



Christopher Morley, author of "Shandygaff"

Shandygaff

THIS book is real fun. From the remarks on the cover address to the Hesitating Purchaser, to the delicious nonsense of the appendix "which shows how the volume may be made surpassingly valuable in the classroom," the author's high spirits carry us lightly thru his ideas, impressions and stories on a remarkable variety of subjects of common interest, from the President to the Art of Walking, from Rupert Brooke to Bachelors. When he is grave, he is vivid and natural, when he is gay he is irresistible. If any one is going to take a vacation this year, this is an ideal book to take along; for those who are going to work all summer, this book will provide holiday moments in the midst of toil. It is possible for the reviewer to pay Christopher Morley one of the highest tributes he can think of—the man is very human, and he can write:

Grant us, O Zeus, the tingling tremor of thigh and shank that comes of a dozen sturdy miles laid underheel. Grant us "fine walking on the hills in the direction of the sea;" or a winding road that tumbles down to some Cotswold village. Let an inn parlor lie behind red curtains, and a table be drawn toward the fire. Let there be a loin of cold beef, an elbow of yellow cheese, a tankard of dog's nose. Then may we prop our Bacon's Essays against the pewter and study those mellow words: "Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth."

Shandygaff, by Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.40.