

BOOK NEWS AND REVIEWS

HAMMOCK READING FOR MID-AUGUST

Sprightly Novels, Books About the War and Other Things Between Covers

The Russian advance is not altogether offensive, to drop into military terms. After the excesses of Artachbascheff it is something of a relief to turn to Goncharov's "Obolomov," which is quite as penetrating an analysis of Russian character, with much more humor and cleanliness. "Obolomov" was so popular, and the Russian is so apt to see himself in extravagant characterizations, that the name passed into common language and a dilatory, lazy warfare of fine opportunities was and goes to be attacked by obolomovism. At page 93, if I remember, the protagonist has not yet risen from his bed. He has received five visitors, but has barely slipped his feet into the soft slippers that stand just where he can get into them with the least effort. To be sure, nothing but humor could carry such a book along. It is not full of punch or action, and the author must have had some deep purpose in mind, because the introduction of types is a bit stilted and infelicitous. Goncharov stems from the older tradition of Russian writers, but is secondary. That is why his book, destined never to be a torch, shines with a pleasant and enjoyable light. The translation is easier than most of those in the Russian, and goes to the credit of C. J. Hogarth. The imprint is that of Macmillan.

War books, presumably, are to continue. Mr. Frederic Coleman, an American motor enthusiast, took a car into France, and in "From Mons to Ypres with General French" tells what he saw and did. It is not so quiet and with such a riot of incident that the story is really of what happened on the famous retreat to the armies of England. It is very seldom that an ordinary man is told in an ordinary manner. War stories are all too special. This one is regular. Mr. Coleman has normal fears, hopes and, if anything, is abnormal about him. It is his capacity for taking things in. The book is sadly written, but to make literature of it would be to take away part of its atmosphere of reality. The author served as chauffeur and later in other departments. He writes with detachment as far as feelings for the enemy go, but his admiration is unabashed. The little stories in "The War" are not so good as the main story, but his admiration for those who took part in the retreat is justifiably unbounded. The little stories are by a strange and fascinating musical genius, "The Dark Tower," by Phyllis Bottoms, the story of a wild-tempered English family in England and Switzerland, and of certain other people important through their relations with it.

Little, Brown & Co.'s autumn fiction list includes "The Sins of the Children," by Cosmo Hamilton, author of "The Blinded of Virtue"; "The Woman Gives," by Owen Johnson; "Big Timber," by Bertrand W. Sinclair, who wrote "North of Fifty-three"; "The Kingdom of the Blind," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "The Little Beloved," by W. L. George; "The Worn Doorstep," war-inspired story, by Margaret Sherwood; "Petej Simmons at Slush," the final book of Slush College stories, by the late George Fitch; "The Heritage of the Sins," by B. M. Bower; "Clayton and Blue Grass" by Eliza Calvert Hall, author of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky"; "Chloe Malone," by Fannie Heaps Lea, and "The Whale and the Grasshopper and Other Fables," by Seumas O'Brien.

Recently published novels which have already reached their second printing are "The Hermitage of the Sins," by B. M. Bower; "Clayton and Blue Grass" by Eliza Calvert Hall, author of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky"; "Chloe Malone," by Fannie Heaps Lea, and "The Whale and the Grasshopper and Other Fables," by Seumas O'Brien.

Thomas Hardy is busily engaged this summer in Red Cross work. He has prepared a simple play which has been given for war benefits, notably "The Dorchester," which is the famous Casterbridge of "The Mayor of Casterbridge," and other Hardy novels.

THE romance of timid, bashful Fondie Bassiemoor. His affection for Blanche, the hoydenish, indiscreet daughter of the village vicar, and his splendid attempts at self-sacrifice to save her when tragedy overtakes her, make a big novel in every respect—one which English critics have proclaimed a literary triumph.

