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- MISFORTUNES OF ELPHIN AND CROTCHET CASTLE. By *Thomas Love Peacock*. Oxford. 80 cents.
- THE PRINCE AND THE PRINCESS. By *Claude C. Washburn*. A. & C. Boni. \$2.50 net.
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- THOMAS THE IMPOSTOR. By *Jean Cocteau*. Appleton. \$1.75.
- THE LOVE OF MONSIEUR. By *George Gibbs*. Appleton. \$2.
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Foreign

- HORACE WALPOLE. By *Paul Yvon*. Oxford University Press.
- LES RELATIONS DE VOYAGES DU XVII SIECLE ET L'EVOLUTION DES IDEES. By *Geoffroy Atkinson*. Paris: Champion.
- KAISER FRANZ JOSEPH. By *Albert von Margutti*. Vienna: Manz'sche Verlag.

History

- LANGUAGES: A LINGUISTIC INTRODUCTION TO HISTORY. By *J. Vendryes*. Knopf. \$6 net.
- HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF CHRISTIANITY. By *Pierre de Labriolle*. Knopf. \$7.50 net.
- THE THRESHOLD OF THE PACIFIC. By *C. E. Fox*. Knopf. \$6 net.
- PREHISTORIC MAN. By *Jacques de Morgan*. Knopf. \$5 net.
- THE MERCHANT NAVY. Vol. II. By *Archibald Hurd*. Longmans, Green. \$7.50.
- THE MAKING OF MODERN INDIA. By *Nicol MacNicol*. Oxford. \$2.50.
- ON THE ROAD WITH WELLINGTON. By *August Ludolph Friedrich Schaumann*. Edited and translated by *Anthony M. Ludovici*. Knopf. \$7.50 net.
- RECENT AMERICAN HISTORY. By *Lester Burrell Shippee*. Macmillan.

Miscellaneous

- THE PIPE BOOK. By *ALFRED DUNHILL*. Macmillan. 1924. \$7.50.
- There has been no lack of literature about the chief instrument of tobacco worship, the pipe—for in spite of the growth of the dubious cigarette habit the pipe really holds its own—but it has been left to Mr. Dunhill to combine in one delightful volume nearly all the various ways of approaching that worship, descriptive, antiquarian, historic, meditative, poetic, humorous, scientific and philosophic, just as the best smoking tobacco is a blend, a mixture of several delectable flavors. His modest preface, warning that this "is no learned Treatise" but a happy journey upon the broad back of his hobby horse, is a little too modest, for the book holds much for the archaeologist and the artist as well as for the general reader.
- It is, however, a loosely arranged series of chapters, though kept to some historic sequence, of accounts of the pipes of the various peoples, chiefly of the American Indians, the erudite Central and South American peoples of the past, and of other primitive folk. It gives two whole chapters to the strange pipes of Africa and it also goes into the far north of the Eskimo. Modern European pipes are covered in three chapters, one on the clay, one on various ornate types, and finally one on the crowning development of all pipes, the Briar. And

everywhere the fluent narrative is brightened with anecdote and rich in the atmosphere one might expect of a smoker.

The book is beautifully made and prodigally illustrated, with 28 full page plates, (four in color) and 230 smaller illustrations in the text, all admirably reproduced, the color plates being notably successful. It is well indexed, and is a storehouse of oddities and important information, as well as a charmingly readable, gossipy, humanized narrative.

FRIENDS OF MANKIND. By *DOUGLAS ENGLISH*. Dutton. 1924. \$3.

Mr. English, who used to be editor of *Wild Life*, an English magazine, and has special reputation as a photographer of animals, runs over what is known of man's evolution and pre-historic progress in order to work out a story of his relations to the beasts and domestications of some of them, and then, *seriatim*, his evolvings of the cattle, goats, sheep, fowls, swine, horses and asses, cats, and dogs that are now his "friends."

He does this with enthusiasm and makes a very readable popular book of it, with a foundation of science but naturally with superstructures of conjecture. Much of the latter is his own, and his suggestions are ingenious even when so imaginative that they are hard to swallow. They are by no means confined to the paleontological and ethnological past; some of the most striking ones come into his analyses of the productions of domestic breeds within historic time.

