SECTION TWO

Oregon Daily Journal

WITH HER OWN WINGS SHE FLIES — THE UNION

SIX PAGES

PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 22, 1914.

NEW BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

"OUR MANY-SIDED NAVY," by Robert W. Neeser.—Though a consideration of Mr. Neeser's work may be particularly apropos at this time, the volume was off the press before the present European struggle was thought possible.

"The vital need of the navy of the United States," writes Mr. Neeser, "is to have the people of the United States know more about it, and care more about it. It is one thing to have the navy popular. But when that popularity is accompanied by a total ignorance of and indifference to, the nature and meaning of the service, it is a doubtful advantage, calculated to do harm rather than good. Let the people understand that the navy is a most serious institution, the service an earnest business, and the uniform not merely brass buttons and gold lace; that upon its efficiency and well being depends our national safety; that it was a navy (the French) which made sure our independence, and our navy which, in the War of 1812, preserved this independence, and again, in the Civil War, saved us from dismemberment—for, without the blockade, we should never have overcome the south. Let the American people fully appreciate these reasons and their navy's sense of honor and efficiency, which have made it the greatest institution this country possesses, and then let popularity follow in the navy's wake."

Therefore, to the end that a reading of his book may put an edge on the American's interest in his fighting machine of the sea, Mr. Neeser has made his work "a statement of facts."

One not particularly "up" on the navy probably does in fact fail to realize what "busy" navy we have, even in time of peace, for of its activities in such time is Mr. Neeser's new book, for the most part, concerned.

The work deals with organization of the fighting force as a whole, of the individual ship and of the enlisted force.

Pay and allowances, mess, drills, target practice, and a thousand and one details in the maintenance of the splendid organization, are reviewed.

An eppendix gives the organization and distribution of the navy complete to February 1, 1914, and the weekly routine on shipboard. Replete with illustrations and attractively bound.

Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut. Price, $2.50 net, delivered.

"The Wine Press: A Tale of War," by Alfred Noyes.—Though written before there was a tangible thing on which to base the terrific European struggle now in progress, all that Alfred Noyes wrote in "The Wine Press" of war in the Balkans, and very much more, is now coming to pass.

"The Wine Press" is poetry of the horrors of war; of war in the bloody trenches and without patriotism; of carnage for an unknown cause.

"They say that war's a noble thing!
They say it's good to die,
For causes none can understand!
They say it's for the Fatherland!
They say it's for the Flag, the King,
And none must question why!"

Johann, a young Servian, is the "hero" of "The Wine Press," and before the war,

With brown arms folded, by his hut, Johann,
The young woodcutter, waited. A bell tolled,
The sunset fires along the mountain ran,
The bucket at the well dripped a thin gold,
He saw the peaks like clouds of lilac bloom
Above him, then the pine woods, fold on fold,

Around him, slowly filled with deep blue gloom.
"Sleep, Dodi, sleep," he heard his young wife say,
Hushing their child behind him in the room.

With terrific realism Noyes tells of the hells of battle, and then Johann, after serving through one war and part of another, returns to his native valley, where he had left his wife and babe. But the enemy had been there, and—

The embers of his hut still burned;
And, in the deep blue gloom,
His bursting eyeballs yet could see
A white shape under the apple tree,
A naked body dabbled with red,
Like a drift of apple bloom.

She lay like a broken sacrament
That the dogs have defiled,
"Sonia! Sonia! Speak to me!"
He babbled like a child. * * *

She bore the stigmata of sins
That devil nor man may tell;
For O, good taste, good taste, good taste,
Constrains and serves us well;
And the censored truth that dies on earth
Is the crown of the lords of hell.

Mr. Noyes' poem, in whole, is particularly striking in view of recent developments.

Frederick A. Stokes company, New York. Price, 60 cents.

"Traffic in Souls," by Eustace Hall Ball.—This is a novel based upon the widely discussed motion picture production of the same name. The story tells of the fight of one conscientious police officer to thwart the machinations of an organized gang of traffickers.

G. W. Dillingham company, New York. Price, 50 cents net.

"A Guide to the Chassevant Method of Musical Education," by Mariona P. Gibb.—A handbook of a method of teaching music, especialy to young children, that has much in common with Dr. Montessori's method in general education, and that is said to get satisfactory results. Illustrated by drawings and diagrams.