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JOHN LANE COMPANY Publishers NEW YORK

"THE BRASS BOWL" BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE "THE AUTHOR OF 'THE BRASS BOWL'"

CHAPTER XIV—(Continued). DE NETZE stood nearest me, as I have indicated. He, too, seemed suddenly roused from a trance-like state. His words, I think, were Russian; they had the intonation of an oath. He stood erect enough, clutching his left shoulder with his right hand. Our eyes met, and he nodded blankly, evidencing uncomprehending surprise at the appropriateness of our meeting.

From his eyes traveled on to the others; to Julia, who remained as if transfixed upon the spot where she had stood when first De Netze had raised the alarm; to Mrs. Morchester, apparently similarly thunderstruck; to Sevance, who seemed to have slipped and now was rising from a kneeling posture; to Grady, halted in the edge of the shadow, his revolver still poised for use; and, finally, to my dearest enemy, Von Holzborn, who had fallen back against the railing of the landing, and I thought, had all but fainted with the pain of his wound.

As I looked, however, he straightened himself up with an effort and attempted to walk toward Julia. He seemed to have overestimated his strength, for, after a step or two, he tottered and would have fallen but for Sevance, who sprang forward and caught him gently. Julia, for one, could never have been turned against me by such insinuations; and his own associate, De Netze, spoke up in my defense.

"You are mistaken," he said quietly. "We owe to Messieurs Trull and Sevance our lives. They saved us. It was the Secret Chapter that struck through these other gents."

Von Holzborn glanced swiftly toward Julia, reading her eyes. She was looking toward me with such an expression of hope and relief and pride that he could not misread it. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he gasped. "I dare say I am a trifle light of the head. This cursed wound!"

"I believe that no other word was spoken at that time. I, at least, heard no more than my name. But Julia's eyes were eloquent enough. Lifted out of herself by the stress and terror induced by the fearful experience just past, she forgot self for the moment; and, if not in words, surely by her looks and in her attitude, as she seemed to droop like a tired child, toward me, she gave herself completely into my keeping, into my protection. In another breath, I verily believe, she would have been in my arms, regardless of convention, regardless of Von Holzborn—reckless of all. But the German intervened. Wounded and spent though he was, he had lost not a jot of his clear sentence, not an atom of his calculating composure. He was, I believe, had he lost a look or a gesture that had passed between Heart's Desire and myself; and when the time was ripe for interference, he spoke, with an affecting weakness of voice:

"Julia!" I fancied that Julia quivered under the reach of his tone. Her eyes fell before mine, and she turned away with a little sigh. The man stared up at her through narrowed eyelids, and he said again faintly, "Julia," she said again faintly. "She sneaked by his side."

"What can I do?" she asked unsteadily. "You are badly hurt!" "No, I believe, I could see that she infused feeling into her words with an effort. "I am dying," said the man clearly. "I am done—his lids drooped over his eyes again.—"Am very cold," he added almost inaudibly. In an instant she had gathered his head

in her arms, her face a mirror of her compassion for his suffering. I caught a gleam of those cloudy, malevolent eyes of his, dulled by the lowered shades, and turned away. De Netze, Sevance and Mrs. Morchester held drawn to one side, where they stood whispering, with heads together, awed by the rustling of the wings that seemed to be hovering over the Prussian's head—the wings of a sufficient sanction against another attack. I joined the group.

Grady was leaning with his back to the railing of the landing, a revolver dangling in one hand, keen eyes intent on the wooded park that stretched inland. Recognizing in him a sufficient sanction against another attack, I joined the group. They received me with subdued greetings. Sevance, in an undertone, introduced me to Mrs. Morchester, and she, in turn, touched the tip of a gloved finger which she extended. She impressed me as a neutral entity, pale and colorless, of indifferent importance; and I said her little head—though there was slight need to do so, for she spoke but infrequently.

De Netze, with the glasses, occasionally turned toward the yacht. As I approached, he announced: "The boat's returning." "You are wounded, sir?" I asked him. He smiled and said: "I'm a mere scratch again," he disclaimed. "They are uniformed—those enemies of mine. It was a close call, but"—he bowed ceremoniously—"I have again escaped my life. Another time," he pursued speculatively, "they may have better luck."

