

charcoal fire until the heavenly smell wrings hosannas from the whole company. If no charcoal fire is handy, one may fry them decently in butter, but to plunge them into boiling fat is a villainy, and to smear them with batter is a villainy doubly damned.

The formula for *bouillabaisse* is also a strange one, for though it includes the saffron it omits the white wine. *Bouillabaisse* so made would be like terrapin à la Maryland without either sherry or madeira. The *récipé* for *Wiener Schnitzel Holstein* (here Americanized as Veal Holstein) is even worse, for it adds brown sauce and omits the *Sardellen*. The poached egg is remembered, and so are the beets cut into fancy shapes, the slices of lemon and the capers, but the dill pickles are transformed into cucumber pickles, whatever they may be, and there is no mention of the small German flag—the old *imperial* flag, not the hideous rag of the Republic—that ought to top the whole mess, nor of the large plate of rye bread that ought to go with it. Of boiled beef with horseradish sauce, one of the noblest dishes known to man, I find no mention at all, though perhaps the *récipé* for so-called braised beef on page 251 may be an occult allusion to it.

Such are some of the defects of a very worthy work. It is too feminine and it is a shade too Yankee. But there are merits to balance these defects, and so I recommend it. If it were followed as widely as it seems to be read American cookery would improve—not a great deal perhaps, but still some. And in that field any improvement, however small, is a national boon. I should add in parting that the new edition embraces 3,059 *récipés*, as against 2,677 in the last one. There are many illustrations. Some are really helpful, but others are merely pretty pictures. A good index is at the end.

### *Portrait of an Idealist*

A BIOGRAPHY OF EVERETT WENTWORTH HILL, by Rex Harlow. 7½ x 4¾; 115 pp. Oklahoma City, Okla.: *The Harlow Publishing Company*.

ONE thinks of Oklahoma as a wilderness swarming with oil men daffy on golf, gin and women, but in truth it has begun to hatch idealists, and even to nourish a literature. Of the latter the author of the present work is a talented ornament, and of the former its subject is a shining star. When I say that Mr. Hill has been president of Rotary International I have said enough to indicate his measure. It is an honor that could go only to a great dreamer—one inflamed and even tortured by a vision of human perfection, with peace reigning in the world, every radical behind the bars, and the Boy Scouts as ecumenical as the Universal Church—, but he must be a dreamer with a gift, also, for practical affairs. Mr. Hill is precisely such a man. He is, on the one hand, the Ice King of Oklahoma, with vast and growing interests, not only in a great chain of colytic ice-plants but also in a multitude of other humane industries, and he is, on the other hand, an impassioned and relentless laborer, in season and out of season, for the good of his fellow-men. It is instructive to read about such a character, for in his career there is inspiration for all of us.

The rising town of Russell, Kansas, nurtured him, and he came into the world on “a cold, bleak day” in 1884. His father, John Harris Hill, affectionately known as Harry, was a man of substance, and what is more, a man of exemplary habits.

Everett early evidenced similar instincts. . . . Observing that both his father and mother were always careful of their persons, dress and home, he too learned to keep his clothes clean, his teeth brushed and his hair combed. . . . Following their example in

financial matters as well, he saved his pennies, nickels and dimes, and the broad sweep of the rapidly increasing acres he saw his father acquire developed in him, small though he was, an intense desire to become a landowner himself.

The chance came soon enough: as a boy still in knee-pants he bought a farm, and by the time he got to high-school he was already on his way to fortune. His career there was a brilliant one, and among other things he learned the subtle art of resisting temptation. Says Mr. Harlow:

He and a classmate, a girl whom he admired very much, became engaged in a heated contest for first honors of their class. Toward the close of the term the girl, counting on his generosity and chivalry, came to him and frankly asked that he let down enough in his work that she could win. A scholarship in some college or university went as a prize to the winner, and as she was a poor girl winning meant that she could get a chance to attend college, while loss would ring a death-knell to her hope for a higher education. "Everett, it means everything to me to win—an education, a broader life, greater happiness," she pleaded. "To you it means only the pleasure of being first in your class. You can go to college whether you win or lose. Please help me by letting me win."

