

## Browsing Among New Books

By GLADYS TRAYNOR

EMINENT ANASYS By Josef Washington Hall (Upton Close). Appleton & Co.



GLADYS TRAYNOR

Mr. Hall, writing of the lives and works of six great leaders of Asia in *Eminent Anasys*, continues his story of the westernization of the East told in *The Revolt of Asia*. He seems to have an abundance of material to draw upon and crowdfords many entertaining anecdotes into the pages of his latest book.

The first of modern great men of the East is Sun Yat Sen. Every one who has resided for

any length of time in China has undoubtedly read and heard much of the father of the Chinese Republic. Yet, if I may draw conclusions from my own experience, I venture to predict that even they will learn more about this visionary doctor for born of the people, who was to become a liberator. Those interested in China's struggle for a place among the Powers should read this account of Sun Yat Sen and Chingling, his lovely wife.

With Sun Yat Sen the author groups Ito and Yamagata of Japan, Mustapha Kemal of Turkey, Stalin of Russia, and the prophet of India, Mahatma Gandhi. Gandhi, of course, is well-known throughout the world, though the author writes of him as a man, rather than a god or a Hindu fakir. Stalin is also more or less familiar to readers; Kemal, dictator of Turkey, has been something of a mystery because of his aversion to publicity. But of the builders of modern Japan, Ito and Yamagata, both sprung from the Samurai and friends from boyhood, practically nothing is known in the West. Today Ito is revered in Japan, while Yamagata, the author writes, Bismark who is responsible for the present status of Japan's army, greatly honored during his long public life, takes second place. I think the author's best work in the book is the story of these two ex-colleagues.

Mr. Hall writes in a finished popular style, building on a thorough knowledge of oriental history. His many years as newspaper correspondent, foreign adviser to governing heads, and free lance traveler and student have familiarized him with customs and traditions which furnish a convincing background for the incidents he relates.

FIELD OF HONOR By Donn Byrne. The Century Co.

*Field of Honor*, Donn Byrne's last novel, published after his death, is written in the same exquisitely beautiful style of his other works, but takes a slightly different form. It is a tale of England's part in the French Revolution, interwoven with the slender love story of a young Irish couple, Garrett Dillon and his pretty bride, Jocelyn, in England. The author feels, to please the reader who has come to expect something of romantic Ireland in every book by Byrne. Garrett is on the side of England and leaves his young wife to become a King's Mes-

senger. Jocelyn, related to Irish mariners, is for revolution and the cause of freedom. Finely descriptive scenes are laid in Ireland, the Isle of Man, London; then follow the soldiers into every battlefield of Europe.

Napoleon is the real hero of the story; the author paints a sympathetic, flattering portrait of him, and a harsh, though sympathetic portrait of Lord Castlereagh, an Irishman hated in his own country, England's minister of war, whose unscrupulous, clever scheming finally brings about "the little man's" downfall. Other portraits mark the passage of the years in the introductions to each part of the book: a delightful sketch of Wordsworth, of the venerable Duke of Wellington, of the spy, Lady Stanhope, a very human picture of Josephine on the eve of her divorce from Napoleon, and reverent appreciations of the poets Goethe and Shelley. In these studies the author evidences a gift of understanding as to human character not bestowed on all novelists. It is an unusual and fascinating method of placing the time of a story, after the manner of the old minstrels who began a new tale by relating some well-known legend.

Donn Byrne, who won his reputation as a romantic novelist idealizing the traditions of his brave little green isle in glowing prose poems, could not have been the visionary, wistful Celtic dreamer that he was without injecting symbolism into his novels. Those who look for these will find them in this volume. *Field of Honor* justifies the use of superlatives. It is not only excellent entertainment, but has also an enduring quality in the haunting beauty of its vivid prose. Here is a book for those who like their fiction to be literature.

PERNOD JASHBER. By Booth Tarkington.

Doubleday Doran

In this book Mr. Tarkington assures Pernod's admirers that this favorite character is still the engaging small boy with whom they have lived over surreptitious pleasures of childhood. Pernod Jashber is a boy's story, written for the amusement of those days when the stable was empty but not yet rebuilt into a garage. "The author's description of Pernod's mental processes will delight the reader as much as the incidents he recounts.

