

From *Magic and Mind*
By E. J. D. Radclyffe
(Black).

TRIAL OF A PIG AT LAUSANNE.
A FIFTEENTH CENTURY TRIAL.

VARIETIES OF HUMOUR

And Now All This.

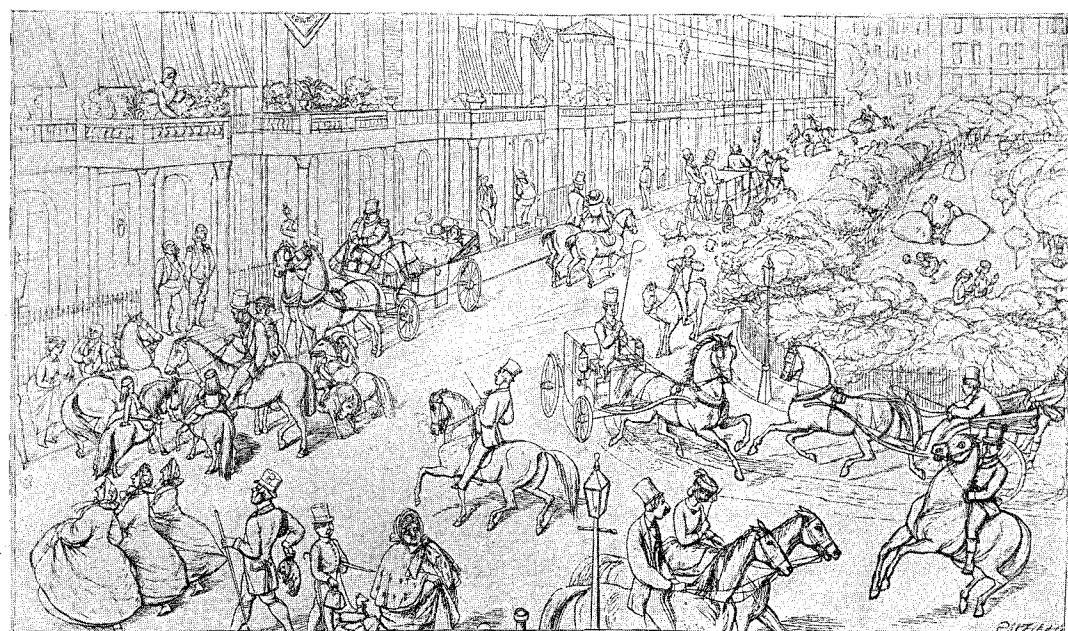
By W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman (authors of "1066 and All That." Illustrated by John Reynolds. 5s. (Methuen.)

So This is Science.

By H. F. Ellis. Illustrated by Arthur Watt. 5s. (Methuen.)

Wine, Women and—Soldiers.

By T. A. Lowe. Illustrated by Batchelor. 5s. (Methuen.)



From *Jorrock's England*
By Anthony Steel
(Methuen).

The Roving Eye.

By Humphrey Pakington. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)
Royal Exchange.

By H. M. Raleigh. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

The Best Story Ever.

By J. Storer Clouston. 7s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

by Michael Mason

In Volume I of the Hole Pocket Treasury of Absolutely General Knowledge Messrs. Sellar and Yeatman have undertaken a life work—no less a task than to teach everybody everything everybody knows. This book is naturally the result of the most stupendous researches in the course of which the authors have spared no one, not even themselves. They have gone thoroughly into Bodicure. They have tossed up, the loser marrying and having a baby in order that they might study Psycho-Babycraft. They have out-Weldoned Weldon on the Practice and Theory of Knitting (Woology). They have borrowed a number of rare birds and watched them migrate, knitted a ten-foot sock, examined some professional classes on Ancient Lore and extracted a large amount of Myth-information. They have descended into the deepest depths of punning ("There



From *The Prince Who Hiccapped*
By Anthony Armstrong ("A. A." of Punch)
(Benn).

are three kinds of Pole; the North Pole, the South Pole and the Boy Scouts' or Baden Pole"). They have climbed the dizziest heights of poetry.

