SWIMMING HELD SECOND TO NO EXERCISE IN WORLD FOR PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

Persons Who Are Fat May Swim to Reduce and Those Who Are Lean Should Swim to Preserve Good Proportions, Is Advice Given by Expert Authority.

BY ANTOINETTE DONNELLY.

FIRST, if you are fat you should swim to reduce. Then, if you are thin, you should swim to develop. If you measure to a perfectly proportioned figure, you should swim to preserve the good proportions.

It may be said of swimming that it is second to no exercise in the world in point of acquiring and maintaining physical efficiency. It has the spirit of play, of absolute relaxation, it forces pure oxygen into the lungs, and there is not a muscle in the body that the swimmer does not put to work. When you can combine an exercise that brings all muscles into play and add to that the pure recreation feature of swimming, you have the ideal form of exercise. It is a pleasure plus benefit. And it is a clean, cool, fine habit.

Did you know that man is the only animal without natural ability to swim? Another good reason why you should get out the bathing suit and try, don't you agree?

And is it not the most democratic of all sports? As some joker sagely remarked: "No man is greater than another in a bathing suit." Every one is happy and young, and there is no other place where one can be as carefree and ridiculous as on the beach.

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Now, with all the advantages swimming has to offer, you are not going to leave the bathing suit in the trunk for the moths to feed upon another season, are you? When the water comes right up to your back door, as it does to many, many back doors in the land, isn't it poor management to refuse its health-giving offers?

Next week I shall give you some actual swimming instructions—the breast stroke and the crawl. But in the meantime get your mind made up—and get a bathing suit, if you have none. I'll tell you what to put on your skin to keep it from burning and freckling, so your facial beauty will not suffer.

If you feel the least bit frightened that the water will not hold you up, just remember it is floating iron ships every hour of the day, so you have small reason to believe your hollow body will not float.

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Developing the bust and arms and legs and waist by swimming is done through the deep breathing and the consequent exercise of the diaphragm and lungs. The abdominal muscles are used fairly strenuously in pulling the legs forward. Then it creates a healthy appetite, which, by the way, the woman fighting obesity has to remember and provide against. No big luscious ice creams for her or cones or sodas or any food that makes bulk. Water drinking will satisfy her appetite, or if that is not quite sufficient, she may eat an apple or some other unsweetened fruit.

For the business girl during the warm weather, the morning dip is particularly recommended. The fresh air inhaled and the actual physical exercise provide energy enough to pull her through an otherwise fatiguing day.

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Children should be taught to swim. It teaches grace and poise. It gives confidence. The frail, sickly child may be made over into an attractive young lady via the swimming route. There have been instances of malformed bodies being righted and physical handicaps greatly improved in swimming pools. It is told of Annette Kellermann that during her childhood days she suffered frightful humiliation on account of weak and ill-formed legs, but swimming converted them into perfectly normal members of an exceedingly well formed body.

As a cure for obesity evidence aplenty has been presented me first hand. One woman of my acquaintance lost 25 pounds last summer and another sent 18 pounds avoirdupois down to Davy Jones' locker. Swimming is a tremendous oxygen consuming exercise, and consequently the fat burns up more quickly. The motions are particularly effective for waist-line reduction, giving health and tone to the vital organs. For the fat under the arms and on the back, a large bust and fat legs, the muscles involved in swimming movements are invaluable.

MELONS ARE WARM WEATHER CROPS BUT EASILY PRODUCED

Requirements of Various Members of Family Much the Same—Warm, Rich Soil and Thorough Cultivation Necessary.

BY SHEBA CHILDS HARGREAVES.

THE melon family figures largely in the garden, comprising as it does the various squashes, cucumbers, muskmelons and watermelons. The requirements of this group of vegetables are very much the same as to soil, time of planting and cultural directions. They are distinctly warm weather crops and should under no circumstances be planted before the ground warms up in the spring. Of course this would depend somewhat upon the season, but year in and year out it is safe to say that no planting should be done before the middle of May, and in cold, backward seasons it is just as well to wait until the first of June.

