Easter Finery Has Its Own Excuse for Being—but Have It Simple

THE WHYFORE OF EASTER HATS, OR ARE THEY NON ESSENTIALS?

Member of Auxiliary War Board Says They Are, But a Few Pointers Lead Us to Consider Their Wartime Value

IT IS a harrowing thought but it must be faced. Is the Easter bonnet a nonessential?

Spring is almost here. Sunshine dancing in the city streets, blue skies making lovely distances and daffodils on the dining-room table. Little girls jumping rope! Their small sisters, like the first spring wild flowers, all fresh and sweet, in starchy little dresses sticking out from under bright colored sweaters. The robins are jumping around on the front lawn. Spring is almost here! The lure of it, the smell of it.

And yet a certain member of an auxiliary war board has the courage to call the Easter bonnet a nonessential.

THERE are several ways of thinking over this matter of an Easter bonnet. I know a woman who has just bought hers—it is a Tonkinese blue with some floppy pink roses. She really had a very good reason. She wanted to help make life bright for the soldiers when on furlough. The morale or the psychology or something of the thing was terrific, she said.

But the funny thing about it was the length of time it took her to buy the hat. Ask any salesgirl who showed her one. There was nothing conservable on any of the hats she looked at, like wheat or coal, but she just went from one fit of hesitation to another. Then one fine day she went down town and brought home the Tonkinese blue one. It was then she told us how it was only right that women should have pretty hats for the sake of the soldiers who were so used to only seeing khaki. This reason, it seems, had been floating around in her head all the time. But the minute she put on the Tonkinese hat with the pink roses she knew it would be almost wrong not to buy it for the sake of the soldiers who would come home from camp and could look at it. Really, we began to feel ashamed of ourselves for not owning hats with pink roses on them.

ARE women really buying Easter bonnets for the sake of the soldiers who can come home and look at them? Maybe some of them are, but, bless your heart, almost every one who has a soldier knows by this time that he is so happy to get home he doesn't know whether he's looking at a hat or a dustpan.

Does this mean that the Easter bonnet is nonessential? It does not. My friend who bought the Tonkinese hat had a very good reason for doing so. But it wasn't the kind of reason she thought it was.

Women want pretty clothes, not because the soldiers need them to look at, but because clothes fortify them. The thing reacts on the soldiers after all.

A smart hat warms a woman's soul. It gives her the power to write a cheerful letter to her soldier boy when she might have written a blue one. It makes her believe she is not tired when she is up to her ears in war work. Let her catch a glimpse of herself in the smart hat and she is good for another two hours.

Clothes, it is said, can make or break the spirit in a woman. All those in favor of pretty hats, stand up!

The Green Little Shamrock of Ireland

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
'Twas St. Patrick himself sure that set it;
And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eyes often wet it.
It thrives through the bog, through the brake and the mireland;
And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland.
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little shamrock of Ireland!

This dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fair and fresh as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,
In each climate that they may appear in;
And shine through the bog, and the brake, and the mireland,
Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland,
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little shamrock of Ireland!

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended,
Denotes as one stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;
And still through the bog, through the brake and the mireland,
From one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland—
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little shamrock of Ireland!

—ANDREW CHERRY.

The Cost of Living High

When the high cost of living has become so high that it seems as though you could not live any longer, buy a pound of rice and live high.

The "very best" costs twelve cents a pound. With its comparative cheapness, and good food value, and the many ways it can be served, rice is hard to beat.

A pound is virtually two cups of uncooked rice; boil it and your stock goes up about 400 per cent, a good investment on your money; the two cups of unboiled rice become eight cups of boiled rice and that will go a long way toward helping to feed a hungry family in an appetizing and nourishing way.

But don't make the mistake of boiling the entire pound at once, unless you want to use it within a day or two.

Why not buy a pound of rice and use it?

But rice is like the little girl who is either very, very good or horrid. I am not in a position to explain why the little girl was this way, but I can tell you about the rice. It is entirely a matter of cooking.

This is the way to make boiled rice "very, very good," so that each grain stands out separately, full and firm.

Wash the rice thoroughly and then sprinkle gradually a medium cup of rice in a pint and a half of boiling water, salting to taste, boil for fifteen minutes, then place it on the back of the stove, where it will finish swelling.—Food Administration.

