EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1914. AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL REVELATIONS AND ENGROSSING 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. There can be no peace in the world until woman, the mother half of the human family, is given liberty in the councils of the world."

With this startling announcement Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst closes the introduction to her book, "Mrs. Pankhurst's Own Story" (Hearst's International Library Co., New York), a book that is not, as its title might indicate, merely an autobiography, but is rather a bistory of that phase of the woman suffrage agitation in Great Britain known as "militancy." It is, too, a most extraordinary history of a most extraordinary movement, for, unlike histories written after the lapse of time and by persons who have not been in the thick of the events and enleades related, this volume presents in addition to the dry facts, by its very atmosphere, by its self-rovelations, the psychological development which always underlies any big human movement.

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 agg.cssive campaign of hunger striking, window smashing, letter burning, bomb throwing, and so on, suffrage had not become a pressing political issue. Whether one sentimentally approves the methods used or not, the results have been certain. Suffrage in England has become a force to be reckoned with politically, and the socalled "wild women" made it so.

Militancy is Mrs. Pankburst'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 falled. She has hunger-struck. She has defied the authorities steadily and consistently for years. She has faced death not once, but many times. And this frail woman-spare, stender, with no suggestion of physical strength-has gond through experiences that few men would care to undergo, and came out each time not only refreshed and invigorated, but hardened and more impla

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 1800) by S. S. McClure for "St. Ives" he blushed and said no novel of his could sonably be worth more than \$4000.

Imagine Chambers or McCutcheon saying that! But Stevenson was, above all things, modest. And he didn't hire a isiness agent, as do our literary plutorats nowadays. If he had, he would not ats nowadays. If he had, he would not ave absent-mindedly sold the novel to before while under contract with nother publisher for all his output. The versight not only made trouble for the nileless nuther, but caused equal disfort to the equally innocent publisher n "My Autobiography," the Frederick A. Sto just published A. Stokes York, McClure gives delightful scences of Stevenson. Once of "Treasure Island" took his He ife to France for a pleasure trip. a check for \$200 and some odd money. a while he announ were running short and they must runks they found the \$500 check un-

speaking of authors' remuneration or their books, it hardly seems possible. loes it that there was ever a time when men like Kipling and Conan Doyle were not well known and sought after by gon-erous publishers. But as recently as 1887 rous publishers. But as recently as Ripling found himself in New York with a bag of manuscripts of which he could



on death, which in its wonder recalls "F. P. A." and His

There are whom sorrow leaves full wrecked. There are whon sorrow search init whom The strait Grow in this urgent anguish of defeat. And with mysterious condence await The slient coming of the bearer's feat: Wherefor this quiet face so broudly set To front life's duites, but naught to forget.

For life is but a tender instrument Whereon the inster hand of grief doth fall, Leaving live's vibrant tissue recontent. With echose, ever waking at the call Of every kindred tone; so grief doth change The instrument o'er which his fateful fingers

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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 ever gaining an insight into the life within. Reminisan insight into the life within. Athinia-cent of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," Dr. Mitchell's "Vesperal" has its own farewell message: I know the night is near at hand. The mista he low on bill and bay. The autumn leaves are dewless, dry: But I have had my day.

For I have had dear Lord, the fay; When at Thy call I have the night. Brief be the twillent as I pass From light to dark, from dark to light. T. E. H.

B-r-r-r! Real Melodrama in Clergymanfis Fiction

"Denton, you shall repent that blow!" udely observes Captain Hodgeman, volcing the keynote of the novelization of August Thomas' "mellow-drama," "Arizona" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), that has been perpetrated by Cyrus Townsend Brady. If you are at all addicted to the perusal of nickel shockers, to the "ten-twenty-

Bewitching heroine of "The Honor-able Percival," by Alice Hegan Rice,-Century Company. thirty," or to the Hairbreadth Harry carcoons, you will find in "Arizona" a novel after your own heart. For Lieutenant Denton is the spotless hero of romance. Does he not defend the "gurrrl" at the cost of great personal inconvenience to Poems on Life and Death himself? And then Captain Hodgeman, the gentleman who is quoted above-sure-ly, the Captain is all that can be desired In all the world no more beautiful music has perhaps ever thrilled from the human in the line of villalny. He is gifted with heart than Isolde's "Liebestod," the love gleaming white teeth and a sliky black song of the woman who is about to die mustache, through which he hisses at the slightest provocation-or even on no proover the body of Tristan, whom she loves, vocation at all. The way he pesters, builtes and annoys the poor Lieutenant There is a strange hallowing beauty in