If an early start is desired with cucumbers or melons, some experienced gardeners plant seeds in dirt bands indoors, but it must be admitted that the amateur fails with this method as often as he succeeds. The seedlings will grow beautifully indoors, but it requires great skill to transfer them to the open without killing them outright or at any rate setting them back so that the seed sown in the open outstrips them. Of course the professional gardener who can make conditions exactly right and knows the psychological moment for setting in the open may be able to place his crop on the market two or three weeks earlier than where seed is sown in the open.

Experiment Costs Little.

If, however, the beginner wishes to make an experiment of this kind he has little to lose except a few seeds, and it is interesting to try these little tricks at home. It will not be necessary in his case to purchase the dirt bands—a few berry boxes will do as well. The soil should be just rich enough to produce a normal growth, for the plants should be stocky. Too much sand in the earth will cause it to fall apart when the box is opened to transfer the plants, thus exposing the roots and checking the growth. Plant five or six seeds in each box about three weeks or a month before corn planting time and set in the garden when the soil is well warmed up, taking care to cut the box away at the bottom and place the contents so that the roots are not disturbed. This method holds good for cucumbers or melons—squash is not worth the effort, as it does very well in the open.

The preparation of the seed bed is very important in the growing of these crops. If the soil is poor it is an advantage to dig a hole about two feet deep and fill in with the best soil it is possible to obtain. Well-rotted cow manure is the best fertilizer. A little nitrate of soda cautiously worked into the hills after the plants are well up greatly stimulates the growth. Be very careful not to overdo this matter, as too much will cook the vines. Fresh poultry manure is useful providing it does not touch the vines. It may be applied at any time through the season with good results.

Early Cultivation Urged.

In planting use plenty of seed—10 or 15 to the hill are not too many—for they may not all come up and if they do there are still bugs to be reckoned with. A good stand will be one-third of the seeds planted, but in case there are too many plants to the hill it is an easy matter to pull up all but three or four, leaving the largest ones.

Cultivation should begin as soon as the plants are well up, but if there is a tendency to bake, the soil may be very lightly loosened before they appear. The object here is to keep the soil moist by the natural conservation of moisture. To this end cultivation should be very frequent and on a slant is the best. The cucumbers hang through the meshes of the wire and thus grow straight and long. The flavor is excellent, and the fruit is slender with a small seed cavity, which are good points in judging a cucumber.

Cucumbers Need Water.

All cucumbers need plenty of water through the dry part of the season—they are likely to be bitter if there is a lack of moisture. In picking cucumbers be careful not to bruise the vines, and do not allow any to mature if the bearing season is to be prolonged. They should be gathered every third day at least.

Squashes are apt to take up more room than the city gardener can afford, but if space can be spared it is well worth while to raise a few for winter use, as it is difficult to obtain the fine new varieties on the market. Try sweet potato squash if the seed can be secured—they are the very last word in squashes, though the banana is a close second. The summer squashes are much admired by many people and cordially detested by others—there seems to be nothing halfway about it. The yellow bush crookneck takes but little room—two or three hills will furnish numbers of fine squashes all summer long. The crookneck has a superior flavor, though the white and yellow pattypans are good.

Then there are the gourds. I admit that they have no particular use, except for rattles for the baby, for nestegg or to slip in a stocking when darning, but a package of mixed gourds will delight the children—there is so much fun in watching to see what each one will be like. Gourds may be planted as a porch vine if a good shade is desired. Small squashes and pumpkins can be put to the same use.

Muskmelons Easily Grown.

Muskmelons can be grown in the city garden. The cultural directions are the same as for other members of the family; they require plenty of room and very rich soil, and in most instances will ripen well and be of most excellent flavor on account of being allowed to ripen on the vine. Those on the market are gathered before they are fully ripe. It is best to choose the small early ripening varieties, such as emerald gem or little nutmegs.

Watermelons may be grown on sandy river bottoms in this locality, but they do not amount to much in ordinary seasons in the soil which is commonly found in vegetable gardens. Melons should not be attempted unless there is plenty of room. There are so many other crops which are so much surer.

