Discovered the Country

Walter Prichard Eaton has written

by humor alone, true enough, but a cer-

tain kind of it helps him live well-the

humor of Lamb and Charles Dudley War-

ner, "The Idyl of Twin Firea" is not

good talk. Evidently the author en-joyed the writing of the book.

have any fondness for fireplaces and old houses or for making roses and potatoes grow, or if you have any playfulness of spirit, you will find that "The Idyl of Twin Firea" is a book to invite your soul.

Or If you have had none of these feeling or experiences it is hardly to be doubted that "The Idyl of Twin Fires" will lend you timely aid. If you like a little

philosophy mixed in with your humor you will find it here, and indeed good humor is always touched with philosophy

went to Rentford:

knowing.

is benefactor.

away in disgrace.

my-best feeling. Have you?

Phillpott's Newest,

nary she was working on in New York

that was the name of the house, from the

pen fireplaces in the south room.

There are in the book some country

people and some summer residents and

ne rural problems-all of them worth

singular idealism based on loyalty to

Nelly Todd, the granddaughter of an-

other pottery owner, tells the boy a valuable trade secret, believing that he

intends to marry her. Porter's exulta-tion that he has at last been able to repay his benefactor ends when Easter-

brook learns of the perfidy by which the

secret was acquired. He has grown to love Porter like a son, but he sends him

This crisis reveals, or is supposed to eveal, that the boy's character had been

ubtly moulded by the influence of Easterbrook's personality and that his moral sense had been developed. He leads a dreary and repentant life until Easter-

brook becomes tolerant enough to forgive

him, but he never returns to the Tower, because of an arbitrarily interpolated

tragedy which ends the boy's history.
Harvey Porter is a unique book character. His outlook on life is consistently

In "Brunel's Tower" (Macmillan, New York), Mr. Philipoits goes to a daring

extreme in depicting the Nietzchean

"hardnesa" of a character for whom he wishes the reader's sympathy. Porter

pottery district of western England. The people who live a rather colorless, matter-of-fact existence in the community are adequately portrayed.

Where Love Wins

The role of Contrary Mary is assumed,

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DON'T MY Springtime At the OVERLOOK MY Springtime At the WAUNER ACADEMY, 1730 N. BROAD ST. TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 26 KERR'S Orchestra Dancing Old Now Newsliv

Students' Chapter N. E. Cor. Park and

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N. Broad

mprove every moment Copy books may; hat's what we Fromise to do. Ve teach you to dance on quickly advance.

as his well-wishers thought

nd they came home to "Twin Fires."

The Professor Who

## THE BLUE BUCKLE

voman started.

but they have only got laughed at for their plane. Mr. Helderman is the soul of honor, but because he is a very rich and successful man, he is constantly made the subject of idle attack!"

Nothing could have been more impres-sive than the histrionic manner in which this elegant lady defended her accomplice,

woman started.

"Explain yourself!" she anapped.

"His own admissions—" ventured Craig
The girl turned white. "Admissions?"
the said, doubtfully.

Spare me your compliments!" she re

"I honestly mean it!" Craig replied.

Then assuming a more serious tone, he continued: "The net is closing in around Helderman. At last three different cases

are being rounded up against him. This jaunt to Florida, by which he secured by fraud-"

How by fraud? The papers and evi-

dence were in our possession—the estate is rightfully mine!" she stormed, but a frishtened look had come into her eyes. "It is too late to try to make me be-lieve that, Miss Arany! Let us try to de-

"For what purpose?" she demanded.
"To save yourself, I have some influence with the authorities—"
"Mr. Craig Rutherford, I want you to understand, once for all, that I am not that kind of woman! Let them prove what they can—or cannot—I should not be chean enough to turn State's evidence

be cheap enough to turn State's evidence

against the man—"

Her voice trailed off into silence, as she sat nervously clasping and unclasping

I admire you for that!" Craig said.

with an unmistakable note of sincerity his voice. "Suppose, then, that I of you easier terms. The contents of E No. 7, in the Mismi bank, I am led to

Ballantyne and her father.'

raig said, dryly.

lieve, contained not only bonds to a large amount, but also some private papers which are of great importance to Miss

"Miss Ballantyne, bah! What do I care for that presumptuous basgage or her father? If I had those papers and they would save his life-I wouldn't turn my

"Now, I think your bitterness is as mis-placed as was your loyalty, awhile ago."

