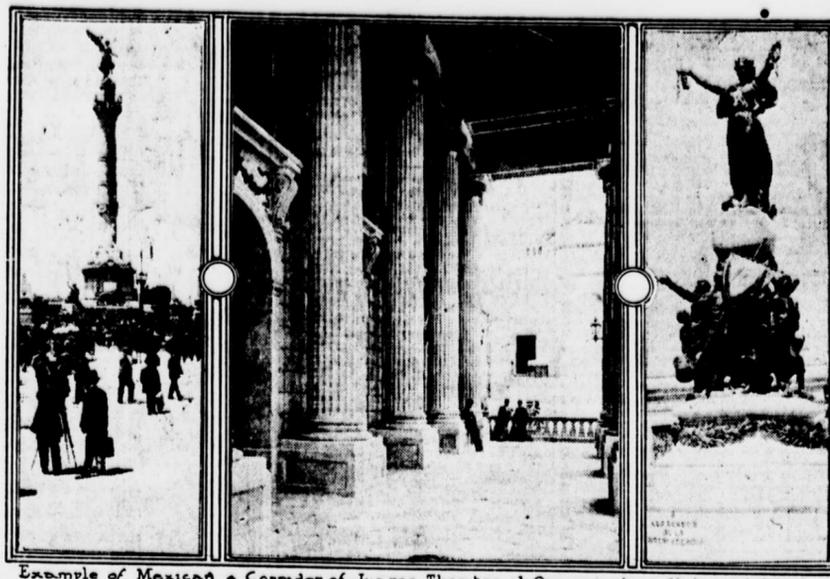


AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WHO LIKES MEXICO" STILL LIKES IT

Compares Series of Revolutions Down There to France When She Changed and Developed. Barbarism After All Not So Much More Highly Developed Than Here, Along Some Lines. Land of Romance Where Art and Culture Are Esteemed and Men of Genius Are Supported.

WALLACE GILLPATRICK, author of "The Man Who Likes Mexico," now living peacefully in Washington Square during the upheavals down South, still likes Mexico. He maintains all these revolutions are but for the moment. "The people down there," he says, "are changing, developing. Even France had to go through a series of revolutions to attain its present Government. "Ex-President Diaz is a great man; a tyrant, if you will, but the one that had the good of his country at heart. He maintained order for thirty years, though he did it with an iron hand, and Mexico owes many of her present benefits to his statesmanship. "Madra was ahead of his time. A humanitarian and an idealist, he was not strong enough to hold the discordant elements of the nation in harmony. "And Huerta? "Oh, he is a strong man, and I believe that he is capable of restoring peace, and that he will do it soon. I think he has chosen a good Cabinet. The new Minister of Finance, Esquivel y Obregon, is a friend of mine. I have known him intimately for fifteen years. He is an upright lawyer, a good husband and father, and a dutiful son, and a sincere patriot. I might say, apropos of him, that the family life among the better class of Mexicans might well serve as a model for other countries. In the hands of such a man as Esquivel y Obregon, the finances of the country will be safe from embezzlement or any sort of misuse. The present strife and bloodshed will soon give way to peace and order. "What do you think of the political future? "Well, I hardly feel that I am in a position to be quoted as an authority on that subject. Until now I have been interested chiefly in the social and artistic life in Mexico. Why is it that here in the United States people seem to think that in that country except as a place to make money in? Only the other day a wealthy woman informed me that I ought to be ashamed of myself for liking 'barbarous Mexico.' She had not read 'The Man Who Likes Mexico,' yet she berated me for my point of view, without ever troubling to find out the reason for my liking. But if she did not

