

Economics

A HISTORY OF SOCIALIST THOUGHT.

By HARRY W. LAIDLER. Crowell. 1927. Here lies within a compact volume of 713 pages a complete exposition of all the many schools of socialism and near-socialism, their relationships and antagonisms. From Amos to Veblen, none are wanting. It is very enlightening for the general reader, and most stimulating for such schools and colleges as dare open their doors to it.

BASIC PRINCIPLES OF SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM.

By A. S. SACHS. Vanguard Press. From time to time a new book continues to appear on Marxian or Scientific Socialism. In spite of all these former books, this short book by Mr. Sachs fills a heretofore noticeable lack in socialistic literature. Elementary in nature, limited in scope strictly to Marx's principles, and remarkably simple and clear in exposition, it will be found valuable as an introduction to the socialist movement by college students. The general reader may also find here a clear exposition of Marx's contributions, though not a critical examination of them.

Starting with an explanation of the Hegelian dialectic as the key to scientific Socialism, and with Marx's inversion of this dialectic, we are led up to the materialistic interpretation of history, the historical necessity of socialism, and the class struggle. The first chapter on Marx's relationship to Hegel and the bearing of this on Marx's historical doctrine is perhaps the best done. The first half of the book is devoted to these topics.

The remaining chapters deal largely with Marx's labor theory of value and the doctrine of surplus value. The final chapter attempts to discredit the critics of Marx within the socialist ranks (the revisionists, etc.), and to show that American industry tends to bear out Marx's predictions.

Regarding this work solely as an exposition of the Marxian ideology, it is very well done. Considered as a defense or critical examination of Marxian Socialism, as the author apparently considers it, it is weak and superficial.

THE ECONOMICS OF INSTALLMENT SELLING. By Edwin R. A. Seligman. Harpers. \$4.

POSTPONING STRIKES. By Ben M. Selekman. Russel Sage Foundation. \$2.50.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION. By Frederick C. Dietz. Holt. 85 cents.

THE COMMERCIAL REVOLUTION. 1400-1776. By Laurence Bradford Packard. Holt. 85 cents.

ECONOMICS AND HUMAN BEHAVIOR. By P. Sargent Florence. Norton. \$1.

OUTLINES OF PUBLIC UTILITY ECONOMICS. By Martin C. Glaeser. Macmillan.

COMMUNISM. By Harold J. Laski. Holt. \$1.

SOCIAL ECONOMICS. By Friedrich von Wieser. Translated by A. Ford Hinrichs. Greenberg.

ECONOMIC PROBLEMS, NEW AND OLD. By Allyn A. Young. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50.

ON STIMULUS IN THE ECONOMIC LIFE. By Sir Josiah Stamp. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

DESCRIPTIVE ECONOMICS. By R. A. Lehfeldt. Oxford. \$1.

Education

ROCHESTER. By Jesse Leonard Rosenberger. Rochester, N. Y.: University of Rochester.

HUGO'S HOW TO AVOID INCORRECT ENGLISH. Philadelphia: McKay. \$1.50.

PARENTHOOD AND THE CHARACTER TRAINING OF CHILDREN. By Thomas Walton Galloway. Methodist Book Concern. \$1.

SYLLABUS FOR THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION. By Witt Bowden and Roy F. Nichols. Crofts. \$1.10.

INTRODUCTION TO THE READINGS OF SHAKESPEARE. By F. S. Boas. Oxford University Press. \$1.

FINDING MY PLACE. By Mary E. Moxey. Abingdon. \$1.50.

THE LIFE OF ROMEO. Translated by H. L. Rogers and T. R. Harley. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

PECHEUR D'ISLANDE. By Pierre Loti. Oxford University Press. 70 cents.

UNDERSTANDING THE GREAT POEMS. By Samuel Marion Lowden. Harrisburg, Pa.: Handy Book Corporation.

Fiction

CONFLICT. By OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. \$2.