"PSYCHO-LULLABYE"

"Hushabye Babies
(Hush quite a lot)—
Bad Babies get Rabies
(And have to be
shot);
So suck the right
fingers
And dream the right
dreams,
(And don't you wake
up with
P s y m b o l i c a l
P s c r e a m s)."

They have left no stone unturned and probably, if I may say so, no stomach undisturbed, for after you have read a few pages you will feel so ill with laughter that you will require the Bodicure diet in which are included those delectable dishes, Treacle Pullover and Diddle Dump-ling.

The trouble with

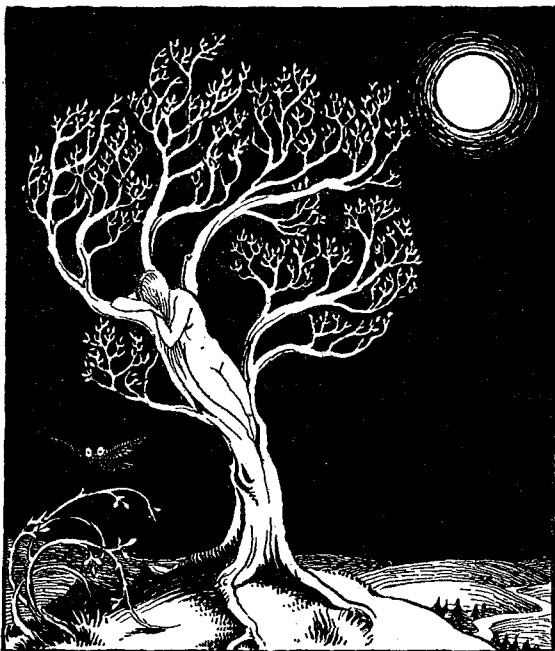
Mr. Ellis's nonsense is that it is not nonsensical enough. A vague suspicion lurks in the mind after reading his book "So This is Science" that he does know something about science which, if true, you must admit is a bad thing. The wording of his explanation of the solar system and the diagrams attached are complicated and fierce enough to be truly scientific. Not that Science hasn't its uses, for instance under Common Human Ailments,

STATUS LYMPHATICA—

Water in the beer. A distressing and all-too-frequent complaint.

Treatment.—Drink whisky.

Although the book does contain bright passages like this I fear we can repeat with dreadful truth the favourite



From Forty-Nine Poems
By W. H. Davies
(Medici Society).

THE HOUR OF MAGIC.

epitaph of the publisher on a humorous book, "Though superficially frivolous they contain hidden truths which the discerning reader will appreciate." Then of course it all depends on whether you are a discerning reader.

The fairy tale or simple story method of writing has become familiar to all by now and so when I tell you that Mr. Lowe's book is written in this style you will know if you will like it or not. As one might expect the book is about wine, women and soldiers (mostly soldiers) and concerns the life of the British Army in India, where you may come across such peculiar creatures as "the bandsman who swallowed the summer" or "the cook-sergeant who moved on his stomach." To those interested in the Army these tales are both interesting and funny, but even to pacifists they will appear funny. The great secret in reading this type of story is to read one a day and not to read them all straight away or the style becomes necessarily monotonous.

Mr. Pakington has written a glorious book, a book to be laughed over, a book to be enjoyed and a book to be praised. It is written about people who can be found on any parochial council or in any country or town house. It is written in an unforced, easy manner and it abounds



From Phil May, 1864-1903
By James Thorpe
(Harvab).

JANE CAKEBREAD.

with good humour. He is at his best when dealing with the Church, its workers and its snobs. He does not treat the snobs with contempt. He does not point an accusing finger at them, say something nasty and go away with his back up. He treats them as people who will afford hours of amusement which, of course, they will—and do.

The hero of the tale is a young naval officer and he is a hero in a thousand. He has not the square jaw and gimlet eye of the Ethel M. Dell romance, nor does he overflow with alleged wit in the smart-young-novelist manner. He keeps his place in the centre of the picture but is never too much in the foreground, and we are relieved to see him emerge



From Sycamore Square
By Jan Struther
(Methuen).

THE FLOWER WOMAN.



From My Picture Book of the Jungle
(Ward, Lock).

