

adaptation of our mode of living to meet the food-situations of the Allied peoples," says the writer of "War-Bread," who is a member of the Food Administration. He discusses the problem of wheat conservation in general terms.

The 150 recipes arranged by Alice Bradley were among those used in a Boston cooking-school during the past winter.

"American Indian Corn" is one of a number of books which have been published to emphasize the need of making larger use of our greatest native cereal, and to instruct us in the best ways of preparing it. It is a new edition of a work originally printed at the time of a campaign to increase the consumption of American corn in Europe. It has been brought up to date and much new matter has been added.

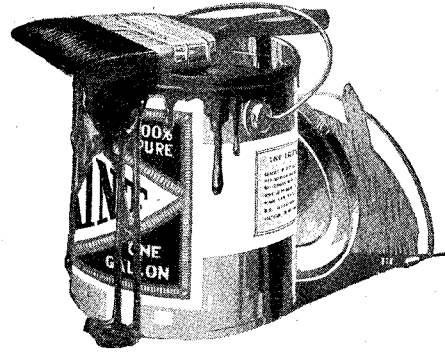
This list is suggestive rather than exhaustive, and contains only a very few of the excellent war cook-books which have come from the presses of our publishers in recent months. In fact, nearly all of the larger publishing houses are featuring works of this kind, and are thus doing a real service to the nation.

#### AS TO SANTO DOMINGO

**Schoenrich, Otto. Santo Domingo—A Country with a Future.** 8vo, pp. xvi-418, boxed. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3. Postage, 16 cents.

The island of Haiti, or Santo Domingo, lying midway between Cuba and Porto Rico, harbors two political entities, Haiti and the Dominican Republic. The latter, occupying the eastern two-thirds of the island, has been under the financial guardianship of the United States since 1907. This means that an appointee of the President of the United States collects all customs duties, pays a fixed sum to the native Government, and puts the rest of the collections into a sinking fund out of which from time to time bonds are retired which are in the hands of various creditors. To tell how this Republic came under the financial protection of the United States, as well as to give the story of the island, its geography, topography, geology, people, government, and resources is the purpose of this volume.

The arrangement is a little unusual. There are six chapters dealing with the history of the island from its discovery by Columbus in 1492. The next four chapters deal with the physical features. Chapter XI, on the people, will be found informing. While the language of Haiti is French, that of Santo Domingo (or the Dominican Republic—the terms are almost interchangeable) is Spanish of a comparatively pure type. The population is mixed—mulatto, black, and white—with no color line and a decided preference for being considered white—and Latin. The national trait of hospitality gives them a good claim to this latter title, outside the Spanish elements in the stock. Following chapters are given to religion, education, transportation, commerce, cities, government, politics, and revolutions, and administration of justice. Then comes the story of the debt and the partially invited intervention of the United States. An orgy of financial topsy-turvy is detailed in the history of the accumulation of a debt of over forty millions, in the looting of the treasury by dishonest officials, in the imposition of ruinous terms by foreign investors—one case, that of a loan, under President Henreaux, of \$250,000 cash represented by bonds for nearly \$3,000,000, is quite typical—and various claims for "damages" of dubious sorts by foreigners prest by their governments or official representatives. Sometimes an honest official intervened,



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as when a Danish consul sealed down the claim of a compatriot from \$10,000 to \$40!

The last chapter discusses the future of the country. The author thinks the present twofold control can not continue, and believes that an American protectorate will be the outcome.

The volume is informing, makes no pretensions to fine writing, and suggests a field near home where the governmental and financial resources of the United States may in the near future create almost a paradise in one of the natural garden-spots of the earth.

#### CECIL RHODES AS PRINCESS RADZIWILL KNEW HIM

**Radziwill, Princess Catherine. Cecil Rhodes: Man and Empire-Maker.** Pp. 236. With eight photo-gravure plates. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$3 net. Postage, 15 cents.

This is not a biography of the man whose name it bears. It is rather a study of his character and of his achievements—almost an outline of South Africa's inception and upbuilding. Rhodes's memory will be linked forever with the South-African territories—first and foremost, of course, with Rhodesia. "It is impossible to know what England is," this writer asserts, "if one has not had the opportunity of visiting her dominions overseas." "The conquest of South Africa," she believes, "is one of the most curious episodes in English history." That it followed the Boer campaign, and the severe punishment inflicted upon the Boers by the British Army, is a singular fact pertaining to it. It was "a blood-stained conquest which has become a love-match," in the opinion of the Princess. In this final conquest Rhodes, it would seem, had small part; yet of him we are told:

"It is impossible to speak of South Africa without awarding to Cecil Rhodes the tribute which unquestionably is due to his strong personality. Without him it is possible that the vast territory which became so thoroughly associated with his name and with his life would still be without political importance. . . . It was Rhodes who first conceived the thought of turning all these riches into a political instrument and of using it to the advantage of his country. . . . Cecil Rhodes, in all save name, was monarch over a continent almost as vast as his own fancy and imagination. He was always dreaming, always lost in thoughts which were wandering far beyond his actual surroundings, carrying him into regions where the common spirit of mankind seldom traveled. He was born for far better things than those which he ultimately attained, but he did not belong to the century in which he lived; his ruthless passions of anger and arrogance were more fitted for an earlier and cruder era."