THE FABLE OF THE BEES. By *Bernard Mandeville*. Edited by *F. B. Kaye*. Oxford University Press. 2 vols.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS IN AMERICA. By *Louise Shelton*. Scribners. \$10.

GARDENS. By *J. C. N. Foresties*. Scribners. \$12.

BEETHOVEN'S NINE SYMPHONIES FULLY DESCRIBED AND ANALYZED. Vol. II. By *Edwin Evans*. Scribners. \$3.75.

POPULAR WEAVING AND EMBROIDERY IN SPAIN. By *Mildred Stapley*. Helburn.

THE BOOKMAN'S GLOSSARY. By *John A. Holden*. Bowker. \$2.

SECRET SOCIETIES AND SUBVERSIVE MOVEMENTS. By *Nesta H. Webster*. Dutton. \$7.

COSTUME AND FASHION. By *Herbert Norris*. Dutton. \$10.

SPIRIT AND MUSIC. By *H. Ernest Hunt*. Dutton. \$1.50.

THE HANDY REFERENCE ATLAS OF THE WORLD. Edited by *John Bartholomew*. Tenth Edition. Boston: Lauriat Co.

WAR IS DEATH. PEACE IS LIFE. CHOOSE! By *Ethel Torrey Beacham*. Privately published.

Poetry

LEAVES OF GRASS. Inclusive Edition. Edited by *EMORY HOLLOWAY*. Doubleday, Page. 1924. \$3.

Walt Whitman's literary executors, Richard Maurice Burke, Thomas B. Harned and Horace L. Traubel originally authorized and editorially supervised this edition of "Leaves of Grass," which has heretofore appeared in so many "garbled, fragmentary and unauthorized editions."

The present volume is printed from a new set of plates and its thin paper lends it compactness. The editor acknowledges the help of Carl Van Doren in preparing it. A feature of the book is the inclusion of Whitman's prefaces of 1855, 1872, 1876, and 1888 now brought together as a supplement in their original text. The Variorium readings have been revised. The chronology of the poems has been carefully indicated.

This is now the definite edition of Whitman's poetry, essential to any extended study of the poet's work. Whitman's original text has been restored. This is a book for the general reader, a book with which every true lover of American poetry should be thoroughly familiar.

SUSQUEHANNA. By *FREDERIC BRUSH*. Portland: Mosher. 1924.

Much of this verse is undistinguished, but occasionally, as in "Hickory Dance," Mr. Brush strikes out a poem individually racy of the soil and distinctively American. The use of colloquial words and phrases as in "Red Rock Spree," is successful. From a number of verses the true color and tang of a certain section of American countryside emerges. Had Mr. Brush the technique of, say, a Robert Frost he could have fashioned from the rich material in which he has delved a book of poems more valuable as an interpretation of things native. As it is he is, at his best, a far more distinguished colloquial American writer than the widely popular Edgar Guest. His best work is in

the true tradition of Harte, say, and Riley—his province quite his own. His "inspirational" poems are, however, comparatively valueless.

THE VOICE OF THE SEVEN THUNDERS. By *WILLIAM EARL HILL*. Boston. Four Seas. 1924.

The Contemporary Series of the Four Seas Company has, in the past, contained some excellent titles, Gordon Bottomley's drama "Laodice and Danae," Richard Aldington's "Images—Old and New," and Stephen Vincent Benet's rare first book of poems, "Five Men and Pompey"; but Mr. Hill's present volume does not add to the prestige of the series. An occasional poem like the title-poem attracts with its title but an examination of the verse yields little reward. This poet has not yet emerged from stereotyped expression.

THE BEST POEMS OF 1924. Edited by *L. A. G. STRONG*. Small, Maynard. 1924. \$2.

This is the second of Mr. Strong's "Best Poems" compilations. The poems are drawn from periodical work and from certain volumes of current poetry. The magazines whose leaves have been removed include *The Atlantic Monthly*, *New Republic*, *Liberator*, *Literary Review*, *Syn*, *Poetry*, and *Vanity Fair* in America, and the *Nation* and *Athenaeum*, *London Mercury*, *Spectator*, *Times*, and *Transatlantic Review* in England. Mr. Strong's taste is contemporary and catholic. He selects *Leonard Bacon's* "Mirrors of Grub Street" from Dr. Canby's original *Literary Review*, from Joseph Auslander as well as from Thomas Hardy, and gives adequate representation to American poets side by side with their English cousins. The result is a volume full of pungency and spice, with a number of new names and a number of poems probably ephemeral which still contribute scintillations of various ray. Mr. Strong's introduction is engaging in its "Apology for Errors" and eminently sensible in its urbane discussion of anthological problems. His volume is edged with individuality. He is one of the few new anthologists of whom this can be said. He purveys a bottle of olives—Queen and stuffed!

