

BOOKS and their AUTHORS

THIEVES' WIT.

By Hubert Footner. 345 pages. Price, \$1.50. George Doran Company, New York, publishers.

Hubert Footner shows a great range of subjects in his recent books. His last effort, "The Huntress," was a story of the wilds of the North-west, and now he comes back with an absorbing detective story of New York. The story hinges around the activities of a gang of expert jewel thieves, whose head is the owner of one of the largest jewel shops in the city. A young detective comes in contact with a famous actress, who has lost an invaluable string of blue pearls, and in recovering the pearls he comes upon the threads of a gigantic organization for relieving the wealthy citizens of their gems. At first he makes a big blunder, and almost ruins the lives of the actress and her lover, but when he realizes his mistake, he puts his whole heart and soul into the task of rounding up the guilty persons. How he accomplishes his task and corners the gang is a thrilling and interesting story. To assist him he has the services of a leading diamond merchant, who becomes for a time one of the gang, and who runs great risks before the criminals discover his identity. There is also in the story a girl detective, the sweetheart of the hero, and she in turn takes great chances and wins out. Finally, the whole conspiracy is exposed, and the gang are arrested, although the leader finds escape in suicide. Then, of course, the principals live happily ever after.

For a thrilling, well-told detective yarn, "Thieves' Wit" will be hard to beat. The hero, a past master in the art of disguise, does some hair-raising work, and has a large share of the narrow escapes which story-book detectives usually have. The portrayal of the characters of the criminals is very well done, and the dramatic incidents are well handled. Hubert Footner has created a detective of an unusual type that the oldest devotees of detective stories has perhaps not seen his like before.

ADVENTURES OF BINDLE.

By Herbert Jenkins. 312 pages. Price, \$1.50. Gordon & Gotch (Canada), Toronto, publishers.

What Bruce Bainsfather has done in immortalizing the Cockney of war-time in his "Adventures of Bindle," which has just arrived in this country, is indeed refreshing, after a flood of war books and adventure literature, to turn to this book at the time of mental reaction, and to find it wholly stabilizing and satisfying. Bindle is the typical Cockney, born and raised within the sound of the bells, and he has all the characteristics of his type. His antics are calculated to keep even the most serious-minded and soured reader in a good humor. In all his adventures and exploits, and they are many and varied, he comes out on top, and manages to get the better of all with whom he comes in contact, with the exception of his muscular better half, Mrs. Bindle. His witty sayings and flashes of repartee are irresistible, and it is impossible to refrain from laughing at his many practical jokes.

The adventures of this quaint character are told in a series of sixteen stories. The pick of them are perhaps the story of an air-raid, and the story of the courtship of the chaplain minister, who the hero who crosses swords with the hero. The whole book is suggestive of Dickens, and to use the words of T. P. O'Connor, "Bindle is the greatest Cockney that has come in being through the medium of the literature since Dickens wrote the Pickwick Papers." Herbert Jenkins is to be congratulated on his creation. He has a heart of gold, and the optimism of Mark Tapley, combined with the philosophy of the Pato, and is helped by the guiding hand of a strong-minded wife. It is almost impossible to lay down this book until the last page is reached. In Bindle the author has created an authentic type, and any further books of his adventures will be awaited with interest. As a book that compels great outbursts of merriment it is of much value in these serious times.

TEACHING THE CHILD PATRIOTISM.

By Kate Upson Clark. 175 pages. The Page Company, Boston, publishers.

In this book Kate Upson Clark has realized the need for the training of the generation that is growing up and the generations to be in patriotic service to their country. She puts forth very clearly the ideas which must be instilled into the mind of every child if that child is to become a useful and public-spirited citizen. And this patriotism which she wishes to teach is not that of the flag-waving and song-singing variety, but the kind of patriotism which finds its outlets in deeds rather than in words.

The author shows that there are many aspects of patriotism which are often forgotten, and many ways of teaching these to the children. First of all she deals with the appeal of history, and tries to point out that by holding up the heroes of the past as shining examples for the children of the present age much will be done to raise men and women of high ideals. But she does not stop there, nor does she rest content with telling how patriotism can be cultivated and practi-

BOOKS.

Books admit children to new worlds of delight, contribute to their happiness, stimulate their imaginations and leave joyful memories.

When owned and read in childhood they are enduring contributions to life as true wealth.

They give the grown-up reader an acquaintance with famous men, help to make business bigger and better, provide many an evening's entertainment, and give trips of travel to many lands.