know my reason for liking it, I fancied I knew hers for disliking it, for she invested a large sum of money in a Mexican mine, and owing to the revolution her income was temporarily cut off and therefore the Mexicans were 'barbarians.' "About two years ago a popular magazine published a series of articles defaming Mexico and giving a very wrong impression of that country. In them the muck raking author held up to the world as a dreadful example the fact that the Mexicans had maltreated a certain tribe of Indians and had practised a system of convict labor that was little less than slavery. After reading these articles people looked down upon 'barbarous Mexico' and felt secure in their self-satisfaction. But now, about two years later, they are suddenly discovering that there exists in this country a far worse system of slavery, the organized traffic in girls. Yet we brag that we are much more civilized than the Mexicans. "And when it comes to the treatment of Indians we are not in a position to criticize. Indeed, I feel that their treatment of them has been more humane than ours. The Spaniards, in spite of all their cruelty and tyranny in the past, did not despise the Indian race, which is proved by their early and constant intermarriage with them. But we must remember that these Aztec aborigines were of a much higher type than the Indians of our Western plains; that before the landing of the Spaniards they had attained a remarkable degree of civilization, reared magnificent temples of stone and boasted poets like Ixtill Zochitl, a translation of whose beautiful poem on the mutability of human life is included in Prescott's 'History of Mexico.' "Yes, some of the greatest of Mexico's sons have Indian blood in their veins, which gives them a little more poise and reserve than the average Latin possesses, and the Mexican patriot Juarez was of pure Indian strain. "It is as a land of romance that Mexico has always made its strongest appeal to me. When as a boy, I read of the exploits of Cortez; how he, with his little band of about six hundred men, burned his ships to cut off all retreat and, then penetrating into the interior, marched up the seven thousand feet of elevation to Montezuma's



Example of Mexican Sculpture. Corridor of Juarez Theatre at Guanajuato. Statue of Independence Erected 1878 at Puebla. Interior Decorations by Herrera. Bronze Figures on Toy by N.H. Mullins of Ohio, on the Paseo Nuevo.

capital—when I read of these remarkable exploits in this strange country, I was filled with a desire to see it for myself, to see its wonders with my own eyes. "Besides being a land of romance, it is a land where art and culture are held in high esteem. Unlike the United States, Mexico supports with loyalty and enthusiasm her men of artistic genius, even pensioning those who display unusual ability. Jesus Contreras, a brilliant member of Mexico's literary group bears the name of Montezuma, from whom he is directly descended. Ozozon and Villaseor, excellent pianists both of them, have appeared in concert in the United States. Mexico is indeed remarkable for her protection of her young artists. She realizes that in supporting them she is nurturing one of her greatest glories. "Yes, I like Mexico and I believe in it. Life there is more picturesque and, under normal conditions, safer than it is here in New York.



Hospital de Jesu Nazareno, Erected 1527, on spot where Cortez and Montezuma First Met.

FRENCH WRITER PAINTS ALARMING PICTURE—1950

His Imperial Highness Theodore II. at Washington Controls "Columbian Empire." Europe the Dark Continent—Canada, Japan and Columbian Empire Great World Powers. What Is Going to Happen to Suffrage, Labor and Strikes Background for Love Story.

OUT of France with inauguration of empire fell consequently upon an acquiescent people. There is one scouter at the Capitol the day young Theodore II. is enthroned. The sardonic Eleazar Turcote, Ambassador from the Republic of the North, glancing cynically at the imperial pomp and display, observes sotto voce to the Premier, Geoffrey Wagstaff, with the freedom of an old friend: "A little heavy these uniforms, don't you think? We are a long way from the diplomatists in shirt sleeves of Roosevelt's and Taft's day." This wily Canadian starts the machinery of the plot to obtain the old iron in the abandoned railways of France, millions of tons, to provide the steel all but exhausted, of which the Columbian officials are informed by a vigilant secret service, is the result, and the contest for the rust eaten railway iron of France is begun under cover. To allay all suspicion of its motive the Columbian mission, which at once starts abroad, goes under cover of a yachting party. The better to keep up appearances and insure a well-pleased party in Parliament, goes along with her, her spinster aunt, Lavinia, and her father, Henry Wagstaff, an old historian facing the past. Their objective is the coast of Normandy, where Douglas Grant, who with a young engineer and savant, Warren Islington, make up the party, once visited Duke Rollo. That venerable man he had found at the head of a few survivors from the catastrophes which overwhelmed Europe. About him had gathered a small group of half-terrified survivors, and a curious germ of organization had developed, a rude copy of the ancient social system. Fear of foreign invasion was the old man's fixed idea, based upon a hatred of the civilization which he held responsible for all the evils of his race. In short Edith's life is saved by Pierre Madenville, grandson and heir apparent of the Duke. This young man is a man of the Duke's, a fair haired Viking ancestor. A primitive existence has rejuvenated in him what the author, a Norman himself and a bit of a Jung, as he later proves, extols as "the physical and moral qualities of one of the strongest races which have appeared on the globe." Small wonder that the elegant, radiant, scented creature from another world should become at first sight the object of a primordial adoration. And for her part, "escaped from the rush of Columbian life," marvelling at the ardor of a passion till then undreamed of, "an imperious femininity," whatever that may be, began to disturb that cool browed young person. Unfortunately for the Columbians they find that the Canadians have succeeded in forestalling them, thanks to an aeroplane. In the guise of two Roman Catholic missionaries they are the guests of the fathers of the early church ventured across Europe and set up his cross in the wilderness. Unsuspecting they are working to secure leave to seize the coveted iron. By a clever ruse furthered by the doglike devotion of Pierre Edith unlocks the real purpose of the Canadians and they are packed off bag and baggage. It is little more than a moral victory for her compatriots, however. Unluckily for the commercial ends in view the culmination of the love episode intervenes with a rush. There is a slump in steel rails which does not end with the book. Edith has found the answer to her

