

visible to prepare before starting in to make Puppy-Dog Ointment:

¶ A curious Water known by the name of the Spring Nosegay

"Take six ounces of hyacinths, a quarter of a pound of picked violets, the same quantity of wallflowers picked, and jonquils; an ounce of Florentine orris bruised; half an ounce of mace grossly powdered, and two ounces of quintessence of orange."

The clear-eyed young heroes of modern fiction (them that also rejoice in "clean limbs") probably know how

¶ To prepare a Blessed Collyrium to clear the Eye

"Take red roses, wild celery, vervain, red fennel, maiden hair, house leek, celandine, and wild thyme. Wash them clean and macerate in white wine for a day and night, then distil from a brass pot. The first water you obtain will be like silver; this will be useful for any affection of the eye, and for a styè."

Rosemary is good for almost everything, including remembrance:

"Take the flowers of rosemary, mix with honey and eat them daily fasting. You will not suffer from nausea or any other noxious condition as long as you use this remedy.

"Also put these flowers or leaves under your head in bed, and you will not be troubled with disagreeable dreams or oppressed with anxiety of mind.

"Also if you carry a stick or fragment of this shrub, no evil spirit can come near you or anyone do you any harm.

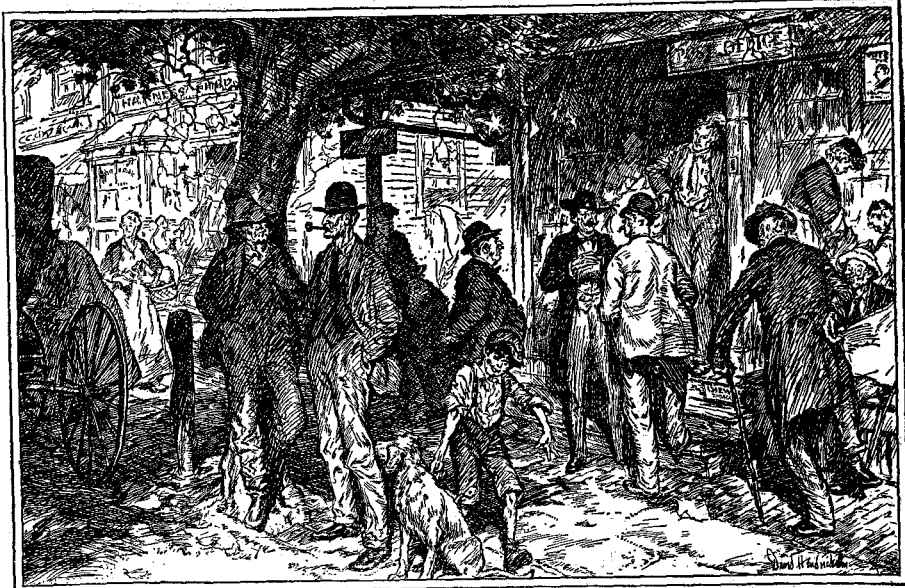
"The rosemary has all the virtues of the stone called jet. Also if you procure a spoon made of the stock or root of this shrub, in the day you drink some broth with it, you will not receive harm from poison and you will be preserved all that day from thunder and lightning, as well as all injuries and assaults."

E. P.

Fiction

SPELL LAND. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

"Spell Land," an early work of Sheila Kaye-Smith, now first reprinted in America, requires the indulgence of the author's admirers on one point only: those wretched l's in the middle of the title, which mustn't be run together and yet bring the tongue up with such an annoying jerk if they are not. How could any one with a sense of word values select such a tongue-tripper for a book that people were sure to want to talk about? And they did want to talk about it in London sixteen years ago, and will again to-day in America, for it is the first of Miss Kaye-Smith's novels in which she really found herself, and is a worthy inaugural volume in that series of which the later novels are so well known. It is, as the sub-title declares, the Story of a Sussex Farm, and of the three brothers whose lives, characters, and fortunes were



The Meeting Place

*An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



It is not so long ago since people met in town hall, store or at the village post-office, to talk over matters of importance to the community. Then came the telephone to enable men to discuss matters with one another without leaving their homes.

