

goes from success to success until, on the assassination of the Emperor, he is voted by popular acclamation to the throne—only to be given, in the hour of his triumph, a poisoned wine-cup by one of the women with whose affections he had lightly played. The story is delightfully written and carries the reader along at a brisk rate. It is moreover full of incidental pictures of Roman society that are not the least convincing in that they are translated, as it were, into modern terms—the author's underlying theme being that humanity is fundamentally the same in one age as in another.

**THE PROPER PLACE.** By O. Douglas. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Love rather than admiration is the portion of O. Douglas; and her friends—and we are legion—can never have too many stories from her pen. Her latest story has many points in common with "Ann and her Mother," which is probably the most beautiful story she ever wrote. A sense of comfort steals over us as we read, for the book radiates a peace and a happiness that are becoming rarer among us, because they are not to be found in the pleasures that are sought after, but in the simple, common things of everyday life going on about us. There is a goodness about the characters that springs from large charity and simple naturalness. "The Proper Place" is a tonic for the lonely and dispirited, as well as being a well-written tale with excellent characterisation, which can be heartily recommended to readers. The story opens with the old and well-beloved family of Rutherford on the point of selling the beautiful home they had lived in for generations to a prosperous Glasgow merchant named Jackson. "A creature not too bright or good, for human nature's daily food" is Nicole Rutherford, the only solace left to her mother, Lady Jane, who had lost her two sons in the war and their father from grief, and now is to lose her home. The story has its setting at Kirkmeikle, a village on the Fifeshire coast, where the Rutherfurds settle at last almost happily in the quaint old Harbour House. Nicole with her sweetness, beauty and gaiety is born to make friends, and her friends are ours—the usurping but kindly Jacksons, Simon Beckett, the explorer, who brings tragedy into Nicole's life, dull Miss Symington and "The Bat," her pathetic little nephew, and a host of village folk, are splendidly drawn. How Nicole's cousin Barbara, the least likeable character in the book, goes back as mistress of Rutherford, and Mrs. Jackson returns to the suburban life she is happiest in, is part of the story, which owes much of its charm to the Scottish dialect and ends on a stronger, deeper and more beautiful note than "happy ever after."

**BURNED EVIDENCE.** By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. 7s. 6d. (Putnam's.)

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow has added yet another victim to the interminable list of millionaires who are murdered in fiction, but she is excused. It is always satisfactory for millionaires to be murdered if what follows is as vivaciously fascinating as her book. The story begins with the usual rush of incident which has projected Mrs. Wilson Woodrow into the front rank of spell-binders. Jerome Fosdick is blackmailed by Madame Adelbron, a fake medium, and he promptly enlists the services of Anthony Wandridge, a rising young lawyer. An interview takes place between them, and the day after Fosdick is mysteriously done to death. To keep things at the necessary thrill point, this is quickly followed by a neatly executed burglary at his house when some papers relating to the attempted blackmail are stolen. Sara Fosdick, the charming daughter of the murdered millionaire, retains the services of Anthony Wandridge to watch her interests, but in the subsequent proceedings this young man's activities cover a much larger field. Suspicion points with an unerring finger in the direction of Madame Adelbron, for Mrs. Wilson Woodrow has made it sufficiently plain that this lady is not nice to know. The story however abounds in perplexities which are very skilfully hidden behind the undoubted guilt

of Madame Adelbron, and we are kept in an interrogative state of mind till the end. Mrs. Wilson Woodrow has an apt facility for witty illustration. Take this for example: "She was so well dressed that you never noticed her clothes."

**THE HAPPY TREE.** By Rosalind Murray. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

There is a note of quiet power running through this story by Rosalind Murray. The story is alive, and the people in it alive, though the theme of the tale is simple enough. As the heroine of the tale, Helen, eventually sums things up: "I was happy when I was a child, and I married the wrong person, and someone I loved dearly was killed in the war . . . that is all. And all those things must be true of thousands of people." Which of course is just what should make an instant appeal to readers—when such a theme is handled in the way Miss Murray handles it. It is a poignant story that will find an echo in many hearts.

## The Bookman's Table.

**FOOTNOTES.** By Walter A. Mursell. 3s. 6d. (Gay & Hancock.)

"The Bishop's Boots" by this author has already proved a boon companion, one to turn to with confidence when the all-too-rare few minutes of relaxation comes along. In the same light-hearted, refreshing strain comes "Footnotes," the only difference being that instead of the many and varied subjects dealt with in the former, we have a straightforward account of a "pedestrian journey" in Northern Ireland. Dr. Mursell lays down three conditions for a successful tramp, viz.:—"travel light, take it easy, and choose as good companions as I had—if you can." He most certainly had the last, for a more congenial quartet could scarcely be wished for than "the Quarter Master, the Bard, the young Babe, and myself." No matter what the contingency, one of them was always ready to meet it and to extract from it all the diversion possible. Crossing the frontier into the Irish Free State gives cause for considerable trepidation: "I do not like . . . to have it tacitly assumed that I am an ingrained smuggler, concealing spirits about my person, hiding tobacco in my boots, and lining my lingerie with lace or silk." This difficulty however was overcome very glibly. One would like to quote many little lively passages, but the book is just one succession of them. Their hosts and hostesses, the interesting specimens they came across both human and archeological, the embarrassing dilemmas, the weather, state of the roads,

