

## The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 75. Encyclopædia Britannica Ode as previously announced.

Competition No. 76. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed poem called "First Flight." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, not later than the morning of January 13.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

### COMPETITION No. 71

The prize for the best rendering of "Old King Cole" as Gibbon might have written it has been divided equally between Homer M. Parsons, Alfred H. Holt, and Fletcher Pratt for the versions printed below.

#### THE WINNING ENTRIES

I—By HOMER M. PARSONS

OF the various titles which have been called upon to lend dignity to the rulers of Rome, that of king seems to have furnished less satisfaction, and more distrust, than the others. Unmindful of, or rather inattentive to, the whisperings of the populace, Cole wore the crown upon all occasions, in direct violation of the national prejudice; and when the whisperings, by their magnitude and volume, forced themselves upon his attention, he took refuge in merry peals of laughter. Experience of his predecessors taught him nothing; nor did the counsels, however urgent, of his ministers and friends in the senate, dispose him toward gravity of mien and dignity of conduct.

A popular politician adheres with invariable respect to the appearance of sobriety, and observes discretion in his moments of intoxication, concealing behind closed doors his intemperate abuse of the flask, his occasional lapses from chastity, and even his moderate indulgence in tobacco. But King Cole, afflicted with honesty, frankness, and mirth, made no secret of the desires of his nature. With deplorable candor and unaffected amusement he summoned narcotic and stimulant to his aid: his pipe his bowl, and three fiddlers from the imperial orchestra, served to revive his flagging spirits, and liberate the capricious prodigality of his laughter. Reclining at ease in the midst of his enjoyments, his attitude toward the virtues of hypocrisy was, to say the least, contemptuous and scornful, expressed by the application of his thumb to, and the extension of his vigorous fingers away from, the tip of his nose. New songs, new wines, and new blendings of tobacco signalized his reign, and transmitted his infamy to succeeding eras of righteousness.

II—By ALFRED H. HOLT

King Cole, not inappropriately designated "The Merry," ascended the throne in 1261 B.C., in the ninety-fourth year of his age. Perhaps never in the history of the Myopian Empire had there been a ruler more jovial, more indulgent, or more universally beloved; but it may be seriously questioned whether the boundless despotism of a tyrant might not have been exercised more happily for the future of the Empire at this critical period. Whatever may be the temptations that nature either prompts or rebates, a king who has reached years of discretion does well to consider of paramount importance the affairs of his country, external as well as internal; for while this venerable monarch was making merry, an ignominious fate was approaching by insensible gradations. A philosophic age might excuse a single vice. But when we learn that this royal, if aged, lover of buffoonery and dissipation declared his intentions of enjoying the fragrant Virginia weed, we are not unnaturally led to fear an impending catastrophe, the realization of which is not long in being fulfilled. For the flowing bowl is next demanded; and as if this were not enough to complete the degradation of a man who might, but for his easy licentiousness, have been a good, even

a great, king, we are not left without an intimation as to what constituted the final and fatal step in the descent to Arvernus; in the simple yet poignant words of Garbagius, "he called for his fiddlers three."\*

\*The ensuing orgies may with more propriety be described in a learned tongue: Mica, mica, parva stella, etc., etc., etc.

III—By FLETCHER PRATT

The ancient monarch, indifferent or deaf to the call of alarms, passed his hours in unworthy dalliance amid the ceaseless cachinations of imitative mirth that rose from a subservient court; *Bitumenarius* was indeed old and infirm, and he might for this reason be absolved of blame by the historian for not buckling the armor on his own back and venturing forth to the field of honor; but neither his age, which should have taught him wisdom, nor his infirmities, which should have been more nobly borne, nor the just reputation for a grateful acceptance of whatever favors Providence might vouchsafe him, could exculpate the effrontery with which he publicly yielded to the vice of the pipe. It is even declared (1) that he called aloud for tobacco in open court.

When under the influence of the weed, *Bitumenarius* was also in the habit of indulging in the pleasures of the bowl; and thus one vice contributed to the encouragement and propagation of the other as Ate drives Pyrochles on in the lines of the greatest of allegorical poets. But the old king had one virtue which went far to redeem his vices. In his most degraded moments, when tobacco and alcohol had conspired to deprive him of every appearance of a great ruler, and had reduced him to a tavern dotard, his better nature would so far regain the ascendancy that he would cause to be summoned before him the three exquisite musicians, (2) whose names have shed around the memory of their unworthy lord an imperishable halo of artistic renown.

