

## Recommended NEW BOOKS

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At All Bookstores

**D. APPLETON-CENTURY CO.**  
35 West 32nd Street, New York

## Jobs and the Big City

*LISTEN, LITTLE GIRL, BEFORE YOU COME TO NEW YORK.* By Munro Leaf. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1938. \$1.50.

Reviewed by MARJORIE HILLIS

ANYBODY who has ever had much to do with wistful young girls from the hinterlands who come to New York in search of a career ought to feel a devout gratitude to Munro Leaf, who has just written this book with all the answers. He is the same Mr. Leaf who wrote about the charming young bull called Ferdinand, who loved flowers, and he realizes that these young ladies love flowers too, and everything else connected with glamour, and think there are more to be found in New York than anywhere else. There are, but the book makes it plain that you have to be good to get them, and even then there aren't always enough to go around.

The book isn't unfairly discouraging. It gives plain facts gaily and entertainingly, in spite of the grimness in some of them, and if the facts relating to each field are as accurate as they are in connection with those I happen to know intimately, the author has done a very thorough job. Dividing the possible fields into those suitable for beautiful girls, brainy girls, and nice girls (and admitting that many will be all three), he explains the probabilities, if any, of getting a job along each of those lines, the necessary qualifications, what you will have to do if you do get it, and how much you may hope to be paid. The book ought to clear up a lot of vagueness in the minds of ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent of the young women planning to come to the big city to be "advertising women" or do "fashion work" or "write" or what have you. It tells about the various branches in all these fields and a good many more, and what talents are needed for them, and it should be very illuminating to the innumerable young ladies who haven't yet realized that there are different branches.

But it's the last chapter in the book

that should be given out as a tract in high schools and Sunday schools and by fond mamas and hopeful suitors. The one about the boarding-houses where the landlord's family have to pass through your room to get to the front door; and the rooming houses with the gas rings and the smell of stale cabbage and cheap cold cream; and the girls' clubs with golden oak bureaus and female callers only; and the terrible food at a good many places. A lot of girls who could stand the work described, couldn't stand the hours when they wouldn't be working.

If a girl can read about all that, on top of all the rest, and still believe that she can come to New York and make herself a career, she'd better come. As the book points out, thousands do every year—and hundreds actually get the careers.

Marjorie Hillis is the author of "Live Alone and Like It."

Pulitzer

Prize Winner

OUR  
TOWN

By  
Thornton  
Wilder

"So clear and detailed are the directions and business made in the printed volume," says the *Providence Journal*, "that OUR TOWN becomes as real a place to those who read the book as it does to the fortunate audiences who see the play. So simple in its strength, so sound in its philosophy... its conclusions are of timeless, placeless value."

At all bookstores, \$2.00

**COWARD-McCANN**

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S  
DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 214)

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH:  
"PETER BELL."

He roved among the vales and streams,  
In the green wood and hollow dell; . . .  
In vain, through every changing year,  
Did Nature lead him as before;  
A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.

## After the Happy Ending

(Continued from page 4)

ess for two years and eight months. Here is one point where the most vociferous defenders of the American system would admit (just now, at any rate) that they do some things better in Europe. As Mr. Lippmann and others have pointed out, a British or French executive who was defeated on what was so purely a question of confidence as the Reorganization Bill would have to resign. They might have added that in that case the Opposition would have to be ready to take over at once—would have to have a man and a program, neither of which the Opposition has now. If this alternative program failed to work, then perhaps Premier Roosevelt could come back with something more practical. But only alien systems permit the government such flexibility. We seem to be stuck at dead center for the moment; "business" has no confidence in Roosevelt, and it was proved a year ago last November that sixty per cent of the voters of the country (including many business men) have

no confidence in those who call themselves business men. There is no reason to suppose that since then business has gained what Roosevelt has lost.

Agamemnon writhes in his net, crippled and helpless; Aegisthus can do nothing because the Argives don't like him and he doesn't know what to do anyway. And where is the young Orestes who may come in some day to clean things up and restore some sort of equilibrium? Maybe that is his voice that was lately raised in Wisconsin; but the big Recognition Scene cannot be written just yet. His program says that "we must stop at nothing short of the necessary steps"; perhaps that is not exactly what was meant, but it is where most political parties stop, after they have prospered enough to have something to lose if they offend any large bloc of voters.

Meanwhile you can find historical edification in these five volumes; and you could read them with pleasure as drama, if you didn't know how the story came out. Perhaps the sequel, in whose first act we all now function as spear bearers, may have a happier ending.

## Formula Novel

*THE TIME OF CHANGE.* By Louis Grebenc. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. \$2.

*They killed a cow, they killed a hen;  
They killed three pigs within a pen;  
They killed a horse, and pray, what  
then?*

*That was not taking Stonington.*

SO runs an early and once popular ballad describing the bloodless bombardment of Stonington, Conn., by a British fleet during the War of 1812. The events form the key passage of this book. It is told from the point of view of the women who stayed home and heard the cannon growl along the horizon; and so far it is good, good dialect, good picture. But the story does not advance beyond this point. It is a formula novel, written for women according to the methods recently described by Mr. Uzzell in these pages, without any emotion deeper than that produced by the manufacture of a jar of apple-butter, and the heroine a willing subject of a forward pass from one dog-like faithful man to another.

# Pulitzer Prize Winner

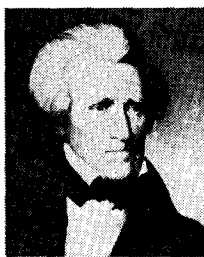
JOINT AWARD

# ANDREW JACKSON

## By Marquis James

Marquis James, author of the Pulitzer Prize biography *The Raven*, now shares the Pulitzer Prize for the year's outstanding American biography—*Andrew Jackson* in two superbly illustrated volumes.

"A monumental biography of the man who proved himself the most forceful, the most efficient and the most colorful figure of the early nineteenth century."  
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books."*



"Whatever Andrew Jackson touched was dramatic, and Mr. James makes the most of the drama. He writes with dash and color as well as with precision. Andrew Jackson is alive, his eyes flash in these pages."  
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

"Can be recommended without reserve. A work that should stand for a long, long time."  
—*N. Y. Times.*

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I. The Border Captain, \$4.50 • II. Portrait of a President, \$5.00

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