their physical shortcomings, not to mention the numerous ham-and-eggs and enticing drinks, are all handled with that easy charm the reading of which is a real tonic. A amusing little sketches of this droll party by Isobel H. Walker are dotted about the pages.



**Dr. Walter Mursell,**

Author of "Footnotes" (Gay & Hancock).

BY GEORGE BELCHER. 10s. 6d. (Alston Rivers.)

What better tonic could a doctor prescribe than liberal doses of George Belcher. Those readers who have appreciated this artist's drawings in *Punch* and the *Tatler* will revel in this handsomely arranged volume which is packed from start to finish with clever sketches and clean, choice wit. Not the least interesting feature is the fact that the caricatures, portraying cockney life at its very "cockneyist," are drawn from living models, and it is to these stalwarts of jocularity that Mr. Belcher has dedicated his book. Sometimes, too, delicious home-truths mingle freely with the ludicrous, as instanced in the picture of Mrs. Chigg talking to her landlord about a neighbour with whom she has not been on the friendliest of terms—"Well!" says Mrs. Chigg, "She do smile when I passes 'er now, but there beant much nourishment in it"! All kinds of folk will find a chord in their hearts which responds with whole-hearted delight and laughter to the witticisms and humour which sparkle on every page.

FIRST ESSAYS ON ADVERTISING. By J. Murray Allison. 10s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer.)

As the author points out, the bibliography of advertising is not yet very imposing, and an exploration of the subject from so great an expert was certainly required. The time is easily remembered when, by people of taste and discretion, a much advertised article was regarded as, *ipso facto*, vulgar and inferior. That attitude has pretty generally disappeared. Now we have Mr. Allison explaining the possibilities of the modern system of advertising as a panacea for many ills, such even as unemployment. There is more in the book of practical use to the advertiser than of reassurance to a public who pays attention to advertising. The chapter on posters, for example, will well repay reading by the artist who seeks to attract the fleeting attention of the passer-by; he must bear in mind that he is in competition with perhaps dozens of other posters on a large hoarding; and he must choose a method and even pigments which will clash as violently as possible with his rivals. The advertisement must not sink peacefully and tastefully into its surroundings; it must stick out and shout.

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA. Edited by Albert Nelson Marquis. 17s. 6d. net. (London: Stanley Paul.)

The American "Who's Who" finds (and our English "Who's Who" will sympathise with it in this) that it is no easy matter to make room for all the prominent men and women of America who ought to be included within its covers. It runs now to over two thousand quarto pages and to as many as close on 27,000 brief biographies—which, after all, is not an excessive proportion of celebrities in a total population of 114,000,000, especially as the selection covers all unstable Americans living in all parts of the world. We have checked it thoroughly, and every American name of moment we can think of has its place in this handsome, well printed volume. Authors, artists, politicians, journalists, soldiers, sailors, big business men, social and religious leaders and other such prominent public personalities all have their place here; the biographies are in each case careful of detail, lucid, concise and sufficient. The editor justly claims that "no other volume has covered the biographical field of America in any such complete and authentic way."

#### REFERENCE BOOKS.

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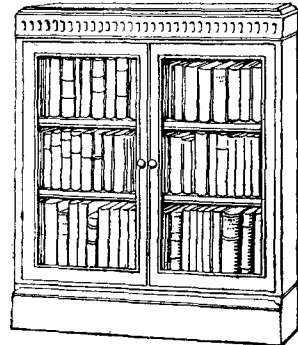
"Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage," edited by Arthur G. M. Hesilrige. 75s. (Dean & Son.)

"Burke's Peerage and Baronetage, the Privy Council and Knightage," by Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., LL.D., Ulster King of Arms, and Ashworth P. Burke. £5 5s. (Burke's Peerage, Ltd.)

"The Writers' and Artists' Year Book." A Directory and guide-book for writers, artists and photographers, edited by Agnes Herbert. 3s. 6d. (A. & C. Black.)

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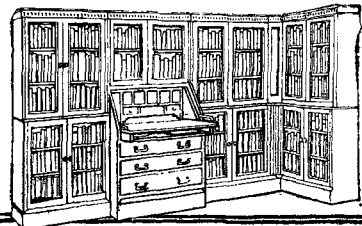
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