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ANDRÉ GIDE'S "The School for Wives" is a beautiful slim-looking book. It was set up on the monotype, which is a typesetting machine that runs something like a player-piano, and the type-face is Garamont. The paper was made by Jessup & Moore. And the story itself? Well, now you embarrass me. To get the thing over with quickly, this is the journal of a woman who discovers that she has married a conceited fool, and I cannot see how that would be of great interest to anyone. However, I suppose that Gide is Gide, even when he writes like one of Mr. Macfadden's True Confessors gone literary.