The new Pernod story relates the development of a Mr. Hyde in the person of George B. Jashber, Pvt. detech. No. 103. Pernod-Jashber perfects his methods by himself, then brings Herman and Verman, the two colored boys, and his small neighbor Sam Williams, into his organization to shadow a suspected sutnor of his nineteenth-year old sister Margaret. The picture of the immature young man strolling out with his girl friend on a Sunday afternoon, followed by a procession headed first by a small troupe of colored boys calling meaningless words to another colored boy back of him, who in turn translates and relays the messages to Sam, dodging behind trees, with Pernod bringing up the rear, is especially provocative of chuckles.

The detectives' encroachment upon the adult world occasions complications which turn out happily for at least one person. Sam's big brother, just home from college, is also interested in Margaret, and he thinks this new game of

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The days when boys and girls depended upon their own imaginations to relieve vocation monotony are rapidly becoming legendary in an age of moving pictures, radios and mechanical toys, but they will continue to live on in a world of reality by the side of those other immortal boys, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.

DEAR SOOKY. By Percy Crosby. Being Letters from Skippy, with illustrations by the author. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

If a tear and a laugh and the tender revelation of a small boy's soul can be said to be components of great literature, then this little volume by the creator of Skippy should win a place in the first ranks. Skippy is a lovable small boy just beginning to be conscious of his masculinity. The sweet charm of babyhood hasn't yet been entirely eclipsed by boyish defiance. He is at the age all parents would like to keep their boys.

Skippy, visiting his aunt down in Virginia, writes to his little pal Sooky. He wants to know why his girl Carol hasn't answered his three postcards. He neglects to bid her a good deal until he finally makes an effort to propitiate her. He writes:

"I borrowed fifteen cents out the Sunday School barrel on Friday a string of blue beads with it, but I just Emily saw them an' she said it ain't proper to give jewelry to a girl. There was nothing to do but cut 'em up, but maybe I didn't have the chickens hoppin' around all afternoon, dippin' 'em with the bean-shooter. Now the beads is all gone so the farm's quieted down."

He writes from his grandmother's up in the mountains where he has gone for Christmas, and tells about the village band composed of players from seven to seventy, and the moving picture that keeps snapping in the middle of a scene. While you are still laughing at the funny little village, the author in a deft phrase or two brings a lump of truth about over the picture of the small homesick boy wondering what's wrong at home. "cause if not why am I up here 'stead of in my own home with my own mother."

The book is beautifully illustrated in color and printed on unusually fine paper in excellent print. It ought to make any child, whatever his age, happy on Christmas morning.

TRIPLE MURDER By Carolyn Wells, J. B. Lippincott Co.

Carolyn Wells wastes no time in projecting the reader into her new Fleming Stone detective story, which moves along at a good pace. The wealthy Maxwell Garnett drives up to the exclusive country club in the Adirondacks where he is spending the summer, stress out of his high-

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powered roadster, and turns to help his wife out of the rumble seat. Then begins the mystery. He discovers that she is dead, murdered. Suspicion is immediately cast upon Garnett. Jean was his third wife, and inquiry reveals that his first wife died suddenly from an unexplained fall from a roof. His second wife also disappeared suddenly when no one but her husband was present. Her dead body was later found in a lily pond. The finger of guilt points unmistakably at Garnett, but his brother steps forward in the role of an eager, helpful, would-be unswearer of the mystery and engages the services of the great detective, Fleming Stone, who happens to be vacationing at the club. This gentleman proceeds to apply psychology to the solution of the crime, much to the disgust of the local chief of police, and eventually uncovers the real murderer, who, of course, is the least suspected person.

**Triple Murder**, if you like mystery stories, will hold your interest.

### The Lost Martina

(Continued from page 29)

what or whom they expected to find, but they were drawn to the rock now by more than the smoke spell.

They were now on the other side of the rock, and there before their eyes only a few feet in front of them was the lost Martina, seated on a low promontory of the jagged rock. They had surprised her as she was combing her long brown hair with slim fingers, abundant tresses which were her only garment. With a cry of delight, the girl's mother rushed forward, her arms outstretched and eyes streaming with tears. In her haste she stumbled and slipped on a submerged rock and fell into a deep pool, becoming entangled in seaweed from which she struggled to extricate herself. She ceased her frantic struggle moment and looked up as her daughter's voice came to her:

"Mother, do not come nearer. I was your daughter but am no more of your world. Here I live with the kindly katasas who rescued me from the cruelties and temptations of men. Seek not to disturb me. I am happy till Fate shall release me."

