

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL REVELATIONS AND ENGRASSING ROMANCE IN THE NEW BOOKS

MILITANTS READY TO RENEW FIGHT AFTER THE WAR

Mrs. Pankhurst, in Autobiography, Just Published, Tells History of Militancy and Writes of Future.

"When the clash of arms ceases, when normal, peaceful, rational society resumes its functions the demand for the vote will again be made. If it is not quickly granted, then once more the women will take up the arms they today generously lay down."

With this startling announcement Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst closes the introduction to her book, "Mrs. Pankhurst's Own Story" (Hearth's International Library Co., New York), a book that is not, as its title might indicate, merely an autobiography, but is rather a history of that phase of the woman suffrage agitation in Great Britain known as "militancy."

For "militancy," so-called, has been the means whereby the woman suffrage movement has come into its own. No student of the development of the campaign for woman's rights, which has lasted well-nigh a century, not only in this country but in Great Britain, cannot but admit now that until Mrs. Pankhurst began some three years ago her aggressive campaign of hunger striking, window smashing, letter burning, bomb throwing, and so on, suffrage had not become a pressing political issue.

Militancy is Mrs. Pankhurst's own creation. She conceived it, executed it, was the leader, the forefront not only in planning, but in doing and suffering. She is in every sense of the word a real leader. No one of her followers has been led to run risks that Mrs. Pankhurst herself has not run. She has been jailed. She has hunger-struck. She has defied the authorities steadily and consistently for years. She has faced death not once, but many times.

"I had to go through years of public work," she says, "before I acquired the experience and the wisdom to know how to bring concessions from the English Government. I had to hold public offices, I had to go behind the scenes of the Government schools, in the workhouses and other charitable institutions; I had to get a hands-on view of the misery and unhappiness of a workhouse before I reached the point when I could successfully revolt against it."

And again, speaking of her years of work as a poor-law guardian, or inspector of poor houses and similar institutions, she says:

"I found women in that workhouse, scrubbing floors, doing the heaviest kind of work, almost until their babies came into the world. Many of them were mere girls. These poor mothers were allowed to stay in the hospital for a short time, but they could stay only a few days, earning their living by scrubbing and other work in which cases they were separated from their babies, or they could leave, leaving a 2-year-old baby in their arms, without hopes, without home, without money, without any where to go. What became of those girls and what became of their hapless infants?"

To Mrs. Pankhurst the answer to this lies, as she says, in the answer to many other questions in the creation of a more humane system of dealing with women children, the home and laws applying thereto, originated and developed by women who have the vote to carry out their plans.

There is a relentlessness about life, a rigidity about customs, a heartlessness about things as they are, that is crushing to the idealist. It does not lie within the scope of the human mind to comprehend war. It is an offense to all our ordered ways. Even those who cannot justify militancy cannot lay down their arms without retaining Mrs. Pankhurst's militancy is right under the circumstances and conditions she describes. To point out flaws in this volume is, perhaps, supererogatory, until its many excellencies. Despite its title of autobiography, it is a masterpiece of self-expression, and its style of writing, it is perhaps too much to expect from an actor in great events, turned narrator of those events, a sense of dramatic values. But withal one frequently feels that here and there some alien and gifted hand might well have been employed to picture the scenes with a dramatic, well, even romantic, sense of literary values.



One of the many thrills in "The Ward of Tecumseh," by Crittenden Marriott—Lippincott.

Literary Discoveries of S. S. McClure

Were Robert Louis Stevenson to come back to life he could command almost any price for his work. Yet, when offered \$500 by S. S. McClure for "St. Ives" he blushed and said no novel of his could possibly be worth more than \$500.

Imagine Chambers or McClure saying that! But Stevenson was, above all things, modest. And he didn't hire a business agent, as do our literary plutocrats nowadays. If he had, he would not have absent-mindedly sold the novel to McClure while under contract with another publisher for all his output. The oversight not only made trouble for the author, but it caused equal discomfort to the equally innocent publisher.

In "My Autobiography," just published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, McClure gives delightful reminiscences of Stevenson. Once the author of "Treasure Island" took his wife to France for a pleasure trip. He had a check for \$500 and some odd money. After a while he announced that his funds were running short and they must return home. Upon unpacking their trunks they found the \$500 check untouched.

