A MAN IN THE ZOO, by David Garnett, woodcuts by R. A. Garnett (12mo, 119 pages, Knopf: $1.75). This quiet, steady, relentless reduction of civilized man to the position of an animal worthy of a place in a first-class zoo would have infuriated former generations, but the present age, already aware that it is irreligious and possibly soulless, will not mind much. The book can be heartily recommended to admirers of Headlong Hall and Erewhon as something in that line. It is full of irresistibly sly touches and, most likely, is a permanent addition to literature.

THE ISLAND OF THE MIGHTY, by Padraic Colum, illustrated by Wilfred Jones (12mo, 265 pages; Macmillan: $2.25). Padraic Colum has done excellently well in condensing and simplifying the stories of The Mabinogion. The Welsh names of places and people have, so he contends, prevented these stories, originally translated by Lady Charlotte Guest in 1849, from commanding any wide appeal. How poetical in the true Celtic sense of that word these tales are, may be seen on the very first page. The youth Kilhuch is there described as he rides towards the court of King Arthur. "His horse as it coursed along, cast up four sods with its four hoofs, like four swallows in the air, about his head, now above, now below. . . . In his hand was a spear swifter than the fall of a dew drop from the blade of reed-grass upon the earth when the dew of June is at its heaviest." How different such delicate sentences seem from the tough writing of the "creeping Saxon."

THE LAND OF THE FATHERS, by Sergey Gussiev Orenburgsky, translated by Nina N. Selivanova (12mo, 298 pages; Lincoln Mac Veagh, Dial Press: $2.50). A Soviet best-seller. Intellectuals may be interested in seeing the sort of literature that now passes in the land of Dostoevsky. It has considerable colour and the characterizations that come so easily to Russian writers, but the thinking, as usual in best-sellers, seems strangely familiar. It sets out to portray the turbulence that led up to the revolution, but in milder accents than our newspaper correspondents have accustomed us to.

THE WHITE MONKEY, by John Galsworthy (12mo, 328 pages; Scribner: $2). It is only the presence and personality of that charming relic of Mid-Victorian days, the super-possessive Soames Forsyte, which redeems this latest novel of Mr Galsworthy and saves it from complete aesthetic collapse. The main idea of the book, the impression made on the mind of Soames by the ways of the Post-War generation, is a good one; but Mr Galsworthy's intellectual limitations, which seem to have been growing more and more noticeable of late, have hindered his making anything but a very thin and meagre use of this fine *motif*. The chatter of his new *intelligentsia* is utterly unconvincing; and the book is lamentably lacking in weight, concentration, and cohesion.

THE HEAVENLY LADDER, by Compton Mackenzie (12mo, 356 pages; Doran: $2.50). This is an account of what the author supposes to be an ideal soul as it journeys upward into the arms of Holy Rome: a soul grounded in feeble mysticism instead of faith, and expressed by fanaticism in place of the ardour it claims. A church which has been ennobled by a Newman and strengthened by a Manning cannot but have either the dignity to repudiate or the good sense to disdain such adherents as Mark Lidderdale and the gentleman who conceived him. The author resigns the only value his book might have, when in an appended note he disclaims both the ability and the intention to produce propaganda.

POEMS, by Lady Margaret Sackville (12mo, 63 pages; Lincoln Mac Veagh; Dial Press: $2). With the distinctness of the spinet and the rigour of the sermon, restrained without constraint, preserved when they tremble upon the brink of a banality by that sensibility which recoils from malapert insistence, these erect poems are consistently alluring in their respect for a freedom that must be permitted in the same measure in which it is enjoyed; as in their predilection for romance—for flagged paths and mignonette, for roses by the latticed window, for polished floors and peacocks of clipped yew.

CHILLS AND FEVER, by John Crowe Ransom (12mo, 95 pages; Knopf: $1.50). Unrewarding dissonances, mountebank persiflage, mock mediaeval minstrelsy, and shreds of elegance disturbingly suggestive of now this, now that contemporary bard, deprive one of the faculty to diagnose this "dangerous" phenomenon to which one has exposed oneself.

A FAR LAND, by Martha Ostenso (12mo, 70 pages; Seltzer: $1.50). Ever attentive as the reader of poetry must be—to the elf, the witch, the crow, the duck, the swan, the loon, the leprecaun, to "moonlight and mist," to hazel-tree, birch, briar, and hawthorn—he finds them sometimes deftly placed in these friendly verses. Harmonic inequalities of movement are disturbing and snared imagination starts at certain words and phrases; at "most everything," "gloamy," "ghost-rare," "shambly," "youngish," and "my mouth on the quiet of your dew sweet face."

