving President!"

"But John—John—"

"Let me go or I will *kill* him!"

It is not suggested that Bob Lincoln's attentions to Bessie Hale heaped fuel upon Booth's feeling against Lincoln Sr. Rather the reverse: that the son of Lincoln was the rival Booth could least brook. Such a suggestion might not be far-fetched in view of Booth's capacity for insensate passion, but it would be cruel now, and futile, to dig sorrow afresh from its burial under the years.

After Booth was "dead," Bessie Hale did not take Bob Lincoln. He himself took some one else, long before Bessie married. He chose Mary, daughter of Senator Harlan of Iowa. They were married in 1868. And as the years went on, the inadequacy of a remark attributed to a guest at the ball described, became increasingly apparent. The guest had referred to Bob Lincoln as "a young man who will be known as the son of a president, if posterity remembers him at all."

Robert Todd Lincoln was born in Springfield, Ill., in 1843, in the little white house with green blinds where his ex-Congressman father had settled down to practice law. He was named for his Kentucky-banker grandfather, Robert Todd. He took after his impetuous, affectionate fault-finding mother. He attended the Illinois Industrial School at Urbana (later the University of Illinois) and was sent east to Phillips Exeter Academy. He entered Harvard Law School but left to become a captain on General Grant's staff. He was present at the fall of Petersburg and at Appomattox, whence he returned the day before his father's assassination. He was in the Ford Theatre box that night.

Two years later he was admitted to the Illinois bar, returning to Washington in 1881 at the request of President Garfield who asked him to be Secretary of War. Waiting one day at a railway station, he witnessed a second presidential assassination as Garfield left the train. President Arthur retained him alone of Garfield's secretaries.

After four years, he returned to Illinois and became special counsel to the Pullman Co. In 1889 another request, this time from President Harrison, took him to London as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Returning again to his native state, he refused to run for the U. S. Senate. George A. Pullman died and Mr. Lincoln became executor of his estate, enjoying a $400,000 fee and the presidency of the sleeping car company. He visited the Buffalo Exposition and witnessed a third presidential assassination, McKinley shot by Anarchist Czolgosz.

In 1911 he retired to the Pullman board chairmanship and has since avoided the public eye. From his summer home at Manchester, Vt., or his big brick mansion in Washington, he issues into the limelight only on very pressing occasions, such as the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial by President Harding on May 30, 1922, or the hanging of his mother's portrait in the White House a fortnight ago, (TIME, Mar. 1, THE PRESIDENCY).

FICTION

Bags of Beauty

SPANISH BAYONET—Stephen Vincent Benét—*Doran* ($2). It is characteristic of Author Benét that the pre-Revolutionary Floridian of his tale is an indigo-planter and breeder of cochineal bugs, not a farmer of yams or tobacco; that his name is Gentian, not Brown or Black; that he is not so much a retired army surgeon with impeccable manners and exquisite vintages, as a mage of the sinister arts, whose oval study is done in blue-and-gold leather with a star-powdered dome and a secret moon-window. It is characteristic that Dr. Gentian's wife is a burned-out Greek beauty and that their daughter Sparta has a dazzling net of golden hair, grey eyes changing as a winter cloud, and a voice like "skeins of rock-crystal flecked through and through with tiny flakes of softest gold."

For Mr. Benét is a poet, hotly amorous of all words, ideas and



"Guard your teeth with firm gums"

Use this powder that is free from glycerine

DENTISTS who have made a special study of pyorrhea know that soft gums invite pyorrheal infection. Clinical tests and experience indicate that glycerine, which is used in all tooth pastes, has a softening effect upon the gums.

Pyorrhocide Powder is absolutely free from glycerine. It is prepared in powder form only, so as to avoid the use of glycerine. If *your* gums feel soft or spongy, begin using Pyorrhocide Powder. Note how much firmer they become after a few weeks.

Pyorrhocide Powder is the *only* dentifrice that has met all the requirements in clinics devoted exclusively to pyorrhea prevention and treatment. It corrects soft, tender, bleeding gums. It keeps the teeth glistening white. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At druggists.

Write for free sample and booklet on causes and prevention of pyorrhea. The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Co. Inc, Dept. T3, 1480 Broadway, New York City. (Sole Distributors).



IN POWDER FORM—
FREE FROM GLYCERINE

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER
keeps the gums healthy

TOURS TO EUROPE

Escorted Tours

Frequent departures on one cabin steamers. 37-66 days. $540-$915. First departure sailing to Naples, May 19—$825.

Independent Tours

Tours to meet your individual requirements. Booklet of carefully planned itineraries on request.

Student Tours

Attractive itineraries 34-63 days. $370-$615.

Also tours to Bermuda, West Indies. Steamship tickets on all lines.

DEAN & DAWSON, LTD.
500 Fifth Avenue, New York
At 42nd Street *Phone Pennsylvania 4179*