"But, speaking of authors' remuneration for their books, it hardly seems possible, does it, that there was ever a time when men like Rippling and Conan Doyle were not well known and sought after by generous publishers. But as recently as 1897 Rippling found himself in New York with a bag of manuscripts of which he could not sell a single one. Years afterward, for the American rights of "The Light That Failed," he received \$50, and a big, fat manuscript of which he could not sell a single one. Years afterward, for the American rights of "The Light That Failed," he received \$50, and a big, fat manuscript of which he could not sell a single one."

It is the supply of good writers continuous? McClure thinks not. It is not a mere matter of supply and demand. It comes along with what really anything to cry, and there must be a new race of critics and editors, too, who will permit him to say something new."

One feat is quoting extensively from his private notes while trying to work his way through his syndicate started. The details are harrowing. "And yet," he says, "all this time we were very happy. I was rich in ideas and in hope, and my wife believed in my ideas and in me."

Such a partnership wins out—it is bound to win. And in the case of the McClures you are just as pleased over the final success as you would be over the happy ending of a fascinating novel. Indeed, the autobiography is as interesting as any novel we have seen in a long time.

Advertisement for 'THE QUITTER' by Jacob Fisher, featuring a portrait of the author and a scene from the book. Includes publisher information: THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO., Philadelphia.



"Never had Madame Dubarry looked more beautiful than now"—"The Presentation," by H. De Vere Stacpoole—John Lane.

Romantic Short Stories

The short story volume, like average poetry—if we are to believe the publishers—is counted a drug on the book market. There is little or no demand for them, excepting perhaps, in the rare instance when the reputation of the author justifies their appearance, which all goes to prove that Miss Dell has unquestionably arrived in the literary sense of the word. Under the title of "The Swindler and Other Stories" (G. P. Putnam) she gives us ten short stories or rather sketches in which the love and romantic sentiment of a "Kosary-Graustark" flavor predominates. Clever touches of observations and character in the book, however, are abundant, especially in the first story from which the volume takes its title. This is a dramatic and exceedingly well-written episode that tells of the reformation and redemption of a convicted swindler, with the inevitable and foreseen happy ending. The author possesses an agreeable and fluent style and the admirable faculty of retaining the reader's untriting interest throughout.

A CHILD'S IMAGINED PLAYMATE

"Una Mary" (Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.), by Una Hunt, is a most extraordinary bit of biography. It is essentially that, because although Una Mary was "the rest of me, the deep, inner part," as the author says, she is treated objectively, and with remarkable candor. The fragment of the mind which embodies each man's ideal self to him is not more real than the corresponding image of childhood. Because Una had to wear dark heavy stuffs, and desired white frills and fluffies, Una Mary was endowed with white frills and fluffies, just as to each man his ideal self is dressed the white frills of the spirit.

A Cruise With Stevenson

Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh days have been quite thoroughly covered by himself and others. He himself has told us all we need to know of the south of France, the Adirondacks and Colorado. But apart from the cruise of the Casco and the intimate glimpses we have had of the life at Valima, there has been a dearth of information about the delectable voyages in the Southern Pacific. And having once felt the witchery of atolla and lagoons, with heavy nights and dreaming lull-like days, with beachcombers and superergoes, and native kings and queens, we naturally want more of the same thing. In the cruise of the Janet Nimrod" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), Mrs. Stevenson has added a few more precious days to the biography of her husband. True, there is not much about him, but we get another glimpse of the environment in which he dreamed his dreams, wrought his visions into words and taught his splendidly lucid prose to flow.

Through The Brazilian Wilderness

Here is Colonel Roosevelt's own vivid narrative of his explorations in South America; his adventures on the famous "River of Doubt," his visits to remote tribes of naked and wholly barbarous Indians, his 500-mile journey on mule-back across the height of land between the river systems of Paraguay and the Amazon, his observations on the most brilliant and varied bird life of the South American tropics; hunting of the jaguar, the tapir, the pecary, the giant anteater, and other unusual animals of the jungle. All of this varied panorama is depicted in the author's most graphic and picturesque style, full of the joy of his new adventures. The book is a permanent addition to the literature of exploration.

Advertisement for 'Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's Poems on Life and Death', published by Macmillan's.

In all the world no more beautiful music has perhaps ever thrilled from the human heart than Isold's "Liebestod," the love song of the woman who is about to die over the body of Tristan, whom she loves. There is a strange hallowing beauty in death, and the voice of one who speaks from beyond the invisible portals comes with a singularly haunting, eerie beauty and sacredness of import.

