

A Courageous Woman Faces the World

MADemoiselle AGAINST THE WORLD. By Titayna. Translated by Madeleine Boyd. Illustrated by photographs. 320 pp. New York: Horace Liveright. \$3.

THE authoress of "Mademoiselle Against the World" is a beautiful, courageous Frenchwoman of distinguished family. She is a journalist by profession and has an explorer's love of adventure that takes her from her comfortable home in Paris to all parts of the globe to live uncomfortably.

According to Titayna's autobiography, we live in a staggeringly dirty world. She has not much that is good to say about it, and she has seen a great deal. Her impressions of the countries she has visited are fleeting (excepting, perhaps, the chapter on Poland), but she has several interesting adventures to her credit. She was the first woman to fly over the Mediterranean to Africa, and she was the first woman to visit the Suss, "which is absolutely closed to Europeans * * * which leads, on the other side of Mount Atlas, a life that belongs to the Middle Ages," being an invited guest to the party which accompanied the Sultan of Morocco on his visit there. And in the New Hebrides she watched the natives dance the "dance of despair" to the accompaniment of the flames of their burning island when they knew that no effort on their part could save its destruction.

But most of her experiences, that might have been pleasurable, were spoiled by uncleanness. Even the charm of dining in Corsica with the picturesque brigand chief, Romanetti, was counteracted by his dancing with her and proving offensively unwashed and odoriferous.

The travels described in Titayna's book begin in October, 1924, when

she took off from Le Bourget by plane and landed in the East Thracian Desert. There she was "literally eaten alive by white worms with black heads." Although the people or the place, she says, "live more primitively than the savages of Central Africa," she was touched by the kindness of their hearts and the willingness with which they shared the little that they had. In Poland, she writes of the Ghetto "that it was appalling to witness the degradation into which human beings could fall," and of the Arab quarters of Fez she gives a heartrending account of cruelty where, in the insane asylum, the victims are placed in cages like wild beasts. Healthy women are sent to this asylum by bored husbands or through arrests for prostitution, and are locked up with the insane, three women being chained together by their necks, "the length of the chain being just enough to allow them to stretch." Even the suffering lepers of Orafara, which she visited, are to be envied by comparison. At Angora the compartment of the train in which she traveled "smelled like a menagerie" and bedbugs abounded, and the cabin of the boat on which she traveled from Trieste was infested by a "solid line of cockroaches" and she was badly bitten by an enormous rat.

As for China, "filth dominates * * * there it covers everything," Titayna tells us. Papua, New Guinea, she describes as "frightening" and says that the art of the country is based on one esthetic principle only—wickedness. Old Manila she found "vile," and in the Solomon Islands there were the cannibals.

Australia escapes the general con-

demnation so far as filth and squalor are concerned, but Titayna does not write flatteringly of the Australian women's modes, manners, mentality or morals. It is a very discouraging account of the world we live in. ROSALIND IVAN.



The Chief Cook of the Gueré Cannibal Tribe.