St. Anthony himself never faced a more dreadful temptation. Here was a chance to reach, at one stroke, a dizzy and singular eminence: in brief, to go down into the history of mankind as the first (and perhaps only) gentleman ever born on Kansan soil. But young Everett's irresolution was only momentary. Almost at once his baser nature yielded to his higher. "There were certain principles that he must uphold in his life, regardless of how they affected other people." So he stepped on the gas of his intellect and got the prize, and the wicked temptress thereupon disappears from the chronicle.

His career at the Cascadilla prep-school at Ithaca need not detain us, nor his brilliant years at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce in Philadelphia. He is, to date, its most distinguished graduate, but his distinction does not rest upon his feats as an undergraduate, but upon his services to humanity in later years. From Wharton he proceeded to the post-graduate seminary of the Standard Oil Company, and was presently performing prodigies of salesmanship in Georgia, but his heart was in the Middle West, and after looking about a bit he decided to settle in Oklahoma and grow up with the country. How, with two young confederates, W. T. Leahy and John Bowman, he established the Western Ice and Cold Storage Company at Shawnee; how he met and conquered the wicked R. L. Witherspoon, manager of an ice-plant belonging to the Anheuser-Busch Brewery in the same town; how Leahy and Bowman gradually faded from the picture, and Hill reigned alone; and how, from Shawnee, he extended his operations from town to town, until now he is the undisputed Ice King of that whole rich empire—for this thrilling story you must turn to Mr. Harlow's narrative. There, too, you will find the romantic story of his three marriages—one of which came to such wreck that "the newspapers of the world carried streamer headlines" about it, and he himself was impelled to "cancel all speaking engagements" and forced to "call upon all the philosophy at his command to keep from sinking into cynicism and losing faith in friendship." And there, finally, you will find a detailed account of his services to Rotary, and hence to the Republic, to humanity, and to God.

The book has savor. It is a pity that there are not more like it. We have too many biographies of politicians and literati, and too few of really great men.

## THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

DUNCAN AIKMAN is an old newspaper man, who has served papers from Massachusetts to Texas. He is now living in Los Angeles. He has written several books.

LEWIS G. ARROWSMITH is the nom de plume of a New York medical man, now retired from practice. For obvious reasons he desires to conceal his identity, but THE AMERICAN MERCURY has assurance of his bona fides.

JAMES P. BURKE lives in Detroit. He was in the liquor racket there until 1929.

WILLIAM E. DODD, PH.D. (Leipzig), has been professor of history at the University of Chicago since 1908. Among his books are "Statesmen of the Old South," "Expansion and Conflict," "Woodrow Wilson and His Work," and "Lincoln and Lee."

LOUIS LE FEVRE is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.

THEODORE MAYNARD, LITT.D. (Marquette), is an English poet now resident in America. He is the author of a dozen books. Since 1928 he has been teaching at Georgetown University.

GEORGE MILBURN'S "Oklahoma Note Book" in this issue will form part of his book, "Oklahoma Town," to be published in January.

RICHARD F. O'TOOLE was born in Quincy, Mass., and educated there and in Boston. For a time he was chief of the Latin-American Division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce at

Washington. He is now an officer in a financial organization in New York.

WINTHROP PARKHURST is the author of "The Anatomy of Music." He was born, and now lives, in New York City.

THE REV. HERBERT PARRISH, D.D., is a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and has served churches in Baltimore, San Francisco, and New Brunswick, N. J. He is lecturer on philosophy and religion at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., and is the author of a number of books, the latest of which is "A New God for America."

JOEL SAYRE is on the staff of the New York Herald Tribune. He was born in Indiana and received his B.A. at Oxford.

TESS SLESINGER was born in New York in 1905, and was graduated from Columbia in 1927. She has contributed fiction to the Menorah Journal, and book reviews to the New York Evening Post.

JAMES STEVENS is the author of "Paul Bunyan," "Mattock," "Brawnyman," and "Homer in the Sagebrush."

F. R. WEBBER is editor of Lutheran Church Art and a member of the Committee on Church Architecture of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio and other States. He is the author of "Church Symbolism."

GEORGE G. WHITEHEAD is a former Columbus, Ohio, newspaper man. He is now director of the National Speakers' Forum.