BOOKS

By Joseph Macqueen.

An Irishman Looks at His World, by George A. Birmingham. George H. Doran Co., New York city.

Quite a lively and often a humorous book.

The real name of our author is Rev. James Owen Hanney, and he is Irish. As George A. Birmingham he is a talented and widely read novelist and essayist.

In the book "An Irishman Looks at His World," we are treated to an essay review of Irish politics, a statement of the various steps that have been taken to bring home rule for Ireland within hailing distance as it exists today, and also to bright and cleverly written comments on Irish life, and Irish men and women, in both Ulster and the other portions of Ireland.

Our author insists that no one in Ireland changes his political opinions. In other words—a nationalist remains one, and a unionist always is a unionist.

Here is a readible review of Irish politics, but with a curious touch of pessimism in it:

The most hopeless feature of the political situation in Ireland is that neither party has any plan at all for dealing with its opponents, except one—force. Up to a certain point both nationalist and unionist appear to believe in conciliation. Ulster—every nationalist has said it over and over again—will be given every safeguard, every guarantee consistent with the integrity of Ireland. Ireland—has not every unionist said it?—must have every fair play, every concession, every chance, all she asks, consistent with the maintenance of the union, at least for northeast Ulster. But if unionist Ulster will not even say what guarantee she wants—but if nationalist Ireland will not be satisfied with any reasonable concessions, then there is nothing for it but firm government; the firm government of a Dublin parliament, or of Dublin castle. In the end it comes to this: "If the others won't agree with us—and we are most reasonable, quite easy to get on with and full of good intentions—then the others must submit, must be made to submit." Not one, not even the peacemakers of our shadowy middle parties, not even our most moderate and conciliatory men, have anything to say in the end except that. No one has suggested any other way out of the bog in which we flounder.

Perhaps there is no other way.

It is pointed out that until recently Russia shared with Ireland the affections of the church-minded. But Russia has fallen from grace, "and now Ireland alone remains, the single land which has escaped the blight of nationalism—where the hard sun of secular thinking has not dried the glistening dewdrops from the gossamer threads of faith." (p. 77-78).

We in Ireland, for instance, are a church-going people. Attendance at mass or matins is not indeed a proof of deep spirituality, but it is evidence that religion has a certain grip upon our lives. A few years ago people in England, with a taste for statistics, used occasionally to work out an amateur census of church-going, counting in some particular locality the number of people who passed through the doors of the churches on a Sunday. Such a reckoning was never made in Ireland. The figures would not be worth the trouble required to get them. No one would think of counting the number of people who wear hats out of doors; though there are a few persons who prefer to go bareheaded.

An Irishman once took a young footman over to London with him. On Sunday morning, being careful about the spiritual interests of his servant, he asked the man if he wished to go to mass, offering to tell him how to reach the Brompton oratory. The footman was quite confident that he could find the way himself.

"I'll just step into the street," he said, "and follow the crowd."

It is charged that Ireland is indifferent to the use of the Gaelic language:

I once caught an interesting glimpse of the different ways in which the language revival was regarded by those who learned the language and those who already spoke it. A man and his wife, middle-class people, middle-aged, educated according to the ideas prevalent in their youth, were seized by the enthusiasm of the Gaelic league. They set themselves to learn the Irish language. It was a task of immense difficulty for them because they had long passed the time of life when the mind is plastic and receptive. They worked hard, submitting themselves evening after evening to a young man who could talk Irish, but could not teach that or anything else.

They endeavored to speak Irish to each other and to their children. They even, such was their extreme enthusiasm, looked forward to the day when their whole household business should be conducted in Irish. They had a parlormaid, a pleasant, intelligent girl, to whom they tried to teach the few phrases they themselves knew. Besides being pleasant and intelligent this girl was docile. She consented to learn that "Don an doras, ma 's e do thoil e," mean "Please shut the door." In the end that parlormaid left, to be married, I think.