Frederick A. Stokes company, New York. Price, $1.00, net.

"Europe From a Motor Car," by Russell Richardson.—There is a "local end" (as the newspaper men say) in this work, in that the author is a brother of Rev. Leslie Kirk Richardson, 948 Tibbett street, Portland, pastor of the Kenilworth Presbyterian church, who is in possession of an autograph copy of the book.

In his introduction Mr. Richardson explains that his work is not intended to supplement the thousands of guide books about Europe. Long, technical descriptions have been avoided. An endeavor has been made, rather, to give personal impressions of the old world from a motor car.

It is an account of the wanderings of a 40 horsepower car over the superb roads of the Tyrol, the frightfully difficult mountain passes of the Stelvio and Petit St. Bernard, by the lovely Italian lakes, across the snow covered Alps into valleys which contain quaint villages, chateaux of keen historic interest, or wonderful old cathedrals.

The journey consisted of 4000 miles of travel through five countries, and was accomplished without an accident. Bullfights are described as witnessed; there are visits to many interesting places, among others to the celebrated resorts and watering places, Carisbad and Biarritz; conversations are held with soldiers and peasants along the way.

Mr. Richardson's comments upon European conditions and affairs are those of an active American. National issues are discussed; interesting conclusions are drawn; but the average reader will turn to him for exquisite glimpses of the out-of-doors—for his descriptions, among other places, of the chateaux country and of that part of the Loire valley connected with Jeanne d'Arc. The beauties of Germany and Switzerland, Italy and France, are extolled as the auto continues its way.

The illustrations are artistically reproduced photographs of the more interesting of the places visited. A map prepared by the author, showing the trip and the return journey, is included, and the closing chapter covers "Suggestions and Expenses."

Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Price, $1.50 net.

"The Eyes of the World," by Harold Bell Wright.—If there is a fault as a story with this widely advertised book of the season, it is the melodramatic incident that Mr. Wright has projected to get around a situation evolved as a natural sequence, and in charming manner. The California mountain atmosphere, made so real by Mr. Wright, blows away but for a moment while "villain" and "hero" come to a physical encounter on a precipice in the fastnesses, and the "hero" is saved only when an escaped convict shoots him from ambush. And the "girl," as is meet in any such well regulated situation, has been held a prisoner the while.

But this little jaunt into the realms of the "thriller" by no means destroys the agreeable whole of "The Eyes of the World."

Mr. Wright's "color" was never better than when he painted the mountains in his new tale.

"The mountains," muses a character, "are not seen by those who would visit them with a rattle and clatter and rush and roar—as one would visit the cities of men. They are to be seen only by those who have the grace to go quietly; who have the understanding to go thoughtfully; the heart to go lovingly; and the spirit to go worshipfully. They are to be approached, not in the manner of one going to a horse race, or a circus, but in the mood of one about to enter a great cathedral; or, indeed, of one seeking admittance to the very throne-room of God. When going to the mountains, one should take time to feel them drawing near. They are never intimate with those who hurry. Mere sightseers seldom see much of anything. If possible,"—insisted the speaker, smiling gravely upon his companion—"one should always spend at least a full day in the approach. Before entering the immediate presence of the hills, one should first view them from a distance, seeing them from base to peak—in the glory of the days' beginning, as they watch the world awake; in the majesty of full moon, as they maintain their calm above the turmoil of the day's doing; and in the glory of the sun's departure, as it lights last their crests and peaks. And then, after such a day, one should sleep one night at their feet."

The purpose of the story—for the author writes for a purpose—is an arraignment of the dissipation of genius in writing and painting—a body blow to the "scavenger" fiction which has spattered the market like garbage spilled from a passing wagon. Conrad Lagrange, the literary genius of "The Eyes of the World," expresses the sentiment:

"Working! Me? I don't work anywhere! I am a literary scavenger. I haunt the intellectual slaughter pens, and live by the putrid offal that self-respecting writers reject. I glean the stinking materials for my stories from the sewers and cesspools of life. For the dollars they pay, I furnish my readers with those thrills that public decency forbids them to experience at first hand. I am a procurer for the purposes of mental prostitution. My books breed moral pestilence and spiritual disease. The unholy filth I write fouls the minds and pollutes the imaginations of my readers. I am an instigator of degrading immorality and unmentionable crimes. Work! No, young man, I don't work. Just now, I'm doing penance in this damned town. My rotten imaginings have proved too much—even for me—and the doctors sent me west to recuperate."

