

## "The Black Watch"

By GORDON B. MOSS.

**T**HE BLACK WATCH, by Scout Joe Cassells, bears the subtitle, *A Record in Action*. It is more than that; it is a historical work of first importance—one that deserves a place in any collection of war literature.

Cassell's book covers a definite period of the war, the retreat from Mons to the Marne "when the Black Watch and other regiments of the immortal 'contemptible little army' marched into the unknown against the fiercest, most efficient military power the world up to that time had known; the months when hidden enemies struck swiftly mystifying blows with strange weapons, the more terrible because we did not understand them and had never imagined their power and numbers." It is the individual record as well of the part one man played in that bloodiest of war's sacrifices, of almost unbelievable adventures and escapades, told with complete absence of "swank." Also presented are indisputable evidences of the cruelest of German atrocities. It is probably the most readable, interest compelling war book since *Over the Top* and countless times as thrilling.

*The Black Watch* was one of the first regular British army regiments in France, and for days Cassells and his comrades underwent forced marches to meet the on rolling tidal wave of German soldiery. They reached Mons, where they were to hold the left flank. They entrenched but were forced to give way. Then began the slow, bloody retreat toward the Marne, when Britain's valiant army, by tremendous sacrifice of lives, helped to impede and finally check the German menace.

"We had no artillery to speak of and few airplanes," writes Cassells. "If we had had more of the latter there might have been another story." Undoubtedly his own story would not have been so highly entertaining, for the scout was still the eyes of the army, and many of his most exciting adventures came when he had been ordered to crawl on his belly to the crest of a ridge to see what lay beyond.

The agonies suffered by an army in retreat, when a relentless foe drives them ever on and on, without opportunity to eat, sleep or even bathe are vividly recounted. "We were near to exhaustion and some of the men dropped from the ranks only to die of the strain."

Finally came the fighting on the Aisne, after which the British and French resistance grew stubborn and checked the invaders. Cassells seemed to bear a charmed life, being ever in the thick of the fighting and participating in a number of personal affairs with individual Germans. One incident he relates as follows:

"In the general mixup I found myself locked in the arms of a bearlike Prussian Guardsman who evidently had lost his rifle and bayonet. His knee was against my knee—his chest pressed against my chest. Our faces touched.

"I slid my hands up along the barrel of my rifle until they were almost under the hilt of the bayonet. Very slowly I shoved the butt back of me and to the side. Lower and lower I dropped it. The keen blade was between us. All the Hun seemed to know about wrestling was to hug. He dared not let go. Had he known a few tricks of the game I should not be writing this to-day.

"Instinctively I felt that the point of my bayonet was in line with his throat. With every ounce of strength in my body I wrenched my shoulders upward and straightened my knees. The action broke his hold and my bayonet was driven into his greasy throat.

"The thrust I had used has come to be known as the 'jab point'; they are teaching it to the American army to-day. It developed naturally from just such situations as I have described."

The German horde repulsed at the Marne, the Black Watch went northward by forced marches to help cut off the German thrust at Calais. Both armies became entrenched in the Flanders mud, and then began the long period of trench warfare. There more startling adventures befell our scout, including the affray in which he was wounded and incapacitated for further service. Now he lives in the United States.

In referring to atrocities committed by German soldiers in the early days of their devastation of Belgium and France Cassells makes scant mention of any second hand tales, but confines himself to evi-



SCOUT JOE CASSELLS,  
AUTHOR OF "THE BLACK WATCH"

dences of them that he saw with his own eyes. At Guise, he says:

"I with other members of my own company came upon a nail driven into the wall of a barn, from which hung by the mouth the lifeless form of a baby. The child was dead when we found it, but it had died hanging from the rusty nail. I know it had, because I saw upon the wall the marks of fingernails where the baby had clawed and scratched. And besides, a dead body would not have bled."

