AMONG THE BOOKS THE TEMPTING OF TAVERNAK



SIR DOUGLAS MAWSON Antarctic explorer and author of the remarkable book, "The Home of the Blizzard." (Lippincott.)

A Belgian on

Belgium's Fate "How Belgium Saved Europe" (J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia) is the heartbroken tale of the destruction of his country, written by Dr. Charles Sarolea, a native Belgian, and since 1901 Belgian Consul General in Edinburgh. The transformation of an industrious, prosperous people in a living nation to a fleeing, nomadic tribe, leaving a devastated and arid homeland, has been told in the newspaper reports and the formal report of the Belgian State Commission, which investigated the alleged atrocities of the Ger- | battlefields. mans, but in all of these there is lacking what in fiction is called the "heart interest," the "cry of anguish" which is found in every page of Doctor Sarolea's narrative. It is in this regard, and in that it is the first real contribution to literature on the Relgian aggiffee, that the book's the Belgian sacrifice, that the book's

Two thoughts stand out beyond every other. The first is the pathetic and disappointed, but withal forgiving, charge that France and Great Britain made the physical ruin of Belgium possible. The story to confuse and hide it. The forest is physical ruin of Belgium possible. The little support needed at the three crucial it is altogether a delightful story, very suppose the story and directly told and the story to confuse and hide it. The forest is physical ruin of Belgium possible. The moments-Liege, Namur and Antwerp-by the meagre and wornout Belgian army was not ferthcoming, although it had been many times assured. Each time the excuse was made that the strategy of the excuse was made that the strategy of the general campaign made it impossible to send troops to Belgium's aid. Belgium was isolated. But with each town de-stroyed the spirit and glory of Belgium

says the writer.
other point is political and ecolea says, Belgium has grown through German initiative and German capital. It had, in effect, become almost a German If peaceful relations were maintained

was almost inevitable that Belgium hould become an economic dependency. ** And now that fabric (the industrial life of Beigium) will have to be built mainly with British materials, whoreas in the past it was built mainly with German material. It is mainly with the assistance of British capital that Belgian industries will be reconstructed. will afford a splendid field for Brit-nterprise. The economic motive will

Darkest Russia Again

The darkest part of Russian civilization or lack of civilization-is again uncovered to us by one who clearly understands it. This time it is not a translation from Tolstoy, Turgenieff or Dostoleffsky, but the original thoughts and observations of an alien. George Kennan writes 10 short stories, "A Russian Conduct the Conduct of the Conduc edy of Errors' (Century Company, New York), to show what a terrible state the wast Russian Empire is in.

He dwells particularly upon the dangers and cruelties to the free-thinkers, the Ni-hillsts and the Revolutionists; he shows with what injustice and blindness offenders against the Czar and the Government are given hearings, and depicts vividly the terrible physical sufferings which such prisoners are made to undergo for their beliefs.

Mr. Kennan knows whereof he speaks, and we may be sure of this if we compare his stories with those told by Dostoieffsky in his "Prison Life in Siberia," as well as with those tales of maltreatment which have moved Gorky and other Revolution-lets to leave Russia, and to tell their ex-periences to the world. We no longer seek the truth or falsehood in such stories, but we shudder that such things can exint and do exist, and even an Angio-Saxon interpretation of Siavic conditions fires us with righteous indignation and fury. Mr. Cennan has thrust another lighted torch in the face of those who Ignore Russian despotism with complacency.

"The Great Mirage' Newspaper work and newspaper workers form the theme of James L. Ford's latest story, "The Great Mirage" (Harper & Bros. New Tork), but few newspaper men will admit that the scenes and characters portrayed are typical. Undoubtedly there are some "shops," where effice politics are played even Undoubtedly there are some "shops," where effice politics are played every minute of every working hour. Mr. Ford should know whereof he speaks, for he has had long experience in Metropolitan journalism. Nevertheless, it would be a pity if the laymen should be led to assume that newspaper workers generally fire a set of self-aseking, sycophantic schamers. That would be a regretiable misrepresentation of the craft, yet it is a fair deduction from what Mr. Ford puts into this story of a young woman's trials, to this story of a young woman's trials, ibuintions and eventual triumphs in

New York lournalism.

The navrative is entertainingly told, almost admirers of "The Literary Shop," by the same author, will miss the clever epigrams that savored that charming host. Those in the new story are neither o mumerous nor so keen.

