workers of Devonshire, as though the

clothes of his novel were of importance.

He has really exhibited the actions of a

what she is."

"Contemptible," said Dorothy.

tramping around the country with a

woman to whom he is not married tell

the girl about this code, the second article

of which is that you must not love where

you cannot marry. He cared nothing

for the marriage forms, but he did eare

for the fundamental loyalties of the

to the woman he was living with they

might have been wedden. This outlaw

couple is used as a foil for those who

were pretending to observe the social

conventions but were violating the

eternal moralities and disregarding the

understandings which keep society to-

gether. Mr. Phillpotts has written a

great social satire. Its setting among

the nursery workers and oyster dredgers

of Essex is accidental. It might have

been written about a similar group of

people anywhere in the world. Its value

lies in its study of the human soul. It is

a moving moral tragedy, lighted up with

"Somewhat after the manner of 'Ham

"Well, I would not compare it to

'Hamlet,' but the man who reads 'Hamlet'

for the sake of the local color will fail

as lamentably to see the significance of

the play as the man who reads 'The

Banks of Coine' for the sake of Essex

GEORGE W. DOUGLAS.

THE BANKS OF COLNE. (The Nursery.) By Eden Philipotts, author of "Brunel's Tower." etc. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Just a Story

John G. Johnson found pleasure in the little lightest French fiction. Other men find relaxation in reading books on mathematics. Arthur J. Balfour halls with joy the publication of a new story by E. Phillips Oppenhelm. Mr. Oppenheim's following is not confined to men like Mr. Ralfour 11 it were confined to men like Mr. Ralfour 11 it were

onfined to men like Mr. Balfour. If it were

he would have to earn his living in some other way, for there are comparatively few Ealfours in the world, not enough to sup-port a novelist. Mr. Oppenheim's latest

book, "The Cinema Murder," will appeal to all lovers of a story. It is a tale of mys-

tery, of love and ambition, of deceit and

cruelty. While reading it one is not trou-bled by any doubts about its plausibility, or about the adequacy of the motives which

antly, and the lovers live together happily

good opening for a film story. It looks like a murder, and is in reality the beginning of the complications that Mr. Oppenheim un-

THE CINEMA MURDER. By E. Phillips Op-penheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.35,

Our Friends the French

The significance of the visit of General

offre and his companions to America was

not lost upon those familiar with the history of the two nations. This means the school children and the adults who have not forgot-

this infant nation was struggling for exist-ence France lent us large sums, which we have never repaid, and she sent her soldiers

over here to help us. France is now in need, and we are threatened also. We have admitted the force of the considerations of honor and of gratitude and have become an

ally of the French. The expedition of General Pershing, which is but a hint of what is to follow, is an echo of the visit of Lafayette and his associates to America, sounding

across more than a century. E. Alexander Powell in "Brothers in Arms," a little vol-ume of less than sixty-five pages, has sought

to draw the historical parallel and to re-

took in our early history, and concluding with a call to our citizens to take up the burden placed upon them by the arrogance of a military despotism. "The surest way,"

ten what they learned in their youth.

flashes of comedy."

let'?" asked Ames.

young man's arm.

scenery."

hearing.

PLAN YOUR PLANTINGS NOW FOR WINTER-STORING CROPS

Root Crops Are Particularly Desirable, Keeping Without Special Treatment-What Vegetables Can Be Put in and How Long Late Planting Can Be Delayed

By JOHN BARTRAM

TET me suggest that every one who creates or cultivates a garden helps, and helps greatly, to solve the problem of the feeding of the nations.—President Wilson.

Bring your gardening problems to the Evening Ledger for practical, helpful solution. Adress JOHN BARTRAM.

There is time yet to start a home

There is time yet to start a home garden. Spade the ground and start this week. Beans (both wax and string), corn, beets, tomato plants, carrots, cucumbers, cabbage plants

can be put in.

