

# For the Week-End

**SARAH AND HER DAUGHTER**, by Bertha Pearl. (Scott & Seltzer.) A faithfully minute description of daily life in New York's Ghetto; well written and interesting because so obviously true, but depressing because it does not even suggest a means of alleviating the struggle.

**THE SEARCHERS**, by John Foster (Doran). A thriller full of mystery and murder, with priceless jewels as the goal and a torn piece of parchment as the only clue. Breathless, but hardly subtle.

**WANG THE NINTH**, by B. L. Putnam Weale (Dodd, Mead & Co.). A book for boys and "boys grown tall"; the tale of a Chinese child, his care-free peasant childhood and his subsequent development. A glimpse of the Boxer uprising is given, with Wang as a messenger to the Allied forces.

**THE HOUSE WITH A BAD NAME**, by Perley Poore Sheehan (Boni & Liveright), is a mildly exciting tale of intrigue and mystery, with an odd admixture of highly sentimental moralizing. Just enough suspense to keep the reader going.

**PAGAN FIRE**, by Norval Richardson (Scribner's), is a capable but uninspired story of a beautiful American woman who finds in Rome, where she goes with her ambassador husband, an awakening to a desire and aptitude for a kind of life and love that she had never dreamed of before, in her prosaic American days. Good reading, but not great literature.

**EGAN**, by Holsworthy Hall (Dodd, Mead & Co.) If you insist on having your fiction up to the minute and one hundred per cent American you can't do better than this story of a young lieutenant of aviators who comes back to his home town in Ohio to find his father's business gone to pot and the girl he left behind him almost engaged to another man.