DUE COLONNE NEMICHE ARRESTATE E BATTUTE IN TERRA ITALIANA

Gli Austriaci Avevano Tentato l'Invasione dell'Italia dalla Strada dello Stelvio, verso Bormio

GLI ALPINI ALL'OPERA

Nulla di Nuovo sul Fronte del Carso Dice il Rapporto del Generale Cadorna

ROMA, 13 Agosto.

Il Ministero della Guerra pubblicava ieri il seguente comunicato ufficiale:

"Sull'Itopiano del Carso, dopo avere nella notte del 10 Agosto respinto attacchi del nemico nella zona di Monte Sei Busi, noi abbiamo eseguito nella mattinata seguente un contrattacco, ottenendo sensibili vantaggi in alcune sezioni di quel settore.

"Come dicemmo gia' nel precedente comunicato, la nostra fanteria attacco' con tale irresistibile slancio che due compagnie (500 uomini) riuscirono ad impossessarsi con un assalto alla baionetta di alture assai ben fortificate e situate molto addentro alle linee nemiche. Questa posizione pero' non fu mantenuta a causa del violento fuoco dell'artiglieria nemica e dei vigorosi contrattacchi degli austriaci. Questi contrattacchi pero' si spezzarono contro la resistenza delle nostre truppe che tenevano posizioni gia' conquistate e situate alle spalle di quelle occupate dalle due compagnie spintesi in avanti.

"Nella sezione di Monfalcone l'artiglieria austriaca ha ripreso a bombardare le nostre posizioni della Rocca e la stessa citta', ma questa volta senza alcun risultato.

"Nel Cadore, mentre la nostra artiglieria continua ad operare contro le poderose opere difensive delle alte vallate, il nemico ha tentato con frequenti ma inutili attacchi di ricacciarci indietro e sloggiarci da alcune delle posizioni da noi conquistate. Le nostre truppe hanno respinto tutti gli attacchi.

"Nella Carnia si sono avute azroni di artiglieria e piccole avanzate della nostra fanteria.

"Nella regione di Piava ieri sera le nostre truppe respinsero un doppio attacco del nemico che era appoggiato da numerose batterie di artiglieria."

Piu' tardi veniva pubblicato un nuovo comunicato ufficiale annunciante che due colonne austriache avevano tentato di invadere l'Italia nella regione dell o Stelvio, ma che erano state respinte. Ecce il testo del comunicato:

"All'entrata di Val Furva gli austriaci attaccarono le nostre posizioni di Passo Forno, a 10,845 piedi di altezza, da dove essi erano gia' stati respinti nella notte del 9 Agosto. Nello stesso tempo una seconda colonna austriaca attaccava Capanna di Cedeh, ad 8220 piedi di altezza, dope avere attraversato il Passo di Cevedale. Le nostre truppe Alpine frustrarono pero' tutti e due i tentativi di invasione e con vigorosi contrattacchi ricacciarono indietro gli austriaci.

"Nel Cadore vi sono stati piccoli combattimenti favorevoli a noi nella valle dell'Ansiei. A Visdende noi abbiamo fatto prigionieri 40 cacciatori alpini austriaci.

"Nel settore della Carnia si sono avuti combattimenti isolati. Un contingente austriaco e' stato respinto nella vallata del torrente Pontebbana.

"Nella regione del Carso non vi e' nulla di nuovo ad eccezione dei soliti combattimenti senza importanza."

Un telegramma da Zurigo dice che, secondo notizie giunte dal teatro meridionale della guerra, gli italiani hanno portato sul fronte della Carinzia e dell'Isonzo grandi quantita' di nuova artiglieria di grosso calibro e che da qualche giorno dura un terribile duello tra le batterie italiane e quelle austriache.

OBSERVER WITH GEN. JOFFRE ADDRESSES TOBYHANNA CAMP

Pennsylvania Battery Companies Hear Lieut. E. St. J. Greble, U. S. A.

TOBYHANNA, Pa., Aug. 13. — Friday, the 13th, dawned clear and bright at the artillery instruction camp, after a downpour of rain beginning yesterday noon, and lasting all night. Captain Cox and 88 members of Battery C, of Phoenixville, busied themselves packing dog tents and other paraphernalia in preparation for the three-day bivouac which starts tomorrow. The army officers refuse to disclose the line of march, but promise a realistic campaign.