Readers by sending this coupon and two-cent stamp for postage to the National Emergency Food Garden Commission, 210 Maryland Building, Washington, D. C., will re-ceive FREE OF ANY CHARGE a primer on canning and drying vegetables and fruits

fill out the space below and mail. as this is a part of the personal service this paper aims to give its

Name Street City.....State.....

IS time now to think of vegetables I which can be stored, canned, pickled or dried. The first is the simplest method and is adapted to a number of vegetables.

It is of the utmost importance this year to plant vegetables which can be stored and used after frost has done its work. The root crops especially thrive on a light soil, rich in organic matter, but will produce favorable crops on ordinary garden soil.

Many home gardeners devote too much time and space to the short-season and quick-maturing crops, giving little consideration to succession or "follow-up" crops. While it is true that no home garden is complete without the proverbial lettuce, radish. peas and green onions, the present critical food situation demands that the less perishable crops, like potatoes, beans, squash, pumpkin and root crops, be grown.

Now that the early peas, lettuce, etc., are nearing their end, their place should be filled with other crops. Suggestions are herewith made as to what may be profitably planted from now on. Times given are for the latitude of Philadelphia as a fairly central point of reference; for 100 miles north allow a week later; for each 100 miles south, subtract a week.

BEETS-For late maturity some season able variety like Detroit Dark Red or Edmond's Blood turnly may be sown to July 15 in rows eighteen inches apart and onehalf to three-fourths inches deep. The crop should be harvested before freezing weather. Light frosts will not injure beets provided the ground is well covered with follage. Beets should be thinned to stand one inch apart when they are two to two and one-half inches high. Beets removed by thinning may be used for table greens. Later they may be thinned again to stand four to six inches apart. If the second thinning is done gradually, one may have a more or less constant supply of beets during

CARROTS are easy to grow, and they lend themselves to storing. For winter use sow the seeds a week earlier than for beets. Thin first to stand one inch and later three to four inches apart in the row. Judicious and gradual thinning will provide a constant supply of tender carrots for the table. Varieties adapted to late planting are Danvers, Half Long and

ily stored. Plant the late crop from July 15 to August 15, preferably the last week in July. Thin the plants to stand five to six inches apart in the row. White Egg or Purple Top strap-leaved are an ex-cellent variety.

PARSNIPS AND OYSTER PLANT OF

In general, the earlier ONIONS are plantnow, since they are especially valuable for winter use. Even though they should not mature, they will produce young green onions by fall.

KALE can be planted now in drills, one

to two feet apart, half an inch thick, Dwarf Curled and New Zealand are good varieties. This grows well, and has no grit like spinach. The season can be prolonged, as the plant is very hardy, by covering the plants with straw or leaves after the first few frosts. At the set-in of winter pile up few frosts. At the set-in of winter pile up more straw and cover all with strips of old carpet, removed in early spring, when a fresh crop will start, enough for two or

CUCUMBERS, Cool and Crisp or All-Season may be planted for late table use

SQUASH, such as Hubbard or some other vinter variety, will mature in time for storing in a cool dry place.

BEANS may be planted up till the end of August. Profusion or Golden Rustproof Wax and Stringless Greenpod are excellent for canning. Dwarf Horticultural are fine for drying for soup or baking. They can be left dry in their pods and then shelled and stored in closed, light-proof retainers. Do not work or pick your heans while the follage is wet or you will have more trouble with bean rust or anthracnose. It is too late for pole limas, but such dwarf bush varieties as Fordhook will mature if planted

POTATOES for a late crop can be put in

p to July 5 to 10.

TOMATOES can be put out if it is possible to obtain the plants in your vicinity.

