

OPERAZIONI DELLE ARTIGLIERIE SU M. NERO

Un Attacco degli Austriaci respinto dagli Italiani nella Zona del Torrente Maso

LA SITUAZIONE IN RUSSIA

Terza sera il Ministero della Guerra pubblica il seguente rapporto del generale...

ROMA, 21 Luglio. Terza sera il Ministero della Guerra pubblica il seguente rapporto del generale...

Il disastro di questo campo, che ha costato la vita a 1000 uomini, non ha...

Nondimeno i giornali italiani in generale affermano che l'attacco di Michaelis...

Questi emissari bulgari cercano di provare agli alleati che la Bulgaria si schierò...

SULLA FRONTE RUSSA

È notizia che vengono da Petrograd non solo ottinte i russi sono stati accolti...

Intanto giunge notizia che l'ordine è stato completamente ristabilito nella capitale...

RICHARD H. COLLINS NEW HEAD OF CADILLAC

Election to General Managership and Presidency Marks Culmination of Upward Business Fight

Richard H. Collins has been made president and general manager of the Cadillac Motor Company.

Mr. Collins assumes his new duties with a broad background of business ability...

During a greater part of this twenty years he held the Deere Company products to dealers.

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The book not only tells what to cook in such a kitchenette and how to cook it...

Another, the book, interspersed as it is by explanatory illustrations, will prove a boon to many young women...

Phryne

Those who are wearied with war literature may find relief for half an hour or so in Mitchell S. Buck's unusual telling of the life of Phryne...

GEORGE BROOKE, 3D, WRITES ABOUT CITY TROOP

A ST. LOUIS OUIJA BOARD BREAKS ALL KNOWN RECORDS

It Writes a 300,000-Word Novel of the Time of the Christ—The Operator Said to Act as the Amanuensis of a Ghost

"THE Germans," said I, "have a faculty about some grubs in the mire at the bottom of a pond discussing what happened to their fellows which rose to the surface and disappeared. One grub insisted that they simply vanished into nothingness, and another, which did not wish to believe that this was the end of everything, insisted that there must be another realm into which they vanished companions entered."

"Of course I believe there is a future life," Doctor McFabe remarked. "That is what my religion teaches me. There are moments, however, when my faith does not satisfy my intellect. I wish there were some way to prove it as you can prove a mathematical formula."

"Yes, I know," Doctor McFabe went on, "but he was eager to be convinced. I have never yet seen any evidence of a future life that would convince a man against his will. Very little of that which has been offered will stand examination, and that which is not clearly hallucination can be explained by well-known and admitted principles of metaphysics."

"Emile Boirac, rector of the academy of Dijon, would be inclined to agree with you," said I. "His book on the unknown or little known forces of the mind, which the French Academy of Sciences honored by the award of the Fanny Emden prize of 2000 francs, has recently been translated into English. It reports the result of a long series of experiments in magnetism, telepathy, suggestion and spiritualism. Professor Boirac himself had some remarkable experiences with sensitive subjects which he explains as due to mesmerism or hypnotism or telepathy. He says that the automatic writing which the spiritualistic mediums produce may be explained at times as the reproduction of matter within the mind of the medium, which has been implanted there without the medium's knowledge. To show that this is possible he cites several cases of persons who have described scenes of which they have no recollection. Yet investigations made by the Psychological Research Society proved that they had visited the scenes which had been impressed on their subconsciousness and had later come to the surface either in a dream or when in a semihypnotic state occasioned by crystal gazing. Professor Boirac does not try to prove anything, but simply to show that there is a mass of facts which need explanation. He says they can be explained only by study of them in the scientific spirit."

"This book must be worth reading," said Doctor McFabe. "It interested a fifteen-year-old girl to whom I read parts of it aloud," said I. "But she was frank enough to admit that some of the passages did not convey any meaning to her."

"You could not expect her to understand it all," said the lady, who had joined us a few moments before, along with Dorothy Owen. "Yes, but when I told her of the ouija board or planchette, which spiritualistic mediums sometimes use, she wanted me to get one for her right away."

"I have written some woody things with an ouija board," said Dorothy. "It is a most curious implement," said Doctor McFabe. "Frederic W. H. Myers in his book on human personality describes the case of a man who had been hypnotized and told that when he came out of the trance he must write a sentence with the board. A book was put in his left hand when he recovered consciousness, and his right hand, hidden by a screen, was placed on the planchette. While his conscious mind was occupied with the book his unseen hand wrote part of the sentence."

"That is not so remarkable as the reported achievements of an ouija board that operated in St. Louis," said I. "Can any good thing come out of St. Louis?" asked Doctor McFabe, whose French ancestry makes him suspicious just now of any place where the Germans live.

"There are people in St. Louis who say that this is a very great thing," said I. "Somebody using the planchette has written a novel of 300,000 words."

