

BOOK REVIEW

By VERA BRADY SHIPMAN

"THE GASPARD OF PINE CROFT," by Ralph Connor. Hugh Gaspard and the Indian girl, is doomed to be a world's half-breed, inheriting the wanderlust and instability of both races, with little chance of developing the better side of both natures. The shock of the disclosure kills Paul's mother. His father in and the triumph of good, even though it seems buried in byplays of pedantry. "The Man of Glengary" or the little girl, is born blind. To

ward sin, and its resultant misery in a manner at no time vulgar, why cannot the myriads of other writers whose subjects are timely? The world goes wrong in books and out, but why dwell on the sordid side? There is redemption in Ralph Connor's books. His soul is never mired. It always carries the readers to the peaks of light.

"BEHIND THE SCREEN," by Samula Goldwyn. Published by the Doran Company. Price \$2.50 net.

Nine years ago Samuel Goldwyn walked into a ten-cent movie on Broadway and came home impressed with the opportunity for a five reel picture. Goldwyn and his brother-in-law, Jesse Lasky, then began this interesting game and have stayed with it. Goldwyn is today many times a millionaire yet his humble beginning is always a source of intense interest to himself and the public.

His book is a series of articles which were previously published in Pictorial Review, dealing with movie celebrities. The book savors heavily of press agent news but is interesting throughout.

It talks intimately of the stars which we all enjoy in the movie firmament and their pet hobbies, aversions and personal attributes. To the lover of the motion picture world, the book is a volume of entertaining literature. Goldwyn tells you of film "divers" as well as triumphs and his disclosures are never dry but coated with sugary human kindness. This would make an admirable last minute gift, for the public today is a movie fan to some degree—some more some less—but to all, the picture world is a book of interesting introductions.

"THE MIDDLE PASSAGE," by Daniel Chas. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York City. Price \$2.

A new England seaport town with the Jardines, exponents of shipping trade with China. The elder Jardine holds on with clasp-like tenacity, fearing death, shuddering lest it grip him unawares, the junior Jardine a man of deplorable character, whose father even cannot trust his seaworthy ability to service.

The ship, like life, takes the Middle Passage, its only hope of avoiding the rocks and shoals. The love for Eben Plinco (ship captain) of Leda Prentiss, her sister, and the despicable trick of Jardine to win Leda, with others of like disposition, make a group of disagreeable characters, yet told in a convincing tale.

The shipwreck, the struggle for supremacy of the sea and ultimate return of Juno the ill-fated ship, makes a story of intense sea interest. Environment of New England ruggedness places "The Middle Passage" in the channels of the season's interesting reading, especially to a lover of sea stories.

"VINZI," by Johanna Spyri, translated by Elizabeth Stork. Published by the J. B. Lippencott Company, Philadelphia. Price \$1.50 net.

A beautiful simple story of childhood in the Swiss mountains. Vinzi, the child of a farmer, is a dreamer whose love for music and rhythm crowds out the practical farming of his fathers life. Dismissed, the father sends Vinzi farther up into the mountains to an uncle, in hopes that here he will take an interest in farm life. But Vinzi makes pipes of willow reeds and charms the neighbors with music. A priest in the mountains realizes Vinzi's great gift and through friends, the child is taken to the great city to study. How the education develops, the father changed from anger to appreciation, is a story of delight. It is simply told, yet is admirable in its depth. The child's love for music the little sister's devotion, the mother love and the fathers pride are

thrown, bitten, unburned, rained on, shot at, stone bruised, frozen, broiled and scared with monotonous regularity," led by the exigencies of her profession, by feminine curiosity or by the determination not to be left at home. Her version would therefore be highly authentic and could be considered as a book of authoritative judgment. Her experiences on the desert and the one chapter on the Florida Keys, a trip into Mexico during wartime, and typically sightseeing tourists are highly amusing and admirably told.

Her book is guaranteed to make the hardest backslider long for the open country femininely accompanied or otherwise, to make the hardest pack trip interesting when one looks back on Mrs. Rinehart's adventures and says smugly, "Well it might have been worse. Look what SHE had."

Her travels across the Arizona desert through Indian reservations with various happenings from stealing a sacred doll to the food trucks non-arrival, make every page lively in its fun, full of the humor with which a trip can be made or broken.

I know of no better compliment for Mrs. Rinehart, her experiences in the U. S. A. or Mexico, than to call her in boys vernacular "a good sport," for such is she without qualification. Her book reflects her sportive nature and her literary talent in its means of telling as her gamey experience.

"THE DISCOVERY OF GOD," by Basil King. Published by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York City. Price \$2 net.

I quote from the final page of this remarkable treatise on God and his relation to the various men of the Bible.

"After all, our great purpose is learning to know God. The Bible shows us how other men learned to know him, each in his degree. The work is only going on. It will go on till the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of Our God and of His Christ."