is quite inexcusable, and with his dying death, and the voice of one who speaks breath he tells stories about the from beyond the invisible portals comes chap that are liable to get him disliked by all his friends. But did you ever hear of a hero in one of Doctor Brady's with a singularly haunting, eerie beauty novels or novelizations that got the worst of it? Certainly not. Whether To thousands who read his stories from shore to shore of this country, and more the reverend gentleman wrote this tale to those who knew his winning personal-ity in this city. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell was to those who knew his winning personalbeloved. And to all of these his last mes-sage in the "Complete Poems" (Century medium of the "movies," we cannot say. Company, N. Y.), will come with some-thing of the tragic soul quality of the this season's novels that are in a class

Wagner music. There is a vision here with it. For which let us be truly Romance at 30!

The real girl, "the marvelous girl, the In "Barabbas," Doctor Mitchell's Inst girl with the big, beautiful, unspoken poem, we see the released prisoner of the thoughts in her head, the big, brave and world's supreme tragedy wandering over undone deeds in her heart," cannot be the hills north of Bethlehem in company found at 20, or even 25. Thirty is the with a cynical Greek, and meeting on the age when real character has shown itself. plains a shepherd and his son. And Barab-bas tells, in imperishable verse, the story that is old but ever new-of the confront-James Barton, in Eleanor Abbott's latest book, "Little Eve Edgarton" (The ing of the sinful soul with the pardoning Century Company, New York), found that at 20 it was impossible to discriminate That I might be where now this brave Man between vivacity or just plain kiddish-That I might be while how decompanionship hung Thrilled me at last with strange companionship In His long torture's awful loneliness. The guard lay fdly round a waning fire, the stern centurion stood indifferent; Only the sob of women far away Came and was lost. A solider stirred the fire. Some power of capture in the pleading eyes Drew ms yet nearer till all will was lost; When that long wall of agonized appeal Broke on the friendless silence of the night. The jood-stained cross shock with the threes of death; "whether sweetness is real disness; position or just coquetry; whether tender-ness is personal discrimination or just sex; whether dumbness is stupidity or just brain hoarding its immature treas ures

"When a girl interests you at 20, you will be utterly mad about her at \$0," is the sage advice given to Barton, and his quest began

Conning Towe

F. P. A., as every one knows, stands for Franklin P. Adams, who first lamps the morning light (as he puts 10), h Chicago, on November 15, 1881, and ha made a number of people chuckle size that time. Just now he conducts th Conning Tower, a daily column in a New York Tribune, and walkers of Gotham streets have turned mild end aloft to see his initials placarded acres the tops of buildings by the energetie advertising policy of that paper.

But F. P. A. is more than a mere para. grapher. He is one of those rare birds, humorist who can be genuinely witty of after day, always in good humor, after day, always in (what is rarer still) always in good tasts. His light verse is unexcelled in America today for wit and point. His satire clear-sighted and keen, biting acid biting acid home to the heart of the pompous as banal. His versions of Horace in b vernacular of Broadway; his little di banal. at the bourgeoisie; his adaptation Pepys' diary-all are delightful. mantle of Eugene Field and H. C. ner has fallen upon him. There hantle of hugene pred and h. C. I her has fallen upon him. There e be no greater tribute to the popula of his stuff than the way his rally to him. Does he propose a ridd invite a suggestion, they flock to the Conning Tower in hundreds. Even the title of his new book came as a ma-gestion from a "contrib."

Inhumanity of Consistency

Jennie Cushing, the heroine of "The Rise of Jennie Cushing," by Mary B Watts "Macmillan Company, N. Y.), is a little waif of a kirl who becomes a be tiful woman. Every step of the physical growth, with its physical environment is faithfully sketched. While the store While the story is well worth reading and bears evidence of the most careful and consciention craftsmanship, we are forced to the car clusion 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. Thenceforward each plays its part with mathematical certainty. Now if there is one phase of human nature that is certain it is its uncertainty. There is an unknown, unpredicable equation in every one's life. People are interesting by reason of their very incomsistencies. If Mrs. Watts had wished her renders to see how characters must move

inevitably along the parallel lines of destiny, the destiny being temperament she could not have done a more m collent piece of work. There are touches of humor, not too obvious, and a perspective of human possibilities that will repay the reader. If the author were to see life in its varied unfoldings and inconsistent episodes rather than to reaso it in its logical sequences she woul come nearer to the truth.