Colonel Howard C. Williams, of Phoenixville, is expected to visit the camp today, stopping en route to Indiana, where he will inspect the 40th Regiment of Infantry.

Lieutenant Edwin St. J. Greble, U. S. A., who spent a year with General Joffre's army in France, delivered a lecture to the battalion, last night, in which he compared the preparedness of France when the European war broke out with the preparedness of the United States in case of probable attack. We are not invincible to attack, the observer said. He also approved the business mean's military camp now in progress at Plattsburg.

LEAVES ESTATE TO DAUGHTERS

Will of Jesse A. Tilge, of Germantown, Bequeaths $135,000 to His Two Children

Jesse A. Tilge, of the firm of Henry Tilge & Co., who died at 6336 Greene street, Germantown, August 4, left an estate of $135,000, of which $100,000 is personal property. His will, admitted to probate today, leaves the estate to two daughters, Mrs. Jessie T. Craven and Mrs. Kate T. Ward and children. The executors of the will are the Germantown Trust Company and Morris R. Bockius.

Other wills probated today include those of Patrick Carroll, who left $12,175; Josephine A. Brunet, $3000; Harry N. Blanchard, $2500; Elizabeth Kraemer, $1000. Personal property of Mary Meredith has been appraised at $18,672.20.

HOTEL LEASE RENEWED

G. C. Boldt Will Control Waldorf-Astoria Until 1928

George C. Boldt, owner of the Bellevue-Stratford, has renewed his lease of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, so that he will control the hotel until April 30, 1928, it became known today. Mr. Boldt's present lease expires on April 30, 1918, and papers have just been signed for the renewal. Mr. Boldt said today that the Astor interests in the hotel had agreed to expend about $500,000 in improvements.

The roof garden will be entirely rebuilt and enlarged, the plans calling for a dining room 45 by 70 feet overlooking the Astor Court side of the hotel. Another large part of the roof will be devoted to roller skating in the summer

Young Russian Ordered Deported

John Augustowski, 21, who arrived in this country from Courland, Russia, was found guilty in Quarter Sessions Court today of a theft committed by him while he was in this city on a former occasion, nearly two years ago. Judge Shoemaker ordered the youth sent back to Moyamensing Prison until arrangements can be made for his deportation.

BEAUTIFUL MARNE VALLEY STREWN WITH TRACES OF GREAT BATTLE

Many Are the Impressive Sights Which Meet the Eye on Fields Where France, and Perhaps the Whole of Europe, Were Saved From German Domination

By ELLEN ADAIR
Staff Correspondent Evening Ledger

VITRY-LE-FRANCOIS, France, July 26.

THE journey to this place is one of great interest. It takes four hours by train from Paris and very often more than double that time. Leaving Meaux this morning, we traveled through the beautiful valley of the Marne. The railroad runs close beside the river and, looking out of the carriage windows, we realized we were passing vast miles of recent battlefields, and that that river not so very long ago ran red with blood.

This great battlefield of the Marne is now the most famous and epoch-making in the whole of European history. For here it was that General von Kluck, presuming that the British expeditionary force was crushed, stopped in his advance on Paris and, swinging to the left, endeavored boldly to smash the French centre! This was a tremendous strategical mistake and the great turning point in the war. To this the final subjection of Germany will be traced, and through this miscalculation Von Kluck lost his rank and position in the army.

His retreat, however, was one of the most masterly in the whole course of European history, for it had seemed as if his whole army must be captured. Though his losses were tremendous, he yet managed to retire. Everywhere we saw soldiers, guns, sentinels and long cavalcades winding their way amidst clouds of dust to the front. All along the railway line were stationed sentinels, and the train itself was packed with soldiers.

The countryside was entirely deserted, except for the soldiers. Where the inhabitants had vanished to I do not know, probably to Paris. Not a soul was to be seen anywhere for miles upon miles. Then in the distance we would see a great cloud of dust which gradually grew bigger and bigger, and a glint-like fire would shine out suddenly. It was a regiment of helmeted soldiers on their way to the front, with horses, great guns and a hundred wagons following behind. Here and there some old man in a blue linen smock would spring up from some lonely cottage to stare, open-mouthed, at the cavalcade.