"Have you identified them?" I inquired. "Still—I was about to do so," he moved off, with a gesture inviting me to join him. Sevance took the glasses from my hands, and he said to me, "I am talking for an instant about the boat with the Russian. If there was anything to be gotten out of Mrs. Morchester, I in the meantime, the Russian might do something slip in an incautious moment. He proved, on the contrary, extremely devoted. We visited, in turn, each of the five Russian men, and he said little clearing, witness to our progress; and each he examined closely, first for signs of vitality, afterwards for papers—I presume."

Neither was found. The men lay stark, one and all cold. At this De Netze nodded toward me. "If there were no more about here, I should be glad to see you and your sister ourselves fortunate. I am astonished," he continued, "that they should have followed us so cunningly; I had thought they were not so good."

"Who are they? Do you know?" De Netze pursed his lips, favoring me with a keen, sidelong glance, not, however, devoid of respect. "Two of them," he said slowly, "you should remember: Sept and Baron von Beller. They afforded you some entertainment upon a night long ago. As for the others, all that I can say is that they are members of the notorious Secret Chapter. Ah! what is it, now?"

"The fellow who our aged and influential friend of the Balmwood Club had mentioned. I explained the circumstances briefly, De Netze nodding his comprehension. "So they tracked us through you," he declared, rather than uttered. "The fact that you can speak the language of the members of the notorious Secret Chapter. Ah! what is it, now?"

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NANCY WYNNE TALKS OF THE DANCING CRAZE IN NEWPORT

At Least One Formal Affair Scheduled for Each Night At Fashionable Resort—Queer Method of Location Chosen by Atlantic City Matron

SAY what one will about the dying out of the dancing craze, it certainly, this season, shows no signs of diminution—this is evidenced by the present week-end in Newport, which in addition to being tennis week could well be dubbed dancing week. Beginning with Monday there was a dance at the home of the Oliver Gouss Jennings; Tuesday, where so much entertaining takes place during the season; on Wednesday night Sherwood, was the home of the Pembroke Jones, was the home of a brilliant affair, while last night Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Duncan gave one at Bonnie Crest, which, I am told, was very spiffy, indeed, for it isn't at every gathering, that there are two real, live Governors, Governor R. Livingston Beekman, of Rhode Island, and Mrs. Beekman, and Governor Charles S. Whitman, of New York, and Mrs. Whitman were among those present."



MISS ELIZABETH C. ADAMS Photo by A. Frederick Bradley. Miss Adams, who was one of last season's debutantes, has gone to her father's cottage in Cape May for August.

tonight the scene of action will be shifted to "the Pier," as those "in the know" call it, and many of the Newporters will go over, while tomorrow night a dance, given by the Harry Payne Whiteheads for their suddenly grown-up daughter Flora, will round out the week's festivities.

The girls at Newport are more fortunate in securing dancing partners than those at many of the other resorts, and there are always the young ensigns to be had, and they are usually splendid dancers. Speaking of the navy reminds me that Admiral Mayo, in command of the Atlantic fleet, and his staff and the officers of the flagship Wyoming, stationed at Newport, gave a reception on board ship Tuesday evening. There were more than a thousand invitations sent out, and the scene on the battleship was picturesque in the extreme, with its gaily colored electric lights, which showed to advantage the glistening gold braid of the officers' uniforms and the sheer fluffiness of the women's dancing frocks.

What was my surprise the other evening, while idling on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City, to see a most attractive young matron wearing one of the best looking blue sweaters I have seen this season sitting in her child's express wagon being pulled along by her husband. I was attracted first by the light, the cutest little oil lamp, and then by the chair, which turned out to be a wagon. One sees all manner of things at the shore, but for an easy and simple way of getting around Mrs.---

had the right idea; no huge sums of money spent for "gigs" for her. She had her own motor and her chauffeur evidently right where she wanted him.