Sibly Andres, the "girl," is probably Mr. Wright's sweetest character.

It is a splendid story, well warranting the sale of half a million copies before publication, as the publishers assure was the case.

The Book Supply company, Chicago, Ill. Price, $1.35 net.

"Me and the Dog," by Jo Anderson.—This is a little paper-covered conceit, with a sure-enough chain anchoring a printed dog in a printed kennel on the front. Within are a series of verses and caricatured photograph heads of Mr. Anderson, who is a job printer down in Sacramento, and being a job printer, he is O. K., as any one who ever "kicked" a Gordon will testify. Anyway, "Me and the Dog" vouches for Mr. Anderson's artistic inclinations and abilities.

Printed by Jo Anderson, Sacramento, Cal. Price, 50 cents.

"The Price of Love," by Arnold Bennett.—The scene of this new Bennett novel is Bursley—one of the Five Towns. In the house of Mrs. Maldron, a well-to-do widow, young Rachel Fleckring lives as lady-companion. Louis and Julian, Mrs. Maldron's two nephews, are at dinner the night when she discovers the loss of a large sum of money. On the death of their aunt, the property is divided between the two men, and Rachel marries Louis. Their happiness is threatened by suspicion, remorse and selfishness. The mystery of the theft is solved, but at a high cost. Mr. Bennett has made his characters reflect the intense interest he takes in life, and has embodied in his heroine youth, with its charm, its intolerance, its need of loving.

Harper & Bros., New York. rPice, $1.35 net.

Alfred Noyes, whose poem acclaiming Great Britain's proclamation of war, has just appeared in the English papers, has not deserted his stand as a peace advocate, as expressed in "The Wine Press," and his recent speeches in this country. "Drake" and much of his finest work voices the stern joy of fighting when principles are at stake. In this case he believes that the hope of future and permanent peace hinges on whether liberal and pacific statesmanship or German militarism gain the upper hand in Europe.

* * *

Edna Ferber has just reached New York after an exciting passage on the German liner George Washington. The excitement was well enough, says Miss Ferber, but she much prefers being in this country to capture by an English or German cruiser.

* * *

Gelett Burgess was on his wedding trip in France when last heard from. "Burgess Unabridged" will be published in September, whether he joins the French army or not.

* * *

The poll conducted by an English journal to discover who takes precedence among the living novelists places George Moore, author of "Hail and Farewell," on a par with Arnold Bennett, and gives him priority over Barry and Kipling.

* * *

A new play by Rabindranath Tagore entitled "The King of the Dark Chamber" is announced for publication in September. This, according to a writer in Drama, is "the most essentially representative and the most perfect expression" of Tagore's genius. It is described by this same critic as a "synthetic vision of the realization of life."

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Among immediately forthcoming dramatic publications are Edward Sheldon's "Romance," and a new edition of Israel Zangwill's "The Melting Pot."

* * *

Wilhelm Lamszus, whose book, "The Human Slaughter-House," describing the horror and futility of modern war, gained him the censure of the German authorities and the thanks of the Universal Peace Congress, may now be experiencing what he described, as all able-bodied Germans have been called to the colors.

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The friends of Frank Norris, as a memorial to him, will place a marble chair in the Greek theatre at Berkeley. It is being carved in Italy from a beautiful old Roman original.

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A third printing has been ordered of ex-President Taft's book, published last winter, "Popular Government, Its Essence, Its Permanence, and Its Perils."

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The Bobbs-Merrill company will try the experiment this fall of publishing several new novels of ordinary length in cloth binding at 50 cents each. The authors are Harold MacGrath, I. A. R. Wylie, Frederic S. Isham, Edgar Jepson and George Randolph Chester.

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Irvin S. Cobb and Samuel Blythe are in Europe, "taking in" the war.

* * *

Mrs. Mary Austin, who is spending the summer upon the California coast, is at work on a group of short stories which will embody in adequate disguise the personal experiences of people who gave her some of the data upon which she based the arguments and conclusions of "Love and the Soul Maker."