THE CHAPBOOK: A Miscellany, 1924, with "Apology" (10mo, 64 pages; Poetry Bookshop, London). The Apologist's hope that the 1924 Chapbook may provide "entertainment sufficient for the moment," is much more than realized in Doris's Dream Songs, by T. S. Eliot; in Voltaire's Advice to a Reviewer, translated by Richard Aldington; in Sacheverell Sitwell's lines, "I sing, stone statue in chill water, never warmed by sun"; in Osbert Sitwell's Sicilian tiger-tamer "and her eighteen Ferocious Debutantes"; in a pen drawing by Paul Nash, in two pen portraits by McKnight Kauffer, in two woodcuts by John Nash and Eric Daglish, respectively. The poetaster's now almost universally prevailing vogue for deity with a small d, puzzles one; and the arithmetical balance of gratitude for Mr Harold Monro's Midnight Lamentation, is unsatisfactory—four stanzas being a gain and four, a loss.

THE WEEK-END BOOK, A Sociable Anthology. General editors, Vera Mendel and Francis Meynell; music editor, John Goss (12mo, 320 pages; Lincoln Mac Veagh, Dial Press: $2). A perfect book for its purpose—to beguile, cheer, and possibly uplift an already nice person staying in a nice house from Friday till Tuesday. The poems, songs, cookery receipts, remedies, et cetera, have been chosen with great discernment by compilers who relish wit as well as beauty and it is an extra fillip to find some of the best of the new poets associated agreeably with the best old ones.

THE GALLANTS, by E. Barrington (illus., 12mo, 308 pages; Atlantic Monthly Press: $3.50). One is enticed by the glamour of Elizabethan words and leisure, in Sir John Harrington's letters; and by the poetically just inequities of chivalry in Dame Petronille's twelfth century account of Henry II's relationship with Eleanor of Aquitaine and with Rosemonde de Clifford. In certain of these memorials to passion, however, letters and conversations imagined as authentic, seem presumptuous; the consuming flirtations of the Duke of Monmouth, the "shameless amours" of George IV "best forgot one and all," yet lovingly lingered over—suggesting by their content as by their manner of narration, the photodramatist's portrayal of love's violent duel between the vulnerable heart of woman and the voracious vagrancy of man.

THE JOURNAL OF NICHOLAS CRESSWELL: 1774-1777 (illus., 8vo, 287 pages; Lincoln Mac Veagh, Dial Press: $5). Eighteenth century diaries always possess interest. The brutal frankness belonging to that most materialistic of all ages at least has the effect of keeping one awake. The Journal of Nicholas Cresswell is no exception to the rule. The young Derbyshire yeoman thinks little of resorting to fisticuffs when his doctor makes a mistake in the medicine he gives him. The book offers a valuable and revealing picture of what life in the States was like one hundred and fifty years ago. It presents to the reader a personality rude and uncultivated and yet possessing a sly honesty befitting a youth brought up in the sheep folds of his father's farm at Edale.

JOSEPH CONRAD, A PERSONAL REMEMBRANCE, by Ford Madox Ford (12mo, 276 pages, Little, Brown: $2.50) is "a projection of Joseph Conrad as, little by little, he revealed himself to a human being during many years of close intimacy." It is also a projection, with close-ups, of Ford. Throughout the book Ford rejects the unobstrusive I and writes instead "the writer," until Conrad, the writer (and the human being) become slightly obscured in spite of the radiance which Ford's admiration and love pour upon him. It is, therefore, best to consider this volume as a rather longer chapter of those reminiscences which Ford (then Hueffer) began many years ago and which are among the most witty and entertaining memoirs of our time. The Conrad has, in addition, real emotion, and this makes the perpetual intrusion of Ford's personality irritating. The errors in the book are amusing and in parallel passages "l'oeil gauche" becomes "his right eye." But this is perhaps the fault of the impressionistic method which, by no means incidentally, Ford explains in his account of his and Conrad's conception (it was the same) of the novel.

PORTRAITS, Real and Imaginary, by Ernest Boyd (12 mo, 265 pages; Doran: $2.50) are not distinguished by amiability in the imaginary section nor by any special quality of illumination in the real. The latter, however, are accurate, fair, considered, and unmalicious reports of a variety of literary men. Mr Boyd had the honour of having been the first to hear William Butler Yeats' superb remark about George Moore's love affairs. Apart from that, and from his history of recent Irish literature, his chief claim to distinction seems to be that he has corrected T. S. Eliot's French and irritated Malcolm Cowley. It is doubtful whether all of these triumphs together qualify the author as a guide to American letters.