Our journey was not easy, for many bridges en route had been blown up in order to check the German advance, and these bridges had been patched up for the time being, and must be crossed with great care. However, no one felt in the least uneasy, for these things are but trifles incidental to traveling in this region.

DETECTIVES ON TRAIN.

Several plain-clothes French detectives were on board the train, and it was amusing to note their tactics and behaviour. After chatting pleasantly with you and finding out as much as they could in that way they would suddenly demand to see all your papers and ask you a series of most searching questions.

I was particularly struck with the beautiful white roads, all leading to the front, and by their deserted appearance. One of the detectives informed me that civilians are forbidden to walk on these roads, as they have been entirely taken over by the military authorities.

Near Epernay, where the whole valley is so beautiful and the river winds its way through green tobacco fields, we saw the body of a dead French soldier floating in the Marne. At one time the bodies were thick in that river. Tall poplar trees line its banks and weeping willows droop lazily, while the water itself is a curious shade of bright green.

The houses in that district are all of a pale pink shade, with roofs a deep and mellow red. The red-capped sentries, with their gleaming bayonets, made another splash of color and the bluest of blue skies shone serenely above.

At Epernay we stopped to have all passengers examined, and the railway platform was the setting for a scene such as no stage has ever yet produced. Every possible shade of blue, pink, red and yellow was fully represented in the costumes of the soldiers, for the French uniforms are quite kaleidoscopic in coloring. They crowded the little platform, for there were more soldiers there than the station could well hold. A babel of voices went on in great confusion—gendarmes, detectives, officers, zouaves, hussars, Red Cross surgeons, Moroccans, cavalrymen and army service men.

An interesting Belgian noncommissioned officer, Isidore Nort, an "auto-mitrailleuse" of the 2d Division Cavalry, was in our carriage, who but the night before had been at the front, and he talked in a most interesting fashion.

Apparently the greater part of his work was to drop bombs from aeroplanes on the German troops and trenches, and also to hurl hand grenades from armored motorcars.

30,000 BODIES IN STREAM.

"Yesterday I was fighting at the Maison du Passeur, near Ypres," said he. "It is just a pretty little house on the edge of a stream, but we have been fighting there since last October, and that little stream holds 30,000 corpses. This is the first leave I have had since the war began."

"But isn't it most insanitary there?" inquired one of his hearers.

"The air is perhaps a trifle odious," said M. Nort, cheerfully, "but we take hygienic precautions. Every day we make coffee from the water of that stream, and it does not make us ill. Yes, I do assure you that there are 30,000 bodies of Belgians, French and Germans in the Yser there! They crowd the place, but one must pay no attention to sights one sees. The stream is narrow, only 10 yards wide, and the Germans occupy one bank while we have the other."

"The Germans," he continued, "treat the women and children with a ferocity unbelievable. All the stories one hears of atrocity are indeed true, more than true. At Alost, near Brussels, they took the little children by the feet, swung them round and round their heads and hurled them at us. One little baby girl fell at my feet, her back and skull broken in many places. It is a practice of the Germans to so hurl the young children, and I have seen many infants slaughtered in this way."

"Is it true that the Germans drive the French and Belgian women and children in front of them, so that they may receive the fire and protect the soldiers?" asked a listener.

"I have witnessed it a hundred times," said Sergeant Nort. "At Alost, 30 miles from Brussels, when the Germans advanced on us they drove all the civilians, men, women and children, before them. We held a splendid position, our big guns having complete command of the road. But when the women and children came along, how could we fire? It was a terrible alternative! We must either turn our own women and children—or we ourselves must be mowed down by the Germans.

"At first we did not fire. The Germans shot us down like corn, and in doing so they shot many of the women, whom they were driving before them for their own protection. It was a disgusting sight, that slaughter! Finally, in self-defense, we had to fire on the Germans!"

"I have seen so many sights of atrocity, but still I have a feeling of nausea!" he continued. "It is terrible to witness the old men and old women massacred. One old man who was being driven in front of the German troops could not walk fast enough, for he was bent with age. The soldiers kept piercing him with their bayonets until he dropped dead from wounds. It made me feel a little faint—that cruel sight!"

"Do you think that America should enter this war?" asked another in the compartment.

