

its roads. In 1919, the State Highway Department introduced colored bands on telephone poles to guide tourists—blue bands for north and south traffic, red for east and west, and yellow for diagonal routes. Rand McNally contracted to furnish fifty thousand heavy signs with the seal of New York State printed in the center.

In 1922 New Jersey and Minnesota marked their roads by number. That year, too, was an eventful one because good numbering on a national scale as we know it today was being considered and planned by the United States Bureau of Public Roads.

Today the pioneer "trail blazers" have passed into the dim romantic past and in their stead has emerged a well-organized, carefully-numbered system of highways.

This year also marks an event in the history of published road atlases. For besides the auto road atlas which is corrected every year and brought out in a new edition, this year witnesses the publication of the "Master Highway Guide\*," a combination of the maps and a guide to places to eat and sleep in the United States. There are new and completely up-to-date maps of each state in the union plus those of Canada and Mexico. Places of interest and historical importance are listed for each state. Under the "good-food, good-lodging" section is a detailed listing of outstanding hotels and restaurants, giving rates and important information about each. This portion of the guide is edited by James M. and Hazel K. Crum.

This work is a great step forward in the fulfillment of a still greater need—that of a comprehensive, exhaustive, and compact guide to the United States. The only one of its kind in existence today is a Baedeker dated 1913. With travel within America developing at the rate it is today this apparently is the new trail to blaze.

\*Master Highway Guide—\$1.50.

## ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Meg, in *Tam O'Shanter*, by Robert Burns.
2. Lightfoot, in *Peter Rugg, the Missing Man*, by William Austin.
3. Winnie, in *Lorna Doone*, by Richard Blackmore.
4. *Black Beauty*, by Anna Sewall.
5. Rosinante, in *Don Quixote*, by Cervantes.
6. Silver Blaze, in *Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*, by Conan Doyle.
7. Black Bess, in *Dick Turpin's Ride*, by Alfred Noyes.
8. Gunpowder, in *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, by Washington Irving.
9. Pegasus, in *Parnassus on Wheels*, by Morley.
10. Roland, in *How They Carried the Good News from Ghent to Aix*, by Robert Browning.

## Crack-up of the International Set

MY HEY DAY. BY THE PRINCESS TULIP MURPHY. As told to Virginia Faulkner. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1940. 152 pp. \$2.

Reviewed by  
HELEN AND RUTH HOFFMAN

**I**N these days when soldiers fall from the skies on bicycles, and when it's news that Roumania stops the export of sunflower seeds, and when Mr. Hitler denies that he landed soldiers in uniforms of the invaded country because that wouldn't be cricket, it is no longer surprising to learn from the Princess Tulip Murphy that Hollywood serves snacks made of marshmallows stuffed with absinthe. And today, when it is a question of Mr. Dewey's sex appeal versus Mr. Roosevelt's what-have-you, it is refreshing that someone (Princess Tulip Murphy, my dear!) had a grandmother who was the first white woman to be called "Madam" west of Rock Island, Illinois. And this month when we read in a popular thirty-five cent fashion magazine that brown will be the "brand new" color for Fall, we are very relieved to see in Princess Tulip Murphy's divertingly funny book, "My Hey Day," that *she* wore "... wheel-shaped fringe rompers and a halter belonging to Seabiscuit, pointed up by a tartan turban of crêpe hair (worn off the face), mother-of-pearl gauntlets, and, of course, stilts. Then, selecting a suitable dog, I felt ready for anything."

And we advise you when you read the Princess's memoirs, to be ready for anything, too, for "My Hey Day" is a hilarious burlesque on the cracking up of the traveling International Set. If there were more travel books like this one, there would be less traveling. You would spend your passage money buying more books and you would have no time between buying and reading them to sit at the Captain's table as the Princess did, on her way to Norway, wearing "a starkly tailored *peau de diable* negligé with oil skin chemise . . ."

Now, the Princess has spoiled everything for us. Somehow or other, since we have read her book, we feel that in our travels we have missed a lot. And though we cannot complain about the people we have met, we secretly wish that we had also come across some of the Princess's surprising friends whom she describes in her book—such as Lulu Alabaster, Queen Carmen-Veranda, Raoul des Poux (who had lived on cocaine and fudge since he was ten), and Xerxes IX (who was incognito in Norway for the

Yo-Yo). Where *were* these wacky members of the International Set while we were circulating?