CABBAGE, plants only, can be set out for winter storing. Late flat Dutch and Danish ballhead are good kinds. Seeds may be tried in a bed of rich soil with sunny ex-posure, and if forced quickly and transplanted to mellow soil which has been well

CORN can be planted up to July 15. It is st to use an early, quick-growing sort. such as Golden Bantam (yellow), Crosby or

CELERY plants can be put in in rows two feet apart, one foot apart in row, up to August 1, but the earlier the better. This should be earthed up from time to time to ensure blanching. It can stay in the ground till heavy frosts, when it should be dug out and stored, upright, leaves and stock, it ose, dry earth or sand.

GARDEN QUERIES ANSWERED Okra

C. C. S.—It is a little late to plant ohra now but there is a fighting chance for a crop if the frosts are late. You can plant seed directly it a row about one foot apart or can plant in a seedled and transplant to the row a foot apart it would advise the latter.

Cheaper Spray

MILLARD—Arsenate of lead and paris green lave both gone away up in price, as you say, fyou have a small place I should say areenate f lead nowder would be economical. It costs hout forty cents a pound, and a haif ounce is mough for a gallon of water. That is about saif a tablespoonful. Arsenate of zinc is heaper and goes farther, as a tablespoonful of he paste form is sufficient for six and one-sif gallons of water. It is pretty powerful in resential content too, and this is what kills the hewing and biting insects.

Rust on Hollyhocks and Phlox

TURNIPS mature quickly. Plant wherever space is available, and especially when it is too late to plant other succeeding crops. Turnips are easily grown and read.

K. L. J.—Your phiex and hollybooks are affected with rust, a common disease. The remedy in to spray with bordeaux mixture. You can buy this ready prepared at the stores of can find a convenient formula in Evraying Lindows garden article for Saturday, June 23.

FARMER SMITH'S COLUMN

THE LONG, LONG DAYS

My Own Dears-A few days ago (it as) it was dark when I got up to get my breakfast, but now the sunshine is up when I take my pink toes out of bed and put them

The days are longer and I think I am doing more work. I try to do two men's work, and thus bring the war to a speedler conclusion. There is no use in my trying to tell you to do something which I do not do myself. I would be a lasy man to ask you to do your own work and that of some one while I sat up and took life easy.

Try to get up early and try to work late. Try to play just a little, but enough. Make your play different from work. Remember that croquet and tennis are good exercise. former might be compared to sweeping

We must play now and then. Don't you think it a bad plan to play with LOT of children? It seems to me that we are company and three is a crowd. I notice there is not nearly so much tro Where there are only a few children playing.
What do YOU think?

Your loving editor, FARMER SMITH.

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF BILLY BUMPUS

JOCCO TRICKS BILLY

By Farmer Smith

'Yes, dear." wish you would be serious and, not talk so disrespectfully to me," said Billy Bumpus to his friend, Jocco, the monkey.
"Yes, darling," replied Jocco.
"Maybe you will not be so polite to me

when I tell you what I have in mind," said

'I don't care, precious," Jocco still per-

"I love all those terms, but this is serious. I want you to let me fire you out of one of the cannon," ventured Billy, eyeing You have but to breathe a wish and if

it is in my power to grant it, I will be glad to do so, my darling," replied the "Please, PLEASE, don't talk like that.

I want to try an experiment—one that has never been tried before. It is this—I want to wait until one of the guns is loaded and then I will shoot you over to one of those hills over there and then I will run over to see if you are hurt-understand?" Buly looked serious.

"I understand perfectly. You are to shoot me from one of the light artillery guns and then come and bury me. I understand ar better than you." replied Jocco.

Then he added: "But I'm ready to die—I'm nof a coward jumping through bass frums. I want to die for my country and if

and if you want to try an experiment with me, here I am." illy was so surprised at the willingness

Joeco that he hesitated in going ahead. Why don't you hurry up?" asked Joeco. "I think if you will wait a while we may be able to have you crawl into one of the suos after a soldier has loaded it," suggrated Billy

You're getting scared already," I'm not; you come along with me."

with of them started acrous the parade

ground and when they reached the place where the guns were resting. Billy missed Jocco. Turning suddenly around he could

see the little fellow nowhere.