Are not these sufficient incentives to read books?

...tised in peace time. She devotes space to the necessity of making sacrifices for patriotism before that word can really mean much to the health of the community and of the country is a vital factor in the supporting of our country, and also how work is a vital part of that patriotism. These things are all well demonstrated and proven in the pages of this little book. The last two chapters are perhaps of the greatest importance in the teaching of the subject. The writer has set upon the fact that a man's conduct while he is travelling over the world and in various countries has come to indicate his nationality. Each nation has certain characteristics which are known all over the globe, and the author of this book urges upon the readers the necessity of paying strict attention to the manners and morals of our children, so that these shall be characteristic of the nation to which they belong, and shall give it a high standing. The final chapter is on the religion and ideals of a true patriot. The whole contents of the volume may be summed up in the following splendid lines of Edwin Markham:

"What do we need to keep the nation whole
To guard the pillars of the State? We need
The line audacious of honest deed;
The homely old integrities of soul;
The swift certainties that take the part
Of honest right—the wisdom of the heart;
Brave hopes that Mammon never can
Nor sully with his gainless clutch for gain.
We need the Cromwell fire to make us
Feel the common burden and the public trust.
To be a thing as sacred and august
As the white light where the angels kneel.
We need the faith to go a path untrod,
The power to be alone and vote with God."

This book is inspired by a high purpose, by a strong desire to serve the country in the way in which the writer is best fitted. Her ideas and this book is of special interest to those who have in their hands the training of children as citizens of our Dominion.

ONCE UPON A TIME

A Book was overheard talking, and this was what it said:
Please don't handle me with dirty hands,
Or leave me out in the rain;
Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil;
Or lean upon me with your elbows—it hurts;
Or open me and lay me face down on the table;
You wouldn't like to be treated so.

A SURGEON IN ARMS

By Captain Robert J. Manion. 230 pages. Price \$1.50. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, Publishers.

There has been such a flood of war books during the past two years that now, when the fighting is over, any war book must needs have something unusual to recommend it before it can hope to be a success. Fighting men, living men and others have all told the stories of their various corps, but it has been left to Robert J. Manion, a captain in the Canadian Army Medical Corps, to tell a story of the work of the medical. The author served as a physician in the front line trenches in the early part of the war, up to the time when the Americans entered the conflict, and he has something unusual to tell of the work of his branch of the service. His book shows the war from a new angle, that of a medical man. It is the human record of a man who has won the Military Cross on the field, and it reveals the wonderful work being done by that group of men who get nearer to the heart of the man who fought in the trenches better than any other man in the army.

The book describes, by a series of short, graphic stories, in a vivid, realistic and human way, life in the trenches, attacks by shell, airplane and gas, daily existence in the medical corps, and gives the actual experiences, which a surgeon at the front has to undergo. The interesting and novel part in the book is that in which the writer tells in detail each step in the handling of the wounded from the time the man is hit and becomes a casualty until he is landed safely in "hospital." It tells about battles in the air and on the ground, and pictures medical work under war conditions, where the surgeon has only the barest medical necessity at his disposal.

Throughout the whole story are remarkable touches of human nature, especially in telling of the work of the padre, and of the association with the men who were the comrades of the author at the front. The reviewer, with his own experiences in mind, has no hesitation in saying upon the factious elements of labour,

that this book rings true from start to finish. Through it there runs, at times a streak of humor that makes it very enjoyable reading, and the tragedy of war is very real, in even the most laughable situations depicted in its pages. "A Surgeon in Arms" is a human document of the finest sort, and is one of the many war books which will have more than an average circulation.

THE AIMS OF LABOUR

By the Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, ex-M.P., 128 Pages. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, Publishers.

The whole labour movement of the world is in the melting pot. The significant incidents of the present day in Europe take the form of a great test for the aims and objects of the labour element, and until the final outcome of the Bolshevik movement is apparent, labour all over the world will be unsettled and waiting to see which way the issue is going to swing. Truly, the labour elements in the democratic countries need a stabilizing hand to guide them in the proper path during the next year or two. Even in democratic England, the Bolsheviks are raising their heads, and Canadians, who generally look to the old country for guidance in these matters, are perplexed as to what steps can be taken to prevent the spread of that obnoxious and dangerous movement. So at this time, it is a great relief to have some pointers from a man who from the inception of the labour movement as a political power in Britain, has taken a large part in the activities of the labour party. Although Arthur Henderson was defeated at the recent general election in Great Britain, still his word carries weight, and his opinions are of great value to the masses of labour, which, when properly regulated and managed, is indeed a worthy cause.