(1) Ibid. 31:42-5 Ut quisquid quidquid, etc.

(2) Ibid. 104, 1-XI.

I could make no final choice between the three renderings printed above, although Mr. Parsons would have taken the whole prize by a small margin if he had not permitted Gibbon two uncharacteristic phrases—"merry peals of laughter" and "behind closed doors." The word "flask" was a lapse, too; otherwise he achieves phrases of fine parody. Tom Henry, Dalnar Devening, and David Heathstone are all commended and I liked but could not admit the close burlesque by Charles D. Cameron which began—"Advanced in years, the sovereign Cole existed as a jocose and antiquated immortal being. Moreover, as a jocose and antiquated immortal being, he existed."

#### RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final, and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

## The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

### Fiction

PRISONERS OF THE FOREST. By SIR HUGH CLIFFORD. Harpers. 1929. \$2.50.

A novel, giving an insight into Malay life by a real authority, a former member of the Malayan Civil Service, naturally proves interesting. This, however, is most valuable for the reflections upon Malay character and methods which show why the Malay has failed to succeed in the competition of races and has never built up a civilization, remaining often subject to other races, in spite of his gifts as a fighter. The ferocity, which makes him so feared, is clearly brought out in the accounts of the battles between the Dutch and the unsubdued Achehnese of Sumatra.

The inevitable love story is too much elaborated, but this is compensated for by the descriptions of the effect of life among the Malay upon an adventurous young Englishman and upon a wrecked "beachcomber." The characters of a number of Malays are well shown, especially their inability to understand the ethics and scruples of the British.

The hero, expecting to find simplicity, beauty, and freedom among this uncivilized people, sees instead oppression by the chiefs, sensuality, stupidity, and dissension. "Their moral and mental inferiority revealed itself at every turn—in the ineptitude and inefficiency of their systems, in their lack of self-mastery, in their inability to resist sordid temptations, in their complete want of discipline, in the absence of all the higher, more altruistic qualities whereby men may rule their fellows; above all in their hopeless incontinuity of purpose."

A book of this kind is, perhaps, the easiest way to secure some insight into Malay character.

STRICTLY PERSONAL. By JULIE CLOSSON KENLY. Appleton. 1929. \$2.

This is a very sharp, two-edged novel. It is written all on the side of the angels, but it records both minutely and spectacularly the goings on of the imps. It has its audience waiting for it. Readers who enjoy the risqué but can accept it only when it is presented from a disapproving standpoint will find "Strictly Personal" admirably moulded to their hearts' desires. The book takes the form of a diary written by a bright young creature who writes herself down on one line as scant eighteen and between every line as scantly fourteen. She is smart and witty in her expression, while painfully morose in what she expresses. Cocktails and flirtations are her idea of sin, and pertness and sentimentality her idea of its opposite. The book is rich in all of these. The little heroine succeeds in vamping a man old enough to be her father—or perhaps it is grandfather—and the long, long thoughts she has about him and about love will bring a blush to the cheek of many a hardened reader. In spite of which the book is so amusingly written that one laughs perforce at this wise-cracking little descendant of Elsie Dinsmore. An English reviewer in commenting on "Strictly Personal" remarked that Americans seem to derive much entertainment from these journals of young morons; can he have thought that the immortal blonde whom gentlemen preferred was written with the same high purpose as the present exhibit?

THE MAN WHO PRETENDED. By W. B. MAXWELL. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. \$2.50.

Oswald Raikes was very well aware that he was not a good man, nor a generous, nor brave, nor self-sacrificing, and in order to keep the rest of the world from finding it out he was continually making gestures to prove the contrary. He gave up his money, his love, his liberty, his ambition, one after the other, always hating to do it, but yielding to that necessity that he had of making a grand gesture. And, strangely enough, every one was deceived into believing that his actions denoted the real man. He achieved success in ways that he had not sought it, riches in unexpected manner, a wife by accident, friends by deceit, and fame by misunderstanding. He was always pretending, always making good. People came to expect things of him and he could not bear to disappoint them.