A WIND BLOWING OVER. By *Clara Platt Meadowcroft*. Harold Vinal.

ELEVEN POETS. Vol. I. *Harold Vinal*.

MOSTLY MOONSHINE. By *Madeleine Nightingale*. Appleton.

MILTON'S POEMS. By *John Milton*. Oxford. \$3.50.

BETWEEN DAWN AND SUNRISE. By *William Kavanaugh Doty*. Norman, Remington. \$1.50.

Travel

THE ROAD TO TIMBUKTU. By *LADY DOROTHY MILLS*. Small, Maynard. 1924.

To most of us the name of Timbuktu is associated with the poor missionary and the voracious cassowary of nursery rhyme. Few of us realize that Timbuktu was once the center of the slave trade with its slim maidens, ebony black; was once a seat of learning, science, and literature, second only, perhaps, to Cairo and Fez, and is today the gate-way of a flourishing trade between the great unknown country of the south, and the caravan routes centuries old, leading north across the Sahara. Travelling inland from the west coast by train, by steamboat, by native-propelled barges, by every casual Allah-will-provide method of African travel, Lady Dorothy Mills visited this famed city in February, 1923, the first Englishwoman within its walls. Steeped with the enthusiasm of the born traveller, she presents a series of pen pictures of African life, portrayed with vigor of style and charm of expression. She depicts native life and social practice with considerable detail, and without the taint of vulgarity which a less skilful and refined artist could hardly escape. She pays a special tribute to those soldiers of France, to those scattered units of white humanity, who, leading their hard and barren lives in these frontier settlements of the Soudan, are sowing the seed on stony ground for a great harvest of wealth and trade, and eventually of art, and letters, and a new civilization.

War

THE EMPIRE AT WAR. By *Sir Charles Lucas*. Vol. III. Oxford University Press.

ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR. Outline of Plan. Edited by *James T. Shotwell*. Washington: Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. (Yale University Press).

Mockbeggar

By *Laurence W. Meynell*

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Points of View

The Profanity Motive

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The frequency of the "profanity-motive" now so much in evidence in literature and in casual conversation raises the question of its explanation. To call it a fad is but to give it a tag. Gertrude Atherton says it is "post-war license affecting all classes." This interpretation half implies that it is a passing phase. If so, perhaps "least said, soonest mended." But Mrs. Atherton doesn't quite think so. At any rate she can't practice the heroic method of silence, but opens the flood gates of her scorn: [Gora Dwight] "could afford to disdain the latrinites of the younger school. A marvellous fact. Most of them used the frank vocabularies of the humble home, as alone synonymous with Truth. Never before had such words invaded the sacrosanct pages of American letters. Little they recked, as Mr. Lee Claverling, who took the entire school as an obscene joke, pointed out, that they were but taking the shortest cut . . . to save themselves the exhausting effort of acquiring a vocabulary and forming a style."

"The spade as a symbol has vanished from fiction."

Her criticism should strike home, for there is in it no cant, no sentimentalism; but she confronts the offender squarely, on his own ground—that of literary craftsmanship. There is no soft talk of morality, but all is of art. When that condemns there is no "come-back."

But apparently there is. Literary art is the sum of Clayton Hamilton's apologia for Eugene O'Neill: "It is, I think, his sense of literary style that accounts for his fondness for obscene phrases and profane ejaculations, more than any wish to shock the ladies in the audience or to assert his unconventionality. Most of the swearing in the world is done from an obscure desire to revel in the sound of words; and the language of Falstaff is, in many ways, more eloquent than that of Hamlet. Merely as a matter of literary style it is far more effective for a dramatist to call his heroine a bitch than to call her a wanton; and this is a point that Mr. O'Neill has sensed with nicety."

