EVENTS IN AMERICA AND ABROAD INSPIRE MR. DARLING

BOOKS

By Joseph Marquein.

Life and Works of George Silvester Morris, by R. M. Wenley. The MacMillan Co., New York City.

It is not art alone that can render simple themes significant. Biography, in the right hands, can do the same.

Outwardly this book is the life of an American university professor of the last generation, well known among students and readers of technical philosophy, but not otherwise a figure of very remarkable note. The man George Sylvester Morris, revealed as he is in his embarrassed, shy elusiveness, strangely crossed with a militant ardor of temperament, and giving always a Matthew-Arnold-like impression of a spirit baffled and saddened if not defeated, is not indeed empty of human interest to such as have the depth and culture to understand such souls.

Yet Professor Wenley puts much more into his book. In the first place, he never fails to remember or to make us perceive, enveloping and pressing in upon and through Morris, in the persons and traditions of his immediate family and remoter ancestors, in the aspect and influence of the community around him, in the aims and apparatus of his education, and his own thoughts, emotions and interests, that mid-19th century country New England into which he was born and where he spent his years till early manhood.

Thus Morris becomes, conversely, a living, sensitive example of that same New England, with all its virtues and inabilities, its pieties, assurances, its pains and searchings. Then, in the account of Morris' transition from the devoutly orthodox collegian and tutor at Dartmouth to the uneasy seminarian in New York City, afterward student of philosophy in Germany, and finally the eager champion of metaphysical idealism as the way at once of reason and of life, Wenley gives us an intimate, brief summary and illustration of a process which, in one set of terms or another, was fairly nation-wide among educated, spiritual minded youth during the decades around the civil war.

Morris' achievement as a writer is presented for what it is—an important part of the history of philosophy in America during the period of 1870 to 1890. The story of the professorships at the two universities of Johns Hopkins and Michigan widens naturally and rightly into a narrative of 20 years of life and movements at these representative seats of American higher learning, because Morris in his day was a significant part of both.

In justice to Professor Wenley it should be remarked that he does not permit these wider venturings to pale out the personal Morris in his chapters. Accordingly, when the Michigan or "Hopkins" alumnus, who perhaps beyond any other class will be the expectant reader of this volume, turns to the portions allotted to alma mater, he need not fear to find mere formal academic history, but may look for a story of Michigan and Hopkins life as Morris saw and lived it.

To be sure, Morris was not a boy, but an exceptionally serious and deep-thinking man, and his interpreter is a thinker. Therefore, we can hardly expect to recover through them the college of our undergraduate routines and romanticisms. But how can they show us another college—both in the divine and the drab—than our shouting young loyalties ever dreamed of? From this point of view other graduates besides those of Michigan and Johns Hopkins might profitably take this initiation into the university as it is from the other side.

Briefly, Professor Wenley has produced a worthy specimen of philosophical biography—the life of a man so written that, besides giving us his presentment as a simple human individual, it also shows him in his typical, universal quality. That, as suggested, this biography was not of a great man, but only a fairly gifted, though significantly placed and significantly striving, cultured, good man, makes the author's success the more noteworthy.

GEORGE REBEC.

Ireland's Fight for Freedom, by George Creel. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York City.

Mr. Creel has been much in the limelight lately in connection with his duties in war time as censor. In this book of 199 pages he presents in vehement, dramatic fashion the cause of Ireland—as he sees it—in Ireland's struggle to secure self rule, quite apart from England, and to secure that self-rule now.

Mr. Creel, in his arguments, is anti-English and does not lose any opportunity to present English government in Ireland in a bad light. He says that as Poles, Czechs, Jugo-Slavs and others are struggling to the "upper air of independence," so should the Irish struggle. He points out that with the exception of protesting majorities in four Ulster counties Ireland voted as a unit in 1918 for a republican form of government.

"The population of Ulster is 1,581,696 and that of Ireland as a whole 4,375,554. It is admittedly the case, therefore, that the few are blocking the will of the many. It is this stubborn resistance of a minority that goes out to the world as an instance of 'Irish inability to agree.' Acceptance of any such doctrine would have prevented the formation of the United States of America."