The sentimental novel is harmless unless it gives its readers false notions of what they can expect from life. Generally we say, "Go ahead! Read that sort of thing if you care for it." But we wonder how many pitiful women, tied to unimaginative, ineffective lumps of men, will read this "Conflict" and see the mirage of freedom. The central character of Mrs. Prouty's latest novel (she is remembered for her "Stella Dallas") finds her way out of a

blind alley: an impregnable wall is broken down, a suicide conveniently eliminates an embarrassment, and a *deus ex machina* provides a lover's kiss as the final felicity. This reviewer does not believe that such interpretations of our chances for happiness are any less immoral than those interpretations that view life as if from the surface of a cesspool. Indeed, the major obscenities and the spirit of Pollyanna have much in common.

Sections of "Conflict" are good; these are invariably grim. Adolescent infatuation is mistaken for love, and we long to avert the apparently inevitable disaster. Later in the novel we see how a woman's happiness is gradually built up, only to be dramatically shattered. So much is well worth reading. But the rest runs to mediocrity and easy optimism, occasionally descending to the tricks of fiction at so much a yard.

HUBBLE BUBBLE. By MARGARET BELL. Dodd, Mead. 1927. \$2.50.

Coming after "Revelry" and "The President's Daughter," any book dealing with the lives of those who live in the glass houses of the national capital will have to depend for drawing power upon something other than scandal, since those two works must surely hold the altitude record for some time to come in the virile art of *exposé*. "Hubble Bubble" is wisely content with much smaller game. Margaret Bell tells her story of a young congressman and his wife—on their pilgrim's progress through the social and political intrigues of Washington—in a pleasantly readable manner that depends very little for interest upon the fact that many of the characters are "real" and easily recognizable. Sylvia Wentworth, the heroine, finds the endless rounds of congressional social duties both trivial and boring, but is in herself interesting enough to keep her biography from being either. The foreign lady vampire seems, perhaps, a little overdone, but is probably drawn exactly from life! Congressman Wentworth's passage at (not in) arms with her, is amusing enough. His toboggan from "dry" to bootlegger-patron is amusingly told, too. "Hubble Bubble" is a novel written for entertainment, and is at its best in the ironical scenes where both church and state yield up their victims for Miss Bell's American holiday.

WHEN TUTT MEETS TUTT. By ARTHUR TRAIN. Scribner. 1927. \$2.

We have long held a more favorable opinion of Mr. Train's novels than of his short stories, and the chief performer in the latter, that wily, venerable lawyer, Ephraim Tutt, who now has a sixth volume of brief tales dedicated to his humane deeds, has never evoked our enthusiasm. The first four of these five stories deal successively with Mr. Tutt's unmasking of oil boom con-men, his solution of two young lovers' difficulties, his rescue of an elderly widow from a miser's grasp, and his showing-up of the shady methods of an unscrupulous jewel firm. The last tale, a heavily comic product from which the book derives its title, presents the greater Tutt engaged in legal battles against his brother, Tutt the lesser, for the decision in a contested will case involving an eccentric millionaire's fortune.

THE KING'S PLEASURE. By ELLIS MIDDLETON. Dial. 1927. \$2.

The leading villains of this fancy-dress romance are Charles II of England and his comrade in lechery, the Duke of Buckingham. The latter engineers a plot to kidnap a winsome maid, hoodwinking an innocent, sadly wronged young man, one Falconer, into accomplishing the foul deed, but is balked at the crucial moment by the gallant intervention of Mistress Nell Gwyn. Falconer, his swaggering partner, Major Sykes, and the persecuted lass have tremendous odds against them in their fight for peace, justice, and safety. But the Merry Monarch finally reveals himself as their friend and good fairy, who has had no hand in the Duke's base scheming, so all ends well for the trio of brave spirits. We have read worse yarns of this variety.

EDEN FOR ONE. By JOHN GUNTHER. Harper. 1927. \$2.50.

Perhaps the most encouraging thing about Mr. Gunther's new book is the vast difference between it and his first novel, "The Red Pavilion." The long journey from Chicago to the realms of fancy has been boldly undertaken and successfully achieved. Such versatility in so young an author is decidedly promising, and though "Eden For One" may never rank high in the list of his works, we imagine that Mr. Gunther will have a special affection for this fairy tale with modern trimmings and an old moral.

