

Reviews of New Books

OUT TO WIN: The Story of America in France. By Coningsby Dawson, author of "The Glory of the Trenches," etc. New York: John Lane Company.

READ this book right away. Go, by way of it, into the high place where you can see. Give over, for an hour, the daily war furries that confuse and torment and incapacitate. Use the hour, instead, in the slightly place that this book sets and, through it, look over across to France, where, transplanted, there is a United States—young, clean-hearted, strong-handed, capable, keen, efficient—a United States that is "Out to Win." First the book shows us our soldiery—more than a million of khaki-clad boys, marching along the roads of France. Their cadenced steps beat out a meaning that, shaping into a refrain, keeps company with the marching feet: "We've got four years to do this job"—"We've got four years to do this job." Grim, man-hearted boys, these—Out to Win.

Then the book takes us to the job behind the fighting line—the job of war. An amazing picture of straight business on the part of the United States in France. Harbors deepen and spread for the incoming transports. Docks reach wide from the water's edge. Acres of munitions find shelter. Warehouses take on undreamed-of amplitudes. Salvage houses assume gigantic proportions. Railroads multiply and engines are stalled in thousands waiting their turn for the front. An astonishing unit of American business material and method, ready and coordinated for war service, Out to Win. And, again, the book leads us to that glorious instrumentality of the war of compassion—the Red Cross, the army of doctors and nurses and aids, all bent to the work of winning dead bodies to life and broken bodies to wholeness and shattered spirits to a new vision. Out to Win, surely, this war of compassion. And we see clearly here that throughout this whole business the great "promise-keeping" civilizations of the world are being knit into a brotherhood of common understanding and respect. The soldiers are building this brotherhood. Besides fighting the Hun they are fighting away the relics of old animosities and old prejudices. So, these are "out to win" not only the war against what Germany means to them, but to win also the lasting friendship of the great free nations of the world. And this, the book makes clear, is the best and the only warrant against other wars. Here the book turns around upon us to drive deep into our hearts the fact that if we do not learn the anguished lesson of this war we shall not have kept faith with these boys who are dying for us. "Out to Win" is a great book, projected in a vision that is as clear and practical as it is enheartening and inspiring. If, reading it, we find within ourselves any small hindering elements of feeling or action, there is but one thing to do—to do these to death, and come out keen in body and soul to be of service in the true spirit of service. "Carry On" and "The Glory of the Trenches" gave Coningsby Dawson the voice of authority in the meanings of the war. This gives him equal authority in the wider field that it occupies. Read it.

AMERICANISM AND SOCIAL DEMOCRACY. By John Spargo, author of "Social Democracy Explained," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

John Spargo, from the standpoint of an American citizen, here restates the case of socialism in America. Under the universal probings of war the socialist party in the United States was brought to the surface, as was every other considerable project and institution, to submit, first of all, to the test of its unimpeachable Americanism. In the St. Louis convention of 1917 the socialists, facing a certain declaration of war by the President, redeclared their socialistic faith. This declaration was not unanimous. It uncovered dissenters, John Spargo among them. It is in the light of that event that Mr. Spargo here reviews the theory of socialism as it bears upon the genius and institutions of the United States. The aim of the discussion is to lead one away from the developments of that convention, since these disclose a perversion of the socialistic doctrine. That St. Louis convention was, according to this writer, so un-American in attitude as to be really pro-German in effect. This spirit Mr. Spargo does not ascribe to a willful pro-Germanism. Rather is it due to a failure on the part of the socialist party to keep up with the march of events in America. Rather is it due to an overlong devotion to the German source of socialism in this country, a devotion which, in this crisis, took on the color of half-hearted loyalty to America. Therefore, it is in the spirit of an undivided American citizenship that Mr. Spargo restates the political and economic program of socialism as this bears upon the future of the United States. However much one may disagree with the points in the doctrine of socialism, he can but be grateful to the writer for a clear and direct statement of its essentials, for a serious consideration of the adjustments required by socialism to meet the political and economic situation of the United States, for a program of practical intent, for restraint of speech, and, above all, for a spirit of true Americanism at every point of this exposition.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN: A Novel. By Rupert Hughes, author of "We Can't Have Everything," etc. Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Here Mr. Hughes sets a realistic hand to the business of building a novel upon the enforced motherhood of a couple of Hun babies by two innocent and refined women—American women, at that—mother and daughter,

