

## AMONG THE BOOKS

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**The Uprooters**, by J. A. T. Lloyd (Stanley Paul & Co., London, J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto, 329 pages, \$2.00) is a story in which the currents of modern thought cross and recross one another in bewildering complexity. The "Uprooters,"—and what a varied company of them there are, including the German American millionaire, Schwartz, who, claiming to be a pacifist of the pacifist, is in reality an arch-conspirator against the peace of the world and Sonia Evors, the personification of Russia, that seething caldron of social and industrial unrest, and Mary Riley, the Irish American, who is one of Schwartz' lieutenants, and Claude Ormsby the artist driven hither and thither by a hundred conflicting impulses—are those who imagine that the happiness of the individual and the well-being of the world are to be reached by flinging to the winds the most time-honored conventions and pulling down the most firmly established institutions. Sooner or later all the members of this strange company come under the influence of the life of Elton Woods, the ancestral home of an old Irish family, which stands for all that is conservative in social and political life. Here the old and new points of view come together in a strife which, one might think, could be ended only by the destruction of the one or the other. Instead, however, the old is modified by the new and the new feels the just restraint of the old. The conclusion of the whole matter is reached in the closing sentences of the most fascinating book. "But Sonia was so gentle now that even Emily's eyes gradually softened as she watched her impressing a good-night kiss on the child's forehead. 'That's the best picture in the world,' Sonia murmured; oh, yes, the very best of all.' 'Yes,' Elton assented, without hearing the actual words, 'war or no war, we must go on; we must build up.'"

A product, unmistakably, of an age in which women are demonstrating, on every hand, their ability to excel in spheres in which it was long believed that only men could walk surely and successfully, is **Mary Minds Her Business**, by George Weston (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 323 pages, \$2.00). A manufacturing business in a New England town, which, for many generations,

her family had conducted successfully, but which had come, in the course of time to need modernizing in its methods, afforded Mary, who had fallen heir to it, the field and scope for her energies. She had to match her wits against an unscrupulous uncle, who, with his son, had managed the plant, until Mary made herself President of the company. Of course, there were strikes, but Mary showed her resourcefulness and initiative by bringing in women workers in place of the men who went out. How all this was done is wrought into a tale of compelling interest. Mary was a business woman,—and a thoroughly capable and efficient one—but she was a woman, and her love story is woven into that of her success as the head of the big business concern. Altogether, this is a capital novel, full of fundamental human interest against a background of modern industrial conditions, which is drawn by the author with a sure and steady touch.

There is a powerful fascination to most minds about detective stories. A crime is committed, which presents a problem, the solution of which demands the best efforts of the acutest and most highly trained mind. The skill of the writer is measured by his ability to conceal the denouement from the guess of the reader until it is disclosed in the very last incident, and, at the same time to hold the interest by a rapid succession of startling surprises. Measured by this standard, **The Melwood Mystery**, by James Hay, Jr. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 323 pages, \$2.00) deserves a high place among books of its sort. The characters who move across the pages of this thrilling tale are possessed of marked individuality, and each makes a distinct impression on the reader. There is the irresistible charm of Rosalie, the quaint humor and unshakable loyalty of "Jeff" Hastings, the masklike suavity and ingrained cynicism of Felix Conrad, the rugged force of the manly young Senator and the pitiable weakness of David Gower. It is safe to say that manner of the crime will not occur to the most ingenious reader until it is made known at the close of the story.

A capital sea story is **The Last of the Grenvilles**, by Bennet Coppleston (J. M.