The hero is that ever fascinating hypothetical case, the man whose every wish is granted as soon as it is expressed. If you have wondered whether or not happiness is obtainable under such conditions you may be interested to hear that Peter Lancelot was not on the whole happy. At first the mere creation at will of desert islands and baronial halls proved pleasant, but when the desire to create people came, Peter's power became a very mixed blessing. The

fable, or "Amusement," as Mr. Gunther styles it, is generally entertaining. Only when Peter displays his somewhat arid imagination do matters slacken and fall. As compared with some of Mr. Cabell's similarly dowered heroes, for example, Peter is a tyro. True, he creates one lady who was in private life a manad, but only one. More manads might have made for better reading.

(Continued on next page)

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"He writes gracefully and clearly, and he never forgets that the human machine is also a man, and that the man has hopes and dreams as well as liver and lights. . . His book is sound in its facts, admirable in its clarity, and very charmingly written . . . by long odds the best work of its kind that has yet come to light in America."—H. L. MENCKEN in *The Nation*.
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The New Books

Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

THE QUEST OF YOUTH. by JEFFERY FARNOL. Little, Brown. 1927. \$2.50.

Jeffery Farnol has written a new book! A new book, you cry, and rush at it. And then you find that after all, it is not a new book. Once, Mr. Farnol wrote a book called "The Broad Highway." It was extremely popular. And so now, every time Mr. Farnol feels the urge to write, he takes out "The Broad Highway," polishes it up; knocks off a few incidents here and there, substituting others in their place; twists its not very flexible plot into a not very different position; and with his blessing and a new name, sends it out again.

"The Quest of Youth" is one of these foster children. Again the road is the back-bone of the story. Sir Marmaduke, forty-five, bored with life, and inclined toward biliousness, takes up his gold-headed cane to tramp the road in search of youth. Under an assumed name, he rescues a beautiful Quakeress from a scoundrel, and incriminates himself in a murder of which she is suspected; although he, of course, knows that she is only trying to shield someone else. Accordingly, they set out for London, as the best place in which to lose themselves. Needless to say, they are followed, and fights ensue, in which Sir Marmaduke is always the victor. Also needless to say that he has by this time fallen violently in love with his Quakeress. They finally reach London, where—but then, you can finish it for yourself.

If you have ever read anything else of Farnol's, you will readily recognize the nobility once more posing as common folk. You will doubtless find joy in tracing the similarities between his books. But you will also find the same vigor, freshness, and swift action of style. The book reads very easily—Mr. Farnol does not bore you with long descriptions or other such literary matters, but gives something doing on every page. He is even exciting at times, if we may call exciting the adventures of pedestrianism of the eighteenth century, in comparison with the more lively dangers of pedestrianism today. It is fair enough entertainment for a few hours, but do not expect any deep significance of plot, seriousness of characterization, or brilliant writing, for you will be disappointed.

GOBLIN MARKET. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. Doran. 1927. \$2.50.

Those who like the quieter type of romance in which incident is subordinated to emotion, and emotion is held in restraint, will find in "Goblin Market" a novel to their taste. It is a touching story, the chronicle of middle age stumbling into an affection that develops into love, and of wasted youth flickering out as the breath of happiness touches it. Mr. Stacpoole writes with tenderness but without sentimentality, and his portrayal of the relationship between the staid, conventional husband who first through pity and then through a stronger feeling gives shelter and companionship to a girl of the streets, the girl herself, innocent despite the life she has led, and the wife whose humanity can meet her husband's defection with understanding and sympathy, is developed with delicate but effective strokes. His tale has a gentle distinction, and leaves a memory both pleasing and sad.

KNOCK FOUR TIMES. By MARGARET IRWIN. Harcourt, Brace. 1927. \$2.50.

Margaret Irwin's novel labors under the double handicap of a misleading title and an awkward opening device. "Knock Four Times" suggests mystery and it is fair to suppose that many of the followers after *le dernier cri* in fictional crime will be very much disappointed when they discover the real nature of the book. And to introduce a character sympathetically and minutely at the beginning of a novel only to drop him, after he has served his prologue rôle, from practically any further part in the story, is playing fast and loose with the reader's amiability. But readers who have achieved these initial hurdles will be amply rewarded by the amusing and very exuberantly written novel which follows.

