

## Books and Bookmen

**Mr. Crewe's Career:** Winston Churchill. (London and New York: Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

A new book by the American Mr. Winston Churchill is a most important event in the annals of the literary world, for he is without doubt the greatest novelist of the day. In "Mr. Crewe's Career," Mr. Winston Churchill has made his second entry into the literary crusade, that is now being waged in America with a view to purifying its corrupt politics. In "Coniston" the reader was shown the corrupt system of political wire pulling that prevailed in the States, and in "Mr. Crewe's Career" is shown the iniquitous methods indulged in under the misnomer of "inalienable vested rights" by the railway monopolists of America. Like Mr. Chambers, Mr. Winston Churchill believes that the ultimate regeneration of America is to be achieved by "the younger set." It has passed into an axiom that noblesse oblige cannot be achieved in one generation. And the earlier generations of America have been too occupied making and amassing money either to study "the humanities," the proper way to spend money, or, what is of infinitely more importance, that there are things that are unpurchasable by money, such as true patriotism, love, honour, and a few hitherto unconsidered trifles. Mr. Crewe, millionaire, who is not by any means the hero of the book, though his so-called career has supplied the mis-scene for the political drama in which the hero (Austen Vane) figures so nobly, was one of those egotistical busybodies who, because they possess the practically unlimited power that immense wealth gives, came to imagine that he had only to enter the field of American politics in order to exclaim, after the manner of Caesar, "Veni, Vidi, Vici"; not that Mr. Crewe can be denied the possession of certain good points, but they are too negative to be worthy of the prominence given to him, and them, in this book, except as a background to throw into higher relief the transcendent qualities of his hero. In order to understand the component parts of which Austen Vane's character was made, it is necessary to show the reader something of his parentage. Austen Vane was the son of Hilary Vane, of Puritan stock, and Sarah Austen, of Cavalier stock. Their most salient characteristics had been strengthened, fined down, and blended into harmony in their son Austen.

Space forbids the retelling of the numerous escapades that Austen Vane had emerged from before he reached the stage in which he is first presented to the reader. After his last scrape, in which he had nearly killed a man in a righteous cause, Austen had returned to Rip-ton, his birthplace, to resume the study and practice of that profession of which his father was so distinguished a member. His first chance to prove his metal came to him through an accident which had nearly proved fatal to his client. The accident in question had taken place at a crossing which was notorious as a death-trap, and the North-eastern, with its usual disregard of anything but dividends, had commissioned their agent to offer the usual inadequate compensation. Austen, who had long been indignant at the iniquitous methods the North-eastern had adopted in their dealing with the life and property of the people of the lands through which its railroads ran, took the case to the courts and won it. His attitude towards the North-eastern may be guessed at, when Mr. Green, secretary and treasurer of a great company, "suggested with all kindness that however noble it may be, it does not pay to tilt at windmills." "Austen is said to have replied, "Not unless you wreck the windmill." And wreck the windmill of the North-eastern Austen Vane surely did, as far as its corrupt practices were concerned, and in wrecking it, Austen Vane nearly wrecked the physical part of his father, Hilary Vane, who, however, came to see the wrong and the shortsightedness of the policy the North-eastern had persisted in so long and so dishonestly. The story ends with the power of the North-eastern Corporation as a corrupter of politics, broken;

not, as in Hilary Vane's case, from the conviction that their practices were dishonest, but because their assumed title to inalienable vested interest had been challenged in the broad light of open day, and found wanting, by a fearless man whose business methods were above reproach. The best thanks of the readers are due to Mr. Winston Churchill for his soul-stirring book. Though strongly denunciatory of the corrupt politics, and of the enormous power wielded by the great monopolies of America, it is not merely an indictment of their methods. A way out is indicated, which, while purifying the present system, need not affect the standing of corporations as keen men of business and shrewd politicians, or the acquisition of wealth in moderation. America is notorious for its millionaires, and no man ever becomes a millionaire without using the Car of Juggernaut, unconsciously may be, but none the less fatally. The love story of Austen Vane and Victoria Flint—daughter of that great railroad magnate, Isaac D. Worthington, of "Coniston" fame, and who was now president of the great North-eastern—is, as all Mr. Churchill's love stories are, strenuous, virile, and wholesomely pure. Mr. Churchill's heroines, and indeed all his women, may have their little peculiarities and follies, but they have no vice, and his conception of the heights they can reach has helped many women not only to strive after his ideals, but to reach them. Number 7 at the Pelican House comes in for the same graphic description as it did in "Coniston," with the difference that, while the scene and the play remain the same, the actors are new. "Coniston" was good, but "Mr. Crewe's Career" is better. To express properly our opinion of the book would be to exhaust the superlatives. Everyone should get it, and while reading it, learn and inwardly digest the great truths that are scattered broadcast throughout its pages. The quaint humour that characterises the depiction of Mr. Churchill's politicians, and their constituents, is, if anything, intensified in "Mr. Crewe's Career." In this respect Mr. Crewe is a host in himself.