**A HARTEBEESTE AND IMPALA THAT
HAVE COME DOWN FOR A DRINK.**
(By courtesy of South African Railways and Harbours.)

from an accidental engagement with one of the Norfolk Cotessys (pronounced Cossy) and become engaged to the girl we knew he would marry from the start.

Meanwhile we have been with the County in Norfolk, round the Fleet at Weymouth, with Society at Empress Gate, W., and to supper with the vicar after evening service:

he poured out the beer the Vicar pressed him cordially to take a little white wine. . . ."

We have also heard Miss Purdie accompany herself on the harp in a cycle of songs from the Shetland Isles.

"My love she came to the well—
Laroo!
Walking with gladsome step.



From The Villages of England
(Batsford).

SELWORTHY, SOMERSET.

A cloud shadow
Lay on the bay.
Bitter is my yearning, Ah, bitter!
Laroo, Laroo!"

Wherever he goes Mr. Pakington never loses his good humour, and I advise you to go with him.

Entirely different in tone is Mr. Raleigh's book. He has no restraint. He tears discretion to bits and casts it to the four winds.

A village parochial worker (dragon variety) changes places with the queen of a Gilbert and Sullivan country (Braggadocia). In Braggadocia the archbishop (without a church) fights, except when drunk, with the G.O.C. (without an army). The archbishop always wears his mitre, the general always wears his uniform. The English ambassador always sleeps.

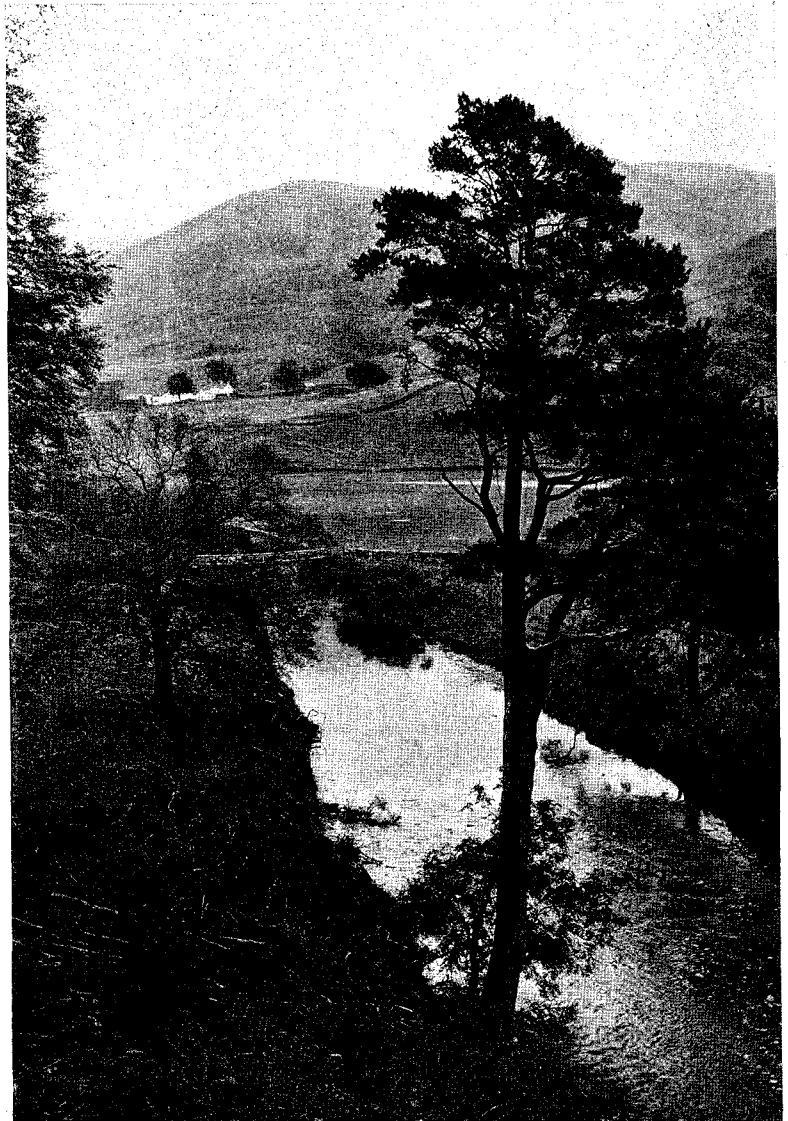
The village worker, now queen, tries to enforce prohibition, and a revolution ensues.

