

equipped with detailed knowledge of the work of his department, should be present. Again no opportunity should be lost of obtaining information, and the effect exerted by a well-informed and active society on such an occasion may be of the greatest practical value and have far-reaching results. In addition, the investigator may find it useful to have interviews with such officials and in this way supplement her knowledge.

Many societies have already undertaken the survey. Let us hope that their example will be followed.

"CHALLENGE TO CLARISSA."

Miss E. M. Delafield has portrayed some unpleasant females in her time, but seldom, we believe, has she risen to such heights of unpleasantness as she has achieved with Clarissa.¹ Indeed, Clarissa is almost too bad to be true! She is the walking embodiment of greed, arrogance, and vulgarity. As such she dominates this latest of Miss Delafield's novels as she dominates the puppet characters of her social circle. And, of course, since she is Miss Delafield's creation, she is undoubtedly great fun to read about. From the first page onward the reader is eager to know the outcome (though in essence that outcome is obvious from the start) of Clarissa's ambitious attempt to foster so prosaic a brother-sister relationship between her own child by a first marriage and her husband's child by a first marriage, that the two shall never dream of marriage with one another. In the end, of course, and with a most romantic assortment of allies, they checkmate Clarissa. And it is here, in our opinion, that Miss Delafield fails to maintain her level. With so vivid a background and so varied a personnel, she should have produced a more difficult and ingenious dénouement. Clarissa should have had a longer run for her money.

M. D. S.

UNVEILED.²

This is the story of a Turkish girl, and incidentally of Turkey during the last twenty years. Selma Ekrem's father was Private Secretary to Sultan Abdul Hamid, and the book begins with a vivid description of the life of a government official's family under the Hamidian terror. This particular official had a special cause for fear, because he had once made the rough draft of an angry letter for the Sultan's rebellious son-in-law. He did not know what had become of the draft when the prince's papers were seized, and was sure that if it had fallen into the Sultan's hands he would have recognized the handwriting, "for what did that monster of intelligence ever forget?" When, therefore, Selma Ekrem's father was summoned suddenly to go to the Palace and answer certain charges, he naturally thought that his fate was sealed. The description of the peculiar form of trial that followed is curious and interesting. The judges were two palace dignitaries, Ragib Pasha and Assim Bey. They handed to the accused a long written indictment, to which he was required to give an answer on the spot. To his immense relief he found that he was not accused of insulting the Sultan, but only of trying to poison the Sultan's daughter and grandson. When he had made his verbal answer to this charge, he was told to write down all that he had said, and his written answer was taken to the Sultan, who was waiting in the next room. The Sultan, by means of Ragib Pasha, then transmitted verbal accusations and questions; and to these also the prisoner was commanded to write the answers. This happened several times. Finally the judges returned smiling from the hidden Sultan, and said, "His Majesty is pleased with you. Anyhow his Majesty knew that you were one of his devoted servants and he did not doubt you in the least. But after this you must not go into Society. His Majesty orders it."

The sequel to this was honourable exile for Ekrem Bey as Governor of Jerusalem. He took his family with him, and Selma Ekrem gives a curious description of the state of Jerusalem, ruled over by a Turkish Governor and whose chief business was to keep peace among the Christian sects. Later she tells of the fall of "Hamid the Red" and of her own experiences during the great war, and the war between Turks and Greeks that followed. She was for a time a prisoner of the Greeks. Even after the end of the war, conditions were bad in Constantinople. She sought a refuge and an education in the American College; and when she found that even under the new republic Turkish women were told to be patient with their disabilities while "vital political questions" were settled, she decided to go to America. There she was able to achieve freedom and, in time, to earn her own living. This book is the result. It is illustrated with some attractive portraits; that of the writer and her two sisters as little girls is charming.

I. B. O'M.

¹ *Challenge to Clarissa*, by E. M. Delafield. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

² *Unveiled*, by Selma Ekrem. (Geoffrey Bles, 16s.)