SIMPLICITY SHOULD BE THE KEYNOTE OF ALL WELL-DRESSED WOMEN'S CLOTHES THIS YEAR

Irene Fenwick Tells How Frill-less Feminine Togs May Combine Taste With Economy

Every Woman Can Develop Instinct for Dress to the Best Advantage, Declares Actress

IRENE FENWICK

"CLOTHES make the woman—but now it is for the woman to make the clothes," says Miss Irene Fenwick, who is appearing in the all-star production of "Lord and Lady Algy" at the Lyric Theatre. "These are days of economy and the woman must take this seriously to heart, especially in the matter of clothes. Never before has woman had the opportunity to dress so well, yet so inexpensively, as at the present moment. Simplicity should always be the keynote of the well-dressed woman. It has long been said that simplicity is the most expensive thing in gowns, and yet this is not true.

"Nothing is more effective than a dress made out of simple materials, lawns, muslins and serges. Even the despised gingham of a few years back is today one of the most modish of materials. If women will only do without frills, without trimming and will use a little ingenuity and common sense they can devise gowns for any occasion which will not only cut their clothes bills in half, but will double their attractiveness.

"There is nothing smarter than the tailored gown. And the secret of its success is its simplicity. Even before the present war conditions I have always sought this in all my dresses—either those worn on the stage or off. The less trimming, the more effective is the dress.

"The great dressmakers are recognizing the value of economy. But it is not necessary for a woman to seek out the expensive dressmaker to be well groomed. Let her study her own personality, find out for herself the most effective color combinations which suit her style. Every woman possesses the instinct for dress, and this can be developed with a little patience and study.

"Personally I haven't the time with my stage work to make my own gowns, but I think them out, plan the materials, the colors and the styles. I find that I can dress on half what many women consider absolutely necessary to spend on their clothes, and I am certain that women with leisure time can still cut my bills.

"Women are doing splendid work in aiding many noble war causes. We all know what the women of France and England have done since the war began—women of all classes and conditions. America has not yet felt the extreme necessities for economy which other nations have felt, but it is well for us to realize these before they arrive, to anticipate them and make them less difficult to face. And one of the first things women must face is economy in clothes. We are a most luxurious and extravagant nation. Women in this country are the most pampered of all nations, but there are no women more ready to stand by their men in the time of need than the American women, and when they make a sacrifice in the matter of clothes she will perhaps be showing one of the most selfless qualities she is capable of!"

Tomorrow's War Menu

St. Patrick's Day

The recipe for any dish mentioned here will be forwarded upon receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope.

BREAKFAST—WHEATLESS
Baked Apples
Bacon and Chicken Livers
Potato Balls Coffee

DINNER
Chicken Shamrock
(Casserole with shamrocks cut from green peppers)
Mashed Potatoes Shaped Like Irish Cabins
Green Peas India Relish
Pistache Ice Cream

SUPPER
St. Patrick's Salad
Cream Cheese Crackers
Angelfood Cake

ST. PATRICK'S SALAD

Place a large slice of canned pineapple on each plate, on which have been arranged lettuce leaves in the form of a shamrock. Spread walnut meats over this and dress with green mayonnaise.

The green mayonnaise is made just as the yellow salad dressing, with the addition of crushed parsley juice or green vegetable coloring to be bought at the grocer's.

A Handy Scarf

A broad scarf of knitted wool may be made in length to reach a little below the waist in front when thrown over the shoulders, and then the edges under the arms drawn together in overhand stitch to form a short kimono sleeve, thus transforming the scarf into an impromptu eton, suitable for wear beneath the suit jacket or the long top coat.

Small invisible hairpins will be found to make good fastenings, unless a couple of strands of the worsted are knotted into the knitted meshes at intervals down the front, to be tied in lieu of regular fasteners.

THE FIRE ON THE HOME HEARTH MUST CRACKLE FAITHFULLY ON

The Memory of Happy Hearthsides Has Always Had Something to Do With the Victory of Armies

EDITORIAL FOR WOMEN BY A WOMAN

By JOSEPHINE L. REED HOPWOOD

Chairman Executive Committee, West Philadelphia Hospital for Women.

WE sing the words of the popular song, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," thoughtlessly as we go about the day's work, the newsboy whistles the melody carelessly in the streets and the lad in khaki hums it lightly as he waits for the call to go "over there." Yet beneath the words lies a psychology which we would do well to ponder seriously. It is the basic psychology of that indefinable element of army spirit, a combined physical bravery, with high hope and unwavering purpose which we call "morale." The memory of home fires and happy hearths has always had to do with the victory of armies.

