

take his own life in the court if he were sentenced to death rather than trust himself to his executioners. But F. must have feared to murder the peasants' favorite at such a moment, so he had him clapped into prison for life by the judges instead."

Naturally, Americans will turn with special interest to Colonel Repington's final chapter, which describes his impressions of America and what he saw and heard at the Washington Conference. It is distinctly comic now to read the early forebodings of the author as to the probable futility and failure of the Conference followed by accounts of his stupefaction at the famous speech of Secretary Hughes, with its definite plan. He says: "Mr. Secretary Hughes sunk in thirty-five minutes more ships than all the admirals of the world have destroyed in a cycle of centuries. . . . We seemed spellbound . . . a few men to whom I spoke babbled incoherently. . . . We came out in a trance, not quite sure

whether we were walking on our heads or our heels. Something had cracked; the helmet of Mars, perhaps."

The personal impressions of America are superficial and irresponsible, without any intention of unfriendliness, however. The characterization of President Harding, that he "sees neither black nor white in a case, but only gray," sounds wise, but is not sustained by instances and carries no conviction. Of course, like every English visitor nowadays, the author talks about the failure of prohibition—"One wants to drink mainly because it is forbidden;" about the ice-water habit, about overheated houses, and about the universal rush—"length of life said to be seven years less here than at home." New York impresses him as "the highest, lowest, crudest, cunningest, noisiest of all great cities."

This dash in and out of Colonel Repington's book may be all the more a fair picture of the original in that it is helter-skelter and disorderly.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

BLACK GOLD. By Albert Payson Terhune. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.75.

The author frankly admits in advance his intention to be sensational. He succeeds in this, and one does not much care whether the outcome of the story is credible or not. In its telling it is vivid and lively and its agreeable characters are as charming as its villains are devilish. It fills an hour's time in the reading with entertainment as well as excitement.

BRIDGE (THE). By M. L. C. Pickthall. The Century Company, New York. \$1.75.

Criminal defects in the building of a bridge lead to its collapse and the death of the brother of the man who is the prominent figure in this story. He disappears, but cannot get rid of his remorse and the memory of his fault. There is power in the description of the bridge-builder's lonely life and mental anguish in his life on a small island, and there is interest also in the strained love situation.

MAN FROM THE WILDS (THE). By Harold Bindloss. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.75.

The hero of Mr. Bindloss's latest story is somewhat stolid and is filled with a sense of responsibility, as is the wont with many of his heroes. In this case his responsibility is peculiar, for he is made guardian of the estate of the girl he loves. The situation is novel, and the "man from the wilds" gets himself and his ward out of difficulties and into happiness, not very brilliantly, but still quite successfully.

PATCHWORK. By Beverley Nichols. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.75.

Ray Sheldon, coming to Oxford from his war service, finds the tone of the place too practical, too serious, too solemnly industrious, too overshadowed by the war. He misses the old charm and

gayety, the old culture for culture's sake. So he asks, "Why should not he, alone except for a few faithful spirits, create once again the Oxford that had been?" So he plunges in joyously, makes a sensation in college journalism and in dashing, ironic debate at the Union, talks art and literature on lines of his own, spurns the sober-sided, plodding, and self-centered idea of college life. He doesn't exactly remake Oxford, but he certainly does liven it up, help establish the old atmosphere, and substitute for the manner of parade ground and barrack what Asquith once termed the "tranquil consciousness of effortless superiority." The story is engaging, humorous, and delightfully youthful.

BIOGRAPHY

LIFE OF CLARA BARTON (THE). By William E. Barton. Illustrated. In 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$10.

The long and pre-eminently useful life of Clara Barton is fittingly commemorated in this biography. It is a thorough piece of work and contains much that will interest students of the times in which Miss Barton lived as well as those who are interested primarily in her personality. As the founder of the American Red Cross, Miss Barton deserves a permanent place in our history, and this book will do much to make it secure.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE (A). By David Gregg. Compiled by Frank Dilnot. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$2.

Christopher Morley advises every would-be author "to keep a note-book handy." This Dr. Gregg did, and in it wrote: "This writing is wholly personal and private, intended only for auto-communion." The book now published is for this reason the more valuable. The paragraphs are wholly unstudied. They appear to be the thoughts as they came into his mind, not as they would

appear after he had polished them for the public. They are interesting as a disclosure of the auto-communion of a notable scholar and preacher and will be stimulating to other scholars and preachers.