"No, I do not," said Nort, decidedly, "because if she does enter the war she will no longer be able to continue her splendid work of sending food to the poor Belgians. I have just received a letter today from my mother, Mme. Nort, who is a prisoner in Brussels, and she says that without the assistance of the kind Americans there would be no food. When you go back to America, mademoiselle, please tell the Americans there that we Belgians owe them a debt of undying gratitude for their promptitude and kindness in this matter. No, I do not wish that they enter this war, they are doing splendid work already!"

When Chalons was reached, we had another examination of papers and photographs and passports—I quite fail to see how any spy could ever reach the French firing-line without detection, so rigorous is the system!

When Vitry was gained we had to leave the train and proceed by motorcar. In the station we underwent one of the most searching examinations of the journey. We had to proceed to the Mayor's house and the commissaire de police to be further examined and get fresh passports. The little town was guarded by sentinels at every road!

After an hour's investigation we were released and decided that before proceeding by car we would walk to a village, one mile distant, to see the ruins caused by the last bombardment. Sentinels held us up along the dusty high road and examined our papers carefully. Any one not in the uniform of a soldier is an object of strong suspicion in these parts.

GERMAN SOLDIER DEAD ON MARNE BATTLEFIELD

MORE THAN 200 PERSONS QUALIFY AS CLERKS

Of Large Class of Eligibles, 56 Are Women—To Serve Any City Department

Fifty-six women and 157 men, from a mixed class of 720 applicants, qualified in tests of the Civil Service Commission for appointment as clerks in any department, at salaries ranging from $750 to $1000 a year.

They are:

WOMEN.

Elizabeth Hoffman	Abby C. Barr
Elsie R. Booz	Reba White
Bella H. Kohn	Rose Levinstein
Mary D. Herdfelder	Mildreth G. Phillips
Dorothy Davis	Edith B. Sharp
Mary L. McKernan	Anna Blaker
Sophy R. Gallagher	Sara E. Woods
Ruth L. Sommerlatte	Cath. M. Connolly
Elsie Weipert	Dorothy VanCampen
Emma L. Yerkes	Rose B. Meadow
Miriam Jaspan	Mary F. Hurley
Anna Preuss	Ada B. Warburton
Clair L. Seiders	Myrtle R. Hartman
Mary W. C. Kennedy	A. Reba Eyre
Charlotte L. Smith	Elizabeth M. McKeon
Anna H. Dugan	Elsie C. Garretson
Margaret M. McGrath	Sara Shapiro
Hazel F. Farley	Blanche Krassonstein
Bella G. Buschel	Abbie K. Tuttle
Emma A. McGill	Sara J. McClain
Katharine E. Folz	Wilma Parry
Carrie Goldman	Rose B. K. Baragen
Annie P. Leonard	Eda S. Haywood
Anna K. Schneider	Elizabeth E. Caines
Viola D. Markert	May G. Gilmore
Anna S. Roak	Bertha Blaker
Rose R. Purcell	Fannye Abrams
Caroline L. Weiss	Catherine Patterson

MEN.