In England the proper queen (a bright young thing) tries to turn the villagers into bright young things. The villagers being villagers and sensible take very little notice of her.

As you will see, the pace is hot and it is too hot for Mr. Raleigh. The young hero is asinine without being funny. The butler is Jeeves-like without being inimitable. The modern girl is too modern, the colonel too Aldwych and the vicar too much like George Robey. I advise Mr. Raleigh to try and restrain himself for the situations are too funny to be even amusing.

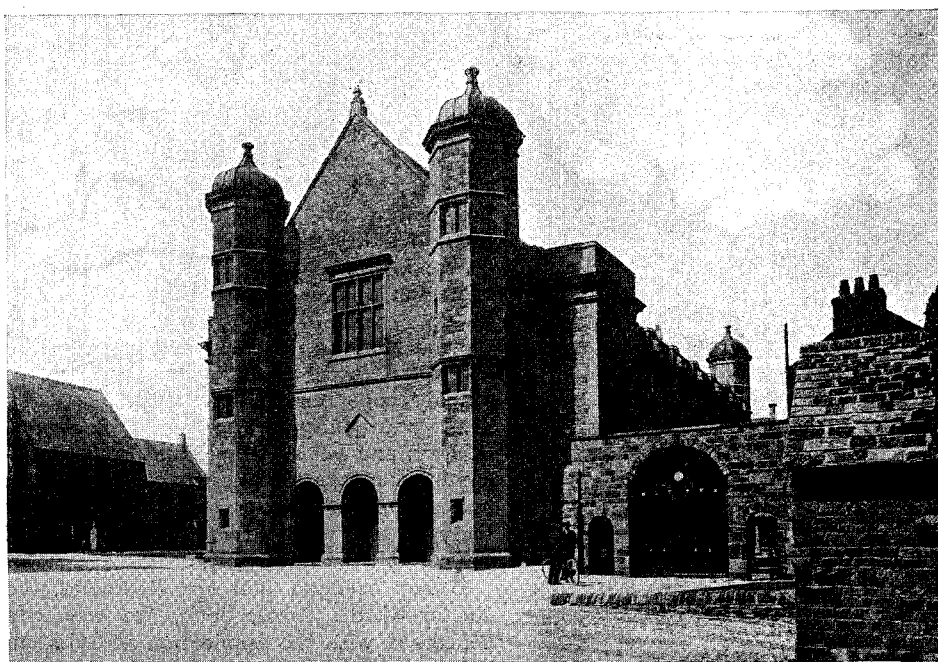
I am one who stands up for the public schools in these days when it is fashionable to run them down, but I do not like to see them indecently paraded. But when Lord Wye (late of Eton or Harrow) takes as his first paying guest F. Mandell Essington (late of Harrow or Eton), and when he is followed by a Duke and another Harrovian and, yet again, the footman is discovered to be a gentleman, one cracks under the strain.

Coupled with the blue-blooded conversation is a singularly uninteresting and unfunny novel written by F. Mendell Essington and read aloud by him to the other P.G.'s. The purpose of this



From *Days and Ways of a Scottish Angler*
By Henry Lamond
(Philip Allan).

IN MOFFATDALE.



From *Forty Years of Uppingham*
By J. P. Graham
(Macmillan).

THE HALL.
(Photo: Stocks.)

novel is to raise money for his niece so that she can marry the gentleman footman. If any charitable effort ever deserved to fail, this is it. "The Best Story Ever" says the title. I think we can reply to this with justifiable vulgarity, "Sez you."

OLD TIMES AFLOAT.

By Colonel C. Field. 10s. 6d.
(Melrose.)

An anthology of ancient sea customs, traditions and exploits which will be read with interest by expert and layman alike. It contains much that is not found in history books, naval or otherwise, yet which is intensely interesting for this very reason. By means of a heterogeneous collection of letters, notes and records the author has contrived to present a vivid panorama showing the growth and development of British sea power through the centuries.