It is an open secret, much more open than secret, that Miss Irwin's unheroic hero is the prototype of a certain young author and playwright who a few seasons since burst into sudden and dazzling fame as the creator of a young lady whose heart and headgear were almost equally vernal. Whether or not Basil Dictripoulyos is alive and real outside the novel is of little importance; what matters is that he is very much alive within it. Miss Irwin has given

us a portrait of this playboy of the London *littérati* without any photographic retouching. He is presented to the reader as he presents himself to the people in the book—an alien and an enigma. Into the vortex of this meteor-like personality are drawn the strangely assorted group who make up the personnel of "Knock Four Times." To the shabby house in Rainbow Row where "Dicky" lives they all come, snapped suddenly from old orbits into new and dizzying parabolas where, as might be expected, collisions are not infrequent. When "Dicky," the center, drops out (to meet success half-way in America) the members of this new little universe find themselves in an awkward position, with nothing to hold them to their new courses and with no going back to the old. . . . There is not a character but intrigues the interest. The interplay of personality on personality is a delight as caught and recorded in Margaret Irwin's brilliantly staccato style.

AMARILIS. By CHRISTINE TURNER CURTIS. Doubleday, Page. 1927. \$2.

There has not unnaturally grown up in America within the past few years a decided opposition to the pleasant, feminine, rather spineless type of personal narrative of which "Amarilis" is a good example. The matter of such a book is generally slight, and its sole distinction lies in the author's handling of a series of small incidents and fleeting impressions. Miss Curtis has a talent for recording in her quiet homeopathic prose the beauty of a California sunset, the emotion of some bit of her life in Monterey. She has seen and felt these things, and she is able to give us her story, inconclusive love affair and all, with little excessive romantic decoration. Her perceptions are not always important, but they are at least honest. Yet it is doubtful that many people in this age will find pleasure in her modest, slightly dull book. They are more apt to agree with the tactics of her rival, a Spanish girl of superior vitality, who carries off the artist lover in summary fashion, leaving the author to soliloquize on resignation and spiritual peace. Her book is well enough in its way, but that way is somewhat anemic, lacking in both life and reality.

VENTURE. By Max Eastman. A. & C. Boni. \$2.50.

THE GULF OF YEARS. By Watson Griffin. Toronto: Point Publishers.

THE MOSAIC EARRING. By Columbia Boyer. Henkle. \$2.

THE WORKS OF FRANÇOIS RABELAIS. Translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart and Peter Motteux. Boni & Liveright. 2 vols.

THE MUSIC MAKER. By Muriel Edmonds. Vinal.

DAYBREAK. By Arthur Schnitzler. Simon & Schuster. \$1.50.

NEW WINE. By Geoffrey Moss. Doran. \$2 net.

THE GENTLEMAN IN ARMOR. By Robert J. Casey. Sears. \$2.

THE AFRICAN SAGA. By Blaise Cendrars. Payson & Clarke.

THE CRIME AT RED TOWERS. By Chester K. Steele. Clode. \$2.

EROS, THE SLAYER. By Aino Kallas. Macmillan. \$2.

DEPARTING WINGS. By Faith Baldwin. Dodd, Mead. \$2.

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY TOWN. By E. W. Howe. Dodd, Mead. \$3.50.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE. By Ambrose Bierce. Modern Library. 95 cents net.

YVON TREMBLAY. By Louis Arthur Cunningham. Ottawa: Graphic Press. \$2.

THE WIDECOMBE EDITION OF EDEN PHILLPOTT'S DARTMOOR NOVELS. Macmillan. 20 vols.

SILENT STORMS. By Ernest Poole. Macmillan. \$2.50.

TRISTAN AND ISEULT. By Joseph Bedier. Translated by Hilaire Belloc. A. & C. Boni. \$2.

JACKSON STREET. By Anne Austin. Greenberg. \$2.50.

OUR MR. DORMER. By R. H. Mottram. Dial. \$2.50.

ON THE KING'S COUCH. By Octave Aubry. Boni & Liveright.

LOVELY LADIES. By Ferrin L. Fraser. Sears. \$2.50.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND. By Jules Verne. Sears.

FAIR GAME. By Olive Wadswley. Dodd, Mead. \$2.