"Oh, of course you think so! Miss Bal-

lantyne has but to simper with those hig. babyish, brown eyes of hers, and crook her little finger, and you immediately dance attendance!"

"That may be," retorted Craig; "but, to speak slanglly, I am not the only one;" "Then I pity his taste!" "Whose-Helderman's?" "What do you mean? J. Baron Helderman wouldn't look at a girl like that a second time."

"I'm not so sure," mused Rutherford.
"I am!" Miss Arany said emphatically, her eyes flashing.

her eyes flashing.
Rutherford perceived that he had touched a tender spot in her susceptibility. She was not only devoted to Helderman, but she was insanely jealous of him "Tell me. Miss Arany." he said, looking her straight in the eyes, "what is Mr. Helderman to you?"

"For three years he has been every-

But suppose now that Helderman-

"He will not dare-after all I have done

r him-after all I know!"
"Yet I am sure that he is making love

jealous. The girl gave a short, mocking

It with the positive assurance by which one seeks to allay one's private fears. "You are mistaken." returned Craig. "Helderman is going again, and he is go-

ing as an ardent wooer, even a desperate

for being a dupe!"
"No, NO!" she screamed, in a perfect
frenzy of rage. "'He would not dare! I'll
give you one chance to prove it, Craiz

While the woman stood there the pic-

ownstairs began to boom out the hour.

She started.
"Quick!" she exclaimed. "He will be here any minute! He must not see you

the street rolled the banker's

the house!"

Rutherford; and if you do not make go your words-I'll hunt you out and kill

to Miss Ballantyne.'

vise other wave and means.

her hands.

XXVI.

THE STRAWBERRY VENDER. "Hiraw-ber-reest"

The voice rose shrill and penetrating in the arintecratic air of Riverside Drive. It was not often that Itinerant fruit murchants hawked their wares in that neighborhood; but this man seemed more than usually enterprising, and had gotten hold of an early supply of fruit, which he was disposing of direct, at a good

The votes became almost a wail. the man turned a corner, and tried his wares on the adjoining block. He must have had a good supply of fruit, for he lingured in one neighborhood for nearly half a day. It was the block whose chief crnament was the big Helderman ican

sion on the corner.

The strawberry vender was a ranged looking individual, with a mop of tangled curly hair, which proclaimed him former citizen of Italy. His complexion was awarthy, and two large, brassy look-

ing rings ornamented his ears.
As he continued to hawk his wares, a joing woman handsomely dreased passed by him, ignoring the tempting fruit. She was walking somewhat hurriedly, and had presumably come from the subway, ster a forencen's shopping downtown. The merchant, seeing that his berries were disdained, followed the lady quietly and unchirusively until she had entered the spartment standing opposite the mansion, on the side street. Then he slipped in behind her, before she equit close the

quietly had he come, that she gave a little scream as she turned and saw him. The door leading to a private ele-vator was half open, and she evidently ran it by automatic push-buttons, for no attendant was in sight.

"What do you want?" she asked, annoyed. "I told you that I dulet wish any of the fruit! How dare you follow

But eet ees such fine fruit, ladee-and so cheap! "Den't bother me!" she snapped, and was just about to enter the elevator, when the man uttered a single word in a

Miss Arany-for it was she-turned with What do you want? Who are you?"

ahe exclaimed. 'I will tell you, in a moment. I wish to see you; it concerns Mr. Helderman, and it is important."

man had dropped his Italian cent, and stood quietly while Miss Arany sought to penetrate his disguise.
"How do I know your business is worth listening to?" she asked doubtfully, "You

see, I am here alone in the apartment—"
"No, Mademoiselle! We can go through
the secret passage, and you will have all your servants—and the dogs—at your command. You see—I know!" Miss Arany frowned at his allusion to

the secret passage, and again looked at him sharply. Then deciding that, since the man already knew of the hidden entrance, it would do no harm to grant him an interview and might possibly be to her advantage, she entered the car with-out another word and the man, unbidden, followed. He smiled at her with assur ance as he entered.

