

THE LIMIT. By ADA LEVERSON. 6s.

Mrs Leverson is easily the dantiest and wittiest of our younger feminine writers; but she does well to call her latest masterpiece "the limit." Mrs Leverson offers us a picture of an aged, wrinkled, and bewizened Jewess with false hair and teeth, painted and whitewashed with kohl, rouge, and chalk, until there seems hardly any woman there at all. Yet not content with addiction to indiscriminate adultery and morphine, she finds pleasure in seducing young men and picking their pockets.

Fie! you can surely show us a prettier picture than that. Why not return to your earlier manner? Not necessarily the manner of "An Idyll in Bloomsbury," but you might advantageously find material in Brixton or in Bayswater.

FELIX.