Recently Mr. Henderson wrote a series of newspaper articles on the aims of labour, and with slight addi-

and will help to prevent an outbreak of Bolshevism in the democratic countries.

Paragraphs From New Books

The medical and other services—almost forgotten that they existed for the express purpose of keeping Tommy in the trenches clothed, fed, healthy and protected from the assaults of the enemy, for Tommy is the man, say what you will; without him everything else goes smash; it is the human being who still counts in when God's penalty He can't win. — Colonel George Nasmith, C.M.G., in "On the Fringe of the Great Fight."

"If it be a question of a God moving toward perfection, I can speak with more confidence. And when we look at the horror in Europe, I can say that He will come out fairly well, but by comparison, then men will come out. This much I am convinced of, that God is improving more rapidly than man.—Simson Strunsky, in "Professor Latimer's Progress."

Break natural laws and corruption follows. Men look on and see the breaking of these laws, these great laws upon which the health and salvation of the human race depend, and a thick curtain falls, they draw sentries and send emissaries among the people to deceive and mislead them.—Harold Begbie, in "Millstone."

This brings us to that ancient and unassailable promise of all religions—that God includes every part of the universe in being the spirit of it; that His idea of creativeness is expressed in one great single, all-mastering and including emotion—which is love.—W. Livingston-Compton, in "The Hive."

A soldier's life is for his family; his death is for his country; his discomforts are for himself alone.—Rudyard Kipling, in "The Eyes of Asia."

A person who will make his way into company which he knows does not want him, is not to be envied but pitied. If he is really able to enjoy himself there, it is owing to his lack of sense.—John McQuarrie, in "Fragments of Philosophy."

The German people have to be taught one thing before their real education can begin. They have to be made to see that war is unprofitable, that being army, great though it is, may meet greater, and that heavy losses may come to their own country. They need to be reminded that he that liveth by the sword may die by the sword.—Nellie McClung, in "Three Times and Out."

It is a circumscribed life that has no vision into the past, which is familiar only with the present conditions and forms of government, manners, customs and beliefs. Such a life has no background, no opportunity that being from the mistakes of others, nor from their achievements.—Kate Upson Clark, in "Teaching the Child Patriotism."

What the future may hold for Germany it is very hard to say. We do know one thing, however, and that is that the national character will have to change mightily before there can be any lasting brightness or happiness for her people.—Fred McMullen and Jack Evans in "Out of the Jaws of Hunland."

Notes Of Interest To Booklovers

"The Aero Blue Book," which the Century Company publish this month, will be for navigators of the air what the "Automobile Blue Book" was for guides of the earth machine when it was new. It will contain aeronautical maps, aviation records, lists of national and international prizes and trophies, and a mass of other matter of moment to those interested in air traffic. It is said to be the first of its kind in English.

"The New America," by an Englishman, which the Macmillan Company are to publish soon, is a study of the new forces, tendencies and outlook of the United States, resulting from participation in the world war, and it is the work of Frank Dillrot, who has been for some time a correspondent from this country for English newspapers.

Arnold Bennett's new novel, "The Roll Call," which the Doran Company publish in January, will narrate the influence of the war on the son of Hilda Lessways.

"The Dare-Devil of the Army," by Captain A. P. Corcoran, which will be published shortly, will be an account of the experiences of the author and of his associates as despatch riders in the British Army.

Olive Thorne, known to two generations of readers by her books and lectures about birds and animals and other nature subjects, and by her short stories and novels, died last month in Los Angeles, her last illness was in private life she was Mrs. Harriett Mann Miller.

Amelia Barr's "The Paper Cap," just published by the Appleton Company, brings the number of her novels well over seventy, besides several volumes of poetry and short stories. She is now eighty-seven years of age.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox's autobiographical, "The World and I," is pro-

duced for January publication by George H. Doran Company.

Percy McKaye has written a play in prose, with a prologue and epilogue in verse, entitled "Washington, the Man Who Made Us," which title indicates that it will present in story form a biography of the first president of the United States.

Harry Holt & Company announce fifth printings of Dorothy Canfield's "Home Fires in France" and William Beebe's "Jungle Peace."

