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HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

### REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

Continued

mother, I'd put a bullet through my brain. That's what a woman like you has it in her power to do to a man like me. . . . 'I love you, I love you,' he repeated. 'I shall always love you, and it will be just hell if you aren't worth loving.' Then he threw himself into a chair and his great shoulders heaved with sobs as he covered his face with his hands."

Of course, all that needs some elucidating. Who is this strong fine man, taunted by a woman? Who is Josh, and what was that money paid for? Why these tears and reproaches?

It began by the discovery that the second footman in the house of Lord Rannock, George Randolph Berwick, is nothing less than a duke in his own right, the Duke of St. Bevis, and his tale is told in "His Grace Gives Notice." By Lady Troubridge. (Duffield & Co., \$1.75).

Cynthia had been very disagreeable to him while he was the second footman, a Canadian he, with no fit ideas of how to behave himself as an underling. But he had always loved her.

Cynthia despises him, and then she is in love with Ted Burlington, a rank outsider, to be sure, and her father is furious about it, but Ted has a winning way with him, tho you feel from the very beginning that he is a scoundrel. As for Josh, he is a jolly good friend of Cynthia, and when she is in trouble over a fifty-pound debt she naturally turns to him. But he is ill and the note comes into George's hands, and he sends the money, pretending it comes from Langley. So there is part of the mystery.

The whole book is in step with what we have quoted. The dashing, scapegrace Cynthia must go through perils and suffering to make her comprehend at last just what a treasure is the love of a good man like George. She comes near to smashing up under the lure of Ted. George saves her in the nick of time. For it appears that Ted is already married to a girl, a simple governess, but "just lovely in every way." And now he was running away to Paris with Cynthia to be married to her.

The only possible way to circumvent the villain was for the Duke of St. Bevis to take on again the status of a servant. Ted needs a valet. He has never laid eyes on George, and so George becomes the valet.

"It is a big adventure," said St. Bevis, "and she is worth it."

On the way to Paris and after getting there Cynthia doubts. And she soon discovers that the plans for marriage are gone awry. They are together in a hotel, and who shall save her.

Who but George?

"You cur," he said, "clear out yourself."

But Ted's answer was a blow. "If it had reached its mark, it would have felled his adversary; but George had not been the champion middleweight of his regiment for nothing. Like all boxers who find themselves in a menacing position, he was already on the alert and prepared to defend or attack, if necessary. In the twinkling of an eye he had sidestepped, and the blow aimed at his face spent itself in the air. At the same time, quick as lightning, his clenched fist crashed into Burlington's jaw with the masterly combination of cunning and force that had won him many a knock-out in his pugilistic battles of the past. It did not fail him now. Burlington dropt like a stone and lay prostrate.

"George, who knew by a glance there was nothing more to be feared by him, stood over him a moment looking down, and spoke to Cynthia over his shoulder.

"He will take the count all right," he said. 'I guess that's put him to sleep,' and there was a look of savage exultation on his face.

"Cynthia stared at him, half fearfully, half fascinated, with the instinctive response of her nature to the elemental passion in his face, the fascination which the female feels for the aggressive and protective male."

It is not perhaps impossible to guess this end of a romance in high society. When St. Bevis says to her, a little later, "Honey, stay right here," you feel that the good man has won his woman, and she is after all a pretty good woman, even if she came near to being betrayed by a villain. Knowing George as you do know him after 245 pages you are sure that everything will be done properly. She may stay right there, but only metaphorically. There will be a wedding in the little church where she has been known since childhood, on the great estates of her father somewhere, and the village chimes will ring. And they will leave on a honeymoon, and some day he will show her Canada, where he made his humble beginning. It is that sort of a story.