The Climbers' Progress arone with accial aspirations should encouragement in "The Ladder" seer & Bross. New York), a story within Custins which tells of one of majest another climbs in all literature, years man who performs this assumily so laborious and often so one, does it as one would a joy ride section as the section of the price of the The Climbers' Progress

Montessori From

a New Angle The old-fashioned educators, who hat the Montessori methods neglect real training by their "laissez-faire" methods. will doubtlessly be convinced to the contrary if they read Carelyn Sherwin Bailey's "Montessori Children" (Henry Holt & Co., New York). Or at least they will probably hope that they may live long enough to see these wonderful children mature, for they will want to have evidence that this training system which Dr. Montessorl had developed, really makes infants into efficient and useful individuals in the community. Miss Bailey presents her points-or

rather the leading points in the Montessori method-in a very novel way. Each chapter takes one of the little Italian tots who work in the "children houses," through the state of rebellion and distortion to the state of improvement and con-trol. It is marvelous how each case con-vinces us more emphatically of the sys-tem of "leadership" which Dr. Montessori practices, and makes us doubt more and more the old-fashioned system of com-mands. "don'ts," and physical chastisement. One youngster comes in selfish and uncontrolled, example and gentle leader-ship bring him to the place where he earns to be considerate and efficient. Similarly there are illustrations of spiritual training, physical development and repose, helpfulness and sense-training, reading, writing and the development of a social conscience. And though probably no two cases in any child are the same attill any advantagement and the same, still any educator would find the little volume a reference book for any puzzling questions—a book of valuable sugestions, if not of specific help.

Sword of Youth

A story of love and war in Kentucky, by James Lane Allen-that, in brief, is "The Sword of Youth" (The Century Company). The love element is twofoldthe love of man and maid as the love of mother and son. The war element also is twofold-the fighting of the Civil War by the people who had to stay at home in divided Kentucky and the conflict of the

In another respect the brief description of the book requires enlargement. The author writes in the characteristic style which is one of his chief distinctions. There is the old refinement of style, but none of the over-refinement of "The Heroine in Bronze" and some of his other

simply and directly told, and very human.

We have a glimpse of Lincoln and a turned woman by discovery of his selfishglimpse of General Lee, but the three ness and designs, staunchly faces the fuglimpse of General Lee, but the three principal characters are Joseph Sumner. a Kentucky farm lad; his mother, and Lucy Morehead, his sweetheart. Each is clearly and distinctly drawn and moves through the page of the book in material three primal relations of life, that is a trait clearly and distinctly drawn and moves through the page of the book in material three primal relations of life, that is a trait clearly and distinctly drawn and moves through the page of the book in material three primal relations of life, that is a trait of her class and breeding, and even at clearly and distinctly drawn and moves through the pages of the book in natural human fashion. Joseph starts out an un-dersized boy of 17. For three years, since that night when his father and brothers rode off to join the Confederate army, he has taken care of his mother and done the work which formerly had been that of the slaves. She can see nothing heroic in the little stay-at-home, nothing glori-ous in his performance of duty on the desolated Kentucky farm. Her only heroes are her husband and the other sons, now in soldiers' graves. Nothing is to be ex-pected of Joseph; he doesn't count. It is a splendid piece of psychological analysis which the author accounts for this by which stiuntion.

But at 17 Joseph goes to war. Only Lucy consecrates his going. Just before the battle of Five Forks Joseph receives two ish enterprise. The economic motive will combine with the patriotic motive to send British capital to Flanders.

"Belgium has lost everything, but she has saved her soul, and she has saved the liberties of Europe," concludes the writer.

"Belgium has lost everything, but she knowing he will be counted a deserter, returns to his mother, too late. Yet the reconciliation has been made. Joseph hurgeniter. ries back to Virginia and to General Lee.
Instead of sentence of death he receives
a handclasp. Then Appomation. Then
the six-foot soldler goes home to Kentucky. Mr. Allen has written nothing
much better than "The Sword of Youth."

Book Gossip

The Riverside Press, at Cambridge, Mass., printers for the house of Houghton-Mifflin Company, did a record piece of work in getting out C. W. Barran's "The Audacious War," which was published the 24th of the month. Within 48 working hours of the time the copy was received by the printers it had been set up in type, proof read, electrotyped, printed, bound and jacketed.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce the fel-lowing: "Practical Mysticism," by Evelyn Underhill; "Prince and Heretic," by Marjorle Bowen; "Lovers in Exile," by the Baroness von Heyking; "King Jack," by Keighley Snowden; "Jesus and Politics," by Harold B. Shepheard; "The Archbishop's Test," by E. M. Green, and "A Free Lance in Kashmir," by Lieutenant Colonel G. F. MacMunn, D. S. O.

