

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD. ROBERT HITCHENS.
Methuen, 6s.

Mr Hichens once wrote "Flames." This was a pretty powerful book. To-day (tempted, as I suppose, by a heavy bribe, for he is an artist in his way) he gives us this book with a title borrowed, not from Lytton, whom he has obviously not read, but from some eighteenth-hand source, and contents borrowed from his own "Flames." Hence a tedious novel,

dull novel,	unconvincing novel,
stupid novel,	futile novel,
pseudo-occult novel,	banal novel,
pot-boiling novel,	senseless novel,
tired novel,	ground-out novel,
pointless novel,	unreal novel,
fatuous novel,	sorry novel,
	etc., etc., etc.

The above method of filling space I took from Rabelais. Mr Hichens' method is just as obvious.

PANURGE.