

The form in which *The Balance of Power*, by Arthur Goodrich, has been put forth contains an element of unkindness. It has a forbidding look in its dull, maroon cover. It is very, very heavy, in pounds avoirdupois, and its thickness suggests an appalling number of pages. One takes it up with abundant misgivings, only to discover that they are quite unfounded. Mr. Goodrich's book is very far from being the great American novel; nor does it make any pretence of being.

**"The Balance  
of Power"**

Nevertheless, it is a good, readable story, and an interesting contribution to that modern type of American fiction which depicts our keen, progressive industrial life, alongside of the life of society and of the home. Mr. Goodrich lays his scene in a manufacturing village, and gives a graphic picture of a fight to the death between two rival capitalists, one of whom tries to get control of the other's mills by buying up all the stock he can get and bribing the stockholders who will not sell. There is a clever young machinist, foreman in the mills, who realises the scheme on foot and heads an opposition movement to get possession of enough proxies to protect the aged president of the mill in spite of his obstinate refusal to believe he is in danger. In spite of their efforts, neither his friends nor his enemies obtain a majority of the proxies; and when the stockholders meet the old man still holds the balance of power, which he uses in an unexpected and most exasperating way. It is a story of a good fight, and since the obstinate old president has a daughter whom the young foreman wants to marry, it is a passably good love story as well.

*Frederic Taber Cooper.*