In other words, our author believes, as England has failed to govern Ireland as Ireland wishes—allow Ireland to govern herself. That is the Creel view. He insists that Ireland can "stand alone."

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George Creel, author of "Ireland's Fight for Freedom."

Madame France, by R. Louise Fitch. Illustrated. The Woman's Press, New York City.

It is worthy of especial note at the beginning of this review that Miss Fitch, who was born in Galva, Ill., attended the University of Oregon and the University of California, where she studied for the degree of doctor of philosophy.

Shortly before obtaining this degree, however, Miss Fitch was called for overseas duty by the national board of the Young Women's Christian association. She left for France April 3, 1918, where for six months she made a survey of the moral, social, industrial, educational and religious sides of the war, and their effect upon the women of France.

This splendid, informing book is the result and outcome of such investigation. In its preparation, Miss Fitch had the co-operation of high French government officials, associated with the ministers of armament, war, public instruction, public health and the interior. She had access to many channels of official information which are closed to the ordinary inquirer.

Miss Fitch has performed her task with infinite understanding, tact, delicacy and sympathy. She makes the one point plain to us that, although France has been visited by many races of men and women, and particularly by Americans, during the recent war time, France will work out her own destiny and still be France.

"France is France as a nation, and America is America, and they are widely different in temperament, methods, habits of thought. France, without her own background, without her own traditions and ideas, would not be France, nor would it make a good America. As soon as the need for American assistance is ended, it is greatly to be hoped that America will leave France to her own destiny. She will have given to France the greatest gift she could give to any nation—the American spirit. With that and her own spirit, France will not be the France she once was, but a unified and glorified France, one of the greatest powers among nations in helping spread the gospel of peace, as learned through the horrors of the past four years."

The French director of labor loaned to our author, for two months, Mademoiselle Bourat, inspector of industrial art at Paris, and the latter served during that period as guide and French interpreter.

We are told again that France was absolutely unprepared for the war thrust upon her by the sudden march of the Germans through Belgium, and that as the men were called away to war, the women of France took their places in business, and especially in the manufacture of munitions, and as surgeons and nurses for the wounded. On page 47 it is related that in formal grand ballrooms, where many a noted person had been guest of honor, the new working women sat at their sewing machines, before piles of cloth, hurrying to get the uniforms ready or the hospital garments for their men. "Beneath brilliant crystal chandeliers, with beautiful tapestries on enclosing walls, in rooms famous in history, where kings and queens have held court—were tables piled high with cans of sardines, soap, beans, chocolates, festoons of bologna linking the chandeliers. Here women in the always-present cover-all prepared packages of food for prisoners in Germany."

One woman worker in this department said: "I have worked here since the war began. A vacation? I will take one when the war is over. Practically all these prisoners get (in Germany) is what we send them, twice a month, and hunger takes no vacations. I am not paid for the work here. I do not need pay. Some of the women who need work are paid."

In the Pasteur institute in Paris, when the director was asked about his women employes, he said: "I find their work more satisfactory than that of the men. They are more delicate in their touch."

The lack of instant communication hindered war work in France. "There were less than half as many telephones in the whole of France as there are in Chicago. France has not yet acquired the telephone habit. There were practically no autos in France, except for strictly military purposes, because there was so very little oil. French women have been obliged to save fuel. The biggest and best coal fields of France were captured by the Germans during the first month of the war and, though recently retaken, because of their flooded condition will be unproductive for years.

"Women stepped into wooden shoes, and stood before the cauldrons of chemicals, slowly stirring and stirring, while the fumes yellowed their hair and eyes and skin, but the work had to be done."

The problem of transportation within the factory limits was difficult. "One factory was almost five miles long (p. 65) and about half that distance in width. Street cars touched it only at one point. This meant long walks before and after work."

One woman physician was found who stated that she was rushed into surgical work at army hospitals, although previously she had never operated in all her life.

