

cart, pondering strange things in her wild heart, her face covered by her hands, and her fair hair falling over her shoulders? Or if sterner joys please, is there not the Flaming Tinman of mighty stature and ferocious aspect with whom he must do battle for his life?

Mr. Morley Roberts is in sooth no George Borrow. Where the one whistles and sings, the other curses, mutters and groans, but it is not unlikely that his attitude is at least as true to life as that of his valiant predecessor.

What a blessing it is that Mr. Wells has humour! If he had been born without that golden gift what terrifying books he might have written! As it is **The Food of the Gods and How it Came to Earth** (Macmillan. 6s.) is effective enough for the person who dreams, considering the assortment of monstrosities which spring to life in its pages—the gigantic earwigs, portentous wasps, prodigious mushrooms, rats that overpower and eat horses, chicks as large as bustards, eels that could venture ashore and kill sheep, cockchafers that buzzed like motor-cars, Bloomsbury cockroaches “of a quite terrible sort!” These are a few of the less dreadful examples, yet how much farther could nastiness go? Fortunately, the Children of the Food are entirely splendid. They are mortals idealised, mortals with ideals. Where Gargantua and Pantagruel were things of flesh and beastliness, Mr. Wells’s new people have all the majesty of man. Herakleophorbia—or Boomfood, as the voice in the street called it—the cause of all these abnormalities, was the invention of two modest professors of science, a chemist and a physiologist, whose only earlier claims to fame had been that they had read papers to the British Association at its Congress. The trouble began when some of the food was carelessly left lying about at the experimental farm where Bensington, the chemist, was trying its effect on chickens, and the rats and wasps got it. It was Redwood, the physiologist, who first experimented with