Will A. Burrows	Charles H. Dougherty
Adolph E. Breaner	L. Bernard Levinson
David A. Hauff	James J. Mariner
Maurice T. Kurtz	Harry J. Rauth
Gilbert H. Hassler	E. J. McMenamin, Jr.
Roland A. Ritter	John W. Morris
William A. Jung	Louis Buster
J. Wilmer Elder, Jr.	Elvin Orlando Kline
David Rothenberg	William P. Kullman
Nelson N. Moyer	Manuel Hirsch
Robert H. Rosenthal	Joseph A. Wilson
Arthur W. Miller	Joseph H. Hahn
Nathaniel Susmer	Samuel Maisels
Samuel Zucker	George W. Welsh
Albert Scharff	Allen D. Young
Clayton R. Madden	Joseph J. Feeney
Louis Torg	Herman Lipschutz
R. Emmett Brown	Harry C. Vellenoweth
Harry E. Dettrick	Thomas P. Casey
Earl K. Ford	Robert C. DoaPasoe
Louis Cooper	Richard W. Rudolph
William M. Lever	Alfred A. Baldridge
Ralph J. Sporkin	Harrison R. Drew
Samuel J. Rosenthal	W. C. Eichenberger, Jr.
Harry Green	Nathan Heickles
Lewis W. Sloan	Albert V. Gee
William Wallack	Jay D. Lawrence
Frank W. Clark	Harry Whitehead
Albert S. Fairfield, Jr.	Samuel L. Goodman
Harry Kimmelblatt	J. Robert Cameron
William J. Blumberg	Edward J. McCrossin
Bernard E. Witkin	Louis J. Treuter
Warren J. Fisher	William J. Golden
Leo S. Gallagher	Francis J. McCourt
Abraham LeRoy Renick	Harry A. Duffins
Elmer W. Thornton	John L. Jennings
Samuel Ray	George B. Goeke
William F. Ringler	Samuel D. Brecht
Camille S. Mueller	Albert Rosenfeld
Alfred Deckert	Samuel Darwood
Louis Tevell	Harry Brown
Maxwell S. Kacher	Edward M. Rand
A. Joseph Kurmann	Benjamin F. Feldman
Charles J. Norman	Francis M. Van Sciver
John G. Heber	David N. Steinmetz
Louis C. McBlain	Philip H. Maltman
Herbert J. Hoffman	Samuel Pomeracts
Alfred R. Willoughby	Patrick A. Carroll
Samuel Wolf	Harry R. Kurtz
Joseph E. Marshall	William J. Steinman
Harry W. Rementer	Charles Jos. Schrank
Charles J. Kotterlinus	Frank R. Ward
Edward M. Batz	Morris Horr
Earl A. Riley	Ralph L. McCloss
Fred H. Westfall	Meyer W. Ginsburg
Emanuel Greenberg	Harold Shields
Herbert Yelll	George E. Gonaver
Harry W. Rubin	Russell S. Hubbard
Joseph V. Furlong	Alfred A. Sickelmoore
Thomas F. Torney	Harry Fulman
John F. Devlin	Isidor Schackter
Joseph C. Rice	Isadore Levin
John J. Murray	Norton I. Levy
William R. Thomas	Frederick C. Thiles
John M. Lordan	Bernard Mogul
Martin J. Mulhern	William G. Cowan
Emanuel Schoenberger	Anthony F. Cristiano
James E. Sheridan	James H. Wilson
Harold N. Steves	Francis J. Hagan
Harry M. Hopkins	Fred E. Kroeger
Henry C. Forschner	Harry F. Kehl
George F. Babe	Samuel Silver
John A. Hurst	Harry Widder
Frank J. Rapoport	Maurice Goodman
George J. Evans	Thomas J. Aiddff
Fred W. McClement	David Lazip
Septimus Hatfield	Joseph L. McCormick
Martin Harrison	Rubin M. Sudell
	Harry Rabinowitz

PHILADELPHIA BABIES WIN TWO PRIZES AT ATLANTIC CITY SHOW

Robert Greenfield Adjudged Best Dressed Infant, While Joseph Goldstein Is the Fattest

AVIATOR IN SMASH-UP

Chelsea Cottagers Busily Engaged Giving Parties—Society Circus Planned—Personal Gossip

ATLANTIC CITY, Aug. 13.—Philadelphia did not do very well in the last baby show of the season, held on one of the piers yesterday. That city won only two out of the five events. Atlantic City won the prizes in the "prettiest" and "cutest" classes, and Pittsburgh walked away with the prizes for favorite twins. Robert Greenfield, of Philadelphia, took the prize for being the best dressed baby in the show, and Joseph Goldstein, also of Philadelphia, had no difficulty in winning the prize offered for the fattest baby.

A brilliantly illuminated vessel lying at anchor about five miles from shore has caused much talk for the last two nights. Many nervous people claimed that it was a warship of some foreign country, and others declared that it was the yacht of a millionaire who was entertaining guests at a dance while his craft was bobbing up and down on the waves. The true story about the vessel is that it was a menhaden steamer waiting for a shoal of those fish to appear so that the fishermen could get busy.

"SHOEMAKER STICK TO YOUR LAST"

Jacquith, the aviator, who has never met with an accident since he started flying here two years ago, is now suffering from a fractured ankle and a split collarbone. He did not receive these injuries while engaged in the seemingly perilous occupation of navigating the air.

Last week he took a trip to New York on a motorcycle and collided with a Ford truck, demolished his machine, and received the injuries from which he is now suffering. Hereafter, he will stick to air flights and attempt no stunts on the earth.