As Abraham discovers God, as Jacob, Moses, David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel and Jesus Christ in turn discover the God of all and his mighty affiliation with all that is good, as the tribulations of one are tried and attested in faith to the relationship to God, so is this book a group of articles of admission of faith for each and every chapter of the Bible, the accredited Book of the ages for faith and sincerity of Good Purpose.

The book is totally unlike anything on the market today and is a scholarly demand for assimilation of Godlike means of living our own lives.

The Bible student will find a new field of interesting thought. It is a believer delving the pages of the Bible for holy proof.

"MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS," Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE. Copyright 1921, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

CHAPTER 55

THE REQUEST COL. TRAVERS MADE OF DICKY

Woman-like, the sight of Dicky dived for the moment my interest in the drama climaxed by the disappearance of Smith.

He was safe—I told myself joyfully—and I scrutinized him carefully for marks of the struggle in which, for Boss Dean's sake, according to her story, he had been engaged. There was no mark upon his face save little streaks of

blood, and he patently had the full use of his arms and legs. But there was an ugly swelling upon his head, around which the hair was matted, wet with blood.

He had not come off scot-free in his punishment of Smith for insolence to Boss Dean—I felt a quick, savage revulsion from the joy of seeing him safe. I was glad, tensely so, that he was back, but I had no sweet wife impulse to bind up the wounds he had incurred in avenging insolence to another woman.

"The man holding Kronish—he is your husband?" Col. Travers' crisp authoritative voice demanded.

"Yes."

"Tell him who I am." He put his hand on my arm, and we walked across to Dicky.

"Lo! Madge," Dicky grinned at me companionably, but I did not return the smile.

"This is Col. Travers, Dicky, the commander of the troopers," I said sedately.

Dicky turned his cheerful smile on the officer.

"Can't offer you my hand, colonel, it's too messy."

"Where is Smith? Did he get away?" The officer's tone betrayed tense anxiety.

"How About You?"

"Not unless some of his pals find him, which isn't very likely," Dicky returned. "I left him tied up over yonder so he couldn't wiggle out, and brought my friend Kronish back to see you. I would have escorted the gifted Mr. Smith here also, but he claims I broke his leg or his back or something like that in a little argument we had. So, as I couldn't carry him, and he said he couldn't walk, I hobbled him and left him. He'll keep, and I think you may be interested in a little yarn that Mr. Kronish has been telling me. He came up just after I got Mr. Smith tied, which was fortunate. I suspect I might have had trouble persuading him either to walk or to talk if Smith had been able to command his services."

"I'm sorry to dispute you, but Smith won't keep." Col. Travers said crisply. "If he can't walk, he must be carried. At any rate, we must go after him. Three of my men are already searching for him. Here, young fellows!" He signaled to Fred and Ted, who came toward him with alacrity. "One of you come with us, the other stay here and take care of this man."

He pushed Kronish some ten feet toward Fred, and beckoned Ted to accompany him.

"How about you?" he asked Dicky. "Are you fit to come along?"

"Surest thing you know," Dicky answered, and the three men swung across the lawn into the woods. I saw Col. Travers' hand slip lightly to his revolver, rest there, and I shivered a bit at the realization that if necessary he would use it ruthlessly.

Fred was Worried

Fred Cosgrove turned to me inquiringly.

"What do you suppose he wants me to do with this fellow?" he asked, indicating Kronish, who, pallid and trembling, looked at me as if I held his fate in my hands. I remembered the pledge, I had given his wife, and I spoke quickly, decidedly.

"Bring him into the house," I said. "I wish to speak to him."

I placed myself at his side, and repeated to him the assurance I had given his wife that Smith had no more power to hurt him, and that if he told the truth he would escape punishment. That Col. Travers would agree with me I was sure, and I resolved that if he did not I would invoke Lillian's influence.

"I have told everything already to your husband," Kronish said, lifting his head hopefully, "everything I know. But it is not much. Mr. Smith, he never told me his plans, just ordered me to keep things ready for him here."

"I know," I said. "Now, if you will promise not to talk to your wife in any language but English I will let you see her. She is very anxious about you."

"I promise," he replied, and I took him into the kitchen and waited until the woman had assured herself of his safety.

"I think I make some coffee," she said practically, with a glance at me for permission.

"I should like that very much," I said. "But make enough so that when the men get back they may have some."

"Sure," she returned, and went swiftly and noiselessly about her familiar task, while her husband busied himself with plates and cups. Fred Cosgrove turned to me suddenly, his frank young face flushed an embarrassed crimson.

"Say, Mrs. Graham!" he said impulsively. "I think there's something I ought to tell you about that fight between your husband and Smith."

(To be continued)

PLANNING THE NAVY'S POLAR DASH.



Though the undertaking is the Navy's, the Army Air Service is lending what help it can toward the Navy's proposed flight to the North Pole next summer. Major-Gen. Mason M. Patrick, above (right), chief of the Army Air Service, has been conferring with Secretary Weeks (left) of the War Department on the dash, in which the giant dirigible Shenandoah may be used, and has offered full use of the Army's data and experience in flight work.