TIRED RADICALS, AND OTHER PAPERS. By Walter Weyl. B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York. \$2.

These essays increase the regret that his too early death has deprived the world of so earnest a thinker on modern problems as Walter Weyl. The essays are of unequal merit, but not one of them is muddy or feeble. He saw clearly and wrote vigorously, though generally he saw modern evils more clearly than he did methods of dealing with them. Thus he describes effectively the peril to American life from a conglomerate immigration, but he did not see the undeliberate and unconscious forces which are imbuing these immigrants with the American spirit of freedom. He saw clearly the discontent of "the truly revolutionary class," but he did not foresee the efforts which captains of industry are making to-day in co-operation with the workers in some of our large and prosperous plants to introduce democratic methods and promote the democratic spirit. But he was no pessimist. The pessimist balks at obstacles and surrenders or runs away from danger. Mr. Weyl impresses the reader with his courageous faith that there is a remedy, though it is not yet discovered. We venture to offer one illustration of our criticism. What causes "the tired radical"? He is tired because he is not radical enough. When emancipation came, the so-called radical Abolition Society by resolution disbanded because nothing remained for it to do, just as General Armstrong was organizing his work for the education of the Negro. The Abolition Society, he truly said, failed in that their work was just begun when slavery was abolished.

MISCELLANEOUS

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY. New Issues. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price per vol., \$1.

FATHER AND SONS, Ivan S. Turgenev.

THROUGH RUSSIA, Maxim Gorky.

PEER GYNT, Henrik Ibsen.

BLACK BEAUTY, Anna Sewell.

LUCRETIUS, W. E. Leonard.

ENGLISH SHORT STORIES, XVth to XXth Century.

GROWTH OF POLITICAL LIBERTY, Edited by Ernest Rhys.

GOLDEN TREASURY OF LONGER POEMS, Edited by Ernest Rhys.

LIVY'S HISTORY OF ROME, Translated by Canon W. L. Roberts.

The variety of subjects shown in the list above of new issues of the always popular "Everyman's Library" is fairly indicative of the entire collection, which now numbers 750 volumes.

We repeat what we have said in substance before, that the collection has no rival in its scope, in the judicious choice of authors and subjects, and in its physical form. As with other good things, the price of these volumes has increased, but, as things go, a dollar a volume for good literature is far from being excessive.



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FROM FAMINE FIELDS

BY MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

I AM a little better than a movie show
Because I speak reality. You know
That I was there, have worked and
shared and seen.
And yet, like shadow pictures on the
screen,
The scenes I paint bring but a passing
thrill
Of pleasant horror. Self-complacent still,
You murmur, "Sad! So sad!" and go
your way,
While cards, and tea-rooms, and the
latest play
Will reap their easy millions through
the week.
You cannot sense the things of which I
speak.
You are not heartless. Could I only lay
One baby's body at your feet to-day,
Or here and now bring swift before your
eyes
One mother watching by her child that
dies,
You would be pitiful, would strain to
give,—
And thousands doomed by apathy would
live.
Great God of Nations, give me words to
stir
These sleek-fed aisles of broadcloth and
of fur!

THE TRAVELED JOHN MILTON

IN Mr. Irving Bacheller's "What's the Matter?" a surprising statement as to the traveled John Milton meets the eye. He says of Shakespeare: "Never in all his life, probably, did he travel so far as we go in a round trip from New York to Boston." Very good thus far; but he adds: "The same is true of Milton." Please tell us this is a typographical interpolation instead of something that has escaped the editorial scrutiny.

That these observations may have a modicum of completeness, witness the brief account of Milton's travels. Though the elder John Milton was not a man of wealth, he was anxious to round out the education of his son as an English gentleman. Travel was almost the invariable elective in the education of an English gentleman. In April, 1638, Milton was on his way across the Channel for a Continental tour. He went to Paris, Nice, Genoa, and to Florence. In the last city he frequented the academies and met Galileo, saw his astronomical drawings, and looked through his "glass." He next spent two months in Rome. Naples lay next in his tour, whence he planned to go to Sicily and to Greece, but the news of the critical stage of the contest between Charles I and Parliament brought his journey to a premature end. But even then he did not hasten home. Two more months were spent in Rome. He left Rome for brief sojourns in Ferrara, Venice, and Geneva. He arrived in England in August, 1639, having spent about sixteen months in travel.

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