A new novel by Patrick McGill, "The Doughboys," which George H. Doran will publish this month, will be a military novel dealing with the American soldier in France. As all of his fiction hitherto has pictured the life of the wretchedly poor and of the alms, his admirers will be curious to see how his realistic pen will treat this very different subject.

The most sensational successful book of the season has been Vicente Blasco Ibanez's "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." The forty-eighth edition of this book is now on the press.

The title of Harry Hansen's translation of Frederick Freksa's book on the Vienna Congress of a hundred years ago, has been changed to "A Peace Congress of Intrigue." It will furnish an interesting background for the Peace Congress of 1919. Harry Hansen recently sailed for Paris to report the Peace Congress for a number of American papers.

Within a week or two Harper & Brothers will publish "Experiments in International Administration," by Francis B. Sayre, President Wilson's son-in-law.

Donald B. Macmillan, author of "Four Years in the White North," does not agree with many other writers on Arctic life in his estimate of the character of the Eskimo dog, which has been described as treacherous, vicious and dangerous. "On the contrary," he says, "the full-blooded Eskimo dog is the most affectionate in the world. No man, after the invasion, not to tell of his own, has been attacked, and not more than three or four of the whole tribe have ever been bitten."

HOW TO BE WISE

The Fool never learns.
The Average Man learns from his own experience.
The Wise Man learns from the experience.
Be Wise—become a book reader, for information—for pleasure.

The Old Man And His Smile

It is about one of these tireless workers that I wish to write. Not to tell the story of his wanderings after the invasion; not to tell of his five sons serving in the Belgian army; not to tell of his daughter in Brussels, for whom he has grave fears, but to tell of his smile. What an odd subject, you will say.

We were perspiring and feeling the packs' weight. The dust was raised, great clouds of it, by the steady tramp. We had passed a small estaminet, and there, in the corner, was the old man. I use the adjective old in the most reverent way. He nodded his head and smiled. Have you ever seen a soul through the eyes? I did that day. Not to tell you that he was offering up a silent prayer for the boys, "Give 'em a France!" How he would have shouted if the voice could have been raised. But one knew what was in the old man's mind: "These boys will beat the Germans. They are good sons. They march well. They will carry on. Some, yes, will not come back. May the Bon Dieu watch over them."

I felt a bond of sympathy come between us, and experienced a feeling difficult to describe. One may be too sentimental, but I confess that tears were not far removed. Here he was, near the end of his journey; toiling away; carrying such a heavy load of sorrow. We went on, but I did not, and hope not to, forget the old man—and his smile.—Lieut. Stanley A. Rutledge in "Trench Pictures from France."

A Canadian Illustrator

The co-operation of Canadian artists with Canadian publishers is a sign of the times. A most striking book jacket and poster much in evidence in the book stores is from a design by R. E. Johnston, a Toronto illustrator, for the book "Salute to Monarchy" by Eugene de Schelling. Mr. Johnston has shown the late car falling over a precipice, his whole attitude expressing horror. The Russian crowd falling from his head symbolizes the fall of monarchy in Russia. The knot dropping from his belt indicates that rule by oppression has had its day, and the money scattered and falling denotes the waste which characterized the Russian court. Behind the figure of the czar, the shadowy form of the kaiser appears, a sardonic leer on his countenance, expressing the German attitude to the downfall of monarchial institutions at the sister court. Behind the hill on the back of the book is suggested the spires of Russian churches, peasants' cottages, one of the towers of the Kremlin. On the extreme end of the back cover is shown a group symbolizing the arrest of Russia; a prominent figure is a priest, an echo of the Minister Rasputin. In this group are shown the anarchist, the drunkard and the courtesan, the fanatic and the soldier, all the rag-tag-and-bobtail which formed the entourage of the court of Nicholas by whose collective agency the late czar was lured to his own destruction. The whole design is strikingly executed, and is a credit to the publishing house of Macmillan.

The Reading Public of Canada

One of the greatest pleasures that a reader has in visiting London or Edinburgh and browse amongst the latest books. To read reviews of books in the literary columns of magazines and newspapers is one thing; to pick up a book; glance through the table of contents and turn over the pages is something quite different. Reviews do make one buy books, but for one that is bought through a review, there will be bought by the reader who casually picks from the counter well-printed volumes, or a new publication of which he has not heard, a book-loving people, a city that has read before the best of good book shops. Is it the shops that make the readers or the readers the shops? I fancy that it is the readers who make the shops. If so, the reason that we have so few good book shops in Canadian cities is that we have so few readers who are interested in books. As a Canadian, I regret to own that we are far behind the Old Land in this respect. Possibly on the average our cities have as many good readers as those of the United States, but we have a long way to go before we are within sight of London or Edinburgh. Of course, by readers I do not mean newspaper readers.