### THE STORY OF A REBEL

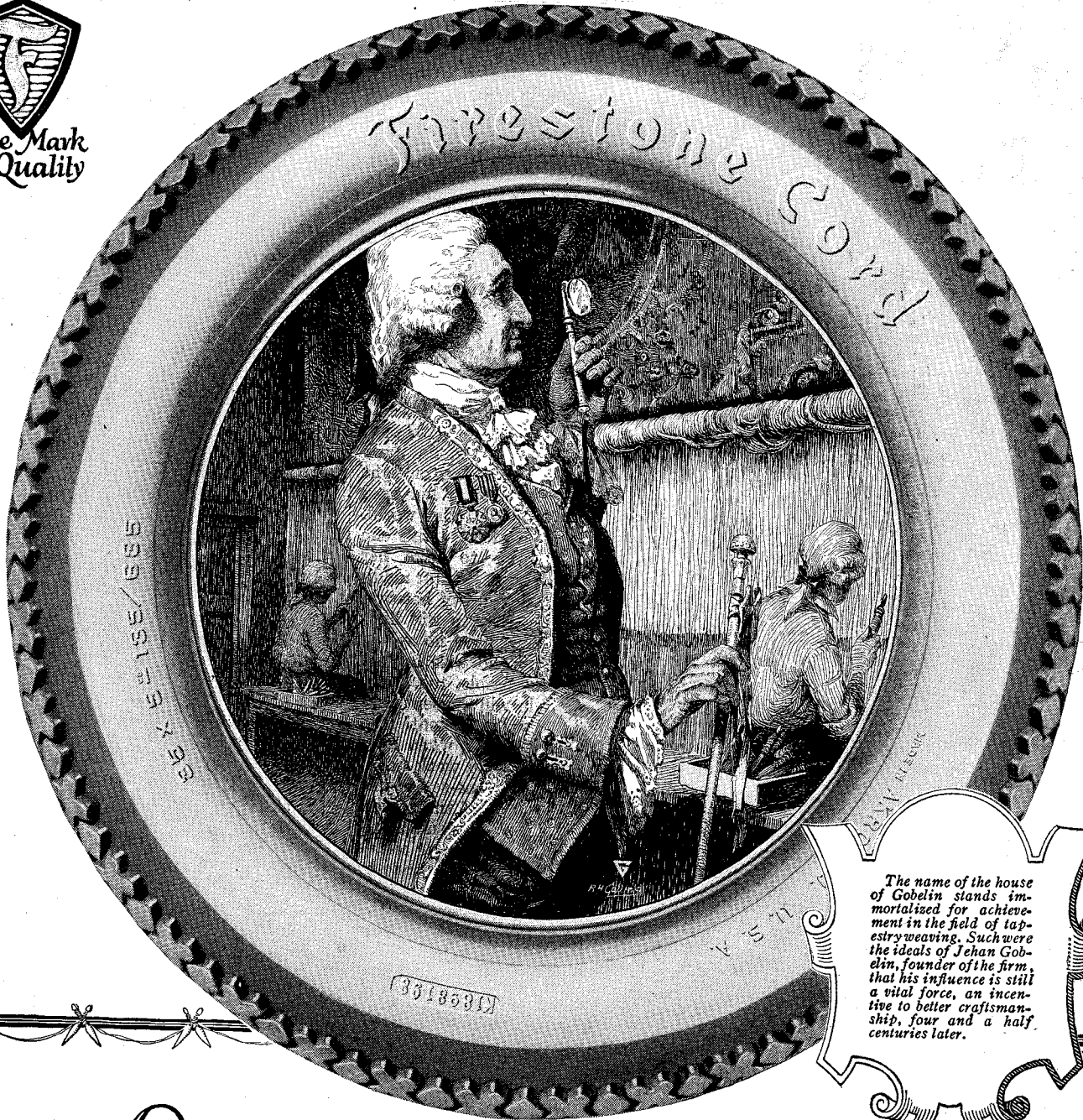
EVERY art, every science, has its outsiders. Men of genius or fakers, who shall say, sometimes the one and again the other, and the world, whipt into orthodoxies these many centuries, can not tell the difference between the two. Often it leaves the genius to starve, or burns him, to pour its treasures at the feet of the faker. But often, too, the ignorant and the simple, caring nothing for the fine furies of the orthodox respectables, follow the genius quite simply, and so force success upon him. And once success arrives, then the orthodox fall into line with the procession, bringing their own explanations and excuses, dazzled, striving to capture him for themselves.