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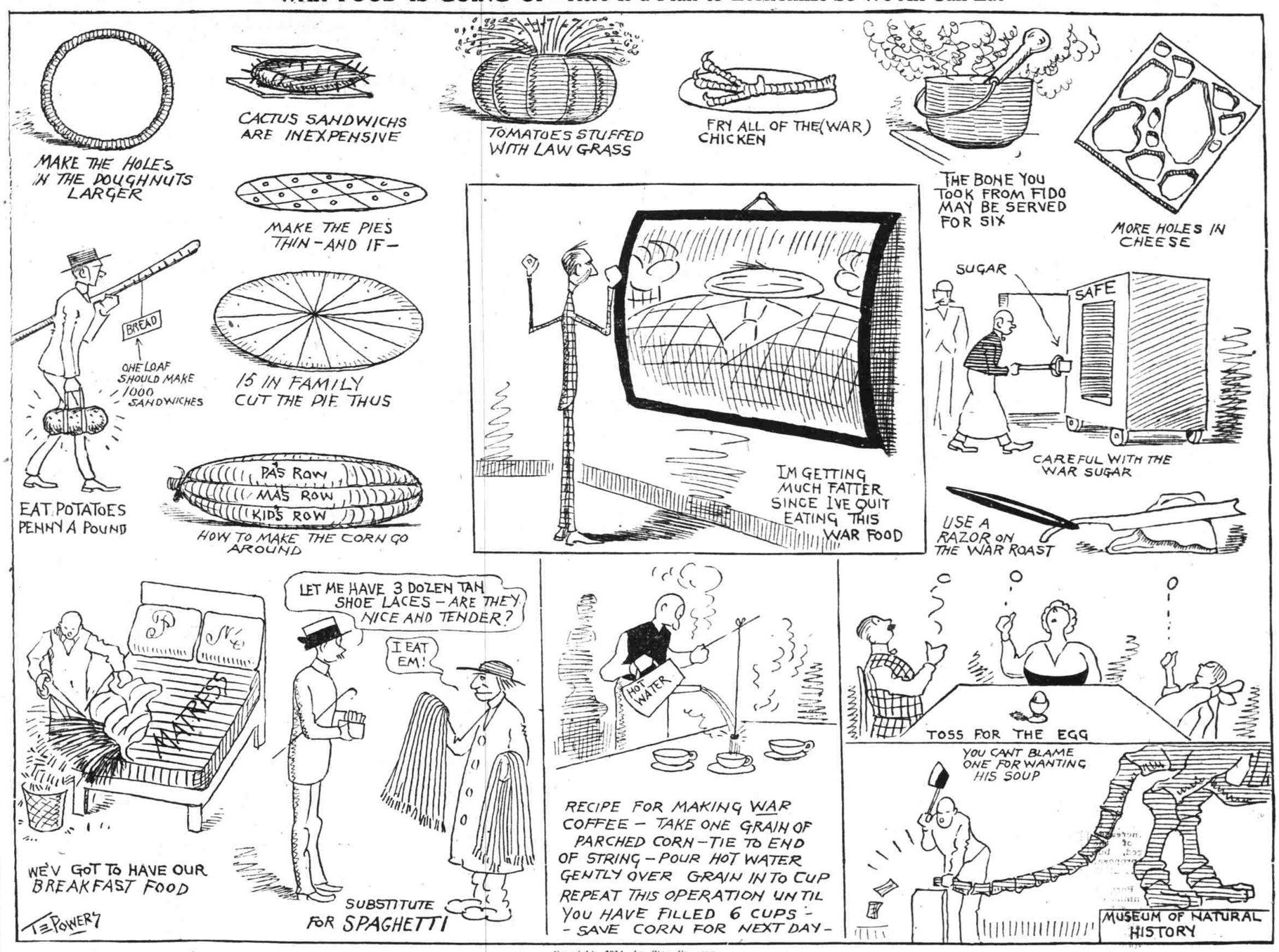
William J. Locke, who has recently endeavored to spend some time in Venice, says that it is a pandemonium of a place, with its maddening bells, yelling populace, echoing alleys, and squalling singers.

* * *

Frank Harris accuses George Bernard Shaw of plagiarism in the play, "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," recently published in this country. The accusation is made in Mr. Harris' preface to his "Shakespeare and His Love," of which a small edition has just been put on the American market.