Not till then did her master and mistress discover that she had been brought up in an Irish-speaking family, had spoken Irish before she spoke English, and still found it the easier language to use. The story is not without its comic side, and I suspect that the parlormaid must have found it very difficult sometimes not to laugh aloud. But it also illustrates the strength and weakness of the Gaelic league's attempt to revive the Irish language. The girl who spoke it from her infancy could not be induced to admit the fact. She preferred English as the most "respectable" language of the two. The man and woman who did not know it—and never for all their efforts succeeded in learning it—were proud of each painfully acquired sentence.

Dublin is described as "a talkative city."

Dublin is naturally, instinctively hospitable. Nowhere else, not even in New York, are strangers better treated. They are dined and wined, feasted and feted day after day. And Dublin hospitality is as spontaneous as it is generous. A stranger there is not a burden laid on his entertainers, but a prize to be snatched at and even scrambled for, because a stranger is willing to listen. Indeed, he must listen, for he is very seldom allowed to talk. I remember a dinner party given in honor of an Englishman of great eminence, a man who ranks among the very first of our contemporary writers. He did not, I think, make one remark during the whole meal. But he heard, perhaps with interest, many things very well said. At such a dinner given elsewhere the other guests would have sat around and waited for the lion to roar—and this was a veritable lion. There, the lion's mouth was closed as tightly as if Daniel had been in the den with him. The others did the roaring. And this, I dare say, was very good for the lion.

As plans for the future government of Ireland—a subject in which all readers are interested—our author is cautious. "How should I know?" he asks. He argues: "Why bother about a too-difficult matter? It is the business of statesmen and politicians to arrange constitutions and set them working. That is their job. We pay them to do it. My business is to live. We are spending too little time on what matters most: the making of men—that education which goes on continuously, from the cradle to the grave."

A Lithuanian Village, by Leon Kobrin. Brentano's, New York city.

Leon Kobrin belongs among the foremost writers of contemporary Yiddish literature, and was born about 47 years ago in Vitobsk, Russia. He emigrated to this country in 1892, and already he has produced excellent plays, short tales and novels.

In "A Lithuanian Village" we are treated to intimate, dramatic sketches of life and character among the Jewish population of this Russian village. Fine character work is shown.

Sacred and Profane Love, by Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Co., New York city.

Founded upon the novel "The Book of Carlotta," this play is in four acts, and with opening scenes in the Five

Arnold Bennett, author of "Sacred and Profane Love," a new play in four acts.

Towns that Mr. Bennett has made so popular.

The two principal characters are Miss Carlotta Peel, novelist, and Emilio Diaz, world-famous pianist, and the general theme concerns their exotic love story. The play is marked by that penetrating force of character which marks the best work of this author and playwright.

Carlotta does astonishing and foolish things. So enamoured is she of Diaz' piano playing—and also of himself—that she accompanies him to his rooms, to the great scandal of his landlady's sister. Diaz is a confirmed user of morphine, and he has dozens of love affairs with different women. Carlotta also falls in love with Frank Ispenlove, married man.

A general mix-up of temperaments and tempers follows, and the conclusion reached is quite a work of art. The chief trouble in the play is to find the element of "sacred" love.

Mr. Wu, by Louise Jordan Miln. Frederick A Stokes Co., New York city.

Based on that clever play, "Mr. Wu," by H. M. Vernon and Harold Owen, our author has written a novel that holds the reader's interest, and keeps him guessing until the last and 314th page is reached. It is a positive thriller, and unfolds an astonishing amount of information as to China and aristocratic, mandarin Chinese.

Curiously enough, the novel begins with the boyhood of the hero Wu, who was of royal Chinese blood, and who was entitled to wear the royal-yellow. He is introduced to us at 10 years old. His tutor was James Muir, a Scotsman. Wu's name was Wu Li Chang. He was ordered by his grandfather to marry a wife of the house of Li, and he obeyed. His wife was then a baby in arms, who was too young to talk.

So that he could become educated, Wu is taken by his tutor to England where he lives to manhood. He passes through the English schools and Oxford university and lives also in France, to learn the French language.

Then Wu, a young man, went home to his China as the head of his clan and the possessor of great wealth, for his grandfather had died. He brings home his wife. Chinese life and its pretty sentiment and poetry are eloquently described. At the end of a year, Mrs. Wu bore her lord a daughter, and died.