Again at Soissons:  
"These mutilated children I, myself, and my comrades saw. Two at least I recollect with bloody stumps where baby hands had been and one whose foot had been severed at the ankle. I saw these things. I saw them and I live to say that others with me saw them—brawny Highlanders whose tears of pity flowed with those of the mothers who wept for heart-break and with those of the babies who wept for the pain of the wounds which maimed them. Aye, there were witnesses enough; and witnesses remain, though many of the Black Watch who that day saw and cursed the cowardly brutality of the Huns were to lie, but too soon, with their voices hushed forever, so that they may not speak of it."

Americans should be devoutly thankful, he declares, that they can fight abroad and not have to endure the presence of a single Prussian soldier on American soil.

We learn from the author in a brief historical sketch of the Black Watch that the regiment was in America in the Revolution and took part in the battle of Long Island. Later the Highlanders made themselves at home attempting to chase Continental troops about the rocky steeps of Harlem. The regiment was organized in 1729 and has seen fighting in every part of the world against foes of nearly every race and color.

THE BLACK WATCH: A RECORD IN ACTION. By SCOUT JOE CASSELLS. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

Houghton Mifflin Company have been pestered with questions about Ernest Goodwin, a new English writer (apparently) and author of a gay novel of gypsying, *The Caravan Man*, which they have just published. The publishers know nothing about Goodwin, the manuscript of the novel having been submitted through an agency. They have asked for information about him.

All the new 1918 books of the Britton Publishing Company (New York) are now out. They are *Georgina's Service Stars*, by Annie Fellows Johnston; *Making Life Worth While*, by Douglas Fairbanks; *Where the Souls of Men Are Calling*, by Credo Harris; *Over the Sea for Uncle Sam*, by Elaine Sterne; *A Man and a Woman*, by Dale Drummond; *Ambulancing on the French Front*, by Edward Coyle, and *Chicken Little Jane*, by Lily Munsell Ritchie.

## "The Star in the Window"

By CONSTANCE MURRAY GREENE

**O**LIVE HIGGINS PROUTY'S new novel bears the timely title *The Star in the Window*, but it can hardly be called a war novel, although toward the end the hero does complete shaping his hitherto unshapen character by becoming a Captain in the American army. It is in the main concerned with Reba Jerome, a small town New England girl who was fast fading before she had bloomed in the novelist's oft-pictured New England household of maiden aunts, invalid mother and sullen father, when, snatching circumstances by the forelock, she demanded something more from life than the drab comfort that surrounded her and thereby escaped becoming a maiden aunt of the next generation.

"Tisn't many girls who've had her advantages; private tutor since she was seven, hand made clothes, every stitch right down to her combinations. Tonsils out and eyes examined I don't know how many times, and teeth straightened to the tune of \$50," Aunt Augusta was fond of boasting.

"Reba looked upon Aunt Augusta as the force that had kept her life from flying apart, but oh, she had wanted it to fly apart."

When the dash for freedom was finally decided upon Reba found shelter in the Woman's New England Alliance and under its protection began at twenty-five to dance and swim and make friends, in short to do all the things she had always wanted to do. It was at one of the social evenings which the alliance conducted every week that Nathaniel Cawthorne, the embryo Captain, entered her life. He was uncouth and of a heavy turn conversationally, but Reba seized upon him nevertheless. Having made up her mind that things must fly to pieces whether for good or ill, she was not let-

ting any chance pass, so she consented to follow the movies with him which led, as it has frequently done before, to marriage.

Reba had found that she would have to return to her family for a time and the step was taken for the sole purpose of improving her position in her home. Nat, who really loved his wife, was sent off for three years before the wedding day had passed.

The three years were eventful ones for both. After a brief time Reba hurried back to the Alliance and had her heart broken by a young doctor who was about as much married as she and then fell ill and pined among her family, reduced by this time to their proper position. Nathaniel gave up seafaring, to which he had supposedly returned, and devoted himself to becoming a presentable person. After putting himself through a stiff course in husband training and joining the army after America's declaration of war, he made his debut as that unsurpassable combination, a husband and soldier, and won the once broken heart of his wife.