Many of the houses in France were built hundreds of years ago and have not been changed since. "There are almost no sewer systems, and to a strictly practical person the architecture of a beautiful building loses much of its charm after crossing the open sewer before it. The peasant in France still washes her clothes on her knees in the little river, or at the public washing place. There is very little coal, and on that account a great deal of suffering and illness has resulted, especially to the children. Coal, in the summer of 1918, sold for $80 a ton, and not a great deal at that price could be bought by the average family."

French women interviewed agreed that German officers, in invaded French cities, were worse in dirty habits than common soldiers. One middle-aged woman from Lens stated, as servant and unwilling hostess to German officers, that she could not find suitable or strong enough words to express her contempt for these said officers. "Insults, coarse and brutal language, bestial actions, she was compelled to endure day after day in her own home, and she was powerless either to leave or to compel the intruders to do so."

There were in the French army some 25,000 priests, of whom 300 were chaplains, and 340 Protestant ministers were also in the ranks, 68 of them chaplains.

The Shantung Question. The Chinese National Welfare society in America, 308 Clunie building, San Francisco, Cal.

Just as this book is received for review, a press dispatch is received from Tokio, stating that Viscount Uchida, the Japanese foreign minister, in a statement, declares that Japan does not intend to claim any rights affecting the territorial sovereignty of China in Shantung, and that Japanese troops will be withdrawn immediately after an agreement is concluded with China.

This is significant. Let us hope that Japan will take the action indicated.

Readers will recall that by the recent treaty of Paris, Japan was awarded territory in the Chinese province of Shantung, together with economic and strategic rights and privileges of such importance as to practically deliver China over to Japan's demands. In other words, Shantung would then become what Alsace was to France, a bone of constant contention.

In this little book of 121 pages, a resume of the whole Shantung question is given, from China's viewpoint, and the whole matter is skilfully presented from historical and political sides. Copies are made and presented of important documents submitted by China to the peace conference in Paris.

An appeal by China for fair play is made to Americans.

Victory! Celebrated by 38 American Poets, collected by William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

A real, patriotic service has been done in collecting these brave verses written by such representative authors—verses which have as their subjects big figures in the recent war in Europe: Foch, Haig, Pershing, Cardinal Mercier, Leonard Wood and others. The pity is that some American poet has not as yet—apparently—written a ringing trumpet call around the name of Joffre, a poem of sufficient merit to be included in this book.

The eloquent introduction is by the late Theodore Roosevelt.

Small Things, by Margaret Deland. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

The spirit of France lives again in this message, written with the simple eloquence of which Margaret Deland is a master. There are 12 chapters in this book of 326 pages, chapters commencing in 1917, and ending in September, 1918. The mirror so cleverly held up to us reflects personal adventures among the French people in war, and is decidedly worth reading for its feeling of rest and leisurely, descriptive power.

The book is so well written that its title ought to read: "Big Things."

The Trail of the Beast, by Achmed Abdullah. J. A. McCann Company, New York City.

James Oliver Tenmant, detective, Paris—a woman who is a clever adventuress—the Paris underworld—plots—excitement—and other things. In other words, a realistic novel that furnishes plenty of lively entertainment.

NEWS OF THE MOVIE THEATERS

(Continued From Page 4.)

tie, reckless riding and roping of steers.

Prairie Rose, who holds many medals for trick riding and roping, appears in "The Man From Painted Post." There are very few western contests such as the Pendleton Roundup and the Cheyenne Frontier day celebration that do not feature Prairie Rose. Rose is the wife of John Judd, champion rope spinner and broncho buster, who also plays an important part in Douglas' new photoplay of the western plains during the cattle rustling days.

Globe.

"Barbary Sheep," the first screen play in which Elsie Ferguson appeared, has been booked by Manager Hill for the Globe theater this week. A synopsis of the play follows:

Katherine, the beautiful wife of a typical English nobleman, with promises of grand hunts for Barbary sheep and gazelle, finally prevails upon her husband, Crumpet, to take her to Algeria.

On an Algerian street, Benchaalal, an officer in the native Algerian cavalry is introduced to Kitty. Their acquaintance develops into a strange friendship, seemingly against the will of Kitty, and when Crumpet goes off to the mountains on his hunt he little realizes that already his wife is experiencing the first of her anticipated thrills.