"Jocco, Joccol Where are you?" shouted "Here, dearest," said a voice behind Billy

"Where?" shouted Billy again. "Here, dearest, right in the cannon."

Sure enough! Jocco had climbed right nto the cannon's mouth and when Billy vent up near to see where he was, the said "Boe!" so loud it made Billy "I told you that you were a cowmonkey said ard," said the voice from the cannon. Then it added: "I told you this cannon was load-ed. I can feel the ball with my tail. If it went off now it would blow your horns off—look out!" Jocco jumped out of the cannon's mouth and landed on Billy's back. almost frightening him to death.

"This is not funny," said Billy. "This s serious.

"I should say it was, by the way you jumped," answered Jocco. Then he added: "But come on. You run over to that hill and I will get in the cannon and wait until some one fires it off."
"All right," answered Billy as he trotted
off, loolking back to see if Jocco got into
the cannon. Sure enough, he did, so Billy

went away thinking all was well. Now, it happened that when Billy reached the hill, who should be there shead of him

"How did you get here?" asked Billy, so surprised his eyes stuck out. "Didn't you say I was to be shot out of

the gun and you were to get me over here?" asked Jocco. "I did."

"Here I am." answered Jocco. "Your

scheme is a great one." "I didn't hear the cannon go off," pleaded Billy "It didn't make any noise because

But his answer did not satisfy Billy. He

497 DIE HERE IN WEEK

was in it," answered Jocco.

wondered.

Figures Show Increase Over Preceding

Deaths throughout the city duuring the week numbered 497 as compared with 462 last week and 453 the corresponding week last year. They were divided as follows: Males, 275; females, 222; boys, 63, and

Males, 270,
girls, 59.
The causes of death were:
Typhoid fever
Measles
Whosping coush
Diphtheria and croup.
Tuberculosis of lungs
Tuberculosis of lungs uberculosis of lungs, uberculosis meningitis ther forms of tuberculosis. ppendicitis and typhiltis. hosts of the liver te nephritts and Bright's disease

MODERN MAN BLAMES GOD Thus Does the World Progress in Its Search for

ADAM BLAMED THE WOMAN,

the Ultimately Responsible-Eden Phillpotts Exhibits the Situation

TT WAS twilight. The shadows were | beautiful descriptions of rural England," deepening under the trees on the ex- said 1, "but I do not read novels for scendinarily require the entire season to com-plete their growth. They make the great-pansive lawn of the Rich Man across ery. Local color is as necessary as clothes but clothes do not make a manweather arrives. It is possible that parsnips and oyster plant or salisfy, if planted at this time, may mature by fall. Their culture is similar to carrots. Use Hollow Crown for parsnips and Sandwich Island for the western sky and one-half workers of Devonshire, as though the of my mind was watching for others to ed the more productive will the crop be. It appear like golden pin points pricking might be well to plant a small area even their way through the heavens. their way through the heavens.

Suddenly I was aware of Doctor Mc-Fabre and Dorothy Owen standing in front of me at the foot of the steps.

"What are you dreaming about?" Doctor McFabre asked. "We've been waiting for you to wake up."

"I thought you would never see us," said Dorothy. After Doctor McFabre had settled himself in the Gloucester hammock and

Dorothy was comfortable in a rocking chair the question of my preoccupation "To tell the truth." I said, "I was thinking of the progress the race has made. Adam was an infant without reas and when he does learn it and her happi-

son:

He simply blamed the woman Nowadays we blame God." "What do you mean?" asked the clergy. man in a little alarm.