CHELSEA'S SOCIAL WHIRL.

Chelsea is now in the zenith of its glory. The fashionable people who reside there are vieing with each other in the giving of social events, so that every day and night there are from 10 to a dozen dansants, card parties, musicales and other affairs. A circus is to be given the latter part of this month—a real society circus, only under a different name, so that the benefiting charity may get a large sum of money.

Young men are practicing gymnastic stunts on the beach during bathing hours, young women are devising elaborate costumes for parts they will assume, and it is even hinted that a well-known society leader will use her own horse and do a regulation circus riding act. It is also said that two debutantes of last season will don the motley garbs worn by circus clowns and cut capers in the ring. This will be the big event of a remarkable successful social season.

A new method of entertainment has been put in operation at one of the piers. It is called the "Panama Canal," and consists of a long trough of water, over which is stretched a tight rope. The people who want to play the game try to walk the length of the trough on the rope. If they slip, they go down in the water ankle deep, and many of them do, giving the spectators an opportunity to laugh long and loud at their bad luck. Notwithstanding the big percentage of losers, there is always a waiting crowd to try the new game, and as a mirth-provoker it is even more successful than the "mixer" or "human roulette wheel."

PHILADELPHIA COLONY

Among the Philadelphians here are Mr. and Mrs. John F. Bolger, Dr. Gilbert J. Palen, O. F. Letorien, Mr. and Mrs. Horace S. Reis and Miss Rose Schneiderman, Miss Lillian Busch, Miss Adele Bryan, Miss Lena Fleishman, Dr. and Mrs. M. O'Hara, Miss Constance O'Hara, M., and Mrs. Thomas M. Gillingham, H. C. Megargee, Garrett H. Plowman, Miss Gussie Davison, Miss Ethel Davison, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Mattson and family, Griffin Grebel and family, Miss Emily W. Biddle.

Dr. T. S. Bach, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert C. Felton, F. A. Clarke and family, Walter S. Cramp, Richard M. Cadwalader, Alexander Cadwalader, Dr. Martha E. Osmond, Miss Edith Clymer, Miss Josephine Dodge, Miss S. C. McKnabb, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sickles and family, of Diamond street; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Rosenstein, Miss Amy Rhode, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Witty, Miss Loraine Witty and Mrs. Hilda Witty, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Hess and Frederick Hess, Frank Kienzle, John J. Kierans.

Charles B. Cooke and family, of Wayne avenue; Mr. and Mrs. Emil Selig, of North 16th street; Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Sexton, of Pelham; Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Koch, of Green street; Miss Edna Carson Smith, of West Philadelphia; Jesse O. Reidsel and Miss Florence Reidsel, of North 15th street; Charles G. Gartling and family, of Tioga; Miss Beatrice Smiler, Miss Emily Baird, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Luders, of Cynwyd; George Kelly, of Roxborough; Dr. and Mrs. John McKenna, of Lansdowne, and Miss Elizabeth Walraven.