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RALPH CONNOR

Author of "Gaspard of Pine Croft"

"Sky-Pilot" is a man whose appreciation of the world is balanced by knowledge, not ignorance, and the character gives the world a true man in goodness of God's image. Hugh Gaspard of Scotch origin, brings his English bride to the wilderness valley of Vancouver. Their son Paul is a mixture of their dispositions and inherits the aesthetic and the religious nature of the traits.

The coming of an Indian girl reveals an almost forgotten escap-

this little Tanna, Paul gives his devotion. His kindness is shown to the Indian mother who, as his father's wife, he protects after his father is murdered. The story of Paul in the everyday life and the unique chance for financial success, the love story which runs throughout but which does not dominate the story makes a novel of which America can well be proud.

If Ralph Connor came treat of

OREGON STATESMAN AUTOMOBILE CONTEST

VOTE LIST

Votes Picked up to Noon, December 21

CITY OF SALEM

Allen, Martha, 532 N. Winter	280,200
Bairdall, Mary, 1780 Hickory	590,400
Bretzendorf, Mrs. A. L., 2327 Nebraska Ave.	700,100
Brady, Ruth, 1552 N. Capitol	700,100
Blitzel, Olat, 545 N. 51st	701,395
Cook, Leslie, 1247 Ferry St.	570,360
Cummings, Evelyn, 1357 N. Winter	700,375
Edwards, John, 295 N. 15th	580,100
Ely, Raymond, 147 Marion	700,445
Emmerson, Paul, 2148 N. Church	424,100
Eichelman, Mrs. Bert, 174 S. Commercial	620,100
George Koehler, 1750 State	500,100
Gwynn, Harold, 1407 N. Winter	500,120
Gilmer, Faith, 322 N. 15th	430,200
Hart, Bill, Fire Station	700,320
Hirsch, Richard, 1245 Madison	700,800
Hopby, Henry, 1245 B St.	400,300
Hilman, Katherine, 1609 Waller	700,470
Johnson, Eunice, 1255 Highland	580,100
Klosson, Henry, 645 Ferry	700,100
Lewis, Edward, 224 N. 15th	700,100
Latley, Mrs. A. M., 1447 S. 13th	700,170
McCoy, Maurice, 1507 Fairgrounds Road	700,940
Mitchell, Nellie, White House	700,540
Newgent, Howard, 327 S. 18th	700,200
Paulson, George, 388 State	500,100
Ream, Nellie, 306 N. High	700,100
Robb, Gless H., 373 N. Church	520,200
Seebach, Jesse, 2195 N. Front	600,200
Seese, Wola, 1825 N. Commercial	600,200
Plant, Harry, Army	674,400
Snook, Frank, 2409 4th	600,200
Salem, Morris, 246 Marion	600,100
Selvig, Elmer, 1297 S. High	520,400
Varley, John, 560 Electric	700,480
Ward, Connell, 1487 Broadway	700,100
Wotr, Leo, 1420 Chemeketa	700,100
Koehler, Geo., Salem	700,100

COUNTRY

Berchold, Joseph, Mount Angel	702,100
Berry, Mrs. Joe, Lyons	700,100
Erving, Grace, Rt. 2, Salem	600,100
Dennison, Mattie, Dallas	702,100
Gouge, Blanche M., Mehama	702,200
Harper, Edwin, Gervais	590,100
Haworth, Evelyn, Stayton	620,100
Hochberg, Mrs. Florence, Monmouth	690,100
Klitz, Angelina, Sublimity	500,100
Kluser, Ralph, Hubbard	588,421
Mason, Ethel, Mill City	694,215
McCallister, C. L., Shaw	400,200
McDow, Henry, Woodburn	624,225
Mannhal, Mabel, Gervais, Rt. 1	690,100
Muller, Mrs. Carl, Silveston	500,200
Peets, Hazel, Turner	700,520
Ried, Brod, Hubbard	544,250
Russell, Glenn, Marion	700,100
Speaker, Robt., Rt. 4, Box 15B	600,100
Sturgis, Francis, Brooks	281,200
Thompson, Mrs. G. N., Rt. 2, Salem	700,160
Toal, Mrs. Albert, Falls City	590,400
Turnbull, Robt., Rt. 4, Box 78, Salem	600,100
Vandermark, Leo, Scotts Mills	540,200
Willey, Clara, Aumville	700,100
Wall, Margaret, Jefferson	701,200
Young, J. P., Shaw	700,520
Ziellach, Verne, Nickreall	300,200
Shaffer, Isabelle, care Anton Shaffer, Mt. Angel	300,200

The subscription rates of the Daily Oregon Statesman are as follows:

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CLASSIFIED ADS IN THE STATESMAN BRING RESULTS

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