"I can tell you best by repeating a little poem by William Dean Howells." "Howells isn't a poet. He's a novelist,"

said the doctor. "Listen to this that he wrote more



AN ENGLISH CARICATURE OF EDEN PHILLPOTTS

whether he is a poet or not." Then repeated these lines: Before Him weltered like a shoreless sea

The souls of them that had not sought to be. With all their guilt upon them, and they They that had sinned from hate and lust

"Thou that didst make us what we might Judge us!" The Judge of all the earth was

But high above them, in His sovereign place He lifted up the pity of His face. "Yes, that is poetry," admitted the

clergyman. "The same thought has passed through my mind more than once, but I could not have expressed it so compactly. Here we are, creatures of heredity and environment, tossed about by the winds of circumstances over which we have no control. We must move a

merciful God to deep compassion." "I suppose that may be so," said Dorothy, but with the fine intuition of her feminine mind she went on: "But how contemptible it is to blame it all on God. You might as well blame Him when your house burned down after you had neglected to pour a pailful of water on the tiny blaze that started the fire right under

your nose." "Good for you, Dorothy," said I.

Cabot Ames just then came up, and we asked him what he thought of it. He specialized in philosophy and ethics at Harvard. In the presence of Dorothy, however, he was cautious. Her indignation at his unwillingness to respond when his country needed soldiers had evidently taught him that there was more than one point of view. Finally he

"Intellectually, I am inclined to place "Intellectually, I am inclined to place cause the action. Those familiar with the the responsibility on God, but when I author's method will continually wonder look into my own mind I discover that I how he will bring the story to a satisfactory conclusion. But he does end it pleasured escape part of the responsibility." cannot escape part of the responsibility." Dorothy beamed on him, then with a ever afterward. It takes its title from an little malicious look she asked: "So you incident witnessed by a moving picture promoter, which he says, would make a Dorothy beamed on him, then with a are not going to blame God for your un-

willingness to be a soldier?" He winced, but with a stiffening of his back he retorted: "My ancestors fought ravels in the novel. when they were needed, and I have been thinking lately that I should be # poltroon if I proved unworthy of them. I

may go to war yet." "Heredity is asserting itself," Doctor McFabre chuckled. "Instead of blaming God you are giving him credit. That is a little better."

"I don't care what he calls it so long as he -- Dorothy began, but stopped suddenly, blushing up to the roots of her hair. And Ames settled down again and looked at her with more happiness in his

face than I had seen for two or three weeks. "Well, I have noticed," said I, "that we blame God only for our misdeeds. When we get tangled up in a mass of complications arising out of our own selfishness and irresponsibility we talk about fate and destiny and other scapegoats.

Now and then we find a novelist who exhibits what Henry James once called the brief resume of the part that Frenchmen immitigability of the human predicament. If he have any spiritual discernment, however, he does not blame the Creator owever, he does not blame the Creator of a military despotism. "The surest way," says he. "to bring about an early peace is to convince Germany, beyond the possibility of misunderstanding, that we stand behind the Government to the last cent in our purses and the last breath in our bodies; that in our vocabulary there is no such word as 'quit'; that no matter how appailing the price that may be exacted from us. "They say Philipotts has written some for everything. Eden Philipotts has barely escaped joining James's immitigability school of writers in his latest story." "I like Philipotte's Devonshire stories."

said Ames. "They remind me of Black-

until the world has been 'made free for democracy' forever." This is the spirit in which he has written, and it is the spirit without which we cannot succeed. Mr. Powell is familiar with the strength of the Germans and with their methods on the field. He speaks with the authority of an expert when he tells us what we must do. His book, therefore, deserves the attention of all who wish to get a better understanding of the situation and to receive inspira-tion from the knowledge that the opportu-nity has come to serve France as well as ourselves and the general cause of civil-DROTHERS IN ARMS. By E. Alexander Pow-ell. Boston; Houghton Mifflin Company, 50

IRVIN S. COBB.