Wu mourned his wife's loss sincerely, and never took another wife. He grew richer and more powerful, almost next to the Chinese emperor. As a member and patron of various "tongs," he was both respected and dreaded.

Wu's daughter Nang Ping grew up as a delicate, lovely flower of a girl. She was carefully educated, and surrounded by servants.

Trouble, with a hint of coming tragedy, comes when Nang Ping has an English sweetheart—Basil Gregory, son of a rich English importer and exporter—and of course unknown to her father. Basil Gregory treats the girl as a plaything, and ruins her.

Then Wu finds out that Gregory has wrecked Nang Ping's life. Wu determines on revenge. He believes in an eye for an eye,—a tooth for a tooth.

What Wu does is terrible. First he kills his daughter, with a family sword; and then what happens to the Gregory family——

Raspberry Jam, by Carolyn Wells. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

Miss Wells gives us another "Flaming Stone" detective story that is both entertaining and a puzzle as to its ultimate solution in establishing the identity of the criminal who commits a murder.

Sanford Embury, a rich New York capitalist and somewhat niggardly as regards his young and beautiful wife, is found dead in bed one morning in the Emburys' fashionable New York apartments.

As Mr. and Mrs. Embury were known to have quarreled, she was formally charged with having administered a poison which killed him. The poison is named in Shakespeare's play, "Hamlet."

Hanlon, a mind-reader, and Alvord Hendricks, an old lover of Mrs. Embury, also are suspected. It is shown that Mrs. Embury did not love her husband and that she loved an old sweetheart named Mason Elliott.

The raspberry jam? Oh, that dainty and the smell of gasoline form the clew which lead ultimately to the murderer's identity and capture.

Peter Kindred, by Robert Nathan. Duffield & Co., New York city.

A powerfully written novel of absorbing interest — an advertising agency story. It is in serious and often melancholy mood.

The story starts in New England and introduces us to Peter Kindred, hero, and also to Exeter school and Harvard college life. Boston is featured, and New York. How Joan, a pretty girl, ever loved such a downright fool as Peter is a mystery. They get married on next to nothing, and experience some misery. She also has to work. On page 302 we are informed that Peter's salary is $30 per week—and in New York, an expensive place in which to live. Peter has friends who believe in polygamy, and like to discuss indelicate matters.

The novel sweeps toward realism, and its finale is told with gripping power.

Two Little Books of Poems, by Mrs. M. McNamar. McNamars Publishers, Cottonwood, Cal.

"Just Muse, and Other Poems" consists of 78 pages of small poems. They are melodious, worth reading, and about a variety of topics—such as: "Midnight Under California Skies," "The Caged Lion," "The Desert's Own," "Blessings, Thine and Mine," "The Aspen Leaves," "When the children Say Their Prayers," "The Butterfly Chase," and "Mount Shasta."

"The Vail of Mist" is a long poem of 800 lines, printed on 31 pages, and is dedicated to the schools of Oregon. Mrs. McNamar speaks of the Webfoot state, but Oregon folk, who best know their state, speak of it as the Beaver state. Far from being blessed with two much moisture from above, western Oregon would be thankful just now for more rain, as the condition of soil in our fields, gardens, etc., indicate.

The poem says:

Oregon—wonderland of bloom!
Whence cometh all that growth?
Why select thee as the favored
Child, and heap magnificence
Upon thee in that day of days
In ancient days, and reserved it
for a generation yet unborn?

Oregon is pictured as a fairyland of beauty, where romantic fairies have a banquet—where the dainty viands came from buttercups, peppermint, wild cherries, dewdrops, honey, hazelnuts, etc., all made perfect because of equally-balanced Oregon weather. The poetry has pretty sentiment, and honors Oregon. Portions of it could, with profit, be read in schools in Oregon.

Many thanks.

The Survival of Man, by Sir Oliver Lodge. George H. Doran Co., New York city.

A new and enlarged edition of a book that has excited wide comment. It is dedicated to the Society for Psychological Research and consists of 376 closely printed pages, with index.

