

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Genius in the Trenches

Kreiser does nothing unexpected in this book he has written of his experiences during "Four Weeks in the Trenches" (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston). He writes the story as if it were the actual experience of a soldier, and the details which make up the better side of trench warfare. He brings to his subject normally a high degree of observation. Just exactly how no one can be sure, so his heart is so full of it that he can't write it. He has been so fine that he can't write it. He has been so fine that he can't write it.



PATRICK MacGILL

The Splendid Chance

Winning a prize in an art competition is the story of Katherine King, an American girl, in the development of her immature talent. The story is set in Paris, where she meets a young English captain, who is a year with her; and she hasn't time to say more than a couple of words before he comes over to her. She has won a short six months or so before the expiration of this period of betrothal the European war breaks out. The captain is killed in one of the early battles in northern France. Katherine is broken-hearted, of course. She has followed her lover in the capacity of a volunteer nurse, and proves herself a maiden of rare courage under most trying circumstances. She goes back to her soldier sweetheart on the field where he has bravely died. And here she meets an American soldier, whom she had designated as the "Soury Man" on account of his reticent nature. His taciturnity is due to his own unrequited romance, disillusionment and the fact that he has followed his marriage in America. Katherine's goodness and gentleness toward his motherless child have softened his asperity. He develops a boundless love for the beautiful young woman, though he does not tell her of it, respecting her violent grief and feeling, besides, that he has had his chance and lost it in his ill-starred matrimonial venture. He indeed loved her before he knew of her betrothal to the English captain, and he bears the disappointment of his discovery with great fortitude. While Katherine and her father, a Zeppelin has soared over Paris and dropped a bomb on the "Soury Man's" studio and lodgings, killing the sculptor's adored little girl. The painful woe of the "Soury Man" and the American maid eventually brings them together, and the story of "The Splendid Chance," by Mary Hastings Bradley (D. Appleton & Co., New York), ends just as the most dramatic reader could wish. Incidentally, the novel, which is most cleverly written, abounds in graphic descriptive chapters dealing with the present-day conditions in Europe, the vivid scenes presented by Mrs. Bradley, the scene, being drawn, it is said, from her own experiences at the front.

An Irish Catholic Novel That's Neither

"Waiting" (Mitchell Kennerly, New York), by Gerald O'Donovan, from one viewpoint is a genre study of Irish peasant life, religious and social, under the economic advantages of the fairly recent land purchase law. From another viewpoint it is a covert, subtle attack on the dogmatism and its priesthood, which apparently are conceived as antagonistic to the Celtic Renaissance and its fresh, vigorous impetus to the perennial national movement of Dark Rosaleen. As a novel aimed for the Irish and the Catholics it fails miserably; neither will care for it. Only some of the hyphenated or descendants of Cromwellian soldiers may find the destructive religious criticism worth the work, though the majority are too ignorant for that, but the glowing picture of national aspiration for unity and peace is a recommendation in certain ways in Ulster. The author's "Father Ralph," which was seriously regarded by equally varied reviewers for the religious press as a sensational attack on mother church or a scathing, searing exposure of papal politics, politics and priests, is a very fore-runner of "Waiting." The whole fails again that even if the author had actively unfriendly to the cause he depicts, the people he portrays, the book is described in short, United Ireland is a singularly unappreciative to the cause, and that he is unjust in his exposition of it because he does not realize its consummation can be achieved only by united strength and with the positive breach between the Irish movement and those who are its most loyal, most numerous supporters. How wrong there is little that is joyous about O'Donovan's folk, their laughter, their hard, and the reader at their expense. From their ways it would be hard to set them in the North. The dialect in its transliteration, suggests the "hard-mouths" of the North, but the "hard-mouths" of the South, whose messages and customs seem to be a composite, which is hardly fitting in a separate, cross-sectional view of a people and its racial moods and desires. The author's is plentiful, but more than references to leprechauns and frequent usage of Irish words and idioms are needed for success if genuine realism is to be achieved; otherwise we have here only a sentimentalism that makes for mere reality. The author's knowledge of Irish history, traits and traditions will look askance even at the "revelations" of a writer who persists in calling "Mitchell" for the name of the leader instead of the proper form, as indicated by his grandson, the Mayor of the Turk. Judge ex pede Hercules!

