

sequently he remarks that "our greatest thoughts are seldom known," and concludes that these meteorites are "God's presence." This curious and, it would almost seem, unconscious denial of the intellect is repeated less rhetorically in the various sentimental jingles of which the book is full. It is probably at the root of the author's belief that poetry can be the work of idle hours, that it can do with anything less than the complete fusion of emotion and intellectual passion.

"State Sanitation," by George Chandler Whipple (Harvard University Press; \$2.50), is a chronological series of reprints and abstracts of papers selected by the editor from the annual and special reports of the Massachusetts State Board of Health. Owing to the fact that this board was a pioneer in this country in undertaking thoroughgoing and scientific work in public health and sanitation, the papers constitute a series of classics on the subject. The volume contains articles on water supplies, sewage disposal, stream pollution, filtration, microorganisms of water and air, typhoid fever, diphtheria, and infantile paralysis. Addresses on the relation of the state to public health; on the liquor problem; on milk, food, and drug inspection; and on preventive medicine and kindred topics in the social relations of medicine are to be found here from men eminent as authorities and contributors to medicine and sanitation. Municipal and sanitary engineers, physicians, public health officials, and others having responsibilities in these fields will find both information and incentive in these carefully selected and informing treatises.

The lines in "Verses of Idle Hours," by O. Chester Brodway (Frederick C. Browne, Chicago; \$1.), are said to have been written in the "idle hours" which the author has snatched "from his active duties in the business world." They are not, it is true, the effusions of the well-known T. B. M.; but the platitudinous thoughts expressed in stereotyped phrases, the cloying sentimentality, and the poor workmanship support the view that the man in the street has never been able to tame Pegasus. The technique is slipshod: rhymes like "born" and "storm" abound; and a scheme as loose as the following is not rare: a, B, c, D, e, d, f, d, g, D, h, B—the capitals signifying the use of the same word. Here is a couplet typical in form and content:

What happy, happy days, gentle Mary dear!
Memory has not failed me through many a year.

A reader opening the book at random might be tempted to consider it satirical, but careful perusal of its pages discloses a solemn puritanism and such cloudy metaphysics as no keen ironist could imagine. In one long ode, an ambitious "transposition" of "Thanatopsis," the author declares that "Life is God, the One Intelligence, the only Power." Sub-