J. Mills Whitham is a new name to us here in America, and "The Heretic" (Macmillan Co.) is the story of a rebel, a heretic. He is a bone-setter, a natural healer, and against him all the forces of orthodox medicine are up in arms. That is the theme.

The telling of it is masterly. Sympathy is engaged from the first meeting with the young lad, only fourteen, in the lonely house on the moor where he has lived alone with his father since babyhood—a father who is a recluse, sensitive, a dreamer, full of strange reactions against the ironies of life, a man who has removed himself from emotional experience into the cool region of the intellect, but who loves his son, and means that that son shall learn the verities, the sincerities of the human soul before ever the world can clutch him.

Hillary, the lad's uncle, only brother of Denby Verne, comes to the moor house after years abroad. He has the same temperament as the older man, a revulsion against the cut-and-dried convictions and the flat voice of authority, but he has a more robust and humorous attitude. Tired of the futilities of every-day existence, he has come to the moor to settle down, to stay as long as it appeals to him, and to grow to know his young nephew.

The boy is a fascinating youngster, full of enthusiasms and deep and clear as an untroubled mountain pool. He lives with books, with the natives of the moor, with the moor itself, he is keenly sensitive to



The name of the house of Gobelin stands immortalized for achievement in the field of tapestry weaving. Such were the ideals of Jehan Gobelin, founder of the firm, that his influence is still a vital force, an incentive to better craftsmanship, four and a half centuries later.

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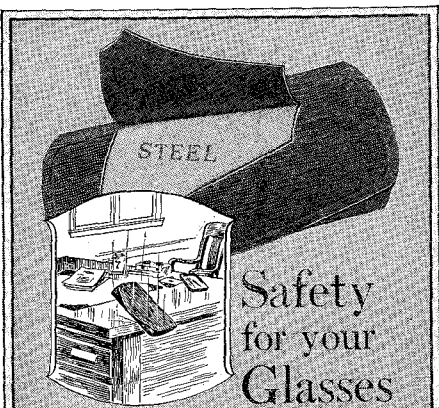
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## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

Continued

suffering, imaginative, quick to understand the feeling in other people, free from all forms of snobbery or deception. He has a faculty for setting bones, for finding a sprain or twist and putting matters right. He "boils dead rabbits and rats," studies the skeletons, and keeps the model of a human skeleton to work on. Hillary is a trifle startled at first, but soon he senses the boy's quality, and the two become fast friends.

The two brothers have a sister, living a fashionable life in London as the wife of a famous surgeon, a talkative, impetuous, forthright woman, seeing only her own side of every argument, ruling her husband, domineering over life. She can not bear the thought of her nephew being brought up by the man she thinks of as her mad brother, losing his chance in the world, ruined before he gets a start. And she comes down to Prayway to take her nephew home with her, train him for medicine, pay for his launching out of her own ample means. But she fails to win him; the inducements she offers have no appeal for the eager boy, grave and wise beyond his years, yet fresh and simple, too. And neither father nor uncle will consent that he shall be forced against his inclination.

After the death of his father, when Raymon is seventeen, he goes to work under Arnold Pratt, who is also a bone-setter, and who has brought the wrath of the powers down upon him. There is a remarkable picture of this period in the young man's life, and of the master whose guidance he follows. Pratt has been broken by opposition and persecution to a certain extent. He continues to practise his amazing powers, and to heal and to save, but he has become a drinker, almost a maniac on the subject of persecution, suspecting everybody, violent, intolerant, moody. "My father was my first enemy," he would say, "and I'm the last, and thank God I haven't even a fifth cousin alive to torment me." And of his work he says, speaking to the attentive Raymon, whom he loves: "I've got eyes in my fingers, and if you haven't, better go, for our work is inspiration, not science; it's like faith, and the secret can't be demonstrated . . ."