"Why did not he or she use a pen instead of going to all that trouble?" Dorothy wanted to know. "That remains to be explained," said I. "But the story on its surface is most interesting. It begins four years ago when Mrs. John H. Curran, a woman of a nervous temperament, with no literary experience, was amusing Mrs. Emily Grant Hutchinson with the ouija. Mrs. Hutchinson has written a number of stories and is said to have considerable literary ability. Suddenly the ouija, which had been spelling out sentences of no particular importance, wrote these words: 'Many moons ago I lived. Again I come, Patience Worth is my name.' Patience was most reticent about herself, but in the course of time she used the ouija frequently with Mrs. Curran and Mrs. Hutchinson operating it—she admitted that she lived in the middle of the seventeenth century. She wrote stories and plays and poems in a peculiar dialect, described as archaic, yet it is such a dialect as no one ever before used in writing English. She uses nouns in place of verbs, makes grammatical errors and sometimes is incoherent. Casper S. Yost, editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, wrote a book about her a few months ago. In July of 1916 she began to dictate a novel. As it was spelled out with the planchette Mrs. Curran's husband wrote it down. Mrs. Curran always had her hands on the planchette when it was writing. She was not disturbed by conversation in the room, and she even engaged in it while her hands moved the planchette. Patience would spell out from 2500 to 3500 words of her story in an hour and a half or two hours."

"That is more than I could write with a pen," said Doctor McFabe. "It is pretty fast writing. One evening she spelled out 5000 words. Dickens used to think that 500 words was a good day's work, but he had to think about what he was writing. Patience admitted that she prepared in advance what she had to say and it flowed forth as if she were reading it from manuscript."

"How do you explain it?" asked Dorothy. "I don't," said I. "If Professor Boirac should be able to make an investigation with his knowledge of telepathy and suggestion he might form a theory which would explain Patience Worth. He says that when a name is given to a subconscious personality it manifests itself more readily than when anonymous. It is worth noting, however, that the book about Patience and Mrs. Curran was written at about the time Patience is said to have begun dictating her long novel. You may draw what inferences you please from this."

"Is the novel worth reading?" The lady wanted to know. "Yes, if you have time to spare. It is not easy reading because of the curious style. The story is about Jesus and begins with His birth and ends with His crucifixion. A man who read the manuscript says it has every characteristic of a contemporary document, but it is difficult to believe that a Greek slave, who is one of the characters, could have been able to talk about the infant Jesus in the terms which orthodox clergymen have been in the habit of using since the Christian religion assumed definite form. The story might be called an allegory, for the Greek slave bears a son in Bethlehem on the same night that Jesus was born. She names him Hate and says that Jesus, who is Love, will overcome hate and that it will disappear from the world. If it had been written in straightforward English the story would doubtless be as popular as 'Ben Hur.' It is as dramatic as Lew Wallace's story. Its style is awkward and involved, save now and then when Patience, or whoever wrote it, seems to forget herself. Then there is half a page or so that moves ahead in straightforward English. The author might have studied John Lyly's 'Euphues' for a fair sample. And I read: 'And the Night came sad, and robed black, until the late hour, when 'mid her sighs the deep of slumber set it upon the bosom of the sky. And the still was broken by the sorrow-breath of Thea. And Panda brought forth his pipe and whistled onto the night. And the stars sobbed and dripped with tears. Day drank from out the Night's chalice, and drained the star-wine, and the cheek of night burned with its gold.'

"Thea is the Greek slave and Panda is her Arabian servant. The book is full of this sort of thing. There is poetic imagination, as in the description of the notes of the shepherd's pipe sobbing and dripping with tears, and there is sophomoric bathos. If the book had been edited to one-half its size and put into simpler English it would undoubtedly have been a great popular success, provided nothing had been said about Patience Worth and the ouija board. And somebody might have dramatized it and enticed the non-theatrical people to see a religious play. This may happen even under the circumstances in which the novel has been put forth. You never can tell how far interest in the occult will carry people."

"I should like to interview Patience," said Doctor McFabe. "Scores of persons have interviewed her," said I, "but she is a woman of quick wit and has never been betrayed into saying anything which would throw any definite light on her identity."

GEORGE W. DOUGLASS. THE SORRY TALE: A Story of the Time of Christ. By Patience Worth. Edited with an introduction by Casper S. Yost. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.50. OUR HIDDEN FORCES: An Experimental Study of the Psychic on the Mexican Border. By Emile Boirac. With an introduction by W. D. Delaney. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, \$2.