There is a common notion that planting squashes or melons close to cucumbers will cause mixing and spoil the flavor of everything but the cucumbers. Now it is claimed that this is not so, because the mixing would affect the seed and thus spoil next year's crop, and this is perfectly reasonable, but at the same time I do not plant them close together. It may be just imagination with me, but I believe the flavors are spoiled by close planting, scientific opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. At any rate, if such crops are planted together, it would not be safe to save the seed, for there would likely be some crossing.

UNCLE JOE CANNON UNKNOWN IN LEADING NEW YORK HOTEL

Distinguished Statesman Knows What He Wants and When He Doesn't Get It Attends to the Matter Himself.

THE OREGONIAN NEWS BUREAU, Washington, D. C., July 23.—Even up in New Yawk, where everybody from subway guards to Wall street wolves are supposed to look with some contempt on statesmen down in Washington, it does make a difference, when the test comes, just who a man happens to be and the position he holds.

Uncle Joe Cannon went up into the wilds of New England over the Fourth of July and coming back to Washington for duty with congress he stopped over in the world's greatest city for a few hours. His daughter was with him and they put up at the leading hostelry of the hour, where everything is up to the second and where they charge with all the abandon of the income tax collector.

The morning after their arrival they went down to breakfast in one of the grills and while Mr. Cannon eyed more or less hungrily with his bacon and eggs and coffee and toast, or his small steak, his daughter decided she would go out and make a purchase nearby which she wanted to make before they left for Washington. She left her father smiling serenely at the world, reading the news and enjoying in contemplation the breakfast he had ordered.

Fifteen or 20 minutes later she came back to the spot and there was nobody there. Uncle Joe had vanished completely from the scene. She was alarmed and made inquiries. This is what happened:

Uncle Joe noticed that there was a continuous breeze blowing on the nape of his neck. It came from a fan almost directly above his head. Mr. Cannon called a waiter, told him he didn't like the fan's attentions and asked him to shut it off. The waiter said he couldn't do it. Uncle Joe thought that over for a few minutes and then got up and shut the fan off himself.

The waiter was dumfounded. Nobody in New Yawk had ever done that before to his knowledge. He called the captain. The captain was told about the trouble. Uncle Joe said he turned it off because he didn't want the cold air on his neck. The captain was dumfounded almost as much as the waiter. He wanted to turn the fan on again.

"Oh, go to Danville," said Uncle Joe.

But instead of taking a trip to that pleasant Illinois city the captain called the head waiter, who is quite a dignitary and never takes less than a dollar tip. The head waiter looked his grandest. He was plainly insulted. Mr. Cannon patiently explained again and the head waiter impatiently wanted the fan started.

"Oh, go to Peoria," said Mr. Cannon, naming another popular Illinois summer resort.

By this time things began to look bad and Uncle Joe had refused to tip anybody. Somebody demanded a tip and nay vote and the vice-president gave the usual directions to the official who calls the senators' names. When the rollcall was completed the caller reported and under the senate rules the "names of the absentees" had to be called so they could go in the Congressional Record which nobody reads. The clerk reminded the vice-president that this was the order of the minute.

"The clerk will call the roll of the supernumeraries," said Mr. Coolidge. Senators in the chamber laughed, but now everyone is wondering just what he meant. The public printer, who is not allower to have a sense of humor, didn't put it in the Record that way, so the senators who were absent are safe for the present.

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When Mr. Harding's brother editors went over to give him a chair the other day there were several in the crowd Mr. Harding knew, but there was one who had worked for him.

"Hello, Arthur," said the president to one of the group. They shook hands. It was Arthur Porter, who went to Marion back in 1896 to draw cartoons and do art work on the Marion Star, which the president owns. Mr. Porter said he was living in New York at the time, but he heard Mr. Harding wanted a cartoonist and he got the job although Marion looked a long way west of Broadway. Mr. Harding at the time was having some opposition and he thought the Star would be improved with a cartoon and pictures. According to Porter the present president used to go out himself and get pictures of persons about to be married and often he would come into the Star office with an armful of photographs.