"A Reluctant Adam," a novel by Sid-"A Reluctant Adam," a novel by Sidney Williams, literary editor of the Boston Herald, will be published by Houghton-Mifflin Comnany February 27. Other books to be published by this house on the same date are "The Early Church," by George Hodges, D. D.; "Are We Ready?" by H. D. Wheeler; a trade edition of Bret Harte's "Stories and Poems and Other Uncollected Writings," of which a limited edition appeared last year, and "Prescriptions," a compilation made by Edith Motter Lamb from Doctor Cabot's "What Men Live By." Advance orders for Henry Sydnor Harrison's new orders for Henry Sydnor Harrison's new novel, "Angela's Business," have already called for a second printing of the book. The story will be published in March.

George A. Birmingham, the delightful author of "From Dublin to Chicago," "Spanish Gold," "General John Regan," atc., is coming to America to lecture, ac atc. is coming to America to lecture, according to cable advices just received from Ireland. He came to America in 1913 for the rehearsals of "General John Regan," in play form, and while here lectured at Princeton and Yale, Smith and Barnard, and a number of American cities, a trip he has wittliy described in "From Dublin to Chicago." To the subjects which he made se popular on his first tour, namely "The Stage Irishman," "The Irishman in English Fiction." "The "The Irishman, in English Piction," "The Literary Revival," "The Economic Revival," "The Economic Revival," Birmingham has added two highly timely new subjects, "Ireland and the Was" and "The Irish Volunters," which takes up the entire Ulster and home rule siturtions—which Birmingham has already treated in three novels, "The has already treated in three novels, "The Red Hand of Ulster," "The Seething Pot" and "Hyacinth."

The old books still hold on Harper The old books still hold on. Harper & joy ride an if he firsthers announce that they are putting an if he lirection, the place the second time since its publication on January 7-but "Monologues," by May limbed Fish, and "Tom Bawyer Abroad," private "Life Ou the Mississippt," "Joan of Arc," "Innocents Abroad," "The Adventures of Heckieberry Firm," "The Man that Corrupted Hadlerburg," "Fullowing the Equator," and "A Connecticut Finkes at the Court of Eins Arthur," in the Autum's National Edition of Mark Twin.



SEEING AMERICA FIRST Julian Street and Wallace Morgan snapped by James Mor gomery Flagg for "Judge."

Mr. Street explains: "Wallace Morgan and I crossed the United States together, saw a lot of interesting people and places, had a fine time and have made a big. fat, red-covered book out of our adventures. I like Morgan's 60 pictures, he likes my 40 chapters, and we both like the volume out. I think they might have got \$3 a copy for it instead of \$2.50, but even at \$2.50 I prefer it to any other book of mine, because the royalty is larger,"

Simple Annals of

a Peasant Heroine

The short and comparatively simple annals of a peasant heroine are set forth with sharp insight and loving sympathy by Mary J. H. Skrine in "Blille's Mother" (Century Company, New York), a brief and touching novel. The author, remembered for her 'Bedesman 4" and "A Stepson of the Soil," demonstrated in those books her power in creating situations, her adeptness in delineating character with adroit and believable differentiation, and her intimate knowledge of English life, both gentle and simple; her latest work affirms her skill and address as novelist.

A profound study of character rather than fiction of built-up climaxes, cumul-ative details and suspended interest, "Billie's Mother" is engrossing for the subtle characterization of the central figure and her growth in fineness and firmness, but it is not deficient in plot. For her history is suffused with the work. There is metaphor and simile in abundance, but not of the unnatural and strained sort. It does not overlay the story to confuse and hide it. The forest is yielbie through the trees.

The broade is metaphor and simile in red stain of blood—the blood of a former new indicated by the ne'er-do-well, whom she has married. An impostor, of easy story to confuse and hide it. The forest is grace, charm and morals, he weds, out of his class, the peasant maid of an integration of the class. valid relative, to gain whose fortune he the end when his crime, committed years since in Australia, finds him out, is faith-ful to the eternal bond which is the mean-

ing of wedlock to her.

