

nating and workmanly; on the whole, a book which will deserve the popularity it is certain to achieve—yet whose popularity seems more likely to be intense than sustained. For with all its good qualities the book falls short of greatness, chiefly because its atmosphere is exaggeratedly erotic. Mr. Dawson, however, is no trifier either with life or style; especially in his handling of minor characters—the Spuffler and Aunt Lavinia, Hetty and the Bantam, the Creature and the Snow Lady—does



ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON
Author of *Joyous Gard*.

THE GARDEN OF DESIRE

It was in "the unvalled garden of masterless desire"—entered after years of warfare between a pagan imagination and a Puritan conscience—whose "fruit was loneliness" and regret—that Dante Cardover found himself at the close of Conningsby Dawson's new book. The record of his life from earliest childhood is largely a record of his "breaking bounds imaginatively." That he is so long withheld from breaking them in fact in no way detracts from the romantic interest of the tale, for verily never did hero come scathless thru more varied adventures of the heart, or find himself the adored of three more enchanting heroines. If on many pages one is pursued by a haunting sense of resemblance to models unidentified, the total resultant feeling is none the less that the book is indubitably Mr. Dawson's own. Moreover, it is in construction admirably balanced in character-drawing, firm and clear cut, in the handling of words discrimi-

he reveal himself the keen observer and capable workman who may give us in years to come novels in which intellect and wit play a larger part and sheer emotionalism a smaller.

The Garden without Walls, by Conningsby Dawson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35.