Discouragements and reverses will come to our lads at the front—perhaps, after all, a strenuous day in camp or long hours of horror in the trenches when the light comes with the darkness, and with it will come desolate yearning for home things and home faces, and only the sure faith that far away the same brave souls who bade them go with a smile are keeping the home fires bright will make new effort worth while. And it is the simple job of every one of us at home to get into line keeping up the glow of home lights for the lads overseas.

Very soon 2,000,000 and more of our American boys will be at the front filling in the broken ranks of the Allies, who have done so nobly by the cause which is also ours. The sacrifice that those 2,000,000 lads are making for democracy will count for next to nothing if there are 90,000,000 slackers left at home. American women and those men who are not called to risk a life are called upon by moral obligation and patriotic duty to unite into a solid home guard of service, and it is not too much to expect that this second line of defense shall give as devoted and loyal service at the home fires as they expect of the boys at the front.

JOSEPHINE L. REED HOPWOOD

Always there is the home fire of cheerful, normal family life to keep burning, in spite of heart aches and breathless watching. Amid the tears and prayers of mothers and wives the fire on the family hearth must crackle cheerily on, and the letters from home reflect its glow into the darkest hours that men can face under the flag that flies in the American sector in France.

And then there is the newly kindled home fire of emergency war service. The women's committee of the Council of National Defense has organized work for every woman from one end of the country to the other who will line up behind the American army and work. Under its organizing direction every woman has a place and a part to play in tending the home fires of service and fanning them into a white heat of sacrifice.

Somewhere in Philadelphia there are today sick and diseased and neglected little children, the citizens of tomorrow, for citizenship. Somewhere in Philadelphia there are numbers of men and women broken and useless through many causes who can be and must be rebuilt into decent members of society, and young people who are traveling the long trail to moral death who can be and must be reclaimed before it is too late. More than more poor, ignorant, diseased woman has been educated to know that her only hope of bringing healthy children into the world is by getting the help and service of the maternity hospitals, and the registers of all of them are full. This work is too valuable to be stopped for lack of sufficient funds, and as time goes on and doctors go to the front and nurses are called away, they will become indispensable as community medical centers and they can't be spared. They must go on, and it is a patriotic duty second to no other for the public to give generously toward the unprecedented increase in every part of hospital maintenance. It is not good business nor good morals nor efficient patriotism to neglect our home charities.

Let us rally together and kindle anew the waning ashy fires of these home charities and place them side by side with those others which we mean to keep burning "till the boys come home."

Josephine L. Reed Hopwood

IN THE MOMENT'S MODES

Spring Coat Suit of Navy-Blue Serge, Braid Trimmed

This quaint little coat suit is of navy-blue serge, trimmed with black hercules braid. The collar and vest are of white broadcloth bound with white silk braid. The buttons are silver and the buckle matches them.

To Remove Paint

Make a paste by mixing potash with a little water. Spread this paste over the paint on the window pane, or any other glass from which you wish to remove paint. Let this stay a few minutes, then wash off. All paint stains will be removed.

War Savings Jingles

Old Kaiser Billy sat upon a hill,
Up went the Americans, and down came Bill.
Away marched the Americans; and the moral is this:
Thrift Stamps will make the Kaiser think.
"Made Britt, what for?"

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. What is the food value of apples?
2. How does a summer squash differ from a winter one?
3. How can a thin, worn-out blanket be made into a very presentable piece of bed covering?
4. How did King George of England recently honor a woman in the United States?
5. Are there any cases in the United States in which girls and boys under fifteen years of age are divorced?
6. Who is Vera Danschakoff?

Letters and questions submitted to this department must be written on one side of the paper only and signed with the name of the writer. Special queries like those given below are invited. It is understood that the editor does not necessarily indorse the sentiment expressed. All communications for this department should be addressed as follows: THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, Evening Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

Marie Engarde Speaks on Hair Bobbing

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—May I submit just a few lines in your column on the much-discussed subject of "The Proper and Most Fitting Way for Woman to Wear Her Hair"?

Both men and women today are trying to do the things which are most practical and at the same time endeavor to keep within the bounds of attractiveness. For example, look at our men in the army! Their uniforms are void of all unnecessary gold and fancy trimmings as well as being free from the superfluous material in the style or cut. There is the idea of a thoroughly practical style put into practice and which is far from unattractive.