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One of the greatest volunteer publicity men who ever put out a hot piece of news about a statesman is now without a job.

He is Gus J. Karger, long the Washington correspondent of a Cincinati newspaper and close personal friend of William H. Taft, our very newest chief justice of the supreme court.

Ever since Mr. Taft became secretary of war many years ago Gus has played a most important if unobtrusive part in his political fortunes. When a Washington correspondent was in a terrible hurry to find out what Mr. Taft thought, if he couldn't reach him at that particular instant and somewhere west of Suez an edition was about to go to press he probably would take a chance on what Gus thought Mr. Taft would think. And it wasn't one time in a couple of million that Gus was wrong.

Lots of students of political history think T. R. made Mr. Taft president, or rather gave him the nomination which led to the presidency, because he had picked him out as the very best man in sight. Maybe that was the reason, but don't overlook the fact that Gus had been on the job a long time giving the world the impression that Mr. Taft was the very best man in or around Washington to succeed Mr. Roosevelt in the White House.

If Gus had only been given a larger field in the campaign of 1921 Mr. Taft might have made a better showing. But, as he says himself, he had a lot to do with the eastern states and Mr. Taft carried Vermont. What more could anybody ask than that?

But now Mr. Taft has gone on the supreme court bench. There isn't any news to print about him any more, except when he talks on decision days or something of that kind. Supreme court justices as a rule don't make speeches; they don't give interviews; they keep quiet and saw a lot of wood. But a skillful publicity man like Gus can get much printed about such things.

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Along with a few other of the old friendly customs that didn't find favor in the Wilson administration, President Harding has revived that of giving to the world which visits the executive offices each day the list of the callers of that day. That is, the list is made public—put up where anybody can see it. In much of the Wilson administration there could be no callers and when there were they frequently went to the White House proper and there visits were more or less quiet.

Since Mr. Harding went into office there has been a colony of movie men and photographers camped at the entrance to the executive offices, so that no guilty man or woman who has the courage to face a camera and let the world know he or she is calling on the chief executive need go away disappointed.

But like anything else the photographers get tired of pictures of ordinary senators and members of the house, bankers and railroad presidents and that sort of people. So someone connected with the White House office force decided to rig up a little scheme on them. They framed up a list of names for one morning and had it posted bright and early, so that the first man to get on the job was lifted clean out of his boredom. Here is something of the list:

10—Tex Rickard.
10:15—Clara Kimball Young.
10:30 Senator Lodge and Representative Blanton in a wrestle.
10:45—Admiral Sims and ex-Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels.
1:30—Boys' Reform school.

The idea of this distinguished gathering was too much for the early arrivals among the photographers. They dreamed of a posed picture of the dignified Lodge arm in arm with Mr. Blanton, the terror of the house, or of a motion picture of Admiral Sims and Mr. Daniels playing Alphonse and Gaston at the door. They telephoned their offices frantically for help and cameramen began to arrive in droves, and there was as much excitement as if Laddy Boy had choked on a bone.

Then somebody told them the truth. It was a sad-looking bunch the rest of that day.

DRIVE ON FOR MEMORIAL

(Continued From First Page.)

ruary to April, 1914, Pierre Monteux organized the Society of Popular Concerts at the Casino, but far from being what we recognize as "popular" in this country the programmes were devoted largely to modern music of France and foreign countries—M. Monteux having produced under these auspices Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" and "Sacre du Printemps." Monteux gave a concert at the Salle Gaveau May 31, when Paris did full honor to its favorite, who had not been heard there since the war.

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We get echoes of Mengelberg from Madrid and from Rome. There, as in this country, the illustrious Dutch conductor showed both his skill and his predilection for Teutonic music. In Rome his first programme consisted of numbers by Beethoven, Wagner and Strauss and for the second concert the first symphony of Mahler was announced. Mengelberg won his laurels in America in music of this school and inasmuch as he is to be largely identified with the orchestral concerts of next season it is to be hoped that he will show a more catholic side.