It was a small, square car, luxuriously

upholstered. Heavy beveled glass on three of its sides gave its occupants abundant opportunity for self-examination Certainly, the mirrors had never reflected a pair affording such striking contrast as this exquisite woman of fashion and the tall, unkempt merchant with undentable directors. undeniably dirty face. Nevertheless, the woman showed no symptoms of fear, but calmly pressed a button sunk in the pan-

The elevator, in violation of its name, recented. It was the same one whose mysterious

disappearance had so puzzled Michael Gooley, and its mechanics were very sim-ple. As it descended, a second chamber ple. As it descended, a second or story built just above it came down or story built just above it was this little and occupied its place. It was this little white closet into which Mike had stuck his bewildered head. Meanwhile the car below gave access an underground passage which led to her to me. I know that he called to see

the banker's luxurious home across the

The ragged street merchant had never traveled this route before, and although he betrayed no outward surprise he met-aphorically took off his hat to the genius of the man who had worked it out. He could see how, under the disguise of establishing a plumbing and heating system, the banker had been able to connect his mansion and his apartment house without exciting suspicion, and had thus managed to secure a means of exit and entrance to his home without lear of detection. For it was now evident that the mansion and the apartment house had entrance in the literature of the same of the literature of the liter

and the man following her felt the rich nap of heavy carpet under his feet. He nap of heavy carpet under his feet. He was in a dark back hall or lobby of the marble house. Then they ascended some back stairs, apparently unobserved, and the man was ushered into a small den or alcove jutting off the hall.

For the first time since they had started from the apartment Miss Arany spoke. "You have a terribly dirty face, Mr. Craig Rutherford!" she observed. "I don't doubt it!" the amateur merchant replied with a laugh. Irens Arany, however, did not laugh.

Trene Arany, however, did not laugh.
"Why did you watch me today—and how did you know about the underground passage?" she demanded.

passage?" she demanded.
"Which question first?"
"The last one."
"To tell you the sober truth, I didn't know about it; I just deduced it!"
"Humph! Adding amateur detective to your other accomplishments, eh? This time, however, I am afraid you have overstepped even your customary rashness. Do you realize that you have placed yourself wholly within my power—and that I am not taking many chances these days?"
"Exactly so" replied Craig, unmoved."

"Exactly so" replied Craig, unmoved.
"State your business, then," cried Miss
Arany, irritated by his sang-froid, "But
I warn you beforehand that, when you
get through, I shall have something to
say-and perhaps also the man who owns
this house."

"Spare your threats, Miss Arany." said Traig. "I have come up here to have a quiet. little chat with you—I remember our other interviews with so much pleas-

our other interviews with so much pleasure;—and I merely chose this disguise to avoid having to explain to the detectives, the real ones, I mean."

"Are they as thick as all that?" she asked, selaing upon his last words in the hope of obtaining some information.

"Size Arany, please do not think that I am berrowing your methods and trying in frighten you; but I believe you so not realise the gravity of the situation. The house is being watched, night and as be some of the whole outh can be shell she sheered.

The house is being watched, night and as be some of the ablest detectives in a Government service.

The and the whole outh can be shell she sneered.

The she sneered.

tut. Miss Aranyl Two can play blde-and-assk game! You may hance that your movements were of from the time you left New York our resurned. And the transactions at the Preliming Bank, in March, constants well known to several

Cups May, N. J. THE WINDSOR Ideal location, on the beach steam heat, scene slew son parture. Batha Bookers, halfs, watch watcher. THE BREAKERS AGE

## 430 NEW CASES OF MEASLES IN WEEK

Three Children Die From Malady Which Is Spreading in Alarming Manner.

"Fortunately-or, rather, unfortunately for him:-Mr. Helderman's perfect alibits somewhat upset, in the famous frip to Florida!" Rutherford remarked. He seemed so sure of his ground that the Four hundred and thirty new cases of measles developed in all parts of the city the last seven days, and three children died from the juvenile malady that has been spreading to epidemic proportions the last five weeks. There were 193 new "Precisely. Miss Arany, please let me repeat that I am not trying to frighten you into any admissions. I am merely advising you—as a friend—if you will. Despite your faults, for some of which I have suffered physically, I honestly admire you! You are a woman of wonderful resources—" cases of chicken pox reported last week

and 174 new cases of mumps.