To my mind, we should adopt the same idea regarding woman's style of wearing her hair. If it is more comfortable and more attractive and at the same time practical, then bob it, girls! Bob it! Just forget what brother Jim or friend Bill might say about it. They will get over it soon if it improves your looks and affords you more time to be with them in work or at play. Young men, and in fact most men, of today would rather play a good eighteen holes at golf or enjoy a few sets of tennis or take a fifteen-mile hike with the girl who forgets about her coiffure, high heels and powder box to let Dame Nature bring out the rosy color in her cheeks and put the spring in her step.

You know the whole trouble about the "hair-bobbing" idea is just in the idea of it. Just look back a few years and look at some of the "simply scandalous" ways persons wore their hair. For instance, imagine brother Jim coming home from the barber's wearing a freshly powdered wig tied with a little black bow, such as that worn by men in the seventeen hundreds.

Absurd, you say. Of course, but they didn't think so in those days.

It is all just custom, you know, and customs change with the times.

These are times of being practical, being healthy and being strong.

If bobbing your hair will help you toward this, then bob it and rejoice.

MARIE C. ENGARDE.

852 North Forty-first street.

The above letter comes from a young business woman who has been prominently identified with the Woman Suffrage party. Weight adds itself to the matter contained when one considers the writer is well drilled in the business of thinking before she speaks.

Boys Are Happy in Augusta

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Mrs. H. E. B.'s letter in your column of March 7 has been a topic of interest to us down here. I have no relatives in Camp Hancock. I am down here working for the season, so am not prejudiced in any way. May I say that I have not seen one lonely boy in all this cantonment? The Augusta people have been so good to them! There is not a day goes by that these Augustans do not devote to the boys in camp. And the boys are securing furloughs. Naturally, they cannot all leave at once, but they all get their ten days. Sometimes they are delayed for reasons those up North do not know of. There have been several epidemics of measles and other diseases which kept the boys confined; but I think if Mrs. B. knew the patient she will not be disturbed in seeing him. And having her son in this country instead of "somewhere in France," as is my husband, ought to be some comfort.

(Mrs.) A. U. S., Augusta.

Free Classes in Knitting

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—My sister and I would like to join a knitting league, where we could knit for our fighters. We have heard of classes where the wool is furnished free of charge. Please let us know of a league that meets at once or twice a week in the evening. Thanking you, A. E. S.

[illegible] taught free at the Naval [illegible] Red Cross on Thursday [illegible] at Broadway. The classes [illegible] Thursday afternoon, [illegible] The wool is furnished [illegible] charge.

[illegible] pronounced with a long [illegible] of ribbon.

Milton's Sonnet on His Blindness

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Having seen the request of Mrs. J. H. G. as to where the quotation, "They also serve who only stand and wait," is taken from, I thought I would say it was by John Milton from a sonnet on his blindness. It follows:

When I consider how my light is spent
'Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke they serve Him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

(Mrs.) T. F. O.

Man's Clothes for Party

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you advise me as to what clothes a young man should wear at a formal dance this spring? That is, what kind of a hat, tie, collar, shoes, etc.

INNOCENT.

Full-dress clothes are always worn at formal dances. Full dress means swallow-tailed black broadcloth coat and trousers to match white stiff-bosomed or fine pleated shirt, standing white collar, stiff cuffs, narrow white lawn or linen bow tie, white waistcoat, black shoes, pumps or ties; black silk socks and white kid gloves.

The gloves are not positively necessary, but are an addition to the costume. A soft hat or derby would be perfectly suitable should you not have a high silk hat.

I am sending the other information you ask by mail.

To Wash Blue Sweater

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—What is the easiest way in washing a blue slip-over sweater trimmed with gray Angora so that it will not shrink or fade? Please answer before March 18. Thanking you in advance.

EDITH AND ETHEL.

Wash the sweater in a lukewarm suds of pure white soap. Be sure not to rub soap on the sweater, but merely plunge it up and down in the suds until clean. Do not rub, as this stretches. Rinse in clear, lukewarm water and then press the water out. Do not wring or twist, as this also stretches the sweater. To dry, if it is a clear day with good wind, put in the bottom of a pillow slip and let hang on the line out of the sun. Simply let the sweater lie limp. If it is a bad day, stretch an old sheet on the floor and let the sweater lie on this. Do not stretch into shape or put near heater.