BOKSHOP advertises the year around because it always has fresh books of every sort and real value to sell. Come and see. 1701 Chestnut Street

He met little Eve Edgarton, just 30.

her ends to set at naught Prime Min-isters, Home Scoretaries and all the ma-chinery of the British Government, Say chinery of the British Government. Say what one may, the woman has sublime pluck, a courner possible only to those who believe that they are working for the highest right within their vision, and who will dare anything for this supreme good. Of such stuff herees are made. Behind this story, the one fact that forces itself home is the tremondous earnestness and enrything for the local test

earnestness and conviction that inspires Mrs. Pankhurst and her followers. Mill tancy is not a vagary. It is a deliberately planned and coolly conducted bloodless warfare. How it came into being is beat

warrare, rrow it came into being is best told in Mrs. Pankhurst's own words: "I had to go through years of public work," she says, "hefore I acquired the experience and the wisdom to know how to bring concessions from the English Government. I had to hold public office. I had to go behave the I had to go behind the scenes in the Government schools, in the work-houses and other charitable institutions; I had to get a close-hand view of the misery and unhappiness of a man-made world 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 in-spector of poor houses and similar in-stitutions, she says:

"I found women in that workhouse, scrubbing floors, doing the hardest kind of work, almost until their bables came into the world. Many of them were mere girls. These poor mothers were al-lowed to stay in the hospital for a short two weeks, then they could siny as paupers, earning their living by scrub-bing and other work, in which cases they were separated from their bables, or they could leave-leave with a 2-weeks-old baby in their arms, without hopes, without home, without money, without any where to go. What became of these girls and what became of their hapless infants?" found women in that workhouse, infanta?

To Mrs. Pankhurst the answer to this To Mrs. Paranurst the answer to this Hes, as lies the answer to many other questions. In the creating of a more humans 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 plane. their plans.

re la a relentlevances about life, a rigidity about customs, a liceritaries as about things as they are, that is crishing to the idealist. It does not its within ing to the idealist. It does not lie within the scope of the human mind to compra-head way. It is an offende to all our ordered ways. Even those who cannot justify militancy cannot lay down this volume without realizing Mrs. Fank-hurst's militancy is right under the cir-cumstances and conditions the dearribus. To point out flaws in this volume is

To point out flaws in this volume is, perhaps, superogatory smill its many excellences. Despite its flights of real excellences. Despite its flights of real eloquence, despite its passares of soul attring enthusiasm, it descends fre-quently to a banal papier-mache style of writing. It is perhaps too much to ex-pect from an actor in great events, turned narrator of those events, a sense of dramatic values. But within one fre-quently feels that here and there some life and stituch here much there some allen and gifted hand might well have been amployed to picture the science with dramatic, well, even romantic, sense f literary values. This book is more than history. It is

a great stirring drama on a creat stir-ring theme. And the hand of the drama-tist is painfully lacking when it is need-ed for the unaymouthstic mind. Yet why, after all, cavil at this? Mrs Prankhurst is a great leader in a great cause. Despite the defective configuration of the second s epite the hurried, flat, unenityening style of writing, the woman and her achievein entropy, the superior. We may un-willingly admit that the gift of the pen is not always brilliant, not always sure, not always dequate, but the woman will live in history as one of the world's graat effective idealists.

for the American rights of "The Light for the American rights of "The Light That Failed" he received \$800, and he offered one of the "Jungle Book" stories for \$125, while as soon as his books be-came known in this country he was paid \$25,000 for "Kim."

For the first 12 "Sherlock Holmes" stories which he bought Mr. McClure natd only 160 aplace

Never happler than when rescuing some talented author from oblivion and pre-senting him to the public, it was Mo-Cluca's lot to discover most of the writers who have become famous during the ast 25 or 30 years. And he says truthfully that he offered them through his news-paper syndicate an unparalleled oppor-tunity to test out their merits. If the editors bought the stories it was a sure sign that their readers liked them; if they did not, it was a good tip to the author to go away and hide himself or turn to some more useful occupation.