ENGLISH FOLK COOKERY.

"UNBORN TO-MORROW AND DEAD YESTERDAY."

By ANN POPE (F. White).

This has not been quite such a good month for receiving the names and recipes of local cookery dishes as last, but what have come have been intensely interesting; one of my readers apologises for having written at length on the subject of Suffolk food and cookery instead of simply on a postcard. She need not have excused herself; what she wrote could not have been compressed into such a small compass and I gladly sent her 10s. for information, as I did once before to another contributor. Will readers in general when on holiday try to find out for me all the names of local dishes they can discover? The recipes are not so important as the names and description of local cakes, savoury and sweet dishes, drinks, etc.

For example, can anyone tell me if Cherry Beer is still made in Kent and, if so, how it is made? I should like the recipe for this, not to make it, but to throw light on an old Kentish custom.

Again, does anyone know Charter Custard, or "The Charter", as it is sometimes called by Parson Woodforde in his diary, the editing of which has just been completed by Mr. Beresford. I fancy it is a Norfolk dish. The food-lore received from Lancashire throws light on the social history of the hungry 'forties. It reveals the hidden lives of those whose stories have never been considered sufficiently important to be recorded in detail. These old receipts tell a tale of suffering met with tremendous courage, and of a standard of living very different from that of to-day.

What of to-morrow?

It is my belief that our present social and economic difficulties could be solved if we each of us tackled them as they did theirs *and won through*. We are not sufficiently thrifty. We expect too much of life and give too little. The waste that goes on everywhere is terrible. It is no uncommon thing for a young working girl with a widowed mother, and a brother out of work to buy herself a pair of new "silk" stockings every week and never mend them. Yet the girl in question is a good, hard-working, clever girl. At the end of the week, it is true, she hands them on to a younger sister who earns less money. But even 1s. 6d. paid for "silk" stockings is too much when one knows their combined wages are under £2.

Our social ideals and principles to-day are all wrong. What of to-morrow?

One of the ideas underlying this research into the food and cookery of past ages in England is to create an interest in its preparation and economy, and by showing how interesting it all is to make girls keen on taking it up as a wage-earning occupation. They gladly do so if they are fairly treated and properly paid. I know two girls who are training to be cooks, who respectively gave up factory work and typing for the daily occupation of kitchen work and they would not now go back for anything. It was interest in the social history of the kitchen in days gone by—its folk-lore—that first attracted them, and although one is only sixteen and the other twenty-one, in spite of their having been at this job only seven months both are clever little cooks, can cook simple vegetables, and make sauces and gravies extremely well. But what is better still, they enjoy the life and are keen to learn everything. It is not enough merely to teach girls to cook and scrub and clean stoves for our personal ease and comfort. We shouldn't like it ourselves. They need more than this, they must have food and occupation for the mind or the work is drudgery. No occupation or profession ever makes progress until our mental attitude towards it is improved. These girls take a tremendous interest in the books that are being gradually accumulated to form an English Folk Cookery Library.

To-day two more have been added as gifts—one from a schoolmaster's wife at Burford, a small volume of *The Servants' Magazine* or *Female Domestic's Instructor*, published in 1862. It is the twenty-fifth volume. In it are two articles by Florence Nightingale on "Minding Baby", which are perfectly charming and full of practical wisdom; the whole book illuminates the past wonderfully. I did not know such a publication had ever been issued. The other small volume is an advanced copy of a book of another period which is to be published on 7th July. It is a reproduction, as far as possible a facsimile of *The Recipe Book of a Lady of the Reign of Queen Anne*, A.D. 1711. It is printed in Arrighi italic on Arnold untuned hand-made paper, which is the modern equivalent of the original paper of the MS. book, and as far as possible identical; it is actually made by the same firm. The fine green parchment binding is also a facsimile of the original, and with the italic which reproduces much of the handwriting of the handwritten book the atmosphere and