Pronouncing "Boche"

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please answer the following questions:

(1) What is the railroad fare from Philadelphia to Charlotte, N. C.?
(2) What is it from Charlotte to Little Rock, Ark.?
(3) How do you pronounce Boche?

A STUDENT.

(1) The railroad fare from Philadelphia to Charlotte, N. C., is $14.04, including the tax.
(2) The fare from Charlotte to Little Rock, Ark., is $21.48, plus an 8 per cent tax.
(3) Boche is pronounced with a long o.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

1. Victory bread should not be served in the home on wheatless days or at wheatless meals. At these times home-baked bread with a large percentage of wheat flour substitutes should be used.
2. Little wax paper drinking cups make excellent containers for fat. They do away with waste because a slice of one of them filled with fat can be cut off. They also save the trouble of washing greasy dishes.
3. To prevent a placket from tearing clame the last hook and eye with a tack hammer after you have fastened it. It will not become unhooked and will relieve the strain that usually makes the placket tear.
4. St. Patrick was born in 387 and died in 493.
5. When the census was last taken in 1910 there were 156,176 divorced men in the United States and 185,101 divorced women.
6. The Baroness Huson de Carcenac, who lives in Louisiana, recently offered her famous Chateau du Masine St. Denis, France, to be used as a hospital for wounded soldiers who came from Louisiana.

Costume for St. Patrick's Party

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—You had a dish on your war menu last week called "hidden eggs." I wish you would print the recipe for it in the Woman's Exchange. Will you also tell me what kind of a very inexpensive costume I could make for a little girl to wear to a St. Patrick's party? (Mrs.) M. N.

Pour on a pancake griddle a generous spoonful of cornmeal pancake batter and break into the center of this one egg. As soon as the pancake is browned, turn. The egg and the griddle cake are cooked together and are very delicious.

You can make an inexpensive St. Patrick's Day costume for your little girl out of white cheesecloth and little shamrocks cut out of green paper. She can call herself the Irish fairy. Make a little short ruffled skirt and let her wear plenty of stiff petticoats under it. Paste the little shamrocks all here and there on the skirt. Have a little fluffy waist decked with shamrocks, too. A few of them might hang tied to little braids of green baby ribbon from tiny puffilike short sleeves. Let little daughter carry a wand made of a piece of wood covered with green paper and tinsel.

Wants to Work Inside

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please answer these questions for me, if I am not asking too much:

(1) I have an offer upon a farm away from home, where I can't get home for a month or more, as the distance is about sixty-two miles. But having been connected with a publishing company for three years, I would like to come to the building and work instead of the farm; but I don't know the salary I would get there. I do know the salary on the farm, which amounts to about $55 a month. So will you please give me your advice on this matter. I am a boy of fifteen years of age.

(2) Please give me a name for a Sunday school class that would be suitable for a set of six boys and a woman teacher.

(3) Please give me a cure for blackheads and pimples on the face. Yours,

TROUBLE MAKER JOHN.

(1) Apply to the employment department of the publishing house and you can get full information.

(2) You might call yourselves "The Honor Roll," "Soldiers of Christ," "The Sunday Sextet" or the "Faithful Service Band."

(3) See that your health is in good general order. Drink plenty of water, avoid pastries and too many sweet things and take plenty of exercise. Get a brush as stiff as you feel your face can stand and scrub your face with this every night, using hot water and a good, reliable green soap. Rub the lather well into your pores and rinse with clear, cold water. One a week steam your face over a bowl of piping hot water. Press out those blackheads that are not irritated. Apply zinc ointment to the pimples each night after you have thoroughly washed.

Thank You

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—The book entitled "Meet Mother in the Sky" will be sent in response to "Make Christ King." [illegible]

THE RUSSIAN MAD MONK'S GOSSIP

RUSSIA REVEALED BY THE MAD MONK

Iliodor's Confessions One of the Most Illuminating Books That Have Appeared

Among all the books written about Russia there is none more illuminating than the life, confessions and memoirs of Sergei Michailovich Trufanoff, better known as the mad monk Iliodor. This monk and Rasputin were at one time intimately connected and Rasputin was influential in securing the promotion of Iliodor. A break between the two came, according to Iliodor's account, when he discovered the viciousness of the life of Rasputin.