at that. Caught in Belgium at the moment of the Hun aggression, these two, with thousands of others, became victims to the blood-mad lust of the German soldiery. The story moves forward by way of the search for these two fugitives, rushing away, anywhere, to avoid the open declaration of their misery. The pursuit is carried out by a young American girl, daughter and sister of these victims of the war. Now, a grimmer theme, a more terrifying set of conditions, cannot be imagined than these upon which Mr. Hughes has chosen to exercise his hand. And in the development this writer's familiar method of realism does not step aside, nor beg one's pardon, nor shift at any point to the easy way of the pure romancer. Therefore, if one is ready to see and feel—not merely to gather in at second hand—and be torn up by one of the most unspeakable features of this war, just let him take this novel when the Huns broke through the bonds of its sworn inviolability. Why did you write this novel, Mr. Hughes? Did you do it for us—or for you? Is it another good to us? Or is it a daring literary chance for you? For our life we are not able to say. If this point were clear—and you should have made it clear in this so urgent case—the effect of your novel would not be divided and weakened through our involuntary speculations as to your real intent.

NINE TALES. By Hugh De Selincourt, author of "A Soldier of Life," etc. Introduction by Harold Child. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Back of these stories, it is easy to see, lies a well grounded confidence in the general beneficence of life as a whole, provided only that one, with the means at hand, takes advantage to test and prove this good intent of the world. And by "the means at hand" the writer has reference to the individual himself to those things that he accepts and makes use of for his own development, for his own adjustment to the general trend of life in all of its considerable aspects. So, these tales have to do with the simple occurrences that come to everybody to prove the stuff that is in him. A satisfying characteristic of them all is that they begin right where the man or woman under consideration happens to be. That is, they begin with the next obvious step in one's daily life—making these steps, small and uncertain as they may be, the way to lead up or down along another level. Mr. De Selincourt looks on the happier side of the way. He is no pessimist. So, these stories—or studies—are along the hopeful reaches of existence. That is, as a whole. The first one, however, and the unhappiest one in effect, goes back to the ancient notion of sacrifice as a propitiatory rite. A woman, whose husband has gone to the war, becomes possessed of the idea that her baby is the very thing that God wants as a sacrifice in order that the war may come to an end. Fine craftsmanship and a very delicate way of handling do not make this a pleasing story. The same workmanly invention and the same delicate insight make the remaining stories on happier themes a delight to the lover of a fine literary sense and art. Harold Child, by way of introduction to this volume, makes an admirably sympathetic and discriminating estimate of Mr. De Selincourt's work as a whole.

BARBARA PICKS A HUSBAND. By Hermann Hagedorn, author of "Where Do You Stand?" etc. Frontispiece by J. Paul Verrees. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This novel is a bit of the lightning transit, capuled food, speed-up spirit of the moment. Within a hand's breadth of space and a two-day stretch of time Mr. Hagedorn assembles here with lavish hand the parts of a whirlwind social comedy. With people enough and incidents enough for a five-act drama, the writer, in a wizardry of handling and a mastery of fortuitous vanishings, condenses this bewildering of material into a neat body of social to-do that sits in uncrowded ease within the borders of this hour of reading. The whole fuss centers around a girl who has the pick of three men to provide her thereafter with food and clothes. Spoiled, in the overself-appraisals that afflict so many attractive girls, this heroine pretty nearly succeeds in placarding an entire city with "business suspended" while she pursues her devastating way of husband choosing. However, the turmoil is, under good management, brought to an orderly process of doings, with some bits of sardonic humor here and there, and humor of the gentler sort all along its course. The people are not only human beings, but they are, in the main, interesting human beings each in his own way. It is easy enough to be human—but to be interesting! Oh, no! And this difficult achievement Mr. Hagedorn has gained. Highly condensed as is the substance of this invention, it is, after all, a recognizable picture of the great social game of husband hunting under the gentle refinements of polite procedure. An interesting comedy of workmanly build and clever interpretation.