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Toscanini, too, has returned to his home after a brilliant tour in this country. Before leaving these shores he was most emphatic in his expression of gratitude to Loudon Charlton and to Harry Cyphers for their work in making the colossal undertaking such a success. In Milan Toscanini, who is making great plans for the reopening of La Scala, gave a series of three orchestral concerts, his third programme consisting of "Don Quixotte" (Richard Strauss), "Signor Bruschino" (Rossini), "Nocturne" and "Scherzo" from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Nocturne and Novelette" (Martucci), and Beethoven's seventh symphony.

BOOKS

By Joseph Macqueen.

The Storm's Gift, by Dr. C. E. Linton. Interstate Binding, Vancouver, Wash.

Dr. Linton of Alsea, Or., who lives in a picturesque part of the Yachats country, has a wonderful imagination and it has been well worked out in constructing this novel of marine wonders, pioneer life in southern Oregon, almost unbelievable adventures on an island in the south Pacific ocean, and a real, old-fashioned duel in which both combatants are shot.

The plot is daring and well planned, and the interest in the story is so well sustained that the reader's attention is held from first to last. "The Storm's Gift" is one of the most enterprising of Oregon novels.

In his introduction the author says: "So much of the book is a true history of pioneer times that the reviewers of the manuscript claim for it a place among the historical records of Oregon. * As many of the characters are still living, it was necessary to use fictitious names. However, numbers of Oregon pioneers will recognize the characters under the assumed names. The south sea island spoken of in this book has been visited by the author, where many evidences of the Clarke colony still remain."

The novel opens with a storm on sea and land. Three guns for aid at sea are heard by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Clarke and other settlers in the Alsea country, and especially by Hugh Clarke, hero, then 7 years old. Through lightning flashes the Clarke family see a three-master, probably a whaler, a wreck, and beginning to found on the beach. Hugh sees a sailor, with a child clasped in his arms, washed ashore. When the sailor is resuscitated he says he is Joseph De Somer, of the whaler Grace and Dell, and that the baby girl was given him by Eskimos, who in turn had found the child and her dead mother (p. 24) in a wreck.

From papers in a walrus skin about the sailor's neck it appears that the dead mother was Jessie Fuguay, and the baby Charlotte or Lottie. The sailor and baby are cared for by the Clarke family. He tells them of an island he and the other members of the crew had reached in the whale ship—an island in the south Pacific ocean, an island rich in coal, copper and fruit. Having told this, the sailor dies.

Lottie and Hugh grow up together, and as children they are sweethearts.

Jonas Alden, a government Indian agent, on his way to inspect an Indian tribe located at the mouth of the Yachats, meets the Clarke family, and learns of the romance of Lottie Fuguay, washed ashore from the wrecked whaler. Alden knows the child's father and says he is Mr. Fuguay, a French diplomat at Washington, D. C. Alden's story is that the Fuguay family on their way from France to America were shipwrecked and were blown far south in a storm. The husband, separated in the storm from his wife and baby, was picked up by a merchant vessel and landed in New York city.

It was supposed that Mrs. Fuguay and baby were picked up by a whaler, which was afterwards wrecked on the Aleutian islands. Alden takes Lottie to her father, who is a wealthy man, in Washington, D. C.

Hugh finds money and precious stones buried in the house of a dead miser—near the Clarke home—and the money amounts to $138,300. A convenient storm brings the wrecked whaler under the lee of the rocky headline of the Yaquina John point, and by the law of salvage Clarke and his friend Williams claim the wreck. The two men decide to use the timbers of the wreck in the building of a new ship, with which to proceed to the island paradise spoken of by Lottie's sailor. This is done.

The new ship is named the Grace and Dell, and the Williams-Clarke crowd sail June 6, 1872, for the mysterious island, which of course is easily found. Hugh there discovers in a cave a demented woman who wears gold trinkets about her neck and on a locket was inscribed the message "Jules Fuguay to his wife, December 25, 1859."