He acquired power, exerted prestige, swung national enterprises, became an officer during the war when he might have slacked on the ground of his age, came through it proudly when he was frightened to death the

whole time, and was run over, in the end, while rescuing a little girl from a motor lorry. Lying in the hospital and preparing to die, he was rather glad of the fact that now he would no longer have to pretend, when in came his lifelong friend, Alec Clayton, and "The Men Who Pretended" learned that his pretense had always been seen through by one at least of his circle, and much to his own surprise he was convinced by Clayton that he had become the person he had pretended to be. But it was rather too much to accept in his enfeebled condition, and W. B. Maxwell leaves him resorting to the subterfuge of "pretending that he wants to live," and one feels sure that he is going to make good once more.

The blurb states this to be "a very clever novel," and the blurb, as usual, is wrong. It is a delightful book, but it is also something more, for the meditative reader may see in it aptly illustrated the philosopher's admonition to "become what you are."

HARD LIBERTY. By ROSALIND MURRAY. Harcourt, Brace. 1929. \$2.50.

In general outline, "Hard Liberty" is very much like Shirley Watkins's "This Poor Player." The two novels present the problem of second-rate genius, genius that is impotent, lacking direction and self-confidence. Miss Murray's Jim Robson is a perfect example of what we have been taught to call introversion; she shows Jim to us as retiring, self-conscious, egocentric, without the ability to get any one thing quite done. Jim believes that he finds the only value in life in the cool, sure abstractions of mathematics and physics; throughout the novel we watch him struggle, more and more feverishly, to develop his theory of light and space. Yet he sinks always lower into intellectual swampland, finally going under completely when at last he is pitifully attempting to explain his theory to a scientific meeting. His suicide is tragic and moving, the only dignified act of his life.

Miss Murray, daughter of Professor Gilbert Murray, writes acceptably. Her novel lacks continuity, and there are a good many dreary stretches, but she perseveres with earnestness and with a pleasing breadth of interest. The atmosphere of the novel is far from stuffy; it gives us the England of before and during the war, as well as the more familiar England of gracious countryside. The lesser characters, especially Jim's wife, Anne, are well-conceived; Jim himself is plainly a fool, and only in the later chapters do we find ourselves able to sympathize with him. "Hard Liberty" continually wanders over the line into excellence and then irresolutely back again into mediocrity.

THE STREET OF CHAINS. By LILLIAN LAUFERTY. Harpers. 1929. \$1.50.

The title for this novel is taken from the medieval custom of segregating the ghetto by placing chains across the streets leading to the Jewish quarters. Lillian Lauferty writes of modern Jewish life in America, but she makes very real the chains of prejudice and race antagonism that isolate so effectively the more sensitive element of our Jewish population. We have had many novels of the impoverished and newly arrived Jews among us, but "The Street of Chains" tells the long story of a family, the Gruenturms, who have known wealth and culture in different branches of their house for generations. Behind them stand the Delevan Tradition and the Gruenturm Heritage.

The first part of the book, dealing with the childhood of a really charming group of children puzzled by their mixed inheritance and by the very different values advocated by their elders, is far better than the later chapters, which let these same convincing young people grow into conventional adults moved very often more by the needs of the novel than by those of their own natures. The background of Jewish life is beautifully and sympathetically given and carries with it something of the quality of fine truth and kindness that Grandpa Gruenturm has such difficulty in making clear to the young inheritors. The action quickens when the childhood of the characters is left behind, gaining diversity by their contacts and relationships in the busy, complex world of the first quarter century, but as it quickens it grows mechanical and substitutes bright surfaces for the soft depth that distinguishes its beginnings.

"The Street of Chains" seems to have  
(Continued on page 594)



## The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

*L. A. E., Penn Yan, N. Y., saying that it is too bad to pursue the Guide to her home with quotations, yet asks just where in "The Faery Queene" the lovely lines "O turn thy rudder hitherward awhile" may be found. The community is eager to know, but seems to shrink from reading this work all the way through.*

IT is not so difficult to read "The Faery Queene." There are in our United States, land of endurance contests, even those who pride themselves on having done so, and write to the newspapers about it. I had rather looked forward to getting it over sometimes about the second cycle of my posthumous existence, the first being filled—or so I plan—with "Childe Harold" and "Paradise Regained." Heaven, I take it, calls for something to bring out its joys by contrast, and these works would take my mind off the conditions in another locality. Well, no, I had really not reasoned it out so far; I had but deferred this experience to a time when there would be time enough.

