HE ETERNAL CONFLICT BETWEEN RIGHTEOUSNESS AND THE POWER OF EV

S THERE ANY FUTURE FOR A WOMAN WITH A PAST?

Rasil King Answers the Question in the Affirmative in His New Novel, a Book With a Living Soul

VERY clergyman in the country, and here are more than a hundred thouand of them, ought to read Basil King's novel, "The Lifted Veil." Every ed woman, and only Mr. Cattell in City Hall or some census statistician Washington knows how many there e, ought to read it. Every husband, at the number of them is supposedly as at as that of the married women, but figures ever compiled make the numagree, will profit by its persual. every woman "with a past," and sey, alas, are too numerous, will find a revelation that shines like the m when the storm clouds disappear,

Mr. King has done that rare thingten a novel with a soul in it. And has done a rarer thing, for he has nown in a convincing manner how the oul in a modern pagan woman of society awakened, if not created out of nothme, by being brought into contact with s spiritual idealism of a man who tries put into practice the theories of Chris-

The story itself is of absorbing interest. ndeed, if it were dramatized it would ake a play full of thrilling situations at would strain to the uttermost the till of any woman now on the Amerian stage to play the heroine. In a way, sough the theme is somewhat different, is as great a spiritual document as The Scarlet Letter."

The heroine is a young widow who had parried an old man at her mother's sodation. Her father and her grandther had been modern pagans. Her nother was of the same kind, willing to scrifice a young daughter that she might have some one to take care of her. he hero is a young clergyman with spirtual insight, who has been engaged to sist the rector of a New York church. the old rector is a business man who has ganized material success into his urch, but feels that there ought to be ome religion in it also. Other persons he move through the pages are a colfriend of the young clergyman and



hero and heroine of Basil King's new novel.

s wife, a Canadian baronet, the daughof the rector, and a girl of the poor the has slipped into evil ways. The oung widow has had an intrigue with he college friend of the hero.

"It just flared up" is the way both exlain it. Then it burned itself out, leavor scars.

The widow who has heard the clergyan preach is moved to go to him, heavveiled, to confess that she is a sinner nd to ask him what to do to get back er self-respect and peace of mind. He hier falls in love with her without knowof that she was the velled woman. He scovers also that his college friend was the man in the case, and that, too, while e and his wife were active in the church. Il these people come together in numerways. The reader is admitted to the ecret of their relations, but the charcters slowly discover it, and some of hem do not discover it all. There is mystery and complication and suspense mough to satisfy the most exacting. lose who wish to know how the plot evelops and what the outcome is must to the book for enlightenment. We hall not spoil the pleasure they will get

disclosing it in advance. It is not for the story, however, that serious-minded will read the book. It for the social philosophy that it con-The philosophy is not new. It been preached for centuries, and prac--well, if it were practiced at all world would be a much better place

which to live and be happy. Let us take the young woman in whom n "flared up." She had no thought at she was not a good woman at the e, and it took her years to discover mistake. She was shocked because young clergyman told her, when she ed him in disguise, that she was not In discussing the problem she

"So that what you mean by a good Ts one whose thoughts are kept as trictly as possible with good." "Oh, but what kind of a woman would

sing his head, he looked at her rough the gathering darkness. "The set that you can ask that—"
"Shows that when I thought I was a and woman I was really a bad one. I hat what you were going to say?" No: shows rather that you've never inderstood what a good woman really. The whole thing is mental. It's a satter of understanding. If your mind doen right your heart wouldn't ave gone wrong. It couldn't have populated."

"If you were a woman-" She began and or a man. In good there is the Jew nor Greek, neither male nor the It's not a question either of sex phology. "Not all wrong."

"If it was wrong in any way—"
"If it was wrong in any way—"
"We—we cared for each other. That
in itself was a reason—"
"For betraying some one else?"
When at last the revelation comes and the young clergyman realizes that there is viciousness right in the respectable circles of the Church itself he doubts for a moment whether all their effort is worth while. It takes the old rector to put him straight. Out of his long experience the old man tells him that we can see human beings from the angle of vice and depravity, in which case we despair of them. Or we can see them from the angle of their struggle with evil, "In which case you applaud them as soldiers, or like Some One Else, you have compassion on the multitude because they are as sheep having no shepherd." They are all fighting in their way against the baser things, receiving grievous wounds in the struggle, but still fighting.

But this sort of thing does not fill the book. It, however, is its heart, what gives it vitality. There is plenty of bone and muscle, flesh and blood in it to make it intensely human. Indeed, the fact that such a book can be written at all should enable one to take heart of hope for the future of American life as well as of American literature.