Iliodor writes of the superstition of all Russian classes, from the Czar down to the peasants, but he does not give it this name. He calls them very religious, but he gives instance after instance of the faith of the royal family in the miracle-working power of Rasputin and the confidence of the peasants in the ability of "saints," such as Rasputin, to do wonders. He tells of one monk, who read "If thine right eye offend thee, pluck it out," and then, after a few moments' thought, took his lighted candle and blinded himself with the flame. Iliodor himself at one time lived for three months without sleep, in fasting and prayer, in order to increase his perception of spiritual things. He says that he saw visions and heard voices and was in continual conflict with the devil. Rasputin himself lived for six months without touching his hands to his flesh, and in order to accomplish this he had to go without bathing or washing of any kind. Iliodor gives the reader the impression that these practices are common among the Russians. The people expect them from their priests and monks.

This sort of thing was once common in all Europe, but that was centuries ago. Russia seems to be intellectually in the state of western Europe in the Middle Ages.

Because of their inability to understand the religious nature of the people the revolution of 1905 failed. If they had announced that they proposed to overthrow the aristocracy in order that the truth of God might triumph he thinks they would have succeeded. The peasant will follow no one who turns his back on religion. Iliodor tells the story of his relations with Rasputin and Rasputin's relations with the court circles, and he describes his own religious education and his preaching to the people and his success in building a large monastery at Tsaritzin; but these matters, while they are interesting to the curious, are of less value to the student of Russia than the unconscious revelation of the mind of the people which the discriminating will find on almost every page.

THE MAD MONK OF RUSSIA: ILIODOR. Life, Memoirs and Confessions of Sergei Michailovich Trufanoff (Iliodor). Illustrated with photographs. New York: The Century Company. $1.

ILIODOR

Novel of an Earlier War

It's a good many years since Mrs. Amelia E. Barr made her first literary success with that delightful romance, "A Bow of Orange Ribbon," and the list of novels which she has added to the bookshelves of her admirers is fully as long as the list of Elsie books or volumes and the Comedie Humaine. Mrs. Barr's novels, however, resemble those of Martha Finley only in their numerousness. They are never saccharine or crude though of course her characters have not the substance and spirit of those of Balzac, even if they are nearly as numerous.

Fourscore of years have not dulled Mrs. Barr's vivacity, her skill in developing a plot, her power to project real people in its mazes, nor made her style less graceful and her sentiment less gracious. In "An Orkney Maid" she returns to her loved Scotch folk and an older period, the stress of which she can remember, since the Crimean war was contemporaneous with her earlier career. Two temperamentally opposed girls figure in the romantic rivalries of the novel, one headstrong and haughty, the other gentle and serving. Their cross purposes, however, are not called into conflict over one man. There are two lovers and both fight for England before Sebastopol. One of the girls becomes a nurse when her sweetheart is wounded and this section of the novel permits vivid descriptions of the awful hospital conditions in the Crimea till Florence Nightingale took hold, and pictures of the noble, efficient work performed by that great philanthropist and her devoted missioners of mercy.

AN ORKNEY MAID. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The Wife Who Enlisted

Grace S. Richmond, whose "Whistling Mother," a little story of bravery when a boy joined the army, encouraged many mothers, has written a companion story for the young brides left at home by their soldier husbands. She calls it "The Enlisting Wife." It is a beautiful moving and sympathetic tale of loyalty, loyalty to the fine ideas of the American youth fighting for world freedom, and loyalty to the nation where that freedom finds its finest expression. So long as there are such young women as Mrs. Richmond has described the future is pretty safe.

THE ENLISTING WIFE. By Grace S. Richmond. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cents.

Mrs. Carson's First Novel

Philadelphians will read "Trueheart Margery" with added zest and pleasure, for it is the first novel by the wife of one of the city's Magistrates, Robert Carson. Norma Bright Carson is well known otherwise, however, for she is a short-story writer and editor of the Book News Monthly.

"Trueheart Margery" is an unaffected love tale of intrinsic merit, not without its tragic lesson of the world's pitfalls. The characters are well defined and true. Mrs. Carson has placed Trueheart Margery, a most winsome, appealing character, on the romantic end of a story drawn in vital and intimate parallel. The arrogant, iron-willed selfishness of Richard Craven brings about the destruction of his own household and is only melted by the sweet influence of the daughter of the third generation. Trying to find balm for his intense grief over the loss of his young wife at childbirth by wandering over the globe, Craven finally comes back to "Timbervale" to find his daughter Jean the image of her mother. Jean, however, marries against his wishes and he returns to his old haunts, his pride intolerably hurt by the crossing of his will. After many years; drifting back to "Timbervale," he learns of Jean's death, but her daughter, Trueheart Margery, finds him as he sleeps at noonday in the woods nearby. Trueheart finally marries Gerry Gordon, whom Craven had expected would marry Jean.