VENTURE'S END. By Karin Michaelis. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.

THE GREAT DETECTIVE STORIES. By Willard Huntington Wright. Scribners. \$2.50.

THE REVENGE OF FANTOMAS. By Marcel Allain. McKay.

RED BEARD OF VIRGINIA. By Rupert Sargent Holland. Lippincott. \$2.

WE CAN'T ALL BE BLONDES. By Helen J. Stone. Vinal.

SPLENDOR. By Ben Ames Williams. Dutton. \$2.50.

THE NOVELS OF WINSTON CHURCHILL. Macmillan. 10 vols.

A BOOK OF LONG STORIES. By Eminent Authors. Selected and edited by Arthur H. Nethercot. Macmillan. \$3.50.

JUGGLER'S KISS. By Manuel Komroff. Boni & Liveright. \$2.50.

IT IS BETTER TO TELL. By Kathleen Coyle. Dutton. \$2.50.

Juvenile

(See Children's Bookshop, pp. 347 and 360)

THE JANITOR'S CAT. By THEODORE ACLAUD HARPER. Appleton. 1927. \$2.

By means of the Janitor's Cat a group of children are enabled to meet some of their favorite book characters—Alice, Peter Pan, Dr. Dolittle, and others. Such attempts are apt to lack spontaneity; to be rather too mannered and made to order. This is no exception to the rule.

MRS. CUCUMBER GREEN. By MARY GRAHAM BONNER. Milton, Bradley. 1927. \$1.50.

THE POPOVER FAMILY. By ETHEL CALVERT PHILLIPS. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. \$1.75.

PANTALOON. By EDITH KEELEY STOKELY. Doran. 1927. \$3.

Little girls are the heroines of this group of stories of which "Mrs. Cucumber Green" is much the most appealing, to our way of thinking. A publisher's note describes it as "the kind of story a child would write if a child could be an author" and in a sense this is true for Mary Graham Bonner has been able to keep the little story free from adult interference. The imaginings are the same definite, rambling inventions of a happy child in an old-fashioned household. Townspeople wander pleasantly in and out, and all the toys, especially a favorite doll, take on real personality. A friendly, unpretentious book with plenty of gay, colored pictures.

"The Popover Family" is the same in general type but more content with everyday doings than flights of childish fancy. The Popovers themselves were a family of makeshift dolls living in an attic, who, along with an obliging mouse, did many good turns for the small heroine. An undistinguished child's book of the realistic sort that practical little girls will always read and enjoy—more's the pity!

"Pantaloon" was a great disappointment to us. The child in the soap-bubble idea (she is supposed to sail off in one christened the "U.S.2") and a good many other of its whimsicalities seemed rather far fetched and too consciously fantastic. It has been lavishly endowed with colored pictures and is much too large and pretentious a volume for the slim thread of fancy it contains.

EMMY, NICKY AND GREG. By ALINE KILMER. Doran. 1927. \$2.

This book falls between those written for children about children and those written about children for older people. Of the two it seems to belong to the latter group, though here again it falls a little short by reason of its over-sentimental attitude. The author never allows us to forget for a single page that the children are hers and that she considers them very exceptional. Their sayings are set down in far too much detail and with all the lisps carefully spelled out so that the reader cannot escape a single one. As it stands now the chapters seem more like entries in a mother's diary, with rather an over-supply of personal description and doting comment thrown in. It seems a pity that we could not have had an account of these children and their doings free from this sort of sentimental sugar-coating. One wishes it could somehow have turned into an American version of "The Golden Age."

THE LITTLE BLACK AND WHITE LAMB. By INEZ HOGAN. Macrae-Smith. 1927. \$1.50.

Here is another book for little children in which the fantastic element has been overworked. The lamb was black on one side and white on the other; the rake, the kitchen-sink, the furnace, and the shovel all become alive and give him advice. This is all done with too much conscientious whimsy. One cannot help contrasting the beautiful simplicity and naturalness with which the same sort of thing was handled in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." Some of the author's own illustrations are, however, quite gay and spirited.

THIS EARTH WE LIVE ON. By Elizabeth W. Dunsell. Stokes. \$3.

THE OUT-OF-DOORS CLUB. By Samuel Scoville, Jr. Harpers. \$1.50.