To thousands who read his stories from shore to shore of this country, and more to those who knew his winning personality in this city, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell was beloved. And to all of these his last message in the "Complete Poems" (Century Company, N. Y.), will come with something of the tragic solo quality of the Wagner music. There is a vision here—the vision of a great soul peering over the horizon that limits mortality, the pulsing of a great soul responding to the cosmic rhythm.

In "Barabbas," Doctor Mitchell's last poem, we see the released prisoner of the world's supreme tragedy wandering over the hills north of Bethlehem in company with a cynical Greek, and meeting on the plains a shepherd and his son. And Barabbas tells, in imperishable verse, the story that is old but ever new—the confronting of the sinful soul with the pardoning divine.

That I might be where now this brave man hung Thro' the dark last with strange companionship In his long tortures awful loneliness. The guard lay idly round a waning fire. The stern centurion stood indifferent. Only the sob of women far away Came and then the soldier stirred the fire. Some power of capture in the pleading eyes Drew me yet nearer till all was lost; And through it, ever those beseeching eyes Broke on the friendless silence of the night. My eyes were his to hold—his eyes were mine. The blood-stained cross shook with the thrice of death.

Advertisement for 'The Way of the Strong' by Ridgwell Cullum, published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Publishers.

Advertisement for 'Through The Brazilian Wilderness' by Theodore Roosevelt, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"F. P. A." and His Conning Tower

F. P. A., as every one knows, stands for Franklin P. Adams, who first lamped the morning light (as he puts it), in Chicago, on November 15, 1881, and made a number of people chuckle since that time. Just now he conducts the Conning Tower, a daily column in the New York Tribune, and walks of Gotham streets have turned mild eyes aloft to see his initials placarded across the tops of buildings by the energetic advertising policy of that paper.

These poems are the expression of a life rich in intellectual knowledge, the esthetic rapture conjured by the beauties of the world and art, and an ever-animating insight into the life within. Reminiscence of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," Dr. Mitchell's "Vesperal" has its own farewell message: I know the night is near at hand. The mist lies low on hill and bay. The twilight, scarce the twilight, dips; But I have had my day.

Yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day: When at thy call I gave the night. From light to dark, from dark to light. T. E. H.

Inhumane of Consistency Jennie Cushing, the heroine of "The Rise of Jennie Cushing," by Mary & Watts (Macmillan Company, N. Y.), is a little world of a girl who becomes a beautiful woman. Every step of the physical growth, with its physical environment, is faithfully sketched. While the story is well worth reading and bears evidence of the most careful and conscientious craftsmanship, we are forced to the conclusion that, as a transcript of life, it is defective. This does not mean that it is uninteresting. As a novel it is far above the average. But Mrs. Watts has made the book a study in consistency. Each character, and particularly Jennie Cushing, is endowed with a given stock of qualities or characteristics when first introduced. These forward and play the part with mathematical certainty. If there is one phase of human nature that is certain it is its uncertainty. There is an unknown, unpredictable element in every one's life. People are interesting by reason of their very inconsistencies. If Mrs. Watts had wished her readers to see how characters must move and grow, not too obvious and a perspective of human possibilities that repay the reader. If the author were to see life in its varied unfoldings and inconsistent episodes rather than to renege on its logical sequences she would come nearer to the truth.

Romance at 30!

The real girl, "the marvelous girl," the girl with the big, beautiful, unspoken thoughts in her head, the big, brave and undone deeds in her heart," cannot be found at 20, or even 25. Thirty is the age when real character has shown itself. James Barton, in Eleanor Abbott's latest book, "Little Eve Edgerton" (The Century Company, New York), found that at 20 it was impossible to discriminate between vivacity or just plain kiddishness; "whether sweetness is real disposition or just coquetry, whether tenderness is personal discrimination or just sex; whether dumbness is stupidity or just brain hoarding its immature treasures."

"When a girl interests you at 20, you will be utterly mad about her at 30." Is the sage advice given to Barton, and his quest began. He met little Eve Edgerton, just 30.

Advertisement for 'The Bookshop' featuring an illustration of a bookshop and text: 'The Bookshop' advertises the year around because it always has fresh books of every sort and real value to sell. Come and see. 1701 Chestnut Street

Advertisement for 'The Way of the Strong' by Ridgwell Cullum, published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Publishers. Includes text: 'Here is a professional labor leader. In his lust for gain and acclamation he strives to raise brute force above brain. He tries to lift labor—little thinking whether labor can ever lift itself.'

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