

**THE BEDFORDSHIRE TIMES AND INDEPENDENT
7 NOVEMBER 1913**

THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

There is plenty of good reading—just about as much as can be contained between the front cover and the back—in the November number of the “English Review.” First, there is a poem by Maurice Hewlett. Then there are some new letters on Napoleon’s last days. Next there is a gruesome sketch from the pen of the late Richard Middleton. An exciting and partly terrible tale of the sea comes next, and is followed by the concluding instalment of the Love Letters that began last month. Norman Douglas dissertates on the games that go on down his Alley: and a Layman makes another game—and fair game too—of the Church Congress. Israel Zangwill writes as we have to expect him to write on the subject of Militancy; and Aleister Crowley discusses Art (or, rather, the lack of it) in America. Oliver Sandys describes some episodes in the life of a tiger; Rowland Kenney talks of Railway Disasters and Dividends; the Editor speaks—and very feelingly—on the amenities of the editorial life; and “S.O.” of Mr. Galsworthy’s play, “The Fugitive.” Then there are the notes on Books of the Month—and the advertisements. Indeed, there is no call to be dull!