

BARTON CURRIE, editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal", considers "Feet of Clay" the best magazine serial he has published for some time. It is indubitably a popular book, and a clever one. It is packed with emotional detail, even as Kathleen Norris packs her novels with realistic detail. Mrs. Tuttle draws characters with something of the sureness of Mary Roberts Rinehart. She tells a story forcefully and well. She supports her strong emotional undercurrent by a wealth of cleverly contrived dramatic incident. The story of a mother and a daughter, and of how the daughter almost repeats her mother's marriage tragedy, is not without its moments of real understanding. An enjoyable novel, and one which will be much read during the current season.

*Behind the Lines*

MRS. WHARTON has added another fine and true war book to the list which includes "Three Soldiers", "Through the Wheat", "The Odyssey of a Torpedoed Transport", and one or two others. She has written as realistic a picture as any, yet she writes only of what she knew, felt, saw. "A Son at the Front" is a great piece of interpretative reporting. It is a story of the intricate events and emotions which made the social background of the war. Mrs. Wharton has taken a fresh, brave, thoroughly admirable American youth, around which to gather her people. It is the people who love George Camp-ton that make this book, and they are various. Not only has Mrs. Wharton succeeded in her portrait of the war fabric, but she has written a powerful study of the artistic temperament, and of divorce. She has used her superb technique, her clear understanding, for a picture worth painting. In the face of this heartrending but beautiful book we can forgive even the vapidities of "The Glimpses of the Moon".

*Stage Hand Sophistication*

CARL VAN VECHTEN has been much steeped in the writings of Ronald Firbank, the gossip of stage hands, the stories of milliner's assistants, and the pages of "La Vie Parisienne". With his really brilliant equipment as a writer he has chosen to weave these factors into a perverse, readable, and amusing story, which is as unworthy of him as it is nasty. It is neither very good as a shocker nor very penetrating as a satire; but if it does not offend you at the start, it may possibly amuse you, and if you are really a nice person, you will not understand a great deal of it, thank heaven! What a pity for a man who can write so well to write such a sublimated edition of a Broadway scandal sheet.

—J. F.