Mistakes on the Border

Whatever else the mobilization of the National Guard on the Mexican border did last year, it did not justify any dependence on the organized State militia in time of national emergency. The guard was not organized for national service. Its members did not enroll for any such purpose, and none of the laws which Congress has passed to federalize the guard has vitally changed its character. If any one is curious about some of the things that happened when the State militia was sent to Texas, he can be gratified by reading 'Watching and Waiting on the Mexican Border,' a book written by Roger Bacheilder, a Massachusetts guard, who describes in a lucid and interesting way the conditions and how they were encamped at the destination; how inadequately they were equipped and the delays and complications attending almost everything they did. The hardships the men suffered were slight in comparison with those to which those in the trenches in Europe are subjected, but intelligent foresight the men would have suffered only from the discomforts incident to the climate. Yet they wore woollen uniforms in midsummer and did not have blankets enough to keep them warm when cold weather came. And a large proportion of the men were sent into camp in service conditions who had never had any previous military experience. Fortunately, the Massachusetts troops who might have been in-

HENRY HARLAND HAS A SUCCESSOR

An Englishman's First Novel Has the Charm of the Stories by Dead Russo-American

THE FIRST TROOP ON THE BORDER

George Brooke, 3d, Tells the Story of the Experience of the Philadelphia Cavalrymen in Texas

George Brooke, 3d, has made a bid for fame as the historian of the longest period of service of the First City Troop with the United States army. He has told the story in the form of a diary that he kept from the departure of the troop from the city on July 5 till its return on January 16. It will be of absorbing interest to all the friends of the troopers. Almost every trooper is mentioned in it, always in a pleasant and good-natured manner. Their escapades, their exploits and their accidents are told impartially. The book will be interesting also to all those students of military affairs who are curious to know how the young American accustomed to the refinements of life will behave when forced to live in a military camp, to dig trenches, to do a day's work in the kitchen and to endure hardships that might have been avoided if they had been willing to shirk their duty as citizens. Mr. Brooke makes it clear that the troop played the game in the spirit of democratic America. As a result it was officers in its return that Fadden to tell the story of the troop as a regular army officer remarked to him after an inspection that it was the finest troop of militia cavalry that he had ever seen or ever expected to see. That is the kind of a compliment which those who know the First Troop would expect an expert to pay to it.

Mr. Brooke tells of the games played with intervals allowed for relaxation. With considerable pride he records how the polo team, composed of John Conover, Harry Ingersoll, Wieter Randolph and Barclay McFadden, defeated the team composed of picked officers of the Seventeenth U. S. Cavalry Regiment, supposed to be the best players in the southwest. He introduces his volume with the admirable speech which Captain McFadden delivered to the troop in the armory on last Washington's Birthday and he illustrates it with many photographs taken by the captain. There is also a complete roster of the troop, including all the men who saw service on the border. Now he comes to an important episode in the history of the oldest if not the oldest volunteer military organization in the United States which is the First City Troop.

WITH THE CITY TROOP ON THE MEXICAN BORDER: Being a Story of the Campaign of George Brooke, 3d, Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company.

August Magazines

The cover of the August Century is a reproduction of the exquisite poster to which the Century Company awarded a prize to Maxfield Parrish more than twenty years ago. The contents are as clearly drawn and as back so far, save for a hitherto unpublished poem of Swinburne, written almost twice as long ago as Parrish painted the cover. Perhaps the most interesting article just now in the character sketch of Herbert Hoover, by Hugh Gibson. Other war articles are "How We Can Help France," by Herbert Adams Gibbons; "The Problem of the American Farmer," by Frederick C. Howe, and "New York's Food," by Prof. J. Russell Smith, of the University of Pennsylvania. Eliza R. Selldore contributes a character study of the new Japanese Premier, and T. Lothrop Stoddard writes of "Little Russia." As for the midsummer number, there is a good array of pleasant fiction, including the first installment of "The Second Fiddle," a new serial, by Phyllis Bottome.

The twenty-eighth annual fiction number of Scribner's Magazine contains stories by John Galsworthy, Henry Van Dyke and Robert Herrick, among others, three famous names. Galsworthy has told a moving tale named "New York's Food," a girl of a German girl who is treated with kindness by an English officer only to discover the extent of the hate which the British bear the Germans. It is a story of human sympathy that should help us to keep alive our kindly feelings for those against whom Government we are fighting. Mr. Van Dyke writes of a dream in which man asserted that he was the supreme being in all creation and tells the consequences of his impiety; and Mr. Herrick has a story of the war. There are other stories, and several poems. Grosvenor Clark, secretary of the Council of National Defense, tells what the council is doing to do. Some reminiscences of Robert Louis Stevenson from the diary of the late Thomas R. Sullivan are given, and there are war pictures.

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Photo by E. J. Kelly. GEORGE BROOKE, 3D

Mademoiselle

Letters from an American girl among the ranks of a French Army. Published for the benefit of the American Fund for French Wounded. Price, 50 Cents. A. W. BUTTERFIELD, 49 BROADWAY, N. Y.

With the FIRST CITY TROOP On the MEXICAN BORDER

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