The book is a series of arguments and statements to prove that the dead, under proper conditions, do communicate with the living through the agency of mediums.

Dr. Lodge says he was convinced of intelligent, communicable personality beyond the grave in the year 1882, and that ever since he has been investigating. This book is the result.

America's Race to Victory, by Lieutenant-Colonel E. Regulin. Fred A. Stokes Co., New York city.

Americans who read this book will find much about the late world war, and the part America took in it, and information generally that is precious and not usually found in average war-books. The author was taken from his duties on the French general staff, and sent to Washington, D. C., to help in creating the machinery by which the new American army came into being and became a conquering army.

It is an "inside" story, and of engrossing military interest.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Little Theater Classics, volume two, adopted and edited by Samuel A. Eliot Jr., illustrated from photographs, 225 pages, these four plays: "Patelin," from the 15th century farce of Guillaume Alecis; "Abraham and Isaac," from two English miracle plays; "The Loathed Lover," from "The Changeling" of Middleton and Rowley; and "Sganarello" or "Imaginary Horns," from Moliere (Little, Brown & Co., Boston).

Cross Roads, by Margaret E. Sangster, 159 pages, 90 fine poems by this favorite singer of good poetry. Several of these poems are well-known favorites and others are new verse, the subjects of several being recent battle scenes in France. This book will make a pleasant gift to a woman of serious mind (Frank F. Lovell, Bible House, New York).

Liberty and the News, by Walter Lippman, formerly associate editor of the New Republic and once an assistant to the secretary of war, and particularly a Harvard graduate and a writer of talent and wide observation. The little book of 104 pages consists of three essays entitled "Journalism and the Higher Law," "What Modern Liberty Means," and "Liberty and the News." Teachings in these essays will be received with mingled assent and dissent, especially the latter (Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York).

Current Social and Industrial Forces, edited by Lionel D. Edie, with introduction by James Harvey Robinson, 393 pages, including index. A carefully selected collection of papers and essays by specialists on such subjects as production, industry, reorganization, power and policy of organized labor, possibilities of social science, etc. The lessons conveyed are intended principally and apparently for university students as a text-book guide and rallying point for extended investigation of current social and industrial forces (Boni & Liveright, New York).

Rhymes of a Homesteader, by Elliott C. Lincoln, 79 pages, 44 sterling poems, most of them in so-called ranch western dialect, but all human and compelling (Houghton, Mifflin, Boston).

The Line's Busy, by Albert Edward Ullman, with 21 illustrations in black and white by C. A. Voight, a series of amusing letters with lots of genuine fun in them, letters written by a telephone operator named Goldie to her bosom friend, "Dear Myrtle" (Fred A. Stokes Co., New York).

What to Drink, compiled by Bertha E. L. Stockbridge, 177 pages, a handy book emphatically for the present age, containing recipes for scores of non-alcoholic drinks for nearly all occasions, recipes from the formulas of many famous chefs (D. Appleton & Co., New York).

Irish Impressions, by G. K. Chesterton, the celebrated English novelist, nine witty and most readable chapters of observations and travels in Ireland as to men and manners there, also Irish politics (John Lane Co., New York).

Sheila Intervenes, by Stephen McKenna, a splendidly written and agreeable novel of English society life, with gay and witty conversation. This is one of Miss McKenna's earlier novels never offered previously to American readers (G. H. Doran Co., New York).

The Flow of Value, by Logan Grant MacPherson, a distinguished economist and writer. A wise and thoughtful volume, tracing in bold outline the sequence of cause and effect in determining prices, wages and profit. It demonstrates that as all things and services bought and sold are produced by the application of human effort, the greater the volume that is produced in relation to the effort applied, the greater will be the supply, and thus the greater the share that each person may receive. It is argued that it is only by means of capital that there can be the greatest volume of production and that business capital cannot be provided except through the investment of profit by the employer, or of savings—which are of the nature of profit—by the employe (The Century Co., New York).

The Covenant of Peace, by H. N. Brailsford, 32 pages, paper covers, a prize essay offered by the English Review for the best short study of a league of nations (B. W. Huebsch, New York).