We have some very creditable journals, and papers are read widely and intelligently. On the whole, the reader's exercise is independent judgment, I should imagine, and are not bound to the editorial opinions overlavishly. Our people who read these papers are not more provincial than the people of the same class in the Old Country; they are just as able to exercise about common-sense, and they do so. But it is very doubtful whether they appreciate the style and logical development of an editorial as the educated Englishman does, though they will take the substance out of it just as quickly. Now the genuine book-lover does enjoy style. Half of his pleasure comes from the way in which the idea is expressed; he not only finds words that are not worn like the fingered current coin, that completes and rounds out in a sentence or paragraph one idea before confusing it with another.

One who enjoys the literary art in this sense will always be a reader, and as he grows older he will appreciate the truth of the words which are inscribed on the Toronto Public Library, "Not refert quam multos sed quam bonos habens libros." The young man is impatient to read the books that the world is talking about; the older man is content to sit at an evening with his favorite writer brooding over passages that are familiar. He does not weary of observations. A combination of his own wisdom with chaste and adequate words brings never-failing pleasure.

But this leads me to remark further that the good reader has not necessarily a voracious appetite—he is critical, selective, makes his own choice, and enjoys himself in doing so. He is not eager to find from the shopman what the best seller for the month has been, nor does he contribute very largely to make the fortune of the popular novelist or witty essayist. I fancy, however, that a reader's taste may be judged by his measure at least by his liking for an essay, for its pith and essence lie in its treatment of a well-chosen theme within a modest compass. An effective essay must exhibit literary skill.

But a good reader also finds pleasure on occasion at least by wandering through the ample spaces of history or fields of thought set out in a series of volumes or in good biographies. There are times when one finds it a labor to tread one's way through the narrow and well-trimmed hedges of succinct and closely-compact argument as in a small pocket where a gardener has used every inch of space. Then one turns to the leisurely writer who is not afraid to carry one or two lines of some comfort to a digression, and when he has quietly explored it will bring one back in his own good time to the main highway of his discourse.

Such a reader wishes to own the book he reads, and his delight is in a good piece of workmanship, well printed, well bound, and well illustrated. In the matter of book-making Canadians have still a long way to go. We have to learn much in the art of printing, and even more in the art and practice of binding. We have not yet the traditions of a great bookmaking centre such as Edinburgh and Boston, nor have we yet had the generations of workmen who have handed on the technique from age to age, and who know how to use their instruments with such precision that they pass the mill that separates art from mere skill. This lack is also due in measure to the fact that we have in Canada few people who buy a fine book for the book's sake. If more of our people loved books well enough to spend money upon handsome volumes, or even well printed volumes, we should before long have publishers who would undertake to produce them, and skilled workmen who would spend pains upon them and take pleasure in their finished artistry.

But fortunately the genuine reader is not dependent upon an expensive edition to satisfy his taste. No one can get his pleasure more cheaply than the reader who reads the reach of all, for these are within the reach of all. Nor are these cheap editions careless-produced for the most part. Their large circulation makes it possible to print them well and to bind them in convenient and often artistic form. And in peace time the best of carriage and custom duty are so small that these good books can be placed at a low price even in the Canadian village. It is not therefore for lack of books, beautiful and cheap though for the most part imported, that we have not a large reading public in Canada. It is because we have not developed a sufficient taste for literature. My experience leads me to believe there are more women than men in Canada who are good read-

ers. Possibly they have more time, though that is doubtful when household duties are so manifold and so constant. I rather think that women make more time, and that men spend the hours in parties or in clubs; whereby men learn in a direct fashion within the narrow range of their own home town, but they miss the wider experience of humanity which is preserved in literature, history, philosophy, speculation and idealism; and therefore, while effective for the many things that can be settled by the judgment of the man-in-the-street, they are not able to form as well balanced decisions on human affairs and policies which are determined by ideas in the limited circle in which they move.—Sir William Falconer, President of the University of Toronto, in "The Canadian Bookman."

Why Worry?
Thousands have successfully solved the problems that are troubling you now. Save time and labor by reading what others have done.—Sir William Falconer, President of the University of Toronto, in "The Canadian Bookman."

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