

"My German Prisons"

By W. B. McCORMICK.

THE tendency seeming to gain volume among us to forget that we have recently been engaged in a war with an enemy whose brutalities have been deliberate and shocking is likely to receive a wholesome check among all readers of *My German Prisons*, by Capt. Horace Gray Gilliland, who served at the beginning of the war in a Lancashire regiment of the British army. Capt. Gilliland was in active service for only a brief time, since he was taken prisoner in the first week of December, 1914, by the Germans and did not succeed in escaping until April 8, 1917. During that time he endured the lot of all British prisoners, and he sets down his adventures and misadventures in this book in simple, soldierly language, based on a soldier's philosophy, to the end of making one of the most readable stories of the war as in places it is one of the most difficult, owing to the gross brutalities visited upon him and his comrades at the hands of the Germans.

When Capt. Gilliland was taken prisoner he and two men were all that were left of a unit of 370 men he had commanded on the previous day. They must all have been dead, and he was helpless through a shattered ankle and three broken ribs, a portion of one of these having punctured his lung, as was afterward discovered. He has the courage to tell in the plainest of language just what ordinarily unprintable indignities were inflicted on him and his unfortunate companions en route to their first prison, cold blooded murder of badly wounded men being the least of these crimes. If any one is of a mind to forgive the Germans for what they did in the war, let him remember this one incident: As Capt. Gilliland and his comrades marched through Lille to the fortress some Belgian women tried to give them chocolate, whereat one of the German guards beat the women down with the butt end of a rifle. Capt. Gilliland is frank to confess, however, that it was his experience to be treated with something like respect by all the German soldiers who had fought against the British and French on the western front. It was only the men who never were in action, back along the lines of communication, who acted with such abhorrent brutality.

From Lille Capt. Gilliland went by cattle truck, in spite of his wounds and illness, to Munden, being robbed of all his spare clothes by the "kultured" German populace en route. Their trucks were also stoned as they went along, great rocks being thrown in at the doors that were heavy enough to knock a man senseless. Even when the German Red Cross tried to give the Englishmen some food at Cologne the German soldiers would not permit it, although food was allowed to the Frenchmen in the same train. If one read no further in this book than the description of conditions in the old oil factory at Munden serving as a prison and the physical tortures and indignities visited on these men and could thereafter think with anything but the bitterest animosity of all Germans and all things German, he must have a callous nature

indeed. The commandant was Hauptmann Albrecht, whose name "should be known to the civilized world" for trying to make his prisoners' captivity "as painful as possible."

It was at Munden that Capt. Gilliland helped the first of the prisoners who tried to escape, and from that time until two and a half years later he was constantly engaged in such enterprises. Attempting escape was done deliberately, for he and his fellows realized that such efforts increased the number of guards and took that many men away from the fighting fronts. Through the good offices of James W. Gerard, the American Ambassador, Gilliland was removed to Bischofswerda, a place that was a heaven compared to Munden, but where indifference amounting to plain, unadorned brutality was still the portion of the wounded British. Again through Mr. Gerard's good offices Capt. Gilliland was sent to Dresden for a necessary operation, and here he is very ready to give credit to surgeon, orderlies and nurse for their kindness to him. But even here he had a perfect specimen of German brutality, and from a woman. On the day Rumania declared war against Germany the matron of the hospital came into his room and called the helpless invalid prisoner every unprintable name the depths of German invective could imagine. The experiences in the "hell hole" of Ingoldstadt, with its "blond beast" commandant are shocking reading. But here quite the worst of Capt. Gilliland's experiences ended, for it was not long after that he succeeded in making his escape. His chapter describing his impressions of London on his return to "Blighty," when he realized he had passed from youth "to the dull monotony of middle life" in those German prison camps, is very touching.

Ambassador Gerard has written a brief but forceful preface to the book, in which he reiterates all the writer says of his experiences. Mr. Gerard says this brutality toward British prisoners was due to Ger. Friederich, "a particularly common, pig-headed and disagreeable Prussian. I regret that by his death from heart disease within the last year he cheated the gallows." And he adds, "There are others alive of those responsible for the frightful conditions in the prison camps, and these brutal cowards must be made to pay for their cruelty with their own skins."