Coming Books

A few years ago the calm of a book-publishing public, was startled by a series of remarkable essays written by Allen Tate and grouped under the title, "The New Word." This month Mr. Updike will have two books brought out, "The Mystery" and "Paradise Lost," which will be published by the H. D. Mitchell Co. The latter part of the "Mystery" is a study of the elements in the pre-Christian world, the subject made fascinating by the erudition, the charm, and the clarity of the author. The second is a study of the life of Bernard Shaw is the author's. It plays upon Shawian ideas with phrases as searching as "The world is a city, as any the great G. B. Shaw ever used in his ridicule of Shawian morality."

Practical Day Preventions

Practical day preventions for the prevention of disease and the maintenance of health. The 19th Edition now ready. \$1.40. THE MACMILLAN CO., Pub., N. Y.

Grape Juice Fiction

George Randolph Chester has taken a seat on the wagon with Mr. Ex-Secretary Bryan and other proponents of pink pop, grape balls and various citric beverages. With the collaboration of Lillian Chester he has written "The Enemy" (Hearst International Library, New York), a study of the progressively degenerative effects of booze on both the business and artistic temperament. On the whole, his novel is to maintain the potatory flavor of speech—rather a milk-and-water performance to deal with so horrible a text as the demon rum. The Chesters show none of the combined cleverness of phrase and plot found in the Wallingford tales and "The Ball of Fire." They have very evidently had no "vocation" to become the evangelists of the temperance movement. Plainly they have written "The Enemy" not because they had a novel to write, but because they had to write a novel in pursuit of their daily labor. In the burning sincerity of its inner call, "Ten Nights in a Barroom," by T. S. Arthur, despite its old-fashioned melodrama and stylistic crudities, is far superior to this sentimentalized version translated into up-to-date terms.

New Books

BOON. Being a selection from the literary remains of George Boon, prepared for publication by Reginald Miles, author of "Whales in Captivity." With an ambitious introduction by H. G. Wells. \$1.25. George H. Doran Company, New York.

THE BLACK MONK. By Anton Tchekhoff.

IBSEN ON PLAY-PRINTING

I consider it injurious to a dramatic work that it should be made accessible to the public in the first instance by means of a stage performance. A new play can never be considered and judged apart from its surroundings, purely and simply as a literary work. The judgment tell always comprehend both the play and its performance; these two entirely different things are mixed up together, and the chief attention of the public is, as a rule, attracted more by the acting and the actors than by the play itself.

Translated by R. E. C. Long. \$1.20. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

DEAD BOULE. By Nikolai Gogol. Translated from the Russian with an introduction by Stephen Graham. \$1.25. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

MILKSTONE. By Harold Regbie. \$1.25. George H. Doran Company, New York.

PRAYER FOR PEACE. By William Somerset Maugham. \$1.25. Mitchell Kennerly, New York.

K. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. \$1.25. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Many at Convent's Service

A special service marked the commemoration of the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which was celebrated this morning at the chapel of the convent, at 6th and Old York road. The feast concludes an eight-day Novena, which was attended by many Philadelphians. Unusually large numbers attended the final service. Italian residents near 6th and Vine streets began the celebration yesterday afternoon with a band of instruments playing in a sacred concert.

PHILADELPHIAN WRITES OF TRENCH FIGHTING

Letter Gives Vivid Picture of Repulse of Charge of German Troops.

Written in the trenches of war-ravaged Europe, a graphic letter by a Philadelphia soldier to his mother, reading in this city, gives a vivid picture of the wild dashes for safety whenever German shells or poison gases make their appearance. The name of the writer is withheld at the request of his mother. She fears if the identity of her son is revealed in print it might result in him being court-martialed. He is prominent in society both in this city and Washington.