Supposed "Black Handers" on Trial

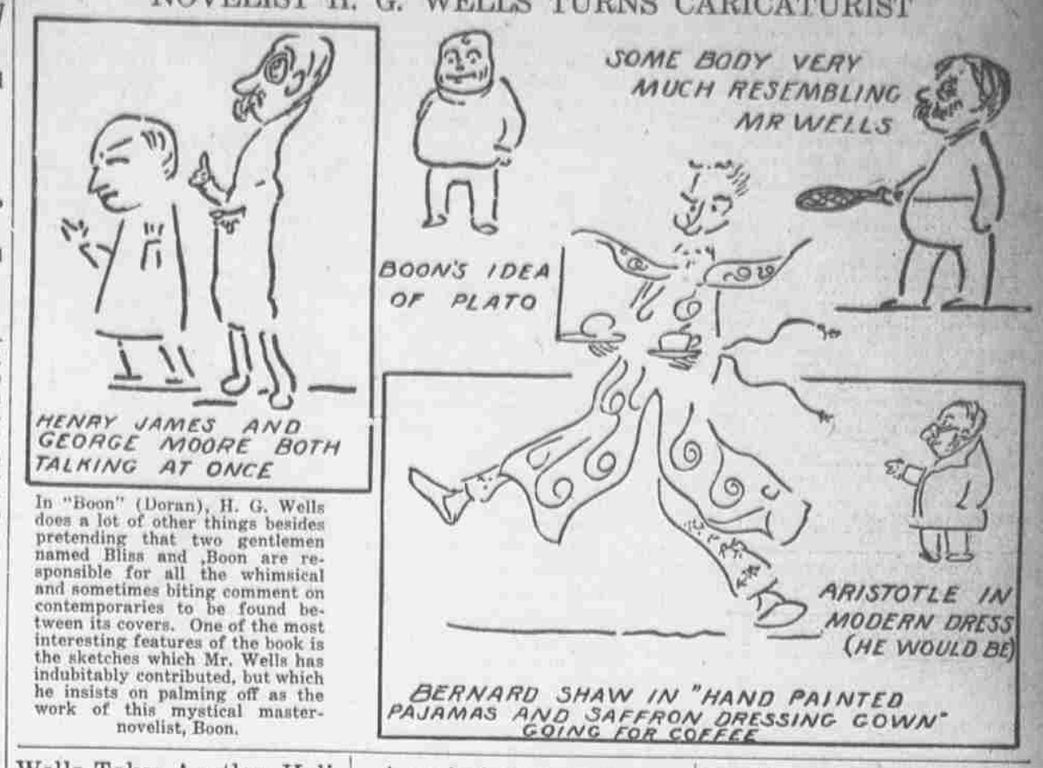
WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 1.—Alexander Umbino and Cantela Michele, alleged by the police to be "Black Handers" from Philadelphia, were tried on the charges of pointing a gun, carrying a gun and threatening bodily harm in the City Court today. Decision was reserved in these cases and the men will betried tomorrow on a charge of assault. Nicholas de Gross charged the men had threatened him for giving information concerning the "Black Hand." The prisoners denied the charge and several well-known Italians testified in their favor.

Women Under Polygamy

An interesting mass of facts on "Women Under Polygamy" (Dodd Mead Co., N. Y.) has been collected by Walter Gallichan. There is little controversy as to whether individual women thrive better or less well under polygamous relationships; Mr. Gallichan simply presents the results of intimate study of conditions in the ancient Jewish families, the Turkish harem, modern Egyptian harems, and the state of things in Persia, India, Japan, Africa and China, as well as the pros and cons of the Mormon settlement in Utah. A rich bibliography gives many of the sources of information and illustrations help to fix certain points in the mind of the reader.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

NOVELIST H. G. WELLS TURNS CARICATURIST



In "Boon" (Doran), H. G. Wells does a lot of other things besides pretending that two gentlemen named Bliss and Boon are responsible for all the whimsical and sometimes biting comment on contemporaries to be found between its covers. One of the most interesting features of the book is the sketches which Mr. Wells has indubitably contributed, but which he insists on palming off as the work of this mystical master-novelist, Boon.

Wells Takes Another Holiday

If "Bealby" was a holiday, then "Boon" is a whole vacation. It is more. It is an intellectual "bat." Wells' new volume, from Doran & Co., which he insists on palming off upon one Reginald Bliss, "author of 'Whales in Captivity,'" is just the sort of "indiscreet, ill-advised book" that every author ought to be compelled to write just once in his life.

How else are we to learn that Henry James is "a leviathan retrieving pebbles"? No critic, even in the protection of anonymity, would ever furnish this formula for James' system of selective composition: "Having first made sure that he had scarcely anything to express, he then sets to work to express it, with an industry, a wealth of intellectual stuff that dwarfs Newton." More, no American critic would have the audacity to compare Mary Austin with Mrs. Ward by saying, "It's like turning from the feet of a goddess to a pair of goloshes." And no American critic or noncritic, would venture to describe Columbia as the Aunt Errant of Christindom.

