The woman with a job who does not sail majestically and irrepressibly to a salary of four figures, who does not possess a striking personality but is, on the contrary, "as undramatic as a field daisy," who does not fail to make mistakes in love as well as in business—such is the rather refreshing heroine of Sinclair Lewis's new book, "The Job" (Harper's; $1.35). Una Golden is an average young woman, whom circumstances and not inherent character force through the mill of office routine and matrimonial misery to the position of dignity and independence she finally occupies. Most young heroines of the business world of fiction are convinced feminists. Una, like the great multitude that fill New York's offices and shops, is an unintentional one. The story of her life, filled though it is with degradation and disillusionment and vulgarity, is yet a fairly true reflection of the career of the workers—not the drones—in the feminist ranks.

The times and the cause of Bonnie Prince Charlie are a source of fiction that is apparently

never-ending. We have them once again in "The Yeoman Adventurer," by George W. Gough (Putnam's; $1.40), a rather commonplace tale in which youth and beauty play the leading parts. The yeoman Oliver Wheatman by a lucky chance rescues Margaret from the attentions of Brocton, who, as an enemy of the Stuarts, is pursuing her father. It is a yarn filled with captures and escapes, spies and incendiaries, giving us a glimpse of Prince Charlie at the turning-point of his career. As a narrative it is neither better nor worse than most of its sort.

The Baroness von Hutton, in the guise of a kindly London bachelor, gives the history of a romance or two in her new novel, "Mag Pye" (Appleton's; $1.50). Her chattiness, her sentimentality, and her talent for weaving a plot serve well her latest theme. Margaret Pye is a child of uncertain antecedents, rather an ugly duckling, but possessed of an indefinable charm. Joined to her story is the narrator's own—a quiet tale of love at least ten times rejected, in which an heiress and a lost artist figure. The novel stands in that host of good, but uninspired, middle-class English fiction.

The subject of hidden treasure has almost as great a fascination for the novelist as has treasure itself for the adventurer. It is unusual for this time-honored theme to yield so genuine a find as "The Hiding-Places," Allen French's recent addition to buccaneer bibliography. The treasure in this case consisted of gems contained in lead boxes and concealed by a wily old sea-captain about a New England farm. This farm has been divided between two cousins before the story opens with the discovery of one of the precious boxes. While the discovery of treasure and the lust for more inspire what follows, it would be a mistake to suppose that this is no more than a melodramatic tale. It is true that violent passions are engendered, both those of love and hate, but the developing action carries far beyond the quest of hidden gems. To say that the tale is exciting is to pay slight tribute to a novel containing so clever a plot and such excellent characterizations as those of the hero, his mother, and his cousin. Mr. Allen has set out to write a story, but in accomplishing his end he has shown respect for his public and himself. (Scribner's; $1.35.)

"They say," observed Abner, "that you have to summer and winter folks to know 'em. Done both twice and a half to Natupski and by Godfrey Mighty he gets harder to guess right along." Of such enigmatic stuff in very truth was the constantly increasing family that had found its way from Poland to West Holly, New England. It is the subject of "Our Natupski Neighbors," by Edith Miniter (Holt; $1.35), a story of immigrant life which leads one to the conclusion that fiction may be quite as enlightening on the score of that "problem" as either textbooks or statistics. The Natupskis, with all the old-world customs of the first generation and the emerging Americanism of the second, are drawn from life, and the author has given them the illuminating touch that leads to understanding, and to sympathy—in moderation.

The mood of the "Atlantic Monthly's" famous "Twenty Minutes of Reality" is inherent in the new short novel of Frances Hodgson Burnett, entitled "The White People" (Harper's; $1.20). It is to extend new hope to her readers, and to obliterate the omnipresent "fear to die" that Jean, the Scottish chieftainess of Muircarrie Castle, relates the story of her experiences with the White People—with Wee Brown Elspeth and Dark Malcom of the Glen, with the pale-faced child of the weeping woman, and finally with Hector MacNairn, one of the few people in the world who had understood the strange vision-seeing girl. Mrs. Burnett's transcendentalism will probably appeal more to "New Thinkers" and the like than to those whose fancies range less freely. In any case one may enjoy its consistent setting, in the purple Scotch Highlands, and the manner of the author's narration.

The Pennsylvania Dutch form a community as concentrated in its self-complacency, as "set" in its customs of restraint broken by periodic abandonment, as may be found among the remoter strongholds of New England tradition or in the inner fastnesses of the Kentucky mountains. Mrs. Helen R. Martin has made its life her special study and she shows her mastery once more in "Those Fitzenbergers" (Doubleday, Page; $1.35). She has been in the habit of placing against the background of stolid Dutch cruelty and narrowness, a protagonist who has gained a higher level from which revolt is possible. In "Erstwhile Susan" it was the girl Barnabetta; and in the story of the Fitzenbergers it is Liddy, the child of tragedy, who with the friendly help of the "Reverend Armstrong" and his "missus" reaches a height that is unattainable by the equally ambitious Elmer Wagenhorst. The author exhibits more than a little sex prejudice in her treatment of Elmer; we are vastly sorrier for him when his castle of inherited, conscious male superiority comes tumbling about his ears than is Mrs. Martin. In fact this apparent prejudice, which makes the boy a creature of almost incredible egotism, is the only serious fault in an otherwise excellent novel of character. The scheming stepmother, the sodden father whose crime has driven his family into social ostracism, Mr. Wagenhorst, from whom Elmer inherited in part his cruel assumption of infallibility, Liddy herself, and lastly the Armstrongs, whose point of view throws into stronger relief the strangeness of the narrow little Dutch community—all these are very real people. There is, however, a trace of bitterness in the author's characterization that the book would be better without. There must be more than a little humor in such a settlement as Virginsburg. There always is. Mrs. Martin too rarely shows her ability to catch its gleam.

The English butler in "Confessions of a Social Secretary," by Corinne Lowe (Harper's; $1.25), after listening to a typical dinner-table conversation, makes a remark in which the reader of this narrative is likely to concur. He says: "These people don't have many conversational powers: now in England, madam, it 's a treat to stand behind the master's chair and listen to the talk

that goes on." The English novelist certainly succeeds in casting a glamour over his aristocracy and he frequently endows them with more than ordinary intelligence; Mrs. Wharton, with all her sophistication and disillusionment in writing of a corresponding class in our own country, relieves the dulness of the situation by fine irony or by an alluring heroine; Mr. Robert Chambers, somewhat against our better judgment, keeps our attention by such devices as a dramatic meeting of hero and heroine at the depths of their host's swimming-pool. Miss Corinne Lowe attempts only to present a grim chronicle of the activities of a certain rich and fashionable set living in New York and Newport. She presents without illusions the life of these modern Romans, to whom (quoting a phrase of the author used in another connection) motion, not destination, is the goal; a restless discontent and expensive gloom consistently pervade the atmosphere in which they live. One must be curious indeed about the doings of this set to be diverted by the details of their domestic arrangements; these details Miss Lowe presents with photographic candor.