CHEER-UP LETTERS. By Torrey Ford. New York: Edward J. Clode.

Here is a handful of letters from a private with Gen. Pershing, a member of the ambulance service. In addition to these honors is that of being Sewell Ford's boy. This by way of introduction. The important thing, however, is to get to the letters, for the sake of the sheer grit and good nature and sense of fun that bring them straight across into one's hearty approval and enjoyment. Understand—this boy knows he is at war. There is no pretense here that he is trying to edge off the realities of his experience. He has chosen, simply, to set down here little things that come along every day with a smile in them. And, if the smile is not there; if, on the contrary, the matter is somewhat grim, he pretends

to admit it, and, in lieu of a grumble, he just pins a grin to it and sends it off in a letter back home. He has seen real war business—don't make any mistake about that. Indeed, he was among the first of the Americans who were cited for bravery by the French government. Of this he says: "Of course, I don't deny having been brave, but I can't remember it very distinctly." A boy of that stamp naturally would write letters that are worth while, like these.

THE TIME SPIRIT: A Romance. By J. C. Snaith, author of "The Sailor," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In "The Time Spirit" Mr. Smith turns the best-beloved of the themes of old romancers to the uses of the present. The general drift of the story shows the breaking down of English class distinctions. This purpose is, however, not an obtrusive one. The prime object of this writer is to tell an engaging story. This he achieves. A founding baby starts the progress of events. As founding babies occasionally do, in books at least, this one is carried straight to the refuge required for succeeding developments. A beautiful and winning child, a charming woman of many gifts, Mr. Snaith makes of this doorstep a lover of the modern type of young Englishmen sends the story along in pleasing complications of courtship. The little Mary—in good old-fashioned way—turns out to be the daughter of Duke Somebody-Other, through his secret marriage with a fine upstanding girl of the next step down in the social order. This fact serves to wind the story in and out in an interesting web of happenings that turn out, as they should, not only to Mary's marriage, but also to Mary's share in the privileges of her father's class. However, father or no father, Mary's independent career of personal success makes her well worth one's while for her own sake. The fringes of high society where Mary had her origin are fringed only, which the writer uses with good taste and good judgment to play their subordinate part in a sterling story of modern intent and substance.

THE STANDARD-BEARERS: True Stories of Heroes of Law and Order. By Katherine Mayo, author of "Justice to All." Illustrations by Capt. Louis Keene. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

These short stories—fifteen, all counted—are built upon incidents and adventures drawn from the work of the Pennsylvania state constabulary. Each is an incident that marks some critical point in the activities of the state police for the detection of criminals and for their pursuit and seizure. Each is an adventure wherein the heroism of one or another of

these groups of the state constabulary stands out as an exciting and stimulating example of personal courage in behalf of the state's power to protect its citizens. The character of these men, their behavior in the pursuit of crime, their bearing under the secret and open dangers surrounding them, make them fitting subjects for hero tales. The incidents themselves are cut out from the criminal records of the state, records which set forth occasions upon which members of the state constabulary have pursued and apprehended criminals. These stories savor of the adventures of the mounted police of the Canadian northwest. The book as a whole serves to illuminate by concrete case the writer's earlier studies of the Pennsylvania constabulary, studies which were embodied in a general way in her former book, "Justice to All." The two books constitute a propaganda whose intent is to lead other states—particularly the state of New York—to follow Pennsylvania in the establishment and support of a state police. However, quite apart from their utilitarian purpose, these stories are finely stirring tales of adventure that have the added value of being undeniably true accounts of personal courage and daring.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PENNSYLVANIAN. By Samuel Whitaker Pennypacker, Governor of Pennsylvania, 1903-1907. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company.