That is the sort of thing which wanders riotously through "Boon," and its itinerary is just as riotous. The whole affair is supposed to be the literary remains of a world-popular author named Boon, pieced together by conversations with the great man when he wasn't dictating best sellers to the censorious back of his secretary. Sometimes it is scrappy little notes like: "Arnold Bennett as an abortive Great Man. Would have made a Great Victorian and had a crowd of satellite helpers. Now, no one will ever treasure his old hats and pipes." Sometimes it is burlesque, like the gathering of the British authors at the conference on the Mind of the Race. Sometimes it is impassioned rhetoric, such as it describes the power of that Mind. "This wonder that we celebrate, this divinity, is the dawn of human divinity.' Again there develops a strain of the fantastic Wells of yore; but a minor demon no sooner appears on earth searching for the Lost Asses of the Devil than he finds himself embarked on a hunt for German militarists and their English counterparts who are "mewing for blood" and praying for the "closest, silliest, loudest imitation of Prussian swagger" on England's part. And to cap it comes a little masterpiece of irony, "The Last Trump."

But all this hilarity, this jovial disguise of thoughtfulness, is not the finest impression you carry away. It is the portrait of Boon himself. Blatantly successful, piteously unsatisfied, struggling ludicrously with the surge of bigger things, rising to triumphant moments of elaborate self-expression which bore his hearers, Boon is another Ponderevo of "Tono Bungay," another of those great portraits of vaunting middle-aged genius cribbed, broken but loved, in this muddled world of counting-house glories.

The Woman Movement

Ellen Key writes of "The Woman Movement" (Putnam, N. Y.) in the bigger sense of the word—not as a historical sketch on suffrage or some minor phase. To her, motherhood, home-making, etc., give the truest development to woman, a view which she reiterates in most of her works. She justifies her belief that the new movement, if properly developed, will have large "external" and "internal" results to the woman herself. And in her usual keen and somewhat idealistic temper she comments upon the influences these developments will have on men and women in general, single women, daughters, marriage and motherhood.

Charles H. Zellers

LANCASTER, Pa., Aug. 13.—Charles H. Zellers, a prominent resident of Mount Joy, died this morning at his home in that borough. Zellers at one time conducted the largest auction sales in Lancaster County.

America's Part in Peace

Those who have read Norman Angell's "Great Illusion" and "Armes and Industry" will probably find a good deal of old material in "America and the New World State" (Putnam, New York); at least they will recognize Mr. Angell's method of thought and see one of his greatest defects—his habit of redundancy. Those who have already criticised him for his theoretical turn of mind will be able to do so again. But he who appreciates Mr. Angell's new economy will find the usual originality and keenness of thought and analysis, and will be thoroughly interested in his contributions to the problem that is confronting America as a probable mediator in the great European struggle.

We can readily imagine the impatience with which our militaristic leaders greet the theories which Mr. Angell puts forward: That nations have not tried to reach a better understanding of national relations, but that they seek better arms, "not machinery for the settlement of difficulties with other nations, but machinery for their destruction." And even many quiet people who cling so desperately to the idea of nonintervention cannot see, until Mr. Angell presents his case, that the part of the United States could play in settling disputes can be anti-military in character.

World-organization and constructive leadership are Mr. Angell's plans for America's legitimate intervention. Lack of traditions, great material resources and a gift for improvised organization are ample reasons for her to undertake the task. And the fact that America is young will give the old European Powers little reason to suspect her of unfairness and jealousy.

Prolific Zane Grey

Zane Grey will not add materially to his reputation by "The Rainbow Trail" (Harper & Brothers, New York). He is writing entirely too much, and the popularity gained through "Riders of the Purple Sage" and "The Light of Stars" will dwindle, as the result of a swift succession of novels of inferior plotting, characterization and construction.

"The Rainbow Trail" is the third Zane Grey novel of this season. It is described as "a story of great adventure and greater love." Well, the adventure is as crude as that of Ned Buntline and the love as sentimental as Laura Jean Libbey. Zane Grey's public demands better things; it knows he can deliver them.

For Housekeeper and Mother

A young housekeeper will find the useful hints and suggestions in Sarah MacLeod's "Housekeeper's Handbook of Cleaning" (Harper & Bros., N. Y.), a great help in learning the details of house-cleaning, ventilation, insects and pests, and general care of the clothes. Books on this subject are as rare as cooking books are plentiful.

Arthur Holmes has contributed a valuable book to the library of child psychology, with special attention to abnormal cases. "The Conservation of the Child" (Lippincott, Philadelphia) is a comprehensive study of the clinical methods used in examination and treatment of the large mass of unfit who constantly make their appearance through no will of their own. The book is not of such extreme scientific character that it cannot form a useful part of every library of teacher and psychologist. Its purpose and value must be appreciated.