Billie is a delightful laddle, who would illumine any tale; but the story in this one-unfortunately named, we think-is the analysis of character evolution and mother love in the titular figure, a woman who proves that simple faith and adhesion to ideals transcend the claims of caste. "Billie's Mother" points a moral in an era of quick and easy divorce.

The New Books

A list of books received for review. More extensive comment will be made on those thouse importance warrants further extension. those whose importance warrants further aftention.

THE SWORD OF YOUTHL By James Lane Allan. A story of Civil War time, dealing with the entrangement of a mother and son 261 pages. Illustrated by John Wolfott Adams, \$1.25. Century Company, New York. TY GAUMER. By Elsle Sing

Adams. \$125. Century Company, New York.
RATY GAUMER. By Elste Singmaster. The story of a Penisylvania German sirl and her struggles. \$135 pages. \$135. Houghton Minflin, Boston.
Elfropean Policie Systems. By Raymond R. Fosdick. European functions and conceptions as observed in a year and a half of intimate study. 42 pages. \$130. Century Company, New York.
BILLIES MOTHER. By Mary J. H. Skrins. A ctory of the English counties, with a reasont woman going through tragedy to happiness. 229 pages. \$135. Century Company, New York.
Fig. New York.
Fig. New York.
Fig. 129 pages. \$135. Century Company of the English counties with a reasont woman going through tragedy to happiness. 229 pages. \$135. Century Company. New York of the possibilities of American life. Bovel of the Russian court circles and French Martyrdom of an Empress. A novel of life in Russian court circles and French life in Russian court circles and French States.—By One with knows. 352 pages. \$135. Harper Brown York.
THE AMERICAN GIHL. By Ann Mergan. Some suggestions from the daughter of the sponsibilities, recreation and future. 68 pages. 50 cents. Harpers and future. 68 pages. 50 cents. Harpers and Future. 68 pages. 50 cents. Harpers and Bruter. 68 pages. 31.25. Harpers & Brow. New York.
THE WOMAN ALONE Brow. New York.
THE WOMAN ALONE Brow. 1997. We will be author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife. 275 pages. \$1. Liphinest. Philadelphia. 277 pa

Staten Island. 395 pages. \$1.35. Henry Holt. New York.

TAMP AND TRAIL IN EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY. By Marquerite Stockman Dickson. A new volume in the Everychild's Series, containing stories of treasure seekers, homemakers and empire builders in the New World. 102 pages. 40 cents. Macunillan Company, New York.

WAR BRIDES. By Marion Craig Wentworth. The tense little anti-war play, in which Ali Nastmova will soon appear at Keith's. 71 pages. 50 cents. Century Company, New York.

Nashnova Date Century Company, pages 50 cents. Century Company, York SHIEP'S CLOTHING. By Louis Joseph Vance. A giri-runaway on a trans-Atlantic stransor with a stolen lewel in her powers ston, and the usual Vance tale of mystery and excitament. Illustrated by J. M. Fings. 279 pages, \$1.25. Little, Brown Company, Roston. 279 pages. \$1.20. Little, Brown Company, Boston, MARHILY OF CLOTHESLIND ALLEY By Belle K. Manistas. The story of a little slum-drudger and how art and ambition came to her. 270 pages. \$1. Little, Brown Company Boston, Boston HOMEHURG MEMORIES. By George Fitch, All the life of the small town in the richly humorous vein of Mr. Fitch, 502 pages. \$1.25. Little, Brown Company, Boston, St. 25. Little, Brown Company, Boston, THE DEMOCRACY OF THE CONSTITUTION; and Other Addresses and Essays. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Eleven cessays and addresses on many things, from the Constitution to letters. 237 pages. \$1.50. Stribber's Sons, New York.
THE MAN OF HON. By Richard Dehan, A story of 1870, with an Irish war correspondent as hero, and with Bimmarck in the hackground, 667 pages. \$1.55. Stokes. New York.
THE TEUTH ABOUT THE TWILIGHTS A story of 1570, with all Pinh war correspondent as here, and with Binmarck in the background, 657 pages \$1.35. Stokes, New York.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TWILIGHT SLEEP By Hanca Rion. A popular description and analysis of the new medical discovery. STO pages. Missirated. \$1.50. Medical McBride, Name of the new medical McBride, Name & Co. New York.

SOME WOMEN OF THE PREKAPHAEL-ITE MOVEMPINT. By Mark Matthew Woods. The resumin of a paper read before the Philadelphia Society of Arts and Leiters. \$2 pages. \$5 cents.