GEORGE W. DOUGLAS. THE LIFTED VEIL. By Basil King, author of The Inner Shrine. Hillustrated by James Montgomery Flagg. \$1.40 net. New York:

First Steps in Soldiering

Unless all signs fall, the Plattsburgs, that is, the Federal military training camps, will be crowded this summer with citizens who wish to prepare themselves in some measure for the service of their country. Hundreds of those who went to the camps last year had no definite idea of what was excted of them. They wasted the first week of their stay in doing things they might as well have done at home. In order to make the work of the future camps m effective two army officers who served as instructors at Plattsburg last summer have prepared a manual which gives all the in formation that is needed by those contemplating taking a course of instruction that will qualify them not only for service as privates but for entrance to the officers' reserve corps. No book on the market at he present time will be more valuable to the patriotic citizens who are willing to serve their country under arms.

THE PLATTSBURG MANUAL, a Handbook for Federal Training Camps. By O. O. Ellis and E. B. Garey. With more than 150 illustra-tions. \$2. New York: The Century Com-pany.

Small Talk About Books and Writers of Them

The social comedies that can evolve from differences in pronunciation are more than suggested by Rupert Hughes in one of the stories in his new volume, "In a Little Town." A native of the little town is talking with two men, one from Massachusetts and the other from Georgia. "Neither of you can pronounce the name

of his native State," said the native. "He calls it 'Jawja' and you call it 'Jahjar."
"What should it be?"

bird," does not tell us how we should pronounce the name of the southern State.

Harper & Bros. announce that they were obliged to reprint "The Lifted Veil," Basil King, before publication. They Basil King, before publication. They are reprinting also "The Day of the Saxon," by General Homer Lea; "Under Western Eyes" and "Nostromo," by Joseph Conrad; volumes 12 and 15 of "The American Na-tion. A History"; "Jude the Obscure," by Thomas Hardy, and "The Puritan in Holland, England and America," by Douglas

We noted last week that the soldiers or the Mexican border were so interested in poetry that the first book of a lot sent down by the New York library to be out by much reading was a volume of verse. But it did not need this evidence to prove that verse with a human appeal is popular Tom Daly's first volume. "Canzoni," pub lished ten years ago, is now in its fifteenth thousand. It has become what the pub-lishers know as a standard work and has been selling at the rate of a tho copies a year for several years. Only 291 volumes of poetry and drama were pub-lished in 1896, while last year 860 volumes came from the press. Pure literature is

Houghton Mifflin Company announce that the demand for "Pip," Ian Hay Beith's latest novel, published March 10, has already necessitated a second printing of the book.

A new, thoroughly revised and materially enlarged edition of "The War and Human-ity," by James M. Beck, author of "The Evidence in the Case." has just made its appearance under the Putnam imprint. The section on the rights of noncombatants and that on the submarine issue have been enhanced in importance through the addition of further material. Theodore Roosevelt contributes to the new edition a foreword.

In "The White People." Mrs. Burnett makes one of the characters, a wise old Scotchman, say: "Man has not learned all the laws of nature yet. Nature's a grand rich, endiess thing, always unrolling her scroll with writings that seem new on it. They're not new. They were always writ-But they were not unrolled. Never a law broken, never a new law, only laws read with stronger eyes." This is ap-parently her own philosophy.

This is the love story of a Cape Cod woman, with brains, money and a sense of humor, set down in the super-sophisticated Anglo-American colony of Flor-ence. A novel about people worth knowing, in an environment worth being taken to. Something fine and wholesome and thor-oughly enjoyable in mod-ern fiction.

AURORA THE MAGNIFICENT By Gertrude Hall

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MRS. ERNESTA DRINKER BULLITT Whose fascinating honeymoon diary about Europe in wartime is one of the most interesting spring books.

DIVERSIONS OF A BRIDE IN THE WARRING LANDS

Mrs. W. C. Bullitt's Honeymoon Diary Is Full of Interesting Gossip About Statesmen, Princes and Duchesses

it there is just enough competition for each to Europe the rest of us would be crowded out of these interesting places. Or if they all preferred to live a month in a hotel in Broad street that thoroughfare would have Mr. Hughes, who has lived in New York to be given up to caravansaries and rice, long enough to learn to say "bold" for confetti and old shoes. The street cleaning the pavement free from litter

the pavement free from litter.
Yet if it were given to every bride to choose such a way of spending a honeymoon as came to Ernesta Drinker, of South Bethlehem, who married William C. Bullitt, of this city, last year, there are few who would prefer a different one. Mr. Bullitt took his bride to Germany and made side trips to Beglum and Austria and Hungary. He had letters of introduction to the Amer-He had letters of introduction to the Amer ican Ambassadors and to the leading men in the governments of the countries and was welcomed by them in a most friendly manner. As a result his wife was the din-ner partner of General von Bissing, Governor of Belgium; she talked about peace with Zimmermann, the German Foreign Min-ister; was the guest of Countess von Bern-storff at tea, and was entertained by many storff at tea, and was entertained by many lesser persons. She had a delightful time in Budapest and one morning after dining out with notables the night before she heard her telephone bell. When she answered the ring a voice came to her over the wire:

"This is Graf Apponyl."

