

Woman's Place

Of course we know that there's so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us and all that, but it is nevertheless extraordinary how any one who writes as well as Nalbro Bartley can write as badly as Nalbro Bartley. Perhaps it would be better to say, think, instead of write. She never writes well. But she does know how to tell a story, she does draw characters well and she does have thoughts on the modern social system that are both clever and constructive. *A Woman's Woman* has a real and interesting idea, the need for the home and the home-maker in modern society. Densie Plummer, who is the Victorian type of housekeeper, becomes weary of endlessly drudging, unappreciated by a family who consider her hopelessly old-fashioned; sells her home; goes to live in an apartment; takes up club work; finally becomes a woman of national importance, living in a hotel, too busy even for kitchenets, when she suddenly feels again the need of a home. The denouement is well brought about, tho we wish the author had explained how Densie in three weeks could find, buy, paint, decorate and completely furnish a good-sized house. The book begins exceedingly well—Densie and her daughters, Harriet, the social worker, and Sally, the butterfly, are very real people, the husband and son are very nearly as good—but in the middle the story collapses into rather vulgar, silly melodrama, shot with flashes of sane thinking and with a steady underlying purpose which make you follow it to its conclusion.

A Woman's Woman, by Nalbro Bartley. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.