

profited by association with nearly all of them—and that is more than every actor can boast.

No theater of my time has left behind it such a wealth of delightful memories as that controlled by Augustin Daly, of whose company Mr. Skinner was a member for five years; and no pages in his book are more interesting and vital than those which record that fortunate association. That he understood the complex character of the man who raised stage representation to heights previously unknown in this country, developed talent and assembled a matchless group of performers, will be evident to those who read the chapters devoted to him. That he appreciates to the full the supreme advantage of such an association Mr. Skinner makes evident in the sentence with which he brings his account of that association to a close: "Greater than to any one man I have ever known is my debt to Augustin Daly."

With equally just appreciation the author describes Edwin Booth, with whom he played when that great actor had passed the zenith of his powers. To my mind the most graphically impressive passage in his book is that in which is told the manner in which the actor

descended one night to the furnace room of Booth's Theater, in the upper floor of which was situated his apartment, and took from a trunk the stage costumes of his brother Wilkes, and consigned every one of them to the flames, even breaking up and destroying the trunk in which they had lain concealed since the Washington tragedy.

The passage descriptive of the career of Margaret Mather is marked by discreet restraint, and the same may be said of the brief one that tells of the decline of Ada Rehan after Daly's death. I commend both to those young women who view the stage through rose-tinted spectacles.

Mr. Skinner deserves a word of praise for his rare discrimination in the use of commendation. His pages are entirely free from the insincere and mendacious praise of such undeserving ones as the hangers-on of the profession, and newspaper men who may be expected to return the compliment. The esteem in which he holds the men and women whom he honestly admired is not belittled by genial encomiums of the least worthy.

A book to read and keep is "Footlights and Spotlights."

having assigned to Diana this meaningless and unexplained masculine nickname, apparently for no other purpose than to provide a catching title. The first part of the book, in presenting facts preparatory to the later mystery, keeps the reader a little too long in the company of people who are no more than disagreeable and antipathetic until they become enmeshed in actual crime. After that point is reached the remainder is satisfactorily enlivened by the doings of a super-villainess, whose little tricks with arsenic are daring and diabolical. She is interesting, if untrue.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

BRITISH-AMERICAN RELATIONS. By J. D. Whelpley. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$3.50.

James Davenport Whelpley is an American publicist, traveler, and diplomat of considerable standing who of late years has made his home in England. He is thoroughly versed in international matters, having in most cases obtained his knowledge, not by reading merely, but by personal observations on the spot. The thesis of his book, for which our recent Ambassador to the Court of St. James's has written an appreciatory preface, is that "there are but two nations in the world which offer the requisite material for building a foundation for an *entente* between them which will endure under the stress of storm or the enervating effects of peace," and these are the British Empire and the United States. Of such an *entente*, "equivalent to a partnership in all external matters of mutual interest," Mr. Whelpley is an ardent but far from blind advocate. The only obstacles in the way of such a move he finds to be largely self-created—"nationalism, fear, prejudices, largely obsolete impressions, traditions and reservations, and a modicum of mutual jealousy." And his book is written to help both us and the British to get rid of all such sundering factors. With this in mind, he takes up and explains both the real and the supposed differences of character, institutions, and interests which tend toward mutual misunderstanding and distrust. He realizes that the community of language is in some respects a danger, because it enables the average man within both nations to learn quickly of any derogatory utterance by the other side against his own. On the other hand, Mr. Whelpley holds that, in the long run, the advantages of a common language far outweigh its drawbacks, and that, in fact, an *entente* such as he proposes and hopes for is almost unthinkable without a tie of this kind. His book suffers from a certain redundancy, a going over of the same factors and data again and again,

The New Books

FICTION

HONOURABLE JIM (THE). By Baroness Orczy. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.