WAR FOOD IS GOING UP—Here Is a Plan to Economize So We All Can Eat



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NEWS FROM THE STATE CAPITAL

Salem, Or., Aug. 22.—The state game and fish commission is one of the defendants named in the suit of A. E. Struck and others against the Gold Drift Mining company, in which the defendants are asked to show cause why the property of the Gold Drift Mining company, located on the Rogue river, should not be sold. The company has been in the hands of a receiver and the state received certificates from the receiver for the repair of a fishway which was inadequate, the result being that the state is named as a defendant in the citation.

Labor Commissioner O. P. Hoff has been advised by the attorney general that neither the state nor the commissioner is liable for the loss of a horse which died when a deputy commissioner was driving it, provided it was through no fault of the driver, as claimed by the deputy.

The recent warm weather produced an unusual complaint to the railroad commission, in which an aggrieved passenger asserts that nearly every occupant of a certain day coach pulled off his shoes and that the result was far from being pleasant. He asks the railroad commission to issue an order requiring passengers to keep their shoes on while traveling.

The Sumpter Valley Railway company's petition to have the railroad commission suspend the operation of the fencing law along certain sections of its right-of-way has been granted.

The railroad commission has issued an order granting the Siuslaw Home Telephone company authority to increase its rates to the following: One party, business $2.50, residence, $2; two party, business $2, residence $1.75; four party, business, $1.75; residence, $1.50; 10 party, business $1.50, residence $1.25. For telegrams from Florence to Gardiner the rate is fixed at 25 cents for 10 words and 2 cents for each additional word. Telephone calls from Florence to Gardiner are fixed at 25 cents for two minutes and 10 cents for each additional minute. The increase in the business and residence rates is about 50 per cent.

THE SATURDAY EVENING STORY

Wire and Nails.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. Wernier.)

JENNIE got $7 a week for selling hardware in the basement of a Jepartment store and lived in a dingy hall bedroom. That a tired aunt was her laudlady did not help her much materially, for, being her aunt, she felt free to ask her to do many errands that a casual roomer could have refused to do, but which Jennie couldn't. And, in view of the fact that rent is rent and a mighty hard thing to corral in these days of high prices she didn't see her way clear to letting Jennie have the room a cent cheaper than she could rent it every day in the week by hanging a sign in the window.

Jennie paid what was asked cheerfully and didn't mind that the high cost of living made it impossible for her aunt to allow her to use the gas for ironing or cooking any more than was absolutely necessary. She was a slim, little, tired girl, not very pretty, not well dressed, nor had she the alert carriage nor the shapely form that do not need dress to attract attention. Her hair was light brown; so were her eyes. Her mouth was small, but her lips were small, too, and not very red. Not many customers noticed more of Jennie than a prim, toneless voice that said, "charge or cash?" And Jennie knew it. Still she was too busy most of the time to care. A great many people wanted nails and wire and hinges and tacks. And when one was sleepy while dressing in the morning and sleepy while undressing at night, and in a hurry to get all possible value out of the 35 minutes allotted for lunch, small margin was left for fretting or planning

Anyway, Jennie found compensation. Jennie was the kind who could find compensation in trifles that the majority of folks disregarded. For instance, riding down town in the morning she often forgot that she was hanging with difficulty to a strap in a jammed car and remembered only that she had to stretch her neck if she would catch a glimpse of the foam rippled blue lake at each cross street. And riding home at night she sometimes forgot that she was achingly tired and hungry and was absorbed

Forgot she was achingly tired and hungry.

in the dull gold and golden browns that the setting sun flung down into the murky Chicago river, to be caught up again and painted in great relays between the tall, street divided buildings.

And so one day, when the tall, sullen eyed young fellow who kept the department supplied from the stock room brought a heap of silver and gold picture wire Jennie stopped in the work of weighing out tacks into the quarter pound packages advertised at one quarter cent reduction and drew the glittering cheap wire through her fingers while she meditatively and imaginatively measured it out for photogravures and pale tinted water colors and even a fanciful head in oils. In Jennie's hall bedroom hung three pictures, which was all the wall or her finances would hold. They were 12 by 16 and each had cost 10 cents. Jennie had devoted three Saturday half holidays to choosing them from the myriads at the 10 cent store, and they almost gave enough pleasure to justify the time and money spent. Still they weren't the kind upon which one squanders a length of tinseiled wire. Jennie wished that she had occasion to buy a box of that gilded wire and could have the wonderful, almost unrealizable, pleasure of dividing it into the proper lengths and fitting those lengths to the proper pictures.