Frank Swinnton, personal sketches of an esteemed English novelist and publisher, sketches by Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells and Grant M. Overton (G. H. Doran Co., New York).

What Outfit, Buddy? by L. Howard Kelly, formerly private in the 26th division, A. E. F., a remarkably well-written, human-interest story of recent war days in France, with scenes of battle, on the march, and making new friendships, with plenty of bright conversation (Harper's, New York).

The Clanking of Chains, by Brinsley MacNamara, a story of 20 chapters, well written and more than ordinarily readable, with the Irish Sinn Fein as a text; and, Souls Divided, by Matilde Serao, a stirring romance and an impassioned love-story, written by Italy's most famous woman novelist (Brentano's, New York).

Our War With Germany, by John Spencer Bassett, L. L. D., professor of American history, Smith college, Massachusetts, on the Syndeham Clark Parsons foundations, 386 pages, with index, a nicely condensed, informing and complete story of the part the United States took in the recent great war, with a story up to the senate's consideration of the peace treaty (Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y.).

The Strategy of the Great War, by William L. McPherson, 417 pages with index, a learned, excellent semi-professional study of the campaigns and battles of the recent war in their relation to allied and German military policy, with a critical resume of the evolution of strategy and tactics caused by the naval conditions disclosed in modern warfare; The Substance of a Dream, translated from the original manuscript by F. W. Bain, three stories written in prose poetry, half fairy stories, half love tales—evidently taken from long ago East Indian writers; Poor Dear Theodora, by Florence Irwin, a girl's story with a fine, moral influence in it, suitable for girls, and leading at the end up to a pleasant love tale; and Danny Again, by Vera C. Barclay, eight excellent short stories, teaching the value of good influence, with scenes set in England—tales suitable for Boy Scouts (Putnam's, N. Y.).

Soul Science, by Rev. Franklin A. Thomas, 287 pages, a reverent, sensible presentation of facts and hopes, dealing with the certainty of life after death and teaching that the soul never dies (Machine Composition Co., Boston).

THE LITERARY PERISCOPE

BY ETHEL R. SAWYER.
Director of Training Class, Library Association, Portland, Oregon.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S new book of essays contains a chapter "on gambling." Not that the famous litterateur really knows much about that vice, although his residence at Nice might seem to some an irresistible proximity to Monte Carlo. It is said that M. Maeterlinck paid his first visit to the Casino last summer. He played and he lost. To commiserating friends he merely said with a shrug, "No matter, I will write an essay on gambling and that will recompense me." Behold the healing potency of philosophy—supported by the knowledge of being an "arrived" writer secure of one's market!

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By the terms of a trust indenture recently executed, for the consideration of $5 Los Angeles is to become a world figure in the field of art and letters. This indenture creates the Henry E. Huntington library and art gallery on the Huntington estate in San Marino. Already a large number of books have been sent from New York to Los Angeles, although the intention is to become really operative only after Mr. Huntington's death, when his fine collection of paintings and a large part of his magnificent private library will be moved to the San Marino residence. Trustees are to administer the library for the benefit of the public.

* * *

Dr. Sigmund Freud places his psycho-analytic theory in its relative place in the history of human development as the third in the trinity of shocks or outrages which humanity has had to endure at the hands of science. First came the Copernican theory, which put the world into its place in the universe; next came the Darwinian theory, which by its refutation of the special creation idea put man into his relative place in the life development of this earth; now comes the psycho-analyst to insist on the relatively humble position of the "I" in the individual house of life, and the relatively enormous, unplumbed abysses of the unconscious life.

* * *

"In and after 1876," writes Mr. Gosse in a recent paper on George Eliot, "when I was in the habit of walking from the northwest of London towards Whitehall, I met several times, driving slowly homewards, a victoria which contained a strange pair in whose appearance I took a violent interest. The man, prematurely aging, was hirsute, rugged, satyr-like, gazing vivaciously to left and right; this was George Henry Lewes. His companion was a large, thick-set sybil, dreamy and immobile, whose massive features, somewhat grim when seen in profile, were incongruously bordered by a hat, always in the height of the Paris fashion, which in those days commonly included an immense ostrich feather; this was George Eliot. The contrast between the solemnity of the face and the frivolity of the headgear had something pathetic and provincial about it."