It was hard that he had to leave for France just as he was proving himself the ideal husband, but that's how it was. Still there are more wives than admit it who would prefer a few months of a house broken husband to a lifetime of the other sort, and so far as he was concerned it must have been a satisfaction to receive such messages as this from his wife.

"I never glance up night or day as I turn the driveway of 89 Chestnut street but that I see your star shining out at me from the window in the parlor, where the curtains used to be drawn tight. The old house has had its eyes opened, Nathan, and has been given sight."

THE STAR IN THE WINDOW. By OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.

## "Living the Creative Life"

**A** PARTICULAR interest attaches to *Living the Creative Life*, by Joseph H. Appel, because the author is an executive in charge of advertising for John Wanamaker; it is natural, therefore, to anticipate a book bristling with secrets of business success. It is not that kind of a book which Mr. Appel has written. He has no ready made formulas for making a living and success in business is entirely subordinated in his book to success in living. By the creative life he means an enlarging existence, a life growing richer, a life filled with a greater diversity of interests. If you can live right, is his argument, "all these things—business success, health, even happiness—shall be added unto you."

And so he discusses the "qualities" of creative living. They are not new—energy, understanding, thoroughness, concentration, memory, imagination (in the sense of the ability to visualize things); all these have been preached by wise men from generation to generation. And about each and every one of them there is always something new to be said. What Mr. Appel has to say will be as new to many readers as if much of it had never been uttered before. He comes at his subjects freshly and vigorously, and he is not afraid of the apt and pointed anecdote.

This is not a book for everybody. It is the kind of a book which will either strike the reader as here too obvious and there too vague, or as a singularly earnest and inspiring series of preachments. For example:

"One worker sees a bolt of goods out of its place, picks it up and puts it away. Another worker looks at a disarranged bolt of goods, only looks at it and lets it lie in disorder. Which worker will succeed, which will fail?"

"In proportion as the soul truly reflects the spirit our intuition will be true. Pure intuition is always true. It is pure spirit speaking. What we call intuition, however, is often only our subconscious thought, or at best the subconscious thought of the world—the anima mundi, the soul of the world, cosmic thought, and not the Animus Dei, the Spirit of God."

The book will be a real help to a lot of readers. Others, who should avoid it, will wonder what their fellows see in it. Which is absurd of them—but perhaps it merely shows how hopeless they are anyway!

LIVING THE CREATIVE LIFE. By JOSEPH H. APPEL. Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.50.

## A James Joyce Play

**J**AMES JOYCE'S *Exiles* is an absorbing analysis of four human souls. It is a genuine bit of psychology, well written and brilliantly conceived. It is a soul-searching work, and is therefore limited in its appeal to a small group of readers.

The publisher's announcement casts aspersions on the "average reader," who will lay down the book, declaring it is "not a play." Well, it isn't—or rather, not a good play—and only the most over-sophisticated will dare maintain that it is. There is no use trying to prove that this is a play, and that is not; the fact remains that *Exiles* belongs to a category of work which is more effective in almost any other form than dramatic form. You cannot escape the fact that a play must be produced before a crowd and that as a rule that crowd is not interested in the psychology of soul states, except in so far as these are revealed in a moving story and through the agency of interesting characters.

The story of *Exiles* is little or nothing; the characters are interesting not because of what they do, but because of what they think. This is not sufficient to make a good play. Granting this we may say that Mr. Joyce's insight into human motives is appallingly clear; the surgeon's knife is so surely wielded that we wince.

This study of two men and two men, and the complicated problems of their relations each with the other, and the reactions resulting therefrom, form the entire fabric of the play. To enjoy it you must have thought a good deal about the harassing questions involved in the sex relationship, and thought deeply. If you come to *Exiles* with a desire to learn more than you thought you knew, you will not be disappointed. Mr. Joyce is wise—possibly a little too wise.

EXILES. Play in three acts. By JAMES JOYCE. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.

*The Doctor's Part*, by Col. James R. Church, U. S. A., details every step in the treatment of wounded soldiers.

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