Mrs. Carson almost convinces us that age has no place in a true love affair, although the man may be twice as old as the woman, so entirely happy and wholesome is this last match, but she makes the mistake of making the youth of the girl-bride too manifest in Gerry's treatment of her on the wedding day.

The reading public is sure to look forward with most friendly interest for Mrs. Carson's next book.

TRUEHEART MARGERY. By Norma Bright Carson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A Bug Book for Everybody

The season is approaching when the spring and summer crop of insects will begin to make its appearance. The average citizen is familiar with a few insects by sight and name, but there are thousands of which he has never heard. Within fifty miles of this city an expert entomologist could find specimens of 15,000 different species and of them more than 2000 would be moths and butterflies. For the information and entertainment of the curious, Dr. Frank E. Lutz, assistant curator of the department of invertebrate zoology of the American Museum of Natural History, has prepared a handbook of insects, in which he has attempted to give the information which he has learned is most in demand by the general public. The person who wishes to make a thorough study of the subject will find the book disappointing, but it is just the kind of a volume that the average man has long wished might be prepared for his instruction.

FIELD BOOK OF INSECTS. With Special Reference to Those of Northeastern United States, Aiming to Answer Common Questions. By Frank E. Lutz, Ph. D. With about 800 illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

A New Novelist

Zellade Kervoyou owed her name and her Gallic strain to her father. Her name was odd enough to her English cousins and her Saxon environment, but her ways were more perplexing still. Miss E. M. Delafield, a new writer gives an entertaining account of the reactions of one race to another in "Zella Sees Herself," and an excellent account of one race to another in "Zella Sees Herself," and an excellent account. She is both erratic and ecstatic in temperament. Her career from little-girlhood to womanhood is traced in pages which likewise afford a commentary on English society. The personages are skillfully characterized and the dialogue is delightful to read, so differentiated is the diction in appropriate fitting to the character and so revealing of their individualities.

ZELLA SEES HERSELF. By E. M. Delafield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

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THE CAREER OF MARY REGAN

Its History, Popular in a Magazine, Now Put in Book

New York's smart upper set, respectable middle-class folk, who mingle with them in democratic fashion amid the whirl of the gilded life of the modern cabaret, the shrewd, well-dressed crooks who form a material element of the crust of "society" in the metropolis, are brought together in a novel described by its sponsors as the most popular serial feature ever run by a widely circulated magazine and whose author is Leroy Scott. Of course, that paragon of private detectives, Bob Clifford, holds the center of the stage in a series of exciting incidents in which keen wits are at work incessantly as good and evil strive for supremacy.

He is a remarkable chap, this Clifford, and not the least curious feature of his make-up, moral and professional, is his invincible belief that a queen of the underworld, whom at an earlier period of her career he had rescued from an environment of the lowest order of thievery closely allied with thuggery, is at heart a noble-minded woman. Mary Regan is the girl's name, and the reader of Mr. Scott's melodramatic yarn is puzzled at the outset to understand the dope by which the clever detective has arrived at his estimate of her real character.

For Mary is introduced at the conclusion of a six months' period of self-analysis devoted to discovering for herself whether she wishes to live a righteous and sober life and is adapted to it or to return to the crooked ways from which she had been snatched by the high-minded Bob. Apparently she is convinced that her bringing-up under the tutelage of a criminal father and rascally uncle has unfitted her for the humdrum of decency and honesty; so when she meets her whilom protector she metaphorically floors him by setting out to capture by her feminine craft the more or less worthless son of a millionaire, for no other reason than the gratification of her ambition for wealth and all that it brings. Mary spurns Bob's efforts to save her from this sordid view of her destiny, and she secretly marries the young Croesus. But this is only the beginning of an amazing career, in which diamond cut diamond is the mainspring of the action, and the reader is kept in suspense as to how Mary's tangled skein of life is going to be unraveled at last. But it is made manifest throughout the tale that Bob Clifford, besides being an inerrant detective and infallible judge of human nature, is desperately in love with the young woman whose name gives title to Mr. Scott's lively story. H. J.

MARY REGAN. By Leroy Scott. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

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