There were 572 deaths from all causes this week, an increase of 16 over the number last week and 78 less than the number reported during the correspond-

ing period last year. Deaths for the week were:

oroup
Influenza
Other spidsmic discases
Tuberculosis of the
lungs
Tuberculous man-

ingitta orms of tuberculosis
Cancer and maligment tumors.
Simple inclusives
Apoplexy and softshing of brain.
Organic diseases of
the heart
Acute branchitis.
Chronic brinchitis.
Pretumosis 

#### CHORUS TO GIVE CONCERT

Strawbridge and Clothier Organization Will Sing April 26.

The annual concert of the Strawbridge and Clothier chorus will be given in the Metropolitan Opera House April 26, when two cantatas will be produced, "The Swan and the Skylark" and "The Rose Maiden." The chorus sang "The Rose an exceptionally tuneful and Maiden." sparkling cantata, several years ago, the occasion marking one of the many suc-cessful productions given by the organieation since its formation.

The soloists, all of whom enjoy distinc-tion in their line, will be Mrs. May Ebrey Hotz, Mrs. Clara Yocum Joyce, Nicholas Douty and Lewis James Howell.

The Philadelphia Orchestra will furnish the instrumental music. Mr. Herbert J.

Tily, the general manager of the store, will direct the entire production.

The firm will pay all the expenses of the concert, which in previous years has been held in the Academy of Music, and the entire gross receipts will be turned over to the Strawbridge & Clothier pen-

### Children's Corner

Easter Belongs to-Who? ONE fine spring day, in fact, on the very afternoon before Easter, a gay happy rabbit went scurrying across the

Helderman to You?

"For three years he has been everything!" she answered deflantly.

"Still, you cannot be married to him.

Your husband abroad.

"It was a chance shot, but again it told. yard. On the opposite side, he met a jolly, good-natured looking chicken. "Good afternoon, Friend Chicken," he called, "why are you looking so happy?" "I can't help being happy," replied the chicken, "because tomorrow is my very own day" he changed color and retorted angrily:
"He was poor-commonplace! What could be offer me in comparison with Hel-

"Tomorrow!" exclaimed the raboit, "to-morrow is Easter!"
"Of course tomorrow is Easter," an-

swered the chicken. "Easter, my Easter, the one day of the whole year when young chicks like myself are really important. Easter was made for us."

The rabbit swallowed a lump of red-hot

Rutherford said this with a show of bitterness on his own part, which led Miss Arany to believe he was intensely rage and tried to be polite as he answer-ed, "For you! How can you say such a thing? Look at the store windows! Listen to the children talk and you will soon know that Easter is the day for rab-

"For rabbits!" exclaimed a pair of eggs who rolled down the road just then, "what a stupid idea! Easter is the one day of the year devoted to eggs. People eat us and color us. They even make cookies and candles and cakes in the er once, which was for purposes of his wn. Now it is no longer necessary."
"Then if he called again \_\_""
"He will not do so!" The woman said shape of eggs to do us honor!"

missees an aged woman, a pensioner of the
said l'ower, preparing to commit suicide in
but ront of an approaching train. Aware
inat he could save her, he deliberately "It really is astonishing how many mis-taken ideas there are in the world," said the rabbit (still trying to be polite, but finding it very hard work). "I supposed that he could save her, he deliberately everybody knew that Easter belonged to turns his back and walks away from the

They all four began to talk at once, the chicken, the two eggs and the rab-bit each tried to convince the other that Easter was private property.
While the argument was at its height, a messenger bey, carrying a load of boxes, came along the road. He stopped aid Rutherford, the utmost consideration in his tone. "But I will say this: You are being made a tool of, and you don't know it! While you sit at home, here, looking after that—well, that alibl or double of his—Mr. Helderman is amusing himself elsewhere and laughing at you for helps a dure."

to rest a minute and overheard the dis

as he could get in a word, "just as though you poor little creatures counted for anything at Easter time! You may be used for decorations, but new hats are what really count! Easter was made for new hats!"

new hats!"

Before anyone could say a word by way of answer, another messenger buy stopped nearby to rest. "My, but I am tired." he exclaimed. "It is 'rush here!" and 'hurry there!" and 'be sure to get my new suit done in time' till I'm tired enough to drop! I wish there was no Easter for new suits." ture of beautiful rage and jealousy, her eyes dilated, her lips quivering, Ruther-ford began to unfold his plan of action to her, quietly but rapidly.

At first she remonstrated, then as the reasonableness of his request dawned upon her she nodded her head angrily but emphatically, to show that she would do what he said.

