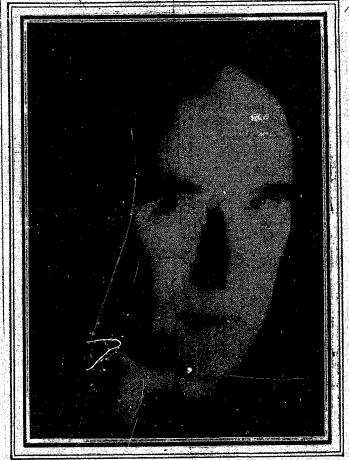
Gide in the Congo.

"What a mistake it is not to rock children's cradles from their earliest babyhood! I even think it would be

children's cradles from their earliest babyhood! I even think it would be a good plan to calm them and send them to sleep by means of a special pitching and tossing apparatus. As for the I was brought up according to rational methods and by mis mother's orders never slept in beds that were not fixed: thanks to which; I am particularly liable to seasickness.' writes Andre-Gide in his new book, "Travels in the Congo."

"My first night in a camp bed, where one sleeps better than in any other. At sumrise the waterfall, looking golden in the slanting rays, was an exceedingly beautiful sight. An immense island of greenery divides the current, and the waterfalls into two cascades, disposed in such a way that it is impossible to see them both at once. And one learns with astonishment that the first fall that strikes one owes its majesty and fullness to only half the waters of the river. When one draws near the bank, one discovers the second, hidden in the shade by some jutting rocks, and half buried, as it were, under the abundance of vegetation. The shrubs and plants are not, it must be admitted, the least exotic in appearance, and if it were not for a strange little island of pandanus with its aerial roots, nothing would remind one that this is almost the heart of Arrica." Knopf is the publisher.

ERSTWHILE CONGO TOURIST



Andre Cide, eminent French novelist, who has put the results of his African travels into "Travels in the Congo" just translated