"Oh helle," she raily replied. "How are

"Oh, hello," she gally replied. "How are rou today?" The Count said that he wished to see

What made you get up so early?" she chaffed back under the impression that the Count was one of the family whom she had met at a recent party.

But this airy American bride was talk-

ng to the Hungarian Prime Minister, who had called at the hotel to see her husband. We know this happened because Mrs Bullitt wrote it down in her diary, extracts rom which have been printed in a book that all may read. She explains that the diary of her great-great-great-grandmother, Elizaeth Drinker, kept during the Revolution. had interested her very much, and when she went to the warring countries last year she decided to record her experiences for the benefit of her great-grandchildren. the light now, a century before she expect-ed it to be of interest, because a publisher heard of it and how she managed to get it by the censors and decided that it was of great contemporary value. No one can read it without agreeing with the men whose business is making books to sell.

In the first place, the diary is the intimate



All the qualities you like in JUST DAVID, POLLYANNA and Mrs. Porter's other books, and an appealing love story besides.

TASTE in honeymoons differs about as widely as taste in brides. This is a beneficent dispensation of Providence, for through charm which attaches to the writing of such a woman, than which there is nothing more type of girl to make the woolng interesting.

and it leaves wide freedom of choice in the

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's impressions of Mexiway of spending the first weeks or months of married life. If every bride insisted on going to Paim Beach, to Atlantic City or second place, it is the record of the experiences of a young woman just emerging from girlhood. This gives it a freshness and vivacity as rare in cold type as it is fascinating in personal contact.

She tells how at a luncheon with some an attempt to steer clear of forbidden topics they discussed almost everything range of subjects apparently included American sports, for she says:

We decided that the Friedlanders. who own all the coal mines in Germany, must ask us all to the country in order that I may show them how to ride on a board behind a motorboat. Billy (her husband) and I don't know Friedlanders, but apparently they won't notice that.

One of the guests understood that she needed some new clothes and insisted or making an engagement for her with three of the largest dressmakers in the city. This s her entry on this subject:

They all four (the guests at the luncheon and her host) marched me down to Alfred Marie's and commanded the models to stand forth. I can say I never expected, when I came to Germany, a serious-minded woman seek-ing information on the "woman ques-tion," to go dress hunting with you Jagow's secretary and two more men to say about the clothes: Hortsmann

do, so I came away with a hat and a black-and-white dress chic enough to ruin my reputation in Berlin.

The volume is full of such touches which throw more light on conditions in Berlin in war time than can be obtained from reading columns of ordinary news dispatches. She continually meeting the suggestion tif it were not for American munitions the Entente Allies would have been defeated long ago. For example, when she went with her husband to a Government office to arrange about going to Belgium, she says

The first thing that the Herr Major did was to hand me a shell made by the Bethlehem Steel Company. I made a dreadful face, which might have meant either: "Why didn't the wretched thing explode?" or "What a wicked shame for

explode; or What a wicked shame for Americans to have made it!"
"Don't blame me for that now," I said. "I come from Bethlehem, but my father is only a harmless college presi-dent and not in the steel company."
"Oh!" cried Herr Griesel. "That grant unifersity Lehigh! I had a cousin wot is married mit a professor there. They had sent me putiful bictures of

So I was saved from scorn.

Another entry on the same day deals with Prince Bluecher, who had dropped dead that day. His son was to have been a guest at a luncheon in honor of Prince Christian of Hesse and his wife, which she attended. The prince," she writes, "must have been charming old man."

Most of his life is spent trying to evade his German taxes. He had an island off the coast of England on which he kept a great many kangaroos. Perhaps he thought they added a touch of British atmosphere to his estate. He wished to know if he couldn't come to America and live there about a week. in order to become an American citizen, as he found his island didn't get him as he found his island didn't get him out of paying his German taxes; but when told that it would take even ionger than a week to become an Amer-ican citizen he gave up that idea. He was much interested in America, but said he thought it must be dangerous said he thought it must be dangerous to have so many buffaloes around. And when he heard of the lynchings our when he heard of the lynchings our peace-loving citizens occasionally like to indulge in he suggested we let our wild Indians out to subdue the lynchers.