Suddenly the big clock in the hall dawnering beginning beginning the hour. new suits! But Easter is not for new suita!" ex-

"But Easter is not for new suits!" ex-claimed the chicken, the two eggs and the rabhit in one breath, "Easter is for US."
"You are all wrong," whispered a bright sunbeam which had flickered down from the blue say above, "Easter is for every-body! In the springtime the earth likes new things, likes young fresh things, so we honor the flowers, gay colors, young animals and newborn creatures; and we dress in fresh new garments in honor of the newborn season. But Easter itself, it belongs to everybody—because it's God's in the house?"
"Which way shall I go out?"
"The way you came; but he quick?"
Rutherford needed no second urging,
for Helderman was the one person just
then he did not wish to see. He darted
back down the passage silently; up by
the little elevator—this time a real elevator; and out on the street. The free
air of heaven felt good to his temples
again. slongs to everybody-because it's God's

With a gay smile, the sunbeam was gone; the argument stopped and every-body some way felt suddenly happy and smily as they went on their way.

SPRING RESORTS Atlantic City.



# delightful book in "The Idyl of Twin Fires" (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York). Would that more books had its fine quality of humor. Man does not live an easay; it is a story of adventure in country life, yet it is like the best of easays, for it has the rare flavor of good talk, Evidently the author en-If you had a country boyhood, or if you have ever felt that you have been too long in city pent and would like a few acres to call your own, or if you

STEWART EDWARD WHITE Not "Androcles and the Lion," but the explorer-hunter-author with two of his trophies decorating the lawn at "The Jumping Off Place," his California home.

War Through Canine Eyes | Satire and Thomas Hardy Oulda's "A Dog of Flanders," by Its

AMONG THE BOOK

But this is a tale of adventure. For John Unton, instructor in English in a college, bought a New England farm, with an ancient house which he partly feeling, has outlived her numerous and made over to suit himself, and a number of acres which he made to pay where they had never paid before. To help him bectle fictions and for precisely the same reason Walter A. Dyer's very similarly named "Pierrot, a Dog of Belgium" (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York), will In planning his garden, with its rose arbor and bird bath and sun dial, was the city boarder at Bert's. One day they be fresh and fragrant reading when the "aecond hand book" stalls have become the final refuge of the multitudinous "seasonable" books, flictional, descriptive "The girl was dressed fauntily in blue, and I were my last year's best suit and and military, evoked by the great con-

hat and collar. I sniffed the city smell. Pierrot is only a humble dog, and declared; Rather nice, just for a contrast. I've got an all-dressed-up-in works hard in the fields and the marts for his peasant masters and who love their children with a great devotion. And "'It is a lark, she smiled. 'I never one day he is requisitioned for the front; one day he is requisitioned for the front; becomes a factor in the great military machine. His going causes heartbreaks, but it is necessary to start the thrilling story of his experiences as one of the before. It seems queer to me-as if I didn't belong in it."
"'You don't,' said I; 'you belong in the Finally he rescued her from the die

These Mr. Dyer has recounted in simple and sympathetic wise, realizing that to be affecting he need not be sentimental. So his narrative is gracious, tender and ap-pealing. Part of the proceeds from its sale is to be contributed to the Belgian

Another "Glad" Book

Let everybody be gladder'n ever, yea let the rejoicing be much, merry and marked. That is, everybody who rejoiced exceedingly over "Follyanna," the first "Brunel's Tower' A boy who runs away from a reform-tory and adopts the name Harvey "glad" book, and that means 'most every Porter is given employment by George Eleanor H. Porter has added to Easterbrook, the master of a pottery known as Brunel's Tower. Young Porter, unmoral and with pity for neither the sorrows of the world nor his own, differs

general gladness by "Pollyanna Grows Up" (The Page Comapny, Boaton). We find her, in the opening pages.