The Princess Tulip Murphy charges gaily through twelve geographically varied chapters in her book. She and her companions saw Mexico "the hard way," and tasted Soviet Russia's caviare "with or without a general." They were forbidden Tibet and they steeped themselves in ouzo in Athens. Finally, they claimed to have discovered the site of the Garden of Eden—which tickles us immensely, since we have a claim in that direction ourselves.

In all these dizzy chapters, chock full of laughs (loud ones), Society's nervous breakdown is certainly not confined to the spaces between the lines. Princess Tulip tells ALL.

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RANDOM HOUSE BOOKS

## FRENCH LITERATURE AND THE WAR

(Continued from page 4)

of the complication of a detective story—is a young Surrealist poet to whom Quinette is a rather unwilling spiritual guide. Romain is repeating the device used in the two instalments translated as "The Depths and the Heights," for the eighteenth volume, "La Douceur de la Vie," contrasts violently with the seventeenth and shows that the author is striving to please everyone in his work—much as that other virtuoso, Victor Hugo, did. Jallez's diary, kept during a winter spent in Nice, records his charm-

ing idyll with a "daughter of the people," his passing flirtation with a certain Mme. Valavert, his reflections on war and peace and the joy of being alive, and his meeting with Quinette and later with Mionnet. (By the way, are Romain's myriad characters going to get to know each other now?) In these two volumes Romain fairly faithfully reflects what we have until recently called post-war youth and the two popular post-war attitudes, but with too neat an opposition. If he maintains his intentions of a year ago, he still has nine or ten volumes in his inkwell, but from present indications he seems no nearer the end than he was when his cycle began that October day in 1908.

Martin du Gard, on the other hand, has finally terminated "The Thibaults" with a book of 350 pages simply entitled "Epilogue" (Gallimard). The preceding section took place in the summer of 1914 and ended with Jacques's appropriately futile death. The "Epilogue" completely winds up the story in what is artistically the most satisfactory manner. Antoine's return from the front, fatally gassed, permits the author to take up the tangled threads of the various Thibault and Fontanin lives and to show the transformations the years have brought. All the characters have changed greatly since those calm pre-war days when we first met them, yet no one has failed to develop in harmony with his inner nature. Rarely has the impression of life, in all its flux, been so effectively created in a novel. At the end of the whole work, placed just after the Armistice, a new life has begun which combines

the Thibault and Fontanin blood: Jacques's illegitimate and posthumous child whose mother is Jenny. When the last half of the whole work appears in English next fall, American readers will have the rare experience of reading an authentic masterpiece.

This new world war must have seriously upset the long-range plans of the French novelists engaged in writing cyclic novels. "The Pasquier Chronicles" have just reached the outbreak of the last war; Dr. Laurent Pasquier is setting out for the 1914 front with the conviction that he will fight to end all wars, and if he opens a newspaper in the train he will discover that he is headed for the Maginot Line. The "Men of Good Will" have weathered Verdun without loss of life or limb and are just beginning to enjoy the post-war years which turned out to be but a momentary armistice. Romain and Duhamel have let events get ahead of them—as who has not. Roger Martin du Gard has found the best solution to the problem, but the closing of his cycle was not forced upon him; for years he has been planning to end "The Thibaults" in much this way. The war of 1914-1918 has killed, maimed, or otherwise profoundly marked all his protagonists; having lived, they can now enter history as their flesh-and-blood brothers have done. Antoine's slow death from his wounds is subtly symbolic of a whole generation. Let us hope that the symbol will not soon be applicable to another generation.

Justin O'Brien is Professor of French in the Department of Romance Languages at Columbia University.

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## Coleridge's Geraldine

**THE ROAD TO TRYERMAINE:** a Study of the History, Background, and Purposes of Coleridge's "Christabel." By Arthur H. Nethercot. The University of Chicago Press. 230 pp., with index. \$3.

Reviewed by GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER

WHEN a "researcher" in literature gets hold of a work of sheer genius, pure imagination, and undefined purpose, there is danger ahead, danger of pedantry, danger of dullness, danger even of spoiling the effect of the work itself. Coleridge's major poems fall into two main groups, his personal, realistic Conversation Poems on the one hand, and a smaller but far more widely known group of three, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," "Kubla Khan," and the unfinished "Christabel." In this latter group he gave full play to invention; they are indeed play, a moral being tacked on to "The Ancient Mariner" at the dictate of conscience or more probably at the instance of friends, "Kubla Khan" having none whatever, and if "Christabel" has a moral or any other serious implication, it is hard to seek.

Mr. Nethercot has spared no pains

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