In vain the mother tried to reach Martina. She was caught in the pool as in a vice. Behind her stood the others, the datu's wife, the crew of the barangay, and her brothers, grouped around the old wizard, rooted to the spot with mouths agape. Then quite suddenly the first rays of dawn fell in rosy shafts across the water, and when the mother and the others looked again the girl had vanished in the morning mists, again lost to them forever.

When the barangay returned to Bago the story was taken down by old chroniclers of folk tales. Though for some generations the tale was handed down from father to son, it has now almost been forgotten—a fading legend of olden time when superstition and credulity were more prevalent than now.

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### Origins of the Roman

(Continued from page 22)

should naturally conclude that the doctrines of excommunication and penance formed the most essential part of religion; and that it was much less dangerous for the disciples of Christ to neglect the observance of the moral duties, than to despise the censures and authority of their bishops. Sometimes we might imagine that we were listening to the words of Jesus, when he commanded the earth to open, and to swallow up, in consuming flames, the rebellious race which refused obedience to the priesthood of Aaron; and we should sometimes suppose that we heard a Roman consul asserting the majesty of the republic, and declaring his inflexible resolution to enforce the rigor of the laws. "If such irregularities are suffered with impunity" (it is thus that the bishop of Carthage chided the lenity of his colleague), "if such irregularities are suffered, there is an end of EPISCOPAL VIGOR; an end of the sublime and divine power of governing the Church, an end of Christianity itself." Cyprian had renounced those temporal honors which it is probable he would never have obtained; but the acquisition of such absolute command over the consciences and understanding of a congregation, however unpopular, despised by the world, is more truly grateful to the pride of the human heart than the possession of the most despotic power, imposed by arms and conquest on a reluctant people.

In the course of this important, though perhaps tedious inquiry, I have tetatively perceived the secondary causes which so efficaciously assisted the truth of the Christian religion. If among these causes we have discovered any artificial ornaments, any accidental circumstances, or any mixture of error and superstition, it cannot appear surprising that mankind should be the most sensibly affected by such motives as were suited to their imperfect nature. It was by the exclusion of all such causes, and the immediate expectation of another world, the claim of miracles, the practice of rigid virtue, and the constitution of the primitive church, that Christianity spread itself with so much success in the Roman empire. To the first of these, the Christians were indebted for their invincible valor, which disdained to capitulate, with the enemy whom they were resolved to vanquish. The three succeeding causes supplied their valor with the most formidable arms. The less these causes united their courage, directed their arms, and gave their efforts that irresistible weight, which even a small band of well-trained and intrepid volunteers has so often possessed over an undisciplined multitude, ignorant of the subject and careless of the event of the war. In the various religions of Polytheism, some wandering fanatics of Egypt and Syria, who addressed themselves to the credulous superstition of the populace, were perhaps the only order of priests that derived their whole support and credit from their sacerdotal profession, and were very deeply affected by a personal concern for the safety or prosperity of their tutelar deities. The ministers of Polytheism, both in Rome and in the provinces, were, for the most part, men of a noble birth, and of an affluent fortune, who received, in an honorable distinction, the care of a celebrated temple, or of a public sacrifice, exhibited, very frequently at their own expense, the sacred games, and with cold indifference performed the ancient rites, according to the

laws and fashion of their country. As they were engaged in the ordinary occupations of life, their zeal and devotion were seldom animated by a sense of interest, or by the habits of an ecclesiastical character. Confined to their respective temples and cities, they remained without any connection of discipline or government; and whilst they acknowledged the supreme jurisdiction of the senate, of the college of pontiffs, and of the emperor, those civil magistrates contented themselves with the easy task of maintaining in peace and dignity the general worship of mankind. We have already seen how various, how loose, and how uncertain were the religious sentiments of Polytheists. They were abandoned, almost without control, to the natural workings of a superstitious fancy. The accidental circumstances of their life and situation determined the object as well as the degree of their devotion; and as long as their adoration was successively prostituted to a thousand deities, it was scarcely possible that their hearts could be susceptible of a very sincere or lively passion for any of them.

(To be continued)

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