* * *

From the Bookman we glean this bit of news: "During the recent printers' strike in Paris the newspaper publishers combined in printing a single paper, which represented them all." Such results are likely to restore to the harassed public mind a sympathetic attitude toward strikes. Think what a saving of time and a broadening of the public viewpoint—such variety in unity! And how simple a way of averting the impending paper famine.

* * *

Jacinto Benavente, the Spanish playwright, is a close student of the work of the Educational alliance of New York city. In 1911 he established in Madrid the Children's theater, modeled directly upon the work of the alliance and for it he wrote "The Prince Who Learned Everything Out of Books." His second volume of plays has just recently appeared.

* * *

Now that the return of peace has begun to demand a closer definition of the formerly wide-flung terms, "sedition," "disloyalty," "Americanism" and "democracy," we can again turn to the less exacting and equally stimulating use of the epithet "immoral." It is interesting to note that the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice has so soon unearthed two seditious—I beg your pardon, immoral books. They have been or are going to be publicly suppressed. No, I am not going to give their names. It might render me legally liable as an accessory after the fact, or something. I am only interested in noting our strong arm methods of putting down the literary portrayal of facts and conditions in human life with which, as facts, we are so gentle. Dear knows, I am a confirmed believer in morality. Only I believe in it in life at least as much as in literature. I don't condemn the New York society. I only ask it to go about its business on a 50-50 basis. For one immoral book suppressed let's see an immoral condition or tradition as openly and bravely attacked. What constitutes immorality furthermore? We all know, of course. But try putting it into words so that we can really grapple with it. Ask your friends and see how clear your ideas on the subject are, and then try to draw up a code by which to try people and books. Here is a suggestion for a final question: If you were obliged to condemn one of the following authors as immoral and to acquit the other, which would you condemn, Robert W. Chambers or Theodore Dreiser? It's a clincher!

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Chicago possesses an association that has an interesting sound. It is called the Order of Bookfellows and among other activities it publishes handsomely made books. Recent members are Hugh Walpole, Clayton Hamilton, John Drinkwater, George Bronson Howard, Arthur Machen.

* * *

J. M. Keynes (pronounced to rhyme with pains) has written one of the best sellers of today. His "Economic Consequences of the Peace" has already sold practically 20,000 copies and an additional 20,000 are being rushed through. If you can believe the London Athenaeum the book is "a perfectly equipped arsenal of facts and arguments, to which everyone will resort for years to come who wishes to strike a blow against the forces of prejudice, delusion and stupidity." Which, as the New Republic remarks, "sounds a little like the praise that used to be bestowed on the Bible."

* * *

Speaking of the difficulties that do beset the office of censor—it is said that the Huebsch publication, "A German Deserter's War Experiences," which was declared non-mailable by Mr. Burleson during the war, and has just been released by the postoffice department, had a steady unmolested sale throughout the war in England, and in France was even used by the French for propaganda.

* * *

There is a great shortage of books for the blind, especially since the war. For many years those people who have been engaged in work with the blind have been rendered almost desperate by the tremendous waste involved in maintaining publications in four or more varieties of raised type. This duplication of effort practically precluded the possibility of securing an adequate supply of books in any one type. We seem on the way now to a uniform system of printing, and the blinded soldiers have all been taught the new Braille type recently adopted in America. But the library war service of the American Library association found that there were less than a score of books ready printed in the new uniform type. As the cost of manufacturing the plates for a standard length novel is about $600 the problem looked financially staggering. Among other schemes tried, 81 authors and publishers were asked to help along this great project of furnishing reading matter for the blind. They were asked to provide the money for brailling at least one of their stories. Eighteen have agreed to this co-operation, among them being Henry Van Dyke, Mrs. Jack London, Irvin Cobb, Edward Streeter, Mary R. S. Andrews, Jack Lait, Thomas Nelson Page, Frank Crane, Albert P. Terhune, Douglas Fairbanks, Booth Tarkington, Zane Grey.