That would soon put a stop to such riots," said the old gentieman.

But Mrs. Bullitt does not confine her entries to this whimsical sort of revelation of the German point of view. She made a careful study of what the women are doing to take the place of the men at the front and to succor the widows and orphans of the war. Her credentials gave her access to the highest sources of information, and she has recorded primarily for the information of the great grandchildren yet to be, and incidentally for the instruction of those who now have an opportunity to read her diary, many important facts about the way the German women have arrived to the way the German women baye arrived. diary, many important facts about the way the German women have arisen to the occasion and how they are proving that they have great organizing and executive ability. She tells of the pensions paid to mothers, of the care of dependent families and how the poor are fed. She summarizes the terms on which Rathenau, the greatest commercial genius of Germany, told her that peace could be made. She puts down the interesting remarks of Max Warburg, the Hamburg banker, that American bankers Hamburg banker, that American bankers surprisingly ignorant of international affairs and know so little about their own country that it is easy for Paul Warburg, of the family, to seem to be a great man

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here. And when a duchess tells her of where "delirious lingerie" can be bought she shocks the noblewoman by remarking that her handkerchiefs usually cost twelve and a half cents apiece and have her name written in the corner with ink. She found Austria and Hungary refreshing after Gernany and was delighted with Budapest. The best way to enjoy her impressions is to read them all.

AN UNCENSORED DIARY FROM THE CENTRAL EMPIRES. By Ernesta Drinker Bullitt. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25.

Difficulty in Being "It" THE MAN WHO TRIED TO BE IT. By Cameron Mackenzle, New York: George H. Doran Company.

ran Company. John Spedden did not fit his new and bigger job. He was a round man in a square job, or, lest there be no imputation on his integrity, a square man in a round job. At any rate, man and post could not be related according to the solid geometry of popular proverb. And the story of his ittle tragedy of "big business" life is told circumstantially and coldly by Cameron Mackenzie in "The Man Who Tried to Be lt." Translated from a \$20,000 salary on a small fown payroll, where he was the live wire of the burg and the executive management of a prosperous but more or less picayune business, to a \$50,000 salary as president of a monster corporation in a metropolis, with other, and many, bigger men, he failed to "make good" in his two years' test. He could not see the business for the details. He had to tinker with everything, to dabble in all departments, "to keep in touch" at all times with everything. That was the secret of his success in small busi-ness. He thought it would be the touch-stone to name and fame, fortune and sucstone to name and fame, fortune and success in big business. He thought working hard and untiringly would win the way to his ambitions. By degrees the rills of detail and routine turned into a flood, and he was swept out into the black seas of failure. Yet he did his best, according to his lights; he slaved, he planned, he thought. He did everything except vision. He did not grow with his job, a big job, which meant he should concern himself with the big things. So he failed from overwork and undervision. Mr Mackenzie tells the tale starkly, neutrally, artistically.

A Boy Who Made Good

The latest in the series of children's classics, which the J. B. Lippincott Company is issuing is "J. Cole," by Emma Gelli-brand, which tells the story of a boy who secured work as a page in a private house and served faithfully almost unto death. It is a moving tale that deserves a place in the is a moving tate that dead of every mother library of every boy and of every mother who gives herset the great joy of reading to her children at bedtime. The book has four illustrations in color by Maria L. Kirk.

J. COLE. By Emma Geilibrand. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Mixed Merits in Davis Stories Charles Belmont Davis does his re

and his own reputation a wrong by lack of uniformity of the stories in Own Sort and Others." The title tale up to the best standard of the "novellestheatre," in which he justly won a fa which equaled in a few stories that of more celebrated brother. This opening sto is human, poignant, told with econo means, yet fullness of emotion. "Her Ma is also human, direct. The story of the Virginia tragedy has splendid character tion and compelling suspense. The off stories, of the man out of a job, of t suicide, "The Men Who Would 'Die' Her these lack substance and vitality Each of them contains an idea from which an excellent story could be motivated. The handling, however, is inefficient; suspense is lacking; the plot is hurried along to an obvious climax. They are potbollers, and the reviewer doubts if Mr. Davis would accept them for any magazine of which was fiction editor.

HER OWN SORT AND OTHERS. By Charles Belmont Davis. New York: The Century



of NOME

By Esther Birdsall Darling Baidy is a real dog—everybody in Alaska has heard of him. This is the story of how he was taken into the kennel of racing dogs owned in part by Mrs. Darling—how he saved her life, how he became the leader of the great racing team—and made good. There are thrills in it—but it is all practically true.

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