How soldiers daily are mowed down by cannon shots is described by the writer. "IN THE TRENCHES. "Dearest Mother—Another few hours' rest, so I'm writing. The fight has been very hard, but turned to our advantage. All this afternoon we were bombarded. I estimate that 1500 shells fell on our front of three kilometers. As usual, our poor regiment is a good receiver of shells—but we did not budge. They are disgusted—the Boches. Before us, it was the 6th Division, a tired and worn-out division, and so we took their place. We

are fresh men. The enemy did not suspect this change and attacked, and, as we say in the language of soldiers, "Bont tomber sur un bec de gaz." In the evening, when the Russian guard thought they could advance on us in columns of fours, we kept absolutely quiet—no sound, no movement to persuade them even more that they were surprising us. Everything was calm; not a sound—only a few rolling stones, and small broken branches and the wind sighing. One feels that there is something stirring and one has queer feelings from looking intently in the dark before one and seeing nothing; one wishes they would hurry so that it might be over.

"Then suddenly the earth seems to rise, howling 'Hoeh, Hoeh, Hoeh' der Kaiser! Yelling like madmen they advance rapidly—now they are only 25 yards off. We let them get entangled in our wire and abatis and stumble in the holes made by shells. 'Hold your fire,' says our captain. Every one is calmly nervous. Then, like a flash of lightning and roll of thunder, a telephone call and our whole line splits fire, the mortar, the 75 hand bombs and rifles—all betch forth. Our first volley mows down the first ranks; our second and third volleys see them fall like trees mown down. In a few moments the attack is broken—their charge wavers, hesitates—a few turn their backs. Then comes the retreat and finally a wild dash to safety. The day is won. We will be left quiet for a little while now. To finish them up, our mitrailleuses begin to spit like volcanoes. All is over. "Now we are sleeping quietly—not too soon. "Will you send me as soon as possible two more masks for protection against the poison gases and motor goggles with mica eyes? They must be absolutely her-

metically sealed. Send two pairs to different parcels. "You see I don't worry much and am not affected. All is well and I am in good health. Love to father, "YOUR LOVING SON, "P. S.—It's terrible but very imposing, all this."

LANCASTER'S POLITICAL 'SLATE'

It includes "Regulars," "Rebels" and "Just Plain Good Fellows." LANCASTER, Pa., July 16.—The following slate probably will be presented by the Republican party, according to "inside" advices. The string includes regulars, rebels and just plain good fellows: District Attorney—S. V. Hosterman, Lancaster. Prothonotary—John F. Long, Leesport. County Treasurer—Dr. E. H. Witmer, Neffville. Register of Wills—Samuel Francis Rohrerstown. Sheriff—Christian Garber, Mt. Joy. Clerk of the Quarter Sessions—Levi McAllister, Quarryville. County Controller—Enos Mowrer, New Providence. County Commissioners—Samuel W. Diller, Lancaster; John B. Shirk, West Co. Prison Keeper—A. Carson Obetz, Manheim. The Republican County Committee will meet on the first Monday of August for organization.

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 - "Beauty Instead of Pep," by Marian Bruntwell Powell.
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 - The Handsomest Bald-headed American.
 - Women Aviators Famed for Bravery.
 - "If the Movies Hurt Your Eyes," by Edwin F. Bowers, M.D.
 - One Minute with the Editor.
 - "Who Was Marie Dupont?"



Start Today!

The Nutmeg Isle!—here's a place for romance and adventure. The "Empress of Singapore" is bound for the South Seas. Her whistle is blowing and you hear the last "any more for the sho-ore?" Hurry along there, young Paul Corbet? There's a place on board for you, but you've got to fight for it. "Red Bob" needs a brave man this trip, because it's pearls he's after and enemies flood the coast. Hurry! Isola is fleeing the man she will not marry.

Here's a story for all adventure lovers. It's a story you can live—it's vivid and full of action. For Beatrice Grimshaw knows the fascinating South Sea Islands, and she will take you there. Start today.

The first instalment of "The Girl of the Nutmeg Isle" in this week's issue of

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