NANCY WYNNE. Mr. and Mrs. Craig Biddle gave a dinner last evening at the home of Mrs. Biddle in honor of the visiting tennis players.

Dr. and Mrs. Richard C. Norris will give an informal supper at their cottage in Cape May on Sunday evening.

Miss Nathalie Walton, of Torrensdale, will give a tennis party, followed by tea, tomorrow afternoon at the home of Mrs. Walton in honor of Miss Adelaide Hammond and Miss Alma Hammond, of New Orleans, who are visiting Mrs. Charles Biddle for several weeks.

A subscription dance will be given this evening at the Corinthian Yacht Club in Cape May, the proceeds to be used for the upkeep of the golf club. The committee in charge includes Mrs. H. M. Justi, Mrs. Herbert Fox, Mrs. R. Walter Starr, Mrs. Joshua Ash Pearson, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Frederick Harding and Mrs. A. Harding.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Eugene Smith, accompanied by their daughters, Miss Edith and Miss Mary C. Smith, will leave in a few days for Lake George. They will make the trip by motor. Mrs. Smith is recovering from a slight illness.

Along the Main Line MERION—Mrs. Edward B. Wilford, who is convalescing from an operation for appendicitis, will occupy her cottage at Ventnor for the remainder of the summer.

Chestnut Hill ARDMORE—Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Gerhart of 22 Church road, have returned to their home from a six weeks' visit in Cape May.

Along the Reading Mr. and Mrs. Henry McAdoo and their family, of White Marsh, are spending the summer in Atlantic City, where they have taken a cottage.

Kensington Dr. and Mrs. J. Frederick Herbert, Jr. and their two small children are spending some time at the home of Doctor Herbert's parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. Frederick Herbert, at York and Ashbourne, near Montross. Mrs. Herbert will be remembered as Miss Helen Spangler.

North Philadelphia Miss Kathryn Maloney, of 3093 West Susquehanna avenue, has returned home from Atlantic City, where she has spent the summer with her mother, Mrs. Anna Murray, of Moorestown, for several weeks.

Germantown Mrs. C. B. Grace, of 313 Manheim street, has gone to Denmark Inn, Denmark, Me., for several weeks. Mr. Grace has returned from Camp Susquehanna, near Montross, Pa., where his son, Master Brewster Warren, is spending the summer.

Camden and Vicinity Mrs. Hamilton Denny, Miss Marie Denny and Miss Helen Denny, of Germantown, have returned from an extensive tour of the West.

Miss John Dunn, Jr., has returned to Fulton Court after spending several days in Woodrow.

Miss Helen E. Gormley, of 727 Lincoln drive, is spending August with Miss Joseph Stevens Alcorn at Eagles Run.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Homiller, of Woodbury, have returned from a trip by boat to Bassett, Md., previous to which they spent a week at Town Point, Md.

Weddings

BRABENDER—STINE The marriage of Miss Lillian M. Stine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Stine, of 2123 North Twenty-eighth street, to Mr. Rene Brabender, son of Mrs. Louisa Brabender, was solemnized this morning in St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Twenty-second street and Columbia avenue. The ceremony was performed at 11 o'clock by the Rev. Paul Yount. The bride, who was unattended, was given in marriage by her father. Mr. and Mrs. Brabender left for their wedding journey immediately after the ceremony, and upon their return will live at 1821 North Croaskey street.

West Philadelphia Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Hoben, of 5123 Spruce street, are spending a few weeks in Atlantic City.

Miss Mary Cannon, of 5034 Walnut street, is spending a few weeks in Cape May as the guest of her cousin, M. as Elsie Campbell. Miss Cannon will also spend some time in New York before returning home.

Mrs. Harry J. Nealis, of 4418 Walnut street; her daughters, Miss Marie Nealis, Miss Frances Nealis and Miss Elizabeth Nealis, and son, Mr. Harry J. Nealis, Jr., are in Chelsea. They will return home in September.