A inELUCTANT ADAM. By Sidney Williams. The story of an Adam. Who though for a Don Juan was irregisably attractive than also How five fell in low with him and he with a sixth. 315 pages. \$1.35 Houghton Mifflin. Hostom.

THE VALLEY OF PEAR By A Coman Doyle. A story of murder and mystery, in which Sherick Holmes and America figure equally. \$20 pages \$1.35. Doran. New York.

CIC N. T. TALKS ON PARM ENGINEER-PALTITUAL TALKS ON PARM ENGINEER-ING By R. P. Clarson, B. S. A book seri-tion by the consulting distince of the Burst New Yorker in answer to chase into of actual farmores on practical problems. 200 pages Illustrated H. Jacobs Guest of Schoolmen's Club os of Dr. William C. Jacobs, superintendant of the Beard of Education, was the gives of honor last night at a reception gives by more than 500 mambers of the School-men's Club of Philadelphis, at 1366 Sun-

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Leonard Tavernake befriends Beatrice Franklyn, an American girl in distress in Lendon,
He presents her from committing suicide, and
given her a position as housekeeper to him.
They present to be brother and sister. Bhority
after, Mrs. Wenham Gardner, Beasrice's sister,
tries to make Tavernake tell where Beatrice is,
but he refuses. Mrs. Gardner is an adventuress, who has married a rich man and is
keeping him prisener in a desolate part of
England. She afters to finance Tavernake in
a real estate speculation in a musical comedy.
After the first night Tavernake kisses her for
that he kissed her beauties of her resemblismes
to her beautiful 'Asier, Elizabeth, (Mrs.
Gardner).
An American detective Pritchard, tells Tavernaks that Mrs. Gardner is essociating with
a number of crooks. Tavernake tells har this,
in an effort to warn her. She asks his help,
Later Tavernake proposes to Heatrice, who has
field from him, and is refused.

CHAPTER XVII. THE BALCONY AT IMANO'S.

At 6 e'clock that evening, Tavernake rang up the Milan Court and inquired for Elizabeth. There was a moment or two's delay and then he heard her reply. Even over the telephone wires, even though ne stood, cramped and uncomfortable, in that stuffy little telephone booth, he felt the quick start of pleasure, the thrill of something different in life, which came to him always at the sound of her voice, at the elightest suggestion of her presence "Well, my friend, what fortune?" she

asked him. "None," he answered. "I have done my best. Beatrice will not listen to me." "She will not come and see me?" "She will not."

Elizabeth was silent for a moment. When she spoke again, there was a change in her tone.

'You have falled, then.' "I did everything that could be done,"
Tavernake insisted eagerly. "I am quite
sure that nothing anybody could say
would move Beatrice. She is very decided indeed."

"I have another idea," Elizabeth remarked, after a brief pause. "She will not come to me; very well, I must go to her. You must take me there."
"I cannot do that," Tavernake an-

'Why not?" "Beatrice has refused absolutely to permit me to tell you or any one else of her whereabouts," he declared. "Without her permission I cannot do it."

"Do you mean that?" she asked. "Of course," he answered uncomfort-There was another silence. When she

spoke again, her voice had changed for the second time. Tavernake felt his heart "Very well," she said. "I thought that you were my friend, that you wished to

"I do," he replied, "but you would not have me break my word?" "You are breaking your word with me,"

she told him.
"It is a different thing," he insisted. "You will not take me there?" she said once more.
"I cannot," Tavernake answered.

"Very well, good-bye!" "Don't go," he begged. "Can't I see you somewhere for a few minutes this

evening?" "I am afraid not," Elizabeth replied coolly.

"Are you going out?" he persisted. "I am going to the Duke of York's Theatre with some friends," she answered, "I am sorry. You have disappointed me." * * *