IS IT "SCANDAL" TO INVADe THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GENIUSES?

H. G. Wells Said New Biography of Gissing Erred on This Score. American Writer Replies Most Valuable Data Concern Human Side. Cites "Lives" of Cellini and Rousseau vs. Ruskin and Tennyson.

BY UPTON SINCLAIR. A few months ago when the writer was in England every one was arguing vehemently concerning Morley Roberts' book "The Private Life of Henry Maitland," which had been everywhere recognized as a disguised biography of George Gissing. Hamilton Fyfe led off with a scathing article in the London Daily Mail, and thereafter one could hardly pick up a newspaper or a weekly without coming on further denunciation. Finally H. G. Wells gave the coup de grace to the unfortunate book in a review, in which, speaking as an intimate friend of Gissing's, he denounced the work as "downright bad, careless in statement, squallid in effect, poor as criticism, weakly planned and entirely without literary distinction. . . . As for the story it is a mere recital of distressful facts and of an ugly possibility, unlit by humor or mercy; it is in fact scandal and scandal merely." Now the present writer has not had Mr. Wells' advantage in knowing Gissing. He is not sure, however, that his may not be a better qualification for viewing the book objectively. He comes to it with no personal sensitibilities to be shocked. He has read only three of Gissing's books, and was never particularly impressed by those. Therefore he was able to read the book without any sense of absorbing interest, a picture of a life which he will never forget. He found it full of both humor and mercy. It made Gissing a figure of significance to him, which Gissing's own work had failed to do. There are two questions involved in the discussion. First, is the book good of its kind; and second, ought that kind of book to be? Most of the English reviews dealt with the latter question. Hamilton Fyfe's argument was that for a friend of a literary man to sit down and write the facts about the dead man's intimate life, his domestic tragedies, his diseases, was to commit a horrible violation of good taste and decency. If this kind of thing were to be permitted who would be safe? I would not that argument squarely and say, none of us would; and why should we? When we are dead we no longer have any right to privacy whatever. Just as our bodies should go to science to afford what knowledge they can, so our souls should be offered for autopsy. The blunders we have made and the price we have paid for them should serve the purpose of saving others from making the same blunders and paying the same price. If there is anything in our writing of any importance to posterity, then critics and students of our work are entitled to every detail of our personality and experience, in order to be able to understand and interpret our work. And all this of course is "scandal." It cannot be anything but scandal. Stop a moment and consider some of the great biographies of the world, those of men we feel we really know. There is Cellini; there is Rousseau; there is Samuel Johnson; there is Benjamin Franklin. Suppose Mr. Wells were to cut through those four books and cut out all the scandal, how much of the priceless biographies would be left? What, as a matter of fact, are the things that we remember about these men?