Baroness Orczy dedicates this latest and not least romantic of her novels to Lord and Lady Say and Sele of Broughton Castle, terming it a faithful chronicle of the true adventures of their ancestor, James Fiennes. One would like to get a peep at the family documents; freed of expansion, addition, and saccharinity, they must have been interesting. The Baroness, unfortunately, never outgrows a literary schoolgirlishness of attitude which makes her fall in love with her own heroes and revel emotionally in the emotions of her heroines. She dearly loves back-drops with painted castles; she delights in plumes and swords and farthingales, in kings and traitors, plots and counter-plots, and all the flourish and frippery of a costume piece; she stages—very badly—revolutions and battles (this time it is Naseby), but she is always most preoccupied with her lovers and their love affair, and expends upon them ungrudgingly her choicest and most exalted language. Any one who, having persevered through the the concluding chapters of "The Honourable Jim," is still able to endure hearing the words "Heart o' mine" clearly pronounced, has doubtless been a devoted admirer of the

Baroness Orczy ever since the appearance of "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

OFF THE HIGH ROAD. By Annette Reid. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

This is a collection of short stories describing English village life in the leisurely, lovable spirit of "Cranford." They are frightfully slow for readers accustomed to the breakneck speed of American stories. They are a little too deliberate and roundabout even for one more accustomed to European ways in matters of this kind. But they give true and charming pictures of life in those quaint little English villages which, it is to be feared, are now well on their way to the realm of memory. And they have in rich measure what too many of our own story-tellers lack or slight—a genuine sympathy with the life they portray. The best of these ten stories are probably "A War Hero," which tells about an old worker who would not accept an old-age pension as long as he thought his country needed the money, and "The Beacon," which tells about the mysterious light burning nightly in the window of a long-deserted cottage.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN? By Harrington Hext. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

Why "Cock Robin" for a girl? One is a trifle annoyed with Mr. Hext for

“And do you like your job?” he shot at me

WHEN men like their jobs it is no secret to their families and to the community in which they live. The following incident came as a personal experience to an officer and director of The American Rolling Mill Company. In telling it he said:

“A few days ago I was walking to the office when I came across a bright little chap with books under his arm. If you have never had the pleasure of walking to school with one of these little chaps on some clear, crisp morning, you have missed something. As our ways lay in the same direction, I caught step with him as he cheerily answered my ‘Good morning.’

“‘Going to school?’ I asked.

“‘Yes,’ he said, as he measured his sturdy limbs to my stride.

“‘You like school?’ was my next query.

“‘Sure thing!’ he said, and his laugh had all the ring of youth.

“‘Where does your father work?’ I boldly asked.

“‘He works for The Rolling Mill, and I’m going to work for The Rolling Mill too, when I grow up,’ was the immediate response.

“‘Does your daddy like his job?’ I inquired, trusting youth to give the answer without guile or flattery.

“‘Sure, he likes his job,’ came the answer.

“Then the lad looked me squarely in the eyes and asked: ‘Where do you work?’

“It had come my turn to be catechized, and so I stated that I, too, worked for The Rolling Mill.

“‘And do you like your job?’ he shot at me.

“With this the tables were turned. It was now up to me. I had to make good with this little chap of nine years and tell him of my enthusiasm for Armco and all it stands for. And believe me, I did.

“Nothing in my life has ever inspired me more



(Incidents That Have Pointed the Way—
No. 5 of a Series)

than this little encounter with the schoolboy. In the sunlight of his radiant countenance the little chap revealed a phase of industrial progress too often overlooked—the far-reaching influence of the happy, contented worker’s home.”

Great smokestacks, gigantic machinery, colossal holdings do not, alone, make up the realm of industry. Out of the home incentive come the great contributions to industry. Such is the influence behind the men of Armco who more than twenty years ago took up the task of producing a commercially pure iron.

“ARMCO” INGOT IRON

Architects specify it for roofing, siding, ventilators, window frames, and the like. Manufacturers fabricate it into stoves, furnaces, washing machines, refrigerators, and many more articles of household equipment.

Write us for interesting booklet: “What Causes Rust?”



THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Middletown, Ohio