It was still some time before the ter-mination of the performance. As the slow minutes dragged by, he grew to hate ilmself, to hate this new thing in his life which had torn down his everyday standards, which had carried him off his feet in this strange and detestable fashion. It was a dormant sense, without a doubt, which Elizabeth had stirred into life-the sense of sex, quiescent in him so long, chiefly through his perfect physiso long, chiefly through his perfect physi-cal sanity; perhaps, too, in some measure, the bar and I saw her come in with a lot significant, though, that once aroused it burned with surprising and unwavering fidelity. The whole world of women now were different creatures to him, but they left him as utterly unmoved as in his unawakened days. It was Elizabeth only he wanted, craved for flercely, with all this late-born passion of mingled senti-ment and desire. He felt himself, as he hung round there upon the pavement, rubbing shoulders with the liveried servants, the loafers, and the passers-by, a thing to be despised. He was like a whipped dog fawning back to his master. He watched the thin stream of peo-ple who left before the play was over, suburbanites mostly, in a hurry for their trains. Very soon the whole audience followed, commissionaries were busy with their whistles, the servants eagerly looking right and left for their masters. And then Elizabethi She came out in the midst of half-a-dozen others. brilliant in a wonderful cloak and dress of turquoise blue, laughing with her friends, to all appearance the gayest of the party. Tavernake stepped quickly forward, but at that moment there was a crush and he could not advance. She passed within a yard of him, escorted by a couple of men, and for a moment their eyes met. She raised her eyebrows, as though in surprise, and her recognition was of the slightest. She passed on and entered a walting motorcar, accompanied by the two men. Tavernake stood and loole 1 after it. She did not even giance round. Except for that little gesture of

turned slowly toward the Strand, He came to a standstill outside the en-trance to the Milan Court, and retraced his steps. The thought of Beatrice had brought something soothing with it. He felt that he must see her, see her at once. He walked back along the Strand and entered the restaurant where Beatrice and he had had their memorable supper. From the vestibule he could just see Grier's back as he stood talking to a waiter by the side of a round table in the middle of the room. Tavernake slowly withdrew and made his way upstairs. There were one or two little tables there in the balcony, hidden from the lower part of the room. He scated himself at one, handing his coat and hat nechanically to the waiter who came

cold surprise, she had ignored him. Tavernake, scarcely knowing what he did,

hurrying up.
"But, Monsieur," the man explained,
with a deprecating gesture, "these tables
are all taken." Tavernake, who kept an account book in which he registered even his car fares.

put five shillings in the man's hand.
"This one I will have," he said firmly,
and sat down. and sat down.

The man looked at him and turned aside to speak to the head waiter. They conversed together in whispers. Tavernake took no notice. His jaw was set. Himself unseen, he was gazing steadfastly at the table below. The head waiter shrugged his shoulders and departed; his other clients must be mollified. There was a finality which was unanswerable about Tavernake's methods.

Tavernake ate and drank what they brought to him, ate and drank and suffered. Everything was as it had been that other night—the popping of corks, the seft music, the laughter of women, the pleasant, luxurious sense of warmth

rem the meter FLAVELL'S

A Tale of Love, Mystery and Intrigue

and galety pervading the whole place. If only she had the means to satisfy my It was all just the same, but this time he sat outside and looked on. Beatrice was seated next Grier, and on her other side was a young man of the type which Tavernake detested, partly because it inspired him with a reluctant but insistent sense of inferiority. The young man was handsome, tall, and thin. His evening clothes fitted him perfectly, his studs and links were of the latest mode, his white tie arranged as though by the fingers of an artist. And yet he was no tailor's model. A gentleman, beyond a doubt. Tavernake decided, watching grudgingly the courteous movement of his head, listening sometimes to his well-bred but rather languid voice. Beatrice but rather languid voice. Beatrice laughed often into his face. She admired him, of course. How could she help it!
Grier sat at her other side. He, too,
talked to her whenver he had the chance.
It was a new fever which Tavernake was
tasting, a new fever burning in his blood. He was jealous; he hated the whole party below. In imagination he saw Elizabeth with her friends, supplus most likely in that other, more resplendent restaurant, only a few yards away. He imagined her the centre of every attention. Without a doubt, she was looking at her neighbor as she had looked at him. Tavernake Without

bit his lip, frowning.

An altercation by his side distracted him. Again there was the head waiter and a protesting guest. Tavernake looked up and recognized Professor Franklin. With his broad-brimmed hat in his hand, the professor, in fluent phraseology and a strong American accent, was making

a strong American accent, was making himself decidedly disagreeable. "You had better send for your manager right away, young man," he declared. "On Tuesday night he brought me here himself and I engaged this table for the week. No, I tell you I won't have any other! I guess my order was good enough. You send for Luigi right here, You know who I am? Professor Frank-lin's my name, from New York, and if I say I mean to have a thing, I expect to get It. For the first time he recognized Taver-

nake, and paused for a moment in his speech.
"Have I got your table, Professor?"

