



## The WAY of LETTERS

THE "girl in" we have had in almost every combination that would catch the popular fancy—the American girl in London, the English girl in America, and the English girl in France. It remained for Marthe Trolly-Curtin to present the brightest of them all in "*Phrynette and London*," obviously a French girl in the English metropolis. A "delightful" book would probably be the feminine description of this feminine story. *Phrynette* is a French miss of quaint ideas, and the ability of presenting them in the cleverest, most effective phrases and descriptions—a girl whose English life is the result of the death of a hand-to-mouth father who left her nothing but her artistic instincts and a great, blind affection for his memory. The heroine is a delightfully—funny how that word clings in discussing the book—a delightfully frank, ingenuous, inexperienced, entrancing girl, with a *penchant* for picking up English slang and misusing English words most embarrassingly. Everybody loves her, including herself; and everyone is surprisingly frank about it—also including *Phrynette* herself, who presents the book as a diary. *Phrynette* is as Frenchy as an English writer could have made her. It would be unkind to suggest that events meaningless to the innocent girl, but most evident to the more sophisticated, are dwelt upon with undue force when there must have

been so many things happening full of import to this guileless student of English life and customs. The story is insignificant, but the brightness of judgment and cleverness of phrasing make the book worth while on every page, and the kindly criticism of English life is essentially from a French point of view. That it is for the most part commendatory naturally impels approval from the Canadian or English reader. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

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IN "None Other Gods," Robert Hugh Benson has given us something to make us think. It is not a sermon and it does not point a moral, yet it has a message for us if we care to look for it. This implies that the message is not obvious; one may not read it running, but must study a little and turn it over in the mind. Even then, it is probable that no two people will find exactly the same message. In this lies its value for the seeker. On the other hand if one does not care to bother about messages one may enjoy a good story, well-written, and go one's way. A young man quarrels with his father and leaves his college, in the night and without a cent, to study life upon the road. At first this is merely an escapade, an excursion, more or less amusing, into the unknown—how it changes into something very different and very wonderful the book must