In this "unaltered, unexpurgated and unedited" chronicle, the reader gets the impressions, good, bad, but never indifferent, of one "Pennsylvanian" concerning the men and events of his times. In a book of more than 500 pages covering many years of public life, there is, naturally, room for criticism of certain human antagonisms, with whom the author came in touch. So pervading is the pungency of fair play, however, that any lambasted politician who cares to see himself as Samuel W. Pennypacker saw him will have to admit that the picture is uncolored by any vindictiveness of personal grudge. Warm praise is as readily accorded, notably, in a chapter entitled "Miniatures," in which, for one illustrative quotation, "Uncle Joe" Cannon is etched as "a tall, grizzled, gaunt and homely man, with a fund of anecdotes from the prairies, and with rugged bluntness of phrase he gives the impression of possessing character and resolution."

Wise in the knowledge that "the life of every man has a value as well as interest for his fellows," the author begins with his birth "upon a Sunday," which gifted him with "the power to pow-wow and to see fairies as the opportunity arises." Also, he had the colic. There is a lovable glimpse of his first years in a wonderful old house that stood on a high bluff in the town of Phoenixville, Pa., and a more intimate acquaintance with his growing decades, until the attaining of manhood, in the early

days of the civil war. There are many chapters descriptive of Gov. Pennypacker's public career, and of the official honors which his state showered upon him along the way, but one feels that as his years mellowed into the age of biblical limitation he loved best to write of the ancestral Pennypackers, who willed him the heritage of the sturdy Dutch virtues and the brain power that made him one of the most prominent figures in the history of his state.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HOW TO SELL MORE GOODS: Secrets of Successful Salesmanship. By H. J. Barrett, author of "Dollars and Sense." New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE WHITE ROOK. By J. B. Harris-Burland. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE MAN FROM BAR-20: A Story of the Cow Country. By Clarence E. Mulford, author of "Bar-20," etc. Pictures by Frank E. Schoonover. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE PAWNS COUNT. By Phillips Oppenheim. With frontispiece by F. Vaux Wilson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

THE LONELY STRONGHOLD. By Baillie Reynolds, author of "A Castle to Let," etc. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A DICTIONARY OF MILITARY TERMS. By Edward S. Farrow, late assistant instructor of tactics at the United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

THE EASTERN WINDOW. By Sidney Williams. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

WHY PROHIBITION! By Charles Flint. New York: Service.

MODERN SEAMANSHIP. By Austin M. Knight, rear admiral, United States Navy. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company.

MANUAL FOR LOCAL DEFENSE. By Henry A. Bellows, major, 13th Battalion, Minnesota Home Guard. New York: The Macmillan Company.

YOUR NEGRO NEIGHBOR. By Benjamin Brawley, author of "A Short History of the American Negro," etc. New York: The Macmillan Company.

ALCOHOL: Its Actions on the Human Organism. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

GREAT BRITAIN, PALESTINE AND THE JEWS: Jewry's Celebration of Its National Charter. New York: George H. Doran Company.

PLAYING THE GAME. By Zebediah Steink. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Aviatrix Lauds Flying as a Woman's Sport

"NOTHING is beyond your reach if you go after it hard enough!" That is the motto of Katherine Stinson, champion cross-country flier of all men and women aviators in America, who has been in Washington to volunteer her services in connection with the war savings stamp campaign.

It was her firm conviction of this fact that gave her the courage, at the age of seventeen, to leave her home in Jackson, Miss., enter an aviation school, qualify as a flier and receive one of the first licenses issued by the Aero Club of America.

It was the same theory that inspired her to accomplish so many "firsts" in the hazardous sport of the air, and to attempt and accomplish what less courageous fliers declared to be impossible.

Miss Stinson was the first native American girl to drive a plane. She was the first woman flier to loop the loop.

The first woman to fly at night with fireworks attached to the machine. The only woman flier to carry United States mail, and the only woman flier engaged to chart new air-mail routes with emergency landings.