Tavernake asked, slowly,
"You have, sir," the professor answered.
"I did not recognize you when I came in or I would have addressed you personally. I have particular reasons for occupying front table here every night this week." The thoughts began to crowd in upon Tavernake's brain. He hesitated. "Why not sit down with me?" he sug-

gested. The professor acquiesced without a The head waiter, with a sigh of vord.

relief, took his hat and overcoat and accepted his order. Tavernake leaned across the table. "Professor." he said, "why do you insist upon sitting up here?"

The professor moved his head slowly "My young friend, I speak to you in onfidence?" lownward. "In confidence," Tavernake repeated.

"I come here secretly," the professor ontinued, "because it is the only chance I have of seeing a very dear relative of nine. I am obliged to keep away from her just now, but from here I can watch, can see that she is well."
"You mean your daughter Beatrice,"

Tavernake said, calmiy, The professor trembled all over. "You know!" he muttered.
"Yes, I know." Tavernake answered.
'I have been able to be of some slight

ssistance to your daughter Beatrice." The professor grasped his hand. "Yes yes." he said, "Elizabeth is very angry with you because you will not tell her where to find the little girl. You are right, Mr. Tavernake. You must never

at the rate of 24 knots an hour, or one knot less than that made by the Cunard Line express steamships Mauretania and Lusitania, considered the fastest ships affoat. "I don't intend it." Tavernake declared. "Say, this is a great evening for me!" the professor went on, eagerly. "I others of the owners and her builders and man guests. Among them were Harry Hand, vice president of Cramps; H. H. Mull, general manager of Cramps; C. C. Lacey,

'Why don't you go and speak to her?" Pavernake asked. The professor shivered.
"There has been a disagreement," he ex-Pacific Steamship Company; Robert Haig, representative of Lloyd's Shipping Regis-ter; Benjamin K. Raleigh and Captain J. W. Mowatt. Captain Louis B. Tilton was

plained. "Beatrice and Elizabeth have quarreled. Mind you, Beatrice was right."

"Then why don't you go to her instead of staying with Elizabeth?" Tavernake demanded, bluntly.

The professor temporarily collapsed. He

drank heavily of the whisky and soda by his side, and answered gloomily. "My young friend," he said. "Beatrice, when she left us, was penniless. Mind you, Elizabeth is the one with brains. It is Elizabeth who has the money. She has a strong will, too. She keeps me there whether I will or not, she makes me do many things—many things, surely—which I hate. But Elizabeth has her way. If I had gone with Beatrice, if I were to go to her now, I should be only a burden upon her."
"You have no money, then?" Tavernake

remarked. The professor shook his head sadly, 'Speculations, my young friend," he re

plied, "speculations, undertaken, solely with the object of making a fortune for my children. I have had money and lost 'Can't you earn any?" Thvernake asked.

"Beatrice doesn't seem extravagant."
The professor regarded this outspoken oung man with an air of hurt dignity. "If you will forgive me," he said. think that we will choose another subject of conversation,"
"At any rate," Tavernake declared,

"you must be fond of your daughter or you would not come here night after night just to look at her." The professor shook out a handkerchief from his pocket and dabbed his eyes.

"Beatrice was always my favorite," he announced solemnly, "but Elizabeth—well, you can't get away from Elizabeth," he added, leaning across the table. "To tell you the truth, Mr. Tavernake, Elizabeth terrifles me sometimes, she is so bold. I am afraid where her scheming may land us. I would be happier with Beatric

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triffing wants." He turned to the walter and ordered a plat of champagne.
"Veuve Clicquot '19," he instructed the man. "At my age," he remarked, with a sigh, "one has to be careful about these

little matters. The wrong brend of cham-pagne means a sleepless night." Tavernake looked at him in a puzzled way. The professor was a riddle to him. He represented no type which had come within the orbit of his experience. With sor became almost eloquent. He leaned forward, gazing stealthly down at the

round table. "If I could tell you of that girl's mother, Mr. Tavernake," he said, "If I could tell you what her history, our history, has been, it would seem to you so strange that you would probably regard me as a romancer. No, we have to carry our secrets with us."
"By-the-bye," Tavernake asked, "what

are you a professor of?"
"Of the hidden sciences, sir," was the immediate reply. "Phrenology was my earliest love. Since then I have studied in the East; I have spent many years in a monastery in China. I have gratified in every way my natural love of the occult. I represent today those people of advanced thought who have traveled, even in spirit, for ever such a little distance across the line which divides the seen from the unseen, the known from the infinite."