THE WONDERFUL GIFT. By Clara McKinney Edmonds. Four Seas. \$2.

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI. By Mark Twain. Illustrated by Walter Stewart. Harpers. \$2.50.

ÆSOP'S FABLES. Illustrated by Louis Rhead. \$1.75.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Francis D. Bedford. Harpers. \$2.50.

JACK HORNER'S PIE. Selected and illustrated by Lois Lenaki. Harpers. \$2.

Miscellaneous

FREE-LANCING FOR FORTY MAGAZINES. By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY. Cambridge, Mass.: The Writer Publishing Company. 1927.

One impression that Mr. Woolley's narrative makes upon us is this: it is a history of consistently hard work, of a dogged persistence that conquered all sorts of difficulties to attain free entry through the portals of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the authorship of a thousand published stories and articles. That is the sum of the success. It is fundamentally a journalistic success. Nor is such success to be despised. But Mr. Woolley's is distinctly the story of a writer made not born. The manner in which he writes today is straightforward, energetic, but without style, without (that is) the stamp of genuine personality upon it. Yet what experiences he has had, what a wealth of human material he has tackled, how admirably he has grappled life to wring from it what he wished most! A born writer with this spirit, with this opportunity for observation, with this stomach for hard work, would today be a master in creative writing, or near it.

There are a number of writers in America today like Mr. Woolley. They are dynamic, they "break through," they contribute largely to many periodicals. They have "both feet on the ground," a news-sense, a graphic power moulded by newspaper-work, an ability to gather material together on short notice for articles accurate in their facts and not too profound in their implications. They are the mainstay of the magazines; and would-be writers for the magazines will do well to listen to their histories. Mr. Woolley is entirely frank about his.

The purpose of this work is to chronicle the realism of the writing vocation, along with some of its romance; but my immediate inspiration is the arrival at a memorable mile-post in my life—a point where I can reckon at least a thousand of my published special articles and fiction stories, done for newspapers, magazines, and periodicals in general. Bulk of course gives me no claim to glory, though it may reflect my industry and the strategy I learned of getting through the editorial doors.

It does. But his has not been a vocation in the sense that it was a true "call." His is an *occupation* in which he has trained himself with extreme assiduity. He is a successful workman in that occupation. He deserves the success that crowns hard work. And there is no particular reason why such a practising writer should not occasionally create literature. The fact remains, however, that he seldom does.

The tale of Mr. Woolley's experiences has vigor and practical value. Neophytes will gain considerable knowledge from it of the rocky road to auctorial "success."

THE QUESTING COOK. By RUTH A. JEREMIAH GOTTFREID. Cambridge, Mass.: Washburn & Thomas. 1927. \$3.

Mrs. Gottfried has accomplished the seemingly impossible, for she has produced a cook book that is more than a variation on the usual manual. And despite the fact that its recipes are uncommon when not unfamiliar it does not bear too heavily upon the skill of the cook or the purse of the housekeeper to make it a volume practicable for the modest household as well as the more elaborate establishment. Many of its dishes in modified form are to be had in restaurants in America and in a considerable number of homes, but whereas there they are usually found in some debased version, Mrs. Gottfried furnishes directions that should reproduce them with the full flavor of the lands of their origin.

Success, we should say, was the word best describing the culinary dainties which Mrs. Gottfried includes for all that they are frequently humble concoctions, and we are not sure that tables regulated on a system of calories calculated to reduce flesh had not better eschew them. But for those fortunate mortals for whom farinaceous food and gravies and cream hold no terrors the book should prove a boon. Harassed housekeepers, seeking to lend variety to their tables, will find in the recipes in use in Italian, Scandinavian, Slavic, or other foreign kitchens palatable dishes with which assembling her ingredients. Mrs. Gottfried has so arranged her directions for preparing them that the merely competent cook as well as the expert should be able to produce them without great risk of failure.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty that confronts the amateur cook is that of properly assembling her ingredients. Mrs. Gottfried has listed her instructions in such fashion that she should find it possible to have everything at hand at the proper moment instead of spoiling her dish by having one part of it cooking overlong on the stove while the rest is being prepared. Nor are

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