MY GERMAN PRISONS. BY CAPTAIN HORACE GRAY GILLILAND. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.

One of the minor effects of Frank M. O'Brien's *The Story of The Sun* has been to conserve the supply of postal cards. Friends who had discovered that they possessed copies of "the first number of THE SUN" made themselves known for years at the rate of one to three a week. To each was duly mailed word that if the date at the head of the first column on the second page was September 3, 1823, his copy was a reproduction. The genuine first number of THE SUN was wrongly dated September 3, 1822, in that place.

Lieut. Charles Divine has gone to Paris for several months study at the Sorbonne.

Gordon Holmes's Latest House With a Mystery

By GRANT M. OVERTON.

SPEAKING of houses, as it is necessary to do now and then, the occasional people who want to rent a haunted or troubled home need only consult the published novels of Gordon Holmes to get unusual and interesting specifications. Mr. Holmes's newest story is about a house that, if it wasn't exactly haunted, was at any rate unpleasantly inhabited. *The House 'Round the Corner* had a stained glass window with a devilish countenance in it, a two-year-old memory of a suicide and (when Robert Armathwaite took the lease) a girl in the attic. Fine! Prop up the pillows and set the clock back lest time slip by too fast.

Funny thing about Gordon Holmes, as Bob Holliday would phrase it. His story is in an English setting and is published by the publisher of Louis Tracy's excellent mystery yarns. Moreover, the scene is Yorkshire, as it was in Mr. Tracy's *The Revellers*, and one of the lesser characters is named Mrs. Suarez. A Mrs. Suarez was an important part of *The Revellers*. We seem to detect other resemblances to Mr. Tracy's work so decided (if intangible) as to make us speculate on Mr. Holmes's identity. Is he related to Sherlock . . . or to Mr. Tracy? Don't tell us they're one and the same!

Hiking back to *The House 'Round the Corner*—it's a fine puzzler. There is a weakness in the action in that the mystery depends upon a remarkably close physical resemblance between two persons. Such resemblances exist, of course, but they are rarely so great as to defy detection by family physicians after death. The central mystery is not only perfectly contrived, with this exception, but is kept dark to the very last two or three pages. There are lesser mysteries of a generally pleasant sort. The whole story is agreeable reading. Horror and madness have no place here, only curiosity, and a moment, now and then, of chilly excitement. It is refreshing to get away from the atmosphere of crime, crime, crime in a mystery story. You can sleep after finishing *The House 'Round the Corner*.

THE HOUSE 'ROUND THE CORNER. BY GORDON HOLMES. Edward J. Clode. \$1.50.

"The Fields of The Fatherless"

ENTER not into the *Fields of the Fatherless* has a doubly prophetic meaning in the case of the book by that name brought out by Doran, purporting to be the self-revelation of a London servant girl named Jean Roy. You will not escape being badly bored, as it is a volume without reason or excuse for existence. If there ever was such a person as Jean Roy she led probably the stupidest life that was ever a servant girl's, but it is our belief that the woman who wrote these pages is some hard working literary person who shifts her identity with the season's demands. She might well argue that the spring of 1919 would be the ideal time for a book on servants. While they are so rare there ought to be some comfort in being allowed to read about their charmed lives, she might reason. For all we know she may be the author of the late anonymous attack on *Women*, and anyway she ought to be hunted down.

To get back to ourselves and the unfortunate effect the book had on us. We started out with the happiest hopes, but they were dashed before three chapters were done. We felt just as we should have, that we would enjoy reading about servant girls, even as we do about fairies or extinct but beautiful birds. But Jean Roy thinks little and does less that is of any possible interest. There will be those who will say that the book is interesting as a character study. "Take it from us," as the urchins say, this character is not worth studying. At times something seems to be about to be happening, but it never does. It would have been better, always assuming Miss Roy to be a real person, that she should have lied than that her readers should be put to the trouble of reading so much about nothing.

THE FIELDS OF THE FATHERLESS. BY JEAN ROY. George H. Doran Company. \$1.75.