In this manner was disclosed Lottie Fuguay's mother. The adventurers find gold and precious stones upon the island to the value of more than $500,000 and transport their riches to their ship. Under Mrs. Clarke's kind care, Mrs. Fuguay recovers her reason. The whole party return to the United States.

Miss Fuguay is now a society beauty in Washington, D. C., and one of her lovers is Captain Roy Gilbert. Lottie previously had gone to Alsea to find the Clarkes, only to be told they had gone on a sea voyage. Lottie is faithful to her youthful sweetheart, Hugh Clarke.

When Captain Gilbert and Hugh meet they fight a duel with pistols.

More adventures follow. Dr. Linton is good to his characters in this novel. He makes all of them rich men and women.

Back to Methuselah, by Bernard Shaw. Brentano's, New York city.

Here we have an unusually interesting, notable and amusing book. It is in paper cover, and its sub-title is "A Metabiological Pentateuch." The pages are 491.

The contents up to page 101 consist of 50 essays on a variety of subjects, such as "Creative Evolution," "Heredity an Old Story," "The Brink of the Bottomless Pit," "Why Darwin Converted the Crowd," and others. Within the space of 300 pages we are treated to these five plays, presented in true Bernard Shaw style. "In the Beginning, a garden of Eden episode, "The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas," "The Thing Happens," "Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman," and "As Far as Thought Can Reach."

So far as can be detected the play "Back to Methuselah" is not within the covers of this publication.

Two Plays, Stewart, Kidd Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil," by Stuart Walker, is an ambitious, excellent play which runs to 54 pages. It calls for 11 people and has an old-world plot, two of the principal characters being a queen and a headsman. It was played with significant success in New York city July 14, 1915, and had public performances afterward in Boston in 1916 and New York city in 1916.

"Sweet and Twenty," by Floyd Dell, is a comedy in one act and calls for four performers. It is a most amusing modern love story.

Two Plays. J. R. Hellener & Co., Atchison, Kansas.

"A Deal in Ducks," by Guy L. Clements, is a play in three acts, portrays a newspaper office during the period of the recent world war, and employs six people.

"Trying Them Out," by Lillian Stoll, is a comedy in one act, employs six people, and describes the fun created by the hiring of a stenographer.

Eight Plays. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

"The Ladies Strike," by Helen Sherman Griffith, 22 pages. An amusing play for girls, and told in one act.

"Golden Hope," by Gladys Ruth Bridgham, 41 pages, a play for girls, and told in two acts.

"The Seashell," by Fullerton L. Waldo, a comedy in one act, 19 pages.

"Behind the Rain Curtain," by Edith Burrows, a bright play for children, and told in 16 pages.

"Carrying Out a Theory," by Willard Spenser, a comedy in one act, and in 12 pages.

"Our Motherland," by Edith Burrows, a patriotic pageant play and told in eight episodes, 33 pages.

"His City Girl," by Ward Macauley, a comedy in one act, and told in 27 pages.

"Is Your Name Smith?" by Edith K. Dunton, a comedy in one act, and running to 33 pages.

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Bernard Shaw, author of a new book of essays and plays.

Sketches of Butte, by George Wesley Davis. Illustrated. The Cornhill Co., Boston.

"From Vigilante days to Prohibition," is the sub-title of this book of 179 pages, and the phrase fittingly describes the contents.

The chapters are 19 and each one contains a separate sketch dealing with life, scenes and people in Butte, Mont., particularly the wild, frontier Butte that is now no more. The style of writing is bold, graphic and well done.

The most thrilling chapters are those on "Vigilante Days," "'Dope' Colony," "From Virginia City to Butte," "Extremes in Society," "The Hanging of Frank Little." These memorials of a picturesque past age in old Butte have a thrill for modern readers of 1921 who know the city only by hearsay.

Five Plays, The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

These five favorite plays are for children, in one scene, and three, four and six scenes respectively. "The Three Bears," "Red Riding Hood," "Bluebeard," "Cinderella" and "Beauty and the Beast." The author of these charming plays is Caroline Wasson Thomason, and the plays are arranged to be presented either in the English or French languages.

