



"It's just what
was needed, Mum!"



Wriggling round there you must realise just what we babies have to put up with. I must admit that Johnson's Baby Powder is just the thing when chafes and prickles bother our tender skins, but now you know that Johnson's Baby Cream is just as important.

Let's tell everyone, particularly mothers, that Johnson's Baby Powder and Johnson's Baby Cream together are the perfect combination.

Johnson's
BABY CREAM

— as necessary as —
JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER
JOHNSON'S BABY SOAP

Johnson & Johnson
(NEW ZEALAND) LIMITED

FREE MINIATURE BABY GIFT SET
Send 4d. in Stamps to Dept. . . . Box 1009,
Auckland, C.I. for a miniature Baby Gift Set.

N.Z. Distributors: Potter & Birks (N.Z.) Ltd., 14 Lower Federal Street, Auckland.

BOOK REVIEWS (Cont'd.)

(continued from previous page)

on till they were in their eighties and had nigh on a hundred authoritative important volumes to their credit.

The nearest historical analogy to the Fabians is the French Encyclopaedists, some of them people of great talent and a few of genius, who did so much to help launch the French Revolution and were so badly taken aback by their handiwork. But the Fabians kept their feet on the ground. They loaded themselves with facts and practicalities which served as a sort of kite's tail to the grand sweep of equally essential theories. They brought social subjects far closer to becoming sciences than they had ever been before, and for all their respect for facts as "chiels that winna ding" they showed both hindsight and foresight. Mr. Webb's essay "Historie," written in 1889, can still be regarded as a light to lighten the darkness of 1948.

The Webbs could, too, criticise themselves while Mr. Shaw at times comes near to claiming plenary inspiration. But this, as he has elsewhere avowed, was for him part of the armour of the professional propagandist. A passage which recalls some in *Saint Joan* shows how far he is from being a root and branch adherent of a dogma.

Suppose I am in an Irish village with growing peasant girls to convert. They group up between the gentle nuns and learned priests, called holy fathers, who offer them for guidance faith in Our Lady of Good Counsel. She is the Seat of Wisdom . . . the Mother of Fair Love . . . Her beautiful soul reflects the image of the Most Holy Trinity as a crystal mirror. . . . What sort of fool should I be if, blind and deaf to the beauty of this vision and its fitness to the childish mind and imagination of the growing maid, I were to crash in with denunciations of it as a romantic fiction and insist on the substitution of the preface and postscript to my *Back to Methuselah* with its postulate of a Life Force which makes terrible blunders like cancer, osteitis, and epilepsy? . . . Our Lady of Good Counsel could make a good girl of her. Creative Evolution, mentally beyond her reach, could only destroy her faith in anything . . . a very bad preparation for Socialism if, at maturity, she should become capable of it.

The full educational implications of this passage are left unriddled, even by this life-long propagandist. But amid the clamour of so many modern ideologies, all tending to become scientifically omniscient, it is good to have this eloquent plea for toleration—a toleration which promises to become the greatest need of the decades to come.

FOSSIL FIELD

VICTORIAN BEST SELLER. *The World of Charlotte M. Yonge.* By Margaret Mare and Alicia C. Percival. Harrap.

THE name of Charlotte M. Yonge is not one that occupies a prominent place in any history of English literature, in spite of her enormous literary output, and a quiz entrant under 30, if asked to name the author of *The Daisy Chain*, would probably plump for Aunt Daisy. So evanescent is fame that she who in her heyday was riotously acclaimed by Oxford (graduates and undergraduates) and thick heaped with honours from admirers in all parts of the world has as little immediacy today as last week's programmes or the wallpaper two layers under the present one. Yet probably most aged, middle-aged and still-quite-young females



BERNARD SHAW
Time brings tolerance

(especially those who subscribed to Sunday-school libraries) remember her, much as they remember birthday dolls, the clothes they wore as children, and the knobs on the brass bedstead at home.

But the works of Charlotte M. Yonge, though remembered, are dead, and their failure to make the grade from the ephemeral to the universal is the very thing that makes *Victorian Best Seller* possible. For here is a rich fossil field for the social historian. Writing from 1850 to 1900 Miss Yonge produced over 50 major books and as many minor ones, and in these she faithfully mirrors (in microcosm) the whole pattern of Victorian England as seen from the hearth outwards. The Victorian Age has vanished, and (fortunately, think most of us) we shall not look upon its like again. There were of course other women novelists writing at this time (George Eliot, Ouida, Mrs. Humphrey Ward), but they were not Victorians in the sense that Miss Yonge is a Victorian. She was not only of the age, she was in it. Well in, as the Dormouse would say.

Miss Yonge would therefore seem to provide the perfect subject for this combined biography and social history, and the two authors to have outstanding qualifications for the job (Miss Mare is an historian and a childhood devotee of Miss Yonge, Miss Percival the author of *The English Miss, To-day and Yesterday*, and Vice-President of a teachers' training college). It is not surprising therefore that *Victorian Best Seller* is a sound, a scholarly and a sympathetic study. At first it appeared to this reader to suffer from a lack of unity, a duality both of purpose and style amounting almost to schizophrenia. (There would be a section of biography, then the reader would be jerked back to more general consideration of topics such as *The Rich, The Poor, The Church*, after which, Alicia having been given her turn, Margaret resumed.) Moreover,

(continued on next page)