"South Africa has always been the land of adventures," we are further informed, "and many a queer story could be told. That of Cecil John Rhodes was, perhaps, the most wonderful and the most tragic." He was a dreamer, and often a doer. With him were associated men whose characters are studied in this book, and of whom it is interesting to read. After Rhodes himself most space is devoted to Sir Alfred Milner, then High Commissioner in South Africa, with whom Rhodes did not harmonize. With other men of influence there he was not in accord. His nature appears to have been dual, if not manifold; and reading of what he did, and of what he might have done, as the Princess Radziwill records, the compulsion to admire him finds large discount in the tendency to pity. Cecil Rhodes, as here pictured, was a great man, with great weaknesses.

## PERSONAL GLIMPSES

### QUENTIN ROOSEVELT BURIED BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES

THE death of Quentin Roosevelt, the youngest son of the former President, strikes very close to the hearts of the American people. When it was reported that his plane had been shot down in combat with seven enemy airplanes over the German lines in the Château Thierry region, it was not definitely known that Lieutenant Roosevelt had been killed.

Colonel Roosevelt received the news of his son's probable death with true American spirit. In the only public statement that he made at the time he said simply:

"Quentin's mother and I are very glad that he got to the Front and had a chance to render some service to his country, and to show the stuff there was in him before his fate befell him."

Altho he was killed on July 14 it was not until July 20 that the death of the young airman was confirmed by a dispatch from Berlin, which read:

On Sunday, July 14, an American squadron of twelve battle-planes was trying to break through the German defense over the Marne. In the violent combat which ensued with seven German machines one American aviator stubbornly made repeated attacks. This culminated in a duel between him and a German non-commissioned officer, who, after a short fight, succeeded in getting good aim at his brave but inexperienced opponent, whose machine fell after a few shots near the village of Chambry, ten kilometers north of the Marne.

His pocket-case showed him to be Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt, of the aviation section of the United States Army. The personal belongings of the fallen airman are being carefully kept with a view to sending them later to his relatives. The earthly remains of the brave young airman were buried with military honors by German airmen near Chambry, at the spot where he fell.

Quentin Roosevelt was commissioned last fall and in the spring began active service on the French front with the American air forces. His death followed shortly after his first aerial victory on July 3, of which the New York *Tribune* says:

In this fight Lieutenant Roosevelt, with three other pilots, was eight miles inside the German lines at a height of 5,000 yards when he became separated from his companions. Sighting three airplanes which he thought were those of his fellows, he started toward them and was close by when he saw he had been mistaken and that the airplanes were German. He opened fire and saw that after some fifty shots his tracer bullets had penetrated the fuselage of the nearest German plane. The machine went into a spinning nose-dive and fell through the clouds 2,000 yards below.

A correspondent of the Associated Press sent this account of the battle in which Lieutenant Roosevelt met his death:

Lieutenant Roosevelt was last seen in combat on Sunday morning (July 14) with two enemy airplanes about ten miles

inside the German lines in the Château Thierry sector. He started out with a patrol of thirteen American machines. They encountered seven Germans and were chasing them back when two of them turned on Lieutenant Roosevelt.

Lieutenant Roosevelt, the dispatch says, was returning from the patrol fight when he was attacked.

It was seen that Roosevelt suddenly lost control of his machine, having probably received a mortal wound.

Philip Roosevelt, Quentin's cousin, witnessed the air-battle and saw the machine fall but did not know until later that the airplane was that of his cousin.

He appeared to be fighting up to the last moment.

Quentin Roosevelt was not yet twenty-one. He was born in Washington, November 19, 1897, while his father was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. A writer in *The Tribune* tells of some of his very youthful pranks:

From 1901, when the assassination of President McKinley made Colonel Roosevelt head of the nation, until 1908, Quentin, starting as the "White House baby," kept Washington interested and amused for seven years.

Sturdy, impetuous, frank, and democratic, he was friends with everybody. He rode locomotives between Washington and Philadelphia with his chums, the engineers and firemen of the Baltimore & Ohio and the Pennsylvania.

Meantime, he was captain also of a crew of warrior Indians recruited from members of his classes in a public school.

One day, during an illness of his brother Archie, who, it is reported, may be invalided home on account of his wounded arm, Quentin decided that a sight of a pet pony might prove better than the White House doctor's prescriptions.

Without waiting for permission he went out to the stables, introduced the Shetland into one of the private elevators, and had the little horse on the way into his sick brother's room before he was stopped.

On another day in school, while the teacher was asking the boys what their fathers did for a living, Quentin piped:

"Mine is It!"

Shortly afterward, for some infraction of school discipline, probably in connection with the adventuring band of feathered Indians, Quentin was reported to his father. And the President sent word to the teacher next day that he had been "attended to in the good old-fashioned way—in the wood-shed."

At Harvard College in 1915 Quentin took a prominent part in athletics. He inherited his father's pluck and determination, and before his election to the ΔKE fraternity he was put through a particularly severe initiation ceremony, the public part of the ordeal including shining shoes, selling newspapers, and the delivery of a long lecture on "Why I am a Pacifist." Of his later life *The Tribune* says:

Like his father, Lieutenant Quentin suffered from a defect of vision. When the first officers' training-camp was organized Archie was admitted and won a commission, but Quentin, on account of his eyes, was rejected.

He thereupon applied for enlistment in the Canadian Flying Corps. That was in April, 1917. A few days later, on April 20, it was announced that the War