If He Lived in France He Would Be Elected to Membership in the French Academy

group of people in which there are two or three who blame God when they do An American whose business it is to read wrong. I was thinking about them and and appraise fiction once said that if Irvin the problems they raise when Doctor Mc-S. Cobb lived in France he would have Fabre and Dorothy came up. The heroine been elected to the French academy long is a charming young woman, gracious, When we recall that only the great educated, with some fine gifts, but she ch masters of literature are elected to has no more sense of moral responsibility the academy we can understand what this American thinks of Cobb. His judgment is not at fault. Cobb is one of the finest litthan a whirlwind. Her selfishness is monumental. She marries a man whom erary artists we have produced. He has style, he has poise, and breadth of vision and broad and tender human sympathies. she does not love and leaves him without any compunctions of conscience. She then poses as a widow and falls in love The skill with which he constructs a story is a source of constant admiration to those interested in literary technique, but it is so with another man, who also loves her and marries her. She has not the courartfully concealed that those who care age to tell him the truth before marriage nothing for literary method do not suspect that the effect produced has been carefully ness is wrecked as the inevitable result planned from the beginning. The apparently rambling, discursive narrative that wanders on genially from one point to another as a word or an incident suggests something of her deceit she does not blame herself. 'I am what I am,' she walls, 'and I can't new is really a closely thought out and de-liberately constructed fabric that when comhelp it.' And then she tells a friend that she has not forgiven God for making her pleted is like a piece of tapestry containing the pictured story of a heroic deed or a moving tale of sentiment. Cobb is a hum-orist in the best sense of the world, for he looks on life with an amused and sym-"Yes. She violated the code of honor, Philipotts does not let us remain in ignornot for the finer traits of human nature ance of the existence of such a code, for he has a social outcast who has been



Mr. Cobb's latest volume of short stories is a worthy successor of its predecessors. Judge Priest and his friends appear in it, as well as some other characters not so well known. There are two stories dealing with Just then Dorothy arose to go and Ames went with her. The pair disappeared in the gathering darkness with the girl's hand resting rightly on the e girl's hand resting sightly on the bung man's arm.

"Ames is all right at bottom," his uncle sight and their literary merit. How the remarked when they were out of spirit that made the South fight spirit that made the South fight a losing war for four years could be invoked to pre-vent defeat of a Southern college team on the football field is told in "Cinnamon Seed and Saudy Bottom." the climas of which the sporting reporters would do well "Life is a curious thing," said L irrelevantly. "We do not know much about to read if they want to discover how to describe a football game. And in "The Garb of Men" Mr. Cobb has given a description of a small section of war-torn France that is worthy of the best French literary traditions. "And There Was Light" is a poetic allegory fashioned for the relief of neurasthenic women. Its materials are com-mon, but they are used with such skill as to create the impression that they are new. The social philosophers who say that a man needs about half a dozen wives to sat-isfy him, one for each mood, have not found a way to provide them. Perhaps it is be-Admirers of this Kentucky genius will hope that he may live long and continue to tell us stories about likable people whom he cause there are not women enough to go us si around. Fortunately, however, there are books enough to appeal to the varying kind, moods. There were times when the late us stories about likable people whom he has created and to create more of the same

THOSE TIMES AND THESE. By Irvin S. Cobb. George H. Doran Company. 11.35.

Giants at Grips Rapid action, bold adventure, interwoven with a love story of considerably more than the ordinary sentimentality that makes the modern novel attractive to read-ers who delight in the episodes of Phyllis and her Corydon of the Ewentieth century. are the outstanding features of a tale of the frozen North fresh from the virile fancy of William MacLeod Raine. The author of "Steve Yeager" has entitled his latest production. "The Yukon Trail." In vivid portraiture of a country in which right makes right, or at least did before the United States Government turned a large share of its attention to development of the vast Alaska domair, and began the policy of conservation designed to fraudulent absorption of the limitless pon-sibilities and resources of a wonderful region, the author shows a familiarity with his subject that betrays personal kno-of life on the country's last frontier.