"Standing with reluciant feet Where the brook and river meet, and we leave her on the threshold of her own lovely romance. And Pollyanna's girlhood and maidenhood are just as cheery, helpful and actively optimistic as her childhood, narrated in the previous volume, was glad. She simply twines the tendrils of her affections about the reader's heart and suffuses his soul with the

glorious sunshine of her nature as she did to Mrs. Carew, the proud, idle, worldly-wise, disappointed woman, with whom she lived in Boston, "Pollyanns Grows Up" is really irresistible. Pro-fessional pessimists and just ordinary grouches should order their copies now

### Best Drama Book

It is literally impossible to say too many good things about "Chief Contemporary Dramalists." a volume from Houghton-Mifflin, of Boston, edited by Prof. Thomas presented—so consistently, in fact, that one wonders if the environment of Brunel's Tower altered him so profoundly II. Dickinson, of the University of Wis-consin. Even the moderately high price-\$2.50-is phenomenally little for the con-tents of the 676 pages. Therein, buttents of the 55 pages. Therein, but-tressed by bibliographies and study lists, are printed no less than 20 modern plays. In these days, when it is growing only a little less difficult to obtain the current American plays in printed—but not novelized-form, it is a remarkable contribuised-form, it is a remarkable contribu-tion, not only to the drama, but to plain, everyday enjoyment to find Moody's "The Great Divide," Augustus Thomas' "The Witching Hour," Clyde Fitch's "The Truth" and Percy MacKaye's "The Scarecrow" all included in a collection that also holds the best, or at least one of the most interesting, dramas of Wilde, Pinero, Jones, Galsworthy, Barker, Yesta, Synge, Lady Gregory, Hauptmann, Sidermann, Brieux, Hervieu, Maeterlinck, Bjornson, Strindberg and Tchekhov. The compiler frankly admits difficulties that prevented the inclusion of Bernard Shaw and J. M. Barrie. and J. M. Barrie.

Whitemarsh Races Postponed

count of the storm.



My Dear Kenneth: Our divorce decree was granted today, as you will doubtless see by this evening's New York papers. I suppose Miller & Kent will send you some sort of official notice and whatever documents are neces-

Thank goodness all the bothersoms legal rmalities are over; Affectionately, your ex-wife, Sybil,

"LOVE LETTERS DIVORCED COUPLE" By William Farquhar Farson
Baneath the humer and galety
of this remeace is a genuine
hote of constructive criticism.
Mr. Payson offers a real
solution for the "tremandous tribes" that
hulls up alvores.
Desorated. Net. \$100.
Just set. All Booksform.
Dombissay, Pags
& Campany.

### A collection of varied poems by Thomas maginative charm and genuine human | Hardy is of particular interest because poetry is the one medium through which this great writer now chooses to express himself. The "Wessex Poems" and "Time's Laughingstocks," which preceded

himneif. the present volume "Satires of Circum-stance." (Macmillan), had each its poignancy and its power; there were poems in the second volume of an unforgettable misery. Mr. Hardy's philosophy, the pessimism of one who is impressed with the rony rather than with the misery of the world, is peculiarly adapted to poetic and, indeed, to all artistic treatment. Yet for Mr. Hardy, irony has too often meant mere coincidence; the tragic irony of circumstance has seemed too often to be, in his work, adventitious and unnecessary. So in the present volume one feels a lack of grandeur, a falling off in philosophic There was a time when appreciation. ven in Mr. Herdy's bitterest stories, in he worst of "Life's Little Ironies" and in the pest of the novels, one felt at least come thrill of emotion at the very black-ness and blankness of the tragedies. That s missing now.

And apart from the 15 bitter little etchings which make up the centre portion of the book and give it its name, there is a vast deal of what should be called bad poetry. It is verse without inspiration of any high order and without depth of thought or splendor of imagination in expression. Such a poem as "The Con-vergence of the Twain" on the disaster of the Titanic is childishly written and saved only by the truly splendid concep-tion of the fashioning in the hand of God (called immanent will) of the iceberg as mate to the ship. There are a few pasmate to the ship. There are a few pas-sionate bits, a few lovely descriptions and a vast welter of trifles in the book sur-rounding the "Satires." Of these too much in praise cannot be raid. They are sharply and defitly written, with more humanity and less abstract moodiness and rancor than any of the other And they are by that token infinitely more