The Dark Geraldine, by John Ferguson. John Lane Co., New York city.

There are all the entertainment, excitement and mystery one can reasonably expect in a novel like this. It is a series of surprises and who-would-have-thought-its. A treasure hunt is featured, and also new secret society called the Dark Geraldine.

THE LITERARY PERISCOPE

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

THE WHITMAN revival is a real, real thing. The "good, gray poet" is to be put into a novel. Grant Overton, the man who wrote "The Women Who Write Our Novels," has invaded Whitman's private life and made it the basis for a new story. The Whitman incidents selected would seem to promise a very essential book, but those who have read the text say that Mr. Sumner will have no cause for action.

* * *

The Bookman office offers a monthly prize for the best answers to a series of literary questions. The prizes are books, of course. Here is one set of questions:

1. What was the charade in which Becky Sharp scored such a success at Gaunt house?
2. Name three members of the famous Brook farm community who later became famous.
3. What modern English poetate had three sons, all of whom distinguished themselves in literature?
4. In which of Macaulay's essays is his famous reference to the New Zealander on London bridge?
5. What modern poem, widely quoted during the war, has the refrain, "Play up! play up! and play the game!"?
6. Who drew the famous cartoon in Punch, "Dropping the Pilot," and what occasioned it?
7. Name a writer who wrote excellent modern fables before George Ade.
8. Where is the following masterly definition of good society to be found?

"'My ideas of good company is the company of clever, well-informed people who have a great deal of conversation; that is what I call good company.'

"'You are mistaken,' said he gently, 'that is not good company—that is the best.'"

I wonder what Mr. Edison's score would be?

* * *

Katherine Haviland Taylor says she has found a desert island right in the heart of Philadelphia. Well, well, we hadn't heard it was that bad. The way of it was this: Miss Taylor, seeking for a place in which to complete her new book, "The Second Mrs. Clay," went apartment hunting in the strange city and, finding two limousines out in front of a certain house, in which was a vacant apartment, she trusted to the location being all right. But you can't tell by limousines any more. One of these belonged to a broker—of old rags and paper; the other to a merchant—Italian and purveyor of peanuts. The locality is known as "Hell's half acre." But Miss Taylor is staying on. "I am not bothered by social obligations," she says, "and I have lots of time for work. We're never bored. Shooting privileges go with every lease and my vocabulary is enlarging all the time."

* * *

The critics are complaining that Bernard Shaw's new book is too long. But good gracious! a book that takes you from the Garden of Eden to the year 31,920 A. D., with a Shaw preface couldn't be expected to be short, could it? The theme of "Back to Methuselah" is the need for the prolongation of human life from the pitiful three-score-years-and-ten to a respectable three centuries, so that we can have time to grow wise and good enough to deal intelligently with the immensely complicated problems of civilization. Mr. Shaw is probably counting on his interested readers, therefore, beginning to take a more leisurely view of literature than the prevailing quick-lunch attitude of mind. With 300 years before you, you could afford time to toy with Mr. Shaw's ideas. And this latest fantasticalness does make one admit that wisdom seems in our brief human span to perish untimely in its infancy, or at latest in its early teething stage.

* * *

Interestingly enough, in partial support of Shaw's thesis for longevity, we come next upon a book by Dr. John H. Huber, "Why Die So Young?" Dr. Huber says: "The simple truth is that, as a whole, we Americans are the most extravagant lot on the planet and in nothing more so than as to our flesh and blood resources. It is precisely as if many thousands of our people were falling blindly over a dreadful precipice, at the bottom of which are the best-equipped ambulances in the world to take them off to the most magnificent and best-surgeoned hospitals in the world, after they have been hurt." So maybe we could live 300 years if we wanted to. The next question is, "Do we want to? And, finally, brethren, I would ask our Pollyannas and our Just Davids, "If not, why not?"

