

THE BLUE BIRD. Translated by ALEXANDER TEXEIRA DE MATTOS. Methuen. 1s. net.

Was it merely an unfortunate accident? As I opened the book my eye fell on these words: "They are my apples and they are not the finest at that! . . . They will all be alike when I am alive." . . . My memory of the play—sole comrade of my wanderings in the Sahara—said no! no! So I turned up the passage, and read—"Toutes seront de même quand je serai vivant."

My memory was right, and Mr. de Mattos had completely failed to grasp the sense of a simple sentence of eight easy words.

I did not continue my inquiry.

A. C.