**The Wheel of Fortune:** Louis Tracy. (London: Ward, Lock and Co., Limited.)

An altogether admirably written narrative, in which exciting adventure, glamorous romance, broad humour, slight historic fact, and a dash of Egyptology are skilfully blended into a harmonious whole highly creditable to Mr. Louis Tracy, and supremely satisfying to the reader. Richard Roysen, a descendant of Cour-de-Lion, and a penniless gentleman to boot, though heir to an ancient baronetcy, is fortunate enough to save from what would assuredly have been a fatal accident, Irene Fenshawe, granddaughter of Hiram Fenshawe, millionaire. Baron Von Kerber—whose interests were wholly vested in the Fenshawe Millieu—offers monetary reward to Roysen for saving Miss Fenshawe's life, which is scornfully refused in the words Roysen had that day seen embroidered on the banner carried by the leader of a great unemployed procession: "Curse your charity, we want work. Struck by the reply, Von Kerber, at a subsequent meeting, offers Roysen work of an adventurous kind, and makes him swear not to divulge its nature to anyone. Roysen accepts on being assured that nothing incompatible with honour will be required of him. Some time before this story opens, a roll of papyrus, which had been found in the tomb of Demetriades (a Greek), had been acquired by Von Kerber, dishonestly as it afterwards transpired. This papyrus set forth that in a certain place in the Egyptian Desert was hidden the spoils taken by the Romans in the year 24 B.C., when they sacked the city of Sheba, or Saba. It also gave minute directions where this hidden treasure was to be found. Mr. Fenshawe, besides being a great millionaire, had a world-wide reputation as a keen archaeologist and Egyptologist, and his ardour had been so fired by Von Kerber's glowing description of

the art treasures, and objects of archaeological interest, that formed part of the hidden treasure, that he had consented to finance and command an expedition to Egypt to search for and exhume this Sabaean treasure. Of the difficulties undertaken and surmounted, which include the imprisonment of Mr. Fenshawe and Von Kerber, by the Italian Governor of Massowah, who, informed by Aferi, one of the villains of this story, of the existence of this treasure, considered, justly enough, that Italy had the premier right to any treasure found in its territory; the abduction of Irene Fenshawe, which gave Roysen a second chance to win her—a chance of which he was not slow to avail himself—and the fight between the rival factors when the treasure is eventually discovered, and the unmasking and punishing of the two villains, must be read to be fully appreciated. Richard Roysen is as gallant a hero and lover as was ever conceived by author, and Irene Fenshawe as womanly a heroine. The book has the right atmosphere and colour that any narrative having the East for its locale should have. There is a wonderful description, and explanation given, of what it known as mirage. Brimming over with vitality, colour, dash and picturesque description, this book should please the most exigent reader. Our copy has been received through the courtesy of Messrs. Wildman and Arey.

**The Magic of May:** Iota. (London: George Bell and Sons.)

That some lines of Browning's are responsible for the existence of this book explains in part its complexities. Whether it has been written in order to denounce the leaders and followers of strange cults, or to show the insuperable difficulties that lie in the way of a woman ever loving or trusting a man who had once shown funk at a time when every reason, moral and physical, forbade its presence, even though after the lapse he had earned canonization in the effort to redeem his error, or whether it has been written to show how utterly unfit the neurotic girl or woman is to undertake the duties of wife or mother, will remain a mystery to the majority of readers. But this book, while clever, is too morbidly analytic to be pleasant reading. And how a writer who has climbed to the heights needed for a conception of a Ronnie Parre can descend into the Mærcma in order to create an Eleanor Forrester can only be accounted for by the vagaries of the author's sex. There is much in this book that is reminiscent of "The Heavenly Twins," with the difference that the saving humour of that book is not to be found in this. With the exception of Ronnie Parre, there is not a single normal character in the book. The study of the abnormal does not conduce either to comfort or sanity, and in any case vivisection is not the cure for temperamental disease. Nor does it seem morally fitting that so many victims should be immolated in order that one soul shall come into "the magic of May." Our copy of this exceedingly interesting but morbid book has been received through Messrs. Wildman and Arey.

DELTA.

## INDIGESTION

IS  
SLOW STARVATION.

Food is to the human body what fuel is to a furnace. Without the aid of food the body starves and dies, just as a furnace fire dies, grows cold, when not supplied with fuel. Undigested food is simply decaying food; so long as it lies in the stomach it is fermenting and giving off noxious gases and acid fluids that poison the blood and flow with it all through the system.

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