Miss Alice Gaunt, of 15 North Felton street, who is in Atlantic City, will return the latter part of this month.

Miss Irene Law, of 123 North Sixty-third street, has returned to her home after having spent a few weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick McDermott, of 6257 Arch street, have gone to Atlantic City for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fahnestock and their son, Master Augustus Fahnestock, of 5540 Angora terrace, are visiting relatives in Chambersburg, Pa.

Mr. Edward Quinn, of 3946 Market street, has gone to Boston, Mass., where he will visit relatives for 10 days.

Mrs. Walter Borton, of 736 North Sixty-third street, will return home from Atlantic City this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solomon, Miss Adelaide Solomon and Miss Mildred of 5141 Irving street, are at the Strand, Atlantic City, for the remainder of the season.

Miss Ida Hosen and Miss Marie Hosen, of 499 North Sixty-third street, and Miss Marie McLaughlin, of 148 North Edgewood street, will spend the week-end in Atlantic City.

Millbourne Mr. and Mrs. John D'ek of Bard avenue, Millbourne, have returned to their home from Ocean City, N. J., where they spent three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley P. Dunnington, of 6415 West Chester pike, are taking a month's trip through New York State.

South Philadelphia Mr. Albert Herman will give a birthday party at his home, 1611 South street, on Saturday. The guests will include Mr. Samuel Jacobs, Mr. Sydney Jacobs, Mr. Benjamin Dudowsky, Mr. Max Slome and Mr. Abraham Weinstein.

A birthday party was given by Mrs. Theresa Cappelli, of 1233 Fitzgerald street, last Sunday, in honor of the eighteenth birthday of her daughter, Miss Rose Cappelli. Among those present were Mrs. Catharine McDavitt, Miss Mildred Lombardo, Miss Bortha Russell, Miss Margaret Lombardo, Miss Margaret Isolo, Mrs. Richard Lioy, Miss Mary Lioy, Miss Elizabeth Halsey, Mr. Anthony Isolo, Miss Elizabeth Cappelli, Mr. Michael Volpe, Mr. Joseph Ciccola, Jr., Mr. Leo Alina, Mr. George McDevitt and Mr. Bernard Duongiorno.

Kensington Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hyman and their son, Master Everett Hyman, of 2240 East Highland street, are at the Hodman Hotel, Atlantic City, for the summer.

Roxborough Rabbi and Mrs. Oscar Levin, of 3614 Frankford avenue, are spending this month at Mays Landing, N. J.

Germantown Miss Lucy Fox entertained at bridge yesterday afternoon at her home, 233 Rochelle avenue, Wissahickon, in honor of Miss Pauline Vandyke, of Philadelphia, and Miss Elsie Beck, of Wilmington, Del., who are spending a week as her guests. Among those present were Miss Dorothy Allen, of Birmingham, Ala.; Miss Myra W. Thomas, of Philadelphia; Miss Myra W. Thomas, Miss Fanny Hyman, Miss Margaret Warren, Mrs. John Brooks Palate, Mrs. Esther Cully and Mrs. Frances Henderson.

Camden and Vicinity A house party being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. D. Sizer Cornog, of Ridge avenue, at their cottage at Cape May Point street, is at Wernersville this week. On August 23 Mr. and Mrs. Smith will motor to Buckwood Inn, at Shawnee-on-Delecta, to remain until after Labor Day.

Ida Kelley, of Norristown, Pa., and Esther Bonn, of Norwood, are quite anxious to serve us. At present let there live the very spirit of our Rainbow pledge and they will serve us in that they will be spreading the rays of the "Rainbow."

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

WHAT IS A SISSY? Dear Children—I want your help! I want it right away. I MUST know as soon as possible what a SISSY is. Can YOU tell me? I think it is some kind of an animal. I looked in a dictionary and it wasn't there. I asked our secretary and she laughed. "The very idea!" she exclaimed. "You a children's editor and don't know what a sissy is!"