This is an admirable statement. One may go far in accepting it. O'Neill gives us the life of the sea from a new angle. If it is not pretty, we still cannot forego the truth of it. When iron is needed for the speech, it is good for the soul. So beauty out of ugliness. Yet with all this one may harbor regrets. Literary judgment is a matter of the individual. There is still a virtue in reticence and in the sting of Mrs. Atherton's rebuke.

That rebuke, however, is not for people who have something to say—at least on underlying theory; it is for the debatable uses of lesser fry—and for the horde of their imitators in current fiction, and, one may add, current speech. It is here that the profanity-motive appears as a fad. For the purpose of this thesis "The Plastic Age," a book of genuine worth, is a text-book of examples. More, and more wearisome profanities will not be easily found within the same compass. The futility of it all stares at you. Artistry is one corner of the author's thesis.

Mrs. Atherton's explanation of this current mode as a "post-war license" is too obvious and too indefinite. The important question is, What does it signify? Is it really negligible, or does it mark seriously a trend not wisely to be disregarded? It is distinctly to be classed as one of the things that "are done." Yet one must walk warily. There is in it the quality of the passing phase, for it is thoughtless, not thoughtful; a bit of conformity; a half-unconscious reflex from the new freedom and from religious controversy—and it is not a reasoned choice. These two aspects show a danger, and a safeguard. The danger is that of the slow fading, under this subtle habit, of the spirit of romance before the great mysteries which we are and in which we are immersed; the safeguard is the more probable reverse swing in the maturing years. Meanwhile, only good example and sound criticism can save us from sad mistakes; and a loss of the spirit of romance as an attitude and an emotion of deep significance for the well-being of humanity would be a mistake of the first magnitude.

ATHERTON NOYES.

Newspaper "Knowledge"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In recent editorials you treated the subject of "Newsstand Knowledge" and Newspaper influence half-facetiously and half-seriously. You have doubtless read with some surprise the remarks of Mark Twain, as recorded in the so-called Autobiography (Vol. I) on the same old but ever new topic. Mark Twain's glowing tributes to newspaper education utterly lack discrimination and can only excite mirth among the sober-minded journalists who love their work and know what the daily paper could do for the great public, which does not read many books or the solid and informing magazines, if the publishers and editors possessed the requisite courage, common sense, and independence to introduce the necessary reforms!

Today, alas, newsstand knowledge is too often knowledge of "what is not so." Downright faking is not as common as, say, twenty years ago, but in other respects the newspaper has suffered grave retrogression. The decline of the editorial page is notorious, but that would not be an unmitigated calamity if the newspaper brought its readers real facts, honest and accurate data, raw material for judgments. After all, a publisher is only a man who owns a printing press, and his opinions, actual or pretended, are of little importance save in the exceptional case where the publisher is respected in his community for his integrity, candor, ability, and authority. What we have a right to demand of the newspaper is honest and efficient presentation of the news. This is no light task, but it can be achieved by a staff well trained and instructed to eschew sensationalism, superficiality, vulgarity, verbosity, and foolish haste.

One cardinal reform to be devoutly wished and worked for is the reduction of the mere bulk of the newspaper. As *The Villager* said some time ago, the quantity of newspaper reading matter is itself demoralizing and demoralizing. What torrents of futile and meaningless words, what idle repetition; what futile guesses and short lived rumors and speculations the newspaper inflicts on the long suffering public!

I am not objecting to the growing number of departments and features in the newspaper. One can reduce impossible size for one's self. For example, one can skip the sporting pages, the comics, the society gossip, the ads, the tedious and hackneyed stories, the serial fiction, etc. Such a policy, actually practiced by many, removes vexations. But the intelligent reader wants reliable, well written reports and correspondence on politics—national, foreign, state, and local—on economics on business, on drama, music, pictures, etc. Such a reader prefers one good report or article to several poor ones, and he does not insist on up-to-the-minute cables and dispatches. He would rather wait a reasonable time than be regaled with worthless stuff. He would rather have two London letters a week of the right sort than fifty cables, wireless reports, and dispatches which contradict and cancel one another and leave him in a state of confusion.

The headlines, too, need rigorous revision downward. They are often unintelligible, ungrammatical, misleading, and unsupported by the reports to which they are annexed. Mr. Taft once said that we were a nation of headline readers; well, then let the headlines correctly summarize the news or the opinions set forth under them!

