

*The Street of the Two Friends*, by F. Berkeley Smith, is one of those refreshing little volumes which largely disarm criticism because of their unpretentiousness. It does not

lay claim to any very momentous theme; it simply seeks to express the author's personal enjoyment of a certain phase of life, a little circumscribed locality, whose distinctive features, as he knew them, are rapidly passing away. To express it more specifically, he has given us one more volume in praise of the Latin Quarter of yesterday,—not quite the Latin Quarter of Henri Murger, yet still much the same in spirit; the old joyous quarter where social conventions were as little regarded as the Commandments east of Suez; where a man and a woman might be frankly good friends if they did not happen to be something more; where poverty was light-heartedly shared, and a personal windfall of a few hundred francs was blithely squandered in giving a widespread and indiscriminate festival. Mr. Smith may not appeal to a wide audience; but those whom he reaches instinctively reach back to him, as to a kindred spirit.