"Shame on you!" I don't dare let her see what I do myself. Oh, yes! I asked a policeman what a sissy is or was and he said, "Quit your kidding!" I know him well, too. I'll tell you what I will do if you will write and tell me what a "sissy" is. I'll put your name in the paper or do anything HONORABLE you may suggest. Have you ever seen a "sissy"? What does IT look like? Please write as soon as you can because our secretary will be laughing at me again.

WHAT IS a "sissy"? Our Postoffice Box Two little Rainbows joined on the same mail on two pieces of blue paper. They are Mary Caburet, of Thompson street, and Mary Flynn, of Carling street. The first Mary is eight years old, the second nine. We guess they are very bright little persons, for they are both faithful readers of the Club News. And what do you think? Very, very soon they are going to become writers of the Club News!

Three Landowens Rainbows arrived in the same envelope. They are Helen, Eleanor and Linda Palmer, ages 7, 12 and 15 years, respectively. We have visions of a Palmer Rainbow branch, with none having to stir an inch for outside membership. Russell Gudskeck has not forgotten to forward the earnest desires of Helen Cressman and Herbert Padknecht to join our cheer circle. Russell asks for applications in blank in order that he may enroll additional members. Please, Russell, do with these friends just as you did with Helen and Herbert. Be better still, tell them to write for their own buttons.

Ida Kelley, of Norristown, Pa., and Esther Bonn, of Norwood, are quite anxious to serve us. At present let there live the very spirit of our Rainbow pledge and they will serve us in that they will be spreading the rays of the "Rainbow."

Stella and Dorothy Allen live in Willow Grove all year round and can tell us many wonderful things about the country. They love the green trees and the flowers and do not tire of them, even if they do see them week in and week out. These little girls have a pet chicken and his name is—RAINBOW! "I wish he isn't proud of his name, too," says Dorothy. Well, why shouldn't he be? John Byrne is very fond of the life he is living near Paoli. Particularly does he care for the little birds who have learned to come to his finger tips. Rainbows have bothered to make their friends of the little citizens of the air?

Rainbow MARGARET JEFFERSONS BOYLE, Rydal, Pa. Rainbow across the sky After sunshine rain: Rainbow up in heaven so high. Let it not be in vain That we try to be true, Full of faith and hope like you!

Things to Know and Do CURTAILMENT. I am a word of six letters. I mean "A crayon." Chop off my last letter and you have a kind of mollusk. Then chop off my letter and I am "gro." Who am I? What am I?

WILLIE AND THE BEAR GO HOME By Farmer Smith "Now that you have found your little bear, how are you going to get him home?" asked Willie Hunter's father, after they had walked a little ways from where they had found the Little Brown Bear. "I am going to carry him," said Willie, proudly.

On and on the little fellow trudged, holding on tighter and tighter to the shaggy bundle in his arms, which by this time seemed to weigh a ton. "What if mother will not let you keep the Little Brown Bear, as you call him?" suggested Willie's father. "Oh, father, she could not be so cruel. Think of the poor little lonesome fellow; surely mother cannot say 'no' to my having a pet. Willie's father, dear, do you think of such a thing?" Willie's face was wreathed in sorrow. He stopped and put down the precious bundle.

When they started on their way again the Little Brown Bear walked along behind them. "Poor fellow! Little did his tiny bear mind realize what was to happen to him!"

Branch Club News Thelma Kounts and Thelma Chandler, of Trinity place, have organized the "Lilad Rainbows." These little girls have lost no time in putting their heads to their brains. They are trying to make the poor soldiers "glad." To date this new Rainbow branch has given two entertainments for the Red Cross. We cannot appreciate very much a detailed program of these entertainments. Possibly they may furnish suggestions to other Rainbows who wish to branch out in this sort of work.

FARMER SMITH. I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY, SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name..... Address..... Age.....