James Huneker has written a preface for Baudelaire's poems and Edgar Saltus has translated Barbey D'Aureville's *The Story Without a Name*. Brentano's has both. Our reviewer will dye his hair green and endeavor to catch the spirit of D'Aureville's fiction.

"Books that assure to their readers a powerful and true rudder wherewith to steer through the troubled seas of these crucial days."

How the World Votes

The Story of Democratic Development in Elections.

By CHARLES SEYMOUR (Author of the *Diplomatic Background of the War*, etc.), and DONALD PAIGE FRARY, respectively Professor and Instructor in History at Yale.

Here is the most comprehensive work of its kind in existence, thoroughly up-to-date, including the changes in electoral systems effected by the World War. It is an intensely interesting narrative, embracing all the romance and the thrills of man's quest for democracy. It carries the reader through the amazing systems of elections since the early days of Athens to the present time. Every nation contributes an absorbing story—every age furnishes its phases of the eternal conflict between autocracy and democracy. "How the World Votes" embodies the most appealing characteristics of romance, history and biography. It is a work from which every intelligent man and woman can derive constant pleasure, enlightenment and inspiration. Generously illustrated with reproductions of famous cartoons and portraits.

"A great treatment of a great subject in which the first word is also the last word. No one has ever before traced the story of the ballot from grain to leaf, and flower, and fruit." *Journal of Education*

"Here and at a glance one may see just how the world votes and also learn something of the rationale of the various voting systems." *San Francisco Chronicle*

"No book could be more interesting, will be welcomed by every progressive citizen." *Atlanta Constitution*

"A careful, scholarly, readable work that is sure to take a creditable place in the political literature of the country." *New York Evening Sun*

783 Pages, 2 Volumes, 48 page Illustrations, Tabulated Indexes, Bibliography. \$6.50 complete in box. Postpaid.

English (Speaking) Leadership

By J. N. LARNED, Compiler "History for Ready Reference," etc. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT DONALD E. SMITH GRACE F. CALDWELL

The authors have taken the most notable chapters in the history of the English-speaking peoples, particularly in the fields of Government, Literature, Law and Science, and in a brief yet complete narrative have presented, in trenchant style, the course of the great events in the making of civil liberty and representative government, in industrial development and social progress. The book corrects many of the inaccuracies and falacies contained in hitherto accepted "histories." Will be treasured in every patriotic American home.

"A distinct boon to English political history." *Louisville Courier-Journal*
"Strongly recommended as an antidote to the poisonous propaganda." *Baltimore Evening Sun*
"Entitled to large popular favor." *Richmond Times-Dispatch*
410 pages. Index. Cloth. \$2.75. Postpaid.

At your bookseller, or from publishers, C. A. NICHOLS COMPANY Est. 1851 Publishers of Larned's "History for Ready Reference," Springfield, Mass.

READ

The Flamingo's Nest
A ROMANCE OF HAWAII
By ROGER SPRAGUE
"This spirited romance." *S. F. Bulletin*



A romance you will read with delight, and recommend to your friends, for it breathes the very spirit of the tropics.

Old-Dad
By ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT
"RACY AND ORIGINAL"
"CRISP AND SPARKLING"
"WHIMSICAL, CAPTIVATING"
DUTTON'S 681 Fifth Ave., New York

Le Livre Contemporain
A magazine devoted to French Literature. Sent free on application.
SCHOENHOF BOOK CO.
French Bookshop
114 Bismarck St., Boston, Mass.

Arnold Bennett

wrote "The Pretty Lady." That fact has never been questioned. Indeed, it has been affirmed with vehement exclamation points for a number of months. "The Pretty Lady" is a disturber. People have been arguing about the book for months. But everybody agrees that

THE ROLL CALL

Bennett's new novel of London life, is in the mold and spirit of "The Old Wives' Tale." That the author of "The Pretty Lady" should also be the author of this story through which "plays a whimsy gaiety, an irrepressible felicity of phrase," as the *Los Angeles Times* says, is one of the marvels of a writer who has "written novels of supreme mastery," to use the words of the *T* e again. "Throughout, the reader is kept under the sway of Bennett's swiftly moving style and his inimitable naturalness."

Each volume \$1.50 net.

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY Publishers New York