Romantic Staten Island

Most persons probably think of Staten Alost persons probably think of Staten Island as a remote, unexplored land inhabited principally by harried people of the middle class, who are incessantly rushing for the ferryboats bound for New York. But Geoffrey Corson, in his novel "Blue Blood and Red" (Henry Holt & Co. New York) proves that such a view is quite erronsous. He shows beyond pos-sibility of doubt that Staten Island has an in Many Years aristocracy, very proud and exclusive, and haughtily opposed to having one of its scious involved in a love affair with the daughter of a mere tugboat captain. Not that the scion was determined to have the girl. Quite otherwise. The desire for possession was far stronger on the side of the lady; and eventually she wan though at much cost to have a support of the side of the lady; and eventually she wan though at much cost to have a support of the side of the lady; and eventually she wan though at much cost to have a support of the side of the lady; and eventually she wan though at much cost to have a support of the side of the lady; and eventually she wan though at much cost to have a support of the side of the lady; and eventually she wan though at much cost to have a support of the side of the lady; and eventually she wan though at the side of the lady; and eventually she wan the side of the lady; and eventually she wan the side of the lady; and eventually she wan the side of the lady; and eventually she wan the side of the lady; and eventually she wan the side of the lady; and eventually she wan the side of the lady; and eventually she wan the side of the lady; and eventually she wan the side of the lady; and eventually she wan the side of the side of the lady; and eventually she wan the side of the side of the lady; and eventually she wan the side of the lady; and eventually she wan the side of the lady; and eventually she wan the side of the lady; and eventually she wan the side of the lady; and eventually she wan the side of the lady; and eventually she wan the side of the lady; and eventually she wan the side of the side of the lady; and eventually she wan the side of the won, though at much cost to herself and though the man in the case at one time wrecked her hopes by marrying another woman.

The romance has its interesting pages, though the author wastes far too many words in recounting his narrative. Relentless pruning would have made it a far stronger story.



"Victory" JOSEPH CONRAD'S

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Lodge on the Constitutio To the senior Senator from Massal chusetts the initiative and referendum and the recall of judges are reactionary. We are today asked," he says, "to lay aside the great advance in government made, an history shows, by the representative system and return to earlier forms." Not these alone, but other proposals "involving the very fabric of our Constitution," trouble him. He believed that we are confronted today with 'the gravest questions which the American people have been called upon to decide since 1880." "Before we begin to revolutionize our Constitution and the principles," he urges, "let us know well principles," he urges, "let us know well what that Constitution is, what it means, what it has accomplished, and whither the changes so noisily urged will lead

In the first five of the eleven papers In the first five of the eleven papers which comprise his latest book. "The Democracy of the Constitution," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons (New York), Senator Lodge sets forth the faith which he shares with Elihu Root and Nicholas Murray Butler in the American Constitution as the sure bulwark of American democracy. His exposition of the principles which went into its making is a fine appreciation of the median of the principles which the work of the convention of 1787 and in one of his papers he pays a splendld tribute to his papers he pays a splendid tribute to the capacity and patriotism and demi-cratic spirit of the men of that conven-tion. The Senator's political philosophy is already well known to the public, but in this volume it is expressed with a clarity and buttressed with a scholarship which make the book notable in recent political literature.

political literature The volume contains also several in-teresting and scholarly essays on subjects pertaining to literature and language, be-sides a historical paper or two.

War's Sham and Horror in Guise of Romance

It was to be expected that Will Lev-

It was to be expected that Will Levington Comfort, novellat, war correspondent and soldier, would seize the opportunity presented by Europe's titanic conflict to add to his already reasonably large output of romances. It was also to be expected that he would not handle the there in any conventional matter. the theme in any conventional manner.

Mr. Comfort, in all his books, has ever
been inclined to give the conventions the
cold shoulder, and in "Red Flerce"
(George H. Doran Company, New York). George H. Doran Company, New York), he adheres to his usual plan. This latest book of his is called a romance; in reality it is more nearly a sociological discussion. It is not lacking in action—battle, bloodehed, peril, intrigue and here-ism all contributing to carry the story along—but the reader is left in no doubt whatever of the writer's prime purpose. That purpose is to present an indictment against war, its sham and hypocrisy quite as much as its horror and atrocity, and make an appeal for universal peace.
Mr. Comfort pleads the cause of the
peagants, to fit the locale of the story—
who are led like sheep to the shambles. He glorifles the Russian revolutionists, who risk their lives in their vain efforts to put a stop to the curse of militarisms. From a literary standpoint, the work is very far from being the best that he has done, when one remembers "Down Among Men" and "Fate Knocks at the Door." It is ultra-modern in its style, spasmodic and splotchy, lucking altogether that continuity which an older generation thought essential to the best craftsmanship. But it need hardly be said that the pictures of war are pre-sented with vigor and abundant color.



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