Throughout Mr. Raine's story runs the thread of history. One of the principals of "The Yukon Trail" is a "strong man" closely identified with the attempt to seize the immense tracts involved in the Alaska coal claims of national netoricty. His machinations are crippled if not entirely overthrown by another "strong man" who happens to be a Govarnment agent sent out from Washington to investigate the operations of a conscienceless and wonderfullskillful syndicate. The investigator and hero of Mr. Raine's story is a college graduate and football hero, whose physical graduate and football here, whose physical talents and mental alertness are put to a severe test in preventing a gigantic swindle of Uncle Sam as well as of bona fide prospectors and miners. Both the agent and the syndicate chief are in love with the same girl, a perfectly delightful Irish maiden, who lends charm to the story of glants at grip.

THE YUKON TRAIL. By William McLeed Raine. Boston: Houghton Miffin Company.

Best Sellers

According to reports sent to the Bookman from forty cities the best selling novel in the United States during the month of May was "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." It was first on the list in Boston, Baltimore, Hirmingham, Chicago, Cleveland, Kanass City, Mo.; Milwaukee, New Orleans, Norfolk. Portland, Me.; Seattle, St. Louis, Spokane and Toledo. The Bookman's best six sellers follow: six sellers follow;

"Mr. Britling Sees It Through." Wells.
"The Light in the Clearing." Bachellar.
"The Hundredth Chance." Delt.
"The Road to Understanding." Porter.
"His Family." Poole.
"In the Wilderness." Hickens.

LOVE AFFAIRS

Suppose Hilds Fordham never had made that visit to her cousin Harriet Sterling? The reader of "Anchorage" shudders to think what, then, might have happened to Harriet and Paul Geborne. Day after day, perhaps, would have been disposed of by droning through golden hours of spring sunshine, reading and making notes on speculative philosophy, instead of finally realising their love for each other. Can one imagine anything like it?

Before Hilda's arrival it happened that Harriet, one glorious day while bees were froning among the morning glories and the fragrance of flowers wafted from the garden, said:

"It's too pretty a day for Huxley."
Answered Paul: "Do you think science
must adapt itself to the weather?"
Fancy that!
This situation is relieved by the arrival
of Bill Splinters, who pops his head above
the blossom-covered wall and in a wizzened voice pipes. "Any kindlin' this mawnin'?"

Everything changes with the advent of Hilda, a girl of twenty, sweet, attractive, clever, accustomed to receive admiration, possessing rare tact and a fair knowledge

Happens, the obvious. Paul, who for cars has been treated as a professional availd, invites the pity of Harriet's sprighty guest, and falls in love. Speculative philosophy is neglected for long walks. The human heart becomes of greater interest than the pages of Huxley. Finally the green-eyed monster introduces himself to complete the triangle. Harriet goes about her work as usual; for she is a lady. And ladles' hearts are not worn on the sleev Some women wear them there; a lady never. But the little Georgia town where the scene of the story is laid talks about it. Finally Paul and Hilda are to be married. Bill Splinters frankly opposes the match. This here marriage is agin human natur." be explodes. And he expresses public opin-ion pretty well. It could not be possible for ding took place, as weddings have a habit of doing. Paul delayed things at the last moment by forgetting the ring; Hilda's mother cried; Harriet continued to main tain a reserve; Doctor Erskine, a peasant character in the book, looked grave and thought of the future; and Hilda was

knew her daughter, as her eyes followed the carriage bearing off the bridal couple, "I hope she loves him."

"I hope so," Harriet echoed, and, turn-ing, they both entered the house, And how does it turn out? Pretty much one might expect. Hilda, the butterfly, is unable to stand being "housed in." Nor is she able to agree with Louisa, Paul's maiden sister, and an excellent housekeeper. "I think it's chilly," said Hilda one rainy

"I never have a fire this time of the ear," stiffly responds Louisa.