THE FREEMAN BOOK, Typical Editorials, Essays, Critiques, and Other Selections From the Eight Volumes of The Freeman: 1920-1924 (8vo, 394 pages; Huebsch: $3). It is well that Mr Huebsch should have seen fit to bring out selections from the political, critical, and literary writings published in The Freeman. The present volume serves its purpose well. Once more we are given an opportunity to be annoyed by the supercilious Master-know-all tone of its leading articles, to be instructed and entertained by the Reviewer's Note Book, and to be duly impressed by the high level of taste and sanity consistently preserved by this most remarkable experiment in liberal journalism.

NORTH AMERICA, by Rodwell Jones and P. W. Bryan (illus., 8vo, 537 pages; Lincoln Mac Veagh, Dial Press: $5). "An historical, economic, and regional geography" which reviews the political and economic development of North America from the standpoint of physical evironment, indicating the influence of such matters as mineral wealth, mountain and water systems, swamp desert and timber lands, wind and rainfall, soil values, markets, and so on. If man as an individual makes conscious choices, his collective activities would seem to follow an almost mechanistic logic, as is readily observable through this engrossing compilation and co-ordination of data wherein facts, one might say, become sublimated into factors. Considerations of ethnology, or cultural traditions, are of course omitted, as only the more material aspects of the continent's progress are here under discussion; but the authors admirably present their field of interest in a work which is at once thorough and non-technical.

OUR CHANGING MORALITY, A Symposium, edited by Freda Kirchwey (8vo, 255 pages; Albert & Charles Boni: $2.50.) "Possibly only the woman in the isolation of the home is able to sustain the double load of her own virtue and her husband's ideals." All the essays in this book bear directly or indirectly upon this delightful sentence quoted from Freda Kirchwey's introduction. Needless to say the value of the articles vary. For example Mr Floyd Dell's observations on these vexed questions are hardly as succinct as those of Bertrand Russell. The latter quotes Müller-Lyer as dividing the history of civilization into three periods "the clan period, the family period, and the personal period." The birth of the last period is apparently painful to conventional-minded people who seem to find difficulty in attributing any value at all to the modern slogan "No God, no nation, no family."

SIGMUND FREUD, His Personality, His Teaching, and His School, by Fritz Wittels (8vo, 287 pages; Dodd, Mead: $3.50). At last an intelligent introduction to psychoanalysis. The author, an acknowledged authority on the subject, was formerly a pupil of Freud, but owing to a personal difference is no longer associated with the celebrated Viennese, and writes of his teacher with amazing frankness and insight. Freud is presented as a genius with Olympian bigotries, but his greatness is never contested, nor is his importance as a pioneer underestimated. All the theories relating to the unconscious mind are admirably explained; there are chapters on dream interpretation, complexes, and narcissism; the revolt of Adler, Jung, and Stekel is given in detail; and the politics of the movement disclosed with unusual asperity.

NATIONAL HEALTH SERIES (20 vols., 16mo, 18,000 words; Funk & Wagnalls: $6). The publishers of this series are to be congratulated. Each volume of the collection contains some useful information with regard to the preservation of health. Written by recognized medical authorities in a clear straight-forward style, they should do much to direct a careless and fond public into that straight and narrow path that leads to personal hygiene.

CANCER: How It Is Caused; How It Can Be Prevented, by J. Ellis Barker (12mo, 478 pages; Dutton: $3). One can discount the exaggerated contempt to which this book has been treated in America by medical book reviewers as the contempt of the professional for the unsubmissive amateur. The author's conclusions are that cancer is caused in most cases by intestinal "autointoxication" and vitamin starvation extending over a period of 20-40 years. The logical chain is somewhat as follows: (1) Cancer is a disease of civilization: "savages" do not have it. (2) Cancer is *known* to have been caused by repeated X-Ray burns or by repeated small doses of arsenic, aniline, and other poisons, after 20-40 years. (3) The prevalence of cancer after forty, the "cancer age," is the result not of changes peculiar to age *per se* (elderly savages do not suffer from cancer) but of the lapse of time required for cancer to develop from slow systemic poisoning. (4) Cancer patients generally give a history of constipation. Vitamine starvation encourages constipation, and can cause ulcers of the digestive tract from which cancer is known frequently to develop. (5) Constipation and vitamine starvation, the commonest of our slow poisons, belong to civilization; they are the accompaniments of civilization which are responsible for cancer. Moral: Take bran, salad, exercise, et cetera. Does he prove it? His statistical method is at times haphazard. A statistician should be able to do something better than "quote 20 or 30 authorities." One suspects, however wrongly, that forty authorities could be quoted in the contrary sense. And he has done no "laboratory" or "clinical" work. And his chapters on the specific effects of constipation and vitamine starvation are highly speculative. Nevertheless, I cannot see that his theory of the causation of cancer is at all as untenable or ridiculous as the American reviewers would have us believe. If the book did nothing more than insist upon the coincidence of cancer and civilization, its publication would be completely justified. For this is a point which can scarcely be overemphasized.