Aristocrats Seek Film Fame.

LONDON.—Two young aristocrats are going to California to seek fame in the film world. They are Captain Vesey A. Davoren, "The O'Davoren," an Irishman who claims to be a descendant on his mother's side from the great Duke of Wellington, and on his father's side from Irish kings; and Eliot Gordon, nephew of an earl and heir to big estate in Hertfordshire. Both have already played in films here.

* * *

Breakfast Foods Popular.

SASKATOON, Sask.—More than $700,000 has been spent in the last nine years on extensions to the local plant of the Quaker Oats company in an effort to keep pace with the steadily increasing business. A new grain tank is at present under construction to cost $120,000 and the entire plant is operating day and night. Further extensions will be necessitated this year.

$10,000,000 Gold Found.

PORCUPINE, Oont.—The prodution of gold from this camp alone in 1919 amounted to between $9,000,000 and $10,000,000, according to preliminary estimates. This is the highest in the camp's history and achieved with but part of the producing mines in operation.

"Mad Poet" Superstitious Even in Dining.

D'Annunzio Eats Scampi in Red Room With Eleven at Table.

FIUME.—Innumerable pecularities constitute the temperament of Gabriele d'Annunzio. He is superstitious to the core and will never sit down to an ordinary meal unless there are eleven at the table. He is fastidious in his choice of foods and will drink only a special kind of Rhine wine. His favorite dish is "scampi," a small crab-fish found only in the Quarnero. He was a lover of the fish when he lived on the grand canal in Venice.

So much did he think of the food that he went on a search of all that was written about them and has compiled already a studious lecture on the subject. The fish resemble in color the American shrimp, but is much larger and has a taste milder than lobster approximating the crab, but considerably more toothsome. "Scampi" is the favorite seafood in practically all of the north Adriatic resorts.

Besides his partiality for "scampi," D'Annunzio is a lover of ice cream. He sometimes divides a large cake of it intended for the whole table, into halves. He takes one entire half himself then gives the other half to the remaining ten at the table.

The poet's dining room must be done in red. The walls must be covered with red tapestry and much of the furniture. Then, too, orders are given concerning the color of flowers, morning, noon and night.

Free
A 10-Day Tube

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent. The test will be a revelation to you. Note how your teeth look then.

Teeth Are Coated

With a Cloudy Film—Watch Them Whiten When You Take It Off

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Millions of teeth now glisten

Millions of teeth are now daily brushed with Pepsodent. You see them everywhere—white, glistening teeth. On every hand it is evident that a new era has dawned in teeth cleaning.

But the result is more than beauty. Those film-free teeth are safer. To countless people this new method will bring life-long benefits.

See the results

See the results on your own teeth. Let your mirror tell you what they mean to you. The test is easy, pleasant, and is free. Old methods have proved inadequate, as nearly everybody knows. See what this new method does.

Your teeth are coated with a film. It is that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. Millions of teeth are dimmed by that film, and millions are destroyed. Modern dental science traces most tooth troubles to it.

It is that film-coat that discolors—not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Many other troubles, local and internal, are nowadays traced to those germs.

Brushing doesn't end it

The film clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. If not removed it may harden. It destroys the luster of the teeth, and month after month it may do ceaseless damage.

The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So countless teeth discolor and decay despite the daily brushing. Tooth troubles have become, in late years, almost universal.

Dentists long have known the reason. On your visits to them they remove the film and tartar. But what was needed was a daily film combatant, and dental science has been seeking it for years.

Now you can combat it

After years of searching, a way has been found to fight film. Able authorities have proved its efficiency by clinical and laboratory tests. Leading dentists everywhere, after testing it and watching it, now urge its daily use.

For home use the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. This is a new-day tooth paste, made to comply with all modern dental requirements.

A 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks. This to quickly show the millions what it does.

Applies a digestant

The film is albuminous matter. Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But modern science has discovered a harmless activating method. Countless tests have proved this. And now active pepsin can be every day applied.

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