Hilds drums upon the windowpane. Those windows were washed yesterday. naps Louisa. Louisa has a big heart and system. She permits Hilda only to see

and, never entirely in sympathy with Paul's activities. Hilds goes away. There is the customary neighborhood gossip, but Paul gradually gets over the shock and resumes is work. Louisa and Harriet help him. Three years later Paul meets Hilds in New York. They talk over matters and agree on a divorce. Paul's book of speculative philosophy never is published. Instead, he becomes a poet. He and Harriet thaily stumble over their love for each other. Herriet these it has paul did not

ther. Harriet knew it, but Paul did not. Fiorence Olmstead, the author of chorage," has in her book pleasantly d ated the psychology of human affections She has carefully kept to the small-town in-dividual and has thereby chosen perhaps the most interesting type of persons to dis-The book is well worth while.

How to Run a Home

The multiplicity of books on home-making ndicates that the old-fashioned method of training the daughters has fallen into dis-use and that the girls must get their knowl dge from some one who knows more than their mothers, or from those who are mor interested than the mothers in training them for their dufies as wives. "The Home and Its Management," one of the latest textbooks on the subject, has been prepared by Mabel Hyde Kittredge, president of the Association of Practical Housekeeping Centers in New York city. It is an elementary handbook, beginning with the implest statements about the kind of a source or apartment to live in, followed by nstructions in the care of the kitchen stove the icebox, the kitchen utensils and the like How to set a table is explained, with direct tions for placing the knives and forks. They are so clear that a savage who had always eaten squatting on the ground, using his fingers to handle his food, could understand them. The care of infants is discussed in the same way and elementary nursing is explained. In addition there are 200 cook-ing recipes for inexpensive dishes. The ok adapts itself equally well to use in the classroom of the training school and to the needs of the bride who has never given a thought to the duties which marriage brings upon her.

THE HOME AND ITS MANAGEMENT: handbook in homemaking with 300 inexpensive cooking recipes. By Mabel Hyde Kittredg New York: The Century Company. \$1.50.

Inheritance Tax Laws

When investors pick out the securities of mpanies in which to place their idle funds little consideration is given on many occa sions as to what the inheritance taxes are in the various States. This has cost many estates large sums. Coming at a time when the Government is giving much considera-tion to various kinds of taxation, an in-formative book on inheritance taxes in the different States is very useful. It is just such a book that Hugh Bancroft has written. It can be said that the book is one of the most informative along its line that have been placed at the disposal of investors, and indeed it fills a want.

INHERITANCE TAXES FOR INVESTORS. B. Hugh Bancroft. Beston: Houghton Miffir Company. 11.

An Unvarnished Tale Most of the books which have come from the trenches have been characterized by a

sort of literary sophistication. The author have sought to do something fine. But they had sat down with a friend under tree and talked to him they would have told much that they have left out of their narrative, and they would have told it more simply and directly. Arthur Guy Empey, a kinsman of the late Richard Henry Dana, has told in "Over the Top" the story of his experiences very much as he would have told it to a friend in private conversation. Empey is a sort of a soldier of fortune. He has traveled over the world, on sea and has traveled over the world, on sea and land. He served for a while in the United States cavalry, rising to the rank of sergeant major. When the Lusitania was sunk he expected to go into the war under the American flag, but when he grew tired of waiting he went over to England and entisted in the British army as a private. He served for eighteen months and was wounded seven times, the last time so seriously that he was discharged as incapanitated for further duty. In describing what happened during his period of service he unter the colloquial, slangy language of the

soldier in the trenches. It is the story of a man out for adventure without any he or any mental analysis or any dream about fighting for the freedom of the world, but just a red-blooded narrative of lighting. It is, therefore, in strong contrast to the productions of the poets and novellats who have been telling us about their mental processes. It must be read by those who wish to check up the observations of the thinking men with the experiences of a man of action.

OVER THE TOP. By an American moldler who went. Arthur Guy Empey, machine gunner, serving in France. Together with Tomory's distinancy of the trenches. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

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