

is condemned thenceforth to listen to her unending monologue.

To talk of oneself! That enigmatic, incomplete, elusive, warm thing, tossed by conflicting currents, adding to itself constantly, this thing that one is. To say what it is! . . . . To tell of it with modest lips, with lids raised, with voice sure, with silence . . . .

In the intervals between her one-sided conversations, she has a baby and then provides herself with a lover who is a married man. But being a garrulous person she tells her husband about her lover. She explains the state of affairs to him, and though he is in a position to be described by a virile, Shakespearian word, he takes it all as a matter of course.

"Since he came, if you only knew, I love you more. Not only do I feel your smile and your whole presence around me like a thousand arms and with even more than one heart, but I feel surer of myself, nobler—and admit it—more beautiful . . . . To go to him is to continue myself; it is not to lessen you."

After this husband and wife grow more truly spiritual—or is it more smug?—until the war breaks out. The two husbands go to the front; she writes to them both each day—until she hears to her great distress that her real husband has been killed. She consoles herself, however, with the reflection that the second man is still alive.

I called to the vision and welcomed it. My life was not dead, and my heart was open and there was still a man to love me . . . .

This cheerful thought was destroyed by the news that her lover also had been killed. But still the heroic Magdeleine was not downcast unduly:

Somewhere in the world tonight there are faces lying dormant for me, persons to whom I have things to say. I am waiting for them, I stretch my arms out to them, I know that they will come because of my need forembaces, a desire for caresses, so strong tonight that I jump up with a start. It is as if half my body were missing. I see myself deserted and frightfully widowed, and my mouth quivers with

hunger and thirst for another mouth. I know a man is on the way.

Dozen probably! But one man, he who writes these words, must be excused if he answers the invitation with shouts of coarse laughter.

*Women's Wild Oats.* By C. Gasquoine Hartley. Frederick A. Stokes Co.  
*Woman.* By Magdeleine Marx. Thomas Seltzer.

## AN UNCONVENTIONAL APOSTLE

*By Oscar L. Joseph*

**B**ETWEEN the years 1829 and 1912 a life of surpassing fruitfulness was lived in England, which exercised a worldwide influence bringing benefits to many thousands in the submerged strata of society. The organization known as the Salvation Army was founded in 1878 by William Booth. This leader and his associates scandalized polite circles by their "corybantic Christianity". But the criticisms of the cultured, the suspicions of the elite, the hostilities of the masses, only conspired to incite these adventurous pioneers to continue their campaign to the ends of the earth. The subtle opposition of religious and irreligious alike furnished the background for the light which shone upon the surrounding darkness from this band of heroic men and women, who were passionately consecrated to the Christian uplift of humanity.

The tables were turned in an unusual way and the translation from abuse to honor makes the career of William Booth one of the picturesque romances of modern times. In 1904

he was received by Edward VII and the king asked him, "Tell me, General, how do you now get on with the churches? What is their attitude toward you?" He shrewdly replied, not without a touch of humor, "Sir, they imitate me".

Indeed, the social message now being stressed by the churches was largely the result of the awakening by the Salvation Army. After the storm and stress period, when it became an established agency of social and spiritual redemption, dignitaries vied with one another in praising this disinterested man. He received the freedom of the City of London in 1905, and two years later the honorary degree of D.C.L. from Oxford University. In his tours throughout Europe, the United States, Canada, Australia, and Asia, he received ovations worthy of his signal leadership.

The record of his life is set forth on a generous scale by Mr. Begbie. He draws largely from the diaries, letters, conversations, and addresses of General Booth, who is thus made to speak for himself. Special mention is made of Catherine Mumford, his wife. This woman of the finest culture and the noblest Christian spirit, was the inspiring genius of this noteworthy movement. The story of these two elect people—their struggles in raising a family while inaugurating and advancing the greatest revival movement of modern times with little cash and less support—is one of the marvels of history.

If General Booth was an autocrat, he was a genial and generous one. Those who found fault with him on this score knew little of the psychology of leadership. When it is remembered that he had to create sentiment in the face of enmity, to

organize the enthusiasm he aroused lest it evaporate in mere emotionalism, to direct the ever-increasing activities of his organization in harmony with his ideals of self-denying service, we can well excuse his domineering ways, which were always inspired by the unselfish passion of the noblest altruism. This has been characteristic of all great leaders such as Paul, Luther, Knox, Cromwell, Wesley. But Booth was behind none of them in valiant and chivalrous devotion, and these two volumes will take a permanent place in the literature of human relief.

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The Life of General William Booth, The Founder of The Salvation Army. By Harold Begbie. Two volumes. The Macmillan Co.

## LUCK ON THE WING

*By Charles Hanson Towne*

THERE is still a prejudice against war books. Coningsby Dawson recently wrote, and wisely, that it was a crime for publishers to feel this prejudice, and keep from the public the very stories that would prove most valuable—authentic records of men who, busy at the perilous game of fighting, were too occupied to sit down and write until the great game was done.

Major Elmer Haslett has written, in "Luck on the Wing", just the kind of book we need, now that we all have some perspective—though little, I admit—on the war. It is full of the fire and fervor of youth, good-natured, natural—a splendid picture of the fighting airman and the life he led behind, over, and beyond the lines. There is no affectation here, no strain-