Pratt dies, a failure, a drunkard—a genius, with hundreds and thousands of cures to his credit, but unhonored and unsung. It is a bitter sorrow to Raymon, who nevertheless goes on with Pratt's work. And then the turn comes.

His aunt brings him a friend of hers who has not walked for some time, whom the doctors can not cure. For the aunt, tho furious at her nephew's refusal to take the comfortable and easy road, at his persistence in being a charlatan, yet loves him; and deep within believes in him. Lady Tonge is cured. And London, under her tutelage, begins to ring with Raymon's praises.

He comes to fortune in good time, but he is never accepted by the profession to whose rulings he has refused to submit. He falls in love with, and is loved by, the daughter of one of the great men in medicine. Naturally there is fierce objection to the match. It is a curious, passionate story, and it ends in tragedy. But young Verne is not crushed. He has his work, he asks little for himself, a spirit is in him that is unconquerable. To his office in Mayfair come throngs to be cured and most are cured.

We follow Verne through the cycle of his life and back again to the wide gray moor and the serenity and the reserve of the early days of his existence. He is through with London after twenty years of fighting, not only for himself, but for the ending of persecution. To some he, too, may seem a failure. To others not. He follows his own wisdom, holds the faith, and at forty lives with the quiet country folk whom he can help without confusion, and stands ready to train any students who wish to come to him. The moor life is the life for him, and knowing this and feeling it, he has no hesitations. Worn with the struggle, his health is breaking, and London would soon kill him. The moor will heal him, and he will find work there in a peace he has not yet known.

The book is one to stir thought as well as an intensely interesting novel, the portrayal of a man whom nothing could swerve from his ideal in a world that has little use for ideals.

## A STORY ABOUT US

THERE is May Brewer with her four daughters and her only son. There is her old maid sister, Fanny, and the father of the two girls, one of the pioneers of '49, founder of the Crabtree fortune. There are his two sons, Robert and Harry, with their wives and Harry's two children, and Nelly, his stepchild, and Robert's little son, born late. There are the men who marry May's girls and Harry's girls and the women who marry their sons. A large number of people, but each one so individual, so alive, that you have the intimate knowledge of him or her, seeming to have grown up with them, as indeed you have. To read this new book by Kathleen Norris is to walk straight into the heart of a big family and to become one of it. For the book begins with a brief picture of the New England start of this San Franciscan family, its temporary halt at Crabtree Crossing, Illinois, named, of course, after the first settler, May's and Fanny's grandfather, a disagreeable failure of man, but later looked back upon as a person of importance; for are they not all persons of importance! Certainly so in their own eyes. It is only when May's children are coming to maturity that the story settles down to its stride, but by that time you know as much and perhaps more of its antecedents than those children ever know. Thus, "Certain People of Importance," by Kathleen Norris (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.00).

May and her family live near San Rafael, across the bay from the city, in a large and splendid house built by old Crabtree for himself and his wife, but he is now living in the city with Fanny, who inherited independent means from an aunt, the only aunt, who, a widow with no children, had come to California in the same wagon that brought the rest of the Crabtree family. And May at present is busy scheming for the marriages of her girls, planning for the future, and taking on airs about the present.

Mrs. Norris has depicted these people exactly as they were, setting down naught in malice, and naught extenuating. The girls are all anxious to get married, look on each young man who comes within hail as a possible husband, are jealous and yet fond of each other. The older people are all deeply involved in getting the most for their own families, and in pretending to graces and virtues they do not possess. May, secretly delighted that she has managed to get the San Rafael house, alludes to it deprecatingly as just a "homey"