McClure must have been a godsend to McClure must have been a godernd to young venturers on the sea of literature. for he says himself that he was "easy to get by." "If I believed in a man I could give him a large sufferce at once I could give that saze of the public which is the breath of life to a writer." Is the supply of good writers con-tinuous? McClure thinks not. "It is usually if or overs before a new man

sually 15 or 29 years before a new man omes along who has really anything to

comes along who has really anything to say, and there must be a new race of critics and editors too, who will permit him to say something new." One feels like quoting extensively from this admirable volume. It seems that the writer says everything just right, and always, one feels, in a different way from what any one else would say it. Take this gem, from his description of his originary the trying to work his way privations while trying to work his way Few persons, surely, have ever had to

wage a more discouraging fight against sopeless odds than McClure waged in topeless odds than McClure waged in tetting his syndicate started. The details tra harrowing. "And yet," he says, "all his time we were very happy. I was tch in ideas and in hope, and my wife

cheved in my ideas and in me." Such a partnership wine out—it is sund to win. And in the case of the McChires, 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 interestng as any novel we have seen in a long

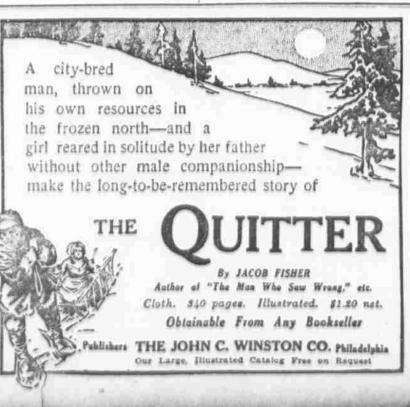
"Never had Madame Dubarry looked more beautiful than now"--"The Presentation," by H. De Vere Stacpoole .-- John Lane.

PICTURE IN OVAL-H. G. Wells, whose new novel, "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harmon," has been published by Macmillan's.

Romantic Short Stories

The short story volume, like average poetry-if we are to believe the publishers -is counted a drug on the book mar-ket. There is little or no demand for ket. There is little or no demand for them, excepting perhaps, in the rare instance when the reputation of the author of France, the Adironducks and Colorado. ustifies their appearance, which all goes o prove that Miss Dell has unquestionably arrived in the literary sense of and the intimate glimpses we have had the word. Under the ittle of "The Swindler and Other Storles" (G. P. Put-nam) she gives us ten short storles or rather sketches in which the love and tomante sentiment of a "Rosary-Grau-stark" flavor predominates. Clever tombas of observations and character. touches of observations and character in the book, however, are abundant, especially in the first story from which and dreaming locus-like days, with beachcombers and supercargoes, and nathe volume takes its title. This is a dramatic and exceedingly well-written episode that tells of the reformation and tive kings and queens, we maturally wait more of the same thing. In the cruise redestning of a convicted swindler, with the inevitable and foreseen happy ending. Sons, New York), Mrs. Stevenson has added a few more preclous days to the biography of her husband. True, there The author possesses an agreeable and fluent style and the admirable faculty of is not much about him, but we get an-other glimpse of the environment in which retaining the reader's untiring interest throughout. he dreamed his dreams, wrought his vir

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 real part," as the author says, she is treated objectively, and with remarkable candor. The figment of the mind which embodies each man's ideal soit 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 fluffles, Una Mary was endowed with white frills and fluffles, just as to each his ideal self is dressed the white frills of the spirit.



The black hair heavy with the sweat of deal propped over the failen head, while suddenly the earth rocked under me. I heard afar the screams of women and the crise of men prooted trees, the crash of wall and towor, und through it over those beseeching syss saw, and fell and rose sgain lind-blind forever, as my soul had been, Vith one last memory of these seeking eyes. And, having converted the unbelleving by his tale, his mission done, Barabbas dies-the smile of one who sees upon his A Cruise With Stevenson Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh days have been quite thoroughly covered

In the Museum of Constantinople is a famous monument, known as "Les Pleureuses," in which a mourning woman depicted in 18 attitudes of grief. About this poem Doctor Mitchell writes a poem by himself and others. He himself has

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's

and sacredness of import.

cosmic rhythm.

divine.

-the vision of a great soul peering

over the horizon that limits mortality, the

pulsing of a great soul responding to the

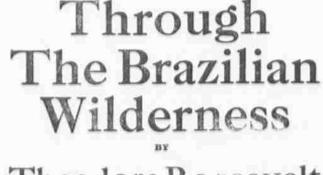
ath; hair heavy with the sweat of death

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