

## *Blackfriars*

who would have been so astonished to know that he provides the comic element in the Catherinian drama.

The translator has succeeded admirably, and makes us wish that she would give us a complete English rendering of Blessed Raymund's *Legenda*, the existing version being heavy and altogether unpalatable.

The book is excellently printed, and has for frontispiece the exquisite picture of St. Catherine by Borgognone in the National Gallery. It is probably not unlike her, for it seems based on the very interesting, though—and because—caricature-like portrait by Vanni.

S.M.B.

TEN POLISH FOLK TALES. Told by M. O'Reilly, from the French of Suzanne Strowska. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne; 3/6).

These stories are for children, so I have read them to children and taken their verdict—'jolly good.' Like most of the best foreign folk tales, these bear a relationship, sometimes a little obscure, but always interesting, to stories already familiar to us in our own language; but there is a strong sense of nationalism in them, and a wealth of local colour that makes them still more attractive, besides ten excellent black and white illustrations by Dorothy Mills; and there is, too, a sense of humour in the telling that is not lost on the children. But since, in this instance, they are written for boys and girls with an English up-bringing, it seems to me pointless to mention, for example, that a merchant 'went to sleep peacefully beside his spouse who was faithful to him,' when the facts have no effect on the story. One doesn't wish to be prudish, but surely there is plenty of time for children to read of the intimacies of marriage, carelessly touched upon, in the future?

R.R.

A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN. By Virginia Woolf. (Hogarth Press; 5/-.)

One is not inclined to enter it. Feminism is so closely allied to the 'Social question,' a discussion of which bans the sense of humour, that we fear we should leave the room depressed and bored. But in fact this room is different; and one emerges from a brilliant experience, comparable to a Platonic dialogue. From all sides the arguments come; they circle round the object, shower darts upon it, are shielded off, reduced to ridicule. It is an intelligent book, not pedantry.