Benchaalal's great passion for jewels and precious stones, his unusual physical feats and his fascinating nature offer a new personality to Kitty, who has little else to do but to think about him. One night when Crumpet leaves for the mountains Benchaalal bribes Achmed, the guide, to induce the Englishman to prolong his trip with promises to Crumpet of new game. In the mountains Crumpet's fears are aroused by a tale he hears about Benchaalal and despite Achmed's protests returns unexpectedly. On the road he passes Benchaalal, who has been warned of his approach by Achmed's singing. Under Benchaalal's long cloak he succeeds in hiding Kitty. At the hotel Crumpet finds Kitty's room empty and watches her return later. He does not tell her what he has seen and suspects, but merely advises her that he is going on another hunting trip.

That night Benchaalal serenades Kitty. In her most beautiful evening gown she meets the dark-skinned officer, whose eyes gleam as they alight upon the sparkling diamond necklace about her throat. Rifle in hand, Crumpet watches nearby, and when Benchaalal, divided between his craving for the woman and for the jewels, seizes Kitty, he is about to shoot, when another comes upon the scene and makes this action unnecessary. The mad Marabout, a maniac, who learns that Benchaalal is the murderer of his daughter, obtains his vengeance. Kitty and Crumpet later view the funeral procession and look at one another with love and a new understanding.

Circle.

Lillian Gish in "The Romance of Happy Valley" is the feature of today's and tomorrow's programme at the Circle theater. In this picture Griffith departs from the war, which has held his attention in the three prior productions, and tells the simple little story of small town folk of the south. It's a romance of a young boy and girl, in which the boy goes to the city to seek a fortune, but finds the going hard. His long years of effort, however, are finally rewarded and he returns to claim the little girl who has awaited him for seven years. The climax with which Griffith caps his tale is one of the most surprising that the screen has ever shown and we will not relate it here, inasmuch as it comes as such a total surprise.

The value of a Griffith production can never be set down in cold type. The myriad human touches that he instills into his work stamp each of his pictures as the creation of a master mind. These human touches are what made his war pictures so far ahead of all the others in the field and it is these touches that make "A Romance of Happy Valley" one of the most delightfully pleasing pictures ever cast on the screen.

Robert Harron and Lillian Gish are again the lovers of the story and their work is of the same realistic order as it has been in past productions. Among others who appear are George Fawcett, Kate Bruce, George Nicholls, Andrew Arbuckle, Lydia Yeamans Titus and Bertram Grasby.

Film Flickers

VALLIE BELASCO MARTIN, who appears in support of Ernest Truex in his first two-reel comedy under the management of Amedee J. Van Beuren, is the daughter of the late Sam Martin, formerly past exalted ruler of the Milwaukee and Seattle lodges of Elks. When her father named little Vallie Belasco Martin after his cousin, David Belasco, he had no thought of the outcome of the act. She has appeared in stock, vaudeville, musical comedies and on the screen.

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Al Green of the Neilan staff will direct Peggy Hyland in one picture during Mr. Neilan's absence in Europe. Al formerly produced some pictures featuring George Fawcett and Vivian Reed.

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Following the announcement that Marshall Neilan would build a $750,000 studio in Los Angeles, he received an offer from San Francisco, his native city, to build for him and his associates a $1,000,000 studio. The offer promises that the new studio will be one of the show places of the world and will exceed in appointment and equipment anything yet built. So attractive is the offer that despite the fact he was about to break ground for his Los Angeles studio, Mr. Neilan is seriously considering the proposition.

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Marshall Neilan, from the strain of whose "Daddy Long Legs" the box offices of the country have not yet recovered, bids fair to repeat with his film version of "In Old Kentucky," which he has just completed after three months of steady work and at an expense of $500,000.

The racing scenes of the play were taken in Kentucky during the season at Louisville and many of them were photographed on the famous "Darby" day. Anita Stewart has the featured part and is supported by Mahlon Hamilton, who played the title role in "Daddy Long Legs."