"Say," said the sullen eyed carrier, "That wire doesn't belong to your end; it goes across the aisle. Should think you'd know that you don't get anything but the nails and common stuff." He was irritated. Jennie handed it over philosophically, even if with reluctance. She didn't resent his grumpy tone, her eyes followed wistfully the shining length that her slim, too white fingers tucked back. If she ever got a gold frame and a painted brown bowl filled with yellow daffodils and two yards of that wire all together she would feel her life had not been lived altogether in vain.

"Say, dont' you want to let go of it?" bantered the sullen eyed young fellow as her fingers slowly relaxed.

Jennie flushed. "I was thinking of something else," she explained in confusion. It was the first time that she had ever spoken more than two or three words to him, although she had known him casually for two years or more. Jennie was far from courageous and his sullen eyes and irritably compressed mouth had not impressed her favorably. Now she thought with some natural irritation of her own that what she thought was not his business. He took the wire and went away. Jennie watched him with a new and curious interest. He had a straight, wiry figure. There was nothing especially prepossessing about him, but Jennie began to picture him as he would be if some of that sullenness were wiped off his thin face. And the afternoon was dull for once. Jennie enlivened it by wondering who and what he was and if his life were as monotonous as her own, and if he—well, Jennie was an adept in wondering, if nothing else.

By 5 o'clock she had patched him out with a very sad and lengthy story; and then she laughed a little at her own foolishness.

But the next day, when he paused with a box of assorted hinges, she felt almost acquainted because of that long, drawn-out wondering. And for some reason—perhaps he, too, had wondered—he semed to feel acquainted. "Still asleep," he bantered. 'Don't get to thinking these hinges are hand-painted teacups, 'cause they're not."

Jennie looked at him with sharp brown eyes. Back of her tendency to fancying Jennie had a dormant sense of shrewdness. And perhaps her own denied beauty yearnings caught the same note of denial that lay behind the bantering tone and almost revealed itself in bitterness.

"I won't," she said gayly, and without any of her usual reserve. Jennie was not conversational, nor in fact anything but very backward and bashful—a combination that either accounted for her lonesomeness or was its result—but an intuition that the boy addressing her was no better enlivened by nature gave her self-possession. She felt sorry for him. And she fancied, according to her habit, that he wasn't so sullen as on the day before.

Two days elapsed before he came again to take stock. "I'm out of steel rivets," said Jennie absently. She was parceling out snaplocks to a crabbed old gentleman who thought that when

"What were you thinking of?"

a screen door was bought such accessories ought to be thrown in, and who had loudly voiced his opinion of stores that refused such a trifling addition.

"Say, you don't have to let customers talk to you that way," he said indignantly. "I had a notion to punch his head."

"Oh, good gracious!" gasped Jennie. "Why, you'd be discharged and so would I!"

The boy stared wrathfully after the stuttering old man who was winding a crowded, crabbed way through a congested aisle. "I don't care—he needs some one."

Jennie hastened to soothe him. "Why, I don't mind anything like that. He didn't mean a word he said. Why, I dare say, by the time he's on the streetcar he's ashamed of himself." But Jennie looked at the boy with wide, pleased eyes. Fancy any one thinking that she could be annoyed!

Over the boy's sullenness lay a certain intangible assumption that Jennie needed protection and that he was there to give it. Had it been any one else Jennie would have laughed in mild amusement. But Jennie didn't find it amusing—she found it pleasant. And she wondered indignantly how, in the name of all that was wonderful, she had ever fancied that this boy was sullen!

"I've noticed for a long time," he continued, half embarassed, half masterfully, "that you sort of let folks talk to you any way they want to."

"Oh, I'm not listening half the time." Jennie laughed and blushed as she laughed.

"I've noticed that, too," he said, smiling. "What are you thinking of?" curiously. "I bet the other day you had a picture in mind when you were fingering that wire."

Jennie admitted that he was an astute bettor. And Jennie let five indignant customers and an astounded floorman wait while she learned that he, too, liked pictures. Would she go over to the art institute some Sunday afternoon. It was free then.

Absently Jennie listened to the floorman's justifiable complaint, but she didn't hear it. Jennie was wondering if she could get new lace frilled in the neck of an old waist before Sunday.