He took a long draught of champagns. Tavernake gazed at him in blank amaze-

"I don't know much about science," he said. "It is only lately that I have begun to realize how ignorant I really am. said. Your daughter has helped to teach me. The professor sighed heavily. "A young woman of attainments, sir,"

he remarked, "of character, too. Look at the way she carries her head. That was a trick of her mother's."
"Don't you mean to speak to her at

all?" Tavernake asked.
"I dare not," the professor replied.
"I am naturally of a truthful disposition, and if Elizabeth were to ask me if I had spoken to her sister, I should give myself away at once. No, I look on and that is all."

Tavernake drummed with his fingers upon the tablecloth. Something in the had filled him with a very bitter feeling. "You ought to go and claim her, professor," he declared. "Look down at them now. Is that the best life for a girl? The men are almost strangers to her, and the girls are not fit for her to associate with. She has no friends, no relatives. Your daughter Elizabeth can do without you very well. She is strong

enough to take care of herself."
"But my dear sir," the professor objected, "Beatrice could not support me." Tavernake paid his bill without another

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word. Downstairs the lights had been lowered, the party at the round table were already upon their feet.
"Good-night, professor!" he said. "I am going to see the last of Beatrice from the top of the stairs."

The professor followed him—they stood there and watched her depart with

The professor followed him—they stood there and watched her depart with Annie Legarde. The two girls set into a taxicab together, and Taven nake breathed a sigh of reilef, a relief for which he was wholly imable to account, when he saw that Grier made no effort to follow them. As soon as the taxi had rolled away, they descended and passed into the street. Then the professor suddenly changed his tone.

"Mr. Tavernake," he said, "I know what you are thinking about me: I am a weak old man who drinks too much and who

you are thinking about me: I am a weak old man who drinks too much and who wasn't born altogether honest. I can't give up anything. I'd be happier, really happier, on a crust with Beatrice, but I daren't, I simply daren't try it. I prefer the flesh pots with Elizabeth, and you despise me for it. I don't blame you. Mr. Tavernake, but listen."

"Well?" Tavernake interjected.

The professor's fingers gripped his arm.

"You've known Beatrice longer-you den't know Elizabeth very well, but let me tell you this. Elizabeth is a very

don't know Elizabeth very well, but ist me tell you this. Elizabeth is a very wonderful person. I know something about character, I know something about character, I know something about those hidden powers which men and women possess—strange powers which no one can understand, powers which days a man to a woman's feet, or which make him shiver when he passes another even in a crowd. You see, these things are a science with me, Mr. Tavernake, but I den't pretend to understand everything All I know is that Elizabeth is one of those people who can just do what she likes with men. I am her father and I am her slave. I tell myself that I would rather be with Beatrice, and I am as powerless to go as though I were bound with chains. You are a young ignorant man, Mr. Tavernake, you knew a like the stave. with chains. You are a young ignoran man, Mr. Tavernake, you know nothing of life, and I will give you a word of warning. It is better for you that you keep away from over there."

He raised one hand and pointed acress the street toward the Milan Court; with the other he once more gripped Taver-

"Why she should take the trouble even Why she should take the trouble even to speak with you for a moment, I do not know," the professor continued, "but als does. It has pleased her to talk with you—why I can't imagine—only if I were you I would get away while there is yet time. She is my daughter, but she has no heart, no pity. I saw her smile at you. I am sorry always for the man she smlles upon like that. Good-night, Mr. Tavernake!"

The professor crossed the street. Taver-nake watched him until he was out of sight. Then he felt an arm thrust through his. "Why, this is what I call luck!" a

familiar voice exclaimed. "Mr. Taver-nake, you're the very man I was looking (CONTINUED MONDAY.)

ardization test, low-speed, four-hour speed and 24-hour speed tests. It is expected that the vessel will return on Tuesday. With about 200 passengers on board, sha will leave here on March 25 for San Fran-

CAR KILLS OLD WOMAN

Miss Rebecca Cowas, 72 years old, of 2725 North 12th street, was struck by a trolley car last night at 11th and Silver streets, and died of her injuries a few hours later in the Samaritan Hospital. The crew of the car was arrested. The old woman, who made her home with her niece, Mary Morrow, was crossing the street, and either failed to see the car coming or else was trable to see the Great Northern, was constructed by the coming or else was unable to get across the tracks before it reached her. Her skull and jaw were fractured.

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