Katherine Stinson and her sister, Miss Marjorie, who is also a skillful flier, were the only woman teachers of American aviators.

Katherine Stinson has proved herself an absolute master—or mistress, if you please—of this daring sport. She has reproduced the most daring stunts of man fliers, many of whom have lost their lives performing the same feats that she has done, and goes on doing, with calm assurance. What manner of woman is it, then, who has been braving death for six exciting years and still goes on making records a little faster than other people can break them?

Miss Stinson is twenty-three years old. She looks more like sixteen. She weighs just 101 pounds, and if she wants to look over a man's shoulder she has to climb up on something, or take a flight in her airplane. She is dark and slight and petite in every way. Her eyes are big and brown, and she smiles as only a real girl can smile. Katherine Stinson is a girl flier, and is not ashamed of it. She wears regular girls' clothes when she flies, and has not found that skirts are any obstacle in executing the nose dive, the spiral, the loop and the falling leaf. She is not of the "strenuous" type, generally regarded as such. She refuses to get excited about woman suffrage—she has found another avenue to emancipation.

There is no stage play about her. Thoroughly characteristic was the first remark she made upon alighting after her sensational flight from San Diego to San Francisco over Bakersfield and the Tehachapi mountains. She had breakfasted in San Diego, and flew over Bakersfield about lunch time.

"What was the most difficult part of the flight?" an interviewer asked her when she arrived in Frisco in time for dinner. "Somebody was having ham and eggs in Bakersfield," she replied, "and it was an awful temptation to come down for lunch!" Such was this bird-girl's idea of the greatest hardship in achieving a flight that had been a rainbow lure for aviators from the time that flying started on the Pacific coast.



KATHERINE STINSON IN HER AIRPLANE.

On a recent visit to Washington Miss Stinson had some interesting things to say about her profession as a woman's sport.

"There is going to be a lot of flying done in this country after the war," she said, "and it stands to reason that the women are not going to stand back and let the men do it all. Just as women have taken to motoring, so they will take up the great sport of flying when they realize that it isn't really anything to be afraid of."

"Of course, I will not be so rash as to say that any woman can fly as well as any man. But it would be equally wrong to assert that any man can fly as well as any woman. It is entirely an individual matter, a question of temperament and inclination and natural aptitude."

"I know nothing in flying that makes it exclusively a man's game. Women are meeting men on an even footing at tennis and golf, which actually are no less strenuous than flying. Flying isn't strenuous, anyway. Like all other real sports, it is largely a matter of knowing how."

"A man or woman who takes up aviation as a sport will not necessarily have to become a stunt flier. Stunts must be mastered by war aviators, for every one of the things that most people regard as 'circus tricks' is likely to be needed in an emergency

in war flying. The 'nose dive' and the 'loop' and the 'falling leaf' and many other stunts have saved the lives of many fliers at the front, and their mastery is part of the essential equipment for a fighting flier."

"But before going on for stunts an aviator must learn straight flying, and straight flying emerged from the hazardous stage long ago. I really do not regard my own work as particularly dangerous, for the safety of a flier when doing trick work depends largely on the condition of the machine."

"That is another reason that I say flying is a woman's sport as much as a man's. Women are said to have a particular capacity for taking pains and looking after details. I never take the condition of my machine for granted. I do not believe in taking chances. Never-ending patience is a prime requisite of the game, and many a clever flier has crashed just because he got tired of eternally going over every wire, every bolt, every part of his motor, and making sure that there was nothing wrong."

Unable to take an active part in the war, Miss Stinson is doing her best to help things along on this side of the Atlantic. Besides having been engaged for the post office air mail work, she has worked energetically, and has given her services freely in promoting war work.

She made a series of sensational cross-country flights from Buffalo to Washington in the interest of the Red Cross last year, during the week of the first Red Cross war fund, and has distributed Red Cross and liberty bond literature from the clouds in many parts of the country.

Her services have been volunteered also to the recruiting forces of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, and she helped to stimulate enlistments both by making recruiting flights and delivering recruiting speeches.