DR. J. E. ANDERSON, THE DALLES, RETURNS FROM WAR AS SEAMAN

Physician in Y. M. C. A. Service Tells of Men's Heroism at Front—One French Regiment of 3000 Lost 6000 Killed in Four Years.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—(Special.)—"Seaman J. E. Anderson. The Dalles, Or." At a first glance this would not appear to be a title in keeping with the dignity of a respected physician, but J. E. Anderson, the physician in question, will say that, dignity or no dignity, he will always remember this title with the fondest of thoughts.

He has just returned to America after a year's service with the Y. M. C. A. overseas, but, in order to return, he had to enlist as a member of the crew on the good freighter West Gambo.

"There were three other 'Y' secretaries on board," he said, "and we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. The ship's captain treated us with the utmost consideration."

Dr. Anderson spent most of his time in France directing welfare activities in the huge red-triangle hut at Langres. The building, which was known as the "Lafayette hut," he explained, was inside the famous old Turennes barracks—the West Point of France.

"The 21st French infantry was stationed there at the outbreak of the war," he said. "The regiment, composed originally of 3000 men, went out in 1914 with the cheers and blessings of the people. It returned in March of this year with almost an equal number of men, but 33,000 souls had been enrolled on its roster, 6000 soldiers had made the 'supreme sacrifice'. Only two of the original officers remained. The people turned out to receive their glorious regiment, but there was no cheering as the blue-clad files marched slowly down the street. Most of these men were strangers, and only a sob or two from a widowed mother or bereaved wife marked the solemnity of the grand procession. Their hearts were far too full for cheers."

Dr. Anderson made many friends among the soldiers of the 29th engineers stationed at Langres. It was this organization, he said, that did all of the army map printing during the war. They developed and printed plates brought in by airplanes.

One of these lads came to him in the "Y" hut one day, complaining that his ill fortune had kept him from getting into action.

"I joined this man's army to fight," he cried.

"But your eyes are too weak, son," explained the doctor.

"That's what I got since I've been here, Doc," said the soldier. "Come over to the laboratory and let me show you what I have to do."

Arriving in the developing room, the engineer showed Dr. Anderson two photographs, explaining that one had been taken three days before the other by the same aerial photographer.

"See any difference in them?" he inquired.

"No, except that this one seems to have a slight flaw in the center," replied Dr. Anderson.

"Well that little flaw is a section of roadway," said the soldier. "Right there, where it curves, one of our shells tore through his camouflage and busted up the road, forcing him to make that little detour you see as a flaw. That's what my job is—to find those little flaws."

The soldier explained that the following day our artillery was able to tear up this road, which was being used by the enemy for heavy traffic under the camouflage, with telling effect on the enemy.

"And he thought he wasn't doing anything," soliloquized Dr. Anderson.

NEWS OF THE THEATERS

(Continued From Page 2.)

Dossena, a brilliant lyric soprano, who adds not a little to the entertainment.

Corporal Joe Nathan prior to the war was connected with the vaudeville stage. He is a free-lance cartoonist whose work has appeared in some of the big eastern dailies. Nathan is a splendid entertainer and humorist and his cartooning is not alone full of individuality but it is done with speed and finish.

All around tumbling and acrobatic work that includes funny falls, remarkable bumps and general knock-about, form the performance of Montambo and Nap, acrobatic funsters.

Three beautiful girls, the Victoria trio, form a bevy of singers and comediennes. One of the three is a very clever imitator and also it is said, a very humorous one.

William Gilbert monologist and contortionist is declared to be a capital entertainer.

Lillian Lewis, aesthetic dancer, will give a series of dances. Her work is reputed to be exceedingly graceful and full of originality.

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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

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(Beauty Culture)

Hairs can be easily banished from the skin by this quick, painless method: Mix into a stiff paste some powdered delatone and water, spread on hairy surface and in 2 or 3 minutes rub off, wash the skin and it will be free from hair or blemish. Excepting in very stubborn growths, one application is sufficient. To avoid disappointment, buy delatone in an original package. —Adv.

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—A6—For black and all dark shades of brown.

—A7—Extra strong, for jet black hair only.

—A8—For all medium brown shades.

—A9—For all very light brown, drab and auburn shades.

—Co-Lo Hair Restorer is on sale at all stores of The Owl Drug Co.