Cellini stabbed a man in the back with a dagger and then boasted of it. Johnson had a weakness for ventricle with plums, and confessed that he could abstain but could not be moderate. Rousseau left his children in a public institution. Franklin walked the streets of Philadelphia with his pockets stuffed with rolls and thus encountered the lady whom he married. And all these things are scandals. There are plenty of proper biographies, published by authorization of the family, and conforming to the best standards of taste and decency. Mostly we let these biographies go, but sometimes they are our only source of information concerning important people, and then we realize how we have been cheated. Last year, for example, I read the authorized two volume biography of John Ruskin by E. T. Cook. Now Ruskin was one of the heroes of my youth. He taught me most of what I know about art; he helped to teach me the possibilities of English prose. If there was any man I hold myself entitled to know all about it was John Ruskin, and John Ruskin's official biographer has officially decreed that I shall know nothing about the most important episode in John Ruskin's whole life. What would I not give to know the true story of his unhappy marriage and his divorce? Apparently all Ruskin's friends were people of decency and good taste; therefore what must have been one of the greatest of human tragedies is forever wiped out of knowledge, and one of the greatest of English prophets is forever barred from his full influence upon posterity. Another of the heroes of my youth was Tennyson. I really loved the author of "Ulysses," which I regarded still regard as one of the noblest poems in English literature. Yet I find that I have been subtly compelled to despise Tennyson because of the namby-pamby figure of him which was presented to me in the two volume official biography by his son. I would not trust myself to discuss this biography; I fear my language would constitute what Mr. Wells would call a scandal. Sufficient it is to say that every time I think of Tennyson this is the thought I think: Can it be that he was never really a human being; that he never took off the mantle of the prophet and poet-laureate and displayed real human weakness and desire? I say that Mr. Roberts has done well to tell us the truth about Gissing as he knew him. Of course, we have to see Gissing through Mr. Roberts' spectacles. It may be that Mr. Roberts is a person of "careless egotism," to use Mr. Wells' phrase; but if so the matter is easy of correction. Let Mr. Wells write a biography of Gissing as he knew him, portraying incidentally a friend of Gissing's named Roberts and showing the "careless egotism" of his personage. In this way we will see Gissing from two angles; he will become a feature of three dimensions instead of two. As a matter of fact, Mr. Wells has very little of definite criticism to bring against Mr. Roberts on the score of his charge of "careless in statement." His most definite allegations is that he "blunders with abuse the poor, tormented, miserable, angry servant girl who was Gissing's second wife." Not having known the lady in question and not

SAYINGS OF THE NEW SECRETARY OF COMMERCE.

William C. Redfield, in his recently published book, "The New Industrial Day," reveals himself in a commercially epigrammatic light. Here are some pertinent extracts: Never give up self-study. There will always be something to learn about your ways. Don't let your initiative become sterilized by a tariff or anything else. (This may be—as a friend says it is—"grossly infernal," but it is true nevertheless.) It is not wise to destroy the initiative of your working force by looking so hard at a quarter yourself that you can't see the five dollar bill beyond. A justly discontented force can cost you more directly and indirectly than the most expert and costly supervision can ever find out. The cheapest and most efficient discipline is that which will pay, hopeful and zealous work naturally creates. Obsolete machinery is a foe to profits, the brother of high cost and the friend of bad methods. Export trade begins at home, in your own shop, and first with the head of it. To get it bring your wages and output up—your costs and prices down; know what is doing in your own plant and you can smile at a competing world. When you have good stuff to sell, sell and cheaply made, properly designed and of regular quality, well packed, you will have no trouble to sell it abroad. What one country or market won't take another will. It's a large world.

being able to discuss this judgment, I can only state the impression which I got from reading the book, which was that the writer stated facts about the wife in a simple, matter of fact way, his worst statements being quite from Gissing's own letters. Here, for instance, is one passage: "I have lately paid a bill of one pound for damage done by my wife, damage in a London house where she lived until I got out of her by the help of the police. Incredible stories about her. She attacked the landlord with a stick, and he had seriously to defend himself. Then she tore up shrubs and creepers in the garden. No, I have had my time of misery. It must come to an end." I do not suppose that Mr. Wells believes that this letter was invented by Mr. Roberts. If Gissing actually wrote this I certainly do not see how any opinion that Mr. Roberts has expressed could possibly be described as unfairness to that wife. There are many dark places in English civilization which need to have the light turned upon them. Among the darkest, I believe, are the conditions created by the medieval divorce laws of the country. There was a poor, struggling hack writer, possibly a man of genius, certainly a man of acute sensibilities, tied to a woman who beat other people with sticks and had to be turned out of houses by the police. Yet he was unable to get a divorce because he could not get a divorce he was driven to undertake an extremely dubious and possibly criminal pretended marriage with a lady in France. I venture to assert Mr. Roberts in giving us the facts has performed an important public service.

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