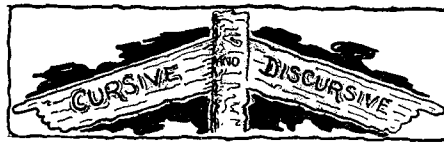
The public should demand fewer and better editions of the daily papers. It should demand careful and efficient reporting of speeches, meetings, legislative debates. It should demand more accuracy and less objectless speed or hysteria. The world is always full of stirring and interesting and significant things to record and interpret, and the yellow or shallow and flippant newspaper is first of all stupid and in the next place gratuitously immoral. What a chance there is in every community for a self-respecting, well-managed, responsible, truly educational newspaper, and how few such newspapers there are!

VICTOR S. YARROS.

Chicago.

Until we begin to read war-books with relish and discernment the world is not going to be any better.

—"The Journeyman" in *The Adelphi* (London)



By THE PHOENICIAN

TALK about "infinite riches in a little room," though the room isn't so little at that—the Exhibition of original manuscripts and drawings of English authors from the Pierpont Morgan library should immediately be viewed by all true lovers of literature who have not yet seen it. The manuscripts and drawings are on exhibition up to March first. We went from case to case hurriedly, as we only had an hour to spend. We noted how "small and beautiful" *Sam'l Richardson* wrote—but his hand was nothing to the minute precision of that of *Thomas Gray*. *Pope* spelt "Sappho" with one p. *Sterne* wrote a somewhat negligent hand. *Smollett* neatly and *Goldsmith* feathery. We skipped the *Burns* case, where many young ladies brooded, noted only that *Chatterton's* hand was undistinguished, and came to *Shelley's* letter to *Byron* regarding *Claire's* letters. There was also the letter to *Claire*, referring to *Keats's* illness. The words leapt out of the page. Pathetic exhibit, the letter of *Allegre Byron*, addressed to her father, of date September 28, 1821, beginning "Caro il Mio Pappa," traced in a large childish hand after a careful Italian model. Around the case, to *Keats*, and there was "On First Looking—" and his "God bless you—farewell. John Keats" to *Fanny Brawne*. And there was *Severn's* original sketch of the poet, made at Rome at three o'clock in the morning of that famous January 28, "drawn to keep me awake, a deadly sweat was on him all the night." A drawing in india ink of startlingly lifelike character.

How tiny *Charlotte Brontë* could write, as in "Arthuriana"—and *Browning* himself could write small! But how could any printer decipher *Wilkie Collins's*? There was *Stevenson's* "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in rapid script. But we had to turn to the drawings. Whoever said *Thackeray* could not draw? How could the original illustrations to "The Rose and the Ring" possibly be better drawn or more entertainingly

tinted! As for *Cruikshank*—what a marvel. Seldom have we seen anything more utterly fascinating than these tiny perfect water-color sketches for "Oliver Twist" or for *Harrison Ainsworth's* "The Miser's Daughter." They should always be reproduced in the original colors by the most expensive color processes! They are too perfect! *Du Maurier's* "Peter Ibbetson" drawings thrilled us too, though the "Trilby" ones, large in size, and, it is possible, overfamiliar, did not convey the same sensation. In a flash we had spent over an hour in this remarkable room—and we fled. And we haven't even mentioned a tithe of what we saw!

Just published is *H. G. Wells's* "A Year of Prophecy," in which he declares that, compared with other countries, the common citizen of Britain is well educated and well-informed, better educated and better informed than the average American common citizen. Any takers?

Nesta Webster, whose "French Revolution" aroused controversy, and who is a most aristocratic conservative of a type that is anathema to many liberals, has just brought out "Secret Societies and Subversive Movements," in which she endeavors to prove that behind the revolutionary movements of the world are secret organizations that have been conspiring for ages to undermine Christian civilization. European Freemasonry is a principal object of attack in this heavily documented book.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher has delivered to her publishers the MS. of her "Made to Order Stories," and has arranged for the publication of a new novel on which she has been at work since her return from France last summer.

Sometimes the plying of a pen never venal seems to pay, artistic integrity to reap monetary reward. At least, the estate of the late *Anatole France* is valued at over one million dollars at the present rate of exchange, his "Red Lily" ran in French alone into 398 editions, and "Thaïs" seconded it with 270.

ORPHAN ISLAND

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