With the growing use of the telephone, new difficulties arose and improvements had to be sought. Many of the improvements concerned the physical telephone plant. Many of them had to do with the means of using the apparatus to speed the connection and enable people to talk more easily.

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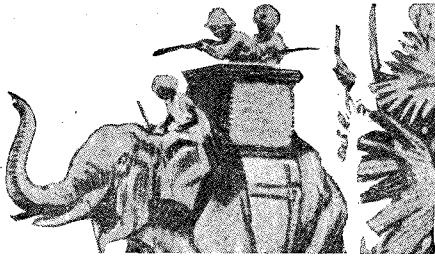
The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its associated Bell Telephone Laboratories have practically for their sole task the making of the telephone more serviceable and more satisfactory—as a means of conversing with anyone, anywhere, any time.

so deeply conditioned for good or ill by their beloved homestead and its fertile acres. The two elder are vigorous, able, coarse-fibered men. The younger is of finer make, yet capable of reversion to primitive rustic violence under emotional strain. Emily, whom he loves, is finer far than he, yet she has been easily injured to the hurt of unkindness, the bitterness of dependence, and the hardness of struggle. She it is who most of all is the arresting figure in the tale—an odd, keen, homely, fascinating, passionate, courageous, desperately honest creature, foredoomed to tragedy less by her worse than her better qualities. There is something about her, modern as she is, that somehow reminds one of another, a real, Emily and of Charlotte, her sister, to whom also courage and honesty, before those milder feminine virtues then more

prized seemed necessary and desirable in women. Those virtues they practiced in their bleak moorland home, and conferred to revolutionary effect—though unaware and unintended—upon the women of their novels. Miss Kaye-Smith's Emily would have horrified the Brontë sisters, it is true; they were inescapably bound by early Victorian moralities and gentilities; nevertheless she is sister under the skin to those brave, homely, fiery-hearted, keen-minded heroines whom Charlotte Brontë first introduced into literary society in a day when Gentlemen and Gentle Readers really did Prefer Blondes—impeccably lovely blondes with blue eyes and blue sashes, soft hearts and soft heads, and plenty of soft blonde ringlets.

Sheila Kaye-Smith's powers have increased indubitably since she wrote "Spell

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Land." But some who admire the book less may yet enjoy it more than its mature successors. It has a winning something—perhaps merely the freshness and spontaneity of youth—which in them is lacking.

THE MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR AT STYLES. By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

A new edition of a detective story by the lady whose mysterious disappearance caused such excitement in England not long ago. It is clever and puzzling enough not to need any publicity stunt to help its already well-earned success.

THE HIDDEN KINGDOM. By Francis Beeding. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.

Once more we become absorbed in the almost excessive criminal cleverness of that Professor Kreuzemark whose machinations really overthrew the Allies' victory, as related in "The Seven Sleepers." Now Spain and China are the scenes of plots so far-reaching that one knows not whether to admire most their subtlety or the skill of the French and English enemies who by a narrow margin foil the arch-villain. The excitement is sustained throughout.

THE CHANNAY SYNDICATE. THE ADVENTURES OF MR. JOSEPH P. CRAY. E. P. Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1 each.

These are two of a series of "Pocket Thrillers." The first named is much the better—a good specimen of the Oppenheim type of story. It has Dumas's "Monte Cristo" plan in that a wronged man, after his delivery from imprisonment, follows up and punishes one after the other of his enemies. The other book, frankly, seems to be a collection of the author's miscellaneous and inferior pot-boilers.

HEAVEN TREES. By Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.

It would be hard to find a livelier or more entertaining tale of Southern life in pre-war days. The story is told with gusto and vivacity. Its characters are brought out not by description but by their own talk and doings. They are far from perfect; but whether the men do or do not drink too much, and whether the girls do or do not flirt too much, they are all (or almost all, for Miss May Cherry is just tart enough to give spice and variety) big-hearted, generous, and gay. The story never descends to the merely comic; it is genially humorous and abundantly rich with incident and color. What the book lacks in plot it makes up in fun.

