

promptings of instinct. Morgan Robertson, in a short story called *Primordial*, worked out this problem to some extent by imagining two children cast away on a tropical island in the South Pacific, subsisting on wild roots and berries, and eventually attaining maturity and awakening to the deeper meanings of life. *The Blue Lagoon* may be best defined as an amplification of this same theme; and the psychology of the boy and girl growing up side by side on a tropical coral reef, solving the problems of existence unaided, in all the simplicity of the Garden of Eden, deserves frank praise for its careful insight. None the less, the mechanism of the story might have been advantageously simplified; and the final episode of the father setting forth, after many years, to find his child, aimlessly steering across the vast expanse of the Pacific, and then by blind chance encountering the pair he seeks adrift helplessly in a small boat, without paddle or sail, food or drink, acts upon the reader like a shock of cold water to awaken him from his credulity.

*The Blue Lagoon*, by H. de Vere Stacpoole, is not a well-constructed book according to accepted standards; but that does not rob it of the credit due to a successful attempt to do a rather difficult and unusual thing. This author is not the first writer of fiction who has asked himself what would happen to a couple of human beings if they should grow up in a state of nature without teaching or guidance, with no knowledge of the meaning of life or of death, no code of right and wrong beyond the