But confronted with a present duty to the Guide, it was not so exhausting as it appeared in prospect to Penn Yan. If you follow in my track you would select the hottest day of the year, construct for yourself a lair under the soundproof dome of the British Museum Reading Room, respectfully remove the dust from the two stately volumes—this was the day before the semi-annual book-dusting bee of this establishment—and just keep going, "leg over leg, as the dog went to Dover"—my life's motto, by the way. You will be strongly reminded of the marionette plays of Sicily which last for three years and may be visited at intervals of three weeks without missing anything of importance to the plot. Now and again the clash of combat subsides and there will be a pause in the recurrent processions beginning "the first came Gluttonic," or some other such, and a clear voice speaks out of immortality—

*He there does now enjoy eternal rest  
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,  
And further from it daily wanderest;  
What if some little paine the passage have,  
That makes fraile flesh to fear the bitter wave?  
Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,  
And lays the soule to sleep in quiet grave?  
Sleep after toyle, port after stormy seas;  
Ease after warre, death after life doth greatly please.*

(Canto IX, book 1.XI)

Then, three cantos further on—Book 2, stanza XXXII of Canto XII, to be exact—you come upon the Song of the Mermaids, which, lovely as it is, I refuse once again to print. Look for yourself and you will see that they didn't really mean it. They lurked in their "deceitfull shade" and uttered these sweet sentiments "t'allure weake travellers, whom gotten they did kill."

I trust that trustees of libraries who have already graved these lines upon their walls will not too hastily send for a chiseller and make all clean. It would not be so bad an idea thus indirectly to warn a reader of the necessity, when books begin to sing their siren strains, of being able to steer his own ideas. I might go even further and intimate that when a book on the table, sending out its silent song of entreaty, can drown out the song of birds or the voices of men, the weake traveller is heading, I think, for the deceitful shade of life at second-hand.

How on earth H. M. S., San José, California, knew the date of my birthday I cannot imagine, nor how, even in possession of this information she could so reckon the date of mailing as to get a package delivered in Chelsea pat to the moment, across a continent and an ocean. But so it was; a box of chocolates two feet across arrived on this anniversary, with a note enclosed saying that the mouse in the middle was for Mr. Mole. It is a fine pink gumdrop, one with whiskers and a curly tail; Mr. Mole received it in the large spirit of benevolence he extends to all fourfooted creatures. It is no good naming a cat out of "The Wind in the Willows" if you mean him to be a mouser; indeed, so far as arresting the Karma of the little Ignatz Mice that sport in the kitchen cupboard at 2 Bremerton Street, Mr. Mole might as well have been named Krazy. Three hearty cheers were given for H. M. S. of San José, by the assembled company; I trust that their reverberation in this column will reach her.

I HAVE just received the new edition of the "Concise Oxford Dictionary," published by the Oxford University Press, New York City—they are at 114 Fifth Avenue; I gave the wrong address for them not long ago—and I cannot wait for someone to ask about a dictionary, as someone does every now and then, to inform admirers of the old edition of this grand work that the new one contains a large number of American words and definitions that were not included in the previous edition, and has some five hundred pages more than the old, but it is still sold at the old price of \$3.25 in buckram. Neither can I wait to be asked whether there is a collection of the songs of Shakespeare to be able to tell the world that there was not until Frances Phillips, publicity expert of the firm of Morrow, asked that one be given her as a travel-companion last year, and the firm promptly had one made. The everyday edition is beautiful, especially to one who like me has kept up an interest in collecting Shakespearean music since the days when at eighteen I used to spend quite uncalled-for hours in the old Lenox Library happily rooting through "Percy's Reliques"—but the limited edition, rose and cream in a silver box, ideal paper and admirable printing, is a perfect joy. The full title is "The Shakespeare Songs, being a complete collection of the Songs written by or attributed to William Shakespeare, edited by Tucker Brooke, with an introduction by Walter de la Mare" (Morrow).