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And then we pick up an old Atlantic of the year 1916, when G. B. S. was not enjoying great popularity at home nor, in some quarters, abroad, because of his failure to react with the crowd. There I read one of those hopeful prophecies as to the wholly new heaven and earth which was to come out of the present hell; of the rebirth of humanity and the enormous spiritual changes that had been wrought by the war. "As a small instance, B. Shaw's plays" (not G. B. Shaw or Bernard Shaw, you will notice, but just B. Shaw, as though the writer could spare only the barest initial for such rubbish) "that claimed to be the intellectual novelties of their day, are dead; Bergson spoke of them in London the other day as no longer readable, as of 'une mode demodee, une, affectation passee.' Certainly they would bore every one now and it is difficult to trace in what their interest ever lay, so tedious they are become." How inconsiderate! Doesn't he know that he is dead—that M. Bergson hasn't been able to read him for five years?

* * *

This is the way one bookstore diagnoses the matter:

Ornate dowager,
lorgnette flashing,
taking young book clerk aside
to ask him:
I want something,
something—tra-la-la-
something that will entertain
and thrill me
to read at night
just before I go to bed.
They say "——" is good.
What kind of a book is it?
What? You say it's THAT kind of a book?
No, of course I don't want it!
Besides I was only asking for a friend.

(Ten minutes later in another bookstore.)
Have you got "——"?
Two dollars? Too much!
Oh, well (sigh), I must have it.
Wrap it up!

This may be one of the causes that removes the roses from the young librarian's cheeks and furrows the brow of the book salesman.

* * *

Any of our statesmen who have read "The Mirrors of Downing Street," by A Gentleman with a Duster, must be feeling rather nervous just about now. For they say we are to have this fall "The Mirrors of Washington" in which certain of our prominent Americans are to be "shown up" after the English pattern. It is being writen by an American who knows personally the men who are unconsciously sitting to him for their portraits, but the author's name will be kept a dead secret. Among others we are to be shown Lansing, Harvey, Penrose, Pershing, Knox, Borah, Lodge, Hoover, Hughes, Johnson, House, Baruch, Wilson and Harding. The concealment of the writer's name, you will see, is necessitated by the desire to limit to the gravest the probability of being dead.

* * *

It must be a great comfort to the New York police department to read Honore' Willsie's novel, "The Enchanted Canyon." There is a policeman in that story who is neither a villain nor a fool, and whose honorable part it is to rescue the boy-hero from the grip of the underworld. Mrs. Willsie spent some time under Police Commissioner Wood, observing the "welfare" activities of the force and found an interesting though little-talked-of work going on. She has written a pamphlet on "Your Friend, the Policeman"; and ex-Commissioner Wood's own book is one of the most interesting accounts of modern police work.

Paper-Covered Books Popular.

New York Evening Post.

When Mrs. Atherton's new novel "Sisters-in-law," was issued in two bindings, paper and cloth, some months ago, the publishers declared that they wished to test the possibilities of the paper-covered book in this country. It is often argued that the practice of Continental Europe in this respect results in making books cheap, and people have asked why American and English publishers do not follow the example of their European colleagues. Now Mrs. Atherton's publishers have reported on their experiment in the Publishers' Weekly. In all their advertisements they mentioned the existence of the two styles of binding, but, after five months, they find that "the proportion of sales is one copy of the paper to 54 copies of the cloth." The demand for the paper-bound edition came chiefly from the eastern cities particularly New York. "Nearly one-third of the sales were made in one book department which took a special interest in the paper-covered edition." The conclusion is that "the booksellers flatly do not want paper-covered novels and that the novel-reading public does not want them enough to demand them, even when they have been announced and discussed as widely as in this case."

In the case of this book of Mrs. Atherton's the difference between the prices of the two editions was 50 cents, representing an increase of one-third for the cloth binding. In France, however, the extra saving on paper-bound books is considerably more. In the advertisement of a Paris firm issuing novels in the two styles of binding the additional cost of cloth binding is some 60 per cent. Obviously, here the incentive to buy paper-covered books is powerful, apart altogether from the influence of habit and custom.