Castles

CASTLES. By Charles Oman. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$4.

In appearance as well as subject this is a royal book. Accompanied by his son, to whose camera about half of the numerous beautiful illustrations are due, the author journeyed through Wales and the English counties along the Welsh border, and again a year later through Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall. The result of these "most interesting if rather laborious journeys devoted to castle-seeking" is a comprehensive description and classification from a historical and architectural point of view of all the important English castles, and many lesser ones.

A castle must be first of all a unit in itself, and may be defined as, "a fortified dwelling intended for purposes of residence and defense." These private strongholds were the product of the feudal system and the homes of the feudal lords. The original outburst of castle-building in England occurred during the reign of William the Conqueror. These were almost invariably simple wooden "motte and bailey" structures. During the twelfth century a gradual architectural progression took place in

the substitution of stone for wood, and the addition of stone keeps and barbicans. The two impressive drum towers at Chepstow are a fine example of the typical gatehouse that developed toward the end of Henry II's reign. With the reign of Edward I the great castle-building age came to an end, when magnates planned abodes for ends of convenience and splendor alone, and relied for protection upon the "King's Peace" rather than on moats and barbicans.

"Wind and rain, the deadly embrace of the treacherous ivy, and stone-filching neighbors" have brought many of these old castles, such as Nunney and Donnington, Pembroke and the vast courts of Raglan, to their present state of desolation. The most important of all the lake fortresses in the realm is Kenilworth, the scene of bloody sieges in 1265, and later of brilliant state visits by the Virgin Queen. It is a majestic group of ruins that must appeal to every lover of English literature, history, architecture, or landscape.

"Castles" is by way of being itself a delightful history of England, since English history is bound up with its castles. The handiwork of several kings is in Windsor Castle; song and story have been woven about "King Arthur's Round Table" in Winchester Castle; Tintagel is forever linked with his name; saints and sinners alike have found sanctuary at the beautiful island fortress of Saint Michael's Mount; and the ghosts of prehistoric tribesmen must wander around the fragmentary Dinas Bran, since it is mentioned in the "Romance of Fitzwarine" as being a ruin in 1073. Many will disagree with the author's choice of Broughton as the most beautiful castle in all England, but the difficulties of making any choice are apparent in his book. It is an imposing list carefully compiled of the great homes of those Britons who "never shall be slaves."

In the back of the book is a loose map dotted with charming little drawings locating cathedrals, castles, and abbeys. The tourist, whether "of an antiquarian turn of mind or merely a traveler with historical instincts," will find in "Castles" an invaluable source of information and interest. The author gives graceful acknowledgment to John Leland's "Itinerary," a precious record of the state of castles, towns, and churches at the end of the reign of Henry VIII.

Religion

JESUS, MAN OF GENIUS. By J. Middleton Murry. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.50.

The author of this volume from England, frankly denying the deity of Christ, makes his study of the humanity with a loyal and eager conviction which leaves his belief in the divinity of Christ no unmeaning phrase. He sees in Jesus, not only the clear thinker and the undaunted hero, but also the man so deeply conscious of his sonship to God as to give him undying authority over the world. Readers will not always agree with Mr. Murry's detailed interpretation of Jesus' career. He himself confesses that in such matters, and where theologians differ, he decided by his own wits. Neither is the point of view taken by any means as original or new as the author believes. But here is one of those ever-recurrent responses to Jesus' life with which the most modern mind may agree and at the same time find light and help. That the author is editor of the London "Athenaeum" and a novelist and critic of long experience makes his witness the more impressive.

ADVENTURES AND CONFESSIONS. By William Lyon Phelps. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.

Professor Phelps is only an amateur preacher, he says, and "these sermons are not delivered from the pulpit and have no