*M. E. W., Los Angeles, Calif., representing a group that is planning a small manual to be used in speech correction, asks for the titles of important recent English books to be included in its book-lists; they are familiar with American and earlier English books on this subject.*

THE publications of the Oxford University Press on this subject are the most important, and the prime authority on matters of current pronunciation, the Society for Pure English, has its headquarters at the Clarendon Press, Oxford. This society was founded in 1913 by Dr. Henry Bradley, Mr. Robert Bridges, and Sir Walter Raleigh, with Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith as Honorary Secretary. The subscribers (\$2.50 a year) are all over the world; American subscriptions should be sent to Dr. Canby at the *Saturday Review of Literature*. The Tracts it publishes are most valuable; back numbers can be obtained by sending the price to the secretary, from whom a list of them may be obtained. For this list I suggest "The Study of American English," by W. A. Craigie (2s. 6d.); "American Pronunciation," by H. Kurath; "Needed Words," by Logan Pearsall Smith; "The Split Infinitive," by H. W. Fowler; "English Vowel-Sounds: on 'ing'," by A. W. Aikin; all at the same price. Fowler's "Dictionary of Modern English Usage" (Oxford) is one of the most readable, provocative, and inspiring books about words—or about anything, for that matter. Other Oxford publications include "Spoken and Written Language," by Henry Bradley; "A Chart of English Speech Sounds," with key-words and notes, by Daniel Jones; "New Method of Phonetic Investigation," by E. W. Scripture; "Pronunciation of Standard English in America," by G. P. Krapp, and "Phonetic Transcription and Transliteration," proposals of the Copenhagen Conference, April, 1925, drawn up by Otto Jespersen and Holger Pedersen, which appears also in French and in German.

"The Phonetics of English," by Ida C. Ward (Appleton), has recently appeared in the United States; it is by one of the faculty of University College, London, and attempts to present the main facts of English pronunciation to-day, being of especial usefulness to the teacher who must deal with indistinct or dialect speech. Appleton also published this Fall an edition of H. H. Davies's well-known comedy "The Molluc," transcribed into phonetic notation by Dorothea Palmer, with tone-marks. It is meant for drill in pronunciation and for teaching stress and intonation in dramatic and speech classes.

The prize entry, however, is the recently issued bulletin of the Society for Pure English on the matter of "The B. B. C.'s Recommendations for Pronouncing Doubtful Words." Wireless is taken far more seriously than it is in the United States; at least the matter of listening-in is systematized and not left, as with us, largely to the

chances of commercial enterprise. Apparatus is licensed and the British Broadcasting Corporation is the central source of programs. "In the early days of broadcasting different pronunciations of certain English words were used by individual announcers. To overcome this difficulty, the B. B. C. sought the advice of an expert committee presided over by Mr. Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate. The result of this committee's work has now been re-issued in the form of a Tract of the Society."

The interest thus aroused may be inferred from such an editorial paragraph as this, which appeared in the *Sunday Times*; it gives as well some of the words around which discussion, in spite of decision, seems still hot.

It is, on the whole, unlikely that the latest attempts of the B. B. C. to stabilize the language will meet with a tornado of protest. The sopremacy of B. B. C. English has long been recognized; the judgments of the Advisory Committee are for the most part irrefutable, and with Mr. George Bernard Shaw acting as Cox'n, could surely never be jeffoon.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounce it to you, trippingly on the tongue," urges Dr. Robert Bridges, and the announcers, with their usual akewmen, do obeyance. Yet occasionally a murmur of dissent may be heard (off). (Note by M. L. B.: the present shibboleth of good English seems to be this word off. Keep away from awff; make the vowel short if you intend to frequent good society.) The nautically minded will be glad to find their old friend the foksle sanctioned by the B. B. C. But the consistent pronunciation all over England of "lass" with which "ass" is to rhyme, may be found kimerical. "Kursaal" is to be enunciated "as in German"; but not everyone is acquainted with the nuances ("as in French") of that language. And here and there a vagairy has crept in. The rule for the pronunciation of "decadence" will seem to a good many people a sign of decay-dence.

The papers are well peppered with letters to the editor about B. B. C. English, and the correspondence is usually well worth keeping.

Speaking further on this matter, L. A. B., Columbus, Indiana, asks how to pronounce the name of John Drinkwater and that of Hilaire Belloc, saying that the accent is differently given in the two reference books that she has consulted. She asks where she can get standard pronunciations of English proper names of authors now before the public eye.

IT should interest amateur psychologists to notice how hard it is for American readers to believe that there is not a catch somewhere in the name of John Drinkwater. There is none at all; it is categorical as the Eighteenth Amendment. Neither is there any great difficulty in the name of Mr. Belloc, which, strictly speaking, should have no strong accent at all, being French. But the tendency in a two-syllable proper name is to slide back in England and forward in America, so that a friend of mine used to leave Southampton as Mrs. Dumble and land in New York as Mrs. Dunnell, reversing the process automatically upon her return. Try to say the name of Mr. Belloc's sister, Marie Belloc-Lozandes, and you will see that you must almost of necessity slightly stress the first syllable; so with the name in its British state.

The present crop of authors in England pronounces its names with gratifying ease; now that we have rid ourselves of the horrid notion that the first syllable of Galsworthy rhymes with *pal*, we can do very

well among the novelists. It is the more painful that this misapprehension should have started, even so far away from home, in that Mr. Galsworthy's name is so old that the first syllable derives from the Gauls. Remember that and the vowel will take its proper color. If I remember rightly, it was J. C. Powys who started the mistake in our country by thus pronouncing it upon the lecture platform; his own name, of course, is with the long o, not as pow, a comic-strip concussion. Searching my mind for pronunciations used in England and strange to the American ear, I bring out Mahony, pronounced Mahny; Gollancz, pronounced Gollance; Cadogan, pronounced Caduggan; Featherstonehaugh, pronounced Fanshaw; A. H. Clough, pronounced Cluff, though the town Slough rhymes with cow—but then these *oughs* have ever been the despair of foreigners. Leveson-Gower is Lewson-Gore, Augustine is Austin, Kerr is Karr. Eric Gill the sculptor uses a hard g, not as in part of a pint. For that matter, he is Ghil in Paris, where Galsworthy answers to his standard Continental pronunciation of Gazz-wuzz-zee. It was under this combination of vocables that he received the homage of Germany and Austria at the Vienna meeting of the P.E.N. Club; it thus that I heard him introduced at the Sorbonne. After that, need we worry overmuch if in our own country we permit foreign names to suffer not only a sea-change but an overland twist?

*F. K., Cap d'Antibes, France, asks on behalf of American twins nearly six, now resident in the south of France, for a book to awaken interest in mythology; also for "something especially good along the line of folklore, other than the regular fairytales."*

THE letter goes on: "If you didn't always so exactly hit the nail on the head with your recommendations, you'd spare yourself a lot of trouble. As it is, I bother you whenever I'm stuck on anything from Mother Goose to Immortality." Now that is the sort of thing that puts me on my mettle. I had once a friend from Kansas named Margaret, whose mother used to say, "If you want Mag to split herself, just brag on her."

So I begin at the top, with Bulfinch's "Golden Age of Myth and Heroes" (Stokes), the revised and enlarged edition of his "Age of Fable," though this is good enough to keep on hand for reference book and may be thought "too old" for the twins. But my experience in this respect leads me to think that children take best to mythology books of the grown-up type, obscurely resenting Pandora and Epimetheus as little children, for instance. My first mythology was "Tooke's Pantheon," a book of my father's, illustrated with Flaxman drawings, and I had the social register of Olympus by heart at an early age. However, it is only fair to say that Francillon's "Gods and Heroes" (Ginn) is greatly liked by little children, and that Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" in Houghton's edition has the added attraction of Walter Crane's lovely pictures. Padraic Colum leads for the Norse Sagas, with "Children of Odin" (Macmillan), and for that matter his "Golden Fleece" (Macmillan) is great for the heroes before Achilles.

Lloyd George, in a recent address, declared that no Englishman has written ever the approximate truth about the war. That task had remained for the veterans of other nations.

Published Dec. 20th!

Just what you have been looking for. A book you can be sure your friends have neither read nor seen.

# THREE AGAINST THE WORLD

by SHEILA KAYE SMITH

Representative of the author's finest work, this book has the same rich quality as distinguished Joanna Godden. Enthusiastically recommended to her countless American readers. \$2.50.

E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.