

## "THE FFOLLIOTS OF REDMARLEY"

The distinctive note running through the successive volumes by L. Allen Harker lies in an ability to interpret the moods and motives of young people so as to make them intelligent to the older generation. This was strikingly apparent in the case of *Mr. Wycherly's Wards*; it is no less so in the new volume, *The Ffolliots of Redmarley*. It is a tranquil sort of story, with a minimum of plot and a generous abundance of kindly human nature and forgivable human foibles. It is a book that should be reviewed either at considerable length, with leisure to talk over the separate lovable characters, and to quote their characteristic sayings,—just as reviewers of an earlier generation must have wanted to indulge in a like leisure over Miss Alcott's *Little Women*,—or else to be summed up in a fairly brief paragraph, without attempting to spoil by too crowded a retelling episodes that derive their merit mainly from their lack of hurry, their sympathetic understanding of young hearts, their assumption that no details are superfluous if they help us to a wider understanding of fellow-beings, young or old. For the benefit of readers who lay chief stress upon a book's central plot it may be said that *The Ffolliots of Redmarley* relates the slow awakening of a young girl to an understanding of herself, and the series of events that teach her whether her happiness lies in marriage with a young army officer of her own social rank or with the picturesque and ambitious son of a village tradesman. But the really enlightened reader will care far more just to know the people of this book from day to day, to associate with them in their pleasant, wholesome home life,

than to look forward